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PICTURES

AND

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG:

OR

PLEASING TALES

IN

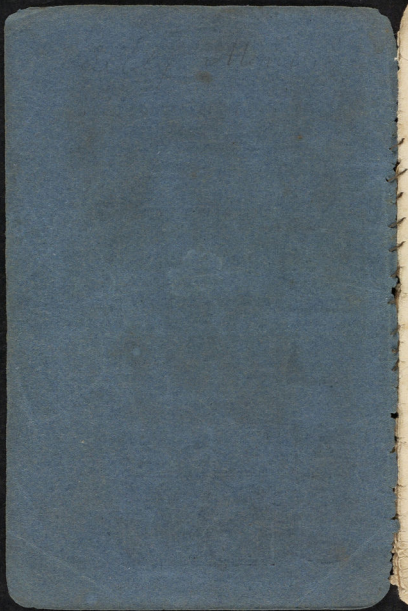
POETRY AND PROSE.



NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.





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EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.



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THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER Page 3.



PLAYING IN CHURCH. Page 3.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.



THE TATTLER.

It is the custom in most large cities, for chimney-sweepers to walk about the streets, calling, "Sweep, sweep," in order to let those persons whose chimneys want sweeping, know that they are near at hand, and ready. A man has a boy with him, who goes up the small chimneys. Poor little fellows! though they are so black and sooty, and have such a dirty task to do, yet if their master be kind, and they are good children, they are quite as merry as those little boys and girls who are nicely washed, and dressed every morning in clean white linen. Still I should be sorry to see any of my little boys chimney-sweepers; and I wish we could have our chimneys swept by some other means; for I fear that those poor children who have cruel masters, and who do not like their trade, are often treated very ill, and are far from happy.

The little sweep, whose story I am going to tell you, had an honest kind master, who was as good to him as if he had been his father.

One morning, as they were walking along a street in the town where they lived, the man first calling "Sweep, sweep," in his loud, deep voice, and then the little boy squeaking it out in his small, shrill voice, they were called into the house of a person whose name was Manby.

Mr. Manby wanted to have his study chimney swept; and as it was full of books and papers of great value, he said to the master sweep, I hope you will be careful, and that your boy is honest, and not likely to touch or take any thing which is not his own; for if any of my papers be lost, it will cause me a great deal of trouble.

Sir, said the man, I believe I can trust him not to do wrong, for he has been with me two years, and I have always found him honest and careful.

Mr. Manby's little girl, Kate, was in the room with her papa, and staid to see the little boy go up the chimney. A large cloth was put up before the fire-place, in order to prevent the soot from blowing into the room. As soon as the boy had got to the top of the chimney, he began to sing a merry tune, in order to let his master know where he was, and that he was safe and sound.

His master then left the room, as he had to sweep the kitchen chimney also; and Kate, wishing to hear the boy's song more clearly, and to see how much soot had fallen, lifted the cloth, which being very slightly nailed up, it was undone and fell down. She tried to re-place it, and in doing so, made her hands so dirty and black, that she was forced to go and wash them.

When she came back into the study, she found the little sweep had come down the chimney again, and was alone in the room. Her papa soon came in.

Well, my little fellow, he said, I hear you are an honest boy, and that you obey your master. Is he kind to you?

O yes, sir, said the boy, very kind. My father and mother died when I was a baby, and I lived for some time in the workhouse; but I like much better to be a sweep.

How much do you earn ? asked Mr. Manby.

I don't know, sir, said the boy ; my master takes all ; but he gives me a penny now and then. When I am older I shall have my wages.

Your master clothes and feeds you, said Mr. Manby ; and it is a happy thing for you to have a friend who can and will take care of you. You are so young that, even if you could earn more, and had your wages to spend as you liked, you would not know how to spend them wisely, and you would in the end be poorer than you now are.

I am quite content, sir, said the boy.

You are a wise boy as well as an honest boy, then, said Mr. Manby, and here's sixpence for you.

Sixpence ! said the little boy, clapping his hands and jumping for joy ; I never had a silver sixpence before in all my life ! Thank you, sir ; now I can buy a peg-top !

