

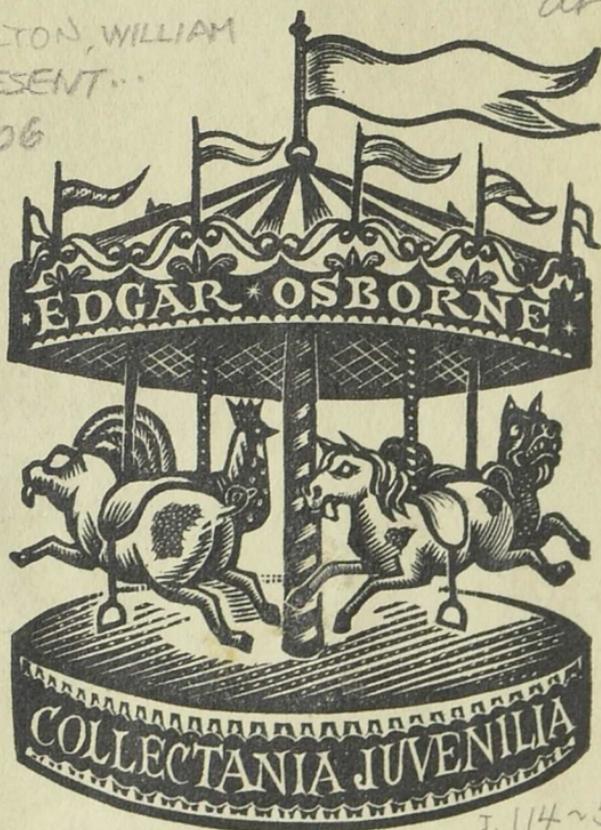
A PRESENT
FOR A
LITTLE GIRL.

Price One Shilling.

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PRESENT...
1806

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A
PRESENT

FOR A

LITTLE GIRL.



London, Published by W^m Darton and Jos^{ph} Harvey, Feb^r 2^d 1806.

PRI
DARTON AND H

1806

“ Let not the young my precepts shun,
“ Who flight good counfel are undone.”

The circling rays and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On sev'ral tongues detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
Mark with what insolence and pride,
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose.
Look at his legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then, what a horrid squalling throat!
E'en owls are frightened at the note.
True! those are faults the peacock cries,
My scream, my shanks you may despise.
Why overlook my radiant train?
Know, such blind critics rail in vain
To all apparent beauties seen
Each blemish

Thus i

milk of a wolf. I do not say it is not true, but I fear more has been said than is so. But to bring up children with goats' milk is a very common thing in some parts of France, when an accident happens to the mother of the child.

COMPASSION.

If a girl or boy be cut with a knife, or scratched with a pin, they are sore and in pain; indeed, some girls cry when they prick their fingers with a needle; and if a leg or an arm be broken, they are in sad pain, and cannot sleep; they must lie in bed for a long time, by day and night. Yet some girls will stick a pin into a cockchafer, to make it spin; or pull off the legs of a poor fly for sport. A leg is a leg to a fly, as well as to a boy or girl.



Some rude boys had one day got a pigeon which was lame, and its wings being cut, it could not fly, so they had tied a string to one of its legs, and put it down to be thrown at with a stick, that he who should knock him down might have it; but just as they were going to throw at it, little Mary ran and begged them to stop, and she would buy the bird. "How much," said she, "must I give for it?" "Sixpence," said one of the sad boys. "I have but four-

pence;" said Mary, "take all my money, I do not want the bird, only do not use it ill."

~~And so they took~~ so they took Mary's goat, and gave her the poor bird, which she took so much care of, as to cure it of its lame leg; and it fed out of her hand, cooed like a dove, and lived a long time in the house. It would be very pleasant if we could now see how cheerful the poor bird used to look upon Mary, every morning as she fed it.

How should we like to be thrown at with sticks or stones? Poor birds can feel pain, as boys and girls do, and it is not right to hurt any one of God's creatures; we should use them with mercy. There are some men in all countries who do not think it right to kill any thing, and feed only on grain, &c. In the East Indies, some of the natives religiously abstain from eating either fish or flesh, and many of



these poor natives have suffered death rather than partake of either, when men, prompted by avarice or war, have removed all the rice from one part of the country to another.

