

THE
INFANT'S FRIEND,
OR
EASY READING LESSONS
FOR
YOUNG CHILDREN.

REVISED AND ARRANGED

BY A LADY,

Author of "CATO, or the ADVENTURES OF A DOG."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS AND SON,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

To my dear Nephew
Henry Newman
from his
affectionate Aunt
Newman.

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Printed by S. and R. BENTLEY,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street, London.



THE POOR GIRL.

STOP! stop! why do you run so fast?
stay with me: sit down by me, will you?

I thank you, Miss, but I can stand.

Oh no! you shall not stand; sit here,
close to me.

I thank you.

What is that in your hand? What have you to eat?

It is bread ;---will you have a bit, Miss?

I will taste it, if you please. It is nice brown bread : I like it much.

We poor folks must not eat white bread.

Stay here, and I will fetch a piece of cake ; do you like cake ?

Yes, I like it, but I do not often get it.

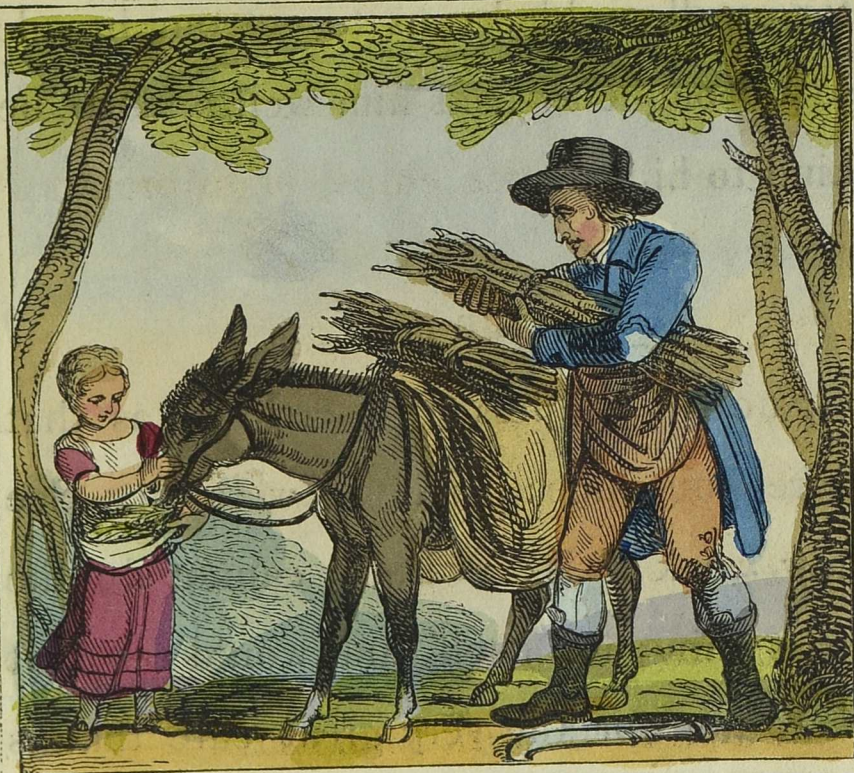
Then you shall have a bit of mine, if you will stay.

I have no wish to go yet, Miss ; so you will be sure to find me here when you come back.

There is a large slice : Nurse gave it to me. Come, eat as much as you like.

Oh, how nice it is !

Why do you not eat more ?



I hope he is good to him.

Oh yes, and the Ass knows him and all of us, and is quite fond of us. He knows my voice so well, that if I speak to him, he comes to me and stands by me like a dog; then I coax and pat him, poor thing, for I love him, he is so good. He works

for us all, and helps us to get our bread ; so we ought to feed him well and to be kind to him.

THE BABY.

SUCH a helpless little creature as that were you once : such we were all. See how weak it is ; a Baby cannot do the least thing for itself, and would die if it were not for the very great care that is taken of it : a Baby must be taught to walk, and to speak ; in short, it can do nothing but what it is taught. How much then ought you to thank your dear Mamma, who has nursed and watched you, who has taken such pains to rear you, and to secure your welfare and comfort ; think how much you ought to do for her in return for such great kindness !



