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A decorative border of small flowers and leaves surrounds the central text.

GRATITUDE :

OR,

The Juvenile Writers.

HARRIS,

Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard.

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Gratitude.

p.16.

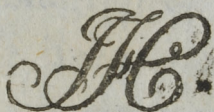


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OR,

The Juvenile Writers.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERY, AT
THE ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY, CORNER
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

1808.

GRATITUDE

1830

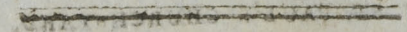
The Journal of the



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H. Bryer, Printer,
Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

1830

GRATITUDE:

OR,

The Juvenile Writers.

THE names of Frederic, Sophia, Julia, and Maria, are, no doubt, pretty well known to the readers of juvenile biography. Their characters have been repeatedly held forth, as examples worthy the imitation of others, and particularly as their studies were always directed to such subjects as were calculated to fit them for business and society; and their pleasures were such as united instruction with delight.

GRATITUDE.

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Reading, writing, and cyphering employed the greatest part of their time, not only at school, but during those hours of leisure which are spent, by the generality of young people, in play.

Their studies for amusement were music, painting, and drawing; and, in addition to these recreations, they were allowed to spend a day or two, during their holidays, in rural delights. But they preferred rational and instructive conversation to any amusement they could find either in the garden or the field; and therefore they sometimes visited a venerable hermit, who gave them



many instructive lessons respecting their moral conduct, their studies, and amusements. They all seemed to possess a taste for the same subjects ; and therefore it is not surprising that they were constant companions ; for it is a true, as well as a very old remark, that

“ Birds of a feather

“ Will flock together.”

The hermit, however, left his cottage, and went—they knew not where.

In addition to their usual holidays, they were promised a whole week in September, as the school wanted some repairs ; and when

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the time approached, they held a meeting on the subject, to consider how they were to spend their time.

After some consultation, they all agreed (as usual), to request leave of their parents to visit London; for though they lived within nine miles of the city, they had never seen it.

Captain Meadows and his lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore, held a consultation on the subject, and consented to their going, under some prudent restrictions.

Captain Meadows informed them, that their request would be granted, on condition that they

would be satisfied, on their arrival in London, with a view of the city and suburbs, from the iron-railed gallery, above the dome of St. Paul's, without wandering through any of the streets, in or about the city. "I will engage places for you," said he, "in the Hammer-smith coach, which will take you to the sign of the Goose and Grid-iron, in St. Paul's Church-yard. Miss Meeks (Maria's governess) will accompany you; and I will see you safe into the coach."

It will not be necessary to fill half a volume with preparatory arrangements, taking leave of friends, a recital of every word

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that was spoken on a journey from Hammersmith to London, and a thousand other events, such as dropping a pin, stopping at a turnpike-gate, and the cracking of the coachman's whip. All these, for brevity's sake, must be omitted; and, without particularly noticing their arrival at St. Paul's, or their admiration of the Geometrical Stairs and the Whispering Gallery, the historian begs leave to place Miss Meeks, and her amiable companions, in the upper gallery, near the top of St. Paul's, where she presented them with a small glass, through which they had a satisfactory view of the cities of London



and Westminster, the adjoining country, and some parts of the river Thames, with boats and barges sailing in various directions, and a number of ships at their moorings.

After spending an hour in the gallery, they descended, and came out of the church by the gate opposite to Ludgate-street.

Miss Meeks recollected that she had got a list of books which Captain Meadows, and others, had requested her to purchase, and that she had promised to select a few books of entertainment for Sophia, Julia, and Maria. Frederic was left to choose for himself.

Immediately after passing the outer gate, a bookseller's shop, on their right hand, attracted their attention; and, on a closer inspection, they perceived, over the window,

“ HARRIS'S

“ ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY.”

This was the very shop to which they had been recommended; and here they found all the books which Miss Meeks wanted for herself and friends, as well as a pleasing variety of new publications for Frederic and the young ladies.

They had but little time to spare; and therefore their choice



was directed more by the titles, than by an examination of the contents of the books. But when they arrived at home, they found their own names, histories, and characters, exhibited with amazing exactness, in a publication intituled *The Little Girl in the Wood*; and were surprised and delighted to find still more flattering traits of some of their characters in another entertaining history, under the title of *Pictures in the Hermitage*. They knew not how to express their gratitude to the publisher, for the good character he had given them; but, after some consultation, they agreed, with the approbation of

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their parents, to spend the remainder of their holidays in writing the following moral tales, to be sent to the proprietor of the Original Juvenile Library, for the amusement of his customers.

