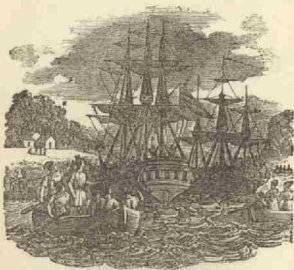


THE  
CASKET  
FOR  
BOYS AND GIRLS.



CONCORD, N. H.:  
PUBLISHED BY MERRIAM & MERRILL.  
1854.



The above Engraving represents two ships in the mouth of Columbia River, near Astoria, Oregon. The two boats are filled with Indians looking at the vessels. The three buildings on the hill represent Astoria as it was twenty-five years ago.

## Sailor Stories and Songs.

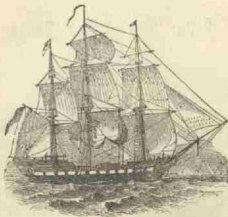
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### THE SAILOR.



SAILORS pass most of their time on the water. They become so used to living on the water that when they are on land they sometimes do not know what to do with themselves to pass away their time. And after a few days or weeks they are very glad to be on board their ship again, and on the wide, blue sea. Sailors are kind and brave; and if you are kind to them, they will do everything in their power to show that they feel it, and will repay it. They are a class of men who are very much needed, and do us great good by going upon the sea, and risking their lives in storms, to bring us the good things of countries afar off. They amuse

each other on long voyages by telling long stories. This they call spinning yarns.



Like prisoned eagles sailors pine  
On the dull and quiet shore;  
They long for the flashing brine,  
The spray and tempest's roar.

To shoot through sparkling foam,  
Like an ocean bird set free, —  
Like the ocean bird their home  
They find on the raging sea.

## STORY OF THE SEA.



CAPTAIN ALBERT had recently returned from a long and perilous whaling voyage, and was seated beside a bright, blazing fire at his own hearth. His wife sat opposite, with her youngest child in her lap, while the two sons, Edward and William, stood on each side looking earnestly in his face, that they might be quite sure that their father had indeed returned, and that they were not still deceived by one of those pleasant dreams with which they had been so often visited in his absence.

"O, father," said Edward, "the next time you go, take me with you, do!"

"Tell us a story of the sea, will you not, father?" said William, at the same time.

"Very well, my son, I will try," replied their father; "and that will, perhaps, change Edward's mind about going with me the next time."

"One day, in the great southern ocean, we followed a fine whale farther south than we

had ever been before. The whale was enormously large, and I saw in a moment that if we could take it there would be oil enough to fill our casks, and enable us to return home. Its motions were very rapid, and we followed it as swiftly as we could, but, after all, it escaped. I believe the creature swam under water till it was out of the reach of my glass. While I was looking out to try to get sight of it again, I spied something which appeared to be an island to the south; but while I was looking at it, I felt sure it moved. It did move, and we soon came near enough to see what it was distinctly. It proved to be an iceberg shooting up to a great height, like one of the sharp-pointed Alps, and spreading out to a wide extent on all sides. At the same time, the whole ocean, as far south as the eye could reach, was covered with floating ice.

“The situation was full of danger, but the wind was in our favor, and I prepared to press all sail, in hopes of escaping, when suddenly a shower of hail and sleet rushed upon us with such fury that some of the men were beaten down to the deck, and all found it difficult to stand under it. The sails, shrouds, and sheets were all cased in ice, stiffened, and almost as

immovable as if they had been made of iron. I now began to blame myself severely for suffering the whale to tempt me so far into those regions of ice and storms. I looked with bitter regret toward those faithful sailors who had trusted their lives to my care, and who were now exposed to unnecessary hardships and dangers by my boyish rashness. The noble fellows never uttered a word of complaint; but *their* generous fortitude did not help to reconcile me to myself. Full of anxiety, I took my glass to look out again for the iceberg. While I was looking toward it, I spied something among the cakes of ice, which appeared like some small craft; but I could not believe a vessel of that size could have reached a latitude so far south. A vessel, however, it certainly was,—a small schooner, sailing among the cakes of ice, as if it knew how to pick its way alone, for I could not see a person moving on its deck. We steered, as well as we could, directly toward her. My ship was new and strong, and well prepared, so that I did not much fear the loose cakes of ice. When we were near enough I hailed the little craft, and thought I heard a distant shout in reply. As we came nearer, I saw a young man alone and sitting upon the

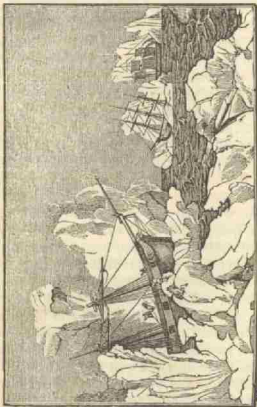


helm, apparently managing it with the motions of his body, so as to steer his little vessel safely through. We all stood looking for a moment at the brave young man, with wonder and admiration; but as soon as I ordered out a boat, the sailors rushed to the side, and began to work with a will, although everything they touched was cased in ice and terrible to handle. Down went the boat, and was manned in an instant. It was not long before the young man was on board our ship; but he would not leave the schooner until he had seen a rope rigged, to tow her after us. The poor fellow was almost dead with cold and hunger; he had not tasted any food for more than twenty-four hours, as he told us afterwards. He could hardly speak a word, and as soon as he felt the warmth of the stove, he fainted entirely away. We put him into a hammock, and did all we could for him, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him revive. After he had taken some warm tea, he fell asleep, and slept, till I feared he would never awake again; but Providence had provided him the refreshment he most needed, and when he awoke, the next day, he was well and lively. I inquired how he came into so strange a situation, when he told me that four young

men, without much consideration, had purchased the vessel, and fitted her up for a voyage of discovery into those far-off seas. They had encountered a furious storm, which drove them among the ice, near the place where we found him. They had suffered very much with cold and want of sleep, while the vessel was in danger of being crushed to pieces.

"In this distress, his companions began to drink spirits to warm them. They offered him some, and urged him to drink, but he replied it would make them worse, and reminded them of a ship which was cast away one very severe winter among the rocks near their own native town, when all the sailors who drank rum were frozen, while those who did not drink escaped. His companions, however, would not listen to his advice, but continued to drink; they were soon unable to move, and were all frozen to death, and were still on the deck, covered with ice and sleet. Robert (this was the young man's name) was saved by not drinking any of the rum, but by using it outwardly, pouring it into his boots, and a part into his bosom."

"But how did you escape that terrible iceberg, and get out of that dreadful sea?" said Edward.



MOUNTAINS OF ICE.

"We were brought out without much exertion of mine," said his father. "If you had been there, my son, you would have felt that all the power of man could have done little to relieve us. The ice gathered round us thicker and closer, the wind died away, and it was a dead, freezing calm. The ship did not move an inch, and the thoughts of my mind troubled me by continually bringing up an account I had read in my youth, of a vessel which had been caught in the ice near the south pole, and all the crew frozen, where they stood on duty.

"I began to feel as if we had little prospect of escaping a similar fate, and looked about to see what part of the ship could be spared for fuel, in case of necessity. I also examined the provisions and water, and calculated how long they would last. My faithful crew were sensible of the danger we were in, but uttered no complaint. The whales appeared to understand our helpless condition, and came around us, as if in mockery, dashing about the ice with their powerful floes, and exulting, as it were, in showing us how much more they could do for themselves than we could. One of them even ventured to rub his monstrous sides against our ship.

"In this melancholy condition, Robert was a valuable addition to our ship's company. He was a young man of bright natural talents. He was a fine singer, and had a good share of songs, so that he became the life of the whole ship.

"After we had been some time in the helpless situation I have described, one morning, about daybreak, I was awakened from a troubled sleep by the sound of a rushing wind, and, starting up, I went on deck. A violent rain was falling, and the wind was rising at the same time, which is a very uncommon circumstance. It blew in a direction to favor our escape; and think, my dear ones, what was my joy and thankfulness, when I saw the ice dividing before us, and leaving a broad, clear path as far as the eye could reach. The rain loosened the ice from the sails, and it fell on the deck in thin sheets; the sails filled, and we began to move rapidly toward home. So, you see, Divine Providence helped us out without much aid from us.

"Our voyage home was prosperous and pleasant. The remembrance of dangers and sufferings made every blessing more thankfully acceptable, and I hope we all returned better and wiser men."



## THE SAILOR BOY.

I AM a little sailor boy,  
And would you know my story?  
I've been across the ocean blue,  
And seen it in its glory:  
I've seen it in a summer day,  
As gentle as a child,  
I've seen it in a tempest,  
Like a giant, fierce and wild.  
I have been in the ship,  
When, driven by the gale,  
She ploughed the foaming billows  
With a sad, riven sail;  
When the masts bent like twigs,  
And the waters o'er the deck,  
Like thunders, seemed to rush,  
And we staggered like a wreck.

