


MRS. BARBAULD'S  
EASY LESSONS  
FOR  
LITTLE GEORGE

—◆—  
WITH COLOURED PLATES.

—◆—  
DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

—◆—  
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

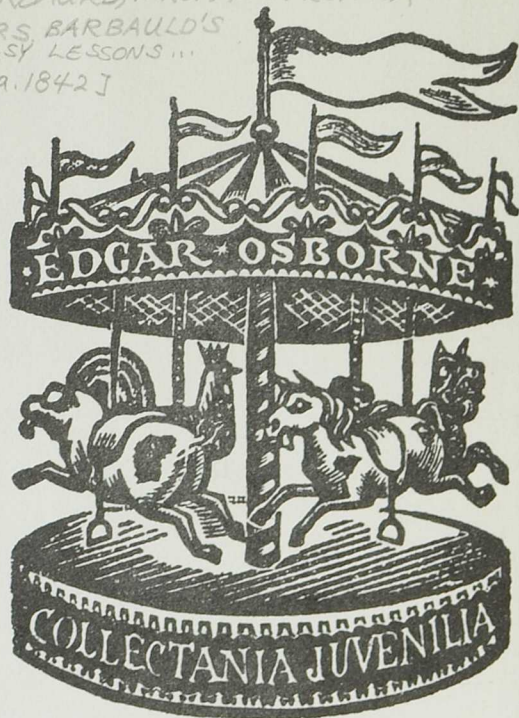


(B I)

BARBAULD, MRS. ANNA LETITIA

MRS. BARBAULD'S  
EASY LESSONS ...

[ca. 1842]



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THE HISTORY OF  
MRS. DARRALL'S  
LESSONS FOR CHILDREN  
LITTLE GEORGE.

Miss Mary	_____
Miss Ann	_____
Miss Jane	_____
Miss Elizabeth	_____
Miss Sarah	_____
Miss Rebecca	_____
Miss Abigail	_____
Miss Hannah	_____

ALL IN GENERAL TERMS  
TO ANY OTHER FUTURE BOY OR GIRL

*Price One Shilling each,*

MRS. BARBAULD'S  
LESSONS FOR CHILDREN;

*Adapted by Name*

TO THE USE OF EITHER

Little Mary,

— Anne,

— Eliza,

— Jane,

— Emily,

Little Charles,

— John,

— Thomas,

— William,

— Henry.

AND IN GENERAL TERMS

TO ANY OTHER LITTLE BOY OR GIRL.







MRS. BARBAULD'S  
EASY LESSONS.

---

LITTLE GEORGE.



“Come hither, George; come to mamma.”

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SHARPE'S EDITION :

PUBLISHED BY C. TILT, FLEET STREET.



MRS. BARBARA

MARY WESSON

LETTER BOOK

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C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

PRINTED BY G. J. H. H. H. H.

## PREFACE.

THIS little Publication was made for a particular child ; but the public are welcome to the use of it. It was found, that, amidst the multitude of books professedly written for children, there is not one adapted to the comprehension of a child from two to three years old. A grave remark, or a connected story, however simple, is above his capacity ; and *nonsense* is always below it ; for folly is worse than ignorance. Another great defect is the want of *good paper, a clear and large type, and large spaces*. They only, who have actually taught young children, can be sensible how necessary these assistances are. The eye of a child and of a learner cannot catch, as ours can, a small, obscure, ill-formed word, amidst a number of others all equally unknown to him.

To supply these deficiencies is the object of this book. The task is humble but not mean ; for to lay the first stone of a building, and to plant the first idea in a human mind, can be no dishonour to any hand.

MRS. BARBAULD'S admirable "Lessons" were written "for a particular child," her nephew "Charles," whose attention was naturally excited by the repetition of his name in most pages, in connection with his little pleasures and pursuits, as well as with the instruction and information, which it is the purpose of the teacher to instil. It was thought that if those pages were corrected *in various copies* so as to have a separate supply in favour of John, William, Mary, and other usual names, that the book might become yet more useful and acceptable. The list could be extended, if the experiment proved successful. A few copies have also been printed addressed in *general terms* to little boys and girls, instead of any christian name, for the use of such children, whose names might happen to be too unusual for selection, and more especially for *little girls*, to whose service the "Lessons" have not been hitherto particularly applied.



