

TELLER'S

TALES.

THE

PLEASANT JOURNEY;

AND
SCENES

IN

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

EDITED BY THOMAS TELLER.

Embellished



with new and
original engravings.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

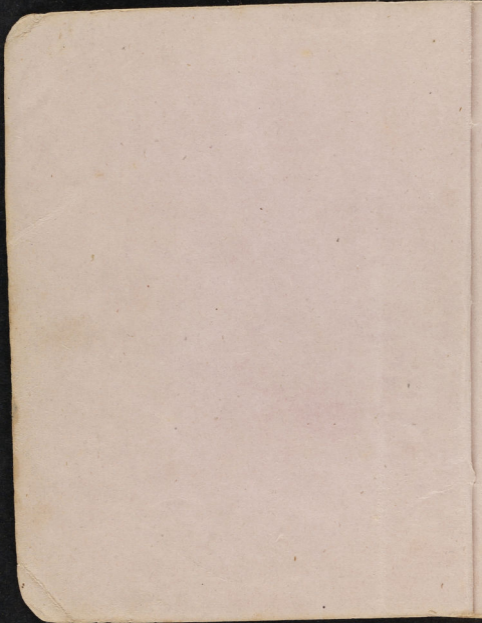
NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

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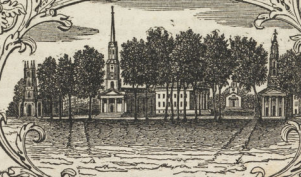
Mary Emily Wait's Book

P. Anderson plates (Haw)

M.P.

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STRAVISE

TO MY YOUNG READERS.



My dear little Friends :

In all the stories which I have written for your instruction and amusement, I have endeavored to instill into your minds GOOD PRINCIPLES. But all my efforts, as well as those of your parents and other friends, will do but little good, unless you yourselves *strive* to be guided by such principles. The following story of Happy Little Edward, will show that *patience, forbearance, obedience, generosity, frankness, truth, and kindness of heart*, will do more towards making you happy children than all the wealth in the world. You will see that Edward possessed all these good qualities, and exercised them on all occasions, young as he was. And I think you will find out, too, that he was always as merry and cheerful a little fellow as you could wish to see.

Now, my little readers, suppose you all try to possess the same good qualities, and then see if tears, and frowns, and scowls do not as seldom cloud your bright faces as they did Edward's. If you will do this,—if you will

‘Let LOVE through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild,’—

you will not only be happy yourselves, but you will be the means of adding to the happiness of your parents and other friends, and of all around you.

In this little tale you will learn, too, a great many things which you perhaps never thought about before. So, while you are pleased with reading the story, you will be storing your minds with useful knowledge. At least, I hope you will, for I always try to make my little readers *wise* as well as *good*. It is for this purpose that I spend so much of my time in making books for children, and, like many other old gentlemen, I am quite anxious that my time shall not be spent in vain.

Your old friend and well-wisher,

Roseville Hall, 1845.

THOMAS TELLER.

HAPPY LITTLE EDWARD.



EDWARD AT HOME.

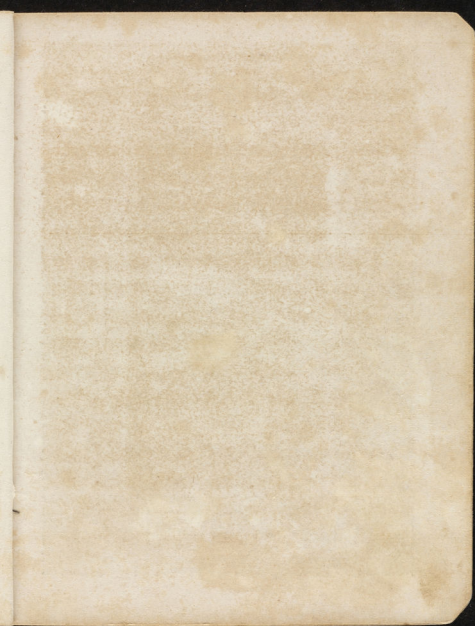
Edward was four years old. He was a good and happy little boy. He lived in a city in *Connecticut*, (I need not tell you which one,) with his kind father and mother, brothers and sisters, who all loved him dearly, and a dear good aunt, who took care of him.