And now I'll tell my story,  
And the many things I've seen,  
For I am a little sailor boy,  
And my name is Patrick Green.  
My home was on the mountain,  
Where bright rivers shone,  
But my father and my mother,  
They left me all alone;  
They died, and I was but a child,  
And so I went to sea.  
I left the hills and valleys,  
So very dear to me:  
With many, many tears,  
I bade them all adieu;  
My brown little home,  
And the rivulet so blue,  
The meadow and its flowers,  
The forest and the dell,  
The orchard and its pretty birds,  
I bade them all farewell.  
I got a little shining hat,  
My waistcoat it was new,  
And the buttons they were bright,  
On my jacket all so blue.  
And then I went to see  
My pretty cousin Nell,  
And we wept as we parted,

For we loved each other well.  
We parted, and I went away  
With sorrow in my heart,  
For Ellen loved me best,  
And 't was very hard to part.

And now the ship was ready,  
In the bright, shining bay,  
And so the sails we hoisted,  
And swiftly went away.  
Away upon the waters,  
Like a proud bird she flew,  
And soon the distant shore  
All faded from our view.  
My home among the hills  
Seemed to sink behind the sea,  
And I fancied it was lost,—  
Forever lost to me.  
And then I looked around  
On the far spreading deep,  
And it seemed so lone and dreary  
That I hid myself to weep,  
Behind a cask of water  
I hid myself for hours,  
And wished myself at home again,  
Among the birds and flowers.  
I longed to see the green hills,



Where once my father dwelt,  
I longed to see the swift rills  
Where often I had knelt,  
At summer noon, to drink,  
And many other things  
I longed to see again.  
I could have kissed the very rocks,  
They seemed so dear to me, —  
The rocks among my own hills,  
But I was far at sea.

And now the vessel shook,  
And the wind grew fierce and loud,  
The waves began to toss,  
And gloomy was the cloud.  
But I grew very seasick,  
And staggered like a child;  
And though the night was dark,  
And the tempest swift and wild,  
I heeded not the storm,  
For I was in my bed,  
And I cared not a rush,  
So giddy was my head.  
I heard the billows dash,  
And the loud winds roar;  
I heard the sails clash,  
And the heavy rain pour;

I heard the captain call,  
And the sailors answer shrill ;  
I heard the ropes rattle, —  
But I lay snug and still.

At length the storm was o'er,  
And my sickness passed away ;  
And so I went above,  
Upon the deck to play.  
The gloomy clouds were gone,  
And gentle was the breeze,  
But, like a sailing hawk,  
We swept o'er the seas.  
And I began to love  
The bright, sparkling main,  
And the swift sailing ship  
That rode the watery plain.  
I loved to mark the sails,  
And see the stooping mast,  
And I loved the brisk gale,  
That drove us on so fast.  
I loved to climb the ropes,  
Like a squirrel on a tree,  
And nothing seemed so happy  
As the sailor boy at sea.

## JACK HALLIARD.



ACK HALLIARD was born in Marblehead, of poor parents; and, living so near the great ocean, he had a strong desire to become a sailor. His father wished him to learn a trade; but Jack, disregarding the advice of his father, ran away, and got a place as cabin-boy on board a fishing schooner. He afterwards repented of this rash act, and, improving the first opportunity, went back to his parents and asked their forgiveness for his misconduct.

One thing he did particularly worthy of your notice. He made it a rule to send his poor parents, as long as they lived, one half of his pay. We mention this because we think it the duty of children, and it ought to be a pleasure, to assist their poor parents, who have done so much for them. Jack continued to go to sea until he was very old, and, having received a great many wounds and bruises, he had resolved to stay at home with his relatives. He was always a great favorite with children, for he always had

some amusing story to tell them. We present you a picture of old Jack Halliard instructing his sister's grand-children, and below one of the stories which he told them.



THE STORY.

When we had gathered as many penguins' and albatross' eggs as we wanted, we sailed to the South Shetland Islands. We went there to catch seals. These islands are nothing but bare heaps of rocky mountains, which have

been thrown up by volcanic fires under the sea. Then, too, they are almost always surrounded by fields of ice.

While we were sailing among the islands, a dreadful storm arose. I would not have you suppose that the waves ran as high as mountains, as some indiscreet persons might say. The truth is, the waves never do run as high as mountains, or anything like it. You may take the word of an old mariner for this. But our ship was in very great danger for all that. The wind blew very hard, and some of the sails were torn to pieces, and the waves dashed over the deck, and wet the sailors to their skins. In all this trouble, I steered the ship, for Captain Morrell would trust no other person. "Old Jack Halliard," said he, "is a careful man, and knows more than any of us." All at once, in the middle of the night, the vessel got among islands of ice. They were of all manner of shapes. Some were flat and smooth, such as you see on ponds, only much larger. Others were like great hills, and taller than church steeples. And there were a great many smaller pieces. Sometimes the ice knocked against the vessel, so that we all thought she would have been broken to pieces. All on a sudden we

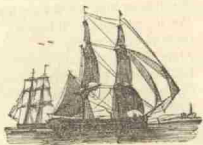
found ourselves in the midst of a great many flat fields of ice, that were coming fast towards us on all sides, and we thought that our last hour was come. Some of the sailors went on their knees, and prayed God to deliver them from their danger. Some wept; others talked of their wives and children. I still stood at the helm, and Captain Morrell, who was a very brave man, was at my side.

The ice kept closing fast upon us, and I must own I held my breath for fear. I have been in many perils, but never in any so great as this. At last the ice came upon us, and nipped the vessel, as sailors call it. Two great fields of ice caught the ship up between them, and lifted her clear out of the water. Her timbers began to crack, and she turned over on one side. At last the ice separated a little, and the ship settled down again into the water, and was very little injured. In a few hours the night came, and it was very cold. We tried the pumps, and found that the ship had sprung a leak.

All this while there was clear water, that is, water in which there was no ice, not far off. The wind blew strong toward it, and we knew that if we could get to it we should be safe, for then we should not be beaten by the ice. Cap-

tain Morrell came to me, and asked my advice. "Honest Jack," said he, "what shall we do to save our lives?" "We must crowd all sail," said I, "and force the ship into clear water." "The wind will blow the sails to ribbons," said he, "or break the masts, and then we are lost." "We are lost if we stay here," said I, "and we must try it, for it is our only chance for life. And perhaps the Lord will be pleased to show us mercy." Whereupon Captain Morrell ordered the men to hoist all the sails; and they were hoisted, though the men were almost frozen to death. The wind blew harder than ever, and the masts bent like fishing-rods. But after a little while the ice began to give way before us, and the ship began to move. In a few minutes she got into the clear water, and then the crew gave three loud huzzas, for they knew that they were safe. But Captain Morrell advised them rather to fall upon their knees, and thank Him who had delivered them from so great a danger, and they did so.

The next day the storm was over. We anchored the vessel near one of the islands, and repaired the damages. And now, my young friends, I hope you have some idea how terrible it is to be beset by ice in a storm.



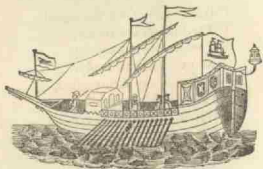
## THE SAILOR BOY'S FAREWELL.

HARK! hark! 't is the signal!  
The breezes are steady,  
The anchor is weighing,  
And we must be ready.  
Farewell, my dear mother,  
I fear thou 'lt be lonely, —  
But oh, do not sorrow,  
I'll think of thee only.

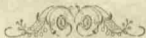
And dread not the danger,  
Though I'm on the billow;  
I know my kind Saviour  
Will watch o'er my pillow.  
The sea owns his sceptre;  
When its path he was treading,  
The winds and the water  
Grew calm at his bidding.



We'll trust him, we'll trust him,  
We'll pray, and he'll hear us,  
On land or on water,  
Alike he'll be near us.  
Let this song bear to him  
Our hearts' pure devotion,  
And under his guidance,  
I'll launch on the ocean.



THE above is a picture of one of the vessels in which Columbus discovered America. He made his first voyage, the most interesting of any in the annals of navigation, in 1492. He discovered the first land in the New World on the eleventh of October. It was the island of San Salvador.



PART II.

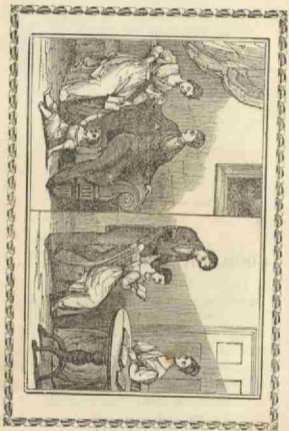


THE

GOOD CHILD'S STORY BOOK.



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## Good Child's Story Book.

