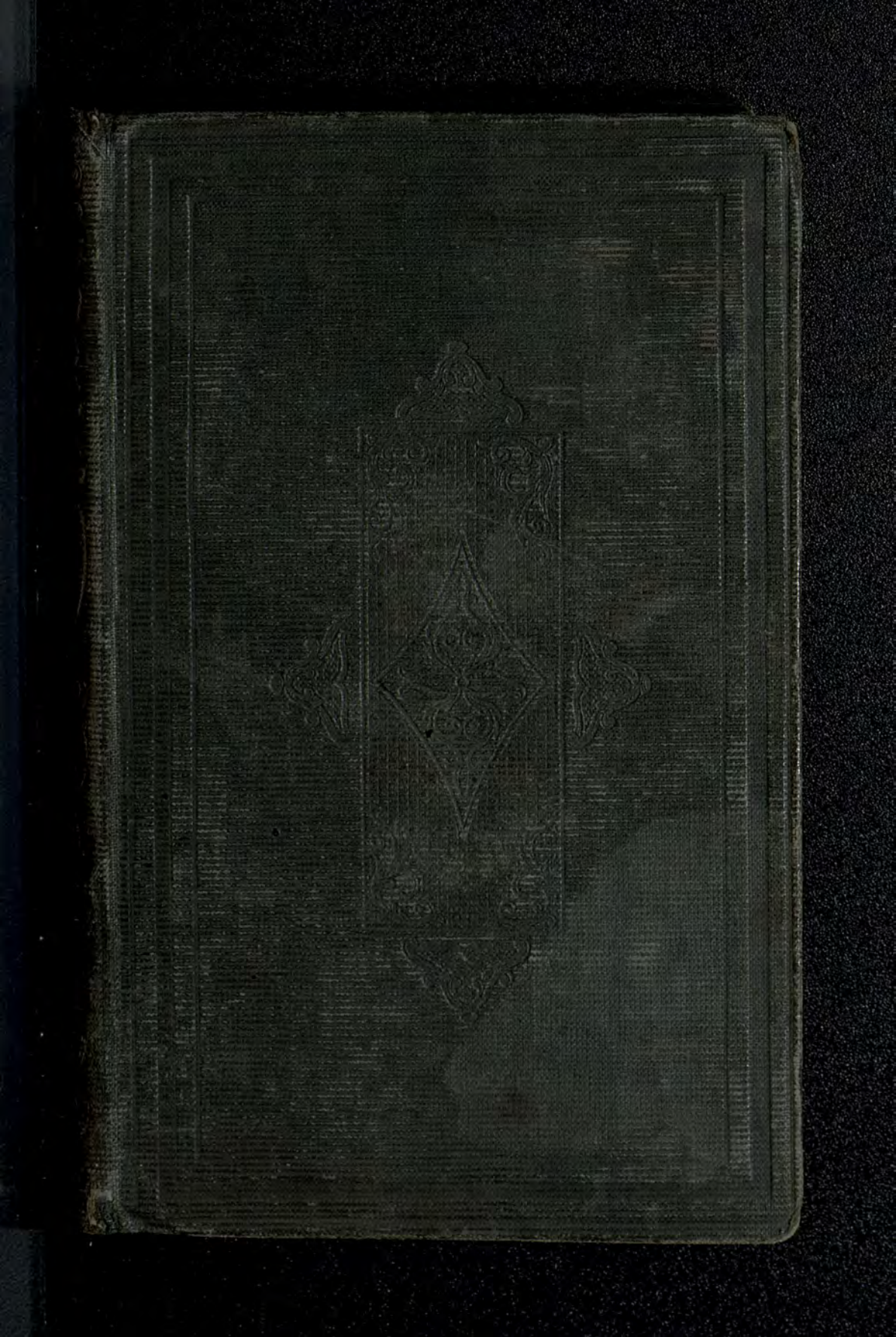

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THE

JUVENILE MIRROR:

(NOT TO FLATTER,)

But to

SHOW YOUNG PEOPLE HOW TO AVOID

Errors, Follies, & Vices.

EDITED BY MRS. CLARA HALL.

LONDON:

EDWARD LACEY, 76, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

HENRY LACEY, 64, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL;

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IN PRESENTING MY YOUNG FRIENDS

WITH

This Little Book,

I SINCERELY HOPE

THAT ITS PERUSAL

WILL INDUCE SUCH CONDUCT,

AS TO OCCASION

PLEASANT "REFLECTIONS"

IN AFTER LIFE.

CONTENTS.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

One day, as Mr. Glover was returning home after taking a ride over his estates, and passing by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a small village, he heard the sound of groans and lamentations. As he had a heart that was ever open to the distresses of others, he alighted from his horse to see from whence the voice proceeded, and got over the inclosure.

On his entering the place, he perceived a grave fresh filled up, upon which, at full length, lay a child about five years old, who was crying sadly. Mr Glover

went up to him, and tenderly asked him what he did there. "I am calling my mother," said he; they laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up!"

Mr. Glover then told him, that his poor mother was dead, and would get up no more. "I know," replied the poor child, "that they tell me she is dead, but I do not believe it. She was perfectly well when she left me the other day with old Susan our neighbour; she told me she would soon come back, but she has not kept her word. My father has gone away too, and also my little brother; and the other boys of the village will not play with me, but say very naughty things about my father and mother,

which vexes me more than all. O mammy, get up, get up!"

Mr. Glover's eyes were filled with tears; he asked him where his father and brother were gone to. He replied, that he did not know where his father was; and as to his little brother, he was the day before taken to another town, by a person dressed in black just like their parson. Mr. Glover then asked him where he lived. "With our neighbour Susan," said he. "I am to be there till my mother comes back, as she promised me. I love my other mammy Susan very well; but I love my mammy that lies here a great deal better. O mother! mother! why do you lie so long? when will you get up?"

"My poor child," said Mr. Glover, "it is in vain to call her, for she will awake no more!"— "Then," said the poor little boy, "I will lie down here, and sleep by her. Ah! I saw her when they put her into a great chest to carry her away. Oh, how white she was! and how cold! I will lie down here and sleep by her!"

The tears now started from the eyes of Mr. Glover, for he could no longer conceal them, but stooping down, took the child up in his arms, and tenderly kissed him. asking him what was his name. "When I am a good boy they call me Jackey, and when I behave amiss, they say you Jack." Mr. Glover, though in tears, could not help

smiling at the innocence and simplicity of this answer, and begged Jackey to conduct him to the house of the good Susan.

The child very readily consented, and, running before him as fast as his legs would carry him, conducted Mr. Glover to Susan's door. Susan was not a little surprised on seeing Jack conduct a gentleman into her cottage, and then running to her, hid his little head in her lap, crying, "this is she! this is my other mammy!" Mr. Glover, however, did not keep her long in suspence, but related to her what he had just seen, and begged Susan to give him the history of the parents of this little boy. Susan desired the gentleman to be seated, and then

related to him the following particulars :—

"The father of this poor child is a shoemaker, and his house is next to mine. His wife, though a handsome, was not a healthy woman; but she was a careful and good housewife. It is about seven years since they were married, always lived together on the best terms, and undoubtedly would have been perfectly happy, had their affairs been a little better.

"John had nothing beyond what his trade produced him, and Margaret, his wife, being left an orphan, had only a little money which she had scraped together in the service of a neighbouring curate. With this they bought the most necessary

articles of household furniture, and a small stock of leather to begin business with. However, by dint of labour and good management, they for some years contrived to live a little comfortably.

"As children increased, so did their difficulties, and misfortunes seldom come alone. Poor Margaret, who daily worked in the fields during hay time, to bring home a little money to her husband at night, fell ill, and continued so all the harvest and winter. John's customers left him one after another, fearing that work could not go on properly in a sick house.

"Though Margaret at last grew better, yet her husband's work continued to decline, and he was oblig-

ed to borrow money to pay the apothecary; while poor Margäret continued so weakly that nobody thought it worth their while to employ her. The rent of their house and the interest of the money they had borrowed were heavy loads upon them; and they were frequently obliged to endure hunger themselves, in order to give a morsel of bread to their poor children.

"To add to their misfortune, the hard-hearted landlord threatened to put poor John in jail, if he did not pay the two quarters rent that were due; and though he is the richest man in the place, it was with the greatest difficulty that they could obtain a month's delay. He declar-

ed if they did not at the end of that time pay the whole, he would sell their furniture, and put John in prison. Their house was now a picture of melancholy and distress. How often have I lamented my inability to assist the distresses of this honest couple!

"I went myself to their landlord, and begged of him, for God's sake, to have some compassion on these unfortunate people, and even offered to pawn to him all I was possessed of in the world; but he treated me with contempt, and told me I was as bad as they were. I was obliged, however, being only a poor widow, to bear the insult with patience, and contented myself by easing my heart with a flood of tears.

" I advised poor Margaret to make her distresses known to the worthy clergyman, with whom she had so long lived with an unblemished character, and to beg of him to advance them a little money. Margaret replied that she supposed her husband would not like that proposal, fearing that their friend might suspect their necessities proceeded from mismanagement.