Two little boys of about his own age lived in the same street with Edward; they were named Charles Harris and

James Thompson. Edward liked to play with them, and he liked to go to school with them. He sometimes went to see them, and on *holidays* they would come to play with him. Many a good game of *hide and seek* they had, and many a merry play with toys and play things.

Should you like to know how Edward passed the day? I will tell you. It was Monday morning. The sun shone brightly in at the window of Edward's room.

“Come, little boy,” said aunt Mary; “it is time to rise. The sun says, ‘sluggard, get up; I do not shine for you to lie in bed and sleep, but I shine





for you to get up, and work and read and walk about.'”

Little Edward smiled when his aunt said this, for he remembered that they were the words he had read in what he called his *Little Primer*. He jumped out of bed, and stood quietly while his aunt dressed and washed him, and combed his hair.

She was just kissing his clean rosy cheek, when he heard a bell ring.

“What does that bell ring for, aunt?” said Edward.

“It rings to call us to *prayers*,” said his aunt.

“What do we go to prayers for?” asked Edward.

“To thank God for taking care of us while we slept ; for giving us life and health this morning, and to ask him to bless us this day. When you kneel down by your mother, my little Edward, you must think of that kind *Heavenly Father*, who gives you so many good things, who is always near to you, who sees you in darkness and light, who loves you, and who puts joy and gladness into your heart.”

Edward took hold of his aunt's hand and went down stairs, and when he knelt down by his mother he was very quiet, and thought of God who loved him so much and made him feel so happy. Then he got up, kissed his

papa and mamma, and went into another room to eat his breakfast.

After breakfast he went into the sitting-room, and either played with his little wagon, or, if the weather was pleasant, he ran out and played on the piazza, till it was time to go to school.

Edward had a dog named *Romeo*; he was a very pretty, and very good dog. He was large, and had long, black, shaggy hair, and bright black eyes, that shone with *kindness* and *good nature*. *Romeo* used to follow Edward to school, and Edward loved to play with *Romeo*, and to feed him.

Sometimes he took a plate of food, and called *Romeo* out on the piazza,

who would wait patiently till Edward held up a piece of meat as high as his little arm could reach, and then spring up to catch it. This pleased our little boy very much, and he would laugh and clap his hands, and run about the piazza, while his *four footed friend* would run after him, expecting to be again fed.



LESSONS AND SPORTS.

When it was nine o'clock, Edward's mother called him in, put on his cap, and told him that his brother James was ready to take him to school.

Edward liked to walk to school with James ; he loved his school mistress, and was always happy to meet his little friends and companions in the pleasant school-room, where Miss Beach very kindly taught little girls and boys to read, and any thing else the *little bodys* could understand.

Edward could spell and read pretty well ; he also knew something of *maps*, but not much ; and he wished to learn more ; every day, when he came home, he told his mother what Miss Beach had taught him.

After school he amused and employed himself very happily. He read his books, or drew pictures on his slate,

or loaded his little wagon, or filled his little wheel-barrow with his *wooden bricks*, and wheeled them to aunt Mary, to build a house of.

When twilight came, then his two brothers were always ready for a frolic with their little *favorite*, and a fine time they all had, with their toys and different kinds of play.

Sometimes they made high houses of Edward's blocks, and then let him knock them down. Then they would play *hide and seek*; little Edward always hiding *behind his mother's apron*, and sure to call out when he found his brothers searching for him. Then they would all laugh and clap their hands in great glee.

After tea, Edward regularly took his book, and his mother heard him read. He loved to read to her, and she liked much to hear him. After reading till he was tired, he looked at a nice map of *America*, which his aunt had pasted on a piece of cloth for him. He told his mother the names of all the *states*, and showed her where the *rivers* and *lakes* and *mountains* were, and which was the *land*, and which was the *sea*.