### A NEW COAT AND A WISE HEAD.



HERE was once a boy who was fond of fine clothes. His name was Charles. He was a dunce at school; for he thought, as he was well dressed, there was no need of his studying his books.

He would tell the boys that he should be rich when he grew to be a man, and that everybody was fond of those who were rich. One day he went to visit one of his mother's friends, and he had on a new blue coat and a handsome vest.

The lady of the house gave him a chair, and sent him some cakes and fruit; but no one talked to him, and he felt quite dull: he thought some one ought to praise his new coat, but no one said a word about it.

At last a boy came in, whose clothes were coarse, but plain and neat. The lady of the house took hold of this boy's hand, and gave him a kiss, and made him talk to her a long time.

The rest of the ladies then spoke to him; one said, "How are you, Edward? Pray, when will you come to my house, and play with my son?" "You must come and see me, too," said the next lady, "for I am told you are one of the best of boys."

Then a third lady said she had heard how well he could draw, and that, when he came to see her, she would show him some fine prints, and give him a box of paints: and so it went on all about the room; each guest had a kind word for Edward.

Now Charles thought it strange that a boy with plain clothes should please more than he did, who was so well dressed.

The reason was this; Edward had much good sense. He could read and write well, and draw and cipher; but Charles could scarcely read at all.

Charles now found out that *fine clothes* will not win regard, and that a *wise head* is better than a *new coat*.

## PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.



ONE day, as the President was proceeding down Market-street, in Philadelphia, with a friend, he met a colored man, who made a bow to him. Washington politely bowed to *him*. "What!" said his proud friend, "do you bow to a negro?" "To be sure I do," said Washington; "do you think I would not be as polite as a black man?"

## THE BOY WHO COULD NOT LIE.

GEORGE had a hatchet, which he liked very, very much; and he would go out doors every day and hack with it. One day he thought he would cut down a tree in the garden. So he hacked away on a nice cherry-tree, until he cut it so much that it could not live.

By and by his father went out into the garden, and there he saw his nice cherry-tree hacked all over and ready to die. He went back into the house and said to every one,

"Did you hack that cherry-tree?" "No, sir."  
"Did *you* hack my nice cherry-tree?" "No, sir."  
"Did *you*?" "No, sir." Nobody knew who had done it.

Soon George came in with his hatchet in his hand.



"George, can you tell me who hacked my nice cherry-tree in the garden?"

George dropped his head. He felt guilty. But he would not tell a lie; so he lifted up his head again, and ran to his father and said, "I

cannot tell a lie, pa; you know I cannot tell a lie; I cut it with my hatchet."

"Come to my arms, my son," said his father; "you have paid me a thousand times for my tree by owning that you cut it down." And his father loved him more than he did before.

This little boy who would not tell a lie, children, was—guess who it was. It was George Washington.

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#### ANECDOTES OF DR. FRANKLIN.



YOUNG person once mentioned to Dr. Franklin his surprise that the possession of great riches should ever be attended with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, although in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy and much more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The Doctor, in reply, took an apple from the fruit-basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it a second, which filled the other: and



choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three



MR. FRANKLIN.

apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See," said the Doctor, "there is a *little man* with more riches than he can enjoy."

## THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, said Dr. Franklin, my friends, on a holyday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered all my money for one.

I then came home, and went whistling all over the house; much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Do not give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

## THE SILVER HOOK.

DR. Franklin, observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf, fishing for little mudcats and eels, he called to him, "Tom, what a pity 't is you don't fish with a *silver hook*." The young man replied, he "was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this, the Doctor, passing that way, saw him out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood. "What, Tom," cried the Doctor, "have you not got the silver hook yet?"

"Indeed, sir," said the blacksmith, "I'm hardly able to fish with an iron hook."

"Poh, poh," replied the Doctor, "go home to your anvil, and *you'll make silver enough in one day* to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

Diligence in one's employment generally produces a SILVER HOOK.





### KING SOLOMON AND THE TWO NOSEGAYS.

THE other day I read a story about king Solomon and the queen of Sheba, who asked him difficult questions.

The story is not in the Bible, and therefore we do not know that it is true.

One day the queen of Sheba entered the great hall, where king Solomon was sitting on his throne. She stood at the further end, and held a nosegay of beautiful flowers in each hand: one nosegay was of real flowers, the other was of artificial flowers, but so very well made that a person at a little distance could not know them from real flowers.

The queen said, "O king! tell me which of these nosegays is made of real flowers."

Solomon was a great deal too far off to smell them or touch them; and the artificial flowers were so well made that he could perceive no difference. For a long time he was in doubt.



At last Solomon saw some bees on the outside of one of the windows of the hall; he then ordered the windows to be opened; some of the bees entered, and, after flying about the nosegays for a moment, they settled upon one of them. King Solomon knew that the bees were searching for honey, and that they could not find it in false flowers, so that he was able at once to say which was the nosegay of *real* flowers.

Now this story may teach us several things; Solomon, the wisest of men, was not above

learning from a bee. We may learn many useful things from persons whom we at first think not so wise as ourselves, and even from observing animals.

There are a great many books written for young people: some of them are amusing, but teach nothing useful; there are others which do not appear quite so pretty, but they contain much that is useful. Now a child, who is desirous of learning what will make him wise, will fix upon the books I mentioned last just as the bee fixed upon the real nosegay. Though he may for a moment look at the idle tales, yet, when he finds there is nothing good to be learned from them, he will throw them aside and seek for better.



## GEORGE AND HIS MONEY-BOX.



OTHER!" said little George Wilson, coming in from the front door, "I want sister to open my box and give me all my money."

"What are you going to do with it, my son?" inquired his mother, taking him on her lap.

"Why, I'm going to give it to a poor man out there, who has n't got any hat, and wants some money to buy bread," replied George, looking up earnestly into his mother's face.

Mrs. Wilson was very glad to see her little boy so anxious to do good; but she knew that there is often danger of doing harm instead of good, when giving to others, and so she took George by the hand, and went to the door.

After she had seen the man, she asked him to come in and get something to eat. While he was eating, little George ran up stairs to Anna, and said, "O, sister! there is a poor man down stairs, and he has n't any hat. I'm going to give him all the money you are saving

for me in my box, and won't you give him all yours, too?"

"I don't know that I will, George," replied Anna, looking up from her work; "it might be wrong for either you or I to give him money."

George seemed very much surprised at his sister. She had always encouraged him to save his money that he might do good with it and now she talked about its being wrong to give it to the poor man! But she soon made him understand what she meant.

"You don't know anything about the poor man down stairs," she went on to say. "Instead of using the money for any good purpose, he might spend it at a drinking-house. In such a case it would do him harm, if you were to give it to him, instead of good."

"But I don't believe he would spend it in that way," urged George, in an earnest tone.

"I am sure, George," said Anna, "that I do not know whether he would or not. But it is not a good sign to see any one going about the streets begging. In almost every instance, those who do it are idle people; or, worse, drunken as well as idle. To encourage such in their bad habits would be wrong."

George seemed very much perplexed and



troubled at what Anna said. She saw this, and went on,—

“But these things, George, need not discourage us. We shall always find plenty of ways in which to give what we have to spare, and at the same time be sure that we are acting right. How much money do you think there is in your box?”

“About a dollar and a half,” replied George.

“Well, I was just thinking before you came up stairs,” said Anna, “about old mammy Jones. You know how fond she is of fruit, and she is not able to buy it often. There are some very nice peaches in market now, and if you were to go with me to-morrow morning, and buy your little basket full for her, it would make her so glad.”

“O, yes!” said George, his eyes sparkling with pleasure at the thought of taking the peaches to good old mammy Jones.

“And then,” Anna went on, “mother’s washer-woman has a little boy just about as old as you are. Yesterday, when he came here, he had no shoes on his feet. His mother works very hard, but can’t afford to buy him shoes all the year round. Wouldn’t you like to get him a pair, and go and take them to him?”

"O, yes, sister, I would so!" exclaimed George, almost dancing with delight at the thought. "And I'll tell you what I will do, too."

"Well, what will you do?" said Anna, encouragingly.

"Why, I'll go and buy some tea and sugar for old Millie."

"Yes, that will do very well," replied his sister. "Old Millie can't do much now, and she will be very glad to have some tea and sugar, for she don't get them as often as she wants a cup of good tea."

So much interested did the little boy become in the idea of buying the peaches for mammy Jones, the shoes for the washer-woman's little boy, and the tea and sugar for old Millie, that he forgot the poor man down stairs until after he had gone away.

On the next morning he took his little basket and his money, and went to market with his sister. When they came home, it was heaped up with large and soft peaches for mammy Jones. He was so anxious to take them to her, that Anna had to go right off with him.

They found mammy Jones sitting by her work-stand, and reading in the good book.

