

TELLER'S

TALES.

A

PARENT'S OFFERING!

OR
MY MOTHER'S STORY
OF

HER OWN HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

EDITED BY THOMAS TELLER.

Embellished

with new and

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS

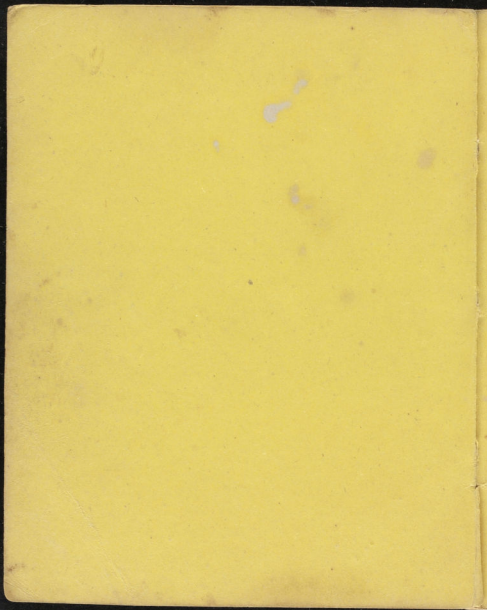
NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

CHAPEL STREET.

NEW SERIES.

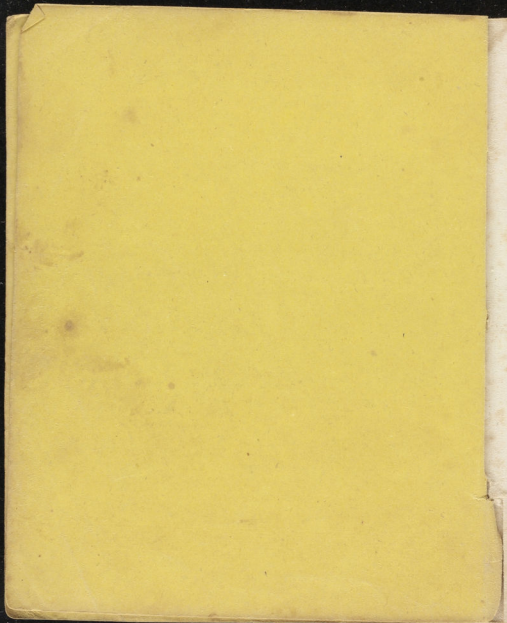
NUMBER FIVE.



Edward Carrington

From his Father
to his Cousin

Edward M. Carrington



A
PARENT'S OFFERING;

OR
My Mother's Story

OF HER OWN

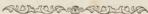
HOME AND CHILDHOOD.

BY THOMAS TELLER.



NEW HAVEN.
PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

TO MY YUONG READERS.



My dear little Friends:

Our Publisher, MR. S. BARCOCK, who has made Children's Books for a great many years, wishes me to prepare something NEW and BEAUTIFUL, for your amusement and instruction. Now as I always feel an interest in the welfare of little folks like you, and am rather too old for active business, I rejoice in having this opportunity to tell you some pleasing and MORAL stories in a plain and simple way. So I have drawn my big easy-chair up to my writing-table, and got all my books, papers, and pictures about me, to see if I can find something that will interest you. We have engaged a first-rate engraver to make the pictures for us, and he has promised us some very beautiful ones. We intend that this series of "TELLER'S TALES" shall be composed of some of the best and prettiest books that have gladdened the hearts of good little children in a long time.

If you READ my stories with half the delight with which I can fancy my rosy-cheeked and curly-headed little grand-children would LISTEN to them, I shall be well repaid for all my labors. But I aim to do something more than *amuse* you; I hope to *instruct* you also,—to give you a great deal of good advice,—and to show you that by being *good children* you will be far happier here and hereafter, than you can possibly hope to be if you are not good children. I intend to tell you stories about good girls and bad girls; about good boys and bad boys,—so you will have examples to follow, and examples to shun,—and I hope my stories will help to reform all the bad children and to make all the good ones still better. I am, my dear little readers,

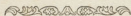
Your old friend and well-wisher,

Roseville Hall, 1844.

THOMAS TELLER.



A PARENT'S OFFERING.



CHAPTER I.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

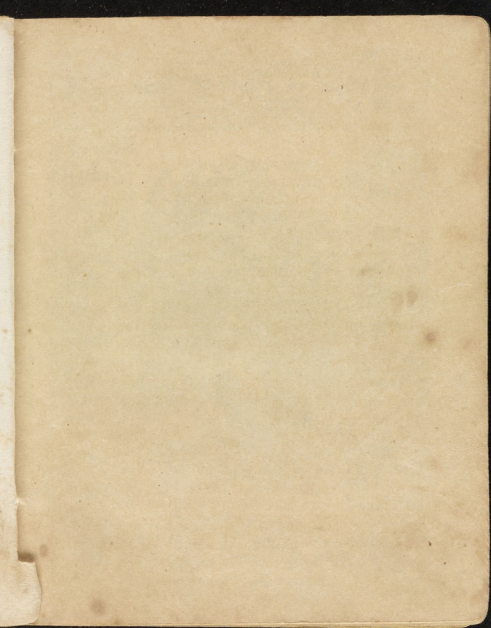
It somehow strikes me, that perhaps my little readers would like to hear about my brothers and sisters and myself, when we were such little children as you are now : how we learned lessons as you do now,—how we amused ourselves,—how we did wrong and were punished for it,—and how we were very happy sometimes, and at other times miserable, just exactly as you are now !

I had three sisters and three brothers. We had a good and kind papa and mamma, who did all in their power, to make us good and happy children.

The boys never were allowed to tyrannize over their sisters, or to be in any way cruel or

unkind to them. On the contrary, they were instructed to know and to feel, that there can not be a greater disgrace, or mark of meanness and cowardice in a boy's character, than the being cruel to any thing that is weaker than himself, especially a girl; because both nature and the Bible teach us, that it is the duty of man to protect and sustain "THE WEAKER SEX." And they were also taught to feel, that there is much more superiority of mind shown in being able to give up a trifle, than in contending about it, or gaining it by brutal force, as we too often see boys do. I must own, whenever I see a boy cruel or rude to his sisters, I think to myself,—that boy, when he grows to be a man, will never be either a great or a good one; he will be just a mean, cowardly fellow. And I can tell you more,—*I have very seldom been mistaken!*

There were four of the girls: Mary, Olivia, Maria, and Marion. The boys were, Henry, Charles, and John. I leave you to guess which of all these was *me*. At the time I intend to tell you about, Mary was fourteen years of age, and was in New Haven, at a boarding-school; Henry was eleven; Olivia was ten; Maria and Charles,





who were twins, were nine; Marion was eight, and John was a little boy in petticoats.



CHAPTER II.

OUR OWN LITTLE ARBOR.

We lived in a beautiful country-house, surrounded with fine old trees; we had a nice swing among the trees; we had several pet rabbits of our own, and mamma had two beautiful little pet dogs, Fidele and Carlo, which were greater favorites with us children, than even our rabbits. Then we had each of us a little garden, set apart from papa's large and beautiful one, which we were allowed to cultivate just as we pleased. The boys had hoes, and rakes, and spades, and a little wheel-barrow, and watering-pots, and almost all kinds of gardening tools; while they dug and raked our gardens, we girls planted and transplanted flowers and set out bushes,—each one striving to excel the others in neatness and beauty.