After the sweeps had left the house, Mr. Manby wanted his gold pencil-case ; it was not in his pocket, and he searched for it all over the room. He rang the bell and asked if the servants had seen it ; they had not, nor did Kate know where it was.

I used it last night in this room, said Mr. Manby ; it can not be lost, for I have not left the house since, and I must insist on its being found.

The servants looked in all parts of the house, but in vain ; the pencil-case could not be found.

When Kate and her father were alone, he said, I hope the little sweep did not take my pencil-case ; I believe I saw it on the mantel-piece before he came. I think, with that honest face and manner, he could hardly have been guilty of the crime of theft.

He was alone in the room when I came in, papa, said Kate ; he might have taken it then.

He *might* have done so, said Mr. Manby ; but I can not think he did. Now, Kate, say not a word that can lead any one to believe, that it is at all likely the sweep could have taken the pencil-case ; for if he has not done so, it would be very wrong and cruel to talk of it ; and even if he has, he may be taught better without letting all the world know his fault.

Mr. Manby then rang the bell, and asked which way the sweeps had gone.

They are sweeping a chimney close by, sir.

When they leave the house, tell the man I want to speak to him.

The servant left the room. Now, Kate, said Mr. Manby, I hope you will be quite silent.

But Kate was very fond of talking, and above all things she loved a secret. I do not mean that she loved to keep a secret, but she liked having one to tell.

She had hardly left her father's room when she met one of the maid servants, who asked her if the pencil-case was found.

No, said Kate, but I think I can tell who has taken it.

You don't say so, Miss ! said the maid ; I hope the thief will be found out, then ; for it would be very hard that your papa should suspect honest folks.

Papa does not suspect honest folks, of course, because an honest person would not steal.

But does my master suspect any of us servants ?

I can't say who papa suspects ; but I know who I think has taken it, and that is the little sweep.

Well, Miss, and that's just what I think ; and I've no doubt it is he ; but this must be found out, for I

am sure it is unfair that my master should suspect any of us of a theft.

But I did not say that papa did suspect any of you ; and you must not say a word about it. Papa told me not to talk about it, so you must keep the secret, for I did not mean to have told it.

About half an hour after this, Kate heard a great noise in the street, of persons talking very loud, and a child crying, with the sound of blows. She looked out at the window, and saw the poor little sweep crying, while his master was beating him, and saying he would have nothing more to do with a thief ; while the poor boy said he was not a thief, that he had not stolen the pencil-case, nor any thing else. Some of the servants were there also, and told his master not to mind what the boy said, for that Miss Kate had told them that she knew the boy had taken the case.

How sorry now was Kate that she had said a word on the subject ; for she could not deny that she had said so, and yet she had no reason to think that the boy was a thief ; for why did she think him so ? only because he had been alone for a few minutes in her father's study.

Mr. Manby, who was in the room with her, and from the window saw and heard all that passed, called to the master sweep to leave off beating the boy, and to come into the house. He then said to Kate :

It is you who have made this mischief ; your fondness for talking has been the cause of all this anger and sorrow. I shall take care how I trust you again. Come with me.

They then went down, and Mr. Manby began to question the boy, who prayed him to believe that he was not a thief, that he had never robbed any body.

I do not doubt you, said Mr. Manby ; but in order to prove that you did not take the pencil-case, you must submit to be searched.

I wish to be searched, said the boy, for I have nothing in my pocket but the sixpence you gave me, and a knife that was my poor father's. So saying, the boy began to turn his pockets inside out ; the next moment one of the maid servants ran into the room quite out of breath, crying, Stop, stop, I have found it, here it is, sir ; I found it in the cloth which was hung before the fire-place when the boy went up the chimney.

Kate now looked more ashamed and vexed than before, for she felt certain that the pencil-case must have rolled off the mantel-piece and fallen with the cloth when she had pulled it down. The poor boy, then, had been beaten and called a thief without reason, and it had been all her fault. She burst into tears, but could only say, I am very sorry.

