

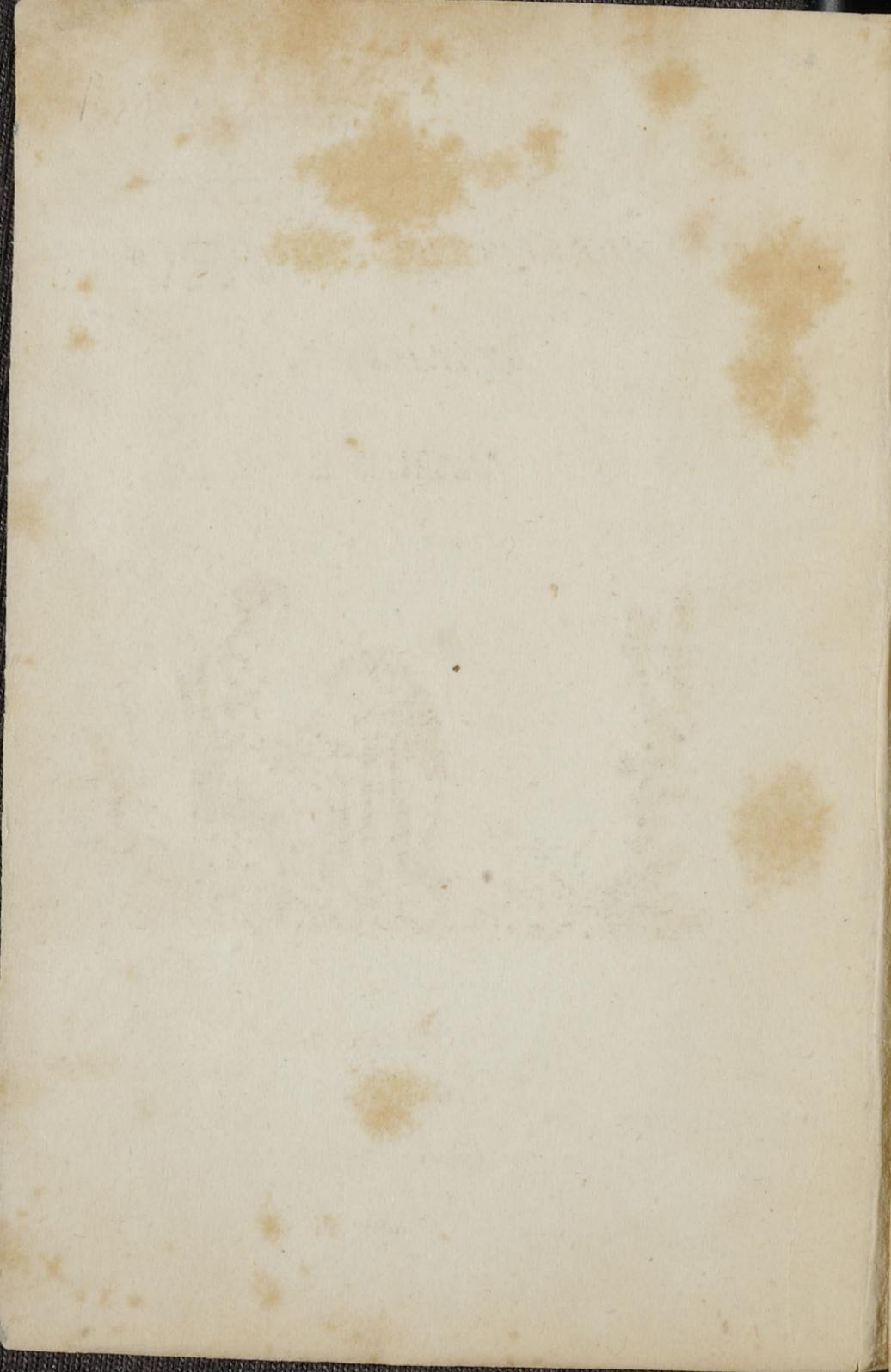
Hayes's
STORIES
FOR CHILDREN.

—♦—
PART II.
—♦—

PHILADELPHIA :

Published at the Juvenile Bookstore of
Johnson & Warner.

—♦—
PRICE 19 CENTS.