We had, too, a beautiful little arbor, all built by our own hands; and a very busy and merry time we had in building it, I assure you. When all

finished, it was indeed a sweet little place: shrubs and flowers, and climbing vines, were all around and over it. It had real glass windows, and seats, and a table. The boys made the seats and table of wood which papa gave them. They were not very neat at first, but mamma gave us girls some nice pieces of cloth, and we shaped covers of it, and made the seats quite fine, and then she gave us a cover for the table, and when it was hemmed and put on, and the arbor all swept clean and dusted, we begged she would come out and see it now, it was so finished and so lovely.

I remember so well, it was on a Saturday, and we had all been very good, and mamma was pleased with every one of us; she smiled on us so sweetly when we all came flying in with this request, and said, "Well, my darlings, have a little patience and I will go with you; but if you are boisterous, you know, I won't go. Wait here for me a moment."

So saying, she left the parlor, and we tried to wait patiently, but we all thought mamma's *moment* was a very long one. At last she came back with her shawl on, and off we set, through the garden, jumping and capering round her as

she walked, holding the two littlest ones by the hands. When we got to the arbor, the door was so little that she could scarce get in, and then, when she was in, she was glad to sit down, for a very good reason,—the roof was so low she could not stand upright! This vexed us a little, at first; but mamma was always so good-natured, she just laughed, and said it was a *very* nice house, and quite a right size for *us* little bodies. We all ran in after her,—first the girls, and then the boys,—and when we were all in, the arbor was so full we had hardly room to turn round! But what was our delight and astonishment, when we looked at the table, to see that, instead of nothing but the white cover, as we had left it, there it was now covered with such lovely little blue dishes, filled with biscuits and fruit,—and a little plate for each one of us! Dear, dear mamma; this was what she had been doing during the *moment* we thought so long!

I think I need not tell you how happy we were; how we laughed, and jumped, and talked, and ate! I seem to see mamma yet, sitting on one of our little seats, and making so much sport, yet keeping us all so gently in order.

At last she said she must leave us. "Oh! no, no, mamma; not yet, mamma!" we all cried out. "Don't leave us yet, you always make us so happy; do sing us a song, mamma, before you go away." She had the sweetest voice, and we all delighted so much in hearing her sing, we could have sat for hours to listen. "What shall I sing?" asked mamma. "Shall I sing a song o' sixpence?" "Oh! no, mamma," said Henry: "Sing 'Weel may the boatie row that wins the bairnies bread.'" Mamma sung it immediately; but unless your mamma, my dear little reader, will sing this song for you too, I am afraid you will hardly understand what I am about to say.

When mamma had done singing, she looked round at us all so sweetly; but we saw there were tears in her eyes. "Have we vexed you, mamma?" asked Henry. "Oh! no, my dearest children; no, no; each of you come and kiss me;" and she clasped each in succession to her heart. "No, my darlings, I was not vexed; I only thought, as I was singing that last verse, will you, each of you, like 'Little Sawney, Jack, and Jeantie,' in the song, try, when papa and I are old, to return to us the happiness and the cares we have tried to

bestow upon your childhood?" "Oh! yes, mamma!" we all cried out earnestly, "that indeed we will." "Remember, my beloved ones," said she, you can not do so without GOD'S blessing; and to have that, you must never cease to ask for it. Kiss me once more. Never forget this little arbor of your own making, this happy moment, or the promise you have made me, to the dying day of each and all." The rosy faces then turned on that dear mother with such fond affection, this scene, or these words, *never were forgotten!*

But it was always thus with mamma; whenever we were particularly happy, she so sweetly and affectionately impressed some important lesson like this upon our minds, so that it never could be forgotten; for, whenever we thought of the pleasure, we naturally thought of the good lesson too.



CHAPTER III.

OUR STUDIES AND AMUSEMENTS.

Papa and mamma were extremely anxious to have us all well educated. The boys went to a school in the neighboring town; and so did the girls, for any branches of education which mamma herself could not give them. There was no acquirement they were more anxious we should possess, than a taste for reading; and by continually pointing out to us the great advantages to be gained by a love for reading, and by always taking care to supply us with books that were both useful and interesting, they easily succeeded in making us extremely fond of it.

Mamma was a good botanist, and when we were out walking with her, we used to run about to gather all the wild flowers and bring them to her; then she would sit down in some pleasant spot, and, while we were all eagerly gathered round her, she would point out to us the different parts of the flowers, teaching us how to find out what class and order they belonged to, and telling us, too, such curious things about trees and

plants that grow in other countries. Insects, and butterflies, and shells,—the beasts in the field and the birds in the air,—every thing we saw,—the very stones and earth over which we walked,—all these mamma made us notice, and had something interesting to tell about; and she very often added some funny anecdote, which set us all laughing. Oh! these were delightful walks, and no punishment so great could be inflicted on us, as not being permitted to partake in them. Many, very many useful lessons did we receive from our kind mamma, in these pleasant rambles. Nor did she ever fail, when pointing out to us all these great and wonderful works of our Heavenly Father, to remind us of His goodness and mercy in giving them all for the comfort and happiness of man!

Papa had a good library of useful and interesting books, and we were not only permitted, but encouraged, to select from it such books as we chose to read. He had, also, several large maps, and a pair of splendid globes. On Saturdays, which were generally holidays with us, he would remain at home in the afternoon, and then he used to devote an hour or two to hearing the

eldest children explain what they had learned of Geography during the week, pointing out to them, on the globe, the positions of different cities and countries; which, with the easy explanations he gave, made our Geography lessons very interesting. He had an electrical machine, too, and in the evening he would often delight us by shewing some beautiful experiments with it; sometimes he shewed us chemical experiments, and the little explanations he gave of all these, interested us so much, that we all longed for the time to come when we should be allowed to study these delightful sciences.

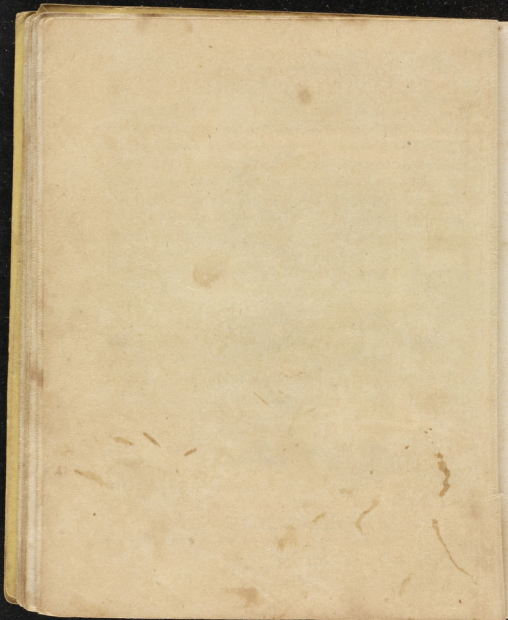


CHAPTER IV.

THE BLACK AND PINK BOOKS.

Mamma kept two books, of which we stood in most dreadful awe. The one—for I remember the appearance of these books as well as if they were before my eyes this moment—the one was covered with black leather, and the other with





pink. Every night, when we were about to go to bed, and just before we said our prayers, these two books were brought out, and mamma wrote in the black one the name, or names, of whoever had been bad, whatever faults they had been guilty of during the day, and what way they had been punished. In the pink book the happy names of the good children were written; and if any of us had done any thing she particularly approved of, she wrote that down in it, too; and on Saturday nights, as soon as tea was over, she brought out the books, and papa read aloud all that had been written in them during the week.

