

FAMILIAR
REPRESENTATIONS,

WITH
SUITABLE DESCRIPTIONS,

AND
Useful Observations.

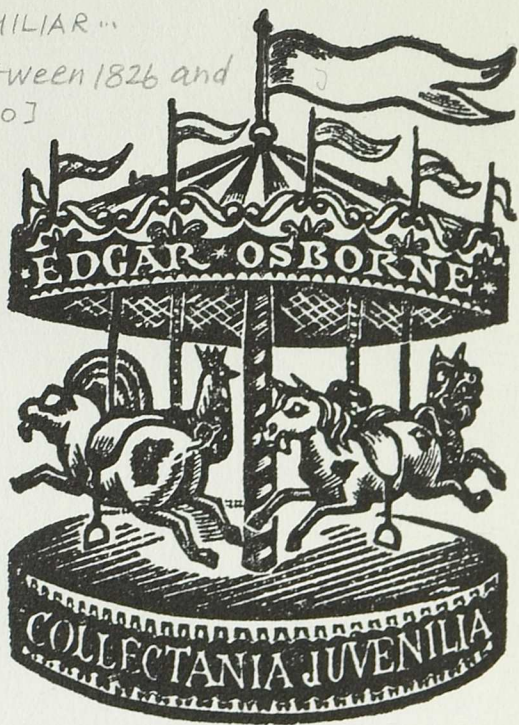
IN PROSE AND VERSE.



Beautified with various Engravings.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR JOHN CHAPPELL,
Haydon Square, Minories.

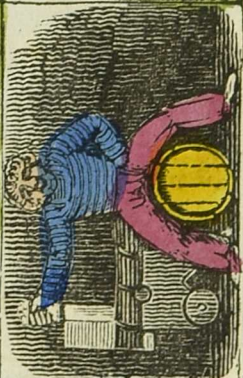
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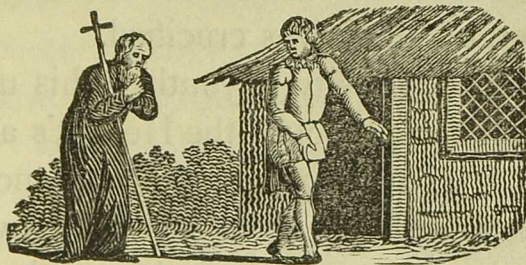
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FAMILIAR REPRESENTATIONS, &c



THE HERMIT.

A Hermit is a person who retires from the society of other men to pass his days in fasting, meditation, and prayer. In Popish countries this sort of people were very numerous, and were held in great respect.

The Hermit in the picture built the small hut at a little distance from the city of Madrid, in Spain; to which city he would often repair, to beg from its benevolent inhabitants money, and other things necessary for his support. He wore a long, flowing garment; a venerable grey beard grew down to his breast; and he

was supported by a long staff, made to imitate the cross on which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was crucified.

Led by curiosity, a youth, in his mornings walk, approached the Hermit's abode called a Hermitage, at the entrance of which he was met by its venerable owner. With the greatest respect the youth drew near to him ; and, after the usual salutations, he accepted the Hermit's invitation of resting himself in his hut. It contained nothing elegant ; the furniture was neat, and the most conspicuous part of it was a Bible.

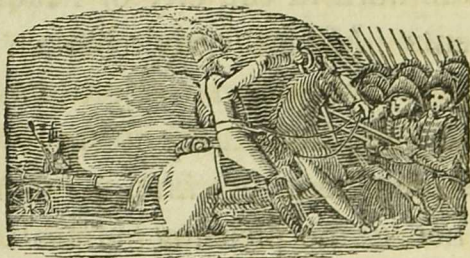
The youth discovered him to be a man of much penetration ; one who had improved his mind with useful information, and who was ready to impart all the instruction he could to others. Upon his asking him the reasons which led him to deprive himself of the pleasures of society, and to live so retired, the Hermit gave him the following relation :