STORIES
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY S. HAYS.

PART II.

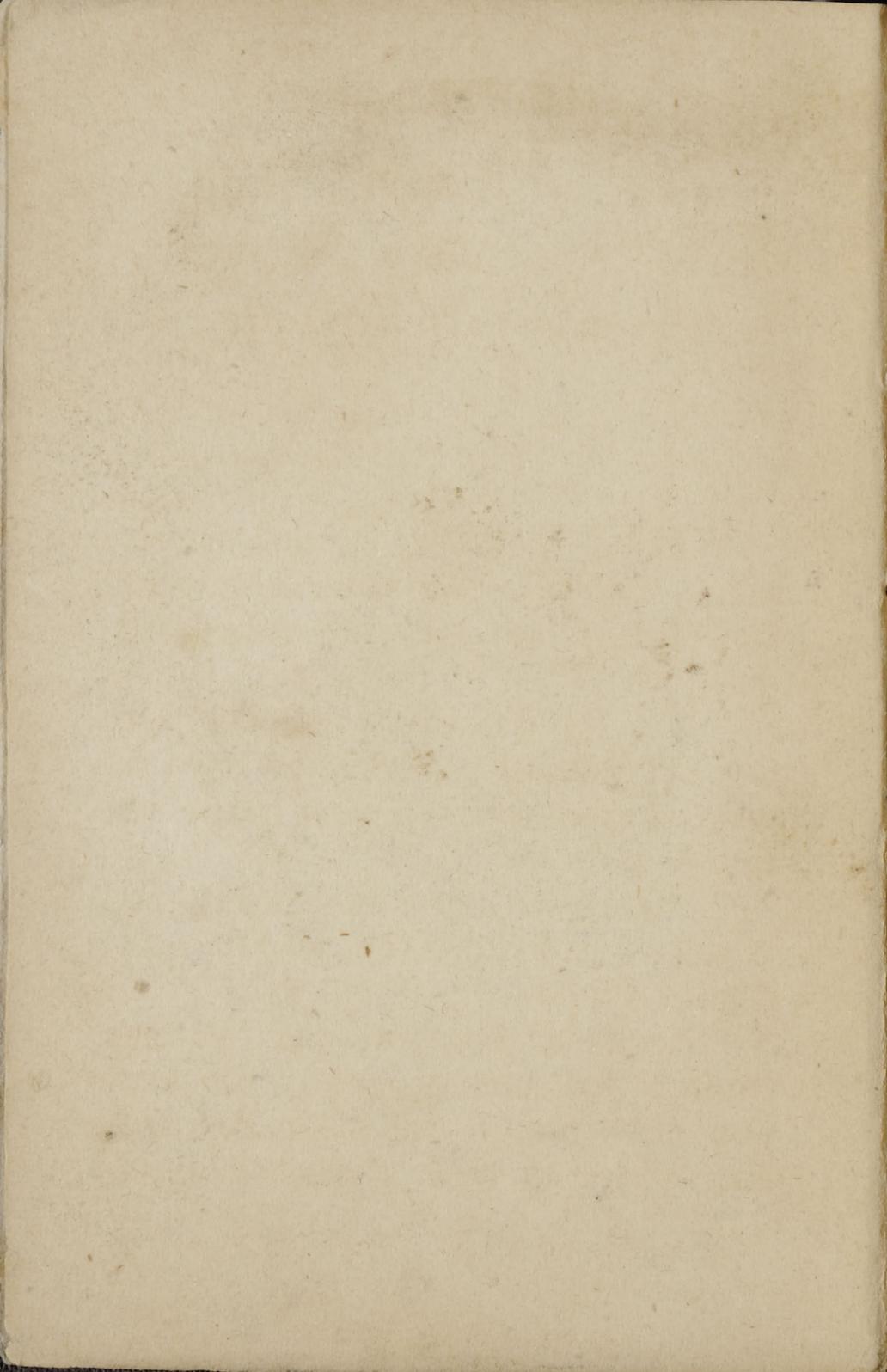


PHILADELPHIA,

Published

by JOHNSON & WARNER.

1812.



STORIES, &c.

STORY THE NINTH.

The Horse.

WHAT a pretty horse! mamma. How I should like a horse! Let me have one, mamma, will you?"

