

A
PLEASING VARIETY
FOR THE
YOUTHFUL MIND.

PART IX.

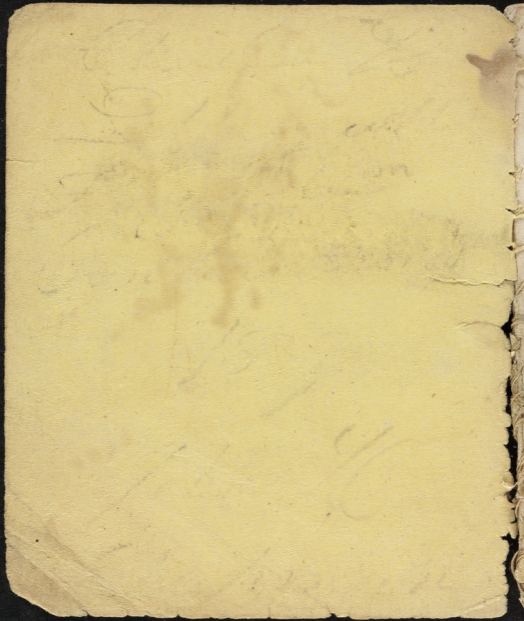
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Philadelphia.



NEW-YORK:

MAHLON DAY, 374 PEARL-STREET.

1838.



Carah Eliza Hawley

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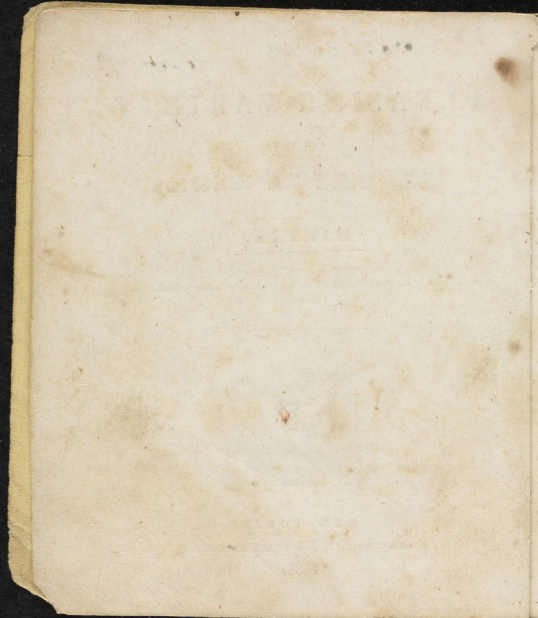
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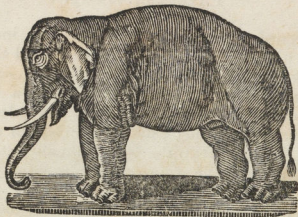


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THE ELEPHANT.

We seldom have an opportunity in this land of America, to prove the strength of the Elephant, but a circumstance took place some years since, in the city of Burlington, N. J., which was remarkable. An Elephant had been confined for some time in a stable there for exhibition. He was generally very docile and obedient to his keeper. But one night when all were asleep, he took the opportunity to break loose, and pushing down the side of the stable adjoining the neighbors' yard, walked into it, and passing over the brick pavement, under the chamber window,

awakened some of the family. One inquired what noise that could be ; another replied she did not know, unless it was the Elephant, and on looking out of the window, it being a bright moonlight night, they saw that it was indeed the Elephant, who after walking the length of the yard, pushed down the fence into an extensive garden, where he seemed much to enjoy his liberty, and in passing by some thriving young pear trees, six or eight inches in diameter, in a playful manner he put his powerful trunk round them, and pulled them up by the roots, with as much apparent ease as we would pull up a small weed. In the same way he pulled up a number of posts, placed on a grass plot to fasten the clothes lines to ; after which he tried a large venerable old tree, but this he could not manage. He then pushed down another fence into the stable yard, and broke the coach house door, where getting entangled, his keeper, and a number of other men, who had been called to assist him, succeeded in securing him, and preventing him from doing any more mischief.