She took off her spectacles when they came in, and looked upon them with a pleasant smile.

"Here are some nice peaches for you," said George, holding out to her his basket.

"O yes, these are very nice," said mammy Jones, taking up one of the large peaches. Then, parting George's hair, she kissed his smooth white forehead, and said that he was a good boy for remembering old mammy Jones.

All that forenoon George felt very happy. After dinner, Anna took him out to a shoe-store, and selected for him a pair of shoes that she thought would fit the washer-woman's little boy. Then they went to her house, a very small and poor one, in which lived another family.

"Here is a pair of shoes for Willie," said George, unrolling them as soon as he got in, and eagerly reaching them toward the little boy.

Willie's face brightened up like a flash, and, bringing his hands quickly together, he looked up in his mother's face, and said, "Now I can go to Sunday school! can't I, mother?"

Anna seemed not to observe the moistened eye and evident emotion of poor Mrs. Lawson, her mother's washer-woman, but said,— "Moth-

er wants you to come over to-morrow; she has a good many more things for you to wash this week."

"Tell her I'll be there directly after sunrise," said Mrs. Lawson, in a voice that slightly trembled; "and say that I am very grateful to her for sending my little boy a pair of shoes. He has not been to the Sabbath school for two or three weeks, for want of them, and he cries about it every Sunday."

"O, they are George's present!" replied Anna, smiling. "He has been saving his money; now he is spending it." And she hurried away with her little brother, who thought that he had never felt so happy before in all his life.

George was now very impatient to get the tea and sugar for old Millie. After they had taken it to her, and were returning, they saw a crowd of *cruel boys* teasing a drunken man, who had no hat on.

"*That's the very man, sister,*" said the little boy, "who was at our house yesterday. I am so glad that I did not give him my money!"

"You see now," said Anna, "how we may do wrong sometimes, even while trying to do good. If you had given all your money to that man yesterday, he would have spent it in

making himself worse, and you could not have bought the nice peaches for mammy Jones, nor the shoes for Mrs. Lawson's little boy, nor the tea and sugar for old Millie."

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#### OATHS GRATIS.

MR. ROMAINÉ hearing a man call on God to curse him, offered him half a crown if he would repeat the oath. The man started — "What, sir, do you think I would curse my soul for half a crown?" Mr. Romainé answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose that you would refuse it for a reward." The poor fellow was struck with the reproof, and said, "May God bless you and reward you, sir, whoever you are; I believe you have saved my soul; I hope I shall never swear again."

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#### FORGIVENESS.

A MAN who had been insulted by another, asked his friend, if he thought it would be *manly* to resent it. "Yes," said his friend, "it would be *manly*, or *man-like* to resent and revenge it, but it would be *God-like* to forgive it."

Children, you must remember this, when you are tempted to revenge some little injury.

## THE CANAL DRIVER.



THE Erie Canal reaches from Albany to Buffalo. The Canal is a great ditch dug in the ground, full of water, through which boats are drawn by horses. They have two and three horses to a boat, and a boy to drive them. These boys are called "drivers." Deacon Eaton tells the following story about one of these boys.

I called at a horse station one day, in the first year of my labor, and after I had been talking to the boys, and was going away, I saw a little lad sitting on a barrel beside the barn, who looked very sad. I went along and put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Are you a driver, my son?"



"No, sir," was the reply; "I have been, but I quit this morning."

"Have they discharged you?"

"No, sir, but I can't be whipped to *lie* and *drink rum*, and because I won't do that, they

have whipped me until I am black and blue, from my hips to my feet."

I asked him how old he was. He said he was in his thirteenth year. "Where are your parents?" I inquired. He burst into tears and replied —

"I have no parents; I am an orphan, sir, and that is the reason of my being here; my father was a poor man, and left nothing for me. I have lived with my uncle since my father died, but he could only give me five dollars per month, and they gave me ten dollars to drive. But," said the boy, "the money is no object; I had rather have *five* dollars, and live in *peace*, than to live here and have *ten*."

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#### DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

A YOUNG man was sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary for four years. When he was about to be sentenced, he stated publicly that his downward course began in disobedience to his parents—that he thought he knew as much of the world as his father did, and needed not his aid or advice; but that, as soon as he turned his back upon his home, then temptations came around him like a drove of hyenas, and hurried him on to ruin. There is no place so safe and happy as a good home.

## A SHORT LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.



KEEP good company or none. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make but few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.— Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.



Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old.

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### THE GIRL THAT NEVER TOLD A LIE.

A LITTLE girl once came into the house, and told her mother something which was very improbable. Those who were sitting in the room with her mother did not believe her, for they did not know the character of the little girl. But the mother replied, at once, "I have no doubt that it is true, for I never knew my daughter to tell a lie." Is there not something noble in having such a character as this? Must not that little girl have felt happy in the consciousness of thus possessing her mother's entire confidence? O, how different must have been her feelings from those of the child whose word cannot be believed, and who is regarded by every one with suspicion! Shame, shame on the child who has not magnanimity enough to tell the truth!



PART III.



CHILD'S BOOK OF SONGS.





## Child's Book of Songs.

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### THE LITTLEST BIRD SINGS.

The tiniest bird upon the tree  
Sings its sweet song of melody,  
Nor fears its notes will not be heard  
Because it is a little bird.

And I will sing, though I am small,  
For God will hear my infant call,  
And while the harps of angels sound,  
Room for my little song be found.

The little bird has joy to see  
The brooks and streamlets running free,  
And sings to praise the Power that gives  
All the good gifts by which it lives.

And I will sing my Maker's praise  
In cheerful and in grateful lays,  
And, like the bird, at morn and eve,  
Upon the air my song I'll leave.

## MY GRANDFATHER.

DEAR grandfather! evening is closing,  
And I haste to your chamber again;  
Your foot on a stool is reposing,  
And I fear you still suffer from pain!



My bird I brought hither to please you;  
But intrusive I fear I must be;  
Oh! would that from pain I could ease you,  
In return for your kindness to me.

You have lived in the country of strangers;  
You have travelled by land and by sea;  
You well know the world and its dangers,  
And impart your experience to me.

I shall treasure the sound information,  
By you, my dear grandfather, taught,  
When I enter a world of temptation,  
Where knowledge oft dearly is bought.

Meantime, still remain my adviser,  
My faults still indulgently see;  
And make me grow better and wiser,  
By the care you bestow upon me.

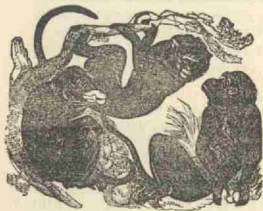
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WE MUST TREAT EACH OTHER KINDLY.

If we treat each other kindly,  
In all our little plays,  
We shall be glad and joyous,  
As birds in summer days.

And God, who gave us being,  
And gave us hearts to love,  
Will smile in mercy on us,  
From his high throne above.

If we are cross and wicked,  
No pleasure we shall find;  
For those alone are happy  
Whose hearts are good and kind.



MONKEY, little merry fellow,  
Thou art nature's Punchinello!  
Full of fun as Puck could be;  
Harlequin might learn of thee!

Look now at his odd grimaces!  
Saw you e'er such comic faces?  
Now like learned judge sedate;  
Now with nonsense in his pate!

How you sat and made a din  
Louder than had ever been,  
Till the parrots, all a-riot,  
Chattered too to keep you quiet.

## THE FLOWERS.

MARY left her happy home  
One day in search of flowers,  
And o'er the hills and flowery dales  
She rambled many hours.

Till, feeling quite fatigued at last,  
She stopped and looked around  
At all the sweetest flowers that grew  
And blossomed o'er the ground.

In a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew ;  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colors bright and fair ;  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Then let me out with Mary go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
As good and kind as she.



## THE NEW BOOK.

Sam Henry, one day,  
As from school he came in,  
"Don't you think, sister dear,  
A good boy I have been,  
Such a beautiful book to have gained?"

"Just look at these pictures, —  
The bird on the tree,  
These lambs in the meadow,  
This flower, and this bee  
With its honey from blossoms obtained.

"And here is a story,  
And here is a song;  
Let me read you the story,  
It won't take me long;"  
And so the nice story he read.

"O what a nice story!"  
And little Jane's smile  
Played on her face,  
Like a sunbeam, a while, —  
"I'm so glad you were good," then she said.

## GOING TO SCHOOL IN TIME

COME, mother, wash my hands and face,  
That I may go to school to-day,  
And get into my proper place,  
Before they all begin to pray.  
The doors are open just at nine,  
And we should all be there in time.



At school, to-day, perhaps I'll learn  
Something that you would like to hear,  
Which I may try, at my return,  
To tell to you, my mother dear.  
Teacher, perhaps, this day will tell  
Some story that may please us well.

