AUNT MARY'S

NEW STORIES

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY

MRS. S. J. HALE.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

The object of this little volume does not require a long or learned preface. It aims simply to *instruct in accordance with the natural instincts of childhood.* The feelings and the fancies are the medium through which this instruction will be imbibed by the efforts of their own awakened and interested minds. The author has sought to assist this natural development, and, by leading the affections the right way, to fix habits of just thought, and thus make the will obedient to the moral feelings. For this purpose, we think the three stories, viz., "The Faithless Fairies," "The Transformations," and "The Insect Queen's Two Parties," will be found quite as effective as the tales of real life.

That these marvellous stories will be read more eagerly by children, than mere matter-of-fact tales, is certainly true. Let any mother, who doubts this, tell

the story of "Cinderella" to a child of five or six years old, and then repeat two or three pages of "The Little Philosopher," or any other of the Juvenile Utilitarian books, she pleases, and see to which the child most inclines.

The truth is, in childhood and early youth, the imagination and feelings are predominant. We should begin the work of instruction by addressing these faculties; we should furnish them such mental food as will, when their own capacities have assimilated it, strengthen judgment and develop reason. To quote a late excellent work * — "mere materials will not do; there must be an interest excited, a stimulus to the organ, otherwise there can be no digestion."

That this little work will prove a favorite with the young, and deserve their favor, we believe, or we should not have given it the sanction of our name.

S. J. Hale.

* Self-Formation.

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AUNT MARY'S NEW STORIES.

LITTLE SOPHY'S VISIT TO THE SCHOOL.

LITTLE Sophy was an active, restless, and rather troublesome little girl about four years old, who was never so well pleased as when she was going to a place which she had never seen before, or among a collection of little girls who were strangers to her. She used to annoy her mother very much, by begging her continually to take her to see all the people who lived near. She was more like a lump of quicksilver, or a little bird, than any thing else, for it was impossible to keep her quiet a moment — tongue, feet and hands were all in motion at once.

She had a sister Emma, a very good girl, three years older than she was, who went to a pleasant school in the village with a great many other little girls, and who would amuse Sophy every afternoon when she came home, by telling her all her little adventures during the day, until Sophy began to think that going to school must certainly be the most delightful thing in the world, especially when Emma wore home, as she often did, a blue bow pinned to her shoulder, to show that she had been at the head of her classes during the day; or a white bow, to show that she had conducted herself the best. Then Sophy looked up to her with the greatest wonder and admiration, and longed to go where she might also obtain such great honors. She had, of course, often urged her mother to let her go with Emma; but her mother had always refused, for she feared that she might be troublesome to Mrs. Holmes, the teacher.

It happened, fortunately for Sophy, that Mrs. Holmes came in one evening to take tea with her mother, and the little girl, emboldened by her kind manner, crept up to

her, and asked her in a whisper, "if she never let very little girls like her come to her school?"

"Yes, certainly," said Mrs. Holmes, "would you like to come?"

"O! very much," answered Sophy, "but mother won't let me."

"I will ask her for you," said kind Mrs. Holmes, "and then I am sure she will say yes, if you will promise to be very good."

"Yes indeed, I will sit as still as a little mouse," said Sophy.

And so it was settled; for when Mrs. Holmes made the request herself, Sophy's mother readily consented, and the little girl went to bed perfectly happy. Probably if Mrs. Holmes had known what a restless, troublesome child she was, she would not have made the request; but she thought she was like Emma, who was a very quiet, studious girl.

The day came, and Sophy took her sister's hand to walk to school with her, feeling very grand and very important in her clean, white dress, and new light kid slippers. They were to remain all day, as their

mother was going to dine with their grandfather, and this completed Sophy's satisfaction.

When they entered the school-room, Sophy was a little surprised to see so many girls sitting so still and busy round the room; and she was quite afraid of Mrs. Holmes, who looked so grave and dignified, not at all like the kind lady who had talked to her so much a few days before.

Mrs. Holmes spoke to her very kindly, however, and smiled and told her to take her seat by her sister, which she did, and she sat so quietly for the first hour, that any one who knew her well, would have been very much surprised to have seen her. At length she began to feel very tired, and teased her sister so much by whispering to her, that Mrs. Holmes, perceiving that Emma could not study, called Sophy to her, and giving her a book of pictures, placed her in a chair by her side. For a short time, Sophy was very much interested, till a boy, about her own age, (the only one in school) brought his little chair to her side to see the pictures too. At first Sophy was

delighted to have a companion, but soon she got tired of holding the book so that he could look over with her, and before long she and the little boy were quarrelling in whispers so loud as to attract Mrs. Holmes' attention, who settled the dispute by taking the book away.

Then Sophy, who found it impossible to sit still longer than five minutes at a time, and who was still very angry with James, (the little boy) turned to him with a look of great contempt, and said,

"What an ugly little chair that is you are sitting in! I have one twice as pretty at home, that papa gave me. It has rockers, and is all covered with gold, real gold. It cost as much as a dollar. I would not sit in one like that."

"It is not ugly at all," said James, almost crying, for he was a sickly little boy, and not at all used to being teased; "it is a very pretty chair, and I think you are the worst girl I ever saw."

Sophy's face turned very red with anger, when James said this, and she gave him so hard a push with her hand, that he almost

fell out of the chair. He screamed, and Mrs. Holmes, hearing the cause of the disturbance, made Sophy sit in a corner by herself, so that she need not disturb any one else, and gave her the picture-book again to amuse her. But Sophy did not care much to look at pictures, without some one to tell her stories about them, so she soon dropped the book and fell fast asleep. She was so unusually quiet, that every body had forgotten her, till they heard a loud noise; and there lay little Sophy, crying on the floor. She had fallen from the chair, but fortunately had not hurt herself much, though she was very much frightened. Mrs. Holmes took her in her lap, and bathed her forehead, which was a little bruised, with cold water; and when, after crying a few minutes, she fell asleep again, she laid her gently down on a wide bench, with a shawl folded for a pillow, and told Emma to sit by her, to prevent her from falling again.

In the mean time twelve o'clock came, and all the scholars ran out to play for an hour, while poor little Sophy, who had ex-

pected to enjoy herself so much during the play-time, lay the whole hour sound asleep. She was cross enough when she awoke and found it out. It was as much as Emma could do to pacify her, but in the midst of complaints, she glanced at James, and forgot in new desires her old troubles.

He had gone during the recess to his mother, who lived very near, and told her, as usual, all the occurrences of the morning, and how badly little Sophy had treated him. But his mother had talked to him so seriously and kindly about the bad temper he had also shown, that he had resolved to make up for it. So he had carried, with a great deal of exertion, his prettiest little rocking-chair over to the school, intending to tell Sophy that she might keep it all the afternoon. He sat in his old little chair, with a book in one hand, out of which he was very busily studying, while his other hand rested on the arm of the chair which he intended for Sophy.

He was suddenly disturbed by some one rudely pulling away the chair and saying, "This is my chair. I am going to have it."

Now, though James had intended it for Sophy, he did not at all like having it taken from him in this way, so he replied, "No, it is not yours, it is mine. I brought it here myself, and you shall not have it unless I please."

"I will have it," said naughty Sophy, pulling with all her might to get the chair. James held it fast; and in the struggle, which was very violent though short, the arm of the chair was broken. James began to cry, and Mrs. Holmes, whose patience was now almost exhausted, placed Sophy in a chair by the window, and tying her in, so that she need not fall out, told her that she must sit there the rest of the afternoon. Sophy was frightened to hear Mrs. Holmes speak so sternly, and therefore sat still for a much longer time than usual, looking out of the window. Suddenly she started. A company of the militia were out, and one of them went by the window with a red coat on and a feather in his cap. Her little brother Willy had a red tunic, and a red feather too, so she thought that this could be no other than her brother.

The silly child did not stop to think that the one who went by was a tall, large man, while her brother was only two years old, and could hardly walk; she only noticed the coat and feather, and turned in great anxiety to Mrs. Holmes.

"O! Mrs. Holmes, Willy has just gone by, all by himself; he will get lost, I know he will—do let me go, or Emma, to find him."

"O, no," said Mrs. Holmes, "you must be mistaken—that could not have been your brother. Your mother would not let him go out by himself, besides, he could not walk so far."

"Yes indeed, indeed it was he, Mrs. Holmes; I saw him just as plain. He must have run away, and come down here to see us. He will be lost. Oh! do let us go and find him."

Sophy seemed so positive, and in such distress, that Mrs. Holmes did not know but she might be in the right, and sent Emma out to see. Emma ran up the street, and down, and spent half an hour looking for her little brother in vain, and came back

out of breath, just as her class were taking their places to recite. Emma took her place at the head.

She had kept that station of honor for a long time, and she was very desirous to retain it as long as possible. But her heart failed her to-day, for she had spent the time during which she ought to have been studying, in her wild-goose chase after her brother, and therefore felt that she knew her lesson very imperfectly. However, she managed to get through her answers without an absolute failure, though Mrs. Holmes seemed very much dissatisfied with her hesitation, till it came to the last and most difficult question. All in the class missed it one after the other, excepting Emma and her rival, Sarah May, who stood directly below her. Mrs. Holmes turned to Emma; for the first time for a fortnight Emma failed, and burst into a passion of tears.

Sarah had in the mean time found means to peep into the book and study the answer unseen by Mrs. Holmes, but not by her companions; she answered, therefore, promptly and boldly, and took the much desired

place, notwithstanding the reproachful and contemptuous glances of her companions, who would have exposed her but for fear of being called tell-tales.

The blue bow was pinned on Sarah May's shoulder, and the white bow was given to one of the other little girls; for Emma had been so much disturbed by Sophy, that she had not been as quiet and studious as usual. Sophy was quite confounded when she saw her sister crying and deprived of both the honors, and her little heart swelled with indignation when she heard how Sarah had obtained the reward. She did not find it out till they were on their way home, or she would have told Mrs. Holmes herself.

She was walking by the side of her sobbing sister, who was surrounded by nearly all her companions, for Emma was a great favorite, trying to console her; Sarah May was walking alone, a little before them, with her head held up very high and the bow displayed on her shoulder.

Little Sophy looked at it wistfully for some time; "Emma shall have it," thought

she to herself, and springing forward, she caught the bow from Sarah's shoulder, and was running back with it. But Sarah was not of a disposision to part so easily with her treasure; she pursued Sophy, and being both much the older and stronger of the two, overtook her before she reached Emma, and snatching the bow from her, gave her a push which threw her directly into the middle of a puddle of muddy water in the road.

Poor Sophy was helped up by her sister, and had to walk home with her face, her nice white dress, and new shoes, of which she had been so proud in the morning, all covered and dripping with muddy water; and when she came, half angry, half ashamed, into the sitting-room, her mother could hardly help laughing at her forlorn appearance. But when Emma gave a faithful recital of the day's adventures, the mother was very sorry that she had allowed Sophy to go where she could have it in her power to disturb so many people. She talked to her so severely that poor Sophy felt quite ashamed, and offered her-

self to send her own little chair to James, to replace the one she had broken, and begged her mother to tell Mrs. Holmes she was very sorry she had given so much trouble. Her mother did this, and Sophy tried so hard to control herself, that by the time she was old enough to go to school in earnest, Mrs. Holmes said she was almost as good a girl as Emma.

THE FAITHLESS FAIRIES.

ROM time immemorial a little band of fairies had had a favorite ring in Scotland, within which they had been accustomed to amuse themselves by dancing and singing during the long and pleasant nights of summer. It was in the south of Scotland, and in the midst of a lovely little valley, hemmed in by tall, dark mountains, and through which flowed a clear rapid stream.

It is well known that the fairies do not love to leave any old and pleasant haunt, but neither do they like to find themselves too near human beings. They look upon them as curious and intrusive, and almost always make "a moonlight flitting" if their

territories are invaded or approached by the dwellings of men.