HONESTY REWARDED.

WRITTEN BY FREDERIC.

IN a village many miles distant from London, lived a poor widow, whose name was Clifton. She had a young family, whose subsistence depended on her industry; and while she went out to wash and do

other laborious work, her eldest daughter, Nancy, was left at home with the care of two other children.

Nancy was a very dutiful, affectionate little girl; she always obeyed her mother, and was very kind to her brother and sister; and though she would sometimes sigh when she saw other children amusing themselves in the fields while she was confined at home, yet she never complained of her situation, nor refused to perform her duty.

“My poor mother works very hard to get us bread,” she would often say to herself, “and it would be very wrong if I was not willing

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to do every thing in my power to help her.”

There was a Sunday School in the village where Nancy lived; and her mother always permitted her to attend it, that she might learn to read, and be instructed in her duty. She was very diligent and attentive, and soon gained the good will of the school mistress, who mentioned her in terms of approbation to several ladies in the neighbourhood.

One winter, her mother caught a violent cold, and was so ill that she was confined to her bed several weeks. It was a terrible misfortune to her poor children; for



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while the mother was unable to work, they were almost starved; and Nancy would sit and weep when she heard her brother and sister cry for bread.

One day, when they were in the greatest distress, her mother sent her to a lady in the neighbourhood, who had formerly been kind to her, and from whom she was in hopes of obtaining some relief. Nancy accordingly set out; but when she arrived at the lady's house, she was informed by a servant, that her mistress was gone to town, and would not return for a considerable time.

Poor Nancy burst into tears;

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it was the most bitter disappointment she had ever experienced.

“ I must return to my poor mother,” said she to herself, “ and how shall I be able to tell her of this misfortune. My little brother and sister make my heart ache: they ask for food; and I am very hungry myself.”

These melancholy thoughts occupied Nancy's mind, as she returned homewards.

She was within a few yards of her mother's cottage when she saw something lying on the ground, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be a morocco purse, containing several guineas, and some silver.



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“ O! how fortunate I am,” exclaimed she, clasping her hands together in a transport of joy. —“ My poor mother can have a doctor now; and we shall be able to purchase some food.”

The pleasure which Nancy at first felt, was considerably abated, when, at the bottom of the purse, she perceived a small note, which had been addressed to a lady in the neighbourhood.

“ The purse must certainly belong to her,” said Nancy, looking wishfully at it; “ she is very rich, and could spare it; but it would be dishonest in me to keep it: I will carry it to her directly, and

I hope she will give me something when I tell her what distress we are in."

She directly proceeded to the lady's house; and was introduced to her.

"Madam," said Nancy, as she entered, "I was just now returning home, when I found this purse in the road; and, by the direction of a letter in it, I think it is yours."

"It is mine, indeed," answered the lady, "I have been out lately, and was much vexed at my return to find I had lost it.—But who are you, my dear, to whom I am indebted for it?"

"My name is Nancy Clifton, madam; my mother is a poor woman,


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who goes out to work; but she at present is ill; and I have a little brother and sister at home, who are almost starved.”

“You are an uncommonly good girl, indeed,” answered the lady, “and deserve the purse for your honesty. Take it, and procure some necessaries for your mother; and when you are in want of any thing, let me know, and I shall always be willing to assist you.”

Nancy was overcome with joy and gratitude; she thanked her benefactress a thousand times, and returned home to her mother, who, when she heard the story, blessed and embraced her.

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With proper advice and food, the poor woman soon recovered; and the lady was so pleased with Nancy's conduct, that she soon after took her into her own family, where she lived extremely happy, and was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew her.

THE TWO SISTERS.

WRITTEN BY SOPHIA.

MRS. SIDNEY had two daughters, who differed extremely, both in their persons and dispositions. Charlotte, the eldest, was uncommonly handsome. She was the

darling of her mother; and the excessive indulgence she experienced, contributed to render her extremely ill-tempered and over-bearing. The encomiums she daily heard on her beauty, filled her with conceit; and she would often ridicule and insult her sister on her want of personal attractions.