# LESSONS

FOR

## LITTLE GEORGE.

---

COME hither, George ; come to  
mamma. Make haste.

Sit in mamma's lap.

Now, read your book,

Where is the pin to point with ?

—Here is a pin.

Do not tear the book.

Only naughty boys tear books.

George shall have a pretty new lesson.

Spell that word. Good boy.

Now go and play.

---

Where is puss?

Puss is got under the table.

You cannot catch puss.

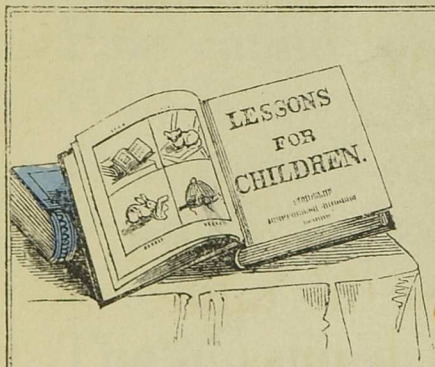
Do not pull her by the tail; you hurt her.

Stroke poor puss. You stroke her the wrong way. This is the right way.

But, puss, why did you kill the rabbit?

You must catch mice; you must not kill rabbits.

BOOK



PUSS



RABBIT



MICE





Well, what do you say? did you kill the rabbit?

Why do you not speak, puss?

Puss cannot speak.

Will George feed the chickens?

Here is some corn for the pigeons.

O pretty pigeons.

---

The sun shines. Open your eyes, little boy. Get up.

Maid, come and dress George.

Go down stairs. Get your breakfast.

Boil some milk for a poor little hungry boy.

Do not spill the milk.

Hold the spoon in the other hand.

Do not throw your bread upon the ground.

Bread is to eat; you must not throw it away.

Corn makes bread.

Corn grows in the fields.

Grass grows in the fields.

Cows eat grass, and sheep eat grass, and horses eat grass.

Little boys do not eat grass: no, they eat bread and milk.

---

Letters make syllables.

Syllables make words.

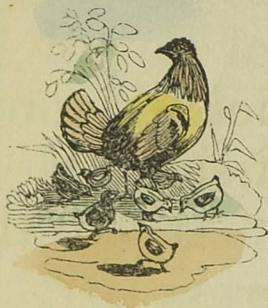
Several words make a sentence.

It is a pleasant thing to read well.

When you are older, you shall



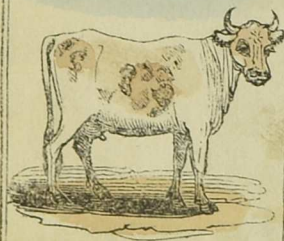
CHICKENS



PIGEONS



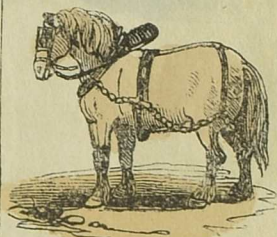
CORN



COW



SHEEP



HORSE



learn to write ; but you must know how to read first.

Once, papa could not read nor tell his letters.

If you learn a little every day, you will soon know a great deal.

Mamma, shall I ever have learned all that there is to be learned ?

No, never, if you were to live longer than the oldest man ; but you may learn something every day.

---

Papa, where is George ?

Ah ! where is the little boy ?

Papa cannot find the little boy.

Lie still. Do not stir.



Ah! here he is. He is under  
mamma's apron.

Ride upon papa's cane.

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haste, horse.

I want to ride a live horse.

Saddle the horse for the little boy.

The horse prances, he tosses his  
head, he pricks up his ears, he  
starts.

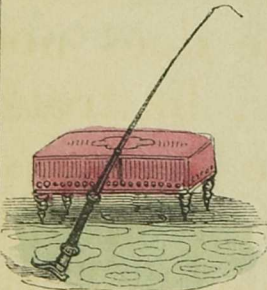
Sit fast; take care he does not  
throw you; he ambles, he trots,  
he gallops. The horse stumbles.  
Down comes poor George in the  
dirt.—Hark! the huntsman's horn  
sounds.

