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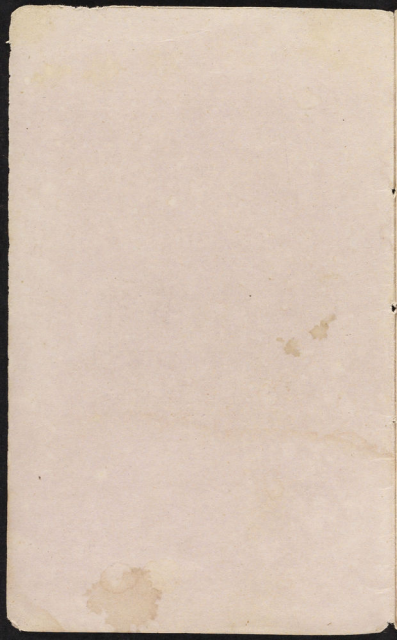
TOY BOOKS.

INSTRUCTION  
AND  
AMUSEMENT  
FOR  
THE YOUNG.  
A series of  
IMPROVING TALES.



NEW HAVEN.  
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.  
1841.





INSTRUCTION  
AND  
AMUSEMENT FOR THE YOUNG,  
A SERIES OF  
IMPROVING TALES.

EMBELLISHED WITH SEVERAL BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



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## THE CARELESS GIRL.



## JULIA AND CAROLINE.



INSTRUCTION  
AND  
AMUSEMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

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JULIA ROSCOE;

OR THE CARELESS LITTLE GIRL.

JULIA, when very young, contracted a habit of carelessness, which her mother vainly endeavored to correct. Though of an extremely sweet and docile disposition, she was also very lively and volatile in her temper: so much so, that her parents were afraid if this careless turn were not corrected, it might produce very unhappy consequences. One morning, the following conversation took place between Julia and her mother:

"Julia, my dear, did you put the china cups in the closet when I told you?"

Julia started. "Oh! I forgot!"

"Where did you leave them?"

"I believe—I left them in the nursery—yes, I did, mamma; but I'll go and put them up this minute."

"Stay," said her mother; "it is too late. You left them on the window-seat; and little Henry, in lifting his hobby-horse down, overturned them: they are broken."

"Broken, mamma! I am very sorry."

"Yes, Julia, I believe you are sorry; but make this sorrow of use to you. It is true the broken cups can not be restored; but let it be a warning to you in future. If you indulge this careless disposition, you will not only suffer from it yourself, but it will be a constant source of trouble to others."

"O mamma! I will mind—indeed I will," cried Julia, throwing her little arms round her mother's neck: "only forgive me this once, I'll promise"—

"No, Julia," said her mother, kissing her, "I exact no rash promises, for a habit is not conquered in a day: only do your best to improve, and I shall be satisfied."

Time passed on; Julia grew older, and no very bad effects resulted from her carelessness. Her mother gladly hoped that the habit was conquered; but, alas! Julia's dolls and other toys, work-boxes, &c., constantly scattered about the floor,—her torn frocks and disorderly drawers, all bore woeful witness to the contrary. Her cloak, hat, gloves, &c. were always strewed about the room, and she spent more time in seeking for the things she had mislaid, and had more trouble, too, than it would have cost her to conquer this bad habit.

One day her father asked her to copy a manuscript for him, saying, with a smile, "Try, Julia, for once, if you can keep the paper clean; it is a shame to blot such good writing as yours is."

"O, papa! there shall not be a spot upon it: you know I never blot my paper when I am writing for you."

"Well, we shall see," said her father.

Julia did, indeed, copy it uncommonly well; there was not a stain upon it; and she was just finishing, when her sister Caroline entered the room

## CARELESS JULIA.



REPROOF

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WRITING

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"O," cried she, "is not this well written, sister? How pleased papa will be when he sees it!"

"Very neat, indeed, my dear Julia! Have you quite done?"

"Yes, all but two or three lines. O! this pen! what an ugly D I have made! However," cried she, looking at it with complacency, "I think it is the only bad letter in it."