There were about fifty in this little band, belonging to the noblest and most aristocratic of the fairy races, distinguished from all the others by the size and beauty of their wings. They prided themselves upon them as men do on their birth, station, or rank. The least dimness in their brilliancy, or diminution in their size, or if the feathers hung droopingly around them, all which would happen if they failed in their duty or were guilty of any dishonorable action, was regarded with sorrow and mortification by the fairy to whom it happened, and as a token of disgrace by her associates. But if her wings dropped off, which very rarely happened, so rarely that but one or two of those in the band had ever seen one of their number wingless, this showed so great a fault that the unfortunate being to whom it happened became a perfect Pariah or outcast, till by long and constant good behavior she had obtained permission from her queen to have them re-appear.

One day one of the fairies flew breath-

lessly into the ring, where they were all merrily sporting, some dancing, some swinging in the delicate flowers of the heather or hare-bell, and some trying to balance themselves with folded wings on the very point of a spear of grass, announcing that a number of men had assembled at the entrance of the valley, and were building a house. All was now tumult and consternation.

You all know that fairies are invisible to mortal eyes, except when they wish to show themselves. So without being perceived by the workmen, they flew hastily to the place pointed out by their companion. They found her story but too true, and hovering near the men, learned that it was for a young gardener and his bride, who hoped to find it all ready for them in a few weeks.

Back they flew slowly and sadly.

"Alas, alas!" said one, "must we leave our dear old home? I would almost be willing to lay down my wings if they could avail us any thing. We have only this poor little spot where we have lived for centuries, and the man had the whole world

before him. Could he choose no other place?"

Thus murmuring and sighing, they reached their ring in the green turf, and sank listlessly down. Some folded their wings closely round them, and hiding their faces with the bright, delicate plumes, shut out the sight of that which they were so soon to leave. Others permitted theirs to trail heavily after them on the damp grass as they stood gazing earnestly around.

"Let us go to our queen," said one.

"Yes, yes," responded all eagerly, "to our good queen." And they stood before her.

She was not like most queens. She was always employed in some good and useful work. She was now feeding some young humming-birds, whose mother had been shot by a wanton boy. She listened to the story of her sorrowful subjects with much sympathy.

"Let us not be too hasty," said she, "let us wait, and if the gardener and his wife are kind and good, as they should be, we need not leave our dear home. Calm your-

selves, my children, and let us hope for the best."

Smiles once more appeared, faintly at first, but in a day or two, as the men were building at some little distance, and seldom had occasion to come near them, they began to feel once more at their ease.

At length the cottage, and a charming little one it was, was completed, and one bright sunny morning there came two young people walking up the valley, who stood for a few moments at the door, looking round at the lovely landscape before they entered. One was a stout young man, with a frank, kind face, the other, a gentle girl, with a countenance so full of delicate feelings and sympathies, that the fairy queen rested on her broad, superb wings to gaze on her.

"Look William," said the young bride, "there is a fairy ring; do you see it by yonder knoll! Don't disturb it, William dear. It is so like one I left in my southern home. It makes this spot seem almost like that to me."

Her husband consented, with a smile, to the slight request, and in a few minutes they stepped in the house.

The queen flew away with the joyful intelligence, and gathering her subjects around her, imparted it to them, warning them at the same time, not to molest or disturb in any way their new neighbors. This warning was not unnecessary, for some among them were not a little given to playing roguish tricks.

In a little more than a year, a lovely infant lay in its cradle in the cottage, and though the mother knew it not, a crowd of bright glowing little creatures were hovering over it, with their glancing wings, fanning it, driving away all annoying insects, and amusing it by their graceful and varied gestures. For to the eyes of innocence, they always delighted to show themselves, fancying as they did, that the rays from the clear eyes of childhood brightened and deepened the gay colors of their plumes.

The fairy queen had deputed the especial charge of this child to four of her best-beloved subjects, warning them that the consequences would be dreadful to them if they neglected it, or suffered it through carelessness to injure itself. At first they

were very much pleased with their task, and night and day watched the infant unremittingly.

The mother often wondered at finding her child, whom she had left to attend to some household occupation, lying still with a pleasant smile around his mouth, and looking intently at some vacant space, as it appeared to her. She knew not that this space was filled with beautiful little beings, who never seemed tired of amusing him.

They guarded him so carefully, that he had reached his third year, and never had a tear filled his eye. If he were raising any thing hurtful to his lips, a gentle stroke of a fairy wing would dash it to the ground, while, at the same time, their rapid motions and singular attitudes would so absorb him, that he would soon forget what he had most wanted. If, in his first attempts to walk, he tottered, they held him up with a degree of strength that no one would have dreamed they possessed; if he ventured near a dangerous place, they had a thousand gay devices to lure him away. And so the child grew in beauty and grace, and was

the wonder of all the people who lived near.

For more than two years had these tiny beings devoted themselves unweariedly to the labor imposed on them. When the child was three years old their task was to cease; but it wanted more than six months of that time, and the dreary winter was coming, and most of their associates were to fly off for a few weeks, to enjoy the sunny breezes of the south, while they were to be left, to perform duties which had now become very wearisome.

There was but one of the four who did not murmur at the task, Leola never was known to complain while fulfilling any duty, no matter how disagreeable. And this to her had now grown delightful, for she loved the little boy with an affection only second to that with which she regarded the queen.

"Let us go," said Varaya, "I cannot endure the thought of being confined next winter as we have been to the close walls and heavy air of these rooms. Nothing will happen to the child — Leola will remain, and the mother, it is time that she

began to charge herself with the care of her boy. The cold will oblige him to remain by her side in the house, and we will return with the spring flowers. Come, sisters, think of those lovely, southern lands, and let those, who will, waste the cold time of winter here. Adieu, Leola! come, sisters."

And far away soared the lively little fairy, resting on her outspread wings in the midst of her flight, to see if she was followed.

You all know how much easier it is to follow the example of those who seek their own pleasure, than of those who follow resolutely the path of duty. So you will not wonder that Leola was left alone, while the two remaining fairies spread their wings to follow Varaya. Their consciences smote them once or twice, and they half turned to go back, but the child looked so happy, playing with a wreath Leola had twined for him, that their scruples vanished. They wondered, also, what punishment their kind queen could have the heart to inflict on them, if their flight was discovered; but all thoughts of that kind faded away, when

they found themselves in the gay vineyards of France.

"Is not one day here worth the whole winter in the cold north?" asked Varaya exultingly; and her companions unhesitatingly agreed.

But they did not remain there. They flew over the lofty hills of Spain, and resting here and there to amuse and enjoy themselves, continued their course till they had crossed the blue Mediterranean, and stopped to refresh themselves among the date and palm trees of Morocco.

Here, to their great delight, they found a superior race of their own species, who welcomed them with great cordiality and ceremony.

"Your wings," said the principal fairy, "are a token of your worthiness. We receive you without any other guarantee, and welcome you with all our hearts."

The truants were at first a little confused. With so much disapprobation do fairies turn from those who have been faithless in their duty, that they felt, if the truth were known, that they should be driven away

with dishonor, instead of being so kindly received.

They soon, however, forgot their compunctions in the gaiety that ensued on their arrival. Their new friends seemed to vie with each other in trying to make their visit a gay one. The truant fairies danced day and night, and said gaily to each other, that never before had they been so happy.

There was to be a grand ball in honor of their arrival, and invitations were sent out far and wide, to all the fairies around, who come in crowds to pay their respects to the distinguished strangers. Varaya and her companions received all the attention with a great deal of condescension. You would have thought they were princesses, instead of simple fairies.

Towards the close of the evening the strangers were requested to perform one of their peculiar dances. Pleased with the opportunity for display, they readily consented. A large open space was formed in the centre of the room, round which all the rest of the numerous company ranged themselves. Our three fairies placed them-

selves in the circle, and commenced amid murmurs of "beautiful," "how graceful," "we have never seen their equal," &c.

Their exultation was at its height when a cry of horror broke from the lips of Varaya. It was echoed by her two companions. Their wings, their pride and ornament, their badge of dignity and honor, lay drooping and discolored at their feet!

The other fairies gave but one glance and turned away. They knew that such a punishment was inflicted only on those guilty of some great fault, and, therefore, when Varaya glanced round on the faces of those near her for sympathy, she saw only amazement and horror. Every one turned from them. They approached the queen — she walked with a dignified step from the room. They heard the word "impostors" repeated from mouth to mouth — and walked with downcast heads and trembling steps from the room. They went to hide their disgrace and sorrow in the darkest recesses of the forest, and sitting down, wept and tried in vain to console each other.

"Must we wander forever, exiles from our home, and shunned by all who meet us?" said they; "we are indeed severely punished for our disobedience."

Just then a dove dropped the leaf of a honeysuckle at their feet. They recognised it at once as having been plucked from a vine which was trained over the cottage porch, and hastened to examine it.

They found on it a message from their queen, informing them, that their deprivation was in consequence of a severe accident, which had happened to their charge from their neglect. That the only way to retrieve their character and recover their wings, was to devote themselves, for two years, to doing all the good they could to all with whom they might meet. At the end of that time they were to repair to the place where they now were, and if they had performed their duties faithfully, they should then find their wings restored, and be gladly welcomed home.

Two years! how long the time seemed to them, and to be spent not in pleasure or amusement, but wandering, slowly and with

difficulty, on their little delicate feet, over the sandy and desert regions around them. How they wished they had followed the example of Leola, and thus saved themselves all this toil and mortification. But regrets were useless.

"Come," said Varaya, "I induced you to undertake this unfortunate journey. I will endeavor to assist you as much as I can in our new labors. We have wept enough. Let us commence our work immediately."

There was a nest of young birds hid in the tall grass near them; a little snake was creeping stealthily towards it. The fairies raised a stone, and, exerting all their united strength, dashed it on the reptile's head, then drawing a little diamond dagger, which the fairies always wear in their girdle, they soon killed it. Not content with this, they watched by the side of the nest till the mother returned.

A little farther on, two weary travellers had laid themselves down on the grass to sleep. But their rest was disturbed by the numberless insects which buzzed around.

For four hours the fairies busied themselves by driving away these insects and guarding the sleep of these tired wanderers, and at length the sleepers arose refreshed, and the fairies sought other occupation.

They found a bee lying wounded and almost at the point of death, and nursed her as if she had been a companion. These are only the occupations of one day. For every day, for the whole two years, they did not falter or murmur at the length and difficulty of their punishment. If their fault had been great, great also was their sorrow and repentance.

The two years had passed, and pale and toil-worn they stood once more under the boughs of the same tree beneath which they had received the last message from the queen. A sudden sensation of vigor and elasticity shot through their whole frames. They gazed with wondering delight at each other, and then bent over the quiet stream at their feet.

There they saw themselves reflected just as they had looked when they first left their home. No longer emaciated and dejected,

but bright, radiant, and happy with their wings waving in the sunlight. With one impulse they rose in the air. They stopped not now on the sunny hills of Spain, nor rested in the gay vineyards of France, nor stayed in the green fields of England. Not till they alighted at the feet of their reconciled queen, and in the midst of their old companions, did they give rest to their wings or refreshment to their frames.

THE SHIPWRECK.

 AMES DILLON was an Irishman, living in the north of Ireland, with his wife and two little children, John and Mary. Though they were very poor, Mrs. Dillon, who was a very good woman, took so much pains with her son and daughter, that they behaved better and knew more than any of the poor children about there. They always told the truth, and would never fight or swear, as they saw a great many of their companions doing; they could read very well, and were never so happy as when they could get a new story book, which was very seldom, to be sure, and sit down together to read it.

They had two or three old books which

had been given them, and which they had read till they knew them all by heart.

Mr. Dillon was not a very industrious man, or perhaps they would not have been so very poor, and in America he had heard that he could earn as much money as he should want without working half as hard for it, which made him very anxious to go, but his wife could not bear the idea of leaving her friends and country to go among strangers, so that while she lived he gave up all idea of it. But when John was seven or eight years old, Mrs. Dillon died, and then Mr. Dillon, leaving his children with their grandmother and aunts, sailed to America.

