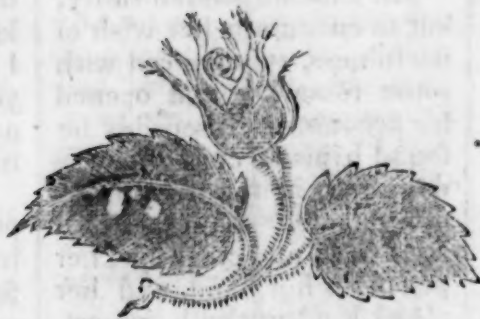


THE
ROSE



BUD,

OR YOUTH'S GAZETTE.

"THE ROSE IS FAIREST WHEN 'TIS BUDDING NEW." Scott.

VOL. I.

CHARLESTON, S. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1832.

No. 16.

Printed and Published by

WM. ESTILL,

No. 30, Broad street,

FOR THE EDITOR,

Mrs. C. Gilman,

At One Dollar per annum.

THE YOUNG

Mathematician.

Laura Sinclair was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons, except Arithmetic. "Oh! mother," she would exclaim, "this is Arithmetic Day, how I hate it!" "My daughter, do not make use of such expressions," replied her mother. "Nothing is wanting but close attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you understand it from want of energy to learn it, you will always find it difficult. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with myself, and whenever I was

perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to the teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. She was too obliging, and complied. The consequence is, that even now, I am often compelled to refer to your father in trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, dear Laura," continued she, affectionately taking her hand. Laura's eyes looked a good resolution, and she commenced the next day putting it in practice. Instead of being angry because she could not understand her figures, she tried to clear her brow to understand them better, and her tutor was surprised to find her mind rapidly opening to comprehend the more difficult rules. She now felt the pleasure of self conquest, beside the enjoyment of her mother's approbation, and for many years steadily gave herself up to the several branches of Mathematics.

Laura was the eldest of three children, who had been born to the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of respectable connexions, but in the height of his supposed riches, one of those failures took place, which often occur in commercial transactions, and his affairs became suddenly involved. A nervous temperament and a delicate system, were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Laura was at this period sixteen years of age. Her mind was clear and vigorous, and seemed resting, like a young fawn, for its first bound. One cold autumnal evening, the children with their wild gambols, were playing round the room, Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand, over a table covered with papers, Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Laura,

with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr. Sinclair.

"Hush, Robert. Come here, Margaret," said Mrs. Sinclair gently, and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness, and then put them to bed.

When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Laura laid down her book, and stood by her father.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he roughly, "my head aches." Then recollecting himself, he took her hand and continued, "Do not feel hurt, dear, my mind is perplexed with these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Laura with a smile, "I think I could help you if you would let me try."

"You, my love?" exclaimed her father, "why these papers would puzzle a wiser head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, dear father," said Laura, modestly, "but Mr. Randon, my tutor, said to day, —" Laura hesitated.

"Well, what did he say?" said Mr. Sinclair, encouragingly.

"He said," answered Laura, blushing deeply, "that I was a better accountant than most men. And I do believe, father, continued she earnestly, that if you were to state your case to me, I could help you."

Mr. Sinclair smiled sadly, but to encourage her wish of usefulness, commenced with some remarks, and opened his accounts. Insensibly he found himself engaging his daughter in the labyrinths of numbers. Laura, with a fixed look, and clear eye, her pencil in her hand, and her cheek kindling with interest, listened to him. Mrs. Sinclair entered on tip-toe, and seated herself softly at the table to sew. The accounts became more and more complicated, but Mr. Sinclair, with his practised mind, and Laura, with her quick intellect, followed them up with close fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter, seemed to inspire him with new life. Three hours did Laura sit, and give the whole power of her mind to these calculations. Mr. Sinclair's spirits gradually rose with every chime of the clock.

"Wife," said he suddenly, "if this girl only gives me one more hour like this, I shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child," said Mrs. Sinclair, pressing Laura's fresh cheek to hers.

Laura, with untiring patience, went through these mercantile details, nor did she quit her father's side until the warning hour of twelve.

Laura commended herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking his blessing, she repaired to Mr. Sinclair. You say you cannot afford a clerk, said she. Now you have

tried me, father, and you know I am worth something. I will keep your books, and you may give me a little salary to buy shells for my cabinet.

Mr. Sinclair accepted the proposal. Laura's cabinet increased in beauty, and the fine female hand in his books and papers, was a subject of curiosity and interest to his mercantile friends. C. G.

We promise a laugh to any one who will solve the following

COMMUNICATED

Conundrum.—Why is a father who frolics with his daughter, like one who is very strict? S.