Mark that parent hen, said a father to his dear children: with what kind care does she call her offspring, and cover them with her wings! The kite, when flying in the air, seeking his prey, may perhaps dart upon her brood, and bear off a chicken in his

The Fond Mother.



talons; but see, she prepares to defend her chicks, and would attack a dog, should he attempt to molest her.

Does not this sight suggest to you the kindness of your mother, and her watchful care over you in the helpless state of childhood, when she fed you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents? At that time she mourned over your little griefs, and was pleased with your calm delights.

To Mothers.

SAY, while ye press, with glowing love,
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasures prove,
Are you entirely blest?

Ah! no; a thousand tender cares,
By turns your thoughts employ;
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.

Dear innocent,—its lovely smiles
With what delight you view!
But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.

Then whispers busy, cruel fear,
"The child, alas! may die!"
Then Nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising sigh.

Say, doth not Heav'n our comforts mix
With more than equal pain,
To teach us, if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain?

Then, be our earthly joy, resign'd,
Since here we cannot rest;
For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
To make us fully blest.

The Instinct of Animals.

The instinct of some creatures is highly worthy of notice, and displays the wisdom and power of that Being who formed them. The camel disturbs the water with its feet before it drinks, with an instinctive intent to render it heavy, and consequently less fit to pass off speedily; because, in the deserts of Arabia, being kept without food or water for whole days together, they are inured to support hunger and thirst with the greatest patience. A camel can discover water by the scent, at the distance of half a league, and after a long abstinence will hasten towards it, before the drivers are aware that it is near*. If a Turkey hen

* The merchants of Turkey, Persia, Barbary, and Egypt, make use of camels to carry their merchandise, and form themselves into numerous bodies, which they call caravans, consisting often of some thousands, and this they do to guard themselves against the plundering Arabs.

The Arabian Camel.



Camels possess great strength. The Largest full grown Camels will carry from Ten to Twelve Hundred weight. The Smallest from Five to Seven Hundred.

die while she is sitting, the cock assumes her province; and after the young are hatched, he tends them with the same care as the female. Even when the hen is busy with the new brood, the cock takes charge of the former; leads them about in search of food; and performs all the duties of a mother.—On the approach of hounds, the female hind puts herself in the way of being hunted; and tries to lead them from her fawn. The hare doubles with great address, to evade pursuit; and shows more art the oftener she is hunted. At times, she will leap from one furze bush to another, by which means the scent is lost, and the dogs are misled.

The flight of birds to distant climes, or across wide seas, is performed with unerring exactness. The carrier pigeon returns with wonderful instinct, to the spot from which it has been conveyed. An author, named Lithgow, assures



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us, that one of these birds will carry a letter from Babylon, which is in Arabia, to Aleppo, in Syria, performing in forty-eight hours, what is a journey of thirty days to a man. Every Turkish Bashaw is said to have in his house a number of these pigeons, which on any urgent case he sends to the Grand Vizier, with letters braced under their wings.



A Caution to Little Girls.

Two geese straying from a farm yard, in a certain county in England, swam down a canal to a large morass, in which they ranged at large, and found plenty of food. To this place a flock of wild geese used often to resort, and though they were at first so shy, as not to suffer the tame ones to join them, they by degrees became better friends. One night their cackling reached the ears of a fox that was

prowling at a small distance from the morafs; he took his courfe through a wood on the borders of it, and was within a few yards of his prey, before any of the geefe perceived him. The alarm being given, juft as he was about to fpring upon them, the whole flock, in an inftant, mounted into the air with loud cries. The wild geefe winged their flight out of his reach, and were foon out of fight; but the two tame ones, which were not ufed to foar, and which had always been in fafety, foon dropped down, and became wretched victims to the crafty fox. From this fhort tale we may learn, that thofe who forfake the ftate for which they are fitted by nature, will be in danger of fharing a like fate to that of the poor tame geefe; and perhaps have caufe to lament their folly, when it is too late for them to correct their error.

