

THIRD SERIES.—No. 4.

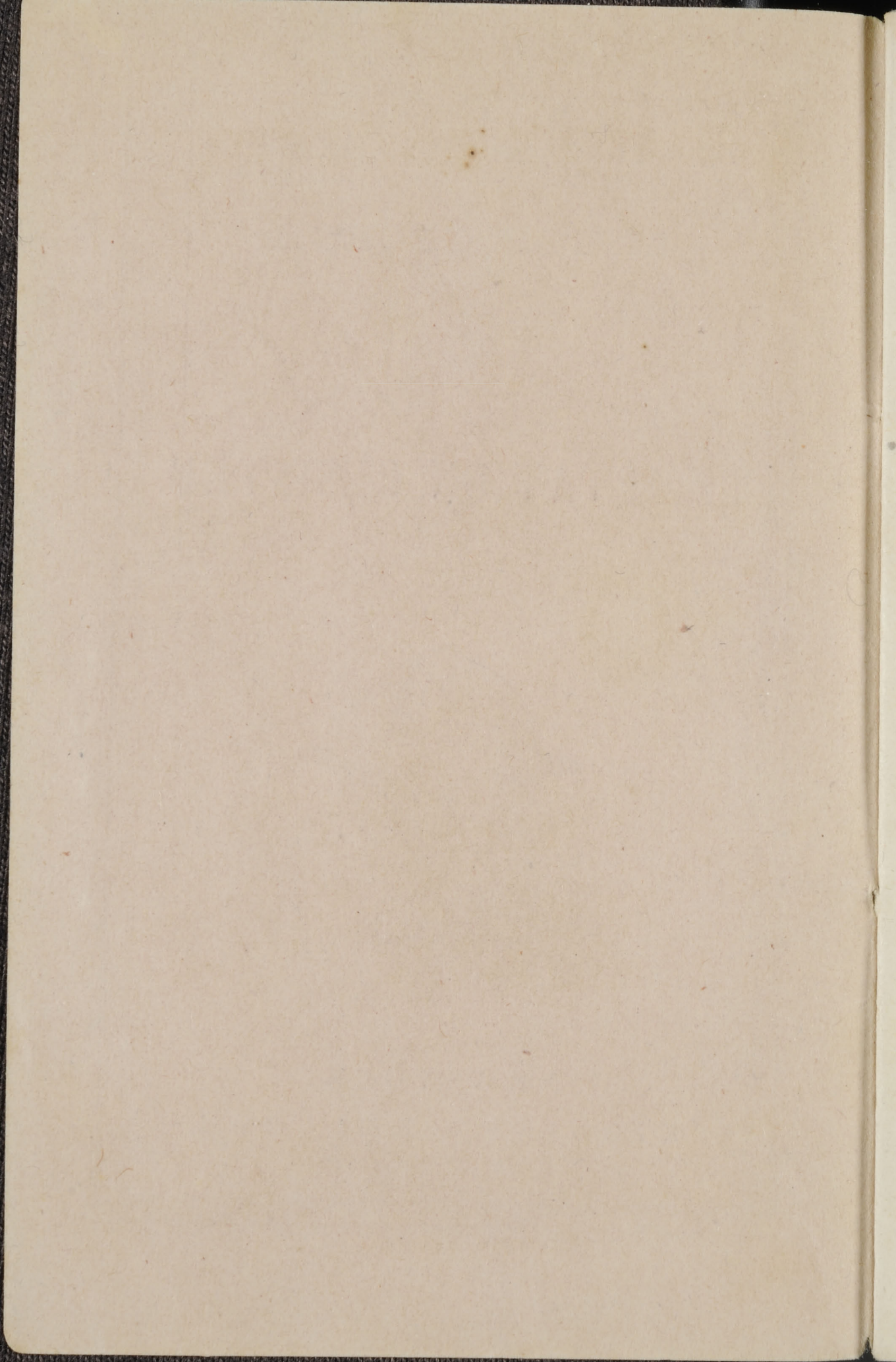
LITTLE GEORGE;

OR,

TEMPTATION RESISTED.