He knew, too, that a lake was a *piece of water surrounded with land*, like Lakes *Ontario* and *Erie*; and that an island was a *piece of land surrounded with water*, like *Long Island*; and little Edward was quite happy

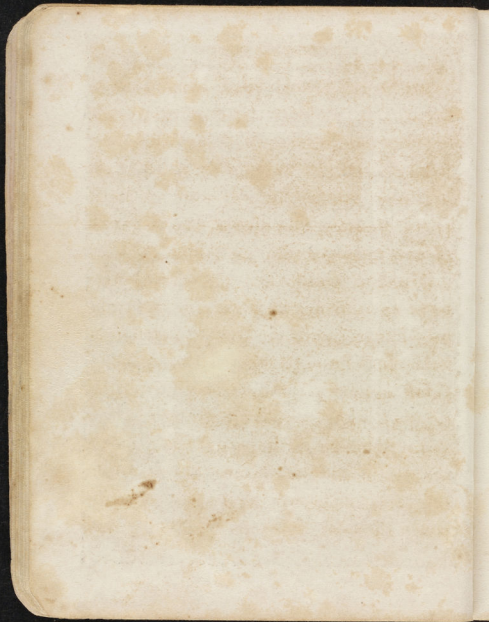
while his kind mother every night taught him a little more.

At last his bright black eyes would begin to grow heavy, and then he was ready to kiss his papa and mamma, and all his dear friends, and bid them *Good night*, and be put into his comfortable bed.

But, before he got into bed, he knelt down and thanked God for being with him, and keeping him from harm all day; and he prayed for His care and protection during the night.

Then his aunt put him into bed and said, "*Good night*, little tired boy; go to sleep; I will not disturb you."





So were almost all Edward's days spent. In *summer* he was more out of doors,—digging in the garden, or wheeling off stones from the yard, with his little wheel-barrow; and on *holidays*, James Thompson and Charles Harris came to play with him.

Many a good race did these little boys have, from the piazza to the summer-house, with Romeo running at their heels, and barking with joy to see them so merry. When they were tired of play, they would get into a large swing which was hanging from a fine old tree, and laugh and shout while they were swinging each other. Sometimes they sat down in the shade, and

listened to a story, of which Edward was very fond.



THE JOURNEY.

Edward's mother had a cousin living in *Massachusetts*, who was the wife of a *farmer*. In the spring she determined to go and see her, and to take Edward with her. He was very much pleased with the thought of going, and hardly gave his mother and aunt Mary any peace till he was in the carriage, and on the way. It was a fine morning; the sun shone, the trees were in full leaf, and every thing was bright and beautiful.

At first Edward's attention was taken up with the motion of the carriage and the sight of the horses ; but after a while he began to look at the different objects which presented themselves to his view, as they rode through the different villages. His mother told him they should sleep that night at a *tavern*, and the next day he would see the *river* which runs through the state, and joins the great sea.

At the back door of the house where they stopped to take supper, Edward saw some little wooden houses on a bench, with great numbers of small insects, *but little bigger than flies*, crawling on them. He pulled his mother's

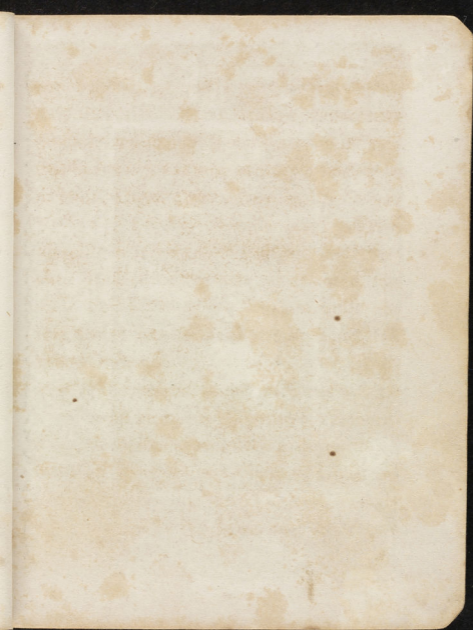
gown, and begged her to go and see what they were.

“Now my dear Edward, you will be pleased,” said his mother; “these are the *bees* that you have so long wished to see.”

“But, mother,” said he, “they do not seem to be at work; they are only crawling about.”

“So it seems to you, my dear; but there is a great deal of *order* about them; each one does his part. There are *three kinds* of bees in a *hive*.”

The *males*, who are called *drones*; the *females*, who are *queens*; and the *working bees*, who collect the honey and wax, and form the *cells*, and who





provide food for the *queens*, the *males*, and the little *young ones*. They are the *useful* members of the hive."

"The *working bees* have the most to do," said Edward.

"Yes, the *males* are lazy fellows, who like to be *waited upon*, and some times the *working bees* turn them out of the hive."

"But what does the *queen* do?" asked Edward.