With what trembling hearts did those who knew that their names were in the black book, await this reading, and the remarks which papa afterwards addressed to each of us upon our conduct! I can truly say, that we were much more impressed and punished by the deep distress which we saw it gave him when there was much in the black book, than by any thing else that could have been done to us; and, on the other hand, how very delightful were his smiles and words of affectionate encouragement to those in the pink book! But there was a farther reward and pun-

ishment for us. Papa always gave us a little pocket-money on Saturday nights, and it was given in exact proportion to our goodness during the week,—the best child got most, and the worst child got none. Any mark of ill-temper to one another; any selfishness or greediness; any fibbing, or want of honesty in any way,—all these were faults that *certainly* deprived us of any pocket-money.

The money given us at these times, we were allowed to spend exactly as we pleased; but each of us had a neat little account-book, in which we were obliged to put down every penny we spent, and on Saturday to cast up the sum and shew it to papa.

Saturday night was almost always a very happy one for us. It was the only one in the week that papa was able to be at home, and we therefore thought the more of it. Sometimes mamma would play on the piano, while we danced; and very often, when he was not too tired, papa would join in the dance with us, to our very great delight. If, during the week, we had all kept out of the black book, we had a little supper, and Henry sat at the bottom of the table, and Olivia at the head,

and acted a big lady and gentleman; papa and mamma sat looking on, and they often had such fits of laughing at our little nonsense!



CHAPTER V.

ARRANGING THE NOSEGAYS.

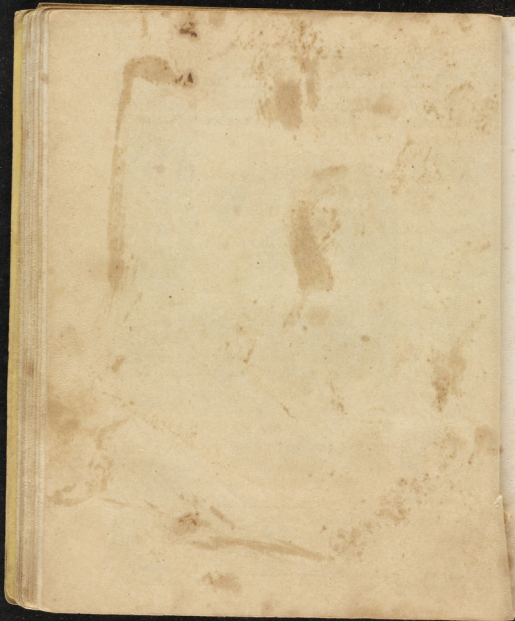
The first day of May was the anniversary of our parents' wedding-day, and we children always looked for its return with a great deal of pleasure. On this day, if we had all of us been good the week before, and had kept out of the black book, we were allowed a holiday. This was a joyful time with us all. The whole morning was spent in the garden, where we gathered the most beautiful flowers we could find, which we carried into the dining-room. When we had gathered as many as we thought we should need,—and that was a pretty large heap, I assure you,—then came the important business of arranging the nosegays. First we picked out from the heap, the choicest flowers, and exerted all our little skill

and ingenuity in arranging two beautiful ones for papa and mamma. Oh, how many consultations did we have about the size, and the shape, and the flowers of these two nosegays! One thought red roses the prettiest, and another was in favor of white; then one felt quite sure mamma was very fond of the sweet little violets, while another was equally sure of having heard papa speak of the beauty of the tulip, the snowdrop, or some other flower. These little disputes usually ended by our putting in each nosegay, one, at least, of all the different kinds of flowers we could collect; and often, in doing this, we found our nosegays, when finished, a tolerable load to carry! We were all agreed in one thing, however; and that was, that these two nosegays should be as nearly alike as we could possibly make them.

Papa and mamma always received with a great deal of pleasure, these simple marks of our love and affection, and preserved the flowers from fading, as long as it was possible to do so.

From the flowers which we had left, each of us made a nosegay, large or small, just as we chose, which were placed in vases on the parlor tables. I assure you, my dear little readers, these holidays





were always looked for with no little impatience, and were enjoyed by us all as some of the happiest hours of our lives.



CHAPTER VI.

THE LITTLE POST-OFFICE.

One of the most delightful sources of amusement we had, was a little **POST-OFFICE**. Papa and mamma were anxious that we should all learn to write well, and easily:—I don't mean merely to write a pretty hand; but to express ourselves correctly, and without the great difficulty which so many children and young people feel when they are obliged to write a letter. They wisely thought, that nothing makes this, or any thing else, easy, but constant practice; so they established a Post-Office. It was a drawer at the top of the chamber stairs; there was a hole in it, by which we put in our letters, and when we went to call *for* letters, we took the key and opened the drawer and took out what was for us. The rule was, that we were not to write more, nor less, than one letter

in the day, and to each of our brothers and sisters in succession; so that we wrote a letter to each, once every week. Supposing it was Olivia that wrote,—she wrote to Mary on Monday—to Henry on Tuesday—to me on Wednesday—to Marion on Thursday, and to Charles on Friday. John was too little to write or be written to, so we wrote none on Saturdays at all. Mary's letters were not put into the little Post-Office, for she was in New Haven, you know; but mamma sent them all to her in a parcel, every week, and she answered them the same way. At first, the writing of these letters was a little difficult to us, but it soon grew quite easy, and so delightful, that it was a constant source of pleasure to us. If we saw or heard any thing curious, when we were out, we took good care not to *tell* each other, but kept it to ourselves as a subject for our first letter.

At the end of every month, papa looked over all the letters that had passed between us, and for every good one,—that is to say, every one that was clean and prettily written, well expressed, and no wrong spelled words in it, we got a white ticket; and whoever had most tickets, was allowed, on the first day of the next month, to write a

letter to papa and mamma, who answered their letter, and always sent some little pretty present along with it, as an encouragement to be still more attentive and careful.

I think it was Henry who most frequently got these, not only because he was the oldest, but because he was a most sedate, wise little gentleman, who spoke little and thought much. Olivia was a gentle, modest little girl. Marion was a great romp, rather obstinate, and somewhat inclined to be greedy. Charles was a merry, thoughtless, good-natured little fellow, who was always getting into scrapes, and yet we were particularly fond of him, he was so open-hearted, and so generous. Maria was something like him, but she was very intelligent, and always saying such droll things that set us all a-laughing. She was very little of her age, and we used to make great fun of that; but for all her littleness, she often beat us all at the lessons!

I think you will almost be able to find out these different characters of the children, in the letters which I am now going to copy for your amusement. Mamma kept them all in a little box, and out of it I have picked a few, for the amusement

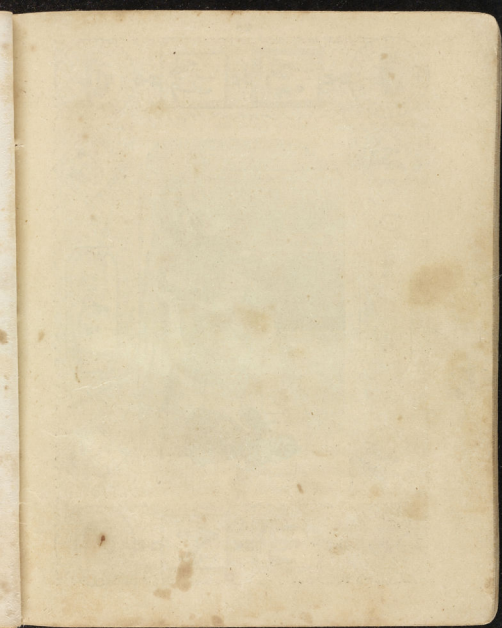
of my little readers, and to show the way we went on with THE CORRESPONDENCE. The first letter I shall give is

FROM MARION TO HENRY.