"No, my dear Charles, you are not old enough to manage one: a wooden one will suit you best: he cannot hurt you."

"Papa has a horse like that, and it does not hurt him: why would it hurt me?"

"Because you are not strong enough to manage him, nor are you old enough to take care of him. Horses want a great deal of



care taken of them; almost as much as a little boy.”

“How are they kept, mamma?”

“They must be kept in a nice, warm, clean stable, my dear boy, and fed regularly: their skins must be rubbed down very often, to make them smooth; and they must have plenty of clean straw for their beds. They want gentle usage, and will then repay every care.”

“What do they feed them on, mamma?”

“On corn, Charles; and in summer they turn them into the fields, where they are let to enjoy themselves, in return for their kind services, by eating the nice fresh grass, which enlivens them, and makes them work cheerfully.”

“Are all horses obliged to work?”

“There are different kinds of horses, my dear: some are kept for ploughing the fields; others for drawing heavy loads, such as drays, carts, and waggons: these are called draught horses, and are the most useful of their kind. Others are kept for the purpose of drawing lighter carriages, such as chaises and coaches, or for gentlemen to ride on; and some are used only for hunting and racing: they are the least useful of any, but the most beautiful—to look at.”

“ May I not try to ride, mamma, and then, you know, I shall be able to have a living horse, and John will teach me to take care of him.”

“ No, Charles, you are much too young to be suffered to think of such a thing; yet, when you are old enough, you will be taught properly: till then, never attempt to get on a horse, as you will run the danger of getting your limbs broken, and will alarm me very much. I will tell you a story of a boy who was guilty of disobeying his parents in this respect, which I hope will warn you from acting like him.

“ Harry Thoughtless was a little boy, who might have been very happy, if he had paid attention to what was said to him, as he might have been sure his kind parents would not have directed him



wrong; instead of which, no sooner was he out of their sight, than, he did the very thing he was forbid to do; thinking that, because they did not see him do it, they could never know he had disobeyed their orders; by which means, he added doubly to his guilt, by wishing to deceive them. One day he had leave to play in the fields, at the back of the house, but had strict charge not to go near

the horse that was grazing there. Harry gave his word he would not go near it, and went, full of glee, with his hoop in his hand, to play. He amused himself some time very contentedly, but at length he became tired of his sport, and began to think he might take a ride unknown to any body. He looked about, to see that no one was by, and finding the coast clear, mounted Dobbin, (that was the name of the horse,) and rode backward and forward gently; till, tired of that, he, with his hoopstick, flogged the poor beast till he set off full speed, and Harry found, *too late*, that he had better have taken the advice of his parents; for he was thrown off, and, sad to relate, had his back and head much bruised, was extremely terrified, and suffered great pain and sickness for many months.

“Thus you see, Charles, how wrong it is to dispute the commands of your parents, who must be the best judges of what is for the good of their children.”

Charles thanked his mamma for the story, and hoped he should never be led to act as Harry Thoughtless had done.



STORY THE TENTH.

The Butterfly.

“WHAT have you got there, Henry, that you are so fearful of losing? And what a heat you are in: it is very wrong to run so fast in warm weather; you may make yourself very ill by so doing.”

“I have got a butterfly, mamma, I hope you will not be angry, as



I wished to show it you, and by that means ran too much after it.”

“Let me look at it my dear.— It is a very handsome one, indeed, Henry, and appears to have lately changed its state.”

“What do you mean, mamma, by changing its state. Was it ever any thing but a butterfly.”

“Yes, Henry, this beautiful insect was once a caterpillar, that you would never have supposed,

till informed, could have caused you so much trouble in catching.”

“Dear, mamma, how much obliged I should be, if you would tell me how it was turned into a butterfly.”

“I will, my dear boy, if you will promise that you will set it at liberty, when I have done; as its life is but short, and it would be uneasy if it was confined.”

“That I will, mamma: I would not kill or hurt it on any account; though I have seen Harry Callous stick pins through their bodies, and pin them on paper.”