"The queen directs what shall be done by the whole. They all obey her, and when she sees that the hive is *too full*, she rushes out. They all follow her, cling round her, and will not let any thing come near to hurt her."

“But where do they get the honey, mother? Oh, there is one flying to a flower; I remember my hymn says,

‘How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower.’”

“Yes,” said Edward’s mother, “it gathers *honey* from the flowers, and *wax*, too, though from a different part. It rubs its little sides upon a part of the flower called *pollen*, and gets a great deal off, which, being rolled in its little stomach, is made wax, and then

‘How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax.’”

Just at this moment a woman came to the hives, and Edward saw her care-

fully take out of one of them a box filled with fine white honey. And to his great joy she put it on the supper-table. He looked at the curious little cells which contained the honey, and was never tired with wondering that such little insects should know so much.

After he had eaten as much honey as his mother thought good for him, he said to her, "I thank the little bees, with all my heart, for my good supper."

"There is *more* to thank them for," said his mother.

"Why, what do they do?" asked Edward.

"They set little boys an example of *industry*, and of *doing their duty*."

“I will *try*, dear mother,” said Edward, “to be as *useful* and *industrious* as the bees.”

“Very well, my dear; and in order that you may become so, you had better go to bed now, and rest yourself.”

Edward kissed his father and mother and went to bed, where he was soon in a sound sleep, dreaming that he was a *queen bee*, driving out the *lazy drones*.



THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

The next morning they started early, and about noon Edward had the pleasure of seeing the *river*. His parents let him get out of the carriage and walk

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along its green banks. It being in the heat of the day, they thought it would be very pleasant to rest themselves for a while on a nice *grass-plot* which they saw near there.

Edward's mother let him take off his cap and dip his fingers into the *stream*, which she told him was running to swell the waters of the great *ocean*. It was a lovely day;—the air was full of the sweet scent of the early flowers, and the grass was bright with the fresh green of the early spring.

“What is that running among the leaves, mother?” asked Edward; “see what bright, *quick* eyes it has, and a bushy tail!”

“That is a *squirrel*, my dear. Did you never hear them chattering and scolding among the trees of your grandfather’s woods? They are very apt to quarrel, though they are quite fond of each other. Their tails are very useful to them, as I will tell you. They are not always *brown*, like this one; some are *black*, some are *grey*, and in very cold countries some are *white*. But they do not like cold weather, and when they feel *winter* coming on, they all meet together and determine to go where it is warmer. Nothing stops them when they have once set out; neither *rocks*, nor *hills*, nor *rivers*. If they find the rivers very wide, they

separate, go into the woods, and each one gets a little piece of bark. This they use for a *boat*, and their large bushy tails for a *sail*."

"Oh, how funny it must look, mother," said Edward, "to see squirrels sailing on the water! I hope they all get over *safe*."

"Sometimes, when a *storm* rises, these brave little *sailors* all sink into the water, and their poor little bodies are washed on the shore. But hark! Edward, what sound is that?"

Edward listened, and heard something like the sound of a little hammer against a tree. He ran into the wood, and after staying there a moment, came back quite out of breath.

“O, mother,” said he, “I have seen the strangest sight! That noise which we heard, was a *bird*, knocking its bill against a tree, just as if it were knocking *for somebody to open the door!* Well, I stood and watched it, and saw it open its bill and throw out something that I suppose was its *tongue*; but it must have been sharp at the end, for it drew out of the bark of the tree a little *worm*, that hung upon the end of its tongue as if it had been a *hook.*”

“Yes,” said his mother, “that is the way the *wood-pecker* takes his food.”

“Where do they build their nests, mother?”

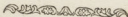
“In hollow trees. They make such a noise with their hard sharp bills, you would think there were so many carpenters at work. When all is quiet around, it is very pleasant to hear

‘The wood-pecker tapping
The hollow beach tree.’

But the *farmer* and *gardener* do not like this music, for the wood-peckers hurt their young trees very much.”

Edward’s father then put him into the carriage ; and for the first few miles he could think of nothing but the squirrel, the wood-pecker, and the pretty spot where he had been looking at them. Then he began to think of the

friends he was going to see, and wondered what these new cousins would say, and how they would look,—asking his mamma a great many questions about them.



THE LITTLE COUSINS.