“ My manner of life to you, my dear young man, may appear strange and un-

pleasant, but even this is infinitely more than I deserve. I have disobeyed my Maker ! I have been an unworthy member of society ! I have been, alas ! an ungrateful and disobedient son ! My undutiful behaviour brought the tenderest of mothers to the grave” Here the tears stole down his aged cheeks, and interrupted his narrative, after which he proceeded :

“ I was born in the city of Madrid, of rich parents. My father dying when I was an infant, my education was left to my mother, whose tender anxiety for my welfare was ever unabated. At first, my youth afforded her some pleasing hopes that I should one day become the support of her declining age, and the comfort of her infirmities ; but, ungrateful as I grew up, disregarded her advice, indulged myself in every kind of wickedness, and involved myself in many troubles. Fond of show and unwilling to bend my mind to any useful employment, I entered as an officer into the army. The regiment to which I belonged

was sent on foreign service ; and I was obliged to undergo many hardships and fatigues which oftentimes made me wish that I had remained at home. I remember in one battle I fought nearly up to my horse's belly in water ; and after very hard fighting, being overpowered with numbers, me and my countrymen were obliged to submit, and were taken prisoners into an enemy's land.



We had been there four or five years, when I and three others laid a plan of escape from our confinement ; all things were favourable for our project and we were just proceeding to act, when we were detected, and placed in closer confinement than before. All hopes of seeing my mother again now appeared to be vain ; oftendid I think

of her with a heart full of grief, to consider how undutiful I had been to her, and how regardless I used to be of her admonitions ; and much I wished once more to be with her, that I might make amends to her for all my former ingratitude.

“ Year after year passed on without any opportunity presenting itself of my escape : when, in the tenth year of my captivity, with two others I contrived to elope from my confinement ; and after having undergone many distresses, we arrived in my native city. The first object of my heart was to find my mother ; when, what was my grief to learn that my dear parent had died of a broken heart, in consequence of my improper course of life ! Scarce could I bear the distressing intelligence. Nothing could lessen my grief, or divert my mind from viewing how uniformly kind her behaviour had been towards me, and how cruel and relentless I had conducted myself towards her. No company was pleasant to me ; I forsook all those amuse-



ments which engaged others of my age, and appeared lost in lamentations. My kind mother had left me all her property but money could not make me more happy, and, stung with remorse at the evils which I had been the means of producing I resolved to forsake that society of which I had been long so unworthy a member. I erected this small Hermitage ; gave all that remained of my property to the poor ; and now living myself on the bounty of the benevolent, I seek to atone, by a life of solitude and penitence, for those imprudencies which stained the former part of my life.

“ Learn, young man, from this short sketch of my history, to love and obey your parents, and to choose a life of virtue and uprightness, which may perhaps sometimes

be unpleasant, rather than a life of wickedness and forbidden enjoyments, the recollection of which will embitter your comforts as long as you live.”

THE

LITTLE CHILD AND HIS DOG.

THIS little child appears to be eating a bason of bread and milk ; and perhaps he now and then gives a little to that nice dog that is sitting by him, who anxiously looks up expecting every spoonful that his little master takes that some will soon be given him ; and surely he deserves a little, for I understand he is a very good dog. In the night, when his master is asleep on

his bed, this dog walks all about the yard to see that there are no thieves ; and if a thief should be so imprudent as to try to rob his master's house, I dare say he would bite him, so that he would not be able to forget it as long as he lived. And then, in the day time he will carry a small parcel ; and if his master throws a stick, a cork or a piece of wood into the pond, he will directly jump into the water, fetch it out, and lay it at his master's feet.

Dogs are very useful creatures : I remember reading once of a poor man that had a dog, that loved him very much. One day the man went to market, and the dog went with him. The snow laid upon the ground, and it was very cold ; and the poor man was so cold that he fell down upon his back, and could not go any farther.

His wife and children were very much frightened that he did not come home all night, and in the morning they went in search of him ; at last they found him with the dog laying on his breast.