## THE PET LAMB.

Come, pretty Lamb, do stay with me;  
You look so very mild,  
I'll love you very much; — now see!  
He's scampered off quite wild.

And do you think I'd hurt you, dear,  
You run away so quick?  
I only want to feed you here,  
And nurse you when you're sick.



I must not fret that you will go,  
And run away from me;  
I love my own mamma, I know,  
And you love yours, I see.

Then keep in sight, do, pretty Lamb,  
And crop the meadows gay,  
Or gambol near your sober dam,  
That I may see you play.

## THERE 'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

THERE 's beauty in the morning light,  
Which streaks the eastern sky;  
There 's beauty in the rising sun,  
When mounting up on high.

There 's beauty in the calm blue sky,  
In fleecy clouds of white;  
There 's beauty in the setting sun,  
And in the shades of night.

There 's beauty in the rising moon,  
And in its mellow light;  
There 's beauty in the twinkling stars  
That gem the brow of night.

There 's beauty in the thunder cloud,  
And in the lightning's glare;  
There 's beauty in the rainbow too,  
When hanging in the air.

There 's beauty in the frozen ice,  
And in the soft, white snow;  
There 's beauty in the falling rain,  
And in the river's flow.



## LITTLE BOY AND HOOP.

ONE time I knew a little boy  
So very fond of play,  
He would not leave a new-seen toy  
For all that nurse could say.

One day a hoop, quite new and nice,  
Was brought him from the fair ;  
Away he scampered in a trice,  
Forgetting how and where.

Now nurse had dressed him very neat ;  
His shoes quite new he wore,  
His trousers white, his dress complete,  
With buckled belt before.

How lucky for that idle child,  
The gardener, near the stream,  
Marked how this play his steps beguiled,  
And heard his plunging scream.

With hasty steps the gardener ran,  
And snatched the sinking boy,  
Who soon had perished ; but the man  
Knew well the treacherous toy.

WHERE EDWARD LOVES TO GO WITH  
WILLIAM.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gay trout lies asleep,  
Up the river, full of glee, —  
That's the way for Bill and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee, —  
That's the way for Bill and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
Where I see the humble-bee, —  
That's the way for Bill and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadows fall the deepest,  
Where the nuts fall from the tree, —  
That's the way for Bill and me.

And this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow in the hay,  
There I always love to be; —  
That's the way for Bill and me.

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TEN COMMANDMENTS IN VERSE.

1. No other God have thou than me.
2. Before no idol bow the knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from deeds and words unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor tell a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's do not covet.

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THE GOLDEN RULE.

BE you to others kind and true  
As you 'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to them  
What you 'd not take from them again.

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INDUSTRY.

WOULDST thou know the joy of health?  
Wouldst thou feel thy powers?  
Industry alone is wealth;  
What we *do* is ours.





### THE OLD GRAY CAT.

WITHIN a chimney corner old,  
For many years there sat,  
To keep her warm in summer time,  
An antiquated cat.

Her old gray coat was turning brown,  
And yet, with harmless pride,  
To smooth its roughness with her tongue,  
With patient skill she tried.

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She watched with silent earnestness  
The motions of the cook ;  
As if she meant on cookery  
To write the cats a book.

She knew she was a favorite,  
For amply she was fed,  
And every day she took a nap  
Upon her mistress' bed.

She thought her kittens well deserved  
The comforts she enjoyed,  
And changing them from room to room,  
Her leisure time employed.

And then, what pets those kittens were !  
As soon as they could see,  
The children came from far and wide  
To have a jubilee.

For vagrant rats and giddy mice  
Our pussy kept her claw,  
And never failed, to human friends,  
To give the "velvet paw."

The old gray cat has long been dead,  
Yet those who knew her well,  
About the knowing ways she had  
Could funny stories tell.

## MARY'S TALK WITH THE STAR.

"STAR! star! lovely star!"

Little Mary cried, in glee,

"Come from your blue house afar!

Come and play with me!"

"Child! child! darling child!"

Warbled soft the star above,

And, in Mary's eyes it smiled,

With a look of love, —

"Child! child of hope and glee!"

Silver-soft the star replied,

"Come to Heaven and play with *me*!

On the rainbow ride!

"In a beaming, golden boat,

Plying still my pearly oar,

Through the great calm heaven I float,

Singing angel-lore.

"Are your spirit's pinions furled?

Wake, and bid them flutter free!

Wander *home* from that cold world,

Come and play with me!"



## THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

IN a cottage upon the heath wild,  
That always was cleanly and nice,  
Lived William, a good little child,  
Who minded his parents' advice.

'Tis true, he loved marbles and kite,  
And spin-top, and nine-pins, and ball;  
But this I declare, with delight,  
His book he loved better than all.

And now let us see him grown up;  
Still cheerfulness dwelt in his mind,  
Contentment yet sweetened his cup,  
For still he was active and kind.

His garden well loaded with store,  
His cot by the side of the green,  
Where woodbines crept over the door,  
And jessamines peeped in between.

## PIPER'S SONG.

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he, laughing, said to me —

“Pipe a song about a lamb;”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again;”  
So I piped, — he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, — thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer;”  
So I sung the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write  
In a book, that all may read;”  
So he vanished from my sight,  
And I plucked a hollow reed, —

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

## THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise  
On all thy works I look;  
But still thy wisdom, power and grace  
Shine brightest in thy book.



The stars that in their courses roll  
Have much instruction given;  
But thy good word informs my sou.  
How I may climb to heaven.

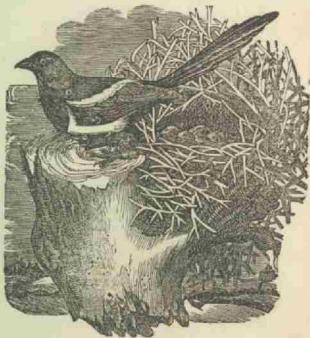
The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfied,  
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Pardon of all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell :  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.



I WOULD I WERE A LITTLE BIRD.

I would I were a little bird,  
To fly so far and high,  
And sail along the golden clouds,  
And through the azure sky.



I'd be the first to see the sun  
Up from the ocean spring;  
And ere it touched the glittering spire  
His ray should gild my wing.

Above the hills I'd watch him still,  
Far down the crimson west;  
And sing to him my evening song,  
Ere yet I sought my rest.

And many a land I then should see,  
As hill and plain I crossed;  
Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,  
That I should e'er be lost.

I'd fly where, round the olive boughs,  
The vine its tendrils weaves;  
And shelter from the noonbeams seek  
Among the myrtle leaves.

A lovelier clime the bird may seek,  
With summer go and come;—  
Beyond the earth awaits for thee  
A bright eternal home.



PART IV.



HISTORY OF BIRDS.





WATER OUSEL.

This is an inhabitant of Europe, and is a very fine bird.

# Child's Book about Birds.

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## THE BOY WHO LOVED BIRDS.



HERE was once a little German boy, whose heart was full of kindness, and he loved to think of Him who made the heavens and the earth, with all their beauties.

His little heart beat with delight when the first blossoms of spring opened their pretty cups to the soft April showers. He rejoiced to see the delicate young leaves tremble in every breath of air; but dearer than all were the sweet singing birds.

O, how he loved the little birds! not so much for their beauty, but because their sweet voices seemed always singing praises to God, who made the little birds, as well as children, to be happy.

Early in the spring, when the birds came

from their warm home in the south, Walter would scatter seeds upon the ground, and they would flock around him to pick up the food which he threw out for them.

They would often light upon his hands and shoulders, and eat without the least fear; for the little boy was always so kind to them, they felt there was no danger.

This may seem very strange to children in this country, for they know that the birds here are so timid no one can go near them; but if we are always kind, even to a bird, it will learn to know and love us.

Walter loved the birds, and they soon learned to love him. In a few years he was a fine singer, and he said the birds taught him. When he became a man he was a poet. His poetry was mild and gentle, like the cooing of doves, or the soft glow of twilight. He said he learned from the birds, for he still loved and fed them. Every day he went out and sat among the pretty creatures, to listen to their sweet voices; and those cheerful songs which he loved to hear may have wakened thoughts of the sweetest poetry in his pure mind. Perhaps those songs of joy spoke to him of a better land, where the hearts of little children, and of men and women

too, are like those of the birds, free from selfish and evil passions, and where each voice is tuned to songs of praise and gratitude.

Before that good man died he gave directions about his burial. His friends buried him in a meadow, as he wished them to do, and over him they erected an iron monument, with four urns, one at each corner of his grave. Those urns were kept full of seeds, for that kind man left money to buy food for the birds, and for many years they sang sweet songs at the grave of their dear friend.