After riding many miles, the carriage stopped a short time before sunset, at a neat, pretty white house, with a large yard before it, in which two rosy boys and a sweet smiling girl were playing together.

“There, Edward,” said his mother, “there are cousins William and George,

and little Anna, all clapping their hands with joy at seeing us; and cousin Harriet at the door with her little baby in her arms."

Oh, what a time these little boys and girl had, when the visitors got out of the carriage. Edward told all the wonders he had seen, and William and George told of many more that they would show him.

"You shall ride on my father's horse," said George.

"Oh," said William, "George thinks there is nothing so good as riding on a horse. But you shall see my beautiful rabbits, Edward."

"And he shall go into my play-room and see all my dolls," said little Anna.

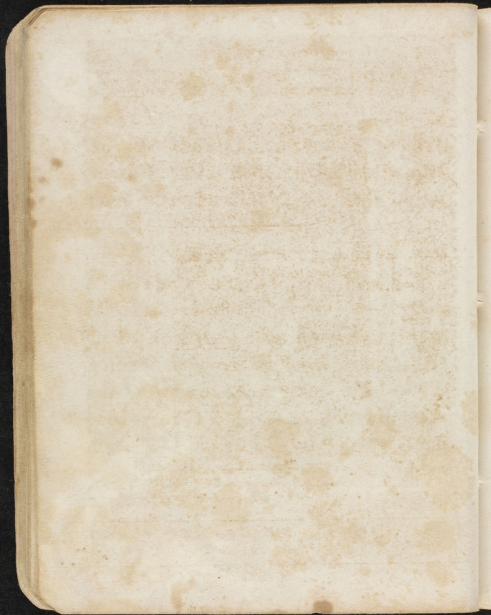
“Well, now come,” said their mother, “and eat some supper. I can not give you any such honey as you ate last night, Edward; but I will give you some nice *tamarinds*, which perhaps you will like as well.”

“What are *tamarinds*?” asked Edward.

“A fruit somewhat like *bean-pods*, which grows in the *East* and *West Indies*, as well as in *Egypt*, and some other parts of the world. My brother brought these from the *West Indies*. When picked, the fruit is very sour, but being preserved in sugar, becomes very pleasant to the taste.”

“Oh, they are very good,” said Edward; “almost as good as honey.”





The next morning the children were up early, and out in the garden to see William's rabbits. Edward was delighted with their soft skins, white as snow, their red eyes, and their quick motions, and he asked William to tell him all he knew about them.

“Why,” said William, “they dig a deep hole in the ground, for their house, and line it with their hair, which they take *from their own bodies*. There the young ones are born, and there the mother stays with them some days. The father does not see them in all that time; then the mother brings them up and shows them to him; he seems very much pleased with

them, takes them between his paws and hugs and strokes them. But he makes them all *mind* him. They come when he calls them, and receive their food from him. If they are quarreling among themselves, and he comes among them, they are all quiet at once. Even his *grand-children* mind him in the same way."

"How strange," said Edward, "that these little rabbits should know how to obey their parents!"

"Look!" said George, "the father rabbit is calling them to breakfast."

Edward saw the largest rabbit stamp with his foot, and at the same time make a noise which called all the little

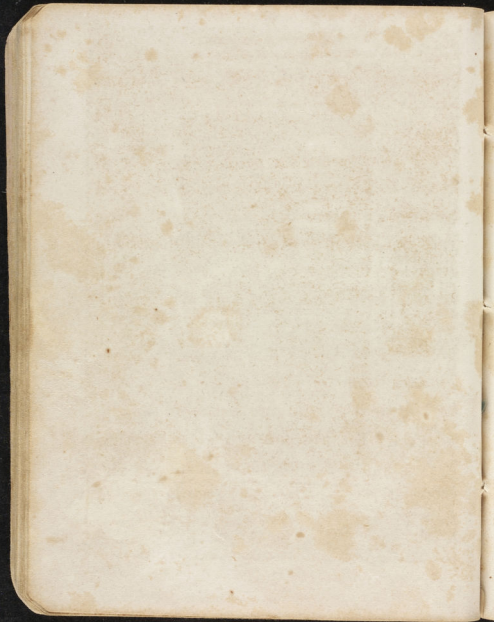
ones around him, and then they began to eat. If one took more than his share, the old one would go among them, scold at him, and take it from him; then move off and watch them till they had finished breakfast. Edward admired these pretty animals, and wanted to stay longer; but Anna told him, if he did not go in at once, he would not be as obedient as the little rabbits were, for her mother had twice called them all to go in and get their breakfasts.