" It is but a few days ago since she brought me her two children, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. Her intention was to go to a village at a little distance, and endeavour to get some hemp from the weaver to spin, with a view to get something towards the debt. As she could not persuade herself to wait upon

the clergyman, her husband had undertaken it, and had accordingly set off on that business. As Margaret was going, she clasped her two children to her breast and kissed them, little thinking it was to be the last time she should ever see them.

"Soon after she was gone, I heard some noise in her house, but supposed it might be only the flapping of the door. However, the evening came on, and my neighbour did not come to fetch her children as usual. I therefore determined to go to her house, and see if she was come home. I found the door open and went in; but how shall I express my horror and astonishment, when I found poor

Margaret lying dead at the foot of the stairs!

"After trying in vain to recover her, I fetched the surgeon, who shook his head, and said all was over. The coroner's inquest brought in their verdict, accidental death; but, as her husband was missing, ill-natured people raised suspicious reports. Her death, however, was easily to be accounted for; she had returned to her house, to go up to the loft for a bag to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost, on the ground. The bag that lay by her side showed this to have been the case.

"I made an offer to the parish officers to keep the two children myself, not doubting, but that the goodness of God, even a poor widow as I was, would enable me to support them. The worthy curate came yesterday to see the unfortunate Margaret, and great indeed was his affliction when I related to him what I have been now telling you. I then told him, that John was gone to him; but I was much surprised, when he declared he had seen nothing of him. The two children came up to him, and little Jack asked him, if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time asleep. This brought tears into the eyes of the good curate, who proposed to take the

two children home to his own house, and bring them up under his care; but as I could not consent to part with both these innocents, it was at last agreed, that he should take the younger, and leave me the elder.

"He asked little Jack if he should not like to go with him. 'What, where my mother is?' said Jack, 'oh! yes, with all my heart!' 'No, my little man,' replied the curate, 'I do not mean there, but to my handsome house and garden.'—'No, no,' answered Jack, 'I will stay here with Susan, and every day go to where my mother is; for I would rather go there than to your handsome garden.'

"This worthy curate did not choose to vex the child more, who

went and hid himself behind my bed curtains. He told me he would send his man for the younger, who would be more trouble to me than the elder child, and, before he went, left me some money towards the support of this.

"This, Sir, is the whole of this unfortunate business. What makes me exceedingly uneasy at present is, that John does not return, and that it is reported in the parish, that he has connected himself with a gang of smugglers, and that his wife put an end to her life through grief. These stories have obtained such credit in the village, that even the children have got it; and whenever poor Jack attempts to mix with them, they drive him

away, as though he were infectious. Hence the poor little fellow is quite dull, and now never goes out, but to pay a sad visit to his mother's grave."

Mr. Glover, who had silently listened to this melancholy tale, was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was now got close up to Susan, he looked at her with fondness, and often called her his mother. Mr. Glover at length broke silence, and told Susan she was a worthy woman, and that God would not fail to reward her for her generosity towards this unfortunate family.

"Ah!" said Susan, "I am happy in what I have done, and I wish I could have done more; but my only possession consists in my cottage, a

little garden, in which I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the labour of my hands. Yet for these eight years that I have been a widow, God has not suffered me to want, and I trust he never will."

Mr. Glover reminded her, that keeping the little boy must be very inconvenient to her, and that she would find it difficult to supply him with clothes. She answered, "I leave the care of that to Him who clothes the fields with grass, and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sew and spin, and they shall work to clothe my poor little orphan. I will never part with him."

Mr. Glover was astonished at this good woman's resolution. "I must

not suffer you alone," said he, "to have all the honour of befriending this poor orphan, since God has bestowed on me those blessings of affluence which you do not enjoy. Permit me to take care of the education of this sweet boy; and, since I find that you cannot live separate, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your cottage and garden, and make my house your own, where you may spend the remainder of your life amidst peace and plenty."

Susan gave Mr. Glover a most affectionate look, but begged he would excuse her accepting his offer, as she was fond of the spot on which she was born, and lived in so long. Besides, she added, she

could not suit herself to the bustle of a great house, and should soon grow sick, were she to live upon dainties in idleness. "If you will please," continued Susan, "now and then to send him a small matter to pay for his schooling, and to supply him with tools when he shall take to business, God will not fail to reward you for your bounty. As I have no child, he shall be as one to me, and whatever I possess shall be his at my death."

Mr. Glover, finding she did not choose to quit her habitation, told her, he should every month send her what would be sufficient for her support, and that he would sometimes come and see them himself. Susan lifted up her hands

to Heaven, and bid Jackey go and ask the gentleman's blessing, which he did. He then threw down his purse on the table, bid them a farewell, and mounting his horse, took the road that led to the parish in which the curate lived.

On Mr. Glover's arrival there, he found the curate reading a letter, on which he had shed some tears. He explained the cause of his visit to this worthy divine, and asked him if he knew what was become of the father of the two little unfortunate children. The curate replied, that it was not a quarter of an hour since he received a letter from him to his wife. "It was," said the curate, "inclosed in one to me, and contains a small draft for

the use of his wife; he requests me to deliver it to her, and to console her for his absence. As she is dead, I have opened the letter, and here it is; be so kind as to read it." Mr. Glover took the letter, the particulars of which were as follow:

"He hoped his wife would not give herself any uneasiness on account of his absence. As he was going to the clergyman's house, he began to think that it could be of no use to go thus a begging, and, if he should borrow money, he was not sure he should be able to pay it, which he thought would be as bad as thieving. At this instant a thought struck into his head, that he was young and hearty, stout and able-bodied, and therefore could see no harm if he entered on board

a man of war for a few years, where he might stand a chance of getting a fortune for his wife and children, at least get enough to pay all his debts. While he was thinking of this matter, a press-gang came up, and asked him if he would enter, telling him that they would give him five pounds bounty. The thought of receiving five pounds fixed his determination at once, and he accordingly entered, received the money, and sent every farthing of it to his wife, with his love and blessing, and hoping they would all join in their prayers to God for him. He hoped the war would soon be over, and that he should then return with inexpressible joy to his dear wife."

Mr. Glover's eyes swimmed with

ears all the time he was reading the letter. When he had finished it, "This man," said he, "may indeed be justly called a good husband, a tender father, and an honest man. There is an expressive pleasure in being a friend to such characters as these. I will pay John's debts, and enable him to set up his trade again. Let his money be kept for the children, to be divided between them, as soon as they shall be at an age to know how to make use of it, and I will add something to this sacred deposit."

So greatly was the worthy curate affected, that he could make no reply; and Mr. Glover perfectly understanding the cause of his

silence squeezed him by the hand, and took his leave; but he completely accomplished all his designs in favour of John, who at length returned, and enjoyed an easiness of circumstances beyond any thing he had before experienced.

Nothing now disturbed John's felicity but the sorrowful reflection of having lost his dear Margaret; she had experienced part of his misfortunes, but had not lived to share in his felicity; and John's only consolation is perpetually to talk about her to Susan, whom he looks upon as a sister to him, and as a mother to his children. Litttle Jack frequently visits his mother's grave; and has made so good a use of Mr. Glover's generosity, in im-

proving himself, that this excellent gentleman intends placing him in a very desirable situation. John's younger son has likewise a share in his favours; and whenever Mr. Glover's mind is oppressed, a visit to this spot, where such an affecting scene passed, and where he has been enabled to do so much good, never fails to raise his spirits.

My readers will from hence learn, that God always assists those who put their trust in him. It is on him we must rely, on every occasion, and he will not desert us, provided we ourselves also try to surmount difficulties by patience and industry.

THE

USEFUL OR ORNAMENTAL.

One morning, Sir John Denham having shut himself up in his study, on some particular business, his servant came to inform him, that one of his tenants, Farmer Harris, desired to speak with him. Sir John told him to show the farmer into the drawing-room, and to beg him to stay one moment, until he had finished writing a letter.

Sir John had three children, Robert, Arthur, and Sophia, who were in the drawing-room when the farmer was introduced. As soon as he entered, he saluted them

very respectfully, though not with the grace of a dancing-master, nor were his compliments very elegantly turned. The two sons looked at each other with a smile of contempt and disrespect. Indeed, they behaved in such a manner, that the poor farmer blushed, and was quite out of countenance.

Robert was so shamefully impertinent as to walk round him, holding his nose, and asking his brother, if he did not perceive something of the smell of a dung-heap. Then he lighted some paper at the fire, and carried it round the room, in order to disperse, as he said, the unpleasant smell. Arthur all the while stood laughing most heartily.

Sophia, however, acted in a very different manner; for, instead of imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she checked them for their behaviour, made apologies for them to the farmer, and approaching him with the most complaisant looks, offered him some wine to refresh him, made him sit down, and took from him his hat and stick to put by.

In a little time, Sir John came out of his study, and approaching the farmer in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, inquired after the health of his family, and asked him what had brought him to town. The farmer replied, that he was come to pay him half a year's rent, and that

he hoped he would not be displeased at his not coming sooner, the roads having been so bad that he could not till then carry his corn to market.

Sir John told him he was not displeased at his not coming sooner, because he knew him to be an honest man, who had no occasion to be put in mind of his debts. The farmer then put down the money, and drew out of his great coat pocket a jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something here," said he, "for the young folks. Won't you be so kind, Sir John, as to let them come out one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us? I'd try, as well as

I could, to entertain and amuse them. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise, which will carry them very safely, I'll warrant it."