Roseville, March 28th, 1802.

MY DEAR HENRY :

I suppose you know that this is my birth-day, and that I am eight years old to-day. I went into papa and mamma's room as soon as I was dressed this morning, because I was quite sure—at least I thought—I would get some pretty present; for you know on Olivia's birth-day mamma gave her a nice needle-book. I was in a great hurry to get in, but papa was not ready, and mamma was in the dressing-room, so I had to wait till the bell rang, and then I flew in; and papa and mamma kissed me, and bade God bless me, and wished me many happy, happy birth-days; and papa gave me a most beautiful silver thimble, with my name on it in shining purple letters. He said this present was to remind me I should be industrious, and keep my own dress neat. Mamma gave me a little pocket, with a nice band to button round my waist, and in the pocket there was a needle-book, like Olivia's. I was quite delighted with my presents, and have been running





about all the morning, showing them, and begging every body to give me something to put in my pocket. Charles gave me a penny, and he said he would have given me more, but that was all he had left of his last Saturday's allowance; but I told him it was no matter, he could just give me what he intended after next Saturday; but then he is afraid he will get none next Saturday, because he got angry at Olivia yesterday, and pushed her over, and broke her little china jug that Fanny Collins gave her, and mamma has him in the black book. I am sorry, sorry for that. Poor Charley! he is always so full of mischief. You know he got put in the black book the week before last, too; that was for that scrape with the rocking-horse. He says he didn't mean to make the horse go so fast, and when Maria tumbled over Poney's head and bumped her nose on the pavement, she looked so funny, he could'nt help laughing, though he tried as hard as ever he could.

Sister Olivia gave me a penny, and her little beautifully painted box. Maria had no money at all, but she gave me a little handkerchief she got from mamma lately, for being a good girl. I send my new pocket along with this, that you may see it, and put any thing in it you please; you know you are the oldest.

I wish you would pare Dolly's waist a little, for I have made a pair of new corsets for her, and they are rather too

tight for her. Just a little paring would make them fit nicely. Let me know by the next mail if you will do it. I am, my dear Brother, your very affectionate Sister.

MARION.

HENRY'S ANSWER TO MARION'S LETTER.

Roseville, March 28th, 1802.

MY DEAR MARION,

I have just received your letter of this date, and your pocket along with it. I admire the pocket very much; I think it must have given our dear mamma a great deal of trouble to stitch it so nicely with blue silk. I suppose she intended the pocket as a hint to you, little Miss Heedless, to be more careful, and not to be losing your key and your thimble so often.

I have not put any thing into your pocket, for two reasons, both of which I think very good ones. In the first place, I have nothing to put in, because, as you know very well, I spent all the money I had, on things for the arbor; and another reason is, that even if I had any thing I would not give it to you, for I don't admire at all the greedy way you have been going on this morning. I like it very well when any body is so kind as to give me a present; but I would scorn to ask for one, or force any body to give me things, as you have done.

Ah, fie! to take poor little Maria's handkerchief, and Olivia's painted box, and Charley's only penny, when you knew, too, he would get none next Saturday—it was greedy, greedy of you. Do you think, now, that Livy, or Charles, or Maria would do such mean things?

I think, indeed, I shall give you one thing, by the bye—and that is, a little good advice. Go away up to the lumber room, and sit down upon the old saddle, and think of all the sins you have committed since your last birth-day; how often you have vexed mamma, and how little progress you have made in your lessons, to what you might have done; and try to be a better girl before another birth-day comes. This would do you more good than going about plaguing every body with your pocket; for though they give you things, you may be sure they think to themselves, "What a greedy thing that Marion is!" I am, my dear Sister, yours affectionately.

HENRY.

P. S.—Send Dolly and I will pare her waist, if you wish it; but you know, though paring will make the little corsets fit her, it will make all the clothes that fit her now too large for her, so I would advise you rather to make bigger corsets for her.

H.

FROM CHARLES TO OLIVIA.

Roseville, March 29th, 1802.

MY DEAR LIVY,

I am very sorry now that I was so cruel to you Thursday; but really, I didn't intend to tumble you down; and I was quite sorry when I saw your jug was broken. You squalled, I am sure, with all your might. I hope your wind-pipe don't feel any worse for it to-day. The worst of it is, mamma has me in the black book,—and I was in it the week before last, too, for that rocking-horse scrape. I told mamma I did not think of giving Maria a tumble over the Poney's head, but she said I must be punished for being so careless. I am sure I wish I could be a good boy.

I send you with this, a little mill I have made for you. I wish it had prettier wings, but I gave Marion the only penny I had, which I intended to buy colored paper for it with. You know the use of it is for winding up skeins of silk thread. I saw one Miss Humphreys had, and I thought I would try and make one too. Mamma thinks it very neat. I am, my dear Livy, your affectionate Brother.

CHARLES.

OLIVIA'S ANSWER TO CHARLES' LETTER.

Roseville, 29th March, 1802.

MY DEAR BROTHER.

I am much obliged to you for your kind inquiries after the health of my wind-pipe. I thank you, sir, it is pretty well to-day, for all the squalling exercise you made it take Thursday. I assure you, Charley, I could'nt help screaming out, for my arm was so hurt, and my pretty jug,—but I won't say any more about it. I am very sorry you are in the black book for it; that is a terrible book! I am much obliged to you for your mill, (mamma says it should be called a reel,) and I shall be so glad to lend it to mamma when she needs it, or to Mary when she comes home; but perhaps Mary won't care for our things, she will have so many finer ones of her own.

Do you know, there was such fun in the dancing school to-day, after you went out. Oliver Wetmore was dancing with our Maria, and he was giving a very fine skip, when he lost his balance, and over he went on the floor; to try and save himself, he made a grab at Fanny Collins, who was nearest to him, and pulled her down too; and there they both rolled on the floor, and the whole class laughed out. The master was very angry; but really we could not help laughing; the

very fiddlers laughed. You had better inquire after Miss Fanny's wind-pipe, for I am sure she did'nt spare the squalling; but I think it was more for anger than hurt.

My paper is quite done, you see, so I must stop, and I am ever, my dear Charles, yours very sincerely.

OLIVIA.

FROM MARIA TO CHARLES.

Roseville, March 30th, 1802.

MY DEAR CHARLES.

So, Livy went and told you of the melancholy shipwreck of my poor partner yesterday. Indeed you never saw any thing like it; his legs flew up like the spokes of the little reel you made for Olivia; but mamma was rather displeas'd when she heard how we all laughed about it, and said an accident was what might happen to any of us. But I will tell you something to laugh about. When I was down in the yard playing with the rabbits to-day, I saw little Kitty, the kitchen girl, go into the goose's house and steal an egg, and put it in her pocket; so I let her walk away without seeming as if I had seen her, and then I ran after her with a stick, and just as I passed her, I gave her a good smack over the pocket and broke the great big egg all to mash! If you had seen how

she looked when it came running down from under her clothes. But there is Livy calling me to go to school : so I must stop now. Believe me, my dear Charles, your ever affectionate Sister,

MARIA.