We should learn a lesson from this story, and be kind to all living creatures. The same God who made us made the meanest animal also, and all his works are good. Yes, the works of our dear Father are all good; and we should remember that all things in heaven above, and on the earth below, are the works of his hands. He made the sun, moon, and stars, and he also made the little worm. And if our souls are full of love to him who made the heavens and the earth, we shall not be unkind to those things which we know to be the creatures of his care.



## THE WILD TURKEY



It is a native of this country. It is a fine-looking fowl, and when wild it is very shy. There are many wild turkeys in the woods of the west. They are of a beautiful brown color, run very rapidly, and fly with ease. Large flocks of wild turkeys are sometimes seen on fields recently sown with wheat or other grain; but they are so shy it is quite difficult to shoot one. When they see a man or dog they run or fly, and are soon out of sight. The noise of a gun will cause them to rise upon the wing, and be off to the woods. They roost upon the tall trees of the forest, and they are often seen standing on a high limb and looking round upon the earth.

They are larger and more beautiful than domestic turkeys, but they are not of so many colors. Their flesh is good to eat, but most people prefer the flesh of the tame turkey.

No one who has seen only the domesticated turkey can form any idea of its wild original. The male measures about three feet and a half

or nearly four feet, in length, and almost six in expanse of the wings. The wild turkey is now chiefly to be found in the wilder regions of Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. This bird is, to a certain extent, migratory in its habits; and about the latter end of autumn large flocks assemble, and gradually desert their barren wilds for the rich plains of Ohio and Mississippi.



There are many turkeys raised in this country, and in autumn they are killed and taken to market, where they are sold to those who wish to purchase. There are but few people in this country who are not fond of a good roast turkey; and those who have the money to spare buy the finest they can find in the market.



### A TRAVELLER'S ACCOUNT OF CHINESE CORMORANT FISHING.



VERY singular method of catching fish in China consists in training and employing a large species of cormorants for this purpose, generally called the fishing cormorant. These are certainly wonderful birds. I have frequently met with them on the canals and lakes in the interior, and, had I not seen with my own eyes their extraordinary docility, I should have had great difficulty in bringing my mind to believe what authors have said about them. The first time I saw them was on a canal, a few miles from Ning-po. I was then on my way to a celebrated temple in that quarter, where I intended to remain for some time, in order to make collections of objects of natural history in the neighborhood. When the birds came in sight, I immediately made my boatman take in our sail, and we remained stationary for some time to observe their proceedings. There were two small boats, containing one man and about ten

or twelve birds in each. The birds were standing perched on the sides of the little boat, and apparently had just arrived at the fishing-ground, and were about to commence operations. They were now ordered out of the boat by their master; and so well trained were they



that they went out into the water immediately, scattered over the canal, and began to look for fish. They have a beautiful sea-green eye, and, quick as lightning, they see and dive upon the

funny tribe, which, once caught in the sharp-notched bill of the bird, never, by any possibility, can escape. The cormorant now rises to the surface with the fish in its bill, and the moment he is seen by the Chinaman, he is called back to the boat. As docile as a dog, he swims after his master, and allows himself to be pulled into the san-pan, where he disgorges his prey, and again resumes his labors. And, what is more wonderful still, if one of the cormorants gets hold of a fish of large size, so large that he would have some difficulty in taking it to the boat, some of the others, seeing his dilemma, hasten to his assistance, and with their efforts united capture the fish, and haul him off to the boat. Sometimes a bird seemed to get lazy or playful, and swam about without attending to his business; and then the Chinaman, with a long bamboo, which he also used for propelling the boat, struck the water near where the bird was, without, however, hurting him, calling out to him at the same time in an angry tone. Immediately, like the truant school-boy who neglects his lessons and is found out, the cormorant gives up his play and resumes his labors.



## THE PARTRIDGE.

THE Partridge lives in the woods, and is often found among the pines, the hemlocks, and other evergreens of the mountains, in all parts of the United States.

She builds her nest upon the ground, and as soon as the young birds are hatched they leave the nest and go with the old one in search of food. These birds are very wild, and if an old

partridge is alarmed, when with her little ones, she makes a noise which seems to tell them to hide, for in a moment they are all out of sight. The old partridge will then run in a very awkward manner, as if her wings and legs were all broken; but if she is pursued she will soon rise and fly away. It is supposed she runs in this awkward manner to deceive the person who alarmed her; for, as soon as she thinks he is so far from her little ones that he will not return and find them, she rises upon the wing and is soon out of sight.

Mr. Wilson, who wrote much about birds, says that one day, when he was walking in the woods, he saw an old partridge with a single young one. She began to run in her awkward manner; but in a moment she came back, caught the little one in her bill, and flew away



## TO THE CUCKOO.

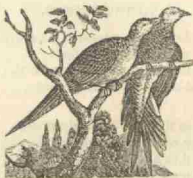
HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
Thou messenger of spring!  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts thy most curious voice to hear  
And imitates thy lay.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year!



## THE PIGEON.

Coo! coo! pretty Pigeon, all day,  
Coo! coo! to your children and mate;  
You seem in your soft note to say  
That you never knew anger or hate.

And thus little children should try  
To be civil and patient and kind;  
And not to be pettish, and cry,  
When they cannot have all to their mind.

The insects, the beasts, and the birds,  
Will often with precepts abound;  
The dog and the flocks and the herds,  
Full of morals for children are found.

## THE PARROT.



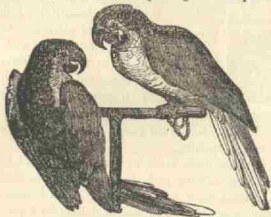
Of all foreign birds, the parrot is one of the most beautiful; but its chief attraction is to be found in its ability to utter articulate sounds,—a gift which it possesses in a far greater perfection than any other bird. The facility with which the parrot is taught to speak is very surprising.

Some of these birds, of uncommon talent in the art of talking and singing, have been sold for considerable sums of money. An English gentleman gave five hundred dollars for a parrot. This bird could repeat a great number of sentences, answer many questions, and sing or whistle a variety of songs. While singing or whistling, it beat time with all the accuracy of an experienced musician. If any mistake was made in the performance, it would go back to the place of the error, correct it, and then sing the tune through with wonderful exactness.

Dr. Goldsmith says that a parrot which belonged to King Henry the Seventh, having been kept in a room near the river Thames, had



learned to repeat many words and sentences from the boatmen and passengers on the river. One day, while it was sporting on the perch,



which happened to be over the river, it unluckily fell into the water. The bird no sooner found itself in this situation, than it called aloud, "A boat! twenty pounds for a boat!" A boatman happening to be near the place where the parrot was floating, immediately took it up and carried it to the king, at the same time demanding of him the twenty pounds which the bird had bid for the boat. This the king refused, but agreed to leave it to the parrot to say how much the man should have. The bird,

understanding this conversation, immediately screamed out, "Give the knave a groat!"

Mr. Locke has related an anecdote of one of these birds, still more extraordinary, and were it not the case that the evidence was sufficient to satisfy him of its truth, we should not relate it here.

There was a certain old parrot, at Brazil, so celebrated for giving answer like a rational creature, that Prince Maurice had the curiosity to send for it, and see for himself if the extraordinary stories he had heard about it were true.

When first brought into the room, the bird exclaimed, "What a company of white men are here!" One of the company then asked it, "Who is that man?" (pointing to the prince.) The parrot answered, "Some great general or other." The prince then asked it, "From what place do you come?" The bird replied, "From Maringan." "To whom do you belong?" said the prince. "To a Portuguese," said Poll. He asked again, "What do you do there?" "I look after chickens." The prince, laughing, exclaimed, "You look after chickens!" The parrot answered, "Yes, I, and I know well enough how to do it;" at the same time beginning to chuck, like a hen.



## THE HOOPOE.

THE Hoopoe is a handsome bird, of the parrot kind. It has long feathers upon its head, which makes it look somewhat like a fine lady. It weighs about twelve ounces, and is twelve inches in length, the extent of its wings being nineteen inches across. The distinguishing character of this bird is a beautiful crest, of about two inches high, of a pale orange, tipped with black, and which he can erect at pleasure. The food of this bird is insects. It is a solitary bird, two of them being seldom found together.

## THE BLUE JAY.



MOST of my young readers have probably seen the Blue Jay. He is among the most beautiful, as well as active and noisy birds of our forest. He is almost everywhere to be seen, and go where you will, particularly in the fall of the year, you may be sure that he will force himself on your acquaintance. To the sportsman, this bird is often the most troublesome creature imaginable, screaming out and alarming his game just at the moment when he is ready to fire upon it. Many a sportsman has been placed in a most awkward and provoking condition by such interference.

This bird is seldom silent, unless he has some secret or mischievous object in view. While the female is sitting on her nest, the male visits her only in the most secret manner. He never, on these occasions, makes the least noise while near her, probably because he is afraid the nest will be robbed, in the same manner that he has many a time robbed those of other birds. When he pays a plundering visit to the barn-yard or

corn-field, he is also silent and secret, until he happens to be discovered, when he screams out in triumph, and instantly makes his escape.