Thefe two geefe remind me of two

little girls, who had liberty to walk in a garden, in which was a large canal and a boat on it. They had seen *men* row in the boat, and thought *they* could do so too. They therefore got into the boat, loosed it from the shore, and began to try to use the oars: but they now found, that what appeared so easy to the sight was not so easy to perform. It was well for them that there was no current, or they might have been carried out of the reach of assistance: they blamed each other for not doing right; and cried aloud when they could not bring the boat again to the shore, as a shower of rain fell, and made them very wet.

Their cries at length reached the ears of the gardener, who with some difficulty got them safe on shore.— And they now learnt by experience, that it was not proper for little girls to row in a boat.



London, Published by W. Darton & J. Harvey, June 17. 1805.

As I was wand'ring o'er the green,
Not knowing where I went,
I saw by chance a pleasant scene,
The cottage of CONTENT.

With hasty steps I nearer drew,
Towards the humble cot,
To take a more attentive view
Of that delightful spot.

Close to the door, in sportive play,
Some children ran about,
Another in the cradle lay,
All vigorous and stout.

The healthy parents were employ'd,
Just like th' indust'rous ant,
In smiling summer to provide
Against cold winter's want.

When Sol the eastern sky illumes,
And makes all nature gay,
The father then his work resumes,
And ends it with the day.

The happy Family!



Happy, thrice happy, are the poor
With necessaries blest!
In conscious innocence secure,
They take their balmy rest.

Not so with minds, whose heap'd up wealth
Corrodes and spoils their sleep:
For gold they lose their time and health,
Which long they cannot keep.

In watchful fear then may I live,
And day and night be spent,
In such a manner as to give
God praise, and me content.

The dutiful Son!



The good Son and Sick Mother.

One day a little boy, about ten years of age, ventured to speak to the Emperor of Germany, whom he met in the streets of Vienna, saying, “My mother is very ill, and as we cannot get a doctor without money, I hope you will give me a florin.—I have never begged till now, but if my mother could get well, it would make us happy.”

The emperor demanded the name and residence of the poor woman; at the same time gave the boy a florin, which he received with great thankfulness, and ran away full speed. The Emperor went shortly after, covered with a mantle belonging to one of his attendants, to the house of the poor woman.—She mistook him for a physician who had heard of her illness by her son, and freely told him her complaints: when, pointing to a pen and ink, she requested he would write for her. The Emperor gave her some flattering hopes of amendment, wrote upon the paper, and with good wishes for her recovery took his leave.

Soon after he was gone, her son came in with a physician. The sick woman was in great surprise, saying, a doctor had just been and left his advice on the table. The physician begged leave to read it; when he soon discovered the Emperor's signature,

and, to his surprise, found it an order on a banker, to pay the poor woman a sum equal to about five and twenty pounds sterling!

The joy of the poor boy and his mother is better conceived than described. May every child be willing to assist his parents; may every sick mother be favoured with a son as good, and a friend as kind.

We think this little German boy was not so rude in his play, as some of our ^{young} English lads are. We allude to ^{one} day are very fond of setting dogs th to bite pigs, or to worry a brood of goslings, or young ducks!—Children should consider that they are themselves in many respects helpless; and if a dog were to attack them, where would they fly to for safety, provided their parent or friends were not at hand to protect them? They could not flee to the water for shelter, as young ducks or goslings do.

There goes little Ann!



and write
her som



The Goslings in danger!

Never climb on chairs, they were made to sit on, not to stand upon. See, here we have a print of a little girl who did not mind what was said to her; for sometimes she would get upon the window seat, and be in danger of falling out of the window; at other times she would stand upon the fender before the fire, and try to step upon the brass footman, so as to be in danger of setting her frock on fire, or of being scalded by the steam of the boiling water in the tea-kettle.