Now the warmth of the dog kept his master's bosom from feeling the extreme cold, and preserved him from death. When the people came to the place the dog got up, licked his master's face, and was very much pleased that they had found them out; the poor man was carried home, and after a great deal of care, got quite well.



Dogs should be played with, rather than teased, or cruelly treated. Many instances have been known of dogs risking their own lives to save those of their masters. But all these acts of kindness have been performed to those masters who used them well; but not to such as would kick them and beat them about, upon every trifling occasion: and though they are very patient and good natured if used well, they have

often been known to inflict very painful and severe punishments upon idle persons who have vexed and teased them. Let then a dog be treated gently, and he will ever be a credit to his master ; and if it is in his power, will be of important service to him.

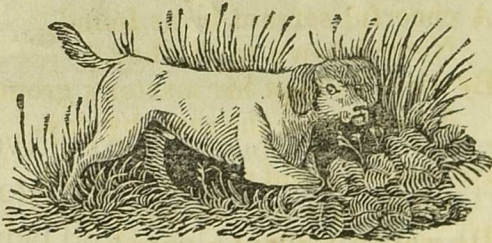
One summer's afternoon Charles Williams and three or four of his schoolfellows had a holiday given them ; and, in order to enjoy themselves comfortably, determined to take a ramble into the field. The sun shone with great warmth ; the little birds filled the air with their music ; and the verdure of the surrounding country exhibited a most delightful picture which ever way they looked. They walked on a great way until they came to a river ; and seeing a boat on it they all got in ; but Charles Williams left Rose, his dog, lying on the banks of the river. They had not been long in the boat, when, as they were much fatigued, they began to strip themselves naked, and to swim about in the water.

As they were all swimming about by



the boat, Charles thought he would venture out farther into the river ; but in doing so he got the cramp in his legs, and being out of his depth, he began to sink. In vain he called out for assistance : they were all too much frightened to do any thing to help him. Charles now gave himself up for lost, when, quite unexpectedly, his large dog Rose instantly plunged into the water, and laying fast hold of Charles's hair in his mouth, he brought him safe to the bank, where some people had collected, who took him up, conveyed him to the nearest house put him into a warm bed, and sent off for a doctor. The doctor soon came, and after a little time Charles got better, and was able to walk home.

What a providential circumstance this was ! Had it not been for Rose, he might have lost his life.



Charles kept him as long as he lived, and when he died, he had him buried at the bottom of his garden, and wrote the following Epitaph upon him :

AN EPITAPH.

on a

Dumb yet constant servant,
whose excellencies

Reflect a lasting lustre
on his character,

And present an example worthy the
imitation of those who

are possessed of
nobler

POWERS.

Confin'd in Nature's longest sleep,
 Here lies poor faithful Rose ;
 And o'er his grave the flow'rets creep ;
 And there the daisy grows.

A cheerful servant he as found,
 Ne'er known to disobey ;
 By night he kept his master's ground
 And watch'd the same by day.

No robber could molest the yard
 ; While rose was standing there ;
 He was so vigilant a guard,
 And exercised such care.

More frolicksome was never beast ;
 His antics, playful soul,
 Would, for a moment, drive at least
 All sorrow to the pole.

And much the family admir'd,
 And lov'd the beast to own ;
 And after all he but requir'd
 For food, a scanty bone.

A long and useful life he led,
 'Till age reduc'd his frame ;
 And bowing then his aged head,
 A breathless corpse became.

And surely if there be a Heav'n
 For those of beastly race,
 To faithful Rose there will be giv'n
 A portion in that place.

TRUNDLING HOOPS.

TO PLAY at trundling hoops is a very innocent and healthy diversion for boys ; nor do I know any other reason, but that of its not having been the custom, why girls should not be suffered to amuse themselves that way as well as boys. But however, this, like all other amusements should be indulged in with moderation : and when children have been running with their



hoops untill they are quite warm and thirsty they should be particularly careful not to drink any cold liquor, or to sit on any cold place ; as either of these may bring a cold on them, with a fever ; and worse, even fatal, consequences may follow. The lads

in the picture are two brothers, James and William. They both tried which should trundle his hoop to the end of their father's large yard first.