The hounds come by with their  
long sweeping ears.

HE AMBLES

HE TROTS

HE GALLOPS



WHIP

HUNTSMAN

HOUNDS





The horses are in a foam.

See how they break down the farmers' fences.

Now they leap over the ditch.

One, two, three. They are all gone over.

They are running after the hare.

Poor little hare, I believe you must be caught.

In Germany they hunt the tusky boar.

---

Come and give mamma three kisses. One, two, three.

Little boys must always come when mamma calls them.

Blow your nose.

Here is a handkerchief.

Come and let me comb your hair.  
Stand still.

Here is the comb-case for you to hold.

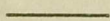
Your frock is untied.

Pray clasp my shoe.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Open the door. Come in.

Reach a chair. Sit down.



Come to the fire.

How do you do?—Very well.

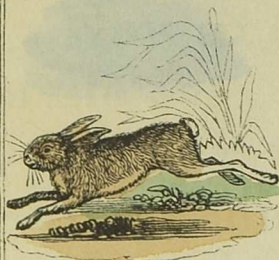
Bring some coals. Make up the fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

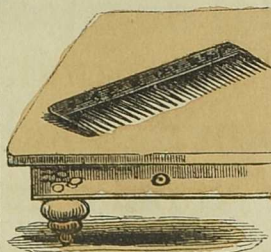
Where is the brush?

Do not stand upon the hearth.

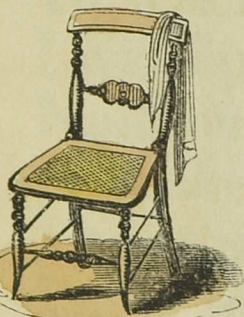
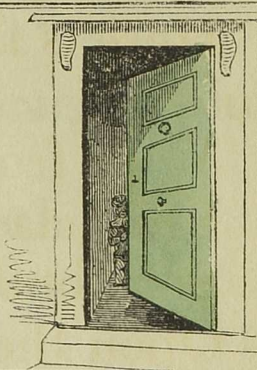
HARE



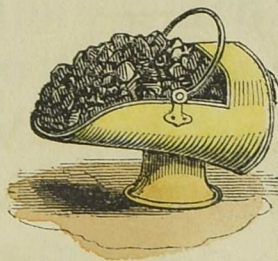
COMB



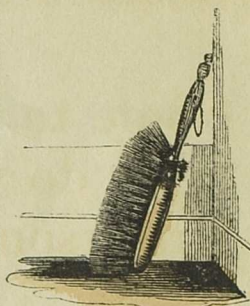
DOOR



CHAIR



COALS



BRUSH



Don't trouble with the  
see you have not yet  
there is a letter for you and here

is a parcel  
You sit down on the couch and  
write  
I have a letter for you  
It is nothing very  
I had a letter for you

To read letters in the  
I shall give you  
Yes, you will be  
You have a letter  
You will be  
I have a letter for you

What does it say  
I shall be  
I shall be  
I shall be

Do not meddle with the ink-stand.  
See, you have inked your frock.

Here is a slate for you, and here  
is a pencil.

Now sit down on the carpet, and  
write.

What is this red smooth stick?

—It is sealing wax.

What is it for?

To seal letters with.

I want papa's watch.

No, you will break the glass.

You broke it once.

You may look at it.

Put it to your ear.

What does it say.

Tick, tick, tick.

---

Squirrels crack nuts.

Monkeys are very comical.

You are very comical sometimes.

Kittens are playful.

Old cats do not play.

Mice nibble cheese.

There is an old rat in the trap.

He has fine whiskers and a long  
tail.

He will bite hard, he will bite  
through wood.

Owls eat mice. Owls live in  
barns and hollow trees.

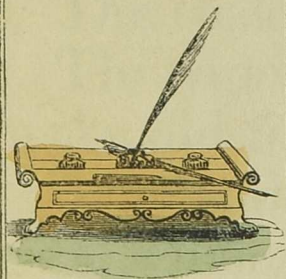
Frogs live in marshes.

Do not kill that toad ; it will not  
hurt you.