One day she climbed on the back of the nurse's chair, who rising up to follow a little boy, that was at play with a dog, the chair fell upon her, and she hurt her head against the floor. "It was well it was no worse," said little Joe, when he heard this story read. "I do not like to climb," said Jane, "and it is well that little Ann, we have just heard tell of, did not break some of her bones." "What!



break her bones with a fall off a chair!" said Tom, "pooh, pooh; why there was a school-boy one day fell out of an apple tree, and did not hurt himself!" "That might happen so, for once," said Joe, "but many a boy has had a leg, a thigh, or an arm broken by climbing. It is not always necessary to climb high to do mischief to ourselves or others, for I once heard of a little girl who was much ruder than she should be, and

Never Climb on Stools or Chairs



did not always do as she was bid, for one day at breakfast time she stood upon a leg of the table, and was trying to reach some toast in great haste, instead of asking for it in a proper manner, as she should have done; when the stool slipping from under her feet, she caught hold of the table to save herself from falling, and down fell the urn with the boiling water! She was sadly scalded; her screams were very loud, her pains very great;

and all this was, for not doing as she had been told.

A kind Action rewarded.

“Be kind and civil to all men, even to strangers.” In former days, by this means, Rebecca had a good husband, and Isaac a good wife. Abraham lived in a country where the people too often forgot their Maker, and in some things were very wicked; when he was very old, he sent a trusty servant, to go into that part of the country where some people dwelt who had not forgotton God; for he did not like that his son should choose a wife from among the wicked people. The servant rode upon a camel, which is a very useful animal in the country where Abraham lived; and he carried some chosen things with him as presents, upon other camels. As the



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journey was a long one, and over a hot sandy land, the poor beasts were very thirsty, water being scarce and only to be got out of wells; for they had no ponds to water cattle at, as we have in England, and the young women of those parts of the world, used to draw water out of the wells for the cattle to drink. When the servant saw the maidens coming, he prayed, or asked as a sign, that the woman Isaac was to have, might come and offer to

draw him some water. As soon as his prayer was ended, Rebecca came to water her sheep, and kindly offered to draw some for him and the camels. The servant, on asking her name, found she was of the kindred of his master; this pleased him much, and upon going home with her, he told her father his message, and made presents to the family of the chosen things he had brought upon the camels: he obtained her father's leave to take her with him; and when she came into the country where Isaac lived, she was married to him, served God as he did, and made a good wife.

NEGLECT.

JANE was very fond of keeping birds, silk-worms, and small animals; and while she attended them with care, her aunt did not forbid it. One day

her aunt found the bird cages dirty, and the glasses very nearly emptied of their water and feeds. The silkworms were crawling over a parcel of dead leaves, seeking a piece that was moist enough for them to eat. The rabbits were without oats or grains, and were squeaking at the grating of the hutches; her squirrel, for want of food, had got among the tea cups, in search of some biscuits which were kept in the cupboard, and the china was in danger of being broken. Her aunt, as soon as a proper time offered, for she made it a rule not to reprove a child or a servant whilst any other person was present, told her of the state of the poor animals. This so affected her, that she shed tears, and offered to give the birds and beasts their liberty; but this her aunt would not consent to, well knowing that by being kept a long time in a state of confinement, they were rendered un-

Don't ride too fast!



able to provide for themselves. Jane had been so busy at play with some other little girls, in dressing a doll and riding on the rocking-horse, that she had forgotten her little animals; but so sensible was she of the great pain her neglect must have occasioned the poor animals, that ever since, she has daily given her birds and beasts a plenty of food, and kept them clean. Thus she suffered pain of mind for not doing as she had been told.

Pray don't kick!



Published by W. Barton & J. Harvey London June 17-1805.

And many a fond mother has suffered great pain, from a child not doing as it has been told. When Charles was a little boy, he had leave to play upon the green before the door, and was told not to get over the stile into the field; but after playing for some time, he got over the stile, and saw a horse in the field; he went to play with it, having a stick in his hand. He had been some time in the field, before his mother missed him from the

door, she went in search of him, when, to her great surprize, she saw little Charles had got hold of the horse's tail, playing with the long hairs! If it had not been a very quiet horse, it might have kicked him to death.

A little girl, who lived near Kent Road, ventured to walk, with two other girls, under a horse's belly more than once; but when the man to whom the horse belonged saw what she was doing, he was much afraid, saying, It was a great wonder the horse had not done some of them a mischief; it was a very silly thing, and I hope no child will do so any more.