"Now it is quite finished, then," said Caroline, "I came to tell you that the old pedlar is here. I would not tell you till you had finished, lest in your hurry"—

"The old pedlar! is he?" cried Julia, starting up; and, turning abruptly, she overturned the inkstand. Her writing fortunately escaped; but the black streams flowed over Caroline's white dress, and thence rolled quickly to the floor. Julia stood in silent consternation, and then began to lament the accident very loudly. "And your dress too, Caroline! I am so sorry: I can't think how it happened. Dear me! and your new dress too! what can I do for you?"

Caroline, in the mean time, had been endeavoring to prevent the mischief from spreading farther, by taking up the inkstand and wiping the carpet. She now assured Julia, with great goodnature, that her dress was not spoiled; that she could easily get the stains out; and that, if she would go to the pedlar, who was waiting below, she would wipe up the ink herself.

"Thank you, dear Caroline! how good this is of you!"

"But," said Caroline, as Julia was leaving the room, "had you not better put your writing away? My hands are covered with ink, and I can not touch it."



"O! never mind," cried Julia, skipping out of the room; and she was out of sight in a moment.

At tea-time her father inquired for the manuscript: Julia went to fetch it; but it could not be found. At last she was obliged to return to the drawing-room, and own, with much confusion, that it was no where to be found.

"It must be found," said her father; "it is of great consequence. Where did you put it?"

"I forgot to put it up," said Julia: "I left it on the writing-table."

"This comes of *carelessness*, Julia," said her father, in an angry tone.

Julia, in great distress, made another search for the papers; but in vain, when, as she was slowly and sadly returning to her father to announce her bad success, she heard light footsteps approaching, and presently some one reached over her shoulder, and presented the papers before her delighted eyes.

"Caroline, where could you find them?"

"I recollected seeing you writing on a music book; and, as soon as the thought occurred to me, I went and looked through all the music books, and at last found it just where you left it."

"Thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed Julia, running on with far quicker and lighter steps.

"Stop, Julia," said her sister; "one word,—if you had but put it up in your desk, how much trouble would have been spared!"

"Yes, it is all very true; but I am so glad it is found after all. I think my careless habit is cured." Alas! no; Julia was far from being cured.

One day Julia's father said, "I am going to see an iron-foundry this morning; and, as the process of moulding is curious, I will take you with me. I am going directly; so get ready."

## CARELESS JULIA.



CARELESSNESS.

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THE OLD PEDLAR.

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Julia was quite delighted. Caroline, more tranquil in her joy, cheerfully left the room to put on her hat and cloak; she then returned into the parlor; and Julia soon came running down stairs, exclaiming, "Caroline! Caroline! have you seen my gloves?"

"No," said Caroline.

"Then they are certainly lost; for I have looked for them every where."

"I will lend you a pair," said her sister.

"No, Caroline," said her mother; "Julia must take the consequences of her negligence. Take your choice, Julia: either go without your gloves, or remain at home."

As she finished speaking, the door opened, and Julia's father entered. "Come, girls, are you ready?" Caroline rose; and Julia, in confusion, silently followed.

"Julia, where are your gloves?" said her father.

"She has lost them," answered her mother; "but I have given her leave to go."

Julia colored deeply.

"O careless Julia!" said her father.

It was a cold frosty morning; and bitterly did Julia feel the want of her warm-lined gloves: in fact, the cold she experienced was so severe, and the shame she suffered, in appearing with uncovered hands, was so unpleasant, that poor Julia had little enjoyment in her visit to the foundry.

\* \* \* \* \*

One night the family were alarmed by the cry of "fire!" One of the servants said she had been awakened by the flames. On examination, it was found that the fire originated in the library, and was rapidly spreading to the next room. The only per-

son in danger was little Henry, who slept in this small room. Julia's father was in another part of the house procuring water, and giving directions to the servants: her mother, half fainting, could hardly support herself; and the servants all recoiled with horror. Caroline turned pale and trembled. Julia alone, unappalled by the idea of danger, resolved to save him or perish. A moment's delay might be fatal: she caught a blanket, wrapped it around her slender form, and darted through the fire. In a few minutes, she appeared again, carrying her brother in her arms. She arrived safe on the landing, and gave him to his mother.