Maria, who was a year younger than Charlotte, was remarkable for the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition; and though she was destitute of beauty, yet her amiable manners rendered her far more pleasing than her sister, who was universally disliked for

the haughtiness and insolence of her behaviour.

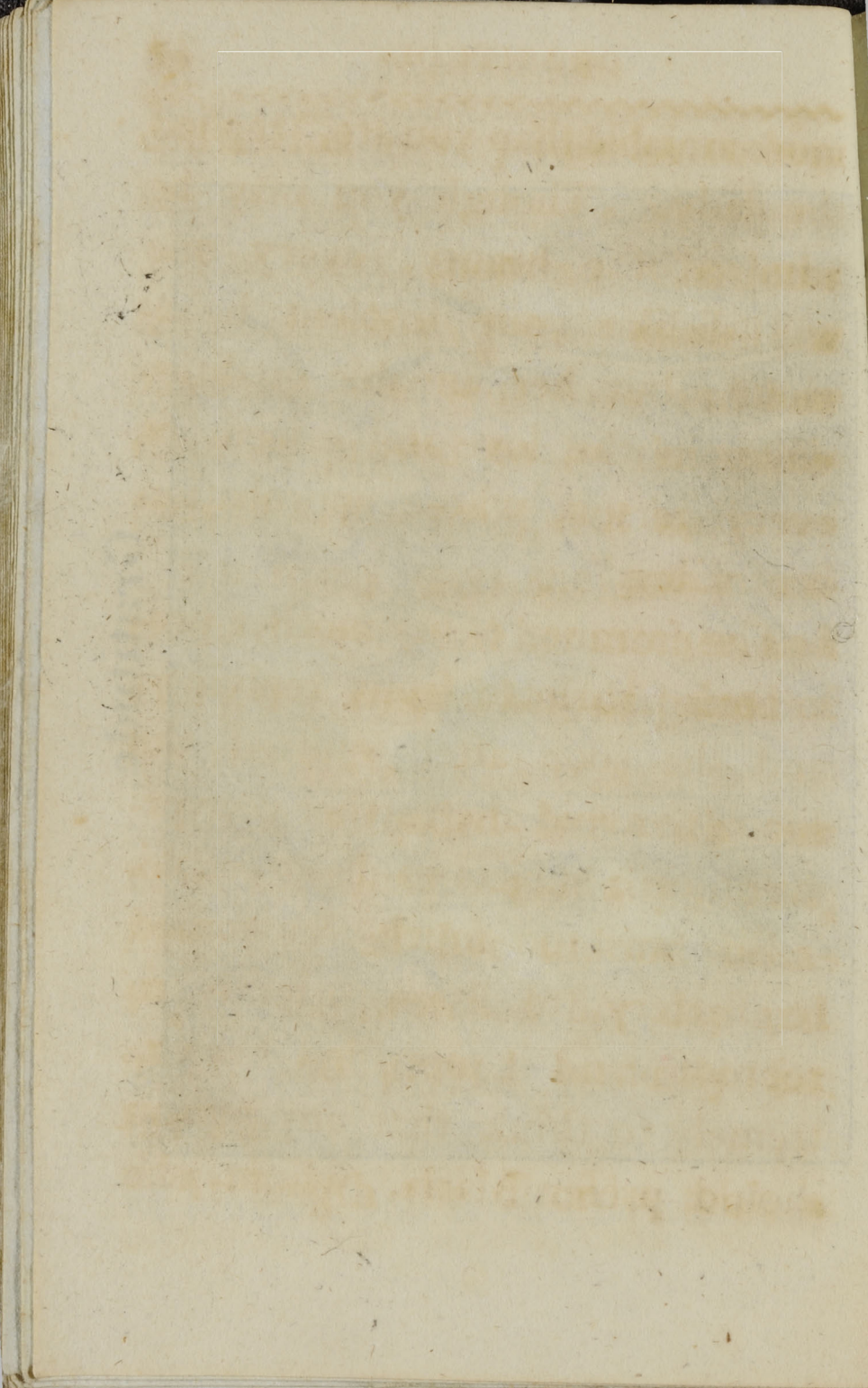
Mrs. Sidney had a relation, who was a very amiable woman. She had frequently witnessed Charlotte's unkind treatment of Maria, and one day ventured to remonstrate with her, on the impropriety of her conduct.