Sir John said, that he would certainly take an opportunity to pay him a visit, and invited him to stay to dinner; but the farmer excused himself, saying, he had a good deal of business to do in town, and wished to get home before night. Sir John filled his pocket with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present he had made to his, and then took leave of him.

No sooner was the farmer gone,

than Sophia, in the presence of her brothers, acquainted her papa of the very rude reception they had given the honest farmer. Sir John was exceedingly displeased at their conduct, and much applauded Sophia for her different behaviour.

Sir John, being seated at breakfast with his children, opened the farmer's jar of fruit, and he and his daughter ate some of them, which they thought were very nice ; but Robert and Arthur were neither of them invited to a single taste. Their longing eyes were fixed upon them; but their father, instead of taking any notice of them, continued conversing with Sophia, whom he advised never

to despise a person merely for the plainness of his dress; "for," said he, "were we to behave politely to those only who are finely clothed, we should appear to direct our attention more to the dress than to the wearer. The most worthy people are frequently found under the plainest dress, and of this we have an example in Farmer Harris. It is this man who helps to clothe you, and also to procure you a proper education, for the money that he and my other tenants bring me, enables me to do these things."

Breakfast being finished, the remainder of the fruit was ordered to be locked up; but Robert and his brother, whose longing eyes

followed the jar, clearly saw they were to have none of them. In this they were confirmed by their father, who told them not to expect to taste any of those fruits, either on that or any future day.

Robert endeavoured to excuse himself by saying, that it was not his fault if the farmer did not smell well; and he thought there was no harm in telling him of it. If people will go among dung, they must expect to smell of it. "And yet," said Sir John, "if this man were not to manure his land with dung, his crops would fail him, he would be unable to pay me his rent, and you yourself would perhaps be obliged to follow a dung cart." The two

boys saw displeasure in their papa's countenance, and therefore did not presume to say any thing more.

Early on a morning, shortly after, the good farmer came to Sir John Denham's door, and sent up his compliments, kindly inviting him to make a little excursion to his farm. Sir John could not resist the friendly invitation, as a refusal might perhaps have made the honest farmer uneasy. Robert and Arthur begged very hard to go along with them, promising to behave more civilly in future, and Sophia begging for them likewise, Sir John at last consented. They then mounted the four-wheeled chaise with joyful countenances, and, as the farmer had a pair of

good horses, they were there in a short time.

On their arrival, Mrs. Harris, the farmer's wife, came to the door to receive them, helped the young gentlefolks out of the chaise, and kissed them. All their little family, dressed in their best clothes, came out to compliment their visitors. Sir John would have stopped a moment to talk with the little ones, and caress them; but Mrs. Harris pressed him to go in, lest the coffee should grow cold, it being already poured out; it was placed on a table, covered with a napkin as white as snow.

Indeed, the coffee-pot was not silver, nor the cups china, yet every thing was in the neatest order.

Robert and Arthur however, looked slyly at each other, and would have burst out into a laugh, had not their father been present. Mrs. Harris, who was a sensible woman, guessed by their looks what they thought, and therefore made an apology for the humble style in which her table was set out, which she owned, could not be equal to what they met with at their own homes; but hoped they would not be dissatisfied with her homely fare. The cakes she produced were excellent, for she spared no pains in making them.

As soon as breakfast was over, the farmer asked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, and Mrs. Harris took all the pains she could

to make the walk pleasing to the children. She showed them all her flocks, which covered the fields, and gave them the prettiest lambs to play with. She then conducted them to her pigeon-house, where every thing was clean and wholesome. There were some so young that they were unable to fly; some of the mothers sitting on their eggs, and others employed in feeding their young. From the pigeon-house, they proceeded to the bee-hive: but Mrs. Harris took care that they should not go too near them, for fear of being stung.

Most of these sights being new to the children, they seemed highly pleased with them, and were even going to take a second survey

of them, when the farmer's youngest son came to inform them that dinner was ready. They ate off pewter, and drank out of Delft ware; but Robert and Authur, finding themselves so well pleased with their morning walk, dared not to indulge themselves in ill-natured observations. Mrs. Harris, indeed, had spared neither pains nor attention to produce every thing in the best manner she was able.

Sir John, after dinner, perceiving two fiddles hang up against the wall, asked who played on those instruments. The farmer answered, he and his son; and, without saying a word more, he made a sign to his son Luke to take down the fiddles. They by

turns played some old tunes, with which Sir John seemed highly pleased. As they were going to hang up the instruments, Sir John desired his two sons to play some of their best tunes, putting the fiddles into their hands: but they knew not even how to hold the bow, and their confusion occasioned a general laugh.

Sir John, now thinking it high time to return home, desired the farmer to order the carriage. Farmer Harris strongly pressed Sir John to stay all night, but the farmer was at last obliged to submit to Sir John's excuses.

On his return home, he asked his son Robert how he had liked his entertainment, and what he

should have thought of the farmer, if he had taken no pains to entertain them. He replied, that he liked his entertainment; but had he not taken pains to accommodate them, he should have thought him an unmannerly clown. "Ah, Robert! Robert!" said Sir John, "this honest man came to our house, and, instead of offering him any refreshment, you made game of him. Which then is the best bred, you or the farmer?"

Robert blushed, and seemed at a loss what answer to make; but at length replied, that it was his duty to receive them well, as he got his living off their lands. "That is true," answer Sir John, "but it may be easily seen who draws the

greatest profit from my lands, the farmer or I. He indeed feeds his horses with hay which he gets off my meadows, but his horses in return plough the fields, which otherwise would be overrun with weeds. He also feeds his cows and his sheep with the hay; but their dung is useful in giving fertility to the ground. His wife and children are fed with the harvest corn; but they in return devote the summer to weeding the crops; and afterward, some in reaping them, and some in threshing. All these labours end in my advantage. The rest of the hay and corn he takes to market to sell, and with the produce thereof he pays his rent. From this, it is

evident, who derives the greatest profit from my lands."

Here a long pause ensued; but, at last, Robert confessed that he saw his error. "Remember, then, all your life," said Sir John, "what has now been offered to your eyes and ears. This farmer, so homely dressed, whose manners you have considered as so rustic, this man is better bred than you; and, though he knows nothing of Latin, he knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. You see, therefore, how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress, and the rusticity of his manners. You may understand a little Latin, but you know not how to plough, sow grain, or reap the

harvest, nor even to prune a tree. Sit down with being convinced that you have despised your superior."

KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD.

HOWEVER long the winter may appear, the spring will naturally succeed it. A gentle breeze began to warm the air, the snow gradually vanished, the fields put on their enamelled livery, the flowers shot forth their buds, and the birds began to send forth their harmony from every bough.

Little Louisa and her father left the city, to partake of the pleasures

of the country.—Scarcely had the blackbird and the thrush begun their early whistle to welcome Louisa, than the weather changed all on a sudden; the north wind roared horribly in the grove, and the snow fell in such abundance, that every thing appeared in a silver-white mantle.

Though the little maid went to bed shivering with cold, and much disappointed in her expectations, yet she thanked God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the elements.

Such a quantity of snow had fallen during the night, that the roads were almost impassable in the morning, which was a matter of

great affliction to poor Louisa; but she observed, that the birds were as dull as herself upon the occasion. Every tree and hedge being so covered with snow, that the poor birds could get nothing to eat; not so much as a grain of corn or worm to be found.

The feathered inhabitants now forsook the woods and groves, and fled into the neighbourhood of inhabited towns and villages, to seek that relief from man, which nature alone would not then afford them. Incredibly numerous were the flight of sparrows, robins, and other birds, that were seen in the streets and court-yards, where their little beaks and claws were employed in turning over whatever

they thought could afford them a single grain.

A large company of these feathered refugees alighted in the yard belonging to the house in which little Louisa and her father then were. The distress of the poor birds seemed to afflict the tender-hearted maid very much, which her father perceived as soon as she entered his chamber. "What is it makes you look so pensive now," said her father, "since it is but a few minutes ago when you was so remarkably cheerful?"—"O my dear papa," said Louisa, "all those sweet birds, that sung so charmingly but a day or two ago, are now come into the yard starving with hunger. Do, pray, let me give them a little corn!"

Her papa very readily granted her so reasonable a request, and away she ran, accompanied by her governess, to the barn on the other side of the yard, which had that morning been cleanly swept. Here she got a handful or two of corn, which she immediately scattered in different parts of the yard. The poor little birds fluttered around her, and soon picked up what the bounty of her generous hand had bestowed on them. It is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction, expressed in the countenance of Louisa, on seeing herself the cause of giving so much joy to those little animals. As soon as the birds had picked up all the grains, they flew to the house-top, and seemed to look down on

Louisa as if they would say, "cannot you give us a little more?" She understood their meaning, and away she flew again to the barn, and down they all came to partake of her new bounty, while Louisa called to her papa and mamma to come and enjoy with her the pleasing sight. In the meantime, a little boy came into the yard, whose heart was not of so tender a nature as Louisa's. He held in his hand a cage full of birds, but carried it so carelessly, that it was evident he cared very little for his poor prisoners. Louisa, who could not bear to see the pretty little creatures used so roughly, asked the boy what he was going to do with those birds. The boy replied, that he would sell them if he could: but, if

he could not, his cat should have a dainty meal of them, and they would not be the first she had munched alive."