His first letter told them that he was very homesick and dissatisfied, and regretted very much having left his home and friends, but by the time he wrote again he had found some old acquaintances, and obtained work on a canal, where, though the work was hard, the wages were enough to enable him to send part of them home. After this they did not hear from him for some time, but the children lived very

quietly and happily with their grandmother, who continued to treat them as their mother used to do.

At length, after James Dillon had been in America a little more than two years, there came a letter inclosing what seemed to them a very large sum of money, saying that he had married a very good woman, and was anxious to have his children with him again. He told their grandmother to send them out under the care of some trusty person in the next packet, and said he would meet them in New York.

The children were delighted at the idea of going in a ship, and though they felt very sorry to leave their grandmother when they thought of it, yet that was very seldom, for they could talk of nothing but the ocean which they had seen once, and the ship which they had never seen.

Their grandmother felt very much grieved at parting with them, but she was too poor to be able to keep them longer, and as it happened that an old acquaintance of hers, Thomas Delany, was going out in the next packet, she made all the necessary prepara-

tions, and putting the children under his charge, saw them depart with the feeling that they would certainly be taken good care of during the voyage. Her last words to them were "to remember and be good children, and never tell lies or take what did not belong to them."

They did not find sailing in a ship as pleasant as they had anticipated, for the steerage, or lower part of the ship, was crowded with emigrants, who were going to America, so that the air was very close, and every thing seemed dirty and uncomfortable. Besides, the weather at first was stormy, so that the poor children were quite sick, and in short, they never felt so miserable in their lives; no one seemed to pay them any attention beyond a word or two, for every body was either sick or nursing some friend who was. Thomas Delany was so ill from sea-sickness and other causes that the children had to nurse him, instead of being taken care of by him. Day and night, for nine days, John and Mary never left his bed-side when they could sit up.

The people around them looked with astonishment and admiration, at seeing these two children devote themselves so uncomplainingly and constantly to the sick man. The most experienced nurses could hardly have taken better care of him; not that they knew so well how to do every thing, but they were kind and gentle, and sick as they felt themselves, they never allowed a complaint to escape them. They had been taught always to think of the comfort of others before their own, and they were now proving that they had not forgotten the lessons they had received.

When they had been at sea two weeks Thomas Delany died, and the children felt very sadly at his loss. They wept bitterly when they saw him sewed in his hammock and after a short service thrown into the sea. But as every one felt very kindly to them on account of their devotion to their friend, and showed their kind feelings, they dried their tears and were quite happy for a few days.

Then there came a dreadful storm, during which every one on board the ship expected

to go down before morning. The masts were partly carried away, and the captain was obliged to throw almost all the cargo overboard. The children clung to each other, but found it impossible to sit still, for at every motion of the vessel, they were thrown violently from one side to the other. Fortunately, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and left the ship much injured, but still in a condition to proceed slowly.

Two days after the storm, however, they found themselves becalmed. For three or four days they lay perfectly still and motionless. John and Mary amused themselves by watching the strange fish that darted about the ship. Schools of porpoises, dolphins, and now and then a shark appeared far down in the water. But, notwithstanding all the curious things they saw, they became very tired of being cooped up in such a small place with so many men and women, the greater part of whom did nothing but scold and quarrel. When at length a breeze did spring up, it was a very slight one, and the ship made very little progress.

They had already been out at sea the usual length of time, and the store of provisions, which the emigrants had brought, had begun to fail. John's and Mary's went first, for as they had had no one to take charge of it for them, and were not old enough to be very prudent, it had been somewhat wasted. They were so obliging and kind though, that every one was willing to share with them as long as any thing remained. At length famine began to stare them in the face. Many of the families in the steerage were dependent on the kindness of the captain, who did all he could for them, which was but little, and for two or three days one little biscuit apiece was all that either John or Mary could obtain.

At length there came a day when they could not get any. There was but one person in the steerage who could have succored them, and this was a Mrs. Sullivan, who was going to join her husband. She had a large family of children, one of them an infant, and had brought a much greater quantity of provisions than was usual. Of

these she had been very bountiful as long as she thought it right, but now she was reduced to one very small bag of biscuits. She could not see her children starve, so she was obliged to turn a deaf ear to all the entreaties that were made to her. She secreted them carefully, for fear they should be stolen.

John and Mary lay down faint and trembling. They thought that they should never awake again, and talked till they fell asleep from exhaustion, in feeble, broken accents, about their friends and their home in Ireland. John was the first to awake in the morning. It was quite dark, but yet, as he looked around, he could perceive by the light of the stars that all were sleeping soundly. At least he thought so at first, but after looking a short time, he saw a dark figure groping about Mrs. Sullivan's bed. He touched Mary and pointed to the object.

"It is Jack Kelly; he is getting the biscuit," whispered Mary.

The whisper startled the thief. He turned quickly, and seeing John raised on

his elbow watching him, he glided to him, and threatening him with a knife he held, if he betrayed him, attempted to bribe them both to silence by offering them each a biscuit. John's eyes sparkled with joy, and he reached out his hand to take it, but Mary drew it back.

"No, no, John," said she, "remember what grandmother told us. Those are not ours or Jack Kelly's."

"They are mine now at all events," said Jack, "and if you are such fools, why you'll have to starve, that's all."

He was about to creep away to eat his stolen biscuit before the others awoke, but the whispering had roused several around, and one after the other raised their heads to see what was the matter.

"It is nothing," said Jack, vexed and frightened at the disturbance, "nothing but little Mary here was sick, and I came to see if I could not help her."

By this time nearly all were awake, for want of food made them sleep more lightly than usual, and as some began to dress themselves, Jack saw that all he could do

was to conceal the biscuit for the present, and eat them when he could obtain a chance. Shaking his fist menacingly at the trembling children, and repeating his threat in a wisper, he went away.

John and Mary dressed themselves as quickly as possible, and dragged their trembling limbs into a corner of the cabin. There they sank down, and began to consult about what they had better do in this emergency.

Mary thought they ought to tell Mrs. Sullivan, who had been very kind to them; but John was sure that if they did, Jack would kill them. He was a very wicked man, and a great terror to all the quiet people in the steerage.

They were still endeavoring to decide, when they heard a great lamentation. Mrs. Sullivan had just discovered her loss, and her children were crying bitterly at the thought of going without their breakfast. Mrs. Sullivan was horror-struck, for she thought her children would starve before her eyes.

She wept and appealed to every one to

help her in discovering the thief, and some pitying her distress, did try all in their power to assist her, but most were too much engrossed with their own sufferings.

Jack Kelly was one of her most compassionate comforters. He pretended to feel the greatest sympathy, yet while he was engaged in trying to soothe her, he kept his eye fixed on the two children, so that they sat still and trembling, and hardly daring to speak.

At length after some hours, Mrs. Sullivan gave up the search in despair, and sitting down, she collected her children around her, and tried to amuse them by telling them stories. Jack Kelly went up on deck, making as he went a threatening gesture to John and Mary.

As soon as he had fairly gone, "now," said Mary, "now is the time to tell good Mrs. Sullivan. If we wait, all the biscuits may be eaten."

"Oh! Mary, you don't really mean to tell, do you?" asked John. "Did n't you see how awfully Jack looked at us as he went out. Oh! for pity's sake let us sit

still here. I feel so badly. Why didn't you let me take the biscuit he offered me?"

"Because it would have been stealing," replied Mary; "you know Mrs. Sullivan gave us all she could spare, and it would have been very wrong in us to have stolen them from any body, much more from Mrs. Sullivan. And I don't believe Jack Kelly will dare to hurt us; so come, do, and then we will go to the captain, and tell him we have not had hardly any thing to eat for two days; perhaps he will give us something."

After a good deal of persuasion, John consented, and the two children crept hand in hand to Mrs. Sullivan.

"We know," whispered Mary, "who took your biscuits; we would have told you before, only we were afraid."

"Bless you, my darlings, who was it?" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan.

"Jack Kelly, he came while you were asleep and stole them. Nobody was awake but John and I, and when he saw us, he threatened to kill us if we told, and offered us one, but we wouldn't take it."

"You are the best children in the world," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and if I can get my biscuits back again, you shall share them with me."

"We saw him hide them under that pile of clothes," said John.

Mrs. Sullivan went directly to look, and sure enough, there she found them untouched; for she had made such a disturbance about them, that Jack had been afraid to be seen eating them. She did not forget her promise to John and Mary, and while they were eating almost ravenously, Jack came back.

The children felt very much frightened, and crept closer to Mrs. Sullivan. But they need not have been alarmed, — for that woman having told every one who the thief was, he was assailed by such a storm of reproaches and hard names, for having taken the bread out of the mouths of a poor woman and her children, that he hardly knew which way to turn; and was compelled, during all the rest of the voyage, to keep aloof from the other passengers, none of whom would have any thing to do with him.

If they had not providentially found themselves, the next morning, near the Bermuda Islands, the sufferings of the passengers would have been dreadful, for nearly all the supplies, both of food and water, had been consumed. They had to remain there some time while they were obtaining more provision and repairing the ship.

But when they did set sail, the wind was in their favor, and in a few days the passengers were told that the next morning they would probably be in sight of New York. John and Mary danced for joy, they were so happy at the idea of being again on land and with their father, that they could not restrain themselves nor lie still long enough to go to sleep, but their little tongues were running as fast as possible after every one else was quiet.

About twelve o'clock a dreadful gale sprang up and blew so violently, that the captain was obliged to give up all control of the ship. It was driven about at the mercy of the wind, and every body feared at each shock or turn of the ship, that it would go to the bottom.

When daylight appeared, the captain found it impossible to tell where they were, but was much alarmed to see that they were near the coast, and every moment in danger of being dashed on it.

He ordered one of the boats to be let down, and as many of the passengers as could get into it, and pushed off towards the shore, but the surf was too violent. The boat was upset, and they saw from the ship, that every person in it was drowned. They made every exertion in their power to obtain help from the shore, but in vain; and in a few hours their worst fears were realized. The vessel struck on the coast and lay there a perfect wreck. The scene that followed was frightful. Many were washed overboard and drowned. Some attempted to swim to the shore, but only one succeeded, while the rest clung to the wreck half benumbed with cold, waiting anxiously for assistance.

John and Mary had been tied fast to a mast by a kind-hearted sailor, who had taken a great deal of interest in them during the voyage, on account of the generosity,

kindness, and truthfulness which they had shown.

He remained by them trying to encourage them, and promising to take charge of them if they were successful in reaching the shore. John and Mary prayed in a low voice to God, whom their mother had taught them to love as a kind father, and bore without a murmur the cold which seemed almost to freeze their limbs.

John did not shed a tear till he saw Mary's head hang down, pale and apparently lifeless. She had fainted from fatigue and exposure, for they had been for four or five hours tied to the mast, but John thought she was dead, and wept bitterly. The sailor rubbed Mary's hands and feet to revive her, and at last succeeded.

Soon after the wind abated a little, and they saw some men coming with boats and ropes to their assistance. The sailor, who reached the shore, had obtained help from some fishermen who lived near. They were accustomed to similar accidents, and therefore, knowing exactly what to do, succeeded in saving all who were still on board the

ship. The sailor, whose name was Harris, carried Mary in his arms to the house of a fisherman near, whose wife had built an enormous fire, by which the poor shipwrecked people might warm themselves. She brought the children some food and warm drink, and, taking off their wet clothes, made them put on some dry ones of her children's, and lie down in the bed till they were rested.

The next morning Mary was too ill to rise, though John did not suffer at all from the exposure, so the sailor said he would leave them both under the care of the fisherman, while he went to New York to try and discover their father. The children could give him no clue to their father's usual home. They knew that he did not live in New York, but was to meet them there, and that was all.

