

St. James's

PETER PLAYFUL;

OR, A

A CURE FOR DULL SPIRITS.



LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADENEDLE-STREET.

Price Three-Pence, Coloured.

Not in Bk or O

PETER PLAYFUL,

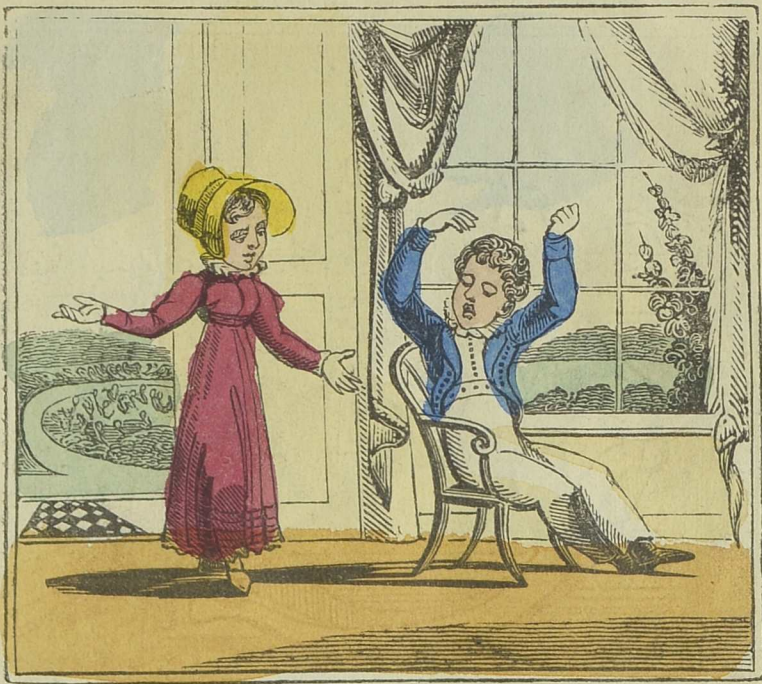
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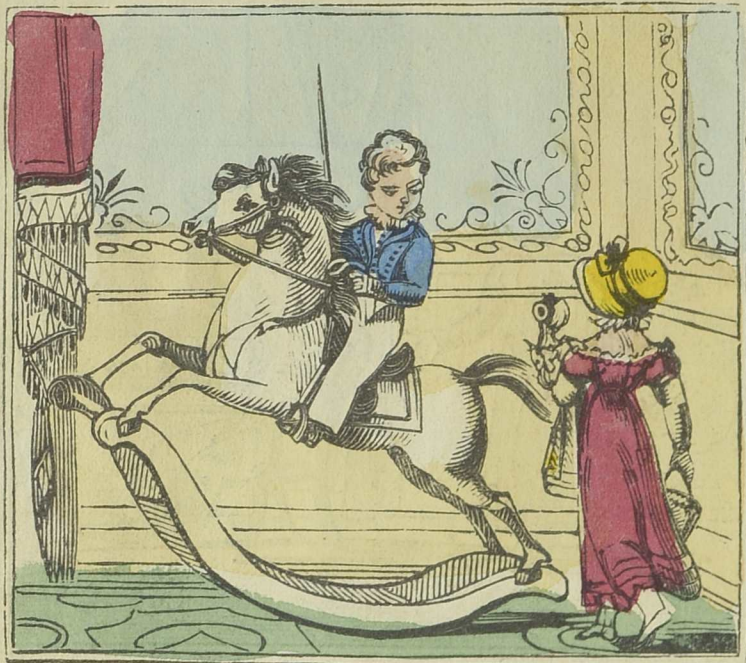


“ Oh, Charlotte!” said Sam, “ pray what am I to do?