“ I know, madam, that my sister is a great favourite of your's,” answered Charlotte, pertly ; “ but I am sure nobody can tell what you admire her for ; she is so plain and disagreeable, I should be quite sorry if I resembled her.”

“ If you resembled her in mildness of temper, you would be infinitely

Gratitude.





more amiable than you are," replied the lady. Though you may be admired for beauty, every one will dislike your insolent behaviour; but her amiable qualities will gain the love and esteem of every person, whose approbation is of value."

The entrance of her mother prevented Charlotte from replying; and she soon after quitted the room, to avoid any further conversation on a subject so disagreeable.

She was too much accustomed to flattery, to listen patiently to reproof; and it mortified her extremely to think that any person should prefer Maria, whom she

considered as very inferior to herself.

The next morning, Charlotte found herself extremely unwell; a physician was sent for; and her disorder proved to be the small-pox, of a most malignant kind.

For many days she was in extreme danger; and her mother, and every one around her, despaired of her recovery.

Maria attended her with the most affectionate assiduity; and, forgetting all her unkind behaviour, she watched her day and night, and prayed earnestly for her life.

At length the disorder took a


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favourable turn; the dangerous symptoms vanished; and Charlotte, by slow degrees, recovered her former health. But how great was her mortification, when, instead of the beautiful countenance her glass had formerly reflected, she beheld herself totally disfigured.

Time, however, reconciled her to her apparent misfortune; and the loss of her personal charms produced a happy change in her character; she saw the necessity of rendering herself agreeable by her behaviour, and she soon gained the love and esteem of all who knew her.

The kindness of Maria, during her illness, greatly affected her; and she endeavoured, in future, to render herself worthy of the kindness she had received at a time when she needed so much attention.

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## THE ILL-TEMPERED BOY.

WRITTEN BY JULIA.

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GEORGE was a sensible little boy, and very attentive to his learning; but he was so extremely cross, that every one disliked him. He was continually quarrelling with his brothers and sisters, and would



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never lend them any of his books or play-things. His parents were grieved at his conduct; and finding what they said of no effect, they resolved to try severer methods with him.

One day, when he was particularly out of humour, his father said to him “ I see, George, you are determined to render yourself disagreeable. You are always quarrelsome, and ill-natured; and as I do not chuse to have a continual disturbance, I shall, for the future, confine you to your own apartment; for a person who cannot agree with any body, is only fit to be alone.”

George cried and intreated, but to no purpose. His father took him up stairs, and locked him in his room, telling him, he should remain there till he knew how to behave better.

For three days he was a close prisoner, and saw no person but the servant, who regularly brought him food. He was soon tired of being alone, and heartily repented of his former behaviour, when he found that society was necessary to happiness.

One morning, when he was completely humbled, he requested the servant to inform his father that he was extremely sorry for

his conduct; and if he would be so kind as to forgive him, he would behave better in future.

His parents were much pleased to find he was sensible of his fault, and readily granted him their forgiveness.

He ever after made it his study to govern his temper; and, in a short time, he was as much beloved for his kindness and good-nature, as he had formerly been disliked for his disagreeable behaviour.

THE APPARITION.

WRITTEN BY MARIA.

EMILY HOWARD was an amiable little girl; but, having lost her mother while very young, her education was greatly neglected, and she was left almost entirely to the care of servants, from whom she imbibed many ignorant and superstitious notions.

Her nursery-maid frequently told her dreadful stories of ghosts and apparitions; and she listened to them till she became so extremely fearful, that she dreaded to be left

alone, and would not, on any account, venture into a dark room.

One Christmas, she was invited to spend the holidays at her aunt's.

Her cousin Charles, who was older, and better instructed than herself, could not help smiling at the foolish fears she betrayed; and being much addicted to mischievous follies, he resolved to divert himself at her expence.