CHARLES' ANSWER TO MARIA'S LETTER.

Roseville, March 30th, 1802.

MY DEAR MARIA.

I laughed very much at you and the goose's egg ; but I hope mamma will not be angry when she hears of it ; for I believe, after all, it is what she calls mischievous ; and they all say *you* and *me* ought to know what she means by that word. But surely it was bad in Kitty to steal the egg. I wonder if she wanted to sit upon it, and try if she could hatch a gosling ! because, you know she could'nt eat it ; at least, I never heard of any body eating a goose's egg.

My big rabbit has got six little white young ones, this morning, and I am going to give you two as soon as their mother has nursed them enough ; so you can give my best compliments to your old rabbit, and tell her to make her house ready, for two young ones are coming to live with her. Believe me, my dear Maria, your very affectionate Brother,

CHARLES.

FROM HENRY TO MARY.

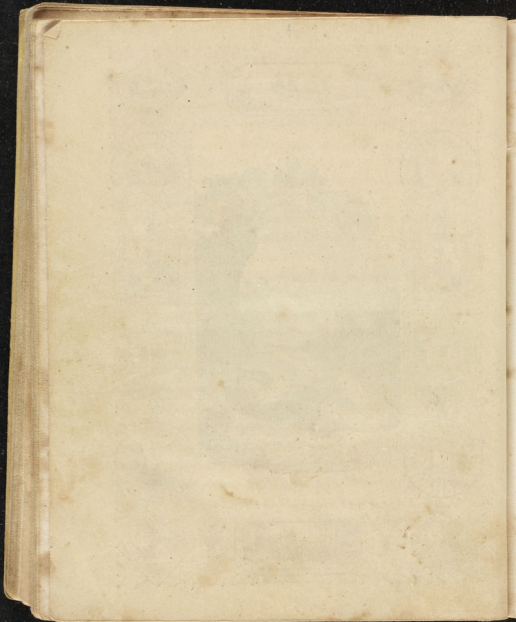
Roseville, April 2nd, 1802.

MY DEAR SISTER.

I am very happy to hear that you are so soon to be home ; we shall all be very glad to see you, and I am sure so will mamma ; for, as I suppose you have got a great deal of sense now, you will be able to assist her with the little ones, who are often troublesome enough to her. Charles and Maria are two most thoughtless little things, and always getting into the black book. They are always very good at their lessons, but no sooner are they let out to play, than they are sure to be in some mischief.

Did you ever hear what they did one day last summer ? It was a warm day, and they were playing in the field at the bottom of the garden, and there they found a boy asleep under a tree ; he was pretty well dressed, and had quite a good hat lying beside him ; so what did our mischievous brother and sister do, but they took the poor boy's hat down to the brook, and they filled it as full of water as ever it would hold ! Then between them they carried it back, and laid it down close by his head ; and then they ran off laughing like to die at the thoughts of the boy's astonishment when he should awake and try to put on his hat !





Mamma was very angry when she heard of it, and punished them both ; but the best punishment of all was, that about a fortnight after, Charley was going to climb the old apple-tree, and he laid down his fine new leather cap on the ground, and when he came down off the tree, there lay the cap full of water ! He was in an awful rage, but no one was in sight, nor could he ever discover who did it. He came running in to mamma, but she listened to his story very coldly, and then only said, "Dear me, Charley, you were like to die of laughing when you filled the sleeping boy's hat with water ; why is the trick not just as diverting when done to yourself ? Go, go sir, and let this teach you never, in jest or earnest, to do to another what you would not like done to yourself." Poor Charley went away quite ashamed, and never said another word about his cap.

Yesterday was the first of April ; we had a great deal of fun ; but Olivia wants to tell you about it in her letter, so I won't spoil her story. They came very near sending me on a fool's errand ; but just as I was going to scamper off to see a calf with six legs, I remembered what day it was, and said very quietly, that if the calf had three times as many legs as I had, I thought it was but fair *he* should come to see *me*, instead of my going to see him. So they were disappointed of their trick upon "Old Sobersides," as they all call me. To

console them, I suppose, mamma then went to her drawer and took out a very amusing puzzle, that was written by Aunt Sarah a long time ago. We were all very much diverted with it, and I will now copy it into my letter for you ; see if you can find it out as easily as I did.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BANBURY CROSS.

A PUZZLE FOR APRIL DAY.

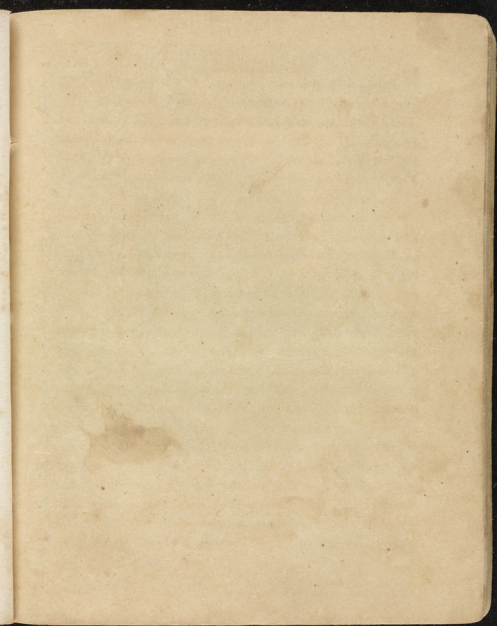
Have you seen the old woman of Banbury Cross,
Who rode to the fair on the top of her horse ;
And since her return she still tells up and down,
Of the wonderful lady she saw when in town ?
She has a small mirror in each of her eyes,
And her nose is a bellows of minikin size ;
There's a neat little drum fixed in each of her ears,
Which beats a tatoo to whatever she hears.
She has in each jaw a fine ivory mill,
And day after day she keeps grinding it still.
Both an organ and flute in her small throat are placed,
And they're played by a steam-engine worked in her breast.
But the wonder of all, in her mouth, it is said,
She keeps a loud bell that might waken the dead ;
And so frightened the woman, and startled her horse,
That they galloped full speed back to Banbury Cross.

This same lady has a very large overhanging thatch-roof, made of straw, and it is fixed upon her head with broad bands, made of the entrails of worms. Her hands and feet she keeps covered with pieces of the skins of beasts. She has pieces of fish bones bound very tight about her body with strong cords, made from the stems of plants. This disgusting sort of martyrdom it is supposed, she undergoes either as a penance for some sin she has committed, or else as a magical charm, which she foolishly fancies will make those that look at her love her; for she is extremely careful to hide these horrid-looking remains of animals under a great many coverings made of decayed vegetables. But the most extraordinary thing, is her partiality for caterpillars' intestines as an article of finery. She may sometimes be seen perfectly covered from head to foot with them—and sometimes, when she is in a very fantastic fit, she hangs strings of stones, and the little hard substances that grow in the stomachs of fishes, round her neck and her arms! And then, when she has got on all this, she is so excessively conceited with what she calls her "*beautiful dress*," that from morning till night she can think of nothing else: though it is really and truly made exactly of the things I tell you; and I am sure you will agree with me, no one has any cause to be proud of a dress made of such humiliating materials. I had almost forgot to tell you, that when she gets on this

“*beautiful dress,*” if she wants to go any where—and she is always in a fidget to shew herself,—she creeps into a little box, and when the door is shut very close, two horses draw her away to where she is to be shewn—and then draw her back the same way.