The sailor was absent for three weeks, during which time Mary had entirely recovered her health, and she and John enjoyed themselves very much, as every body treated them kindly, and they tried in every way to help the good woman with whom they were staying.

They would take care of her little children, and make the fires and dig in the sand for clams, and when they were not at work, they liked nothing better than to run about the beach looking for shells, or to throw stones at the clams to make them spout, or wade in the water.

When the sailor returned, John and Mary, not pale and sickly as they had looked after their long confinement in the ship, but rosy and healthy, as they used to be in Ireland, sprang forward to meet him, and hear all about their dear father. They were sadly disappointed when Harris told them that he was not able to find their father, and supposed that he must have heard of the wreck of the ship, and thinking them lost, had made no attempt to find them.

However, he told them that he would take care of them, and would never let them want as long as he lived. He was going to return to New York the next day, and they should go with him, and then he would leave them with a sister of his who lived in the country. The poor children were almost heart-broken to be left so desolate in a

strange country, but were obliged to consent to the kind sailor's proposal.

The next day, with many tears, John and Mary bade good bye to their kind hostess, and in the course of some hours found themselves in New York. Harris took them to Mrs. Sullivan's house, who had escaped the wreck with the loss of only one of her large family of children, and was now living very comfortably in a house her husband had provided. When she heard that Mr. Dillon could not be found, she proposed to relieve the sailor of the charge of one of the children, to which he very unwillingly consented. Indeed he would not have consented at all if he had not himself been almost destitute of money, and he knew that his sister was quite poor too when he had last seen her. He would not give up Mary, so John was the one fixed upon to stay with Mrs. Sullivan.

This was the bitterest trial of all to the children; they had never before been separated in their lives, and they clung so closely to each other, and sobbed so violently, that Harris more than once was on the

point of taking both; but Mrs. Sullivan interfered, and saying that they would soon get over it, unclasped Mary's arms, which were closely twined around John's neck, and gave her to Harris, who, putting her into a carriage, tried in vain to soothe her by promises of toys and playthings without number. She sobbed herself to sleep in his arms, and when she awoke, a kind looking woman, who had taken off her bonnet and shawl, was trying to lay her down on the sofa.

This was Mrs. Jackson, Harris' sister, a widow, who lived in a little village near New York, and supported herself by sewing.

She was living in a very small but neat house, and was in much better circumstances than she had been when Harris had last seen her; but she had lost all her children, and she was very glad that her brother had brought Mary to her. When she saw how lonely the little girl seemed, and how she pined for her brother, Mrs. Jackson told Harris to bring John with him too the next time he came.

"They have nobody but each other in the world now," she said, "and it is a shame they should be separated."

Harris promised that he would when he came back again, but he said that would not be for some time. Mary was very much cheered by this promise, and tried to make herself as contented as possible without John, but she found it very difficult. She could not play by herself, and Mrs. Jackson, though very kind, was so stiff and precise that she felt not a little afraid of her. She moped, as Mrs. Jackson called it, nearly all the time, to the great distress of that good woman, who was beginning to think herself of going to New York to bring out John, when she was prevented by his unexpected arrival.

Mary was sitting in the front door trying to read, when a wagon drove up to the gate, with a man and boy seated in it. It needed but one glance to tell her that the boy was John, and she was down at the gate in a twinkling; but it was a long time before she could persuade herself that that stout red-faced man was really her father. He

did not look at all like the father she remembered.

Mr. Dillon told Mrs. Jackson that hearing that the ship was wrecked and all on board lost, he had not gone to New York, but that a few days before, having occasion to go there, he made inquiries, the result of which was that he found to his great joy that his son and daughter were both saved. And he came now to relieve Mrs. Jackson of the charge of Mary, and to take her home. Mrs. Jackson had become very much attached to Mary, and wished to keep her. But Mr. Dillon did not feel willing to consent, besides Mary was anxious to go with her father and brother. Mr. Dillon promised Mrs. Jackson that he would bring Mary once or twice a year to see her, as long as he was working on the same canal, which was only fifteen or twenty miles from there.

It was quite late when Mr. Dillon drove his children up to their new home, but there was light enough for them to see that it was a dreary-looking place, consisting of a long row of dingy brick houses of only one

story, built near the canal, and swarming with men, women and children. A cross, slovenly-looking woman came out, scolding some half dozen children, who were shouting and screaming around her.

Mr. Dillon told the children that that was their new mother, and it would be hard to say which looked the most disagreeably surprised, Mrs. Dillon, who had already more children than she knew how to take care of, or John and Mary, at the appearance of such an unlovely successor of their dear mother. If it had not been for John, Mary would have repented having left kind, precise Mrs. Jackson, for she had been brought up in such neat habits by her own mother, that this one's carelessness seemed worse than her habit of scolding.

John and Mary were soon made to feel that they were not welcome. Huddled into a little room with four or five of Mrs. Dillon's children by a former marriage, if any thing went wrong, which it was sure to do, for there seemed to be nothing but quarrelling and fighting the whole time, the two strange children were sure to be blamed.

Beaten and scolded for the least fault, John was often tempted to revenge himself, and he would have done it but for Mary, who soothed and persuaded him to be quiet.

"In a little while," she said, "you will be a man. You are more than twelve now, you know, and then we will go away together; but now we must bear every thing as well as we can, for where can we go?"

If they got hold of any old book or newspaper, and crept up in a corner to try and read it undisturbed, their mother or some of her children would be sure to find them, and taunt them with being lazy and worthless, though they worked harder than any one in the house. If they told their father, which they did once or twice, it only made matters worse, as it would cause a dreadful dispute between him and his wife, after which she would be crosser than ever. Besides they had not been with their father long, before they discovered that he was in the daily habit of drinking to excess, and when he came home intoxicated, as he

often did, the house would be a dreadful scene of confusion and quarrelling.

The children passed in this way the most unhappy year of their lives. Their only comfort was in being together and talking about their old home in Ireland. Sometimes Mary would tell her brother how neat and comfortable every thing had been at Mrs. Jackson's, and how happy she would have been there if he had only been with her. They ventured once or twice to remind their father of the promise he had made Mrs. Jackson about their visit to her, but he answered so roughly that "He had no money to spare for such nonsense," that they did not dare to repeat their request. They comforted each other, and resolved to try and do as well as they could, and not quarrel with their step-brothers and sisters if they could possibly help it.

One afternoon Mary was sitting in the door, holding a large, stout baby, very much too heavy for her to carry, and John was trying to pile up a load of wood which had just been brought, when they saw a crowd of men coming towards the house.

As they came near, Mary saw that they were carrying her father, who lay motionless, with his face and head all covered with blood. Mary thought that he was dead, and called hastily and loudly for her mother and John to come to him; but the men who were carrying him told her not to be frightened, that he was only very much hurt, and would probably be well in a day or two. It seems that while he was intoxicated, he had got into a quarrel with another drunkard, who had struck him severely with a club several times on the head and face, rendering him insensible.

He might have recovered, the doctors said, if proper care had been taken, but John and Mary could not keep the room in which he lay, clean and quiet, with such a swarm of noisy, dirty children about, though they tried. Nor could they prevent their father from drinking as much whiskey as he pleased, especially as his wife did not concern herself about him — and all these circumstances brought on a brain fever, which caused his death.

Then were these two poor children left

unprotected indeed. Their unkind step-mother said that she had enough children of her own to take care of, and was going to turn the poor little orphans out into the street to starve or beg, or get their food as they could, but all the neighbors seemed so indignant at this treatment, that she was obliged to adopt some other course. After a few days she told John that she was going to bind him to a shoe-maker, and put Mary as errand-girl into a family which lived at some distance.

The children had been so badly treated by her for some time, that they had no spirit to object to this disposal of themselves, indeed, they were rather glad at the prospect of getting away from her on any terms, even on condition of being separated. They went sadly about, collecting their scanty wardrobe, and trying to make it look as decent as they could to go among strangers, though, at the best, they looked more like two little beggars than any thing else, when a wagon drove up to their door.

It is impossible to paint their rapture, when they saw good Mrs. Jackson get out

of the wagon, and tell them to make haste and get ready to come home with her. Mary threw her arms around her old friend and sobbed for joy, while John flew to collect their little possessions. Mrs. Jackson had heard of their father's death and of their step-mother's unkindness, and had gladly taken the opportunity to claim the little ones she had wanted so long to replace her lost children.

They never had felt so happy since they had left Ireland, as they did when they were comfortably settled in Mrs. Jackson's nice home; and though she was somewhat strict and particular, they recollected their past sufferings, and only thought of trying in every way to show their gratitude.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS.

THERE was once a little boy named Rupert, who was more fond of play than any thing else in the world. He was old enough to have been able to read, yet he hardly knew his letters, and often, when his father and mother thought him very busy at school, he was idling away the whole day in running about the forest, climbing trees for birds' nests, or fruit, or building dams in the river that ran through the fields back of his father's house.

Lately, however, his father had found out his truant habits, and now whenever he came home from a ramble in the woods, he was sure to meet with a reception very

disagreeable to him. At first his father simply reproved him, but when he saw this did no good, he was obliged to punish him quite severely, sometimes by whipping, and sometimes by sending him directly to his room. But this did very little good. At the first opportunity Rupert would throw all his books down on the grass, and away he would run to the cool dark forest, where he could ramble about all day just as he pleased.

It was after a long summer's day spent in this idle and disobedient manner, that Rupert set out on his way home. He knew what awaited him there, and had half a mind to spend the night under one of the grand old trees about, but he was hungry, and suppers you know do not grow on forest trees, so he walked very slowly onward. The sun had not yet set, and he could see the bright plumage of the birds, and hear their merry twitterings and chippings as they flew from one tree to another, and hopped from branch to branch, and the squirrels were sitting perched up on some half decayed stump, glancing, with their

little bright eyes, first on one side, then the other, as they nibbled at a nut they held in their paws, and down in the cool clear water, fish darted back and forth with a quick glancing motion.

Rupert loitered, and looked and wished that he was either a bird or a squirrel or a fish, they seemed so free and happy. And the longer he loitered, the more he dreaded to go home, and the more he longed to be any thing but a little boy with books and lessons, and a father that punished him and made him go to school. The sun went down at length, and left him wishing for the fortieth time, that he had wings like the birds that were flying over his head.

He was a little frightened just then, for directly in his path, there seemed to have glided from the trunk of a large old oak, just before him, a tall, indistinct figure. He could see her face very clearly, however, and that reassured him, for it was so calm and lovely, that he felt at once that she meant him no harm. Her hair seemed to be of dark-deep green, and hung so closely and thickly around her, that he could only

discern her face. But she bent towards him as gracefully as the tall sapling sways to the gentle breeze, and the tones of her voice came to his ear in sad, low murmurs, like the sighing of the autumn wind through the leafless trees.

"Rupert," said she, "thy childish love is very dear to me, now when my worshippers, once so numerous, grow daily fewer and less devoted. I would willingly gratify thy wish. But think of all thou must sacrifice, father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Wouldst thou give up all these for the free flight of the bird?"

"Oh! if I could be a bird," said Rupert earnestly.

"Thou shalt, my child, and more. For two years thou shalt be able to take any form thou shalt choose, to go wherever thou shalt wish. I will give thee the power. At the end of that time meet me here, and if thou art weary of thy wanderings, I will restore thee to thy present condition."

She passed her soft cool hands over his head, and in one moment he felt himself up-

borne by two strong pinions over the tops of the tallest trees.

To say he was happy, is but half describing his sensations, he was in ecstacies. It seemed as though he would never tire of using his new faculty. From his lofty height he saw his former body lying lifeless on the ground. The spirit raised it carefully in her arms, and vanished as mysteriously as she had appeared, in the trunk of the old oak.

When night came he sank down on a branch of one of the forest trees, and folding his head under his wing, (it seemed to him that he had been a bird all his life,) was immediately sound asleep. He was aroused the next morning by a great bustle and commotion. To his astonishment he found that his new companions had to labor more industriously than his old ones. What he thought, at first, was only playful amusement, he now found was serious occupation. Some were flying far away and bringing back, not only food for their little ones, but also for their mates; some were repairing

their nests, and others were teaching their young to fly.