For my Youngest Readers.

THE SLOTH, OR UNAU.

Little boys and girls are sometimes called *slothful*, because they are idle. Walter is *slothful* when he lies late in bed, and Lucy is *slothful* when she throws herself down on the sofa. There is a little animal called the Unau, or Ai, that lives far away in South America. It is called also the Sloth, and I will tell you why. A great man named Buffon, who loved to write about beasts, birds

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L. B. R. P. M. 1851

THIRD SERIES.—No. 5.

THE
YOUNG ARITHMETICIAN;

OR,

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
123 & 125 William St.

Publication date	1856
Topics	Arithmetic -- Juvenile fiction. , Girls -- Juvenile fiction. , Conduct of life -- Juvenile fiction. , Chapbooks -- Specimens. , Chapbooks -- New York (State) -- New York -- 19th century , McGill Library's Chapbook Collection , Arithmetic , Girls , Conduct of life , Chapbooks , McGill University Library Digitized Title
Publisher	New York : Kiggins & Kellogg
Collection	mcgilluniversitychapbook ; mcgilluniversity ; toronto
Contributor	McGill University Library
Language	English

16 p. : ill. ; 12 x 8 cm.

Kiggins & Kellogg was located at 123 & 125 William St. between 1856 and 1866. (The firm was listed at 128 William St. in directories for 1857-1859 and alternately at 123 and 125 William St. between 1859 and 1866)

The young arithmetician -- Mary and her dove

First sentence: "Laura Sinclair was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons except arithmetic."

29 2.00

THE

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OR,

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.



NEW YORK:
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Laura Sinclair.

THE
YOUNG ARITHMETICIAN.



LAURA SINCLAIR was an intelligent girl, studiously devoted to all her lessons except arithmetic. That to her was a hard, dry study. One pleasant morning, she had seated herself near the summer-house in the garden, to be away from the children's noise, and attempted to fix her mind upon the to her uninteresting study; but a hard sum, upon which she was engaged, overcame her patience, and she threw down her slate and book in a pet. Her mother at that moment came to the door which looked into the garden. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "this is arithmetic day; how I hate it!"

“My daughter, do not make use of such expressions,” replied her mother. “Nothing is wanting but close attention and perseverance, to make that study as agreeable as any other. If you pass over a rule carelessly, and say you understand it from want of energy to learn it, you will always find it difficult. I speak with feeling on this subject, for when I went to school, a fine arithmetician shared the same desk with myself, and whenever I was perplexed by a difficult sum, instead of applying to the teacher for an explanation, I asked Amelia to do it for me. She was too obliging, and complied. The consequence is, that even now I am often compelled to refer to your father in trifling calculations. I expect much assistance from your perseverance, Laura,” continued she, affectionately taking her hand.

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Laura was the eldest of four children, one an infant, who had been born to the luxuries of wealth. Mr. Sinclair was a merchant of respectable connexions, and had been successful in business, with every prospect of a competency to retire upon in his declining years. But, alas! how uncertain all human calculations! He, late one afternoon, received word by telegraph that an extensive mercantile house in another city — one to which he was creditor to a very heavy amount

—was on the very verge of bankruptcy. His immediate presence was required; not an hour was to be lost. The utmost speed of steam would only allow him to arrive in season to be of any avail. He immediately threw a few necessary articles into a carpet-bag, seized his umbrella, took a hasty leave of his family, and speeded his way to the boat. But here he was destined to disappointment. He arrived at the pier only in season to