Just as Edward had finished his breakfast, he looked out at the window, which was open, and saw a beautiful bird sitting on a branch of a young

apple-tree, eating the tender buds, and singing most sweetly.

“There is that mischievous *bullfinch* again,” said William’s father; “I shall not have an apple on that tree if I do not drive him away.” Then he took down his gun and went out into the garden, followed by the children, and by firing the gun, *which he did not point at the bird*, scared away the pretty songster. The children thought they had rather lose the apples, than such a pretty bird, and were not quite satisfied with Mr. Wilson for sending him away. In order to divert their minds, he told them there was a bird of the same kind in the *Philippine Islands*, called the *grossbeak*.





“I have seen the *Philippine Islands* on the map in the *China Sea*,” said Edward.

“Pretty well, little Edward,” said Mr. Wilson; “I am glad to see that you remember your lessons. Well, the grossbeak makes a curious nest of long dried grass, which it hangs on the branch of a tree, by a sort of cord, so that the snakes can not find it. In these nests there are *three different rooms*; one for the *mother bira*, one for the *young*, and one for their *father*, where he sits and keeps watch, that no harm shall come to his mate, while she is sitting. In this last room a little clay is fixed on one side, where the

curious little bird fixes a *glow-worm*, to give them light at night."

The children all laughed at the thought of a little bird *hanging up a lamp in its nest*, and wished they could see it, and in talking of that, soon forgot the loss of the pretty bullfinch.



RAMBLES AND STORIES.

Mr. Wilson told the children that they might have a run in the fields; but if they chased any *butterflies* they were not to hurt them,—and then he would walk with them up the high hill

which was near his house, if their little visitor thought his legs were strong enough to climb so high. Edward said he thought he could climb as high as any one; so they all set off in high glee.

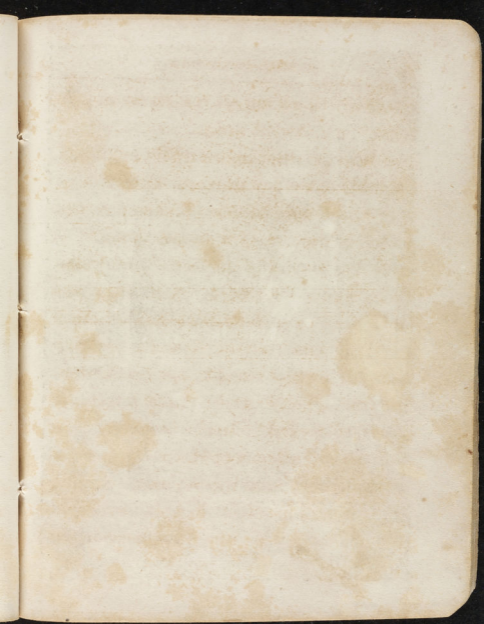
They found it rather hard work to *ascend* the hill, as it was very steep, but when they got to the top of it, they were well paid for their trouble. They could see many pretty towns, and the beautiful river gliding along through them, and many high hills far away in the distance. Mr. Wilson told them there were once many snakes on that hill; but there were none at that time.

“Were they *rattle-snakes*, father?” asked George.

“No ; there were no rattle-snakes here,” said Mr. Wilson.

“Why are they called rattle-snakes?” asked Edward ; “do they *rattle* ?”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Wilson ; “they make a loud rattling noise, and it is very dangerous to be bitten by them. They make this noise when they are disturbed, or in search of food ; and if at that time they meet with any animal, they raise their heads, open their mouths, and give the fatal bite. All animals are frightened when they hear this noise ; all except the *vulture*, a rapacious bird, and the *peccary*, an animal something like a hog, which is found in Mexico ; these seize upon the





snake in such a way that it can not bite, and eat it *without being injured at all by it!*”

“Well, I am very glad there are no such snakes here,” said Edward.