I intended, when I began, to tell you all about my lessons, but that foolish story about the twins, and this long puzzle, have taken up almost all my paper and my time. I have just begun to study Astronomy, and am perfectly delighted with it. I know almost all the constellations already, and can trace the zodiac. I got a prize at the examination last Monday; it was the one for diligence and good behavior. Papa helps me along with my Astronomy lessons very much, his explanations are so plain, and so easy to understand.

I wish you was here, Mary, to see our little gardens now. I assure you it seems delightful to work in them, after we have been kept close at our lessons for two or three hours. We have laid them out more neatly this year than we ever did before. So you see we improve a little in this business every year. I hope to be quite an expert gardener in a few years. The plants are fast coming up, and some of the early flowers are already blown. Such times as we do have! But I suppose you are grown quite a lady now, and won't care to have





a little garden of your own, or to join us in our wise plans about gardening. How you would laugh to see the way [the little ones go on in planting, and watering, and digging! But I have no time to tell you about it in this letter; you will see it all for yourself when you get home.

Farewell, my dear Mary; please to give my love to Uncle and Aunt when you see them, and believe me to be your affectionate Brother,

HENRY.

FROM OLIVIA TO MARY.

Roseville, April 2nd, 1802.

MY DEAR MARY.

Oh, if you had but been at home yesterday, we would all have been so glad, for we had such laughing. I don't exactly know how to tell you all about it, for it began the night before. We were all playing in the parlor, and little Johnny said to Henry,—“Enny, how big is a horse's egg?” We all burst out a laughing at such a question, and Henry told him horses did'nt lay eggs. “Oh, iss,”—that's his way of saying yes,—“Oh, iss, horses lay eggs—Maon told me.” We all laughed the more at this, and Marion got quite angry, and insisted that horses *did* lay eggs, Kitty told her so. Henry said she was very foolish to believe every thing an ignorant little

girl like Kitty told her; and that it was perfect nonsense. But you know Marion never will give up a thing; so she insisted that horses *did* lay eggs, and the young horses came out of them. Henry asked if the old horses *set* upon the eggs and hatched them? But she was too angry to answer him, and said she would go and tell mamma how we were making a fool of her,—so away she went, and we all ran after her. Mamma could not keep from laughing, and she said she was astonished how a girl of Marion's age could be so silly as to believe such abominable nonsense. But, would you believe it! instead of giving up at once to mamma, Marion kept repeating that Kitty said it, and Kitty had seen a horse's egg! Maria asked if Kitty put it in her pocket when she saw it, as she did the goose's egg?—and that made us all laugh again. Mamma said very seriously to Marion, that to have believed such absurdity was merely foolish; to persist in repeating it when told it was such, was obstinacy; that she had often been told this fault in her character was one that would make her both ridiculous and unhappy through life, if she did not get cured of it. Instead of begging mamma's pardon, Marion grew sulky and would'nt speak; she kept quite sulky all the evening, and would'nt play any. When mamma came to hear our prayers, she said nothing to her at all, but I thought mamma looked very sorrowfully at her, and she did'nt kiss her.

In the meantime, Henry had privately asked mamma for leave to play a trick upon Marion the next morning ; and she gave him leave. So what did he do, but took that great big tremendous pumpkin, that grew in the garden last year, and he whitened it all over with chalk mixed with glue and water, till it was quite as white as any egg, and you know it is the very shape of one ; he left it all night to dry, and in the morning he got John, the servant, to help him carry it down to the field where the horses feed, and with some straw they made a great big nest close by the fence, and put in the pumpkin. When they came home, John said to the cook, in Kitty's hearing,—“I'm thinking the mare has a nest somewhere down in the field near the bottom of the garden.” Away went Kitty and told Marion the great news, and off they both ran to find the nest ; you may be sure they were not long in finding it.

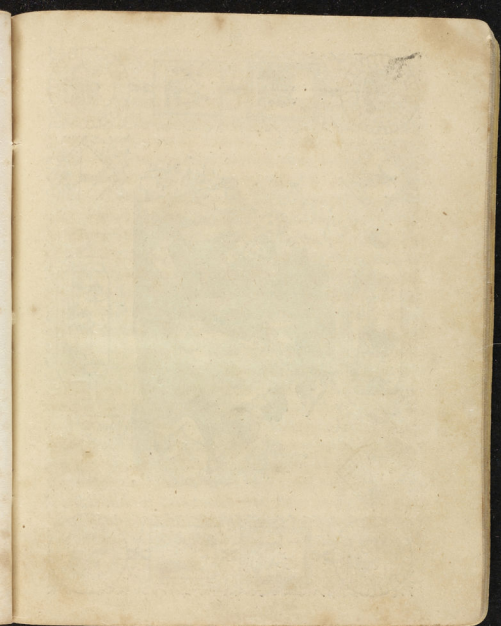
Up came Marion, flying, to tell us all to come and see who was right, she or we, about the horse's eggs ; we would surely believe it when we saw it ! Oh, she was all panting with triumph over us. We all ran, and, to be sure, we could not think what it was ; but none of us would believe it was a horse's egg ; she would not let us touch it, but said she would go and tell Fanny Collins, and Daniel. Henry begged of her not to do that, but she *would* go. It was in vain that Henry told her how Daniel and Fanny would laugh at her. “Laugh

at her, indeed!" she said; "that was all spite, because she was right and he was wrong."

Away she went, and, in a minute, back she came with Daniel and Fanny, running as if they would break their legs, and Daniel laughing so loud that we heard him long before we saw him. You know Daniel is a merry, resolute boy, and he was not quite as obedient as we had been, about not touching the egg; he attacked it instantly, and in spite of Marion's screams, that he would "break it, and kill the young horse!" he rolled it out of the nest. The moment it came upon the grass, which was all wet with the morning dew, the chalk began to rub off, and the green color of the pumpkin shone through! Daniel soon laid bare more, by rubbing it with a bunch of wet grass. "The pumpkin! the big pumpkin!" we all cried out, and "pumpkin! pumpkin!" we shouted, till you might have heard that, and our roars of laughter, I am sure, half a mile off.

Poor Marion! after all, I was very sorry for her, she was so ashamed and mortified; but mamma said, she hoped it would have the good effect of making her less obstinate, and more inclined to listen with respect to the opinions of those older than herself; and she told her, when she felt inclined to fall into this fault again, to remember the "horse's egg."

I had no great reason to be proud of my own sense, for papa





asked mamma, quite gravely, when there was no one in the room but us three,—“If the doctor had been in to cut that horn off the cook’s head?” I stared; and never thinking it was a *trick*, off I ran, and asked the cook where the horn grew out of her head? and then I was so laughed at! So, to revenge myself, after a while I ran into the chamber where the children were playing, and called out, “Oh, come, come and see this horrible thing; there’s a man begging at the door, with five holes in his face!” They all ran down stairs, and there stood a man just like other men; but I laughed at them all, and told them, his mouth, and his two nostrils, and his two ears, made five holes in his face! They were almost going to be angry; but mamma said that was’nt right; they should take it in good humor, as I had done with the cook’s horn.