"O fie," said Louisa, "give them to your cat! What, suffer such innocent things as those to be killed by the merciless talons of a cat!"—"Even so," said the boy, and giving the cage a careless swing, that tumbled the poor birds one over another, off he was setting, when Louisa called him back, and asked him what he would have for his birds. "I will sell them," said he, "three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them." Louisa struck the bargain, and ran to beg the money of her papa, who not only cheerfully gave her the money, but allowed her an

empty room for the reception of her little captives.

The boy, having thus found so good a market for his birds, told all his companions of it; so that, in a few hours, Louisa's yard was so filled with little bird-merchants, that you would have supposed it to be a bird-market. However, the pretty maiden purchased all they brought, and had them turned into the same room, with those of her former purchase.

When night came, Louisa went to bed with more pleasure than she had felt for a long time. "What a pleasing reflection it is," said she to herself, "to be thus capable of preserving the lives of so many innocent birds, and save them from famine and merciless cats!—When

summer comes, and I go into the woods and groves, these pretty birds will fly round me, and sing their sweetest notes, in gratitude for my kind attention to them." These thoughts at last lulled her to sleep, but they accompanied her even in her dreams; for she fancied herself in one of the most delightful groves she had ever seen, where all the little birds were busied, either in feeding their young, or in singing, and in hopping from bough to bough.

The first thing Louisa did, after she had got up in the morning, was to go and feed her little family in the room, and also those that came into the yard. Though the seed to feed them cost her nothing,

yet she recollected that the many purchases she had lately made of birds must have almost exhausted her purse; "and if the frost should continue," said she to herself, "what will become of those poor birds that I shall not be able to purchase! Those naughty boys will either give them to their cats, or suffer them to die with hunger."

While she was giving way to these sorrowful reflections, her hand was moving gently into her pocket, in order to bring out her exhausted purse; but, judge what must be her surprise and astonishment, when, instead of pulling out an empty purse, she found it brimful of money! She ran immediately to her papa, to tell him of

this strange circumstance, when he snatched her up in his arms, tenderly embraced her, and shed tears of joy on her blooming cheeks.

"My dear child," said her papa to her, "you cannot conceive how happy you make me! Let these birds continue to be the objects of your relief, and, be assured, your purse shall never be reduced to emptiness." This pleasing news gladdened the little heart of Louisa, and she ran immediately to fill her apron with seed, and then hastened to feed her feathered guests. The birds came fluttering round her, and seemed conscious of her bounty and generosity.

After feeding these happy prisoners, she went down into the

yard, and there distributed a plentiful meal to the starving wanderers without. What an important trust had she now taken on herself!—nothing less than the support of a hundred dependants within doors, and a still greater number without No wonder that her dolls and other play things should be now totally forgotten.

As Louisa was putting her hand into the seed-bag, to take out of it the afternoon food for her birds, she found a paper, on which were written these words; "The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

As she saw her papa behind her, she turned round and said, "I am therefore now imitating God."—"Yes, my sweet Louisa," said her father, "in every good action we imitate our Maker. When you shall be grown to maturity, you will then assist the necessitous part of the human race, as you now do the birds; and the more good you do, the nearer you will approach the perfections of God."

Louisa continued her attention to feed her hungry birds for more than a week, when the snow began to melt, and the fields by degrees recovered their former verdure. The birds who had lately been afraid to quit the warm shelter of the houses, now returned to the

woods and groves. The birds in our little Louisa's aviary were confined, and therefore could not get away; but they showed their inclination to depart, by flying against the windows, and pecking the glass with their bills. These birds, perhaps, were industrious, and wished not to be troublesome to Louisa, since they could now procure their own living.

Louisa, not being able to comprehend what could make them so uneasy, asked her papa if he could tell the cause of it. "I know not, my dear," said her papa, "but it is possible these little birds may have left some companions in the fields, which they now wish to see." —"You are very right, papa," re-

plied Louisa, "and they shall have their liberty immediately." She accordingly opened the window, and all the birds flew out of it.

These little feathered animals had no sooner obtained their liberty, than some were seen hopping on the ground, others darting into the air, or sporting in the trees, from twig to twig, and some flying about the windows, chirping, as though out of gratitude to their benefactor.

Louisa hardly ever went into the fields, but she fancied that some of her little family seemed to welcome her approach, either by hopping before her, or entertaining her with their melodious notes, which afforded her a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

LITTLE WILLIAM.

In one of the villages in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, lived little William, who had the misfortune to lose his mother, before he had reached his eighth year. Notwithstanding his early age, this loss made a strong impression on his mind, and evidently affected the natural gaiety of his disposition. His aunt, the good Mrs. Clarkson, soon took him home to her house, in order to remove him from the scene of his affliction, and to prevent his grief adding to the inconsolable sorrows of his father.

After the usual time, they left off their mourning; but though little

William affected cheerfulness, yet his tender heart still felt for the loss of his mother. His father, whom he sometimes visited, could not avoid observing how little William endeavoured to conceal his grief; and this consideration made him feel the more for the loss of a wife, who had given birth to so promising a child. This made such an impression on his mind, that every one foresaw it would bring on his final dissolution.

Poor William had not been to see his dear father for some time: for, whenever he proposed it to his aunt, she constantly found some excuse to put it off. The reason was, that Mr. Clarkson being so ill, she feared that seeing him in that

condition would increase the grief of William too much, and lay on his heart a load too heavy for him to support. In short, the loss of his wife, and his uneasiness for his son, put an end to Mr. Clarkson's life on the day before he reached the fiftieth year of his age.

The next morning, little William thus addressed his aunt: "This is my dear father's birth-day, I will go and see him, and wish him joy." She endeavoured to persuade him from it; but, when she found that all her endeavours were in vain, she consented, and then burst into a flood of tears. The little youth was alarmed, and almost afraid to ask any questions. At last, "I fear," said he, "my dear papa, is

either ill or dead. Tell me, my dear aunt, for I must and will know; I will sleep no more till I see my dear father, who so tenderly loves me."

Mrs. Clarkson was unable to speak; but when William saw his aunt take out his mourning clothes, he was too well satisfied of what had happened. "My dear papa is dead!" cried he: "O my papa, my mamma! both dead! What will become of poor William?" and then fainted, when Mrs. Clarkson found it difficult to bring him to his senses.

As soon as he was a little come to himself, "Do not afflict yourself, my dear child," said his aunt, "your parents are both living in

heaven, and will intercede with God to take care of you while on earth. While he yesterday was dying, his last prayer was for you, and his prayer will be heard."

"What! did my father die yesterday, while I was thinking of the pleasure I should this day have on seeing him? Oh! let me go and see him, since I cannot now disturb him, or make him unhappy on my account. Pray, my dear aunt, let me go."

Mrs. Clarkson could not resist his importunities, and engaged to go along with him, provided he would promise to keep himself composed. "You see my sorrow," said she, "and how much I am grieved for the loss of a brother,

who was good, charitable, and humane, and from whose bounty I received the greater part of the means of my livelihood. Though I am now left poor and helpless, yet I trust in Providence, and you shall see me cry no more. Let me entreat you, my dear child, to do the same." Poor William promised he would do as she would wish him; when Mrs. Clarkson took him by the hand, and led him to the melancholy scene.

As soon as they were come to the house, William slipped from his aunt, and rushed into the room where his father lay in his coffin, surrounded by his weeping neighbours: he threw himself on the breathless body of his dear papa.

After lying some little time in that state, without being able to speak, he at last raised his little head, and cried out, "See how your poor William cries for having lost you. When mamma died, you comforted me, though you wept yourself; but now to whom am I to look for comfort? O my dear papa, my good papa!"

By this time, his aunt got into the room, and with the assistance of the neighbours, forced him from the coffin, and carried him to a friend's house, in order to keep him there till his father should be buried: for his aunt dreaded the thoughts of letting him follow the funeral.

The solemn scene was now pre-

paring, and the bell began to toll, which William heard, and every stroke of it pierced his little innocent heart. The woman, to whose care he had been left, having stepped into another room, he took that opportunity to regain his liberty, got out of doors, and ran towards the church-yard. On his arrival there, he found the funeral service finished, and the grave filling up, when on a sudden, a cry was heard, "Let me be buried with my dear papa." He then jumped into the grave.

Such a scene must naturally affect every one who saw it. They pulled him out of the grave, and carried him home pale and speechless. For several days he refused almost

every kind of sustenance, being at intervals subject to fainting fits. After some time, however, the consolation and advice of his good aunt appeared to have some weight with him, and the tempest in his little heart began to abate.

The affectionate conduct of William was the conversation for miles round their habitation, and at last reached the ears of a wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a little acquainted with the deceased Mr. Clarkson. He accordingly went to see the good William, and feeling for his distresses, took him home with him, and treated him as his son.

William soon gained the highest opinion of the merchant, and, as

he grew up, grew more and more in his favour. At the age of twenty he conducted himself with so much ability and integrity, that the merchant took him into partnership, and married him to his only daughter.