“All travelers are not so fortunate as we are,” said Mr. Wilson; “a man once stopped at the road-side, to rest himself, and seeing something on the ground curled up like a *whip-lash*, and about as large, he picked it up. But what was his alarm, when he found it *twisting itself around his arm!* He had, however, the presence of mind to grasp it tight, and luckily he had picked it up by the head, so that it was not able to bite him. He held on till some

one came to his aid, and they then killed the snake without his being hurt."

"He was a brave man," said William. "But, father, tell us how the little snakes hide themselves when they are frightened; that is very funny."

"In quite an easy and secure manner," replied Mr. Wilson. "They pop down their mother's throat till the danger is past, and then come up again."

The children all laughed heartily at this, and their merry shouts made the hills ring again.

One morning Edward rose early, and was going to call the boys to go out in the garden with him; but on looking out of the window, he found

that a great deal of rain had fallen, and he knew his mother would not like to have him go out ; so he sat down and amused himself in the house. After breakfast, as the rain was over, William started for school, and took little Anna with him. Edward's mother told him to see how carefully William helped his little sister along. He had rolled up his trowsers, round his legs, and picking out the driest spots for Anna to walk in, chose the next best for himself.

“ What a dear good boy William is, mother,” said Edward ; “ look ! now he is coming back again.”

“ It is for George,” said Mrs. Wilson ; “ but that is hardly necessary,

for the little rogue has run away without waiting for his brother.”

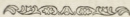
And to be sure, as Edward looked out, there was Master George, with his trowsers turned up to his knees, without hat or coat on, wading through all the puddles he could find, and looking as much delighted as possible.

Edward thought that must be fine fun, and wished he could paddle in the water too. But his mother told him he was not so strong and healthy as William and George, and he must content himself with the pleasures of a *boy*, and wait till some other time to join with George in the pleasures of a *duck*. In the afternoon the sky clear-

ed up, the sun shone brightly, and all the clouds disappeared. Mr. Wilson told the children he would take them over the farm. They were ready in a moment to go, and in one field Edward saw what he had long wished to see,—a great number of pretty white lambs, skipping and jumping about, kicking up their little legs, wagging their tails, and looking so innocent and happy, that he could not bear to leave them.

But his cousins, who were more accustomed to these things, were impatient to be gone, and Edward was soon scampering after them, from field to field ;—now to see the men ploughing, now to look at the old hollow oak, in

which all four could just crowd in ; and now to watch some pretty bird building its nest on the branch of a tree. It was a joyful time to them all ; but the little ones were pretty well tired by the time they were to return home.



THE RETURN.

Edward's parents now began to think about going home ; and though Edward was very happy, and loved his cousins very much, he began to wish to see his aunt Mary, and his brothers, and to tell them about all the things he had seen. He kissed the little baby till he almost made it cry, told William

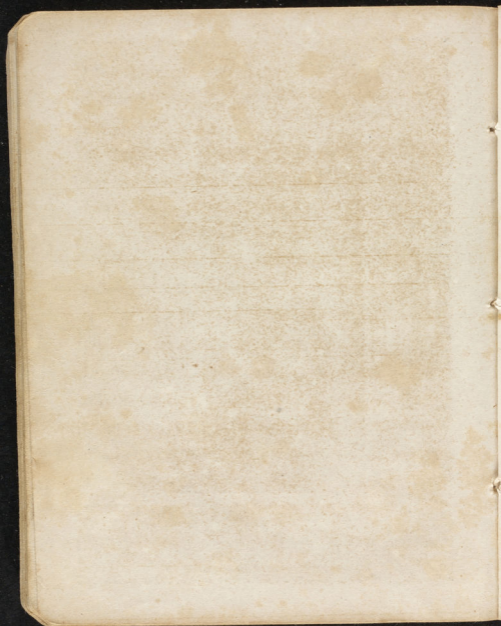
and George that they must come to the city and see him, and left little Anna covering her face with her hands, that he might not see her tears when he bade her "*good bye.*"

It was a pleasant morning when they started for home, and Edward's father determined to take a different route from the one they had traveled before. Edward was delighted at the sight of the fine scenery. He told his mother he wished he was a bird, that he might fly to the top of some of the high hills which he saw.