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
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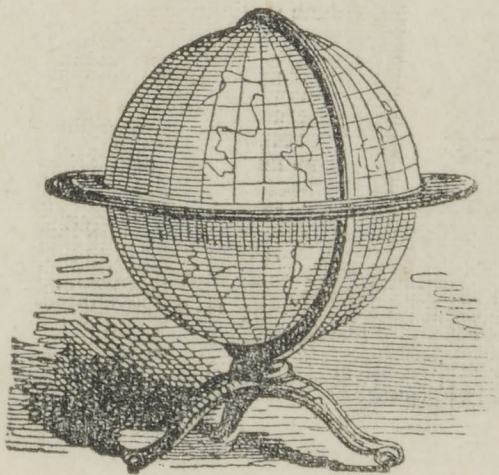


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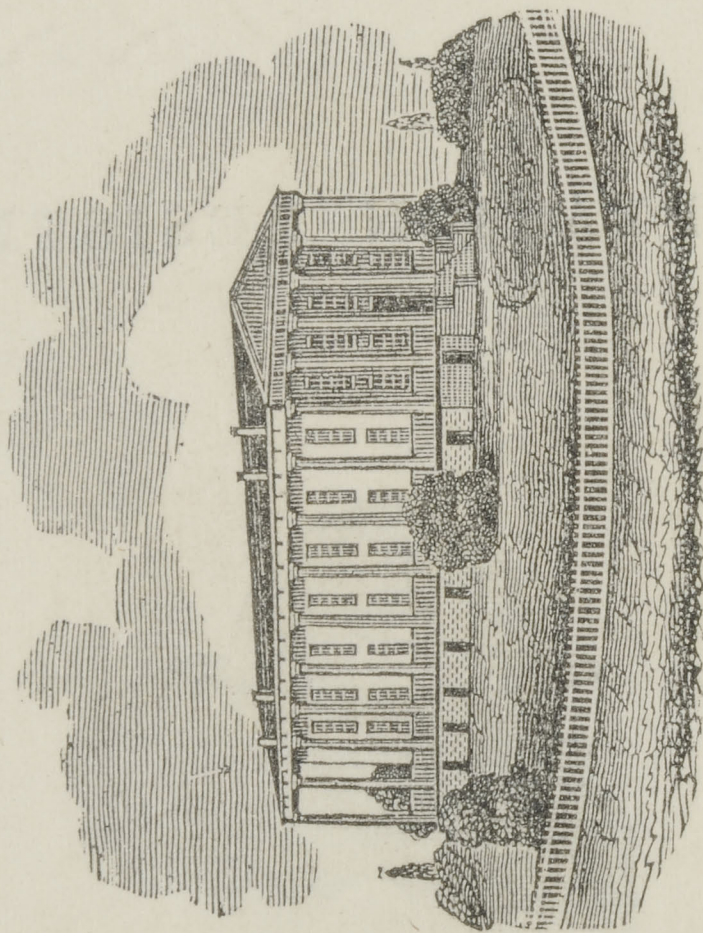
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NEW YORK:
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88 JOHN STREET.



Collegiate School (page 14).

LITTLE GEORGE.



THERE is little George Wilcox, going to school, with his book under his arm. He goes cheerfully along, for he has learned all his lessons perfectly, and does not fear to stand up and recite them. His kind teacher always meets him with a pleasant smile, for George never gives

him trouble like some other boys in the school. He sits quietly and pays strict attention to his lessons and the instructions of his teacher ; and when, at recess, the boys tumble over the benches in their haste to get out, and are called back to be reprov'd by the teacher, George walks out with as little noise as he can. Once out of doors, and he is as full of life and fun as the best of them. But he does not think it fun to hurt his playmates, or take a mean advantage of a boy less than himself ; and he will never engage in any sport that injures the feelings or property of others.

One fine morning, as he was walking briskly along the road to school, with his satchel over his shoulder, which his kind mother had made him, as you see him in the picture, he overtook Sam Osborne, reclining by the roadside. He asked Sam to get up and go to school with him. But no ; Sam did not like to



Little George and Sam Osborne.

go to school. It suited his inclinations better to sly into orchards and gardens, and rob them of their fruit. On one occasion he liked to have paid for his temerity, for as he was leaving a farmer's orchard, with his hat full of apples, he was beset by the farmer's dogs, and they would have bitten and hurt him severely, had not their master come to his relief; who, on Sam promising better in future, let him off without further punishment. But to return to his interview with little George.