And so am I, said the master sweep ; I have beaten my poor boy here for nothing at all.

I do not know, said Mr. Manby, how I can make amends to the boy for the way in which he has been treated.

O, sir, I don't much mind it now, said the boy, since you all know I am not a thief.

Kate, said her father, turning to her, can you think of any means by which you can show that you are really sorry for having caused the lad so much pain and disgrace ?

No, papa, she said, except giving him money, and that I will do with the greatest pleasure.

If I may be so bold as to speak, sir, said the master, I think the boy will forgive and forget without any amends at all. Won't you Billy ?

Yes, to be sure I will, said Billy.

That's a good lad, said Mr. Manby, I have no doubt that I shall one day find the means of being useful to you; your master will let me now when I can be of service; and, depend on it, I shall not forget you. And you, Kate, have had a lesson which I hope you will never forget, and which will, I trust, cure you of your love of talking, and of liking to hear and tell secrets.



PLAYING IN CHURCH.

Sunday, at church, some naughty boys
 Were seated near my pew,
 Who laughed and talked, till by their noise,
 They my attention drew.

They listen'd not, they said no prayer,
 But briskly chatter'd on;
 "The parson can not see us here,
 That's a good thing," said one.

I fear those boys have not been taught,
 That from the Lord on high,
 They can not hide one act or thought,
 However they may try.

Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
 Our God beholds us still.
 Did they know this as well as you,
 They'd not behave so ill.



STARTING FOR SCHOOL. Page 11.



PICKING BERRIES. Page 13.

Within God's house they would not dare
To vent their idle mirth ;
Humbly they'd kneel before Him there,
Who's watch'd them from their birth.



LOST IN THE WOODS.

My little reader, did you ever lose yourself in the woods? Perhaps not; but many children have. I knew a boy and a girl, named James and Fanny, who lived upon the slope of a mountain, more than a mile from a village.

A large part of the space between their house and the village was covered by forests; but these children were accustomed to go to school and to church through the woods, and their parents never felt any anxiety about them.

One morning, they set out to go to school; it was August, and the weather was warm and beautiful. In descending the mountain, they came to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a small blue lake.

This was surrounded by the forest, and seemed to be at no great distance. James had often seen it before, and wished to go to it, but, on the present occasion, he could not withstand the temptation to pay it a visit. Accordingly, he sat out, having persuaded Fanny to accompany him.

They pushed on through the woods for some time, in the direction of the lake, and at length, supposed they must be very near to it; but on coming to a little eminence, and catching a glimpse of

the blue water between the trees, it still seemed as distant as before.

They were not discouraged, however, but again went forward for some time. At length, Fanny said to her brother, that they had better return and go to school. James replied, that it was too late to get to school in time, and he thought the better way was to make a holiday of it. They would return home at the usual time, and their parents would know nothing about it.

"I don't like that plan," said little Fanny, "for our parents expect us to go to school, and if we do not go, we disobey them. Besides, if we spend the day in play and say nothing about it, and let them think we have been at school, we deceive them, and that is as bad as telling a lie."

"Oh, nonsense!" said James; "we'll tell them we lost our way, or something of the kind. Don't you be afraid. I'll manage that matter, so come along."

Little Fanny went forward, but she was sad at heart; and James too, conscious of disobedience and deception, felt unhappy; but he put on a brave face, and sang, or whistled, as he proceeded.

Again the two children came to a place where they could see the little lake, and, strange to tell, it seemed about as far off now, as when they first set out to visit it.

The fact was, they had been deceived; for the lake was much farther off than it appeared to be. They had already spent two hours in their attempt to reach it; and, after some consultation, they determined to give up their enterprise, and go back.

But now their task commenced. They had pursued no beaten path, and they had nothing to guide

them in their return. The sky, which had been so clear in the morning, was now overshadowed with thick clouds. Uncertain of the course they ought to pursue, they still went forward with trembling and anxious haste.

Coming at length to the foot of a cliff, they paused, being overcome with fatigue. James sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny. "We have lost our way, and shall never find our home again," said James. "We have lost our way, no doubt," said Fanny, "but I hope and trust we shall find our way out of the woods. This is come upon us, James, because of our disobedience."