In the afternoon they came to a river over which there was no bridge. But Edward soon saw two men beckon to

a boy over on the other side, who directly rowed across in a small boat. His mother told him this was the boat which was to take them all across the river, and the large flat bottomed boat, just starting from the other side, was for the horses and carriage. Then his father carried him to the small boat, and sat him down on a nice seat, by the side of his mother. The sun had not yet set, but threw a bright yellow light on the water, that made it look like gold. Edward did not wonder that the geese and ducks were so fond of swimming about on it. He dipped his little fingers into the water, and was sorry the opposite shore was so near, and his pleasant sail would so soon be over.





“Mother,” exclaimed Edward, “look there! see! a bird has just tumbled into the water! O! there he comes out again, with *a little fish in his claws!*”

“Poor little fish,” said his mother. “The bird you saw, Edward, is called a *fish-hawk*, and lives on fish.”

Edward pitied the little fish, and did not much like the fish-hawk. By this time the small boat had reached the shore, and his mother told him to sit by her on the green bank and look at the beautiful sight before them, while the horses and carriage were coming across. There was the river all smooth and shining like gold, while beyond it were the high mountains, looking like

purple clouds, and opposite, the sun was setting in all the rich splendor of a summer evening. Just at this moment, an eagle flew over their heads and soared away to his home in the mountains.

“Oh, mother,” said Edward, “do tell me something about the eagle.”

“Yes, my son, I will tell you that eagles build their nests in high rocks, of sticks and dry grass. Their nests are very large, big enough to hold little lambs, which they sometimes carry off for food. Once, it is said, two little babies were carried off by eagles.”

“Oh, how dreadful that was,” said Edward; “were they ever brought back again, mother?”

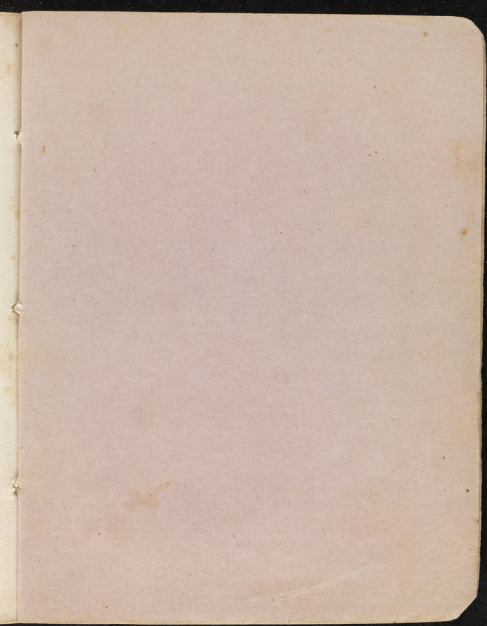
“Yes, fortunately they were seen and pursued. The eagles had carried the little ones safely to their nests and left them, and there they were found, looking as quietly as if they were in their mother’s lap.”

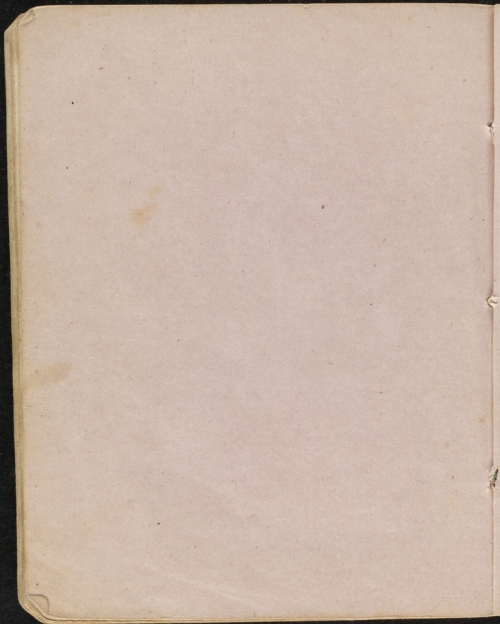
Just then the carriage drove up, and they all got in and continued their journey. Edward saw nothing that pleased him so much as that river, and often wished that he could paddle over it again in the little boat. But soon they drew near home, and then he began to think what a joyful meeting they should have with his brothers and Aunt Mary. The first thing they saw as they came near to the house, was Romeo, who

came running up to the carriage, wagging his tail, and looking as much pleased as Edward was.

We will not mention all the joy of the children, nor tell how much was said by them the night Edward got home; nor how delighted he was in telling of all the wonders he had seen. But I think he has learned enough in this pleasant journey, to make him a wiser and a happier little boy.







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