Rupert noticed particularly a little plain, brown bird, that sat apart from all the others, with his feathers drooping and his eyes half closed. He asked a little talkative blackbird, who had hopped on the branch close to him, and seemed inclined to be sociable, who he was, and why he looked so sorrowful.

"Oh! he, why he was the best songster among us; don't you know him?" asked Blackbird in great surprise.

"No," said Rupert hesitating, "I have just come here, I am quite a stranger."

"Ah, indeed," said Blackbird; "how is your wife and family?"

"I have no wife or family," replied Rupert, a little astonished.

"Not shot I hope, eh?" asked Blackbird.

"Oh! no, I never had any," said Rupert.

"Is it possible! no wife or family," exclaimed Blackbird. "Ah! I understand, first summer, eh! Well, you must have come out of the shell very early to be so well grown. You wanted to know about

that poor thing there. That is his mate sitting close by him. Well, he had the most charming family. His nest was in that elm yonder, and the dear little things, they chirped so sweetly already. They would have sung in a few days, but one of those horrid monsters called boys, you've heard of them ——"

Rupert nodded.

"Well, one of them came, and before the eyes of the father and mother carried off the nest. If it had been mine I would have picked his eyes out, but they, poor things, all they did was to fly after the horrid wretch, singing so plaintively all the time, it would have made your heart bleed, but he didn't mind it at all. And where do you think he put the poor things that he had taken out of the fresh air and bright sun; in a great nasty wooden box, with just a few slits for them to put their poor little bills out. Come with me and I will show it to you. The father and mother go every day to feed their little ones, and sing to them, but just as soon as they find out that there is no hopes of their ever getting out of

that box, they will give them something to eat which will poison them."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Rupert.

"Not half as dreadful as being shut up there all one's lifetime. They always do it. They poisoned two of their children last year.

While Blackbird was chattering this they had arrived at the place where the poor prisoners were confined, and to Rupert's great distress he found that it was a cage in the porch of his father's house; and he then recollected that but a few days before he had brought home the nest himself as a present for his little sister!

He was very much grieved, and wanted very much to free the little captives, but he cried in vain. He had made the cage too tight to allow any bird in the world to force its way out. His great sorrow surprised Blackbird a little, who tried to comfort him by telling him that it was a misfortune to which all birds were liable; that to be sure some did bear it better than others, and after all he did n't know but it was just as well as to be shot to make a pie for those

same greedy boys, which they would certainly be if they staid much longer."

And sure enough, Rupert saw his eldest brother stealing round a corner, with his own gun in his hand. They flew off in great haste, and did not feel quite safe till they were hid among their own trees.

Rupert passed several days in a state of perfect happiness. He became quite a favorite among his companions, though the older birds did complain of his setting a bad example to the younger ones by his idleness and love of rambling. But he had such beautiful feathers, and could sing so exquisitely, that they never could have the heart to blame him to his face; and little did he care what was said of him, while he was flying through the air far over their heads, or swaying on the loftiest branch of some tall tree, and pouring out strain after strain of the sweetest warbling from his delicate throat.

One day he said to Blackbird, "Come, let us go and see those poor little prisoners," and off they flew.

"Alas!" said Rupert when they reached

the cage, "your prophecy was but too true, they are dead."

And there they lay, three poor little captives, stiff and motionless on the floor of their cage. Rupert hopped round it, lamenting their fate, when suddenly he heard a loud noise and felt a sharp pain in one of his wings, which rendered it impossible for him to fly. Blackbird was off in a twinkling, calling for him to follow, but he found the attempt impossible. His poor wing hung painful and motionless by his side; in a moment he felt a strong hand clasp him, and looking around saw that he was in the hand of his oldest brother, Valentine, while his little sisters, Christiana and Bertha, were standing on tiptoe to get a peep at him.

"Ah! the poor little thing!" said Bertha; "see, Valentine, how you have hurt its wing; how it trembles! Will it die?"

"Oh no, it is not hurt much," replied Valentine.

"There I do not agree with you," thought Rupert, but he could not speak intelligibly to them, so he remained silent.

"I will just throw out these old dead birds, and put this pretty one in their place, and he will soon get well. What beautiful feathers he has," continued Valentine.

"Yes, so bright," said Christiana; "how I wish Rupert were here to see it; he used to like birds so much. Little birdy, did you see my brother Rupert in the woods, and cover him with leaves, as the robins did the poor children?"

Here Rupert noticed for the first time that they were all dressed in mourning, and then he knew that they thought him dead; still he could not speak to tell them who he was, though he longed to very much.

His brother Valentine arranged the old cage very neatly, and placing in it a nice soft bed for him to rest his wounded wing, and some seed and water for him, hung the cage by the side of the door, and ran to call his father and mother to see their new pet.

"He is indeed beautiful," said the kind, soft voice of Rupert's mother, as she stood pale and sad in her black dress by the cage; "but you ought not to have hurt him so, Valentine. I have told you very often

how wicked it is for you, merely for your own pleasure, to harm the smallest of God's happy creatures. You recollect I told you when those three little birds died, that you must never use this cage again for such a purpose; as soon as the wound is healed you must open the door."

"Ah! mother," expostulated Valentine, "he sings so sweetly, and I should not think he would leave where he is, as long as he has enough to eat and drink."

"Do you think those other birds would have died, if you had left them in their nest?" asked the mother.

"Oh!" said Christiana, "it was the naughty old bird that killed them. I saw her bring something like a green leaf to eat yesterday, and directly afterwards they fell over and died."

"Yes," replied the mother, "I have heard, though I had forgotten, that it was the practice of that species of bird to poison their young when they found that they were imprisoned for life. They look on death as the smaller evil, I presume. We must not expose this poor thing to the same fate."

And tears filled the eyes of the fond mother as she stood looking at the bright feathers of the little captive — she was thinking of Rupert, and the joy he would have felt at the possession of such a beautiful pet.

How Rupert's little heart swelled and fluttered; he would have given worlds to have been able to resume his own form for one moment to console her. He turned his bright, glittering eye to her face and chirped anxiously, but she turned away without any further notice.

His prison life, which lasted several days, was very tiresome and monotonous. To eat the seed that was placed for him, and peep through the bars of his cage, were all his sources of pleasure through the livelong day. To be sure, his brother and sisters would now and then bring a lump of sugar to him and laugh to see him peck at it, or Blackbird would make him a flying visit only early in the morning, but through the greater part of the day he was left to himself.

No bird was ever half as happy as he was on the day that it was decided that his

wing was quite well, and that he must be set free. The cage door was opened with some reluctance by Valentine, and out with a joyful heart flew Rupert. He hovered a few moments over his mother, then flew away, and quickly returning with a little twig which he had broken with his bill from an evergreen near, dropped it at her feet, and then rising high in the air was soon out of sight.

The children exclaimed in amazement, "See, mamma, the bird has given you a keepsake."

But the mother silently placed it in her bosom, while a strong but unaccountable presentiment arose that her lost son would be found again.

Far away flew Rupert, bearing the joyous tidings of his freedom to all his old companions, and sporting with them once more as happily as ever. Soon, however, cold winds sprang up, and all were in commotion, preparing for their semi-annual journey. The birds were marshalled in regular flocks, each to follow some experienced traveller, in search of a warmer home.

For days and days they continued one constant unvaried flight, not stopping to rest except at night, and often alarmed by an attack from some hawk or other frightful bird, or by a shot from the gun of some sportsman.

Rupert grew very tired of this monotonous exertion long before they reached their destination; he thought it almost as bad as sitting on the hard benches in school all day; and his discontent was not diminished when he found that he was expected to follow the example of his companions by busying himself in their usual occupations.

"What!" exclaimed he, "am I to work hard all day picking up straws and hairs to build a nest, and sing all the evening to entertain my mate, who will go sound asleep. No indeed! I did not come here with any such intention as that, I assure you."

"What do you intend to do, then?" asked Blackbird. "Do! why, I am going to amuse myself," replied Rupert. "Then you cannot expect to associate with us," said Blackbird, "we can have nothing to do with idlers."

And so it proved. Rupert would not work, and consequently he was looked upon as a vagrant, and no one would have any thing to do with him. This he found very tiresome and disagreeable.

"There is no use in my trying to live in this way," thought he, "when no one will speak to me unless I work, which is out of the question. What did I turn into a bird for, if it were not to get rid of that everlasting work? Who would have thought that these little creatures, that seemed to be doing nothing all day but flying just where they pleased, were working hard all the time?"

Just then a herd of deer came rushing across the plain, tossing their graceful heads and bounding lightly over the ground.

"How delightful!" thought Rupert; "I wish I was a deer."

The words were no sooner spoken, than he was frisking in the midst of the crowd, running here and there as if overcome with delight.

"What is the matter with the crazy little thing?" said an old deer close by him;

"what are you jumping about so for? Run, run for your life, the lions are behind us!"

Poor Rupert was thunderstruck. Never had he so exerted himself. It seemed almost as if the ground slipped from under his feet. Nearer and nearer came the lions, announcing their approach by loud, deep roarings that made every fibre in his frame tremble with fear. They came at every bound closer to the herd, and at last he saw, to his great consternation, two of the younger deer, whose strength was beginning to fail, struck down by those ferocious beasts, whose teeth and claws were in one second reddened with their blood. The lions being busy with their prey, enabled the herd to slacken their speed, and at length they reached a place where they might consider themselves for a time in safety.

"Are you often attacked in this way?" asked the panting Rupert of one by his side.

"Often! oh yes!" replied he sadly; "it seems to me that our life is one of perpetual fear. Lions, tigers, men, all seem to look upon us as their proper prey. Now and then we snatch a few days of comparative

rest and security, but this is very uncertain. Look at those foolish ones," continued he, pointing with his branching horns to a group of fawns, who were sporting gaily, in happy forgetfulness of their past danger; "now you see them so happy, to-morrow they may share the fate of their unhappy brethren whom we left behind us."

"Would you think it better to be a lion, then?" asked Rupert.

"A thousand times," was the reply.

"Then I will be one," was the sudden determination as suddenly executed; and there in the midst of that playful herd stood one of those powerful animals.

How they scattered in their rapid flight! With their wild bounds they seemed almost to fly, and it was not for a long time that they discovered that they were not pursued. Rupert had enough to occupy him in the enjoyment of the feeling of conscious power and strength which he now felt. He shook his mane, and roared loudly in savage joy at seeing his late companions flee so suddenly from his presence. He stood in perfect solitude in the place so short a time

ago filled with gay and happy creatures. He sought a lake near, to which his instincts directed him, and walking majestically along its bank, gazed at his own image reflected on its tranquil surface, and admired his strength and lordly figure.

His occupations now were to sleep or rest in some shaded spot, or near some cool stream during the heat of the day, and sally forth at night in quest of food.

He was generally alone, sometimes he could find one to accompany him, but seldom more, and he began to find this life very wearisome; he could not take the fierce delight which the other lions did in mangling and tearing their victims. The excitement of the chase and the attaining food were his incentives to pursue the trembling prey, and he was soon busied in thinking what form he should next assume.

He had noticed a herd of wild horses, which seemed to be as happy in their freedom as could well be imagined, and he had serious thoughts of joining them; but lingering near them one day he saw a rope thrown so skilfully round the neck of the

finest animal in the group by some hunters, that he was deprived of all power of resistance, and dragged off to perform the will of his new masters.

Rupert knew very well what his fate would be; to be beaten, and bound, and enslaved for the whole of his years of strength and vigor, and then be turned out to die of starvation or the attacks of some wild beast. He had no desire to undergo such a fate, so he changed his mind, and resolved to remain as he was for a short time longer. As a lion he was at least free and untrammelled.