"I know it, Fanny," said James; "but it was my disobedience, and not yours, and I am so unhappy because my wickedness has brought you into trouble; and besides, I intended to deceive our parents. I can not but wonder now, how I could think of such a thing."

"Well, James," said Fanny, "let this be a lesson to us both; and now we must proceed, and try to find our way out of the wood."

Accordingly, they went forward with great diligence; but having rambled about for nearly four hours, supposing all the time they were going towards their home, they came back to the very spot, beneath the cliff, where they had sat down and rested themselves before.

They were now quite discouraged, and almost broken-hearted. They had picked some berries in their rambles, so that they were not very hungry; but their fatigue was so great, that, after lying side by side upon the sloping bank for a while, they both fell asleep.

It was about midnight when Fanny awoke. She had been dreaming that she and her brother had wandered away, and lost themselves in the forest that, overcome with fatigue, they had thrown themselves down on the earth at the foot of a cliff, and fell asleep, and that they were awakened from their sleep by hearing the call of their father, ringing through the solitude.

It was at this point of her dream, that Fanny awoke. For a moment she was bewildered, but soon recollected where she was. She cast her eye about, and saw that no shelter was over her, but the starry canopy of heaven.

She looked around, and could see nothing but the ragged outline of the hills against the sky. She listened, and seemed to feel that the voice heard in her dream was a reality, and that she should hear it again. But she now heard only the solitary chirp of a cricket, and the mournful shivering of the leaves.

She sat some time, almost afraid to make the slightest noise, yet feeling such a sense of desolation that she must wake up her brother.

She was stretching out her hand for the purpose of waking him, when she seemed to hear the call of her father, as she had heard it in her dream. She listened intently, her little heart beating with the utmost anxiety.

She waited for several minutes, when, full and clear, and at no great distance, she heard her father call "James!" The little girl sprang to her feet, and screamed, with all her might, "Here, here we are, father!" James was soon awakened, and, with some difficulty, the father came down the cliff and clasped his children in his arms.

I need not say, that this painful adventure was remembered by James and Fanny, long after they had ceased to be children ; and they were both accustomed to say, that it was of importance to them through life, in impressing upon them the necessity of obedience to parents, and the wickedness of all attempts to deceive them.

Let me remark to my youthful readers, that if pleasure ever tempts them to forsake the path of duty, I hope they will remember, that like the blue lake which seemed so beautiful and near to the eyes of our little wanderers, and which was yet inaccessible to them, it will probably disappoint their efforts to obtain it.



HONEST TRAY.

Come hither, honest master Tray
 And tell me how it is,
 That after romping all the day
 You've got that solemn phiz ?

Short while ago you was so brisk,
 Barking and bounding with such glee,
 Leaping with many a funny frisk,
 While frolicking with me.

I'm sure you dearly love some fun—
 Come tell me now, you elf,
 What is it you are thinking on,
 On me, or on yourself ?



HONEST TRAY.

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THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

Page 22.

If you are tired I'll make your bed
 Under the hawthorn tree ;
 And there, with nightcap on your head,
 How comical you'll be.

I'll sing you about Robin Hood,
 And how he used to go
 Rambling in the merry green wood,
 With staff and bended bow.

Or else of Johnny Gilpin's rout,
 How he lost hat and wig!
 And never dream'd, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

Or I'll bring my little picture book—
 What makes you wag your tail ?
 Ah! now you've such a merry look,
 There's nothing did you ail.

Well, you're a nice, good, faithful dog
 For it you'll be a winner ;
 Unto the house come let us jog,
 And you shall have your dinner !



THE OLD FROCK.

Mrs. Alger and her daughter were sitting together one morning in the holidays, sewing.

Jane sighed. "Why do you sigh?" asked her mother.

"Because, mamma," said she, with a slight blush, "I can not go to Miss Warrington's party."

"Why not, dear?" said Mrs. Alger.

"Because, mamma," said Jane, "I have worn my party dress so many times, that I am ashamed of it."