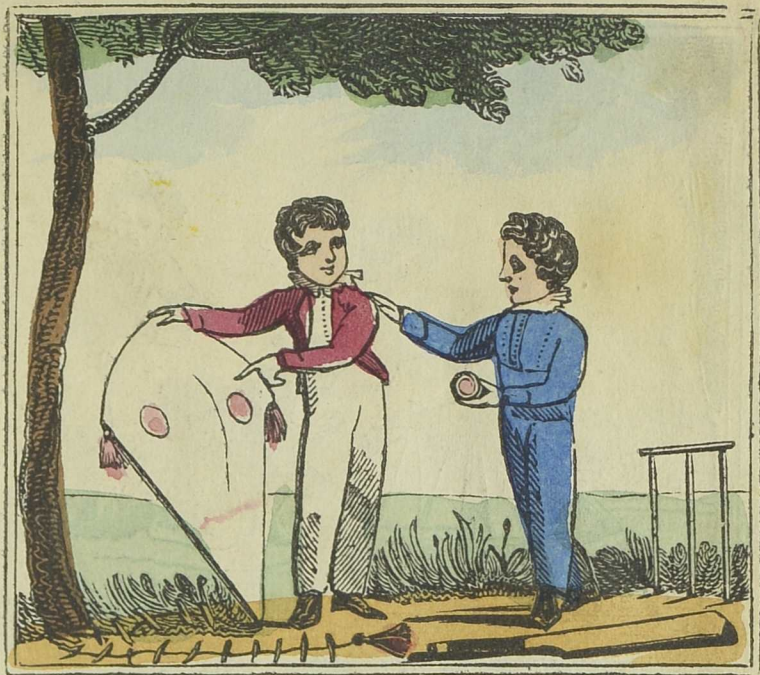
So low in my spirits am I
That I scarcely can move, and to tell you
the truth

I think I shall very soon cry.”
Said his sister, “If lowness oppresses you
thus,

You will find, that the very best way
To be happy again, is to jump up at once,
And banish your sorrow with play.”



“ Well reasoned,” said Sam, “ I’ll adopt
your advice,
And I think I’ll begin with a ride.”
So he soon brought his rocking-horse in,
gave a jump,
And sat on the saddle astride;
Then he rose up, or sank, in his stirrups
by turns;
And his pony, although made of wood,
Whenever he whipped it, went rocking
as though
His meaning it well understood.



When tired of his ride, he repaired to the
fields

With his kite and his string on his back,
And there he was almost persuaded to play
At cricket, with meddlesome Jack;
But the wind whistled loudly, and shook
the green leaves,

So says Sam, “ Jack, ’tis far better fun
To let my kite fly in the air, and then see
How it glitters in front of the sun.



But the tail of the kite got entangled
and broke,

And the front of the kite showed a rip;
So he took it home with him, and shortly
returned

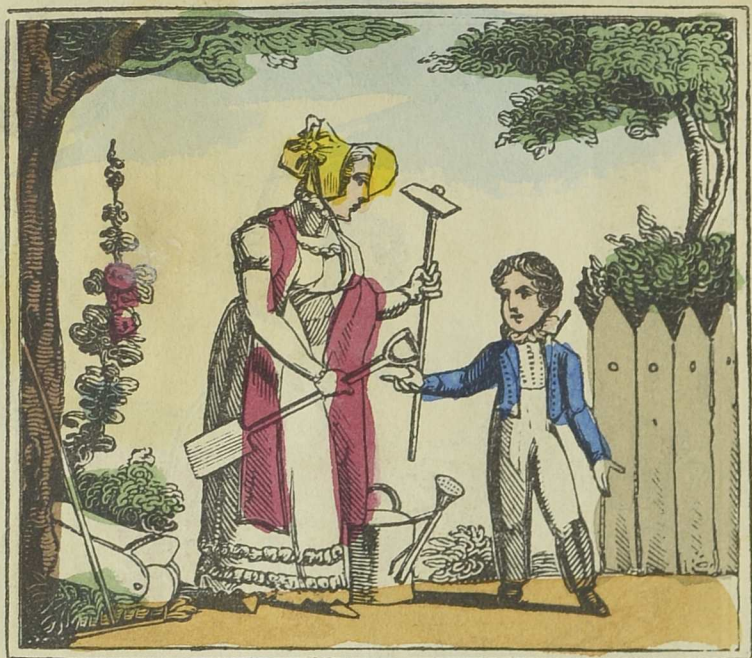
With the model he'd made of a ship.
Says Sam, "Now the opposite side of the
pond