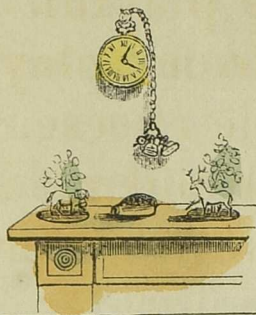
See what a fine eye he has.



INKSTAND



WATCH



SQUIRREL



MONKEY



KITTENS



OWL



The snake has a new skin every year.

The snake lays eggs.

The snake will do you no harm.

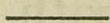
The viper is poisonous.

An old fox is very cunning.

The lamb is gentle.

The ass is patient.

The deer are feeding in the park.



There is a pretty butterfly.

Come, shall we catch it?

Butterfly, where are you going?

It is flown over the hedge.

He will not let us catch him.

There is a bee sucking the flowers.

Will the bee sting George?



No: it will not sting you, if you let it alone.

Bees make wax and honey.

Honey is sweet.

George shall have some honey and bread for supper.

Caterpillars eat cabbages.

Here is a poor little snail crawling up the wall.

Touch him with your little finger.

Ah! the snail is crept into his shell.

His shell is his house. Good night, snail.

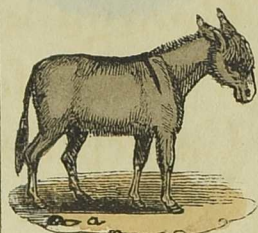
Let him alone, and he will soon come out again.

---

FOX

LAMBS

ASS



DEER

BUTTERFLY

BEE





I want my dinner. I want pudding.

It is not ready yet.

It will be ready presently, then George shall have his dinner.

Lay the cloth.

Where are the knives and forks, and plates?

The clock strikes; take up the dinner.

May I have some more meat?

No; much meat is not good for little boys.

Here are cherries.

Do not swallow the stone.

I want some wine.

What, wine for little boys!

No, you cannot have wine. It is

not good for you. Here is some water.

Do not stand so near the fire.

Go on the other side.

Do not tread upon mamma's apron.

Go away now, I am busy.

---

George, what are eyes for?

To see with.

What are ears for?

To hear with.

What is a tongue for?

To talk with.

What are teeth for?

To eat with.

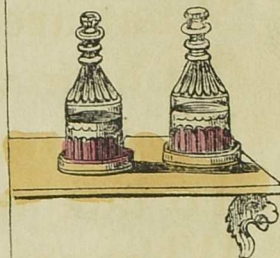
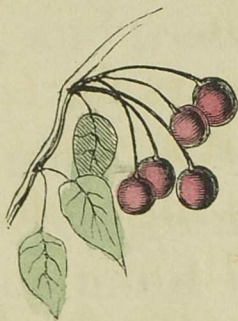
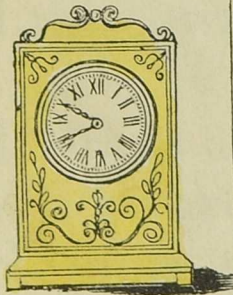
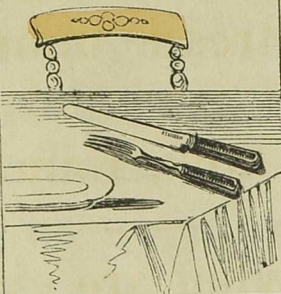
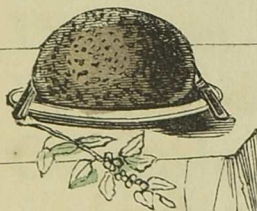
What is a nose for?

To smell with.

PUDDING

KNIFE & FORK

PLATE



CLOCK

CHERRIES

WINE





What are legs for ?

To walk with.

Then do not ask mamma to carry you. Walk yourself.

Here are two good legs.

Will you go abroad.

Fetch your hat.

Come, let us go into the fields, and see the sheep, and the lambs, and the cows, and trees, and water.

---

There is a man on horseback.

Where are you going ?

He does not mind us ; he rides away.

Now he is a great way off.

Now we cannot see him at all.

There is a dog. The dog barks.

Well, do not be afraid ; he will not hurt you.

Come hither, dog.