“It was very cruel and wicked, to catch them for the sake of torturing them; and I hope you will never copy from so bad an example, as we may admire, and even examine, the most curious insects, without depriving them of life.—I will now give you some

idea of the natural changes of the caterpillar. When in this state its food is the leaves of plants and trees of various sorts. By the insect in this state, the gardener receives great injury; and thousands are destroyed before they reach the period of change, which happens when the insect is about six weeks old. About this time it becomes sick, and, after a time, refuses to eat. Shortly after it suspends itself to a leaf, by a slender thread, like a cobweb, or else falls to the ground, where it buries itself, and in about six days changes into a chrysalis. Sometimes it adheres to fences, where you have, I dare say, observed them."

"What is a chrysalis, mamma? I do not think I ever saw one."

"The chrysalis is a kind of shell, where the little insect lies like a flower in its bud: in this state



it takes the form of a butterfly. During the time of changing it is in a *torpid state*; that is, *incapable of motion*. In this time it is undergoing a complete alteration in its form. The legs, wings, body, and horns of the fly, are folded up in the most curious manner. The body is curled up like the head of a pin, and lies between the wings; and its legs are placed on both sides, close to the body; and the

horns, which in the fly are stretched out at full length, are, in the chrysalis, lying over the legs: so that all the parts of the butterfly are to be found in the shell; and after a certain time it breaks from its confinement, and spreading its lovely wings, enters into a new state of life. I have now, my dear Henry, given you an account of the butterfly through all its changes; as, in this state it lays its eggs, which, in time, again produce caterpillars."

"Thank you, my dear mamma, I am quite pleased to think I caught it; and now, my pretty little creature, I will let you go again. See, mamma, how happy he seems! What a pity it would have been to have confined him: would it not?"

"Liberty, my dear boy, is a blessing highly valued by every

living thing, and we have no right to deprive any thing of so valuable an enjoyment. Besides, by denying liberty to the butterfly, you would, most likely have robbed it of its life at the same time.”

STORY THE ELEVENTH.

Ploughing.

“WHAT is that man about, papa?” said Henry, as they were walking through some fields.

“Ploughing, my dear.”

“What is that, papa?”

“A plough, Henry, is a machine drawn by horses, driven by one man, while another walks behind, holding the two handles. There is a sharp iron underneath, which turns up the ground as it goes. The soil thus prepared becomes



light, and fit to receive the seed. When the seed is sown it is covered with earth, and after a time it springs up.”

“I have seen horses drawing a square thing behind them, papa.”

“That is called a harrow, which breaks the clods of earth, and lays the ground smooth after ploughing. Gardeners lay the earth even with a rake, as their beds are not so large as a field for grain.”

“I should like to see a field of grain sown, papa.”

“Well, my dear boy, you shall see this sown, which will be done very shortly.”

“Thank you, papa,” said Henry, who trudged on, quite happy with the promised pleasure.

Henry observing some sheep, in a field they passed through, said that they were very pretty, innocent-looking creatures, and asked his papa whether he did not think it a pity to kill them—“No, my dear boy,” said his papa, “they were made for our use; and while they are not cruelly treated by those who slay them, it is only an act of necessity, and cannot be easily avoided.”

“But such pretty creatures could never hurt us,” said Henry, “and why should we take away their lives?”



“Because they are useful as food ; and the farmer could not afford to keep them, unless he could sell them to pay his rent. Indeed, there is no part of this animal, but what is valuable. Your coat is made of wool, which once grew on the back of a sheep. Flannel is made from wool : even those stockings you have on are made of the same material. The skin is sometimes made into parchment, and

sometimes into leather for gloves, or covers to books : and the bones are often used by the turner for various purposes. Thus the sheep is to us a peculiar blessing of Providence, and during its short life its comfort cannot be too much attended to ; although it must, in time, become a sacrifice to our necessities.”

STORY THE TWELFTH.

A Walk to the Dairy.

“ COME, George and Anne, get yourselves ready ; mamma has promised to take us a walk to the dairy this afternoon.”

“ Has she, indeed ! Francis ? how good she is. We will soon be with you.”

They were soon equipped and set out on their walk. George

and Anne frisked about, and quite enjoyed themselves for some time.