The Rein Deer

Is a native of Ruffia, and very useful to the inhabitants of Lapland; for, without this animal, they would find it a very great difficulty to subsist among the snow-covered mountains.

The Rein Deer.



The Zebu.

This animal alone supplies the place of the horse in drawing; and of the cow, the sheep, and goat for food and clothing. The milk of the rein deer is not so thick as that of the cow, but sweeter and more nourishing. There are many rein deer in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay in North America, from whence some thousands of their skins are brought to Europe.

The Zebu, or Barbary Cow, is a very gentle and docile animal; they are made use of in India as a substitute for horses; like them, they are saddled, but, in place of a bit being put into the mouth, a small cord is passed through the cartilage of the nose, which being tied to a larger cord, serves as a bridle: they can travel at the rate of twelve or fifteen leagues a day, and continue journeying for fifty or sixty days successively; their usual pace is a soft trot.

In Persia there are many of these

oxen entirely white, which are very strong, and carry weighty burdens. Like the camel they drop on their knees to be loaded, and rise when their burdens are properly fastened.

In America also this animal is well known by the name of the Bison: the inhabitants hunt them, and their flesh is much esteemed.

The Boys and Cat.

One summer's day, some boys at play,
Espy'd a tabby cat,
Which from its home had chanc'd to roam,
In search of mouse or rat.

The boys were rude, and would intrude,
On Tabby's liberty,
The day was hot, and puffs had got
Beneath a shady tree.

Says Tom to John, let's Tray on,
And hunt the cat away:
Ay, that we will, says naughty Bill,
And call'd aloud for Tray.

The dog he ran, and soon began
To worry the poor cat:
When Ann and Jane came down the lane,
And saw what they were at.



Jane call'd aloud unto the crowd,
And begg'd they would forbear,
And Ann she said, they should be paid,
If they the cat wou'd spare.

They all ran fast, but puss at last
Climb'd up into a tree,
The boys look'd sad, the girls were glad
Puss gain'd some liberty.

Let's pelt her down, said little Brown,
And took up a great stone ;
Jane begg'd and pray'd, Ann cry'd and said,
" Do let poor puss alone."

Their tears prevail'd, Brown's courage fail'd,
The stone he did not throw :
The boys call'd Tray to come away,
That puss in peace might go.



“Pity the sorrows of a poor old
who stands in need of help.” H
ing over a bridge, and at the same time
the wind blows hard enough to blow
him down.—See, he has lost his hat! I
hope some kind man or boy may meet
with it, and give him his hat again, to
keep his head warm. It is said a blind
man used to repeat verses like these:

Good people all, both great and small,

I'm blind and cannot see;

To my surprise, I lost my eyes

Beneath a great oak tree.

The thunder dread crack'd round my head,
And stunn'd me with affright;
Then quickly came the lightning's flame,
And made me dark as night.
I have a wife, pride of my life,
But she is quite in rags;
And babies too, without a shoe,
Or stocking to their legs.
Good ladies then, and gentlemen,
I'm poor as any rat,
Your purse don't shut, but kindly put,
Some money in my hat.

Jane call

And
And Ann the little boys, in their way to
school, which lay over a common
field, met with an ass grazing; the
poor animal did not attempt to run
from them as they approached, but
suffered them to get upon its back.
The boys wished the poor animal to
run with them; but as they had no
sticks or whips, it defied all their me-
naces: till one of them had, in his
eagerness to ride off, got upon the



The Market Woman.

poor animal's neck, when, putting its head between its fore legs, and kicking out its hind legs, the riders were both thrown off. Enraged at this circumstance, they were about to pelt the poor ass with stones; but just at this time a farmer's wife was going by on horseback, carrying poultry and eggs to market, who advised the two lads to go on quietly, and forbear to abuse the patient animal, which they had already insulted.

Tell the Truth.