"Is it soiled, Jane?" asked her mother.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

"Is it injured in any way?" continued Mrs. Alger.

"No, mamma," said Jane.

"Why do you object to wearing it, then?" inquired her mother.

Jane blushed very deeply, and tears came into her eyes as she answered, "Oh, mamma, when I went to Mrs. Anderson's the other evening, Miranda Warren whispered loud enough for me to hear, to a young lady who stood by her, 'there comes Miss *Onefrock!*' and here Jane let her work fall from her hand, and laying her head on the table, sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Alger paused until the violence of Jane's feelings had subsided.

"Is Miss Warren a very superior girl?" said she, calmly.

"Not that I know of, mamma; but she has every thing elegant to wear. Her frocks are of the nicest materials, and she seldom wears the same to two parties in succession; but I should not mind that, mamma; she might wear the dress of a princess, and I would not envy her; but I can not bear to know that she ridicules me. I can not, can not bear it," said Jane.

"I am sorry, my dear child," replied her mother, "that I am unable to consult your taste and feelings, and give you a new frock, because you generally try to please me, and I would willingly gratify you;

but I can not afford it. You must dress according to my means."

"I think, then, mamma," said Jane, "I had best give up society."

"I am indifferent about your attending parties, Jane, and you may consult your own feelings; but I should regret to have you give them up on account of *dress*. Now tell me honestly, do you think Miss Warren happier than other girls?"

"Perhaps not," said Jane. "I can not think it happiness to put every thing in a ridiculous point of view. Most of her conversation is ridicule. She seems to see what is *wrong* and not what is *right*. Rosalie Withers, her cousin, is so different. She is just as rich, and dresses quite as tastefully; but she looks as pleasantly upon a plain dress on others, as she would on the richest jewels."

"Why not cultivate Rosalie's society, then," said her mother, "and avoid Amanda's?"

"Oh, mamma," said Jane, "because Amanda is so amusing. She has such a droll way of mimicking people, and talking about them, that one can not help laughing, even when one does not approve of it."

"You confess, then, my daughter, that *you* have listened and laughed, when Amanda has ridiculed others?"

Jane looked down.

"Do you perceive much difference between a person who ridicules another, and one who enjoys the joke?"

"I confess," said Jane, "I have been amused by Amanda's wit very often."

"You deserve, then," said her mother, with some severity, "to be ridiculed by her. But I do not

wish to continue this subject. It is entirely out of my power to make frequent changes in your dress. If you wish to go into society with a modest, social spirit, simple in your costume, and amiable in your manners, society will not hurt you; but if your object is display, I would rather see you clothed in homespun by the chimney corner."



CORNERS OF TIME.

"Corners of Time! mamma;" said Harry one day when a morning visitor had gone, to whom Mrs. Herbert had been speaking of the advantage of keeping a watchful guardianship over the intervals which occur between finishing one occupation and taking up another, "What did you mean? Pray do tell me, mamma," he repeated, as he saw a smile gathering on Mrs. Herbert's face at the strangeness of the question.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert, "I am always happy to afford you any explanation you need. Excuse my smile; I did not laugh at *you*, but at *your question*. It certainly is an odd term, but is a very expressive one. I met with it some time ago in a book on the improvement of time, and one of the arguments by which the duty was enforced was this. A celebrated author, one who had written a great many books, was asked by a friend how he, whose time was so completely occupied in other employments, could find leisure for literary pursuits. He replied, I do it by improving the corners of time. When I come down stairs to breakfast, I find it not

quite ready ; I step into my study, take pen, ink, and paper, and write a few lines. My thoughts continue to flow during breakfast, and when that is over I finish the sentence. In the same manner, when I come home to dinner, the ladies are not dressed. I wash my hands, adjust my cravat, and step into my study. Ten, fifteen, or even twenty minutes sometimes elapse before I am summoned to the dining room, and in that time I can do a good deal of work. Similar intervals occur in the evening, and these I call Corners of Time."

"Oh yes, mamma!" said Harry, "I understand it now."