“ Shall we see the cows, mamma ? ”

“ Yes, Anne, and if you are good, you shall have some of their nice milk. You love milk warm from the cow, do you not ? ”

“ O, yes, mamma, dearly. Come George, we are just there ; and see ! Betty the dairy-maid is coming to meet us. ”

“ How do you do, Mrs. Betty ? we have come to drink some of your nice milk, if you please. ”

“ Take a seat, little dears, and I will bring you some. ”

“ And as they have been so good, Betty, I think I shall treat them with some strawberries and sugar to eat with it. ”

“ Thank you, dear mamma. What pretty creatures the cows are : but I should not like to be near them. ”



“ Why not, George? I hope you are not foolishly afraid of them. You should not get so near them as to be in danger; but it is simple to run away from them in the street, for they are as much afraid of you, as you are of them, and seldom do any mischief, unless provoked to it. There was Tom Wilful would never let them pass without throwing stones at them, and beating them with sticks, and one day

he drove a nail into the end of a stick, and pricked the poor animals, till one of them turned round, and tossed him to a considerable distance ; by which means he became a cripple all his life. I hope you will never do any thing of the kind.—But here comes Mrs. Betty, with the strawberries and milk. You may now enjoy yourselves ; but do not eat more than will do you good, as that will be greedy, and greediness is a despicable vice.”

“ How nice this milk is, mamma. I could never hurt a poor beast that gives me such good food.”

“ The cow, George, is one of the most useful animals we have : it gives us meat, drink, butter, cheese, and clothing ; for it makes us leather for our shoes ; its flesh is the meat we call beef ; and the milk you are now drinking, provides us with butter and cheese.”

“How do they make butter, mamma? I should like to know.”

“I will tell you, my dear children.—The milk, after standing some time, has a thick skim at the top, which is called cream: this is carefully taken from the milk, and put in a thing called a churn; (which you shall see presently;) the dairy-maid moves the handle of the churn up and down, and this motion, in time, causes the rich parts to thicken, and then it quickly becomes butter; and what remains after the butter is taken away, is called butter-milk. Cheese is made by adding a liquor called rennet to the milk, which turns it to curd: this curd is pressed till all the whey is squeezed out of it; it is then salted and flavoured, and afterwards made into cheeses.”

“Thank you, mamma; we did not think that it was the cow that supplied us with so many things.”



“ Well, children, are you ready to go home. I think you are rested enough, and it is not proper for little boys and girls to be out late.”

“ Good evening, Mrs. Betty ; we are much obliged to you for our treat, and hope we shall be able to come and see you again soon.”

“ Good evening to you, my little dears ; I shall be happy to see you all, when your mamma thinks proper.”

STORY THE THIRTEENTH.

The Rainy Morning.

“DEAR me; what a wet morning, mamma? How sorry I am! You promised to treat George and me with a walk in the fields this morning, and now we shall not be able to go.”

“The rain will do a great deal of good, Jane; and I should be sorry to suppose that you could not find some amusement within doors.”

“I only thought, mamma, we should lose the description you promised to give us of the uses to which they put the things that grow in the fields; but, perhaps you can tell us a little about it without going out, mamma? We should be very happy if you could.

“I will try to do so, Jane; and I hope you will consider that as an amends for the loss of your promised pleasure.—There are several different sorts of grain sown by the farmers’ men, in the various fields you meet with in your walks; in some of them wheat is sown, which produces flour, to make bread, cakes, tarts, puddings, pies, &c.—Barley is the produce of other fields: it is used to feed fowls; and to make beer, after being soaked, and then dried in a kiln, when it is malt, which is brewed by the brewers, with a mixture of hops, and is called malt liquor. Other fields are used for sowing oats, which are the principal food of horses. Grass, when cut down, and dried by the sun, is likewise food for cattle.”

“Pray, mamma, what is that pretty thing called that bears a



purple flower? We see whole fields of it sometimes.”

“I dare say you mean clover, or three leaved grass : that is also used to feed cattle with, and is very nourishing food.”

“Thank you dear mamma: I hope, we shall soon be able to walk out ; and then, I dare say, you will show us the different kinds of grain you have been telling us of.”

STORY THE FOURTEENTH.

*“Where brothers dwell and sisters meet,
Quarrels should never come.”*

“You do not look pleased, Ellen. What is the matter?”

“James has taken away my spade, and will not let me dig.”