I omitted to mention that he must be at liberty, and free from the control of any person, in order to be able to transform himself as he pleased. The wood spirit had promised to protect his life, so that the loss of his liberty was all he had to dread.

While he was reposing by the side of the lake, and debating in his mind what form to take next, he recollected an elephant that he had seen long before in a menagerie. He had admired it then for its strength and majesty, and he now determined to assume

the form of one. Accordingly, in a moment he found himself standing with three or four others under the shade of some lofty trees, using his long pliable trunk with as much ease as though he had been accustomed to it for years. By the help of it he could bend down the high branches of the trees to eat from them the fresh young twigs, or he could pull up from the turf at his feet whatever herb his instinct pointed out as fit for food. But what pleased him most was to wade with the other elephants into the middle of some stream during the heat of the day, and to amuse and refresh himself by filling his trunk with water, and throwing it all over himself and his companions.

He found that he liked his present associates better than any that he had had. The birds had been careless and indifferent, the deer too timid to be firm friends, the lions surly and selfish, but the elephants were all kindness and generosity.

About a week after he joined them they had a severe combat with a tiger, who leaped from a little thicket, where he had

concealed himself, directly on the neck of one of the number; he was driven off and killed, but only after a severe struggle, in which Rupert had his trunk so wounded that for some days it was useless to him. During all this time he was fed and as carefully attended to by his companions as though they had been his servants. He could not help wondering at seeing such kindness shown by these animals, when he recollected how often he had been cross and unkind to his little sick sister, though he had had so good a mother to teach him his duty.

He began now to long to return, once more, to his old home and his mother and brothers and sisters. He was growing a great deal more tired of his life as an animal, than he had ever been as a school-boy. He had found out that their existence was not a long holiday, as he had thought, but that they had not only their food to obtain, but enemies to struggle against. However, he knew that wishes would be of no avail for that purpose, as not one year of the two, which had been mentioned as the duration of his trial, had yet passsed.

He loved to wander away from the rest, and try to fancy how all the friends, whom he had left so thoughtlessly, were looking, and what they were doing. He was often warned by the others of the danger of rambling about alone, but his old habits still continued strong, and he persisted.

One day while he was walking carelessly about, he stepped on what seemed to him to be some bushes, thrown carelessly on the ground. He was alarmed at feeling them yield to his tread, and in one moment he found himself at the bottom of a deep pit. He now recollected to have been told, that the people about were in the habit of digging these pits, and covering them with boughs to conceal them, and to deceive the unwary animal, who would thus be effectually made prisoner. He remained in this disagreeable situation for some days, and would have suffered very much, if not died, from hunger, had it not been for his old friends, who found out where he was, and brought him, in their trunks, food and water. But one morning he perceived above him, several men and a number of

tame elephants. The men seemed very much delighted at the prize they had obtained, and after some time, by means of strong ropes and the help of the tame elephants with them, they succeeded in dragging Rupert out of the pit.

When he felt himself again on the broad plain, he made desperate efforts to free himself from the ropes by which he was bound; but in vain. He was placed between two of the tame elephants, who held him fast, while stroking him with their trunks, and trying in every way to soothe him. While he struggled and pulled at the ropes which bound him, they tried, with all their great strength, to retain him, but when exhausted by his efforts he stopped to recover his breath, they assured him, in their language, (for all animals have a language of their own,) that all these exertions were useless, and that he was going where he would be treated with more respect than he ever had been in his life.

"Did you not know," said one of them, "that white elephants like you are devoted to the service of the king or the gods? In

either case you will have very little, if any, labor to perform, and you will be attended to by the slaves of the king, as if you were a monarch yourself. Yield then, quietly, to a fate that you cannot avert, and come with us."

Rupert followed this advice, though he kept a sharp look-out to discover, if possible, some means of escape. But he was considered too valuable, and watched too closely, to be able to effect his purpose. In due time he was marched slowly and reverently through the streets of a large city in Hindostan, and having reached the palace, was exhibited to the king to be disposed of.

"What a noble animal!" exclaimed the king; "our deity has two. Let this one be devoted to my service."

And Rupert was led away to the splendid stables of the king. Here he found several men waiting to attend to him. Water was brought for him to drink and to throw over him. The greatest quantity of rice and other food was poured in a trough of ivory for him to eat. Every thing was done that could conduce to his comfort, except that

he was shut up in a space that seemed to him very small.

After proper but gentle training, Rupert was led to the palace door to be mounted by the king. He was made to kneel. A miniature throne, sheltered from the sun by a beautiful canopy, was placed on his back, under which the king seated himself. The driver sat on the neck of the elephant with a short stick, by which he directed his steps, and he was preceded and followed by a long train of slaves, who made the air resound with the songs they sung relating entirely to the deeds and virtues of their sovereign. As the train passed through the crowded streets of the city, every one ceased from their employment, and prostrated themselves on their faces till it had passed.

To perform this task now and then, was all that was expected of Rupert. At all other times he was attended to, and cared for, as he never had been in his life before. Yet he never had been so unhappy; he pined so for freedom and for his own home, that he grew quite thin; and he held his

head so droopingly, that he lost almost entirely his grand majestic appearance.

The king was very angry at this alteration, and accusing the keepers of carelessness, ordered them to be beheaded, and their places filled by others who would be more attentive. This cruelty filled Rupert with horror, for he had become quite attached to his old keepers, and he grew thinner and thinner, till at length the king declared him unfit to have the honor of bearing him longer, but ordered him to be kept carefully for some time, in hopes that he might regain his former appearance.

Thus was the poor Rupert compelled to remain a close prisoner in a little narrow inclosure, of which the walls were so high and strong that he could not dream of escaping. How impatient and restive he was at first! The keepers were almost afraid to come near him; but after a time he became resigned and quiet. "I will wait patiently," thought he; "it is the best I can do, and the time will come at last when I can be free."

He now began slowly to recover his former

appearance, and at length looked quite as grand and noble as he had ever done.

"We must lead him forth to-morrow for the king to mount," said one keeper to the other. "He will be quite rejoiced to see his old favorite."

But the next morning when they brought his usual portion of food, they found only the lifeless body of their charge. They fled in dismay to hide themselves from their angry sovereign, dreading the fate of the former keepers.

Rupert was standing once more in the dusk of the evening, under the shade of those old trees, with his books thrown carelessly at his feet, and before him the tall and shadowy figure of the wood spirit.

"Art thou satisfied my child," murmured she, "to resume for thy whole life thine own person?"

"I am," replied Rupert.

"Think well before thou determinest," said she; "thou canst not again change thy decision."

"I have thought and decided," said Rupert.

"Thy two years' experience has not been happy, I fear; but hast thou learnt nothing by the change?" asked she.

"I have learnt," replied Rupert, "two lessons. To be satisfied and thankful for my lot, and to be kind to every animal in the creation."

"That is well. Thou hast not lost thy time," said the wood spirit; and passing her hands once more over his brow, she vanished.

He stood for a few minutes wondering, and then gathering carefully the books he had so idly cast away, he turned to his home.

As he came in sight of it, he stopped for a few moments to gaze upon it. It looked as it had done two years before, so that he almost doubted the reality of all that had happened. But his two sisters, who were playing about the lawn, were so much taller, and his brother, who sat in the porch reading, had lost so much of his boyish appearance, that he was convinced he had not been dreaming.

If I should try, I could not tell you how

happy they all were when they saw Rupert, with his books under his arm, just as though he were just coming home from school, walking up the avenue to the house. He never would tell where he had spent the two years during which they had thought him dead; but he proved that he had been benefitted by them by the effect they produced on his subsequent conduct.

THE NEW SETTLEMENT.

A GREAT many years ago, long before the revolutionary war, about which you have all doubtless often heard, while New England was still covered with pathless forests, through which roamed the bear and wolf and the savage wild-cat, and the Indian, more savage and dreaded than the fiercest of the wild animals, a number of people in a village in the south of Connecticut, determined to leave their pleasant homes, to make new ones for themselves in the wild forests of New Hampshire.

You may have heard of the toil and privation which those who seek the broad plains of the West have to undergo, but this

will give you but a faint idea of the dangers and sufferings encountered by those who made the first clearings on the rocky hills, or first laid bare to the light of the sun and stars the deep valleys of the north-eastern portion of our country.

The climate was more severe, the soil less fertile, the wild animals more savage, and the Indian had not yet learned to dread and to submit to the control of the white man. Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, there were a number of men found hardy and vigorous enough to undertake the long fatiguing journey, and the hard labor of the first years of their settlement, for the sake of the advantages they hoped to obtain for themselves or their children.

The party who were now setting forth from Springdale, a village in the south of Connecticut, consisted of several young men on horseback, one of whom was married, and carried his bride on a pillion behind him, an older man, Mr. Pearson, his wife, and three children; the oldest, Patty, a girl of ten, Reuben, a boy of five or six, and a baby whom Mrs. Pearson carried before her

on the horse. Reuben rode behind his father, and Patty was placed on a feather bed on the top of all their moveables, which were closely packed in a large wagon drawn by two oxen.

Some cows were driven before them, whose milk, it was thought, would be very useful to them, not only on their journey, but after their arrival at their new homes. All the men carried muskets and plenty of ammunition, both to defend themselves against the savages and wild beasts, and to obtain the food they would need.

The children were in ecstacies at the idea of riding through the woods all day, and sleeping in them at night. Patty did not much like her solitary elevation, but as she was a very good, obedient girl, she did not complain, and was often rewarded for her good humor by being taken on a horse behind some of the travelling party.

About twelve o'clock the party would stop for an hour or two to let the horses rest, and to eat their dinner.

Patty and Reuben were always in a hurry for this hour to arrive, for then they were

allowed to run about as much as they pleased, though they were forbidden to go out of sight of the rest of the party. But they could generally find a plot of the sweet wood-strawberry and the leaves of the young wintergreen; and as these disappeared, for they were obliged to travel very slowly and cautiously through the dense forest, being sometimes forced to cut a passage for the wagon on account of the thick undergrowth, they were replaced by the raspberries and blueberries which grew in great profusion by their path.

At night they always stopped as soon as the sun set, for fear of losing their way if they travelled after dusk, and putting the wagon and animals together in a ring, they made a fire around them to frighten away all wild beasts and snakes, and the women and children slept on beds placed in the wagon, while the men, wrapping themselves in their stout, homespun coats, lay down on the grass with their muskets at their side, and slept soundly.

In this manner they journeyed for two or three weeks, without any accident of any

importance. Now and then the children would see the glaring eyes of some wild-cat gazing at them through the bushes as they were engaged picking their berries, but as they were always near assistance they were never harmed; and one night a number of wolves were heard at a little distance, but the fire probably alarmed them, as they did not venture near the encampment.

But one afternoon soon after they had encamped, they perceived that one of the cows had strayed off. She was not very far, they knew, for they could hear distinctly the jingling of the bell hung around her neck, and as Patty and Reuben volunteered to go and drive her back, they were permitted to do so.

They soon returned, with the cow walking unwillingly before them, and asked permission of their mother to go back to the same place, as they had noticed a profusion of blueberries about it. The permission was readily given, accompanied with a caution not to go too far, and to return before dark.

The children ran quickly back laughing and talking, for they found this wandering life very pleasant.

"Oh!" said Patty, "is n't this a great deal better than being shut up almost all the day, sewing, sewing, nothing but sewing. I wish we could live so always."

"I don't," said Reuben, "I want to get to the place where we are going to live, and see father build his new house. But just look at that squirrel yonder. Let us watch where he goes, and then we can catch him."

As soon as the squirrel had hid himself, as he thought, in a hollow place in one of the trees, Reuben scrambled up, and thrusting in his hand, did not succeed in catching the squirrel, who darted out and ran to the top of the tree, but found instead a great quantity of beech nuts, the remains of the stock which the provident little creature had laid up the summer before for his winter provisions.

He came down with his pockets full, and found Patty examining, from some distance, a hedge-hog, which she had imprudently struck with a little switch, and which was standing with its quills bristling all over its body, waiting in angry defiance for her to approach.