It was now the dawn of day, and the fire was at length completely extinguished, without having caused so much damage as had been apprehended. The family were all assembled together, and they began to busy themselves in conjectures of what could have occasioned the fire. Julia's father said he had been examining some papers, and had probably let a spark drop among them: "however," added he, "whatever occasioned it, I am sure our best thanks are due to Julia for her noble and courageous conduct. Who would think that one so young, possessed such spirit and presence of mind!" Her mother and sister eagerly joined in praising Julia, who received their praises with modest pleasure; but suddenly she turned very pale.

"I know," she cried: she could say no more; her voice faltered, and she could hardly stand.

Caroline supported her, and said, "Julia! dear Julia! you have burned yourself, I fear."

"No," said she, "but I was the cause of the fire. I was reading in the study very late, and sitting by the table, between the windows. Before

I went to bed, I fetched little Henry's candle; for Nurse was ill. I took it with me and left my own in the study. I forgot it: it was a windy night: the window curtains"—She said no more, but burst into tears.

Her father and mother saw that there was no need of reproaches: she felt sufficiently, and more because her parents judiciously refrained from all blame. From that day, Julia was, indeed, cured: she exerted herself much at first; and, at last, became as habitual to her to be careful, prudent and orderly, as it had once been to be careless forgetful and negligent.



## THE OBSTINATE GIRL

### A FAMILY STORY.

My grandmother was left a widow, with a large young family. She endeavored to bring them up "in the way they should go, that when they grew old they might not depart from it." These words, my young readers, you will find in the proverbs of that wisest of men, Solomon, which are so pleasant to read, that when I was young, like many of you, I committed many of the chapters to memory—not as a task, but as a pleasure. Now my grandmother's father was a pious minister of the gospel, and like his divine master, he had not only preached the gospel to his flock and his family, but both by precept and example he aimed at imitating his godlike

## THE OBSTINATE GIRL.



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## HECTOR AND PETER.



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qualities, and was scrupulously attentive to the education of his children. My grandmother was helped one day at dinner to a leg of fowl, which she refused to eat, and got in a pet, because her father would not give her the breast—this was very naughty conduct, both towards her heavenly father, whose blessing had been invoked on the meat before her, and towards her earthly parent, whose authority and better judgment she thus attempted to resist. But what do you think her good father did? I will tell you—he ordered the leg to be laid by for supper, and forbade Miss from being supplied with any food until she consented to eat it. Miss continued obstinate for nearly all the next day, but in the evening she eagerly asked for the despised leg, begged pardon and never offended again—being made sensible, that she should be grateful and thankful to the Giver of all good, for so many more of the good things of this life, with which she was provided, than thousands of her fellow creatures were blessed with. I remember children, when a plate of bread and butter, or of cake, was handed to me, I was obliged to take the piece next to me, without choosing, and am grateful to the memory of my dear parents, for requiring me to do so, and so will all good boys and girls, when they grow up to be men and women, be thankful for their fathers, mothers, or friends, who take the trouble to instruct them in what is right, and not only in great, but what might seem to them, trifling matters.

## HECTOR AND PETER,

OR THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH.

"Begone, you little ragged urchin,—you have no right to come prawning on the sands before our villa, and, if I find you here again, you shall feel my horsewhip about your shoulders!"

This threat was uttered by Master Hector Lebrun, a young gentleman about ten years of age. The boy he threatened was rather younger than himself, but this was no imputation upon his courage, for Peter Bluff was quite as tall, and, as the event proved, more than a match for the proud Hector Lebrun.

Peter Bluff was a good-natured, quick-witted boy, and answered Hector's threat with a loud laugh, telling him that the beach was free to every one, and that he should fish for prawns wherever he thought there was a chance of catching them; "and, as for your horsewhip," continued Peter, "you had better keep that at home, or you may, perhaps, bring a whip for your own back!"