Never stay by the way, when sent to school, and out of the sight of your friends.—Mary was the daughter of a farmer, who lived half a mile from the village to which she went to school. When the weather was wet and the paths dirty, she used to carry her dinner with her in a little basket. One day, just as she had entered the vil-

lage, some idle boys and girls were teasing a goat, and Mary was much pleased at their play; she stopped and joined them in what they called fun: her pattens hindered her from running so fast as she wanted, and her dinner in the basket was an incumbrance; therefore she placed both against a wall, and ran towards the goat, calling, Bill, Bill, Bill! as the rude boys had done. The goat came towards her faster than she expected, and in trying to escape, she fell. The goat missed her with his horns, but ran upon her with his feet. A great boy at that instant came with a stick and drove him away, whilst another helped her up, screaming and crying for fear. She was not much hurt, but the sight of her dirty frock, stockings, and bonnet, reminded her of her dear mother's charge,—*Never to stay and play, when sent to school, or on an errand.*—One of the neigh-

Never Stay to play when sent
on Errands !



hours, a poor woman, came and took Mary into a cottage, washed her hands and face, and did all she could to clean and comfort her. Being a little composed, she very often thanked the poor woman for her care, and was going to school, when recollecting her pattens and basket, she went to the place where she had left them, and found a large dog at her dinner, and the bason broke which held her pudding! Fearing she should be late

The hungry Sow and Pigs!



at school, she drove the dog away, put on her pattens, and went with her basket as fast as she could. When she came to the school, her governess perceived she had been crying, and asked her what was the reason. She blushed, the tears again flowed down her cheeks, and she told all that had passed. The kind teacher, seeing her contrition, was much pleased that Mary had told the truth; saying, she hoped this would be a lesson to her in

future, not to act contrary to good advice. She not only gave her some dinner, instead of that the dog had eaten, but wrote a note to her parents, commending her candour in telling the truth, and entreated very little blame might be added to the pain Mary had felt for her folly.

This account of little Mary reminds me of a lass that sold milk, and who one day left her milk pails, and went to hear an account of some persons being sent to prison, for doing what they ought not to have done; and whilst she stood idle, a hungry sow and pigs came that way, and pulled down the pails with the milk, and began to lap it up freely. What account she could give to her mistress, I do not know; but I hope she told the truth, and took care ever after not to idle away her time.



Engraved by W. D.

London June 1780.

THE PEACOCK.

We cannot pretend to describe the beautiful colours in this elegant bird, finding ourselves at a loss for terms adequate to the subject. The celebrated Buffon says, "Its matchless plumage seems to combine all that delights the eye in the soft and delicate tints of the finest flowers, all that dazzles it in the sparkling lustre of gems, and all that astonishes it in the grand display of the rainbow." The poet, Gay, had similar ideas, when he wrote the following fable.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.



A Good girl will mind what is said to her ; she will not pout with her lips, when told to read or spell, but try to do as well as she can. She does not cry over her work, and dirty it ; but will try to do it all neat and clean ; and when at her breakfast or tea, she does not cry for rolls or toast, or muffins or crumpets, when she has got a nice mess of milk and bread. What should we do with-

out Milk? Cows milk is such good food, that some children live mostly upon it. We make cheese and butter from milk. Not only cows' milk is of great use to men and women, boys and girls, but goats' milk is made into butter and cheese in some places. Even the poor ass gives milk, which is good for the sick. I have been told of a poor man who lost his wife, when their child, a boy, was very young; and as this man had a she-goat, he used to lay the child to the teats of *poor Nanny*, for so he called the goat, and she would quietly let the boy suck till he fell asleep, when the poor man used to put him in a basket, for he had no proper cradle to rock him in. *Nanny*, the goat, was fed well with grass and hay, and her milk fed the little boy, who grew up to be a tall man.—I have read that the man who first built the city of Rome, where the Pope lives, was fed by the

Now, Lucy, I will give him mine,
And hope thou'lt also give him thine."

"Yes, that I will, with all my heart,
And glad I have not spent my part."

"Here, little boy without a hat,
Take this half-penny, also that;
For we have clothes and victuals too,
We do not want, tho' others do."

With smiling face the lad drew near,
The girls could scarce refrain a tear,
When the poor lad was heard to say,
"God bless you both by night and day!"

F I N I S.

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