William had always too great a soul to be ungenerous: for even during his younger days, he denied himself every kind of extravagance, in order to support his aunt; and when he came into possession of a wife and fortune, he placed her in a comfortable station for the remainder of her life. As for himself, he every year, on his father's birth-day, passed it in a retired room alone, sometimes indulging a tear, and sometimes lifting up his heart to

heaven, from whence he had received so much.

My little readers, if you have the happiness still to have parents living, be thankful to God, and be sensible of the blessing you enjoy. Be cautious how you do any thing to offend them; and should you offend them undesignedly, rest neither night nor day till you have obtained their forgiveness. Reflect on, and enjoy the happiness that you are not, like poor little William, bereft of your fathers and mothers, and left in the hands, though of a good, yet poor aunt.

BE CONTENTED WITH YOUR STATION.

On a fine evening, in the midst of summer, Mr. Drake and his son Albert took a walk in some of the most agreeable environs of the city. The sky was clear, the air cool; and the purling streams, and gentle zephyrs rustling in the trees, lulled the mind into an agreeable gloom. Albert, enchanted with the natural beauties that surrounded him, could not help exclaiming, "What a lovely evening!" He pressed his father's hand, and, looking up to him, said, "You know not, papa, what thoughts rise in my heart!" He was silent for a moment, and

then looked towards heaven, his eyes moistened with tears. "I thank God," said he, "for the happy moments he now permits me to enjoy! Had I my wish, every one should taste the beauties of this evening as I do. Were I the king of a large country, I would make my subjects perfectly happy."

Mr. Drake embraced his son, and told him, that the benevolent wish he had just uttered came from a heart as generous as it was humane. "But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Are you certain, that in an exalted station you should preserve the sentiments which now animate you in that middling state in which it has pleased Heaven to place you?"

Albert was a little surprisedthat

his father should ask such a question; for he had no idea that riches could bring with them cruelty and wickedness.

Mr. Drake told him that was not always the case. "The world has produced fortunate persons," said he, "who have remembered their past distresses, and have always retained the most charitable ideas for the unfortunate; but we too often see, what is a disgrace to the human heart, that a change of fortune alters the most tender and sympathetic affections. While we ourselves labour under misfortunes, we look upon it as a duty incumbent on every man to assist us. Should the hand of God relieve us, we think that all his intentions in the preser-

vation of the world, are answered, and too often cease to remember those unfortunate wretches, who remain in the gulph from which we have been rescued. You may see an instance of this in the man who frequently comes to beg charity of me, whom I relieve with reluctance, and cannot but censure myself for so doing."

Albert told his father that he had frequently observed how coolly he put money into his hands, without speaking to him in that tender language which he generally used to other poor people. He therefore begged his father would tell him what could be his reason for it.

"I will tell you, my dear," said Mr. Drake, "what has been his

conduct, and then leave you to judge how far I do right. Mr. Mason was a linen-draper in Cheapside; and though the profits of his business were but moderate, yet a poor person never asked his charity in vain. This he viewed as his most pleasing extravagance, and he considered himself happy in the enjoyment of it, though he could not pursue this indulgence to the extent of his wishes. Business one day called him on 'Change, he heard a number of merchants talking together of vast cargoes, and the immense profits to be expected from them. 'Ah!' said he to himself, 'how happy these people are! Were I as rich, Heaven knows, I should not make money

my idol, for the poor should plentifully partake of my abundance.'

"This man went home with a bosom full of ambitious thoughts: but his circumstances were too narrow to embrace his projects, as it required no small share of prudence, in the management of his affairs, to make every thing meet the end of the year. 'Ah!' cried he, 'I shall never get forward, nor rise above the middling condition, in which I at present linger.'

"In the midst of these gloomy thoughts, a paper inviting adventurers to purchase shares in the lottery was put into his hand. He seemed as if inspired by Fortune, and caught the idea immediately. Without considering the

inconvenience to which his covetousness might reduce him, he hastened to the lottery-office, and there laid out four guineas. From this moment he waited with impatience for the drawing, nor could he find repose even at night on his pillow. He sometimes repented of having so foolishly hazarded what he could not well bear the loss of, and at other times he fancied he saw riches pouring in upon hi from all quarters. At last the drawing began, and, in the midst of his hopes and fears, Fortune favoured him with a prize of five thousand pounds.

"Having recived the money, he thought of nothing else for several days; but when his imagination had cooled a little, he began to

think what use he should make of it. He therefore increased his stock, extended his business, and by care and assiduity in trade, soon doubled his capital. In less than ten years he became one of the most considerable men in the city, and hitherto he had punctually kept his promise, in being the friend and patron of the poor; for the sight of an unfortunate person always put him in mind of his former condition, and pleaded powerfully in behalf of the distressed.

"As he now frequented gay company, he by degrees began to contract a habit of luxury and dissipation: he purchased a splendid country-house, with elegant gar-

dens, and his life became a scene of uninterrupted pleasures and amusements. All this extravagance, however, soon convinced him, that he was considerably reducing his fortune; and his trade, which he had given up, to be the more at leisure for the enjoyment of his pleasures, no longer enabled him to repair it. Besides, having been so long accustomed to put no restraint on his vanity and pride, he could not submit to the meanness of lessening his expences. 'I shall always have enough for myself,' thought he, 'and let others take care for themselves.'

"As his fortune decreased, so did his feelings for the distressed, and his heart grew callous to the cries of misery, as with indifference we

hear the roaring tempest when sheltered from its fury. Friends, whom he had till then supported, came as usual to implore his bounty, but he received them roughly, and forbid them his house. 'Am I,' said he, 'to squander my fortune upon you? Do as I have done, and get one for yourselves.'

'His poor unhappy mother from whom he had taken half the pension he used to allow her, came to beg a corner in any part of his house, where she might finish her few remaining days; but he was so cruel as to refuse her request, and with the utmost indifference saw her perish for want. The measure of his crimes, however, was now nearly filled. His wealth was soon ex-

hausted in debaucheries and other excesses, and he had neither the inclination nor ability to return to trade. Misery soon overtook him, and brought him to that state in which you now see him. He begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and detestation to all honest people, and a just example of the indignation of the Almighty."

Albert told his father, that if fortune made men so wicked and miserable, he wished to remain as he was, above pity, and secure from contempt.

"Think often, my dear child," said his father to him, "of this story, and learn from this example, that no true happiness can be en-

joyed, unless we feel for the misfortunes of others. It is the rich man's duty to relieve the distresses of the poor; and in this more solid pleasure is found, than can be expected from the enervating excesses of luxury and pomp."

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, and his parting beams reflected a lovely glow upon the clouds, which seemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freshened by the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm; and the feathered inhabitants of the grove sung their farewell song. The wind rustling among the trees, added a gentle murmur to the concert, and every thing seemed to inspire joy and happiness, while

Albert and his father returned to their house with thoughtful and pensive steps.

VANITY'S TROUBLES.

A PLAIN white frock had hitherto been the only dress of Caroline. Silver buckles in her red Morocco shoes; and her ebon hair, which had never felt the torturing iron, flowed upon her shoulders in graceful ringlets, now and then disturbed by the gentle winds.

Being one day in company with some little girls, who, though no older than herself, were dressed in all the empty parade of fashion, the

glare and glitter of those fine clothes raised in her heart a desire she had never before felt.

As soon as she got home, "My dear mamma," said she, "I have this afternoon seen Miss Flippant and her two sisters, whom you very well know. The eldest is not older than myself, and yet they were all drest in the most elegant manner. Their parents must certainly have great pleasure in seeing them so finely dressed; and, as they are not richer than you, do, my dear mamma, let me have a fine silk slip, embroidered shoes like theirs, and let my hair be dressed by Mr. Frizzle, who is said to be a very capital man in his profession!"

Her mother replied, that she

would have no objection to gratify her wishes, provided it would add to her happiness; but she was rather fearful it might have a contrary effect. As Miss Caroline could not give into this mode of thinking, she requested her mamma to explain her reasons for what she had said.

"Because," said her mother, "you will be in continual fear of spotting your silk slip, and even rumpling it whenever you wear it. A dress like that of Miss Flippant will require the utmost care and attention to preserve it from accidents; for a single spot will spoil its beauty, and you very well know there is no washing of silks. However extensive my fortune may be, I assure you, it is not sufficient to

purchase you silk gowns as often as you would wish to have them."

Miss Caroline considered these arguments as very trifling, and promised to give her mamma no uneasiness as to her carelessness in wearing her fine clothes. Though her mamma consented to let her be dressed in the manner she requested, yet she desired her to remember the hints she had given her of the vexations to which her vanity would expose her.

Miss Caroline, on whom this good advice had no effect, lost not a moment in destroying all the pleasure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, which before hung down in careless ringlets, was now twisted up in paper, and squeezed be-

tween a burning pair of tongs; that fine jet, which had hitherto so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead, was lost under a clod of powder and pomatum.

In a few days the mantua-maker arrived with a fine slip of pea-green taffety, with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of shoes, elegantly worked to answer the slip. The sight of them gave infinite pleasure to Caroline; but it was easily to be perceived, when she had them on, that her limbs were under great restraint, and her motions had lost their accustomed ease and freedom. That innocence and candour, which used to adorn her lovely countenance, began to be lost amidst the

profusion of flowers, silks, gauzes, and ribands.