"You insolent ragmuffin," cried Hector, in a rage, "do you dare to talk in this way to the son of a gentleman, a captain in the army, while your father is only a dirty, half-starved fisherman! If you don't be gone without another word, I'll beat you till you are black and blue."

"Poh! poh!" said Peter, "I do'n't care a straw for your threats, and I shall stay here as long as I please, in spite of the *son of a gentleman!*"

This sneer so enraged Hector, that he assailed Peter with great fury, while the latter defended himself most gallantly, knocking Master Hector



flat on his back at the first onset. How long the battle would have continued, or which of the heroes would have finally been the victor, can not be told, for in the very heat of the encounter, the voice of Captain Lebrun put an end to the combat.

"Cease fighting this instant, I command you both," said he.

The two boys, panting for breath, ceased at his bidding, and each was eager to excuse himself and blame his opponent.

"Silence!" said Captain Lebrun; "there is no occasion for either of you to explain the cause of your quarrel. I was sitting in the veranda, and overheard the whole of it. Hector, you were the aggressor; you had no right to threaten Peter, or upbraid him for his poverty; but as he has proved that he has the power to protect himself, and, if I may judge from your appearance, to punish you for your folly, I will say no more about it. Come, Peter, my boy, Hector is sorry for what he said; here is a shilling for you, my brave fellow: when Hector is a year or two older, he will be ashamed of boasting of his own riches, or insulting honest poverty."

The kindness of Captain Lebrun subdued the sturdy Peter; his eyes filled with tears, and he declared if it was displeasing to the Captain, he would never prawn in front of the villa again.

"No, no, Peter; prawn where you like, my brave boy, the beach is open to all," said the Captain; then, turning to the mortified Hector, he continued, "do not stand crying there, but shake hands with Peter, and let him go about his business."

"He knocked me down," cried Hector, "and I can not forgive him."

“For shame, boy; you were the aggressor, and Peter has forgiven your petulance, while you retain your anger!”

“I will shake hands with him now, papa, because you wish it, but when I am a man I’ll—”

“Treat him as an old friend I hope,” said the Captain, finishing the half uttered sentence, “and laugh at the battle on the beach. Good day, Peter!”

The crest-fallen Hector followed his father into the villa, and Peter made the best of his way to his parents’ hut upon the beach, where he triumphantly displayed the shilling which the Captain had given him as the reward of valor.

A few days after the occurrence I have just related, Captain Lebrun received an order from the government to attend at the War-office at Paris upon business of importance, which obliged him ultimately to take up his residence in that city; and, when Hector arrived at the proper age, he was placed as a pupil in the celebrated Polytechnic school, and gained great approbation from the learned professor of that establishment for his perseverance and attainments. At the age of eighteen, he was rewarded by a commission in the French army, and at his own solicitation was attached to a regiment then under orders to join the expedition against Algiers.

It is unnecessary for my tale that I should describe the city of Algiers, or give an account of the embarkation and landing of the troops that were sent to take the place. It is sufficient for me to say that Hector Lebrun proved himself a most active and useful officer, and that, previous to the storming of the city, it was considered necessary that a strong fortress which commanded one of the

principal entrances to the city, should be got possession of, and the regiment in which Hector served, was ordered to undertake this dangerous operation. The Algerines defended the fort with great bravery, and, as they were excellent marksmen, aimed particularly at the French officers. So many of them were killed, that Hector found himself the senior officer of the regiment. So destructive had been the fire of the enemy, and so great the loss sustained by the French, that the soldiers were about to shrink from the contest. Hector gallantly rallied the men, and by bravely ascending the scaling ladder which led to the place from whence proceeded the most determined defense, he raised the drooping courage of the soldiers, and incited them to make one more effort. He was eagerly followed by the troops, and in a few minutes gaining footing, the French flag waved triumphantly over the battlement, and the victory appeared secure. At this moment, however, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a numerous body of Algerines attacked the besiegers of the fort. The French soldiers were panic-struck at the appearance of this fresh reinforcement, and being greatly exhausted by their former exertions, made a hasty retreat, leaving Hector and the few brave fellows who followed him into the fortress, in the hands of the enraged Algerines, who would have put them to instant death, had not the Algerine chief, in the hope of making an advantage of his prisoners, rescued them from the fury of his soldiers. Hector was separated from his companions, and conducted to a dungeon on that side of the fortress nearest the sea.