EVENING THOUGHTS FOR A CHILD.

All the little flowers I see
Their tiny leaves are closing ;
The birds are resting on the tree,
The lambkins are reposing.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me and bless me,
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me that there is above,
A great and glorious One,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies,
That flutter through the bowers.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep,
Within my little nest,
For well I know that He will keep
His children while they rest.



THE ENQUIRY.

If power supreme made all the flowers,
That richly bloom to-day,
Say, is it He that sends sweet showers,
To make them look so gay?

Did He make all the mountains,
That rear their heads so high?
And all the little fountains,
That glide so gently by?

And does He care for children small,
Oh, say, does He love me ?
Has He the guardian care of all
The various things we see ?

Yes, yes, my child, He made them all—
Flowers, mountains, plants, and tree ;
No man so great, no child so small,
That from His sight can flee.

If thou love Him with all thy heart,
Then, though thou art a child,
He 'll hear, and will his grace impart,
To keep thee pure and mild.





A THOUGHT.

There springs to light no beauteous flow'r,
That speaks not of its Maker's care ;
What though it blooms but one short hour,
Its dewy fragrance scents the air.

The bee, that stores his curious cell,
With the sweet treasures of the rose,
Seems, in his happy toil, to tell,
The fountain whence such bounty flows.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year 1837 is over and gone, and a new year has commenced. How rapidly the days and years fly ! With the young they are soon passed, with the middle-aged they haste away still more swiftly, with the old they are almost as nothing.

And is it indeed true that the year 1837 is gone never to return ? Am I one whole year older than I was twelve months ago ? Am I one year nearer the close of my life than I was at that time ?

If I have misspent my time, or done or said wrong things during the past year, may I be more careful how I pass the new year upon which I am now entering.

Time *was* is past, thou canst not it recall ;
Time *is* thou hast, employ the portion small.
Time *future* is not, it may never be,
Time *present* is the only time for thee.



THE HOUR OF REST.

Come hither, little restless one,
'Tis time to close thy eyes,
The sun behind the hills is gone,
The stars are in the skies.

See, one by one, they show their light,
How clear and bright they look ;
Just like the fireflies last night,
We chased beside the brook.

Thou dost not hear the robins sing,
They're snug within their nest;
And shelter'd by their mother's wing,
The little chickens rest.

The puppy will not frolic now,
But to his kennel creeps,
The turkeys climb upon the bough,
And even pussy sleeps.

The very violets in their bed,
Fold up their eyelids blue,
And thou, my child, must droop thy head,
And close thy eyelids too.

Then turn thy little thoughts, and ask
Of Him who made the light,
Who kept thee innocent all day,
To guard thee through the night.

THE PINNA, AND ITS FRIEND THE CRAB.

There is a large kind of muscle called the pinna ; it has a voracious enemy in the cuttle-fish, which has eight long arms, and whenever the pinna opens its shell to take in its food, the cuttle-fish is on the watch to thrust in its long arms and devour it. But it is so ordered by Providence, that a little crab, which has red eyes and sees very sharply, lives in the muscle's shell ; and whenever its blind friend opens it, the crab looks out for the enemy, and as soon as he sees him coming, he tells the muscle by giving him a little pinch with his claw, and so he immediately closes the shell,—as a man fastens up his house and shuts out the thieves.

APPLICATION.

“Two,” says Solomon, “are better than one, for if one fall he can help the other, but wo unto him who is alone when he falleth.” The cobbler

could not paint the picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoe-latchet was not quite right, and the painter thought it well to take the hint. Two neighbours, one blind and the other lame, were called to a place at a great distance. What was to be done? The blind man could not see, and the lame man could not walk! Why, the blind man carried the lame one, the former assisting by his legs, and the other by his eyes. Say to no one then, "I can do without you," but be ready to help those who ask your aid, and then when it is needed you may ask theirs.