The novelty, however, of her appearance quite enchanted her. Her eyes, with uncommon eagerness, wandered over every part of her dress, and were seldom removed, unless to take a general survey of the whole in a pier glass. She prevailed on her mamma to let her send cards of invitation to all her acquaintances, in order to enjoy the inexpressible pleasure of being gazed at. As soon as they were met, she would walk backwards and forwards before them, like a peacock, and seemed to consider herself as the empress of the world, and they as her vassals.

All this triumph and consequence,

however, met with many mortifying circumstances. The children who lived near her were one day permitted to ramble about the fields, when Caroline accompanied them, and led the way. What first attracted their attention was a beautiful meadow, enamelled with a variety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whose wings were of various colours, hovered over its surface. The little ladies amused themselves with hunting these butterflies, which they dexterously caught without hurting them; and, as soon as they had examined their beauties, let them fly again. Of the flowers that sprung beneath their feet they made nosegays, formed in the prettiest taste.

Though pride would not at first permit Miss Caroline to partake of these mean amusements, yet she at last wanted to share in the diversion; but they told her that the ground might be damp, which would infallibly stain her shoes, and hurt her silk slip. They had discovered her intention in thus bringing them together, which was only to show her fine clothes, and they were therefore resolved to mortify her vanity.

Miss Caroline was of course under the necessity of being solitary and inactive, while her companions sported on the grass, without fear of incommoding themselves. The pleasure she had lately taken in viewing her fine slip and shoes was,

at this moment, but a poor compensation for the mirth and merriment she thereby lost.

On one side of the meadow grew a fine grove of trees, which resounded with the various notes of innumerable birds, and which seemed to invite every one that passed that way to retire thither, and partake of the indulgences of the shade. The little maidens entered this grove, jumping and sporting, without fearing any injury to their clothes. Miss Caroline would have followed them, but they advised her not, telling her, that the bushes would certainly tear her fine trimmings. She plainly saw that her friends, who were joyously sporting among the trees, were making themselves

merry at her expence, and therefore grew peevish and ill-humoured.

The youngest of her visitors, however, had some sort of compassion on her. She had just discovered a corner, where a quantity of fine wild strawberries grew, when she called to Miss Caroline, and invited her to eat part of them. This she readily attempted; but no sooner had she entered the grove, than she was obliged to call out for help. Hereupon the children all gathered to the spot, and found poor Caroline fastened by the gauze of her hat to a branch of white-thorn, from which she could not disengage herself. They immediately took out the pins that fastened her hat; but, to add to her misfor-

tunes, as her hair, which had been frizzled with so much labour, was also entangled with the branch of white-thorn, it cost her almost a whole lock before she could be set at liberty. Thus, in an instant, was all the boasted superstructure of her head-dress put into a state of confusion.

After what had passed, it cannot be difficult to suppose in what manner her playmates viewed this accident. Instead of consolation, of which Caroline stood in much need, they could not refrain laughing at the odd figure she made, and did actually torment her with a hundred witty jokes. After having put her a little into order, they quitted her in search of new amuse-

ments, and were soon seen on the top of a neighbouring hill.

Miss Caroline found it very difficult to reach this hill; for her fine shoes, that were made very tight, in order to set off her feet the better, greatly retarded her speed. Nor was this the only inconvenience; for her stays were drawn so close, that she could not properly breathe. She would very willingly have gone home to change her dress, in order to be more at ease; but she well knew that her friends would not give up their amusements to please her caprice.

Her playmates having reached the summit of the hill, enjoyed the beautiful prospect that surrounded them on all sides. On one hand

were seen verdant meadows; on the other the riches of the harvest, with meandering streams that intersected the fields, and country seats and cottages scattered here and there. So grand a prospect could not fail of delighting them, and they danced about with joy; while poor Caroline found herself obliged to remain below, overwhelmed with sorrow, not being able to get up the hill.

In such a situation, she had leisure enough to make the most sorrowful reflections. "To what purpose," said she to herself, "am I dressed in these fine clothes? Of what a deal of pleasure do they debar me, and do not all my present sufferings arise merely from

the possession of them?" She was giving up her mind to these distressing thoughts, when she suddenly saw her friends come running down the hill, and all crying out together as they passed her, "Run, run, Caroline! there is a terrible storm behind the hill, and it is coming towards us! If you do not make haste, your fine silk slip will be nicely soused!"

The fear of having her slip spoiled recalled her strength; she forgot her weariness, pinched feet, and tight-laced waist, and made all the haste she could to get under cover. In spite of all her efforts, however, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were not incommoded by their dresses.

Every moment produced some obstacle to her speed: at one time by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths she had to pass through; at another, by her train, of which the furzes frequently took hold; and at others by Mons. Pomatum and Powder's fine scaffold work about her head, on which the wind beat down the branches of such trees as she was obliged, in her progress home, to pass under.

At last, down came the storm with great fury, and hail and rain mixed fell in torrents. All her companions were safe at home before it began, and none were exposed to its rage but poor Caroline, who indeed, got home at last, but in a most disastrous condition. She had left one of her fine shoes behind

her in a large muddy hole, which, in her precipitate flight, she had hurried over without observing; and, to fill up the measure of her misfortunes, just as she had got over the meadow, a sudden gust of wind made free with her hat, and blew it into a pond of stagnated and filthy water.

So completely soaked was every thing she had on, and the heat and rain had so glued her linen to her, that it was with some difficulty they got her undressed; as to her silk slip, it indeed afforded a miserable spectacle of fallen pride and vanity.

Her mother, seeing her in tears, jocosely said to her, "My dear, shall I have another slip made up for you against to-morrow?"—"Oh no, mamma," answered Caroline,

kissing her, "I am perfectly convinced, from experience, that fine clothes cannot add to the happiness of the wearer. Let me again have my nice white frock, and no more powder and pomatum till I am at least ten years older; for I am ashamed of my folly and vanity."

Caroline soon appeared in her former dress, and with it she recovered her usual ease and freedom, looking more modest and pleasing than she ever did in her gaudy finery. Her mamma did not regret the loss she had sustained in the wreck of the slip, fine shoes, and hat, since it produced the means of bringing her daughter back to reason and prudence.

THE YOUNG CHEAT.

ROSABEL RADFORD never could do any thing in a fair and honest manner, but was always planning tricks, and trying to deceive.

When she was sewing, and her mother stuck a pin in her work to mark her task, Rosabel often moved the pin nearer to make the task shorter; and when this was discovered, and she was told to sew a whole seam as a punishment, she was so artful and so perverse that she did not thread her needle, but sat for an hour as if she was very busy at work, when all the time she was sticking in her needle and

drawing it out without any thread in it.

When a book was given her to read, she merely looked at a few words in each page, and then declared that she had read the whole; and at first every one was surprised at her reading so fast, for she pretended she could get through a large book in an hour. But when questioned, she could not relate any thing that she had read.

When she was sent down into the parlour to practise her piece on the piano, she would play nothing while she was alone but little easy songs for her own amusement, unless she heard any body coming; and then she would resume her lesson as if she had been playing it all the time.

When she was drawing, instead of keeping the model or pattern before her, and looking at it every moment, she used to lay it under her paper to trace the outline.

She happened to find an old writing book, in which her elder sister had several years before written her French exercises, and which had all been corrected by her master. Rosabel, who was now learning French, copied secretly all her exercises out of this book, and her teacher (who did not at first find out the trick) was surprised at their being so good.

Of course, these things were always discovered at last, and she was always punished; but Rosabel was so bad a girl that she still continued the same practices.

If she played "blind man's buff,"

she always slipped up the handkerchief so that she could see the whole time she was blindfolded. If the play was "hot buttered beans," when she went out of the room with the other children that the ball might be hidden, Rosabel often peeped through the keyhole to see where it was put.

In playing "how do you like it," whenever she was sent into the entry to wait till a word was fixed on for her to guess, she stood and listened all the time with her ear close to the crack of the door.

Rosabel and her elder sister Catherine had each a little garden. Catherine took great care of hers, but Rosabel's was neglected. Catherine spent most of her pocket-mo-

ney in buying seeds, and roots of curious flowers for her garden. Rosabel often dug up some of these seeds and roots, and planted them in her own garden; and when they came up, she insisted that they must have fallen there by accident.

One day her mother having some nice queen cakes in the house, gave Rosabel one for herself, and two others for her two younger sisters, who were up stairs in the playroom. Instead of doing so, Rosabel wrapped the queen cakes up in her handkerchief, and put them all in one of the pockets of her apron. Then she went to the closet in the eating room, and got two crackers which she took up to her sisters, saying that they were sent by her

mother. The children supposing it to be true, ate the crackers very quietly. Rosabel being obliged to go back to her mother's room, ate one of the queen cakes there, and kept the others in her pocket to feast on in secret, when she was alone. They had a little dog that was very fond of cakes. He sat down before her, and looked up wishfully in her face, hoping every moment she would give him a piece of the one she was eating. But as she did not do it, and he smelt those that were in her pocket, he jumped upon her, and seizing the corner of her handkerchief in his mouth, he dragged it out, and displayed the two cakes that she had concealed there, which she ought to have given

to her sisters. Her mother did not give Rosabel another cake for a month.