"Don't go near it, Reuben," said she; "if you do it will stick its quills into you. But just look what I found in the grass while you were climbing the tree."

And Patty pointed to a very small, slender snake, which was trying to swallow a toad several times larger in circumference than it was itself. It had partly succeeded, but seemed to have ceased its exertions for a few minutes, while the toad, still alive, was kicking and struggling with all its strength to release itself from this unpleasant situation.

The sympathies of Patty and Reuben were roused, and, looking upon snakes as creatures made only to be killed wherever they were found, they soon put an end to the existence of this one, and released the unfortunate toad.

Thus they rambled on, now stopping to look at this curious object, and now at that, till they arrived at the place where they had seen the berries. While engaged in picking them, and chatting and laughing, they wandered on farther than they ought to have done, and the sun had already

begun to set before they thought of returning.

"Come Reuben," said Patty, "we must make haste, or mother will be angry with us for staying out so late."

A loud scream from Reuben was the only reply. Patty turned to see what was the matter, and saw him struggling in the grasp of a strong Indian. Patty did not think for one moment of running away; she was too brave a girl, and loved her brother too well for that; but she sprang towards Reuben, and tried with all her little strength to drag him away.

The Indian seemed very much amused at her boldness, but raised Reuben in his arms high above her head, and beckoning to another Indian, who appeared just then, Patty was seized in the same manner, their mouths were tied to prevent them from making any noise, and they were carried rapidly away!

After taking a very circuitous path to avoid being traced, they approached the river about a mile below the spot where our party were encamped, and taking the

children with them into a canoe, paddled silently and hastily till it was almost day-break. By that time they had reached a small island, thickly covered with trees, which stood in the midst of the river, where they landed, and releasing the frightened children from their bonds, they gave them food, and making motions to them to lie down and sleep on the soft couch made by the withered leaves which were strown about, they talked in their own tongue for some time, and then throwing themselves one each side of the children, they all fell sound asleep.

But we must return to the camp, and to Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, who waited for a short time after the sun had set, without much anxiety for the return of their children, but finding that it was growing quite dark, and yet they saw nothing of them, went in the direction in which the children had gone, expecting to meet them, and intending to reprove them severely for the trouble they had caused. But they looked and listened for them in vain.

At length they reached the patch of low

bushes, from which the children had been gathering their berries, still they were not there. They called aloud, but received no answer; on examining the bushes, they found the little basket Reuben had carried, thrown on the ground, with the berries with which it had been filled, lying scattered all around, crushed as though they had been trampled on; at a little distance lay the sun-bonnet Patty had worn, and these were all that they could find.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearson understood but too well what had happened. Overcome with sorrow, they returned to the camp to tell the sad story. In an instant, all the young men rose from the ground, and prepared to start in pursuit of the savages. Mrs. Pearson was obliged to remain with the other woman, Mrs. Edwards, to take charge of her infant. Against her wish, one of the young men was left as a guard, and the rest all went forth.

From the care the Indians had taken that their path should not be traced, the pursuers found great difficulty in obtaining the slightest indication of their course. At

last the experienced eye of one of the party, who was well versed in the Indian customs, enabled them to track the two men to the river. Of course they could follow them no farther, as they had no means of crossing it. They had been out scouring the woods all that night and nearly all the next day, and tired and dispirited, they returned to the camp to refresh themselves and consider what was to be done.

Poor Mrs. Pearson was in so much distress that several times she started up, declaring her intention of going herself to look for her children, and of not returning without them. They pacified her as well as they could, and more to soothe her than with any expectation of finding the children, after resting an hour or two, they set out on the search again, leaving as the guard of the females only one man, who had been slightly lamed by a fall over a fallen tree the night before.

The night came on very dark and cloudy, and a cold, raw wind blew up, though it was midsummer, which made Mrs. Pearson draw her shawl more closely round herself

and the sleeping infant which lay in her arms. Their protector had wrapped himself in his thick riding-coat and lain down on the ground by the fire, and was now sound asleep. Mrs. Edwards had fallen asleep, too, in the midst of her efforts at consolation, and now lay with her head resting against the moss-covered trunk of some old tree. Mrs. Pearson kept watch alone.

Several times she fancied she heard stealthy steps among the bushes near her, but though she searched herself as well as she could with her infant slumbering in her arms, she could see nothing, and she was loth to disturb the heavy sleep of the weary man.

So she persuaded herself that it was only the rustling of the bushes caused by some of the numerous little animals with which the wood was filled.

What then was her fright, when she felt herself seized by the rude grasp of a savage, his tomahawk held over her head, ready to descend if she uttered the slightest cry. At one glance she saw that Mrs. Edwards, al-

most fainting with fright, was in the hands of another red man, while two more were aiming deadly blows at their still sleeping guard. For all this had passed so suddenly and noiselessly, that he had not even moved his position, and was killed and scalped before he could make the slightest resistance.

Mrs. Pearson, still carrying her infant, and followed by her weeping friend, was led or rather driven by her captor along the banks of the river.

At the slightest noise made by either one of them, the savages threatened them fiercely with their hatchets, and once offered to tear her infant from her arms. This effectually prevented her from making any attempt to give the alarm, though once as they were forcing their way through the tangled bushes, she felt sure she heard at some distance the voices of her friends hallooing to each other.

But the Indians dragged her roughly on, and all that night compelled her and her companion to proceed on their wretched journey. Towards morning they were al-

lowed to rest a short time, and some dried venison and parched corn was given them.

Then they were obliged to follow the Indians far into the depths of the woods, a path taken apparently to avoid discovery. Mrs. Pearson found it almost impossible to keep pace with the rapid march of their leaders, burdened as she was with her child.

The Indians had been evidently impatient at this for some time; at length one of them, snatching the child from its mother, carried it for some distance himself; tired, at last, of its incessant cries, for it was frightened to find itself in the arms of so strange and rough a nurse, the man threw it with all his strength against a tree, and it fell stunned and lifeless at its mother's feet.

She fainted at the sight, and when she recovered, found herself in a canoe with Mrs. Edwards bending sadly over her, and sailing farther and farther away from all friends.

It was night before they reached the same island to which Patty and Reuben had been brought two nights before; and

words cannot describe Mrs. Pearson's joy at meeting those whom she had feared were lost forever.

They were all kept here close prisoners; when they slept, each one was strongly bound to one of the Indians, who lay down by their side, so that they could not make the slightest motion without disturbing him. But they were treated in other respects quite well, and allowed during the day to talk and consult together as much as they pleased.

It happened, fortunately, that Mrs. Pearson understood the Indian language very well. This knowledge she had kept so secret, that the savages conversed before her with perfect freedom.

On the third day of her captivity, she overheard them detailing their plans, which were to be put in execution in a few days. These were to keep the children, who by their fortitude and boldness, had contrived to gain the hearts of the Indians, but to put to death, with the usual savage barbarity, herself and Mrs. Edwards, in revenge for some injury which had been inflicted on their tribe by the whites.

This execution was to take place at a grand assembly of all the warriors of the tribe, to be held in three or four days, and Mrs. Pearson resolved to risk every thing to save her children from becoming savages, and herself from so dreadful a death. She communicated what she had heard to Mrs. Edwards, and also to her children in part, for, young as they were, she knew she could trust them.

They all watched for some opportunity to escape — but in vain — till the evening before the day so much dreaded arrived. Then they were left with but two Indians to watch them, the others going away just at nightfall, to return early in the morning with several others, to carry the victims to the place where they must die.

A quantity of ardent spirits had been left also in the care of the remaining Indians, and fortunately for our prisoners, the savages found themselves unable to resist the temptation of drinking so much as to render their sleep unusually profound.

Mrs. Pearson continued during the night to release herself from the stout strips of

bark, by which she was bound, and then stealing softly to Mrs. Edwards, she loosened her, and then her children, who, although roused suddenly from a sound sleep, rose quietly, and were ready in one moment to follow their mother.

She had noticed where the canoe was kept, and hastening to it, they stepped in, and allowing it to drift with the current, only using the paddles occasionally, for fear of being discovered by its noise, by morning they found themselves completely out of sight of the island.

Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Edwards understood the management of the canoe, which is a very delicate affair, and so determined to remain in it rather than venture into the woods again. They kept as close to the shore as they could, in order to be concealed by the overhanging branches of the trees, and many times their hearts beat quick, and they held their breath, fancying that they could hear the voices or steps of pursuers.

The children sat still and quiet and never murmured once, though the day had nearly

passed, and they had had nothing to eat since the evening before.

They were rewarded at length by coming in sight of a solitary farm-house, just as they had come to the conclusion to seek a shelter for the night in the woods. The farm-house stood at a little distance from the river, and would not have been observed, if Patty's keen eyes had not seen the smoke curling above the trees. They easily found their way to it, but when they arrived, it was so closely shut and barred, that it was some time before they could obtain admittance.

After a great deal of loud knocking and calling, they saw a woman cautiously open a shutter and peep out. She no sooner saw that they were women, than she hastened to open the door and give them welcome. She was rejoiced when she heard who they were, and told them that her house was shut up in that way for fear of the Indians, as all the men about the settlement had gone out to assist Mr. Pearson, Mr. Edwards, and the rest of the travelling party, in rescuing their friends from the savages.

She quickly prepared food for them, and Patty and Reuben were delighted to sleep once more on a comfortable bed.

During the night the owner of the house returned, and hearing what had happened, he hastened to announce the glad news to the rest of the party; and, by morning, there was a very happy meeting in the farm-house, tempered by sorrow for the loss of the infant.

After resting a day, the party proceeded very cautiously on their journey, but met with no more interruptions from the Indians, who were, perhaps, prevented from attacking the party by the great precautions that were taken.

Patty and Reuben never ventured again to wander away into the woods, though the berries and flowers hung ever so temptingly in their sight. They kept close by their father and mother, and the sight of an Indian, even at a distance, would make them tremble and turn pale.

About the middle of August they reached their new home; a pleasant valley covered with lofty trees, through the midst of which a deep, rapid river flowed.

The first thing they had to do was to build a house, and you could hardly imagine how soon such a great undertaking can be finished. In less than a fortnight a very comfortable log-house was completed, large enough for Mr. Pearson and his family, and before the cold weather of winter had come on, all of the party had a shelter.

The winter was very severe. Neither Reuben or Patty had ever known any weather like it. The snow would fall so deep sometimes, that for days the doors of their houses would be completely blocked up, and the windows would be partly darkened. No one could think of going out, but if they could keep warm close to the blazing fire, it was enough.

Those were dreary days, for then the wolves, driven by hunger from their haunts in the woods, would come in droves to the settlement, and howl all night around the houses and stables. The poor cows and horses, protected as they were in their rude log stables, would tremble in every limb at hearing the horrible sounds, and the children would lie awake in terror half the night.

But when the snow was blown away sufficiently to allow them to go out, they could find amusement enough in making forts and statues, cut in the deep drifts blown against the rude stone walls. They were obliged to be very cautious, and keep within sight of their father's house, for it was no uncommon thing for children to be carried off or shot, as they were playing, by the Indians.

Many a time did they run in out of breath, to tell their father that they had seen, lurking behind the stable, or crouching beneath the wall a rude savage, with his bow and arrow, or his gun, which he had purchased of some white man. And once when Reuben was left alone in the house for some time, he was very much alarmed by seeing several of these dreaded beings approaching.

They were close at the door of the house before he was aware, and he saw that it would be impossible to escape. He looked round in alarm for some place of concealment; there was a large wash-tub standing turned upside down in one corner of the room. He tried to raise it to creep under it,

but found that he was not strong enough; he heard them whispering just outside the door. His great fear gave him strength, and in one moment he contrived to slip under. He had hardly done this before four large, frightfully painted men entered the room.