Mankind are so much indebted to each other, that they owe mutual attention.



RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

“ Mother, I do not like to give
Half of my cake to cousin Joe,
He’s such a very naughty boy,
And loves to hurt and tease me so.

“ The other day he tore my kite,
And in the mud he threw my hat ;

He surely, then, does not deserve,
I should be kind to him for that."

"My child, thy heavenly Father's care,
Is over thee both day and night;
His rain descends, his sun shines forth,
To feed, and clothe, and give thee light,

"And hast thou not too often been
Thyself unthankful, thoughtless, rude,
Yet still his love and guardian care,
Are over thee to do thee good.

"Then share thy cake with cousin Joe,
Though he *is* naughty, rude, and wild;
He must be punished for it too,
But not by thee, my dearest child."

THE CHILD'S TIME TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
Sixty minutes make an hour,
If I were a little linnet,
Singing on her leafy bower,
Then I should not have to count,
Sixty minutes in an hour.

Twenty-four hours in a day,
Seven days in a week,
I'd rather bound upon the hay,
Or play at charming hide and seek,
Than count the hours in a day,
Or tell the days that make a week.

In a month there are four weeks,
And twelve months make a year ;
All this to me a language speaks,
Which mother says I ought to hear.



A second very quickly flies,
A minute soon is gone,
An hour seems nothing in my eyes,
When something's to be done.

And when from my sweet sleep I rise,
The day seems scarce begun,
Before again I close my eyes,
That open'd with the sun.

Then let me try to spend my years,
And months, and weeks, and days,
That so my actions all may tend,
To speak my Maker's praise.





MOSS.

Take back the nest, and when you've
heard

It is the home of some gay bird,
And that these eggs her young contain,
You'll ne'er disturb a nest again.

Would *you* not pine at such a loss?—

A little chamber lined with moss,
Soft as the down upon the dove,
Fit emblem of a mother's love.

A mother's love is very strong ;
A mother's love endureth long ;
Though wrong'd, and spurn'd, and ill-re-
quited,

A mother's love is never blighted.
A storm, a summer friend may chill ?
A mother's love, unfading still,

Grows greener for the tears that fell!
Is not the emblem chosen well?

Moss cannot boast of leaf or bloom ;
Moss sheds around no sweet perfume,
Yet still we find it in the bowers,
In close companionship with flowers !
In spring, when Nature opens first
Her store of buds, so fondly nurs'd,
Green moss on sunny banks she sets,
As cradles for young violets.

THE THRUSHES.

“We observed,” says a naturalist, “this summer, two common Thrushes frequenting the shrubs in our garden. From the slenderness of their forms, and the freshness of their plumage, we pronounced them to be birds of the preceding summer. A friendship appeared between them which called our attention to their actions; one of them seemed ailing or feeble from some bodily accident, for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain a sufficiency of food; its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would generally bring it worms or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the provision; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his asylum at his approach. This procedure was continued some days, but after a time, we missed the fostered bird, which probably died, or by reason of its weakness met with some fatal accident.

APPLICATION.

Unkindness is often reproved by inferior creatures. How disgraceful is it then to a man, a woman, a child—and, what is more—how sinful! Surely we ought to be as superior in conduct to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, as we are in the favors which God has given us. Particularly should kindness be cherished between brothers and sisters. Have you a brother or a sister ill? Imitate the little bird of whom you have been reading, and do all you can to relieve the sufferer. Think every attention not a toil, but a pleasure. The reward of kindness is sure!

A CHILD'S LAMENT.

“ Oh! if my brother was but here,
To help me while I play,
How should I sport among the flowers,
This beauteous summer's day ;
If he was here to share my sports,
How happy I should be,
But he is gone, and I am sad,
My brother ! where is he ?

“ Last summer we were used to play
Among the springing flowers,
Or else beneath the leafy shade,
Of the grape and woodbine bowers ;
How happy then I pass'd the day,
How free my heart from pain,
But now I'm sad, my brother's gone,
He'll not come back again.