“How is that?—But I suppose he thought digging was not a pretty amusement for a young lady, and was willing to do it for you. Children should never quarrel: in all your plays endeavour to please each other. I will tell you a story of two brothers who quarrelled, which ended fatally to both parties.

“Henry and John were sons of a respectable farmer, who brought them up in an honest, industrious way, to enable them to get their living. But these boys were always quarrelling and fighting. If

one had a thing to amuse himself with, the other would want the same thing, and would never content himself till he had made himself master of it. These quarrels usually ended in blows, and they in time became so troublesome to their friends, that it was almost impossible to live with them. At length, when they grew up young men, their father died, and left them his property equally divided. It was two farms, in good condition, where they might have lived happily; but still the same bad disposition attended them: they each thought the other better provided for, and spent their time in an idle manner, and in complaining against each other, instead of cultivating their farms, and each striving to make his better than the others; which would, in time, have made them satisfied



with their lot, as it would have improved it; and, most likely, they would have both preferred their own.

“ They had been masters of their farms about two years, and each had pursued the other with every species of ill-usage; but they had seldom met. It happened one night, however, at a meeting of farmers, that they did come together. At first they did not speak



In Memory of
J. REMNÉ
who was
Unfortunatly
Killed by his
Discousalite
Brother
1810
by whom this
Stone was
Erected

to each other, but being asked some questions concerning their farms, they began, in their usual way to disagree. The quarrel was continued till it came to blows, when one of the brothers struck the other on the temple, and, dreadful to tell, killed him! It was then he first saw how wicked he had been in bearing malice against his brother. How did he wish he had lived in love and friendship with

him ; but, alas ! it was too late ; he had killed his brother ; and though he was acquitted of murder, when tried by the laws of his country, (as he really did not intend to kill him,) he was found guilty of manslaughter and put in prison. He never after enjoyed a moment's peace of mind, and fell sick while in prison, where he soon died.

“ Such, Ellen, was the shocking fate of these two brothers : learn, therefore, to accommodate each other, and never withhold any thing which you think will gratify each other.”



STORY THE FIFTEENTH.

The Ghost.

“WHAT is the matter, Charles and Anne? What has alarmed you? You look pale: tell me, has any thing happened?”

“Oh, dear mamma! pray shut the door: we are so terrified!”

“What can have terrified you, children? tell me, and we will en-

deavour to find some clue to unravel the mystery.”

“Indeed we can never think of going again to the place, mamma, we have seen a ghost ! !”

“A ghost!—ridiculous! Never give way to such foolish fancies.”

“Indeed, mamma, it was no fancy; for we saw it with flames of fire flashing from its eyes and mouth !”

“Worse and worse ! Do tell me where it was you saw this dreadful sight.”

“We will, mamma, but pray do not insist upon our going back; for I am sure it would kill us if we saw it again.”

“Do not, I beg of you, my dear children, by such weak ideas, tempt my serious displeasure. I have ever endeavoured to impress upon your young minds, the folly of encouraging such idle opinions.

Do you suppose, that, if there were ever a possibility of such a thing occurring, that you are beings of sufficient consequence to cause an appearance of the kind? Certainly not. You must therefore possess a great deal of vanity, as well as superstition, when you give way to such idle fancies."

"Pray, mamma, forgive us; but we did indeed see something at the bottom of the stairs, and, if you please, we will go with you to look again."

"Come, then: I will go first, and try to find out the ghost. Why do you tremble so, Charles and Anne? are you afraid of being left behind? Go first then."

"Oh no, mamma, we would rather follow you, if you please."

"Well, here we are, and what can it be that frightened you? I see nothing; where was it?"

“There, mamma, in that corner!”

“You do not see any thing now, I hope? Well, then, come with me, and we will search the corner.—No trembling or hesitation.—There is nothing that I can see yet. Hold! here is the ghost; and I fancy that rogue, George, has been trying to frighten you. See children, it is a large turnip, cut out like a face, and it has had a lighted candle put within it, and has been set upon a stick. Thus you perceive, if you had had courage to have examined this dreadful apparition, your fears would have vanished. Let us return; for I dare say you are now convinced how simple it is to give way to such fancies.

THE END.

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