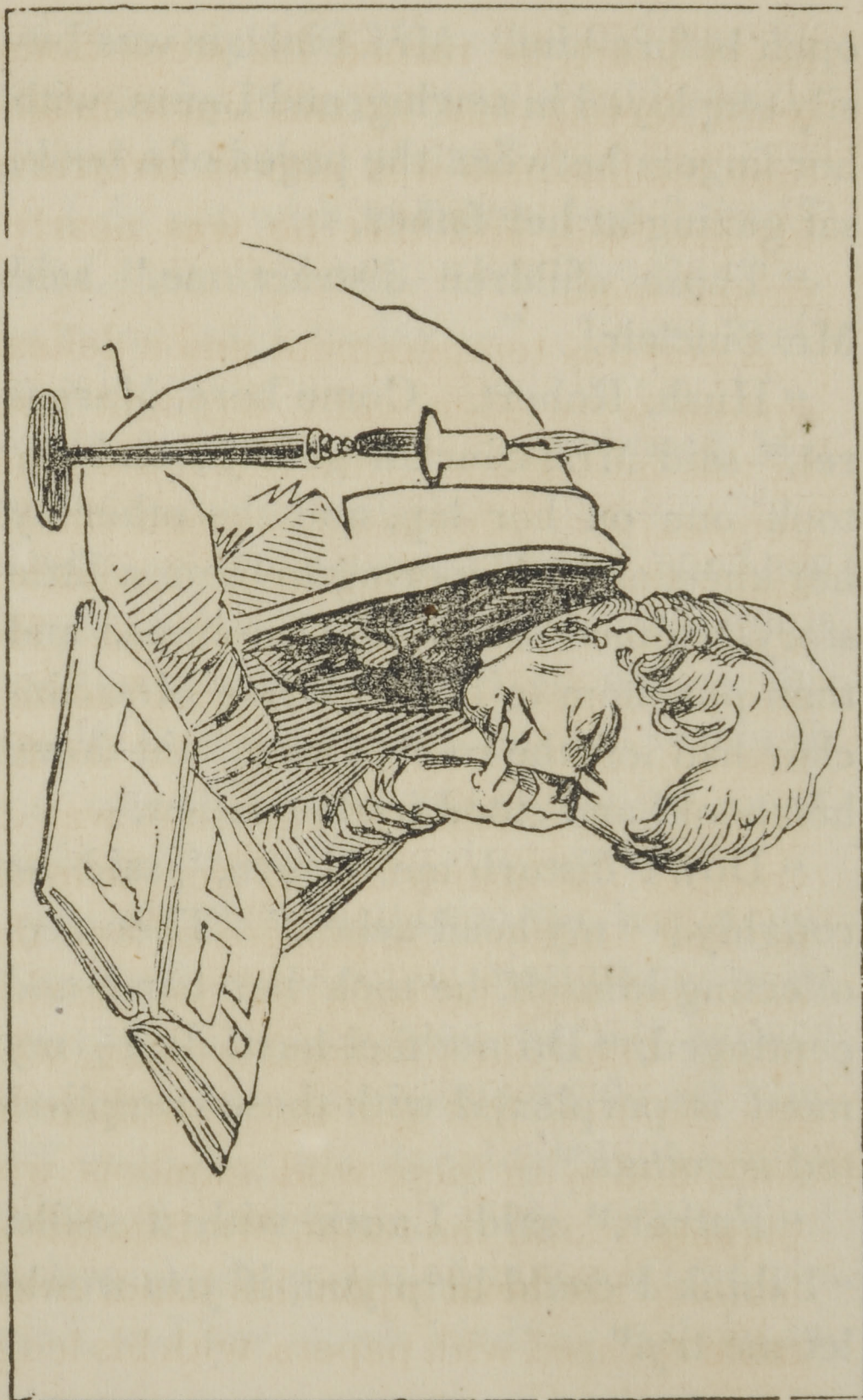


find the boat in the middle of the stream, pursuing its way without him. With a



heavy heart, he turned his steps homeward, feeling that by this single misfortune his business was almost irretrievably involved, and that he was nearly a ruined man.

A nervous temperament and a delicate system were soon sadly wrought upon by this misfortune. Mr. Sinclair's mind, perplexed and harassed, seemed sinking under the weight of anxiety. Laura was at this period sixteen years of age. Her mind was clear and vigorous, and seemed resting, like a young fawn, for its first bound. A portion of her time was devoted to the instruction of her little sister and brother. A picture of her thus occupied may be seen on the previous page. One cold autumnal evening, when the children had got through their lessons, and with their wild gambols were playing round the room, Mr. Sinclair sat leaning his head upon his hand, over a table covered with papers, with his ledger



open before him. Mrs. Sinclair was busily employed in sewing, and Laura, with her fingers between the pages of a book, sat gazing at her father.

“Those children distract me,” said Mr. Sinclair.

“Hush, Robert. Come here, Margaret,” said Mrs. Sinclair gently; and she took one on her lap, and the other by her knee, and whispering to them a little story, calmed them to sleepiness, and then put them to bed. When Mrs. Sinclair had left the room, Laura laid down her book, and stood by her father.

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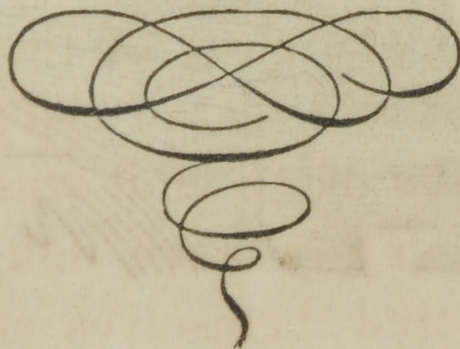
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