“ How then I loved to go to school,
For he went with me there,
How kindly then my little joys,
And sorrows did he share ;
How then I lov'd to learn my task,
For he was there to see,
But now I'm sad, I learn alone,
My brother ! where is he ?

“ Last winter, how I lov'd to see
Him frolic in the snow,
Or drag along his little sled,
Or on his skates to go ;
One day they said that he was sick,
And he lay on his bed,
And then I could not hear him breathe,
They told me he was dead.

“ His face was pale, his limbs were cold,
My parents did lament,
And all look'd sad and gloomy then,
I wonder'd what it meant ;

And then they carried him away,
And I was left alone,
And he has ne'er come back again,
Where has my Brother gone ?

“My parents say he's happy now,
For he has gone to rest !
No sorrow now can cloud his brow,
He lives among the blest ;
And that if I obedient be
While God my life shall spare
I shall again my brother see,
And live forever there.”



THE WHITE BEAR.

The following anecdote evinces the hardihood of white bears. Fish, which form their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves, being excessively scarce, a great famine consequently existed among them, and, instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Kamschatka. One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed alter him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea machine, full of boiling water, in the court; the bear smelt to it and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighborhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon despatched by shots from



the windows. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb of the town's people; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "the bear with the tea kettle."—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

THE LION.

GRATITUDE IS DELIGHTFUL, BUT INGRATITUDE IS DETESTABLE.

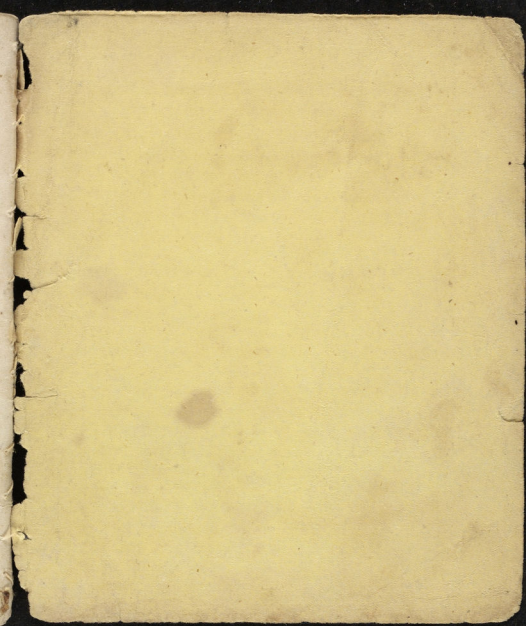
Henry Archer, a watchmaker in Morocco, had once two whelps given him who had been stolen not long before from a lioness, near Mount Atlas. They were a male and female, and till the death of the latter, were kept together in the Emperor's garden. At that time he had the male constantly in his bed-room, till it grew as tall as a large mastiff dog, and was perfectly tame and gentle in its manners. Being about to return to England, he reluctantly gave it to a Marseilles merchant, who presented it to the French king, from whom it was made a present to the king of England, and for seven years afterwards was kept in the Tower.

A person of the name of Bull, who had been a servant to Mr. Archer, went by chance with some friends to see the animals there. The beast recognized him in a moment, and by his whining voice and motions, expressive of his anxiety to come near, fully exhibited his joy at meeting with a former friend.

Bull, equally pleased, ordered the keeper to open the grate, and went in. The lion fawned upon him like a dog, licking his feet, hands, and face, and skipped and tumbled about, to the astonishment of all the spectators. When the man left the place, the animal bellowed aloud and shook his cage for sorrow, and for a few days refused to take any nourishment whatever.

APPLICATION.

It is pleasing to see acts of kindness remembered and acknowledged, while it is exceedingly painful to find them forgotten or only returned by ingratitude. He who is grateful shows he would be equally kind were it in his power; he who is ungrateful degrades himself, and would not assist the needy and wretched.



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