We are all very busy with our gardens now, for the weather is warm, and the season quite early. Such sport as we have, too, when we all get out there together! Henry has got a nice new wheel-barrow, of which he is quite proud, and so are we all, for he gives the littlest ones a ride in it, whenever they ask him. You would laugh to see a great girl like me, taking a ride in it! We were much obliged to you for your present of flower seeds. My tulips are up, and so are my violets; but papa says he fears Mr. Jack Frost will nip their noses some of these nights. I am sure Marion’s seeds

will never grow, for she digs them up every other day, to see if they are growing. Maria and Charles have their gardens all in one, and in the middle papa has planted a rose-bush that bears white moss roses on one branch, and red ones on the other; that is like their two little selves growing on one stem.

This is a most dreadful long letter. I dare say you are quite tired with reading it; so I shall add no more, but that I am, my dear Mary, your affectionate Sister,

OLIVIA.

FROM MARY TO HENRY AND OLIVIA.

New Haven, April 8th, 1802

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,

I was very much delighted and amused with both your kind letters, and with the PUZZLE FOR APRIL DAY, which I received in mamma's last parcel. I am obliged to answer your letters both in one, because this parcel goes away so soon that I have not enough of time to get through with all my writing. I wish, indeed, that I had been home on April Day, for I can assure you there was no such fun going on here; nor have I any thing to tell you in return, that will make you laugh half as much as your letters made me. Not but that I am happy enough, for Mrs. Farren is very kind to me, and so

is her assistant, Miss Kerr ; but still they are not like mamma, nor is the school like dear, dear home. It is on Sunday I feel the difference most, for though they are very strict in giving us Sunday lessons to get by heart, I am sometimes like to cry when I think how sweetly mamma explains every thing to us, and talks to us so affectionately about our duty to God, and to each other.

I am very glad to think I am coming home so soon ; and yet there are some of my school mates I shall be sorry to part with ; they are such nice girls, and so kind to me. There is, however, one girl that hardly any body likes ; she is not good-natured or obliging, and she is very greedy. Whenever she gets any money, she spends it all in sweet things for eating ; and no matter how much Mrs. Farren or Miss Kerr say to her, about its being a foolish and childish way of spending her money, still she does it when she can get an opportunity. The other afternoon the greedy thing bought a cranberry tart, and when she returned home in the evening, she put it into her bed ! We are allowed only fifteen minutes to get into bed, and then Miss Kerr comes and takes away our candles, and she is angry if she does not find us in bed when she comes. This girl is very conceited and proud, as well as greedy, and she had taken a great deal of time to put her hair in papers, and to look in the glass that night ; and when she heard Miss Kerr at the door, she

was in a great fright, and jumped into bed in such a hurry, that she quite forgot the tart, till she felt that she had jumped right on top of it, and it was mashed all about the bed! But this was not the end of the affair, for in looking about the room, Miss Kerr saw her night dress lying on the chair, and asked her why she had not put it on? She tried to make some foolish excuse, but Miss Kerr turned down the bed-clothes, and ordered her to rise and put it on directly. Miss Greedy refused, and in the scuffle a bit of the poor mashed tart peeped out; Miss Kerr seized hold of it, and the whole affair was then exposed. Mrs. Farren was sent for, and such an uproar you never heard. Another girl and me sleep in the same room with her, and we had such a time to keep from laughing; for Mrs. Farren allows no laughing at each other. We lay stuffing the bed clothes into our mouths to keep from roaring out; but in spite of all we could do, some little squeaks did get out. Luckily, the ladies were too busy to hear us. Poor miss had to wear the black badge (that is what we get for bad behavior) for three days; and what was worse for her, none of us could look at her without all but laughing out.

I have told mamma all about my lessons, so I shall not repeat that, as I have asked her to read that bit of my letter to you. I was very happy, indeed, to hear of your getting the prize, my dear Henry; it would make papa and mamma so glad.

There is to be a grand struggle for a prize here, too. It is a very beautiful bracelet, of Mrs. Farren's own work; it will be decided week after next. How I wish I could gain it, that I might bring it home to papa and mamma.

I am sure you won't say I have given you a short letter this time. I have spent all my play-time in writing it. Kiss all the little ones for me, particularly dear little Johnny. How I long to see you all. Believe me to be, my dear Olivia and Henry, your most affectionate Sister,

MARY.

P. S. I soon found out the puzzle; it is a very good one, and teaches us a very useful lesson. It would do us all much good to think often what the things *really* are to which we attach so much consequence.

Such, my dear little readers, are a few of the letters that gave so much pleasure to our childhood. I do not say that they were all as good as these, because I have picked out the best and the most amusing; but still there were none of them very bad, and even Marion's big text ones are clean and neatly written, and folded very nicely.

I would advise you to try a Post-Office, for I am sure you would find it very amusing; and

all your lives you will feel the advantage of the ease and facility it will give you in writing letters. I have often seen great big boys and girls in perfect misery when they had a letter to write, and I have thought to myself, they have had no little "Post-Office!"



CHAPTER VII.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

There was a pleasure that we had in winter, when we were cut off from many others, (such as our gardens and our arbor,) and that was, the making of our New-Year's gifts. This was a very great and important business,—and, like every thing else, it greatly depended upon the pink and the black books. I should have told you before, that always on Saturday night, when papa looked over the books, besides giving the best child the largest allowance of money, this happy child got a white ticket, with its name on it on one side, and the words, "New Year's Day," on the other.

On the first day of November, every year, papa counted all these tickets, and whoever had most, received the largest sum to buy New Year's gifts for their brothers and sisters, and for papa and mamma. The highest prize was a dollar, and they grew less and less, down to the child who had the fewest tickets, and that one got the least of all.

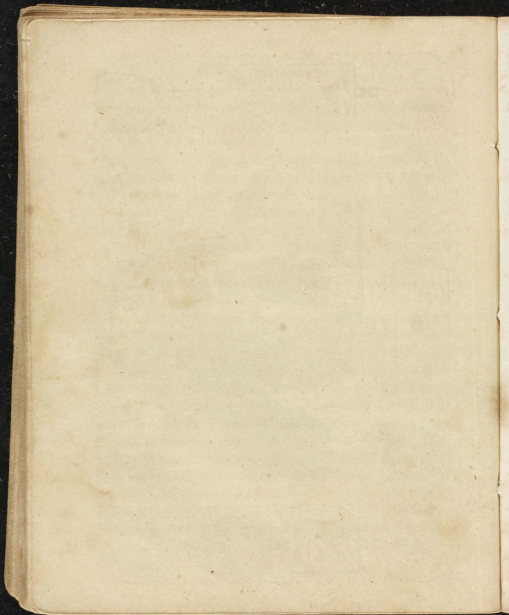
What a busy time we had of it, till New Year's day came!—so many secrets to keep! for it was a great secret whatever we were going to give—that those we gave to might get such a delightful surprise! We had so many little pin-cushions, and needle-books, and work-bags, to make and ornament; and then, besides our own presents, we sometimes had to help Henry and Charles, if there was any thing about their presents that needed sewing; and they, in return, helped us when there was any thing to nail or glue about ours.