One Sunday when the children were all preparing to go to church, Rosabel observed as their bonnets lay on the bed, that the strings of her sister Margaret's bonnet were much cleaner than her own. Being alone, she took off and changed the strings, all the bonnets being trimmed with the same ribbon. She put her sister's clean strings on her own bonnet; and her own dirty strings on Margaret's; and she had not candour enough to confess the truth, when she heard her mother reprove Margaret for having made her bonnet strings so very dirty.

Having pinned on the strings in

great haste, one of the pins stuck into Rosabel's head after she had got to church, and pricked her so severely all the time that she could scarcely keep from crying; and she was afraid to take off the bonnet and fix it better, lest her mother (who sat beside her) should find out the truth; for bad children are always in constant dread of discovery.

So she had to bear the pin sticking in her head the whole church-time till the end of the last prayer; and then in her wriggling about with the pain, the string came off, and her mother pinned it on again; but in so doing she perceived a place where the ribbon had been joined to make it longer.

"Why, Rosabel," said Mrs. Rad-

ford, as they walked home, "those are not your bonnet strings; they are Margaret's. I remember her bonnet being the last I trimmed, and that I joined the ribbon to lengthen it at the place that went under the chin. I see now how the strings on Margaret's bonnet happen to be so dirty. They are in reality yours, and you have been at your old tricks and changed them. Now I must tell you that I intended next week getting new trimming for all your bonnets; but as a punishment you shall wear the old ribbon on yours the remainder of the summer.

One evening when Rosabel was at a children's tea party, she sat next to a little girl named Mari-

anne Varland, whose parents always drest her like a woman, and who had a pair of white kid gloves on her hands. When tea was handed round, Marianne took off her kid gloves, and laid them on the chair behind her. Rosabel had often been desirous of wearing white kid gloves, but her mother always refused to get her any, saying that it was foolish to put them on the hands of children. However, when Rosabel saw Marianne Varland with white gloves, she felt a greater desire than ever to wear the same. Accordingly she slipped them from behind Marianne (who was helping herself to her tea) and slily put them on her own hands, and then she sat eating muffin and plum-

cake with them as boldly as if they were her own.

Marianne observed the butter running down Rosabel's fingers, and she wondered she chose to eat with white kid gloves on; but supposed it was because she had seen ladies do so.

When tea was over, Marianne turned to take up her gloves, but did not find them, and looked all about in vain. She could not imagine what had become of them, as she had only laid them on the chair behind her: and when she asked Rosabel if she had seen them, the naughty girl said "no," and helped her to look for them; pretending to wonder where they could be. Marianne never for a moment

suspected that her gloves were all the time on Rosabel's hands.

Rosabel wore Marianne's gloves the whole evening, eating fruit, cakes, sugar plumbs, and every thing else without taking them off, so that they were too much soiled ever to be worn again. When a little girl remarked to her that she was spoiling her gloves, Rosabel gave her head a toss and said, "when those were soiled her mother could afford to buy her another pair."

When the party was over, Rosabel contrived, very cunningly, to slip the dirty gloves in Marianne Varland's reticule, (which she had laid for a few minutes on the bed in the room where they had left their bonnets and shawls,) satisfied

with the pleasure of having worn them all the evening; and knowing that they were now too much soiled ever to be worn again.

When Marianne went home, she was surprised to find the gloves in her bag, and to see them in such a dirty condition, when she knew that she had not worn them herself, except for a few minutes at the beginning of the evening. While she was looking at them, something dropped out of one of the gloves and fell on the floor. On taking it up it was found to be a ring with a cipher and hair in it, which Marianne's sister recollected having seen the day before when it was shown to her at school by Rosabel, who told her that it was the hair and

cipher of her aunt, after whom she was named, and who had just given it to her as a new year's present. This ring Rosabel had, without knowing it, drawn off with the gloves, and it proved that she was the person who had worn and spoiled them.

Next morning Marianne enclosed the ring in a paper with the dirty gloves, and sent them to Rosabel with a note, saying, "that she made her a present of the gloves that she had worn and spoiled the night before, and that she returned a ring which had dropped from one of the fingers.

That morning at breakfast Rosabel's mother not seeing the new ring on her finger (and which she

had promised her aunt to wear always) asked her where it was. Rosabel guessed how she had lost it, but being afraid to explain, said that it was safe in her drawer up stairs. She then went to school; and soon after the parcel arrived with Marianne Varland's note. Mrs. Radford opened them and was much surprised.

When Rosabel came home, her mother showed her the gloves and ring, and made her confess the whole.

Mrs. Radford's children had all been invited to a little dance which was to take place next week at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, but she now told Rosabel that as a punishment for taking

and wearing Marianne's gloves, she would not permit her to accompany her sisters. Rosabel cried very much at being obliged to stay at home by herself, and her mother hoped that this lesson would cure her of cheating and deceiving,

But it was all in vain. Rosabel never left off these faults, and at last every body was continually watching her lest she should play some trick; and nobody would believe a word she said. All her young friends gave her up, their parents fearing that they would be injured by the example of so bad a girl.

THE FAWN.

EDMUND ORWELL and his sister Clara were on a visit at their uncle Haydon's, who lived in a remote part of the country, on a large farm. The only buildings near them were an old Collegiate Church and a still older place called the Chantrey House. The children (who had never before been at any place so far from the city) were delighted to play in the meadows and orchard, and to climb the rocks, and to ramble through the woods, in company with their cousin Philip Haydon, who was a little older than Edmund.

One day they heard their aunt

say, that she wanted some elder-berries to make jelly, and they recollected having seen a great many in the woods about two miles off. They offered to go and gather a large quantity for her; and as the baskets would be too heavy for them to carry so far, their uncle said he would let them take the car when they went for the elder-berries.

Philip allowed Edmund to help him harness the horse, and lifting Clara into the back seat of the car, with a pile of baskets before her, the boys placed themselves on the bench in front, and they set off in high spirits, Edmund driving while in the open road, and Philip after they got into the woods.

They soon came to the place

where they had seen the elder-berries so abundant. It was a sort of opening in the forest, where the surrounding trees were covered with elder-berries that ascended to their highest branches, and also ran along the ground, so as to form a close thicket. These trees were loaded with large bunches of fine ripe purple elder-berries, in such profusion, that barrels full might have been gathered there.

The children got out of the car, and proceeded industriously to the business of plucking the berries, and filling the baskets with them. It must, however, be supposed that they ate some as they went on.

They were talking and laughing very merrily, when they saw the

branches that were low on the ground begin to move. Clara screamed out that a panther must be hidden under them; and the boys, to keep her safe, put her into the car, till they could discover what it really was. Each then armed himself with a large stick broken from the branch of an old tree that lay on the ground, and advanced to the place where they had seen the shaking of the branches. Clara was very much frightened, and screamed to the boys to let the panther alone, and to jump into the car and drive home.

The boys, however, would not listen to her; and presently the innocent head of a little fawn came out from among the leaves.

"There, Clara," exclaimed Phil-

lip, "there is the object of terror. Only a pretty little fawn, that I suppose has strayed away from its mother."

Clara immediately jumped out of the car to look at the fawn, and found it entangled in the twisting branches.

"Oh! Philip! Oh! Edmund!" said she, "do let us take this dear sweet creature home. We shall have no trouble in catching it, for the branches are holding it fast for us. What a charming plaything it will be for us. Oh! how I love it already!"

Edmund was delighted at the idea of carrying the fawn home with them, and wanted to take hold of it. The poor thing was very much

frightened, and trembled all over. Philip then said that he thought it better to leave the fawn where it was, that the mother could not be very far off, and that the little animal would be much happier to continue to run through the woods at its liberty. But Clara could not give up the pleasure of having so pretty a pet, and Edmund also thought that he should like very much to play with it. He proposed that Clara should take the fawn into the car, and hold it there while he and Philip finished gathering the elderberries. The fawn struggled so to get loose, that Clara's strength could not hold out, and Edmund then took charge of the poor terrified little animal, having first tied its legs

together with some long grass, which he twisted in strings for the purpose. Clara then quitted the car, and took her brother's place at the elder-trees.

All the baskets were soon filled, and the children set off to go home; but when they were nearly in sight of the house, Clara again took the fawn that she might be seen riding up the lane with her new pet in her arms. As soon as they arrived at the front gate, Edmund and Clara began both together to tell of their adventure; but Mr. and Mrs. Haydon said, they agreed with Philip in thinking that the fawn had better have been left in the woods, and allowed to remain at liberty. But Edmund and Clara

were of opinion that it could not be more happy in the woods than they would make it.

Clara carried it into her chamber and got a bowl of milk for it, but the poor fawn was too frightened to eat, and hid itself under the bed, where it lay trembling. At dinner, she ate but two mouthfuls of her peach-pie, and on her aunt asking her the reason, she said she was going to save her piece for the fawn. Mrs. Haydon praised her little niece's generosity, but told her the fawn would not eat pie, and that wild animals only relished such food as was natural to them. "Whenever he is willing to eat pie," continued Mrs. Haydon, "I assure you that he shall have as much as

he wants without your share being saved for him."