Sam motioning George not to speak loud, jumped up, and after getting to a more retired spot, put his mouth close to George's ear, for fear of being heard, whispered, "Come over into the field with me, George, and I'll show you some of the nicest peaches you ever saw—I mean to have my pockets full, and I want you to help me. Come, there's a good fellow—you need not be in a

Sam Osborne attacked by the Farmer's Dogs.



hurry ; there is plenty of time to get to school."

"No," said George firmly ; "those peaches do not belong to me, and I will not take what belongs to another without their leave."

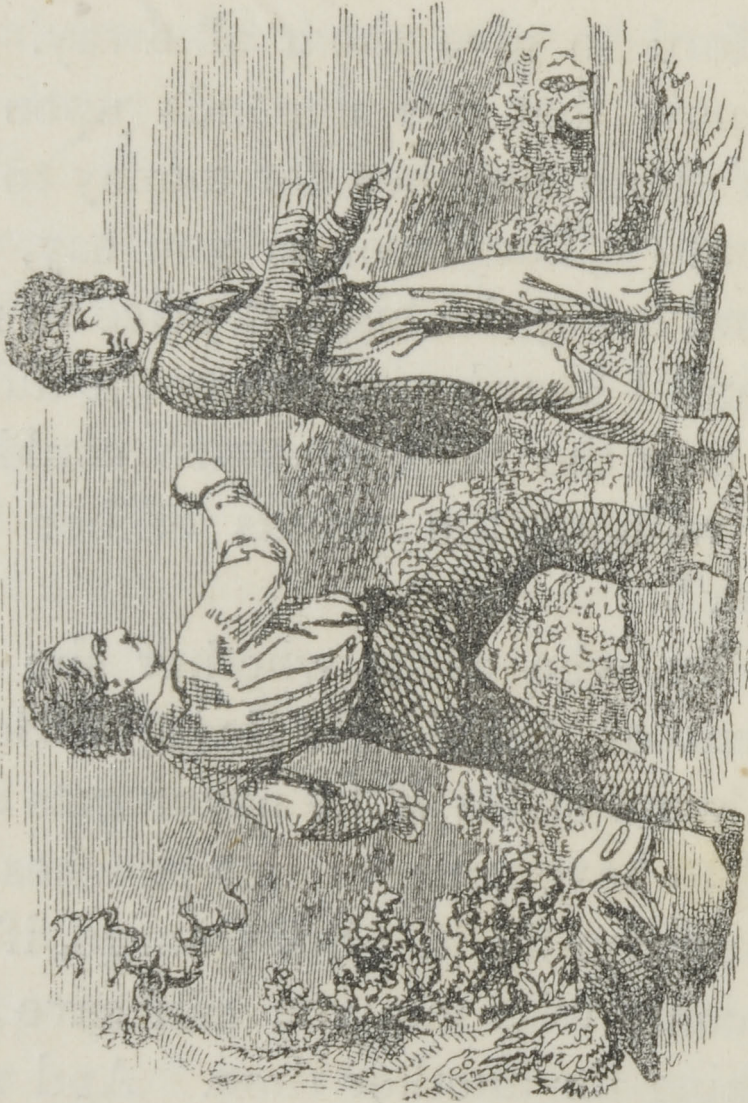
"Bah !" said Sam, impatiently ; "what a goose you are ! Who ever heard of a boy of any spirit asking for peaches, when they could be had without it ! I suppose you're afraid you'll be caught ; but old Katy can't run very fast—you might easily keep out of her way," said Sam, sneeringly.

"What !" said George in amazement, "you are not going to steal poor Katy's peaches, are you ?"

"To be sure I am going to have some of them—why shouldn't I ?" said Sam, throwing off his hat and jacket, to disguise himself. "She has more than she can eat, and need not be so mean as to grudge us a few."

“No, Sam,” said George; “if the peaches were ripe, you know very well Katy would give us two or three apiece if we would ask for them. But she can not afford to give them all away. Do you know that she depends upon the sale of those peaches for money to pay her rent? They are, as you say, very fine, and bring the highest price in market; and I heard mother say she did not know how the poor creature could get along without the profits of her little garden.”