William, the youngest, thought that if he struck his hoop a great many times it would certainly roll so much the faster, while his brother James was not so careful to strike his hoop often, as to strike it at proper times, and in a proper place. The consequence of which is, you see, that he has got on a great way before his brother William. Even from this we may lern a small lesson ; that it is not always him that makes the greatest bustle about doing a thing that will do it the soonest ; but him that goes the best way to work about it.

By regularity you'll find
You leave a swifter hand behind :
Remember this, and always see
That prudence joins with industry.

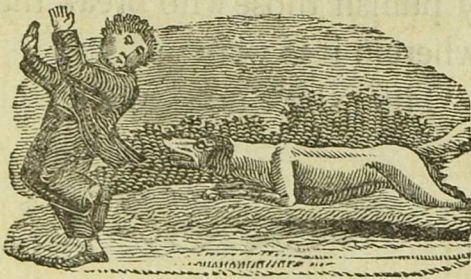
THE THIEF AND THE DOG.



WHO would have imagined that so little a boy as this would have been guilty of stealing? and yet melancholy to relate, such is the case.

This little boy was once a very good child: obedient to his parents, attentive to his book, and civil and obliging to all with whom he had any connection. But, alas! ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners;’ by becoming acquainted with some bad boys, he soon grew as wicked as they were; and not minding the good advice of his kind and affectionate parents he learned to tell falsehoods instead of truth, neglect his school, and make use of very bad words. His wicked companions

rejoiced to see him as bad as themselves, and encouraged each other on to commit greater and more heinous acts of iniquity till at last they united together to steal ! Accordingly, this little boy went to a gentleman's house, and was seen by one of the servants thieving something out of the hall. Directly he found that he was discovered he let it fall out of his hand, and ran across some fields as fast as he could. But, however, Snip, the gentleman's large dog, was sent after him ; and you see in the picture, that he has almost overtaken him ; when



I suppose he will seize him by the leg, and hold him fast untill some of the servants reach the place, and lay hold of him. How very much frightened the little boy appears to be ! and well he may, for I dare

say he will be taken before a magistrate and sent to prison ; and perhaps he may be transported a way from his father and mother and all his friends a great many hundred miles off.

Now, if the little boy in the picture had but once thought that he should have been found out in his theft, I make no doubt that he never would have offered to steal the least thing. But he, like a great many other naughty children, quite forgot that the Almighty could see him, even had no one else discovered him : and He will certainly punish those who break that law of his, wherein it is written

‘Thou shalt not STEAL !’



THE BIRD'S NEST.

To look at a little bird, who would ever suppose that it was ever capable of making such a nice nest as this ?



And yet, that great Being, who first of all gave it life, gave likewise every little bird the wisdom to provide for its safety and convenience in this manner. The owners of this nest in the first place got some briars, or tender twigs, and placed them on the boughs of a large tree ; then they got some grass and hay, and made some sides to their new habitation ; they then procured some wool and hair, and whatever else they could find, to make the inside soft and warm ; and after working up these materials together with their beaks and claws, they made the nest as you see it.

What trouble they must have taken, and how many journies must they have gone to collect all these things together in their

beaks, to make their nests with. And is it possible that any considerate lad would climb a high tree, or penetrate the hedge in order to destroy in a little time what has cost the poor little things so much time and pains? Let it never be said; but let us rather suppose that those who have hitherto done it, did it without thinking, and that they will never do it again. Such robbers very often meet with serious injury. The following picture shows the sad situation which a lad was once in, owing to his attempting to rob a bird's nests; as is described in the verses beneath it. But I would just inform my readers that the engraver has drawn the nest as though it contained eggs instead of young birds.