Let him lick your hand. Poor Rover.

George is tired ; come, let us go home.

---

Ink is black, and papa's boots are black.

Paper is white, and George's frock is white.

Grass is green.

The sky is blue.

George's shoes are red.

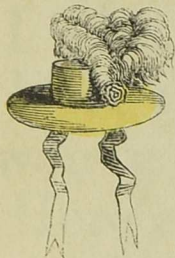
Pretty red shoes.

Daffodil is yellow.

The table is brown.



HAT



MAN ON HORSEBACK



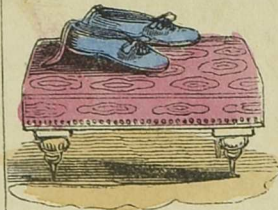
DOG



BOOTS



SHOES



DAFFODIL





White, black, red, green, blue,  
yellow, brown.

Pray give me a raisin.

Here is one.

I want another.

Here is another. One, two.

I want a great many. I want ten.

Here are ten. One, two, three,  
four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,  
ten.

Now, what will you do with all  
these raisins? Give Billy some,  
and sister Sally some.

Good boy, there is a pin; pick  
it up, and give it to mamma.

O do not put it in your mouth;  
that is a very, very naughty trick.  
Stick it upon the pincushion.



Fetch the work-basket.

No, do not sit upon it, you will break it: sit upon your own little stool.

Mamma, what are you doing?

Making frocks for little George.

Lay by your work, mamma, and play with me.

---

It is Winter now, cold Winter.

There is ice in the pond.

It hails. It snows.

Will you run out in the snow?

Go then.

Let us make snow-balls.

Pretty snow, how white it is,  
and how soft it is!

Bring the snow to the fire.

See, see how it melts!—it is all gone : there is nothing but water,

---

Shall we walk ?

No, it is too dirty.

When George is a big boy, he shall have breeches, and a little pair of boots ; and he shall have a pretty little horse of his own, and a saddle, and bridle, and a whip, and then he shall ride out with papa.

When Spring comes again, there will be green leaves and flowers, daisies and pinks, and violets, and roses ; and there will be young lambs, and warm weather. Come again, Spring.

It rains hard.

See how it rains.

The ducks love rain.

Ducks swim, and geese swim.

Chickens do not swim.

Can George swim?—No.

If George goes in the water, he  
will be drowned.

You shall learn to swim when  
you are as big as Billy.

---

Bring the tea-things.

Bring the little boy's milk.

Where is the bread and butter.

Where is the toast and the muf-  
fin.

Here is some bread for you.

Little boys should not eat butter.

Sop the bread in your tea.



The tea is too hot, you must not  
drink it yet.

You must wait a little.

Pour it into your saucer.

The sugar is not melted.

Who is that lady?

Do you not know?

Go and give her a kiss.

---

Pull off your hat.

Nobody wears a hat in the house.

Hats are to go abroad with.

Take me in your lap.

Come, then.

Do you love mamma?

Poor mamma!

George has tumbled down.

Get up again then.

the house. It would break the windows.

Draw some earth to Billy's garden.

Your face is dirty.

Go and get your face washed.

Get your hands washed.

Now he is a clean boy.

---

Ah, here is money. What is this?

This is a golden sovereign.

This white money is silver : here is a crown, here is a half-crown, here is a shilling, here is a sixpence.

We will spin the half-crown upon the table.

It is fallen down : pick it up.

Here is a halfpenny for you.

I want some gold.

No, mamma must have the gold to buy beef and mutton with.

Here is a poor little boy at the door ; he has no money at all, nor any thing to eat. Shall we give him a penny?—Yes.

Go then and give it to him.

It is dark. Bring candles.

Snuff the candles.

Shut the window-shutters.

Do not shut them yet.

Look at the moon.

O bright moon ; O pretty moon !

The moon shines at night, when the sun is out of our sight.

Is the sun out of sight ?

Then it is time for little boys to go to bed.



The chickens are gone to bed,  
and the little birds are gone to bed,  
Every thing goes to bed when the  
sun goes out of sight, and George  
must go to bed too.

Poor little boy is sleepy.

I believe we must carry him up  
stairs.

Pull off his shoes.