One evening, when her aunt was gone out, Emily was left by herself in the parlour. It was beginning to grow dark; and as she dreaded to be alone, she was rising to go in search of Charles, when the

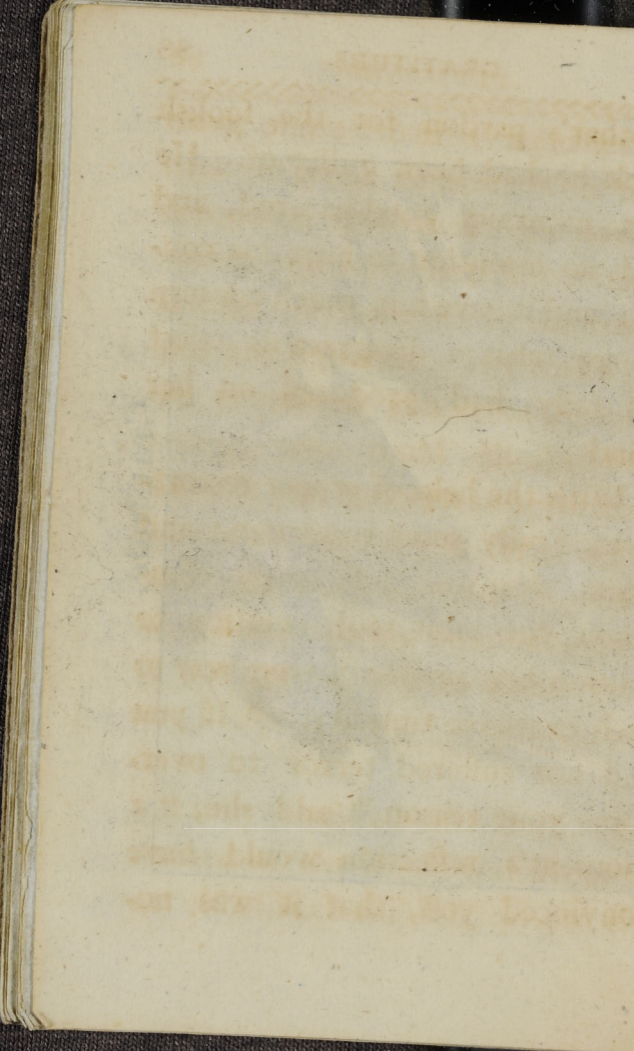
door was suddenly thrown open, and a figure dressed in white, and making a hideous noise, entered the room.

Emily was dreadfully alarmed, and shrieked loudly for assistance. She was running towards the door, when the figure caught hold of her; at which she was so completely terrified, that she was unable to move, and sunk on the ground, insensible.

Her aunt, who was just returned home, was alarmed by her cries, and came to inquire the cause. The figure, who was no other than Charles, now threw off his disguise, and intreated his

Gratitude.






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mother's pardon for the foolish trick he had been guilty of. He was naturally good-natured, and had no intention to hurt his cousin; and it gave him much concern to see what a disagreeable effect his folly had produced on her mind.

With the help of proper restoratives, Emily soon recovered; and when she was sufficiently composed, her aunt took occasion to caution her against giving way to such excessive timidity. "If you had not suffered terror to overcome your reason," said she, "a moment's reflection would have convinced you, that it was no-

thing more than a mischievous trick of your cousin. You may depend on it, that all the terrible stories you have heard, are false, and are only believed by the credulous and ignorant. If Charles had not prevented you from running away, you would always have thought you had seen an apparition. Though I blame you for being so easily terrified, I am much displeas'd with him for being so mischievous. It was very wrong to alarm you; and I hope it is the last time he will do so."

Emily thanked her aunt, and assured her she would endeavour to get rid of such childish fears, as she



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was convinced they were without foundation.

It afterwards became a practice with Emily to discourage all improper conversation on frightful subjects, and to avoid every word and action that might indicate the least fear on the subject of apparitions. Thus her mind was kept peaceful and serene; and she never again became the object either of ridicule or sport.—Little reader, imitate her example.

When Frederic and the young ladies had each finished a moral tale, they assembled to read them

over, and affix some appropriate title to their little volume.

Several titles were proposed; and the pleasing one of '*Gratitude*,' was at last adopted, as it expressed the sense of obligation which induced them to write.

They afterwards added the second title of '*The Juvenile Writers*,' as a modest hint to the critical reader, to excuse any imperfections which may have proceeded from their infantine pens.

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A decorative border of small flowers and leaves surrounds the text.

GRATITUDE.

THIS,
AND EVERY USEFUL
AND
ENTERTAINING PUBLICATION
FOR
YOUNG MINDS,

PRINTED FOR
J. HARRIS,

MAY BE HAD AT
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TOY-WAREHOUSES
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WORLD.