Two little birds had made a nest
 Of moss, and wool, and hair;
 And from three neatly-spotted eggs,
 They hatch'd three young ones there

Withoutone feather on their backs
 The little birds were born;
 Nor was a pretty colour seen,
 Their bodies to adorn.

The parent, pleas'd to see the charge,
 Employ'd the passing day,
 In roving for the sweetest food,
 Their hunger to allay.

The little downy feathers soon
 Their tender limbs o'erspread ;
 And by their chirps they learn to show
 Their cravings to be fed.

One morning from their mossy nest
 The parent songsters flew ;
 And swiftly scour'd the flow'ry fields,
 And rov'd the forests through.

A truant lad, who oft' had seen
 The feather'd parents fly,
 With lengthen'd wing, and laden beak,
 Among the branches high ;

Imagining a nest was there
 He climb'd the lofty tree,
 Intending to bereave the birds,
 And take their family.

At last the topmost bow he gain'd
 And with delighted eyes,
 He eager stretch'd his cruel hands,
 To take the tender prize.

But ah ! his finger slipp'd from off
 The leafy branch so tall ;
 And tumbling headlong to the ground
 He had a painful fall.

Without a single sign of life,
 For minutes there he lay ;
 Till some kind-hearted passenger
 Was passing by that way

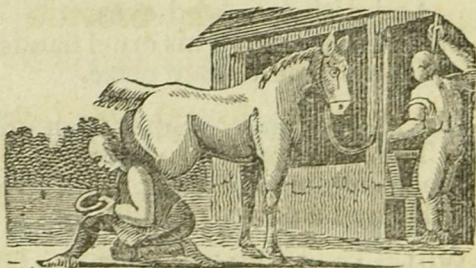
With gentle care he rais'd him up,
 And safe convey'd him home ;
 And send a messenger to bid
 The doctor quickly come.

And many days of grief he pass'd
 And many nights of pain
 Before he got quite well enough
 To venture out again !

But had he never climb'd the tree
 The little birds to steal ;
 He would not so have hurt himself,
 Nor had such pain to fell !

Let none who read this story through
 So thoughtless be, and bad,
 As to indulge the cruel sport
 Of this unhappy lad.

SHOEING A HORSE.



THE HORSE is an animal to which we
 are very much indebted ; and it is but just

that wesiould make him as comfortable as we can, in return for his services. The owner of this horse seems to be of this opinion, and as his horse's shoes are almost worn out, he has brought him to the farrier's that he may have some new ones put on.

The horse draws the plough with which the earth is prepared to receive the seed ; when the corn is ripe he drags it in cart-loads to the barn ; after it is thrashed he carries the wheat to market ; and when it is made into flour he draws it in a cart or wagon to the baker's house where it is made into bread, &c. If we are tired, he takes us in a coach or a carriage to the place we want to go to ; and lets us ride on his back contentedly enough, provide we do not ride him too hard.

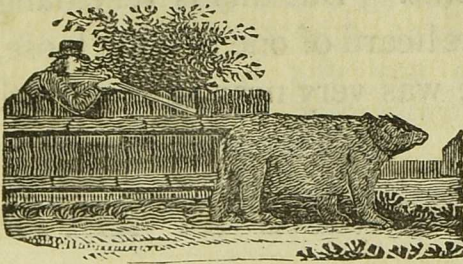
It is dangerous to go by the heads of some horses, lest they should bite you, or their heels, lest they should kick you. Many a little child has been killed through not knowing this. I remember hearing of a little boy, that went into the stable, to his

father's horse, and played with tossing the hay up and down with his little fork, and happened to prick the horses heels with it, which immediately kicked at him; and not the skill of the doctor, nor the tears and prayers of his friends, could save his life; and here you see the hard-hearted grave-digger making a grave for him.



Some horses are very useful. A laughable circumstance once occurred in the City Road, London. A large horse belonging to a brewer, for some cause or other ran several times round some carts after a man, in a very playful manner. The man then ran from the carts for some distance up the road, upon which the horse immediately galloped after him, and without offering to do him any harm, continued to run after him, to the increased diversion of numerous spectators.