They looked cautiously around to see if any one was there to oppose them, but perceiving no one, they proceeded to search the rest of the house. This was very soon done, as there were only three rooms in it, and finding that they were likely to be unmolested, they returned to the room in which Reuben was hid, as it was the largest one, and after eating and drinking every thing they could find in the pantry, amused themselves by breaking the dishes and destroying the simple furniture. One of them proposed, to the great alarm of Reuben, to set the house on fire, but another of the party objected to this so strongly, that it was abandoned.

He said that Mrs. Pearson had sheltered and fed his wife and child, when, during the cold weather of the past winter, they

were near perishing in the snow, and for her sake the house should be spared.

Poor little Reuben remained trembling under the tub for four or five hours, for even after the Indians had done all possible sort of mischief, and departed, he was afraid to come out from his place of concealment, till he heard the voices of his father and mother and Patty, exclaiming in dismay at the sad condition of their rooms, strewed with the wreck of their chairs, tables, and dishes. They understood the scene at a glance, and Mrs. Pearson exclaimed in agony, "My son! my son! they have carried him away! Where is he? where is he?"

"Here I am, mother;" said Reuben, trying in vain to lift up the tub to creep out.

"Where? where?" asked Mrs. Pearson.

But Patty saw the tub shaking, and running up to it with a laugh, said, —

"Here he is, like little Cinderella, hid under a tub. Pray lift it up and let him out."

They were so glad to see him appear safe

and sound, that they almost forgot to grieve over their ruined furniture. Though it was a much greater loss to them then, than it would be in our days; as they had no shops there, and were obliged to make every thing they could themselves, and go without the rest, till they could send more than a hundred miles through the woods for them.

So Mr. Pearson had to make wooden plates and dishes for his family, and cut a large tree into blocks for seats, till he could send to Boston. The tub, under which Reuben was concealed, was almost the only thing which escaped injury, and Mr. Pearson told Reuben that it was owing to the goodness of God alone, that he was preserved in so great peril.

When Patty was about thirteen, she was in still greater danger. She rode on horseback very well, and one fine spring morning her mother sent her to the next village, a distance of five miles, to make some purchases. She gave her permission to remain the whole day with a cousin, but charged her to set out early enough to reach home before sunset.

Patty was generally a very obedient child, but she was so much interested in talking and playing with her cousin, that the sun was nearly down before she observed it. Her aunt tried to persuade her to remain all night, but she knew her mother would be very uneasy if she did, and she thought that if she rode fast she might reach home before it was quite dark, so she set out.

She had bought herself a new straw bonnet, something she had never possessed before. She had never worn any thing but a calico sun-bonnet; but now she was nearly fourteen, and she had persuaded her mother to et her buy one to suit herself. Bonnets were very queer things in those days, with very high crowns and narrow brims, which hardly shaded the face at all, but made the wearers look a great deal taller than they really were.

Patty thought that the safest way of carrying her bonnet home was to wear it, and so she tied her old sun-bonnet in the bundle with her purchases, and hanging that on the pommel of her saddle, started at a very rapid pace for home.

Two or three miles of her way lay through a thick, dark woods, and if she had not been thinking more of her bonnet than of any thing else, she would have been very much frightened.

Though she rode quite fast, she was only half through the woods when the sun went down and left her entirely in the dark. Her horse knew the way very well, though Patty could not see the path, so throwing the reins on his neck, she let him take his own course.

Several times she fancied she heard a low growling noise, and her horse would make a sudden start. She looked all around, but could see nothing, when, suddenly, from the thick branches of a tree directly over her head, some wild animal leaped directly upon her, and fastening its teeth and claws in the high crown of her bonnet, sprang back into the tree in triumph with it.

Her horse, nearly as much frightened as she, started off in a gallop, very fortunately, which he kept up till he had safely reached his own door.

Patty alighted bare-headed and well frightened, and though she could not reconcile herself to the loss of her new bonnet, her mother was so thankful at her fortunate escape, that is was to her no subject of regret.

They conjectured that it must either have been a wild-cat or a panther, and Patty never ventured through the woods again after night-fall.

THE INSECT QUEEN'S TWO PARTIES.

REGINETTA, the queen of the whole insect realm, was sitting dr in ofound thought. She had just returned from a stately progress she had been making, accompanied by her whole train, to all the different parts of her kingdom, and every where she had been received with the greatest attention and respect. Bees, butterflies, ants, even the spider and hornet, had seemed to vie with each other as to who should show themselves the most devoted. And now Reginetta was trying to think of some means of repaying them for their loyalty.

After a time she started up, apparently well pleased with an idea which had struck

her. She whistled in a clear, sweet tone, and her counsellor, an aged and venerable beetle, entered. He had been her prime minister for a long time, and she relied a great deal on his sagacity. She said to him, "I am going to give a grand entertainment to all my subjects who received me so dutifully. I wish you to have the great arbor cleared out and prepared, and announce my intentions. You can send Papilla, one of my butterflies, around to my subjects, to bid them to the feast. Be quick, and let every thing be prepared within a week.

The beetle crawled slowly out, and hiding himself under a broad plantain leaf, spent all that day arranging his plans. The next morning he came out very early, and set all Reginetta's servants to work, preparing for the assembly. Butterflies might be seen flying all over the country, bearing the invitations, which were of course gratefully accepted.

The arbor looked charmingly when the festival day arrived. The beetle, old and sluggish as he seemed, had shown a great

deal of taste. There was a long, low table, running through the centre of the arbor, at the head of which a grand throne was erected, covered with the bright green and gold wings of the beetles, and canopied by a white lily turned upside down.

Reginetta sat there in state, surrounded by her guard of musquitoes and hornets, and attended by her maids of honor, the lady-birds and butterflies, who fanned her constantly with their wings.

The table was covered with rose leaves, each with a clear, sparkling dew-drop in its centre; with the whitest and purest honey dropped on the leaves of the honeysuckle; with lilies covered with golden dust, and clover, and other sweet flowers innumerable.

It was a pretty sight to see the insects flying or creeping in, one by one, stopping a few moments at the throne to make their obeisance to the queen, then sipping a little here and there from the plentiful repast, and then entering into the amusements assigned for them.

The merry, thoughtless flies spent the

whole day in dancing in the air before the queen, while the grasshoppers chirped for them as they were seated on the grass beneath. The butterflies admired and criticised each other's gala dress. The bees assembled in a group to amuse themselves by discussing some of their own affairs; and to the great horror of flies, musquitoes, butterflies, and grasshoppers, the ants had brought their work, and after spending a short time in observing the others, busied themselves as earnestly as though they were in their own homes.

The queen smiled, but said nothing. Their behavior might not seem very respectful, but she had invited them to make them happy, and she knew they were never so happy as when they were working.

Every thing passed off very pleasantly, though at one time they were all somewhat alarmed. Two mischievous little boys, the terror of them all, attracted by the humming of the grasshoppers, and the gay wings of the butterflies, approached to enter the arbor. All flew to the queen for protection.

"Quiet yourselves, my children," said she, "no human being shall enter here."

And she commanded her army of musquitoes (she never sent the hornets but in case of necessity) to drive the boys away. The musquitoes flew bravely to the attack, and alighted on the boys in a perfect cloud. The intruders did not seem to fear them at all, but striking here and there with their hands killing dozens of these devoted creatures at a blow, marched boldly on. They routed the musquitoes entirely, and approached very near to the door of the arbor.

Then did Reginetta give permission to the impatient hornets to try their sharp weapons. They flew out tumultuously. The boys saw them and screamed and fled. The hornets pursued and inflicted several sharp wounds, before their passion allowed them to hear the whistle of the queen recalling them.

With that exception every thing passed off delightfully, and when night came, and Reginetta had seen her last visitor take her departure, with a fire-fly, one of the queen's own lantern-bearers, to guide her to her

home, she retired, well pleased with the success of this experiment.

Indeed, Reginetta was so well satisfied that she resolved to give another festival to her subjects, but with a slight difference.

"This time," thought she, "I will not go in all the pomp and majesty of a sovereign; I will visit my subjects disguised like a poor sufferer, and prove in that way the benevolence of their dispositions. They are often accused of selfishness and coldness. Those who prove the charge unfounded shall be received as trusty friends at my court."

Her preparations were soon made, and she set out. Her first visit was to the flies, who always seemed so happy and gay that she doubted not being well received by them. They were dancing as usual, when a thin, weary looking fly flew slowly into their midst. She told a piteous tale, but no one stopped to notice her.

"Get out of the way, you disagreeable old thing!" said a pert looking young fly to the unwelcome visitant. "Do you not see you are exactly in the midst of our dance?"

Reginetta waited no longer, but retreated with some surprise at the difference with which these apparently thoughtless creatures received the queen and the beggar.

Her next visit was to a stout old spider, who had fixed his habitation in one corner of a large empty room, and spun for himself a fine, strong web. She changed herself into the same shape, and crawled slowly towards him. He had just caught a fine, fat fly in his meshes, when he perceived her approaching.

"That looks very much like that sister of mine, who is always begging. I won't let her in this time, that's flat," thought he; "I never get any thing particularly nice for dinner, but some one is sure to try to rob me of it. What do you want?" he exclaimed roughly.

"A little food, I am so faint and weary. Give me something to eat, and let me rest here," asked Reginetta imploringly.

"You must do as I do, and take care of yourself; I've got nothing for you; get away, get away." And curling himself up in the farthest corner of his web, he

absolutely refused to listen to another word.

Very indignant, Reginetta crawled away, and taking the form of a bee flew off to a hive not far distant, at the entrance to which she lay down panting and breathless, as if exhausted. She was soon found here by some of the inhabitants of the hive, who drew her carefully in, gave her honey and other food, and nursed her with the greatest tenderness till she revived.

Gratified to find that all were not so selfish and hardhearted as the spider and fly, she continued her progress, and now in the form of an ant went to their abodes. Here she found all in a state of great uproar. Another colony of ants had seized upon some of the possessions of these, and they were preparing to drive them out. There was nothing but preparation, noise and tumult around, and no one thought of stopping for a moment to listen to Reginetta's petition. They were forming into bands and companies, and innumerable little black ones, who acted as servants, and whom Reginetta supposed had been taken prisoners

in war, were hurrying backwards and forwards as fast as possible.

"Take your place quick; what are you waiting for?" said one of the larger ants to Reginetta.

"I have no place. I can't fight. I am only a poor sick creature that—"

"Can't fight! Then the sooner you are out of the way, the better. We have no time now to attend to sick people;" and off he ran in a great hurry.

Reginetta resolved to follow the army to see the issue of the battle.

When the two armies met, each ant singled out an opponent, and grasping him with his fore legs and the pincers on his head, they struggled and wrestled till one of them was killed. Then the conqueror sought another adversary, and in this savage manner the fight lasted for some time. The ground was strewed with the heads, bodies and legs of ants. And at length Reginetta, tired of witnessing such barbarity, assumed her own form, and ordering the battle to cease, and the combatants to appear before her the next day to have their claims settled, flew away.

She next assumed the form of a grasshopper, and presenting herself before quite an assembly of them, made her humble petition for food and protection.

The oldest and largest of the group, whom she particularly addressed, looked at her with such a merry, bright eye, that she thought herself again fallen into kind hands. But suddenly, with a loud chirp, he gave a spring, and vaulted completely over her head. His example was followed by all who were present, and they were just about to repeat the amusement, when Reginetta sprang off indignantly.

She next went to the beetles, but it was almost dark then, and those to whom she had applied had crept for the night under a cabbage leaf, and would not be disturbed.

"Perhaps, if you had come earlier," said they, "we might have assisted you, but it is too late now; come in the morning."

For several days Reginetta was occupied in this way, but with equally bad success. Then she returned to her palace and sent for her heralds, announcing what she had done, and its purpose and result.

Great was the consternation of all but the bees, when they found who their disguised visitor had been.

And when they saw the bees flying in swarms to the court of the queen, where they were received with the greatest attention, many were the good resolutions made, some of which were kept, but the most, I fear, were broken in the hour after they were formed.

THE END.

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