Mr. Wilson says that this bird is not only



bold and vociferous, but possesses a considerable talent at mimicry, and seems to enjoy great satisfaction in mocking and teasing the little hawk, imitating his cry whenever he sees him, and squealing out as if caught.

## THE BELTED KING-FISHER.



HERE there are rivers, seas or lakes, the King-fisher may be found in most parts of the United States. The Belted King-fisher is about one-foot long, and twenty inches in extent, when the wings are spread. In shape it is short and thick; the head is large and crested; the legs short and small; and the bill remarkably long, thick and sharp. Its prevailing color is light blue; around the neck there is a belt of white, from which the bird takes its name; the breast is red, mixed with blue; the under parts are white, with a spot of red just before the legs.

The king-fisher makes its nest in the ground. The female finds a sandy place on the bank of the river or lake, and there digs a hole, with her bill and claws, three or four feet into the bank. Into this hole she carries some grass, and on it lays her eggs and hatches her young.

The king-fisher is among the most beautiful of our birds. He may be seen, on almost any summer's day, sitting on some dry tree or post

near the water's edge, glancing his quick and piercing eye in every direction, in search of the little fish that swim near the surface. When he sees one that suits him, he darts down, catches and swallows it in an instant, and then



flies back, and quietly takes his station again. He loves to visit brawling brooks, and such little cascades as are made by mill-dams; and when he has no luck in fishing at one station, he flies swiftly to another.

## THE WILD GOOSE.



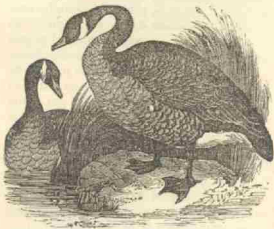
FROM the bill to the end of the tail, the Wild Goose is three feet long; and when the wings are spread, about five feet in extent. This bird resides in the country only during the winter. In the spring it migrates to the north, and returns again on the commencement of the cold season.

Every person is acquainted with these birds, at least so far as to have often witnessed their migratory voyages in the spring and fall. After they begin their journey, they do not rest, night or day, but, guided by that mysterious faculty called instinct, they wing their way, in a direct line, from the shores of the Atlantic to the frozen regions of the north. There, having reared their young, guided by the same instinctive power, they return again to the warmer regions of the south. Ever since the memory of man these migrations have been as constant as the return of autumn and spring.

At Hudson's Bay, the English Company's settlement depend much on these fowls as a means of subsistence through the year. Every spring



and fall, therefore, preparations are made for their destruction in a systematic manner. A line of huts is built for this purpose, extending east and west, and placed within gun-shot of each other. When the geese fly over this place, the men stationed in the huts imitate their notes so exactly that the flock will answer, and at



the same time wheel around in order to discover their companion and alight with him. When within gun-shot these men discharge first one gun, and then another, till they are out of reach.



PART V.



HISTORY OF QUADRUPEDS.





## History of Quadrupeds.

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### THE DEER.



**D**ID you ever see this beautiful animal, my child? When I was a boy, in the new country, I used often to find wild deer in my father's pasture, with the oxen and horses, sometimes seeing twenty or thirty together. They were not afraid of a horse, and, when riding, I would bend forward upon the horse's neck, so as not to be seen, and sometimes ride close up to them, with their lofty, branching horns, their long, slim ears, and their keen, black eye always on the look-out for an enemy. When alarmed, they raise their heads and run with surprising swiftness, leaping high fences at a single bound, without touching, as easy as you jump the rope.

## THE ORANG-OUTANG.



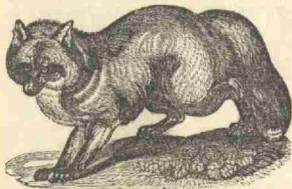
**F** all other animals, the Orang-Outang most nearly approaches to the human race. It is seen of different sizes, from three to seven feet high. In general, however, its stature is less than that of a man's, but its agility and strength much greater. Travellers, who have seen various kinds of these animals in their native solitude, give us surprising relations of their force, their swiftness, their address, and their ferocity. From a picture so like that of the human species, we are naturally led to expect a corresponding mind; and it is certain that such of these animals as have been shown in Europe, have discovered a degree of imitation beyond what any quadruped can arrive at.

That which was seen by Edwards showed even a superior degree of sagacity. It walked, like all of its kind, upon two legs, even though it carried burdens. Its air was melancholy and deportment grave. Unlike the baboon or monkey, whose motions are violent and appetites

capricious, who are fond of mischief, and obedient only from fear, this animal was slow in its motions, and a look was sufficient to keep it in awe. I have seen it, says Buffon, give its hand to show the company to the door. I have



seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and the fork to carry the victuals to its mouth, and pour out its drink into a glass, without any other instigation than the signs or the command of its master.



## THE FOX.

THERE was once a boy who had a young fox,  
Shut up, all the time, in a great wooden box;  
Ned Jones brought it down from its hole on the  
hill,  
And the children all thought it was too pretty  
to kill.  
Ned had killed its poor mother by striking her  
head,  
And dug out this fox from its warm little bed.  
At first it was cross and wanted to bite,  
For it thought that Ned Jones was not doing  
right.  
But Ned tied its foot with a string made of yarn,  
And kept it awhile in a tub in the barn;

And he told all the children about it, one day,  
When they went out at recess to jump and to  
play.

Then Ned took a box, that was just made and  
clean,

And brought the fox in it out on to the green.  
It looked very cunning, and held up its head,  
And the children all wanted to get it of Ned.

He said (if his father was perfectly willing)  
He would sell both the box and the fox for a  
shilling.

So Harry, who had twenty cents in his pocket  
Paid Ned sixteen cents for the fox, and then  
took it.

Then he carried it home and let out the fox,  
And fastened the string to the top of the box.  
The fox pulled the string, and thought it would  
break;

But all he could do only made the box shake.

One day, when his master was gone off to play,  
He gnawed off the string, and then ran away.  
He dug a new hole in the woods with his feet,  
And came and caught geese, hens and chickens  
to eat.

When Harry found out how the fox got away,  
He wished he had staid and not gone off to play.



## THE ZEBRA.



N size, the Zebra is much smaller than the horse, but is of the horse kind. No animal is more beautiful than the zebra. His hair is short, fine and shining, and the black and yellow stripes not only cover his body, but his head, face and ears, so that at a distance he appears as if he was adorned with ribbons. In the forests of Africa, where he lives in a wild state, he will run so swift that it requires a smart horse to keep up with him. Large herds of them are sometimes seen feeding together. While some are eating, others keep watch to see that no enemy, whether man or beast, comes near. If those on the watch see a man, or a ferocious beast, they instantly give the alarm to others, and the whole herd run away with such swiftness that no animal can come up with them. The skin of the zebra sells at a great price, on account of its singular beauty and scarcity. The animal itself is also highly prized as a curiosity, and is sometimes bought for a large sum,

and carried about as a show, and exhibited with other wild animals.

The zebra can run as fast as the horse, but the horse is kind to his rider, and carries him with pleasure; while the zebra, if one gets on his back, rears up, and throws him off if he can. He is so obstinate and fierce that he cannot be made to work at all.



Mr. Buffon says that he saw a zebra in Paris, and that when the animal came there he was extremely wild and fierce, but that afterwards he became a little more tame, so that when two men held him by the bridle another man would venture to get upon his back. This creature could not be any farther tamed.

## THE ARMADILLO.



OUTH America is the native place of the Armadillo, in which country there are several varieties of them. They are all covered with a strong crust or shell, and are distinguished from each other by the number of flexible bands of which it is composed. It is about twelve inches long, and eight broad, and is a harmless, inoffensive animal, living in burrows under ground, which it seldom quits but at night. Roots, fruit, and other vegetables are its food. It grows very fat, and is greatly esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh.

The Indians hunt it with small dogs, trained for that purpose. When surprised, it runs to its hole; or, if it cannot reach that, it attempts to make a new one, which it does with great expedition, having strong claws on its fore feet, with which it adheres so firmly to the ground, that, if it is caught by the tail, whilst making its way into the earth, its resistance is so great that it will sometimes leave it in the

hands of its pursuers. To avoid this the hunter has recourse to artifice; and, by tickling it with a stick, it gives up its hold, and suffers itself to be taken alive. If no other means of escape be left, it rolls itself up within its covering, by drawing in its head and legs, and bringing its tail round them as a band, to connect them more forcibly together; in this situation it



sometimes escapes by rolling itself over the edge of a precipice, in which case it generally falls to the bottom unhurt. When found in its hole, it is either smoked out, or expelled by pouring in water. When its pursuers, however, begin to dig for it, it eludes them by digging at the same time, and throwing the earth behind it, which it does so effectually as to prevent smoke from penetrating.