We knew that papa and mamma preferred a present of our own work, to any thing else we could give them; and that made us very anxious to learn to work neatly. Olivia and Maria always tried to sew on muslin something for mamma, and if their little labors were not quite so beautiful as she could have bought, still I know she wore them

with far, far more pleasure. We were, therefore, always on the alert to learn little neat works from any body that could teach us. When Mary came from New Haven, she showed us how to do a great many kinds of nice needle-work, and we had a very charming New Year's day that year. We scarcely ever slept any the night before, and when the important morning came, what happiness it was to run about, each with all their presents,—kissing one another, and wishing many happy new years, and giving every one the things which we had had so much pleasure in making or buying; and then, when papa's bell rung, we all rushed into his room, and then there was such a kick-up of joy!

My dear brothers and sisters!—how often am I reminded of them all, when I behold the sports and gambols, the pets and the toys, of my own children. Even the sight of a rabbit, though it is now many, many long years since I was a child, never fails to remind me of one given to me by my dear little generous brother, Charles, as a New Year's gift, in the days of our happy childhood. Well do I remember the delight which filled my heart when told that this pretty creature was my

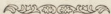




own! It was indeed a beautiful little animal. He was so tame and gentle that he would suffer any of us to handle him, and would eat out of our hands without the least fear. He had bright pink eyes, and fur as white as the drifted snow. You may well imagine, that he was the pride and the pet of all that happy family of little ones, who loved my dear SNOWDROP, as we named him, almost as fondly as I did myself.

Papa and mamma always gave each of us a present: papa generally gave us books, or something connected with our lessons; mamma always gave us something ornamental, and at the same time useful. And to this day we possess almost all these beautiful memorials of a mother's love, and of a happy, happy childhood. When I look at them, my eyes fill with tears—I seem once more to see those dearly beloved parents, long since removed to another and a better world. I seem again to feel their warm kiss upon my cheek—to hear their voice of tenderness and affection, and I lift my heart to God, and pray that I may be enabled to remember and act up to all their good and pious instructions, till the last hour of my life, and then be permitted to join them in that happy

world, prepared by our Heavenly FATHER for all who love Him.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

If you wish to be as happy as we were, my dear little readers, you must try to be as good and obedient to your parents. And always remember this—you are now, in your very youth, forming the habits which will accompany you into life here, and eternity hereafter. Strive, then, my dear little friends, to form *good* habits now. If you are now passionate, selfish, malignant, and obstinate, and do not earnestly strive to overcome these faults,—then passionate, selfish, malignant, obstinate, and *unhappy* you will be when you grow up to men and women. I know that children often comfort themselves when they are bad, by thinking,—“Oh! I’ll be good enough when I’m a grown gentleman,” or, “when I’m a big lady.” Now let me assure you this is a very false and a very foolish notion. You might just as well ex-

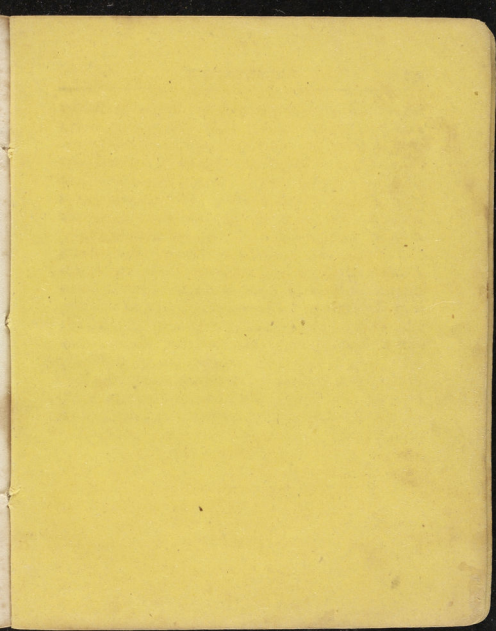
pect that a little weed, when it grew big, would grow into a rose-bush ! No, no ; depend upon it, if you are a bad and unamiable boy or girl, you will hardly fail to grow up a bad and unamiable man or woman. Now, in your youth, is the time to shun those vices which you dislike in others, and to cultivate and practice those virtues which you admire in others. You all love such of your brothers and sisters, and little playmates, as are dutiful and kind, obliging and generous ; strive, then, to be like them—to imitate them in the practice of these virtues—and you too will gain the love and affection of all,—will be happy here and hereafter, and will grow up good men and good women.

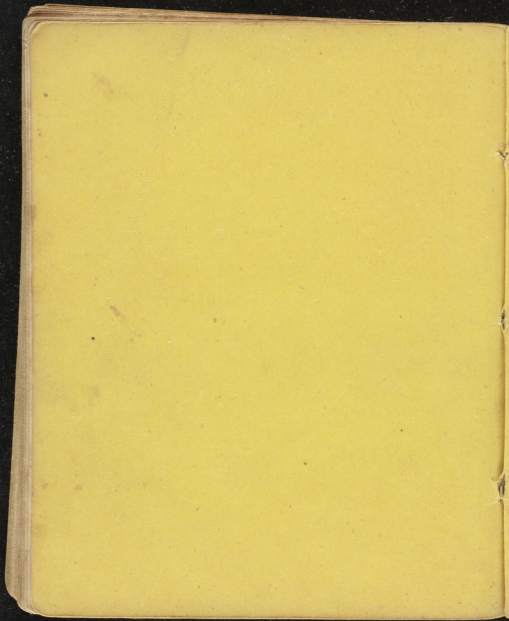
And you must remember, that your papa and mamma, or whoever fills their place, can not *cure* you of your faults. They can point out to you, punish you, and exhort you ; but *unless you exert yourself*, and pray earnestly to God for strength of mind to amend your faults, all the advice and all the punishments they can give you, will have but little effect in making you better.

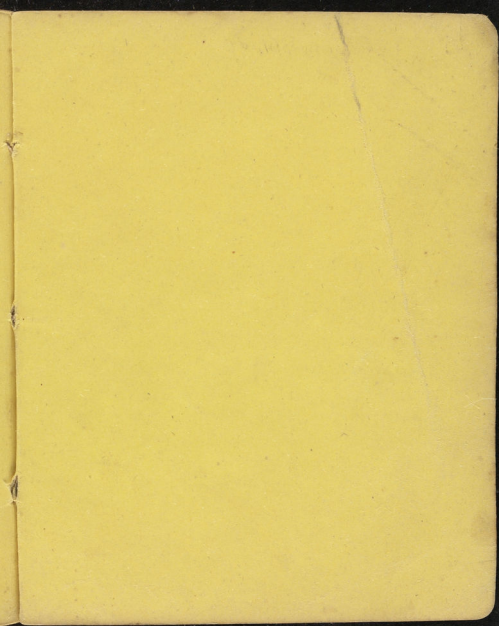
There is an old proverb—“One man can lead a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him

drink!" So it is with children: your parents can lead you "to the water," that is to say,—they can bestow pains in correcting your faults, and in furnishing you with all the means of instruction; such as schools, books, and teachers—and 'it is their wish and their duty to do so:—but never yet, since the world began, was any child made good, or wise, or accomplished, unless *it drank of the water*—that is, *helped with its own earnest endeavors*, aided, as I told you before, by God's blessing. This blessing, if *daily* asked in your prayers, will always be granted you, and you will then become all that your affectionate parents and friends desire to see you,—all that you must become before you can hope to go to that holy place which God has prepared for those who love him—a place which will endure when this world has passed away from you—from me—and from all the living.









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