Pull off his frock and petticoats.

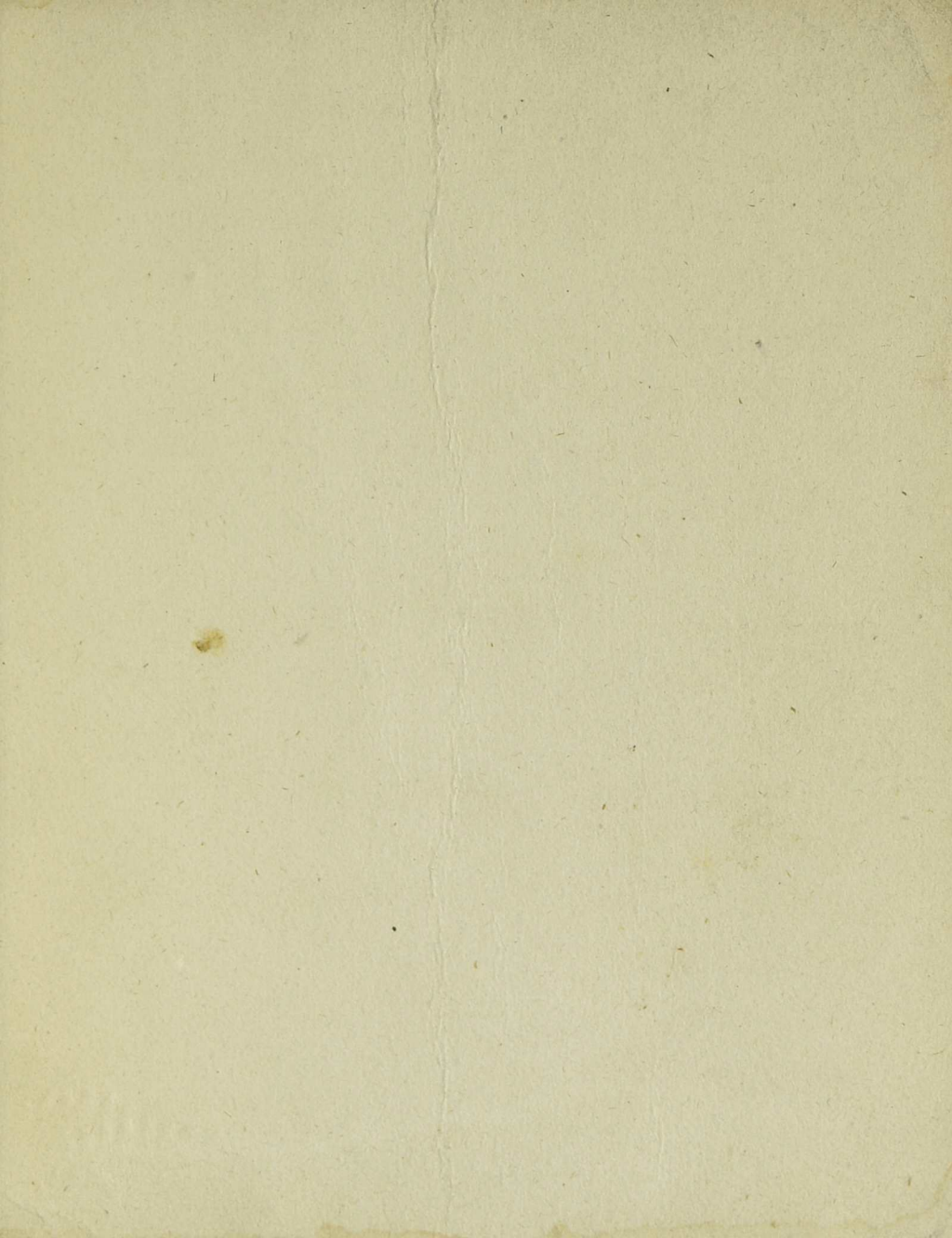
Put on his nightcap.

Cover him up.

Lay his little head upon the pil-  
low.

Good night. Shut your eyes:  
go to sleep.

THE END.







MRS. BARBAULD'S

**EASY LESSONS**

FOR

**CHILDREN.**