Shall be the West Indies;" says Jack,
"Then I hope laden well, even up to the
deck,

Full of sugar, to see it come back.



When the weather was fine, to the lawn
he'd repair,
And his hoop he would trundle away;
Now and then in this manner himself he'd
amuse,
Or play with his little Dog Tray.
To the garden sometimes, he and Char-
lotte would go,
And clear all the weeds from the ground;
And though in the garden they passed
many hours,
Amusement and pleasure they found.

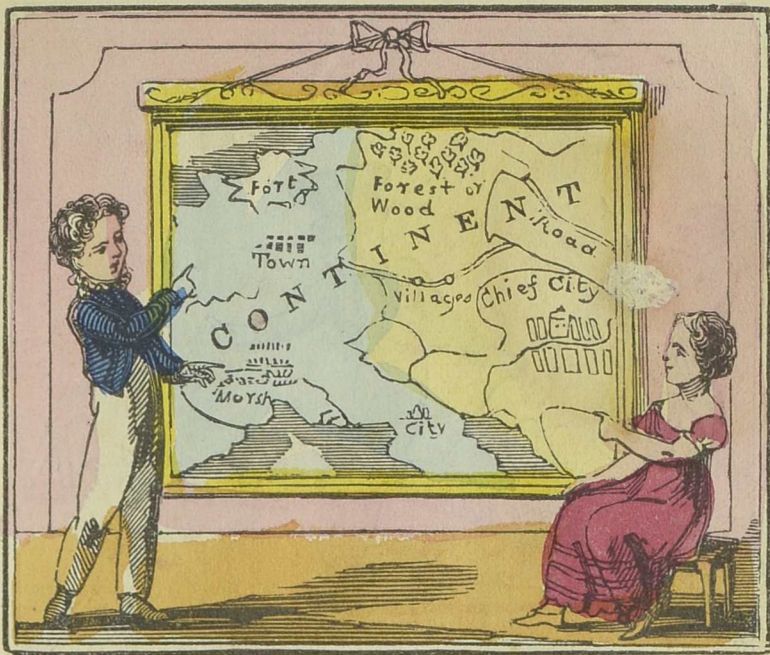


At three, little Sam bid his playmates
adieu,

And ran to the garden, for there
His mother had said, when the dinner
was o'er,

With a present she meant to repair.
And what was that present? a watering pot,
A barrow, a spade, and a rake;
And giving them to him, she said that
she hoped

He would keep them with care, for her
sake.



Miss Charlotte had worked a most beautiful map,

Which her parents preserved with much care,

It was placed in the parlour, and oft to that room

Miss Charlotte and Sam would repair.

And Sam would attend, while his sister explained

The marks on the map they beheld,
Showed which stood for water, and which stood for land,

For a city, a town, or a field.



As winter came on, little Sam, when he
found

His lowness of spirits prevail,
Adopted the cure which his sister pre-
scribed,

And never once found it to fail.

So when there was ice, he delighted to show
All his playmates how well he could
skate ;

And such was his skill in the art, that 'twas
said

He could cut out a figure of eight.



“Another amusement,” his mother remarked,

“Well adapted for banishing care,
Is reading my child; ’tis an endless delight,
And of this I presume you’re aware;
But labour and pleasure, each followed
in turn,

The balance of mind will maintain;
So first get your lessons all thoroughly
learnt,
Then off to your playmates again.”

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