SHOOTING A BEAR.



THAT man shows his good sense in keeping behind the beast in the picture ; were he to dare to stand before the bear with his gun pointed in the manner you see him, there is little doubt that the animal would spring upon him, and punish his presumption with speedy death.

In those countries where bears are numerous they do a great deal of mischief ; and some persons hunt them for the sake of their skins, which are very valuable, and are often seen to ornament the helmet of a soldier ; nor does the fair lady disdain to wear the skin of a bear across her shoulders in cold weather. Many bears are caught, and being muzzled, are led about the streets, and are forced to dance for the amusement

of those who are pleased with such awkward movements. But this is very dangerous, as I have heard of one that got loose, and I think he was very near killing a little boy.

THROWING AT APPLES.



DID you but know what those two little boys are doing, and what they have been about for a long time, I think you would censure them severely. They had some money given them, and going along the road they met that woman, who asked them if they would take a throw at her apples. So she put four large ones on the ground, and told them that they might throw at them for a halfpenny each, and if they knocked them down they were to have them; but if not they were to have nothing. They had a great many halfpenny throws and have not been able to strike them once. Now if these little boys

had bought some apples at first, they might have had some to eat, besides having money left to buy a pretty book with, or to give to some poor person ; but now you see they have been throwing all their money away, and have got nothing for it.

THE EVIL OF GOING TOO NEAR THE FIRE.

COME, children, listen while I tell
A melancholy tale ;
That o'er your minds for many days
The lesson may prevail.

Upon the village green there liv'd
A cheerful pretty maid,
Who often with the children talk'd,
And often with them play'd.

And much she did her parent love,
And did whate'er they told ;
Was kind, obliging, very meek,
Not impudent, nor bold.

If she a penny had to spare,
She'd give it to the poor ;
And not command them to depart
With anger from the door.

But tho' compassion rul'd her breast
And filial piety ;
One habit that was bad, was found
In Julia to be.

She often would the fire disturb
 With poker or with sticks ;
 And many times the falling coals
 With bits of paper mix.

And entertain'd she was to see
 The little fleeting flame ;
 Forgetting what a childish thing
 It was to do the same.

One day she did as she had done
 On many days before ;
 And from her eldest brother's books
 The printed pages tore.



But, as she o'er the fender reach'd
 The lighted coals below ;
 The paper burnt her muslin frock
 And burnt her person too !

Such blisters on her arms appear'd ;
 Such scars upon her face !
 As neither doctor can remove,
 Nor time itself erase.

And what excruciating pain
 She suffered for her play ;
 Which made her promise not to do
 The same another day.

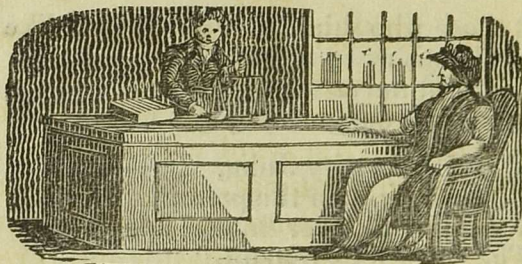
Let those who think they should not like
 Such mis'ry to support,
 Be careful never to indulge
 In such a dang'rous sport.

And while we pity Julia,
 Who suffer'd all the pain ;
 For reading this her doleful tale
 The wiser let's remain.

SKATING.



To be able to skate is a very good thing ; and the exercise it requires, makes it a very healthy recreation. A good skater seldom falls on the ice ; while a novice in that art is in danger of a broken limb as long as he remains there. Persons when walking on the ice should be careful to bend their bodies rather forward, which will prevent their having any dangerous falls. For want of this precaution you may observe the young man in the picture is falling backwards ; and the effects of that slip may be very serious, though



we must kindly hope that he will come easy to the ground.