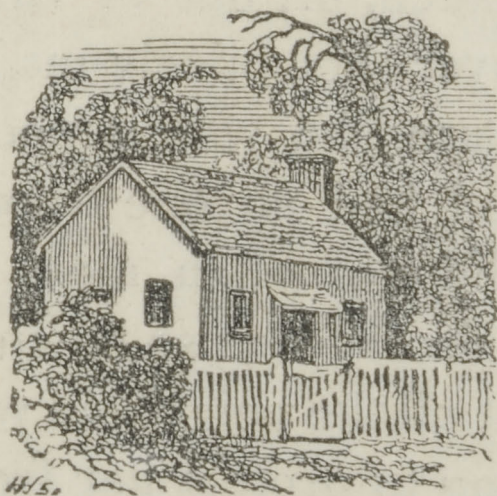
“Why, who cares whether she pays her rent or not?” said Sam; “Squire Jones wont suffer if he never gets it. I intend to have some of her peaches, any way you can fix it. So, George, if you wont come with me, you can save your preaching for another time. And mind—don’t go and blab out everything have said—because if you do”—and



Sam Osborne threatening Little George.

here he shook his fist at George, and disappeared in the cornfield.

George thought to himself, as he went on to school—"I don't care for your threats, my fine fellow. If I am asked anything about it, I will tell the truth, and take the chance of a beating." For George was younger than Sam, and although no match in size and strength, he did not fear anything when he was on the right side.



Poor Katy's Cottage.

Katy was a poor colored woman, who lived in a little cottage by the roadside. She was a good, industrious, honest wo-

man, and so kind to children that they all loved her, and thought it a great favor to be permitted to go to see her. She always had some nuts or cakes, and fine apples, to feast them with.

The neighbors were generally kind to Katy, and gave her such work as she could do, so that with the help of her little garden, she got along comfortably enough. Sometimes a wicked boy, like Sam Osborne, would rob her peach-tree or melon-patch, or, out of vulgar spite, trample over her nicely-made flower-beds, because she was a poor colored woman, and had no one to protect her. But she did not often meet with such treatment, for she was so much respected that almost all the neighbors would have been willing to protect her from harm.

Sam crept along the little fence, past the cottage. He had just filled his handkerchief with fruit, and, beginning to feel quite safe, had sat down under the tree

to eat some, and so busy was he, that he did not see Farmer Brown coming across the field on his way to the village, until he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and a stern voice, that made him tremble, thundered in his ear, "What are you doing here, you young rascal? Stealing old Katy's peaches, are you? Shame upon you, to take the poor old woman's fruit! Come," said he, pulling Sam along, "go straight into the house, and give Katy her peaches, and then come along with me. I'll take you home to your father, and tell him all about it. He is too honest a man to suffer you to grow up a thief."

It was some time before Sam Osborne was seen at large again. His father, after punishing him severely, forbade him to leave their own yard. And it was hoped that this salutary discipline, enforced with much good advice, made a lasting impression upon Sam.

The next day, when George heard Mr. Brown telling his father of Sam Osborne's detection and punishment, and they both expressed their abhorrence of his mean conduct, he felt more than ever resolved always to be honest and fair in his actions, and never to yield to the solicitations of wicked boys, who, whatever fancied good they may gain, pay dearly for it in the end — losing not only the esteem of the wise and good, but their own self-respect, and the approbation of Heaven. And he was more than ever resolved to be constant in his attendance at school, where he improved so rapidly that he was soon rewarded by being permitted to enter the collegiate school, a picture of which is given at the commencement of this story, where we will leave him pursuing his studies as constantly as ever, determined that, when grown to a man's size, he will be a man in knowledge also.

SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

OH, was you ne'er a schoolboy ?
And did you never train ?
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again ?
Didst never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle — for the kettle-drum —
Played your “ March, march away ! ”

It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since we shoulderéd our muskets,
To charge the fearful foe.
Our muskets were of cedar-wood,
With ramrods bright and new,
With bayonet for ever set,
And painted barrel, too.

We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight,
Except one sturdy gander,
Who thought to show us fight !
But ah ! we knew a thing or two —
Our captain wheeled the van ;

We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man.

Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore ;
All brightly shone his new tin sword,
A paper cap he wore ;
He led us up the steep hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the gaudy plume that decked his
head,
Streamed bravely out behind.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet,
And wo unto the mullein-stalk
At the close of day we met.
With our brave and pluméd captain,
We fought the mimic fray —
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.



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