Worn out with the extraordinary fatigue which he had undergone, Hector laid himself down on

the cold stones, and soon fell as fast asleep as if he lay upon a bed of down. He was awakened at day-dawn, on the following morning, by the thunder of artillery, and from the tremendous uproar on all sides of the fortress, he concluded that the French were making the grand attack upon the city. In a few hours the firing ceased, and Hector began to search about the apartment for water to allay his raging thirst. He could find none at all. All was silent without, save the dashing of the waves as they broke against the fortress. At last, his thirst increasing till he almost gasped for breath, he threw himself on the floor in despair.

How long he remained in this state he knew not ; all that he could remember afterwards, was a confused ringing in his ears, and a heavy oppressive feeling, as if a huge load was laid on his chest. His tongue grew black and swollen, and he must soon have perished, had not a little band of sailors come to his relief. They broke down the door of his prison, and seeing no one in it but a person lying on the floor motionless, they hastily concluded that he was dead, and were hurrying away, when their leader called them to stop, and going towards the body began to examine it. Though motionless, he saw that there was still life ; and taking it up in his arms, he bore it from the dismal place to a more open and well furnished apartment. Here he administered such restoratives as he could command, and had the pleasure of soon seeing his patient revive so much as to be able to swallow a little wine and water, which he administered with almost feminine gentleness.

When the prisoner had so far recovered, he anxiously inquired the name of his deliverer. He was

told it was Lieutenant Peter Bruff. For a long time Hector was at a loss to imagine where he had seen his deliverer, whose features and name were both familiar to him, flitting before his eyes with dreamlike indistinctness.

It was indeed Peter Bruff, the poor fisherman's son, who, having entered the naval service of his country, had by intelligence and good conduct gradually raised himself to the rank of lieutenant, and no sooner was the fortress in the power of the French, than he sought and obtained permission from his commanding officer, to proceed to the dungeons to release the captives, of which he well knew there were many confined in those dark and dismal receptacles.

When Hector discovered who his deliverer was, the battle on the beach immediately rushed into his recollection. Mr. Bruff, too, remembered it well, and though they afterwards often laughed heartily at their mimic warfare, Captain Lebrun declared that the lesson which had been then taught him, he had never forgotten; and that the battle on the beach had been of more use to him in his progress through life, than many events of a far more lofty character.



### DANGEROUS SPORT.

Poor Peter was burnt by the poker one day,  
When he made it look pretty and red;  
For the beautiful sparks made him think it fine play.  
To lift it as high as his head.

## DANGEROUS SPORT.



BURNT BY THE POKER. Page 19

## ADVICE TO HERBERT.



KISSING PAPA.

But, somehow it happen'd, his finger and thumb,  
Were terribly scorched with the heat ;  
And he scream'd out aloud for his mother to come,  
And stamp'd on the floor with his feet.

Now if Peter had minded his mother's command,  
His fingers would not have been sore ;  
And he promised again, as she bound up his hand,  
To play with hot pokers no more.



## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ;

### OR THE BOYS AND THE SQUIRREL.

Perhaps there is no vice to which some boys are so much addicted, as cruelty to the brute creation ; they seem to think that because animals can not speak, they can not feel pain ; in this way an old woman, when reproved for skinning eels alive, said, " Oh, they don't mind it ; they are accustomed to it." My dear little reader, I was once like yourself, a child, and although, thanks to a kind Creator for making me the son of such humane parents, I never shared in such cruel sports, I could not avoid witnessing the cruelty of other boys. I will now tell you what I have seen. A beautiful little squirrel was on a bright sunny day frisking from bough to bough, and although it could not speak, plainly showed that it was happy and thankful for God's blessings. At one moment, the active little animal sat perched on its hinder feet, with its beau-

tiful tail upraised and curved gracefully backwards, like an ostrich feather; then, as quick as a bird, it sprang upon another bough, and after skipping about, it ran into a hollow in the tree; unfortunately, at this very moment, a wicked boy was passing and saw where it entered; he immediately climbed the tree, plugged up the hole, and then ran to call some of his comrades; at the same time, he whistled for Towzer, Rock and Pompey, three fierce dogs. Two of the boys brought axes, and in a few minutes, the tree was lying on the ground.