"And I hope it will make an impression on you, Harry," said Mrs. Herbert. "Much may be done in these 'odd moments,' if one but uses them rightly. You remember the old saying which I repeated to you a few days ago,

'Stroke upon stroke,
Will fell the oak.'



THE CAPTIVE BIRD

"Sweet little mistress, let me go,
And I'll smooth the feathers on my brow,
And sing you a song so sweet and clear,
That you will be glad to stop and hear.

Indeed you know not what you do,
I'll tell you all, and tell you true ;
I've left some young ones on the tree,
In a soft nest ; there are one, two, three.

'Tis two hours now since Dick was fed,
 And little Billy hangs his head,
 Sweet Katy wonders where I'm gone,
 And the poor things are all alone.

Perhaps some cat in prowling round,
 Will see and seize them at a bound ;
 The cruel pussy I might scare
 With my shrill note, if I were there.

Ah me ! no more at early morn,
 Shall I rest my foot on the stooping thorn,
 And pour the song from my soft breast,
 While my dear young ones are at rest.

No more shall I, with eager bill,
 Snatch up the worm from off the hill,
 And no more hear the trembling cry,
 That welcomes me when I draw nigh.

But my sad notes have touched your heart
 Your open hand bids me depart ;
 Blessings on thee, my mistress dear,
 My darlings have no more to fear."



THE OWL AND MAGPIE.

A FABLE.

There are some persons who are very fond of talking, and nothing pleases them so much as a good listener. If any one has the patience to hear them, they will often prattle for a long time, seeming not to consider how tedious it is to every person but themselves. I will tell a fable which may warn my young readers against making this mistake.

I suppose you have heard of the magpie, a gay, chattering bird, with black wings and a long tail, very common in England. One day a bird of this sort was hopping about to see what she could find; there was a castle close by, the gate of which was open. First looking round, and seeing that no body was near, she ventured into the court; after picking up a few seeds, and poking about for a time, she discovered an owl sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree.

The magpie is a sociable bird, and lets no occasion slip for a little chat with a neighbor. So she approached the owl, and began to talk with him in a very free and familiar manner.

I need not say, that in fables birds and beasts are always imagined to have the faculty of speech. I can not tell you precisely what the magpie said to the owl, but I will give the substance of her discourse as accurately as possible.

"Most wise Owl! I approach you with reverence. It gives me pleasure to address myself to such a sober, quiet, and respectable personage as yourself. I trust you will be happy in making my acquaintance. My name is Magpie. I am the principal gossip of the village, and can tell you all the news. I need not tell you, Mr. Owl, that I am a great favorite. I flatter myself, too, that I am handsome. Look at the length of my tail; observe the shining of my breast and wings!"

At this point of the interview, the owl opened his mouth to yawn, but the conceited magpie fancied that he was going to pay her some compliment. Accordingly she hastened to say, "Stop, stop, Mr. Owl, none of your soft speeches. I hate flattery. I was saying that I could tell you all the news of

the village." The magpie then proceeded to tell all the scandalous tales of the crows, jackdaws, magpies, and other birds of her acquaintance, which she could recollect. She then began to talk of herself, which was her favorite theme. She continued to prattle away for more than an hour, during which time the owl sat perfectly still.

How long the loquacious bird would have continued the discourse I can not tell; but a large rat at length came out of the wall, and frightened her away. She, however, left the castle greatly delighted with the owl, and enjoying the pleasant idea that she had made a most agreeable impression upon that sage and solemn bird.

But conceit is very apt to make people think better of themselves than others do. So it happened in the present case. "I am very thankful," said the owl to himself, as soon as the magpie was out of sight, "that this old twittering bird is gone. How impertinent of her to come in, just as I had eaten that mouse, and was quietly taking a doze after dinner. Really, these great talkers are great bores. They seem to me as if their tongues itched, and they tried to allay the sensation by keeping them in perpetual motion."

Never talk too much, lest, when you are gone, people speak of you as unceremoniously as the owl did of the chattering magpie.



A child should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; it is but saying, in other words, that he is *wiser* to-day than he was yesterday.