THE FENNEC.

This animal was first made known to European naturalists by Bruce, who obtained one at Algiers. He kept it alive for several months. Its favorite food was dates, or any other sweet fruit; it was also very fond of eggs; when hungry, it would eat bread, especially with honey or sugar. His attention was immediately attracted if a bird flew near him, and he would watch it with an eagerness that could hardly be diverted from its object; but he was dreadfully afraid of a cat, and endeavored to hide himself the moment he saw an animal of that species. Bruce never heard that he had any voice. During the day he was inclined to sleep, but became restless and exceedingly unquiet at night.

## THE DOG.



**N**O animal becomes so very strongly attached to his master as the dog. He never proves a false friend to him, nor does he ever leave him to find a new master, though treated ever so badly. Men will sometimes leave their friends in poverty and distress, but the dog never quits his friend as long as he lives, and when he dies has been known to mourn himself to death at the loss.

He will defend his master with the same fierceness as he would defend himself. He loves him as well as he loves himself.

When his master gives him his coat or any other thing to take care of, the faithful animal will defend it with all his might, and will bite any one who tries to take it from him.

It is said that the watch-dog often knows a thief from an honest man by his actions, when he has come to steal.

The honest man walks boldly along, and fears nothing, because he is honest. But the thief looks ashamed, and acts as though he was

afraid. The dog sees this difference between them, and lets the honest man go, but holds the thief, and bites him if he tries to get away. He sees a difference in the dresses of people. If a well-dressed stranger comes to his master's house, the sagacious animal will let him pass, and say nothing; but if a beggar comes, with a pack on his back, he growls and stops him at the gate.



The dog is everywhere the friend and companion of man. He, therefore, lives in almost every country that is inhabited, whether by white or black men.

The following anecdotes of dogs are well authenticated.

A gentleman, living in the country, who used to go to London twice a year, on horseback, was always attended on his journey by a little terrier dog. He was much attached to this dog, and, for fear of losing him in the city, he always left him in the care of Mrs. Langford, at St. Albans, and on his return was always sure to find that his little animal had been well taken care of. The gentleman calling one day for his dog, as usual, Mrs. Langford told him, with a woful face, that her great house-dog and the little terrier had a quarrel, and that before they could beat off the great dog he had so bitten the little fellow that she feared he could not live. He, however, crawled away, and Mrs. Langford saw nothing more of him for almost a week, when he returned, and brought with him a dog much bigger than Mrs. Langford's. Thus reinforced, the cunning little dog led the great one into the yard, and they both fell on the great house-dog, and bit him so unmercifully that for several days he was scarcely able to walk about, or eat his meat. After this they both went away, and Mrs. Langford had heard nothing of them since.

The gentleman, who lived a considerable distance from London, tried to reconcile him-



self to the loss of his favorite terrier as well as he could, and went home, not thinking he should ever see him again. But on his arrival home, he was pleased to find his dog alive and well. On making inquiries, he found that his little dog had been home before, and had coaxed away a very large dog of his acquaintance, who had gone with him, and taken revenge on Mrs. Langford's dog as already stated.



So many instances have been related similar to the following story, that a person who has read them cannot doubt the truth of this.

A shepherd, who lived near the Grampian mountains, in Scotland, one day, when he went to look after his flock, took with him one of his children, an infant of only three years old. This is not an uncommon thing among these shepherds, who learn their children, when quite

young, to bear the cold, and to take notice of the sheep. After going about his fields for some time, attended by his dog as well as his child, the shepherd found it necessary to go on the top of a hill to look out for some sheep. The child could not walk up the hill, and so the father left him on the plain, telling him not to stir from the place where he was left till he came back. He had hardly got to the top of the hill, before a mist or fog arose, which was so thick that he could see only a little way before him. The anxious father instantly turned about to seek the child, but it was so dark that he lost his own way in going down the hill, and, after searching for a long time for the child, found he had come near his own house.

Night now coming on, it would have been useless to look any farther until the return of morning, and the poor afflicted parents were obliged to pass the night, without knowing in what condition their little child was. Next morning, as soon as it was light, the shepherd, with many of his neighbors, went out to search for the child; but, having looked with diligence and anxiety all day, they were obliged to go home at night without seeing or hearing anything of him.

When the shepherd got home, he was told that his dog, which was with him when the child was lost, and who had been absent until that time, had been home, and, on having a piece of cake given him, had gone away with it in his mouth. For several days the shepherd went every morning to search for his child, but as often came back at night without hearing anything of him. During this time the faithful dog, it was observed by the family, staid at home but very little. He would come and take his allowance of cake in his mouth, then go away. No one knew where he went, or what he did with the cake, which he always carried off, eating very little of it himself. This singular conduct of the dog made the shepherd stay at home one day, to see how he acted, instead of going, as usual, to look for his child. The dog came for his cake, as before, and, having taken it in his mouth, went away, while the shepherd followed after him, for the purpose of finding out what he did with it. The dog led the way to a fall of water at a short distance from the place where the child was lost, and from this place he began to go down a hill that was so steep and full of rocks that the man could not follow him without great difficulty.

The dog having got down the hill, the shepherd saw him go into a cave, and, following him there, what was his joy at seeing his little son eating heartily of the cake the dog had just given him, while the faithful animal stood by, looking at the little fellow, and seeing him eat with the greatest pleasure!

The dog, it will be remembered, was with the shepherd when the child was lost, and it is probable that he followed him by the smell of his tracks to the cave. How the little fellow got down so steep a hill without falling, we cannot say, but there he was found alive and well, and, under Providence, owed his life entirely to the sagacity of the dog. The faithful animal seems not to have left the child by night or by day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he always ran swiftly to and from his master's house.



## THE WOLF.



THE Wolf is an animal of the dog kind. He is about the size of the largest dog, being about four feet long, and a little more than two feet high. No animal of his size is more fierce and destructive than the wolf.

When hungry he will leave the woods, and go in search of sheep, dogs, or any other living creature that he can master, and often makes dreadful destruction wherever he goes.

Near a town which was called Niagara, there were some wolves, which used to come in the night, and catch sheep and kill them. These wolves lived in the woods, and Mr. Parks, a man who lived in that town, took his gun one morning, and went out to find the wolves, and try to shoot them. He walked along very slowly, and looked at all the holes in the ground, and all the hollow logs in which they could hide. At last he saw a great hollow log, lying on the ground, which was scratched on the inside and made smooth. The log was very long, and was crooked, so that he could not see



through it to the end of the hollow place. He was very sure that some of the wolves lived in it, but he did not know how to get at them. He thought of making a fire at the mouth of the log, so that the smoke might go in where the wolves were, and drive them out. But he was alone, and he was afraid there were a great many of them, and that they would kill him before he could shoot them. At last he crawled into the tree, with his gun in his hand, all ready to shoot. Very soon he heard the wolves growl, and saw their eyes. Then he went back to the mouth of the hollow place, and stopped it up with pieces of wood and stones, and went to the town to get somebody to help him kill the wolves.

When they heard that Mr. Parks had found some wolves, several men took their guns and axes, and went with him. They then cut holes in the log till they saw where the wolves were. There were one old one, and several young ones almost grown. Then they took their guns, and pointed them at the wolves, and shot them dead, and afterward they carried them to town, and showed them to all the people. The people gave Mr. Parks a handsome present for finding the wolves, and getting them killed.

## A CUNNING CAT.



WE hardly think that cats receive their due. The dogs run off with most of the good stories. Having told some dog stories lately, we will tell a cat story now, which may be relied upon as substantially true.

The family of Capt. W., of Salem, had a cat that was a great favorite, and was much petted by them. Puss was allowed to spend much of her time in the parlor, and was always uneasy when shut out. One day the parlor door was opened, and the servant entered and inquired if anything was wanted, as the bell was rung; the mistress replied that she had not rung the bell. Not many days after, this was repeated, to the no small surprise and bewilderment of all concerned. The bell would ring, the servant would enter the parlor, but no one there would know anything of the matter. Here-



was a mystery which no one could solve. Was the house haunted? was the witch time coming again?

At length the lady of the house resolved on discovering the bell-ringer; and a fortunate observation finally led to the detection of the rogue. The lady had remarked, on more than one occasion, that puss had come into the room with the servant who was so mysteriously called; and she began to suspect that her pet cat had some connection with this unaccountable bell-ringing. She therefore directed the servant to put the cat out of the room, and to watch her movements. It was not long before the parlor bell rang, as usual; and on running to the only place where the wires of the bell came within reach of the cat, there was Miss Puss at work with her claws on the bell wires, by pulling which she had discovered she could call the servant, and thus get access to her favorite lounge, the parlor carpet.