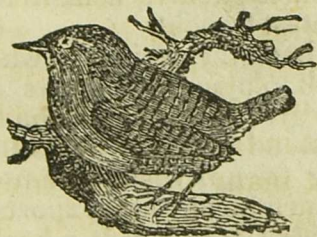
This young man had much better been in his master's shop serving his customers, than risking his safety on the ice before he knew how to skate.

In cold countries men and women skate to market with goods on their heads ; and so dexterous are they that we seldom hear of accidents happening to them while employed in that manner ; and the swiftness with which they can travel this way is very great.

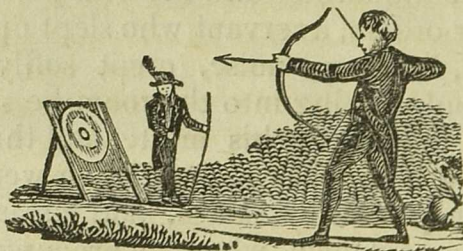
It happened once, in a very cold country when the frost had turned the water into ice, and made the rivers as hard as the ground ; the paths were all hidden by a deep snow and the cattle looked in vain for grass to eat, or water to drink : some men, who get a living by stopping persons on the roads, and taking their money from them, and are called robbers, went in the night to a farm-house that stood a great many miles off from any other house and made the farmer and his wife

give them all their money, and afterwards make ready a supper for them.

While the farmer and his wife were obeying their orders, a servant who slept up stairs in a loft, hearing a noise, crept softly down stairs, and peeping into the room he saw the robbers standing by his master and threatening to kill him. The servant then went into the yard, put on his skates, and instantly set off to the next town, where he procured some officers, who arrived in time to take the robbers before they went away: one of them confessed, afterwards, that it was their intention to have killed the farmer and his wife, and to have set the house on fire, to prevent the murder being discovered. Thus, owing to the attachment and prudent management of a faithful servant, and the swift manner in which he could travel with skates on the ice, an honest man and his wife were wonderfully saved from a painful death; and a band of robbers were fortunately brought to justice, and suffered the punishment of the law.



SHOOTING WITH BOW AND ARROWS.



As that man is so long taking his aim, it is to be reasonably expected that he will certainly hit the mark in the target : though, if I had an opportunity, I should caution his companion from standing before ; him ; for, should the arrow but fly on one side, he would be much in danger of losing one of his eyes, and not impossible, his life as well. Men formerly used bows and arrows in war, and hunted with them.

King William the second of England, was one day hunting in a forest, in company with Walter Tyrell, his particular favourite—Tyrell, seeing a fine deer, aimed his arrow at it, which suddenly glanced against a tree, and struck the king to the heart, who fell from his horse, and instantly expired. Thus, undesignedly, a man took away the life of his greatest friend !

Many have been the accidents which have happened through playing with bows and arrows ; and, were I to give any advice upon the subject, I should recommend that they be no longer used.

If my young friends wish to amuse themselves, I could recommend many other sports more proper for them : that of trap-ball is a healthy game on

a cold winter-day ; and, when all parties play fair, I scarce know a single sport that is more pleasing.

But I should advise that a large field be chosen for the purpose, where they are not likely to annoy the passengers. And then let every one take care of himself, for I have heard of a man that lost the sight of his eye owing to a ball striking against it.

THE MILITARY MONKEY.



HERE sits a monkey in the habit of an officer, with his sword by his side ; and when we hear of the wild and thoughtless actions of many young officers, I think we need only refer to this picture to behold their exact representation. He appears to be reading something ; but what the subject is, I am at a loss to imagine : however, his friend Mr. Bruin, the bear, appears to be paying the greatest attention to it. Since we cannot very easily discover what the monkey is reading of, perhaps my young reader will not be offended if I give them my opinion of the picture.

I am one of those curious sort of persons who imagine, that it looks much more natural to see a sword hanging by the side of a monkey, than the side of a man : for I can scarcely ever see a sword without thinking of the use it is intended for ; to take away the lives of their fellow creatures.