The fawn was very restless all day, but towards evening being quite hungry, he ate some elder-berries and lapped some milk, to the great joy of Clara, who was afraid he would starve. She insisted on having him to sleep in her room that night, and she made him up a little bed out of her clothes-bag and the things that were in it. But the fawn would not stay on the bed, though Clara put him down on it, at least ten times; and he bounced about the room, and tried so often to get out of the window that she was kept awake by him nearly all night. When she fell asleep about daylight, he roused her by prancing over her

bed, but she thought every thing that he did was charming.

In the morning, the boys got some old boards, and made a house for the fawn under the shade of a large plumb-tree in the garden; and for fear that he should escape, they tied him to the tree by a long cord. Edmund and Clara were continually feasting him with all sorts of dainties, most of which he rejected at first, but learnt to eat at last. Yet the fawn, though he was very well fed, and very much kissed and patted, and drest every day with flowers, did not seem happy; and Philip often urged his cousins to let the poor little animal be carried back to the place in the woods where they had found him. But Edmund and

Clara could not think of giving up their pet.

One day Edmund came home from the woods carrying a large green branch filled with red berries. "Here Clara," said he, "see what I have brought for the fawn. I found them on a bush about half a mile off. Only a few of them are ripe, and I have not tasted a single one, that there may be the more for him." "Neither will I taste them," said Clara. "They look beautiful, and I am sure he will like them; so he shall have them all to himself."

They then offered the branch of

berries to the fawn, who turned away in great apparent disgust. "Why, he will not touch them," exclaimed Clara. "Oh!" said Edmund, "perhaps that is because he has never eaten any before. You know how many things that he disliked at first we have taught him to eat quite readily. Let us see if we cannot get him to taste them. Do not you know that when you were a very little girl you would not eat oysters, but my father insisted on your trying to conquer your aversion to them, and now there is nothing you like better. So, we will make the fawn eat these beautiful red berries."

Accordingly, Edmund held the fawn, while Clara forced the ber-

ries into its mouth, and after awhile the fawn swallowed them, though very reluctantly.

After they had thus fed their darling, they were called in to tea; and when they went afterwards to carry him his supper of milk and sugar, what was their astonishment to find the poor animal, extended on the ground, stretched halfway out of his house, and shaking all over; his eyes rolling, his mouth gasping, and uttering the most piteous cries.

Clara screamed out, "Oh my fawn—my dear darling fawn—what can ail him?" And Edmund said, "I am afraid he is going to die. Let us run and ask my uncle what had best be done for him."

All the family were soon assembled before the house of the fawn, and Mr. Haydon said immediately, that the poor fawn had been poisoned. "Oh," exclaimed Clara, "who could have been so wicked as to poison him? Edmund and I never allow any body to feed him but ourselves. I am sure he has had nothing since his dinner, but these pretty red berries," taking up the branch which lay on the ground. "Ah," said Philip, "that is the very thing. Those berries are a most deadly poison; and nothing now can save him." Just as Philip spoke, the poor fawn stretched himself out, and died.

Clara cried bitterly, and Edmund also. "Oh," said he, "I wish we

had never brought away the fawn If we had left him in the woods where we found him, he would have been alive now, and would have grown up into a fine deer."

"Yes," said Mr. Haydon, "and before you had given him the berries, if you had taken the trouble to inquire what they were, any one in the house could have told you that they were poisonous. I hope neither you nor your sisters tasted them. "Oh! no, no," cried Clara, "we kept every one for the dear fawn."

"Now," said Edmund, "I am determined when I go to town again, to read as many books as I can get, upon the nature of plants and animals."

"And I," said Clara, "will always in future listen attentively when I hear grown persons talking on those subjects."

"You will then learn," said Mr. Haydon, "that no wild animals are happy when kept in a state of confinement, and that when left to themselves they can always judge what food is good, or what is bad for them."

"To be sure," said Clara, sobbing, "the poor dear fawn was very unwilling to eat the berries."

"Had he remained in his native woods," said Mr. Haydon, "he never would have touched them, and he might now have been alive and well. Let this be a lesson for you. Never again, for the pleasure

of having a pet, deprive a wild animal of its liberty, and force upon him food which is contrary to his taste and habits. No matter how carefully you try to tame them, they still prefer doing what is most natural. If you catch a woodpecker and shut him up in a room, he will be constantly pecking at the legs of the tables and the backs of the chairs, just as he pecked at the bark of the trees, when he lived in the forest. And a young beaver confined in a yard has been known to spend the whole night in taking down sticks of wood from the pile, and laying them across each other, as they do when building their houses."

After the grief of the children had

become a little more composed, they proceeded to bury the poor fawn under a young locust tree in a field behind the house. Edmund dug the grave according to the directions of Philip, and the dead fawn being put into a basket and strewed with flowers by Clara, it was consigned to the earth with many tears. The boys got a large white flat stone, and laid it at the head of the grave, and Philip, to gratify his cousins, brought a fine wild rose-bush from the woods and planted it there.

Edmund and Clara shortly after returned to the city, and when next summer they again visited their uncle and aunt Haydon, they found the grave of the fawn covered with field-flowers, and the wild rose-bush in

full bloom. Tears ran down their cheeks as they thought of the poor little animal.

But it was a lesson they did not forget. A few days after a boy of the neighbourhood brought Clara a present of a squirrel which he had just caught in a trap. She accepted the squirrel, but as soon as the boy was gone, she took it to the woods in front of the house, and gave it its liberty, saying as she put it on the ground, "Go, poor fellow, run about the trees and enjoy yourself in your own way. I wish we had left the fawn to do so."

THE FAVOURITE

A YOUNG widow lady, whose name was Lenox, had two children, Leonora and Adolphus, both equally deserving the affections of a parent, which, however, were unequally shared. Adolphus was the favourite, which Leonora very early began to discover, and consequently felt no small share of uneasiness on the occasion: but she was prudent enough to conceal her sorrow.

Leonora, though not remarkably handsome, had a mind that made ample amends for the want of beauty; but her brother was a little Cupid, on whom Mrs. Lenox lavish-

ed all her kisses and caresses. It is no wonder that the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were very attentive to humour him in all his whimsies. Leonora, on the other hand, was consequently slighted by every one in the house; and, so far from wishing to study her humour, they scarcely treated her with common civility.

Finding herself frequently alone and neglected, and taken little notice of by any one, she would privately shed a torrent of tears; but she always took care that not the least mark of discontent should escape her in the presence of any one. Her constant attention to the observance of her duty, her mildness, and endeavours to convince

her mother, that her mind was superior to her face, had no effect; for beauty alone attracts the attention of those who examine no further than external appearances.

Mrs. Lenox, who was continually chiding Leonora, and expecting from her perfections far beyond the reach of those more advanced in years, at last fell sick. Adolphus seemed very sorry for his mother's illness; but Leonora, with the softest looks and most languishing countenance, fancied she perceived in her mother an abatement of her accustomed rigour towards her, and far surpassed her brother in her attention to her parent. She endeavoured to supply her slightest wants, exerted all her penetration to discover them

that she might even spare her the pain of asking for any thing. So long as her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow, and neither threats nor commands could prevail on her to take the least repose.

Mrs. Lenox, however, at length recovered, which afforded inexpressible pleasure to the amiable Leonora; but she soon experienced a renewal of her misfortunes, as her mother began to treat her with her usual severity and indifference.

As Mrs. Lenox was one day talking to her children on the pain she had suffered during her illness, and was praising them for the anxiety they had shown on her account, she

desired them to ask of her whatever they thought would be the most pleasing to them, and they should certainly be indulged in it, provided their demands were not unreasonable.

First addressing herself to Adolphus, she desired to know what he would choose: and his desire was to have a cane and a watch, which his mother promised he should have the next morning. "And pray, Leonora," said Mrs. Lenox, "what is your wish?"—"Me, mamma, me?" answered she, trembling, "if you do but love me, I have nothing else to wish for?"—"This is not an answer," replied the mother, "you shall have your recompense likewise, miss, therefore speak your wish instantly."

However accustomed Leonora might have been to this severe tone, yet she felt it on this occasion more sensibly than ever she had before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes swimming in tears, and instantly hiding her face with both her hands, lisped out these words: "Only give me two kisses, such as you give my brother."

What heart could fail to relent at these words? Mrs. Lenox felt all the tender sentiments of a parent arise in her heart, and, taking her up in her arms, she clasped her to her breast, and loaded her with kisses. The sweet Leonora, who now, for the first time, received her mother's caresses, gave way to the effusion of her joy and love; she

kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her breasts, and her hands; and Adolphus, who loved his sister, mixed his embraces with hers. Thus all had a share in this scene of unexpected happiness.

The affection which Mrs. Lenox had so long withheld from Leonora, she now repaid with interest, and her daughter returned it with the most dutiful attention. Adolphus, so far from being jealous at this change of his mother's affection for his sister, showed every mark of pleasure on the occasion, and he afterwards reaped a reward of so generous a conduct: for his natural disposition having been, in some measure, injured by the too great indulgence of his mother, he gave

way in his early days to those little indiscretions, which would have lost him the heart of his parent, had not his sister stepped in between them. It was to the advice of this amiable girl that Adolphus at last owed his entire reformation of manners. They all three then experienced, that true happiness cannot exist in a family, unless the most perfect union between brothers and sisters, and the most lively and equal affection between parents and children, are constantly and strictly adhered to.

FINIS.