I suppose you all know that squirrels destroy a great deal of corn, for they open an ear at the top eat what they want, and then leave the remainder to rot from exposure to the weather: indeed, farmers say, that whoever kills a squirrel in the spring, saves a bushel of that year's crop:—these naughty boys probably thought so too; but they were not satisfied with killing poor little "Bunny," but they wanted some fun; so, with their axes, they split open the tree, and took the poor squirrel prisoner; and while the dogs could scarcely be restrained, one of these hard-hearted little reprobates held down each of the squirrel's paws, while another cut off its nails close with a knife, to prevent the possibility of its climbing. He who held it then flung it away; the dogs barked, leaped upon it, and in a few moments, the little frisker was torn in pieces; perhaps it might have been a mother, and its little ones died of starvation.

My dear young friends, can you believe that a God of goodness and mercy, and who delighted in the happiness of his creatures, would look down from heaven in approbation of such barbarity? I know you can not.



## PAPA'S ADVICE TO HERBERT;

OR GOOD RULES FOR LITTLE BOYS.

My Herbert, when next  
 You feel rather vex't,  
 And something has happen'd amiss;  
 Don't set up a roar;  
 Such folly give o'er,  
 And give dear papa a good kiss.

Whene'er you fall down  
 And crack your poor crown,  
 Pray get up as fast as you can;  
 Without any crying,  
 Or sobbing or sighing,  
 And then we shall call you a man

When grandmamma calls,  
 Give up bats and balls,  
 And quickly your lesson begin;  
 Endeavor to spell,  
 And try to read well,  
 And then a good name you will win

Be gentle to sister,  
 And when you have kiss'd her  
 Don't give her too bearish a squeeze  
 But love her indeed,  
 And teach her to read,  
 And think it no pleasure to tease

Don't think it fine fun  
 To scamper and run,

ENIGMA.

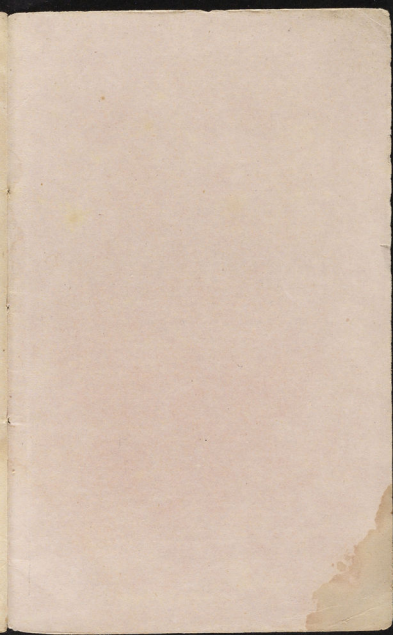
And hide yourself under the bed ;  
Take care of your ball,  
For fear it should fall,  
And break something over your head.

Your hoop you take pride  
Round corners to guide,  
And some day a top you may spin ;  
Away from the pump  
Immediately stump,  
When nurse says it's time to come in.



ENIGMA.

First take a word that does silence proclaim,  
That backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same ;  
Then add to the first a feminine name,  
That backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same ;  
An instrument too, that lawyers oft frame,  
That backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same—  
A very rich fruit, whose botanical name,  
Both backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same—  
A musical note, which all will proclaim,  
Both backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same.  
The initials of these, when joined, form a name,  
Which every young lady, when married, will claim,  
And backwards and forwards does still spell the  
same.



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