THE HORSE.

I LOVE John, for he was so good as to buy me this Horse: is it not a nice one? I like a grey horse: what a fine long tail he has! You shall not have your tail nor your ears cut, though you cannot feel, for I like to see them on.

When I have a live Horse, I will say, come, Sir, walk and trot: let me see you move: I will rub you down, and give you some oats and some hay: and I will chop some straw for you: here are some tares, and you shall have some grass soon, nice fresh grass: I will be so good to you: I will not whip you much, not more than just to say “go on!” I will not spur you, nor gall your poor sides, nor let your skin be hurt, nor rub your hair off; for it shall be my care to keep you free from pain.

I am glad you set your tail well; but if you did not, Tom should not nick it; no, he should not take a bit; for you have no hands to beat off the flies, so you shall keep it on to brush them off when they come to teaze you. I see poor Bob shake

his head to keep the flies off; but it is of no use, for they bite him and lay their eggs on him just the same.

Some day, I shall say, my dear Horse, I must give you a name; let me see what shall it be? Ball, I think; well, Ball, I will tend you and feed you; but I will not ride you too fast, to hurt your feet, nor trot on hard roads, nor go too quick down hill; for that might throw you down, and cut your knees. I will pat you when I mount; and teach you to know me, so that when I get up, you will turn your head, and seem to say, I like to take you a ride.

When I come home, I shall say, now it is night, you must have a nice bed, I have rode you a long way; so I must take care of you. I shall tell Tom to mind

when we are at the inn, that you have good corn and nice fresh hay to eat, and some clean dry straw to lie on; and he must wash the hot sand out of your feet to cool them, or else they will ache, and you will grow lame, which would grieve me much.

The next day, if I want to set off at six o'clock, I shall say, "Tom, I hope you saw that poor Ball had all he could want last night; we must do as we would be done by. When we wish to eat, we like to have good food; and when we want to lie down, we like to have a good bed to rest upon. I know if I were a Horse what I should like, and I must think what my Horse would like; for he makes use of his strength to serve me, so I ought to be kind to him."



THE CAT, KITTEN, AND MOUSE.

A Kitten, you know, is a young cat. A little Kitten is as fond of play, as little boys and girls are, and you shall have one to play with you some day.

Will she not scratch me?

I hope not ; you must be careful not to

tease or hurt her: you must be good to her, and feed her, then she will love you.

May I play with her?

Yes: you may tie a cork to a string; she will run after it, and try to catch it: but when you see that she wishes to go away, you must leave off playing, and let her go out of the room. You must not keep her when she does not like to stay.

The old Cat catches Mice and brings them to her Kittens to show them how to play with them; but it is cruel play to the poor Mice. I will tell you what she does; she hunts a Mouse round the room, gives it a gripe, then lets it go: the poor thing runs about hoping to escape, Puss catches it and bites it, and again lets it go; this she does till the poor Mouse is no longer able to try to save itself, and then it dies.



TWO GIRLS AND THE ROSE TREE.

THIS Rose Tree is mine ; will you like to have a bud or two?

If you please: will you pluck one for me?

There are three for you.

Thank you ! We have no garden where we live ; only a few flowers in pots at the

windows, and I must not touch them, for they belong to my Mamma.

Well ! I should not like to live in town, for I love trees and birds ; and I like to work in my own bit of ground. Let us go to work ; would not you like to help me ?

Oh, yes, but you must tell me what I am to do.

We must tie up these pinks. I have been at my aunt's a few days, and my garden is grown quite wild ; John is gone to school : when he comes home, he will dig it for me.

How sweet these peas smell !

You shall have some seeds when they are ripe : peas will grow in pots.

I thank you ; and I hope you will teach me how to sow them ; for I do not know much about these sort of things.



THE GOAT.

A Goat is very much like a sheep ; except that, instead of having wool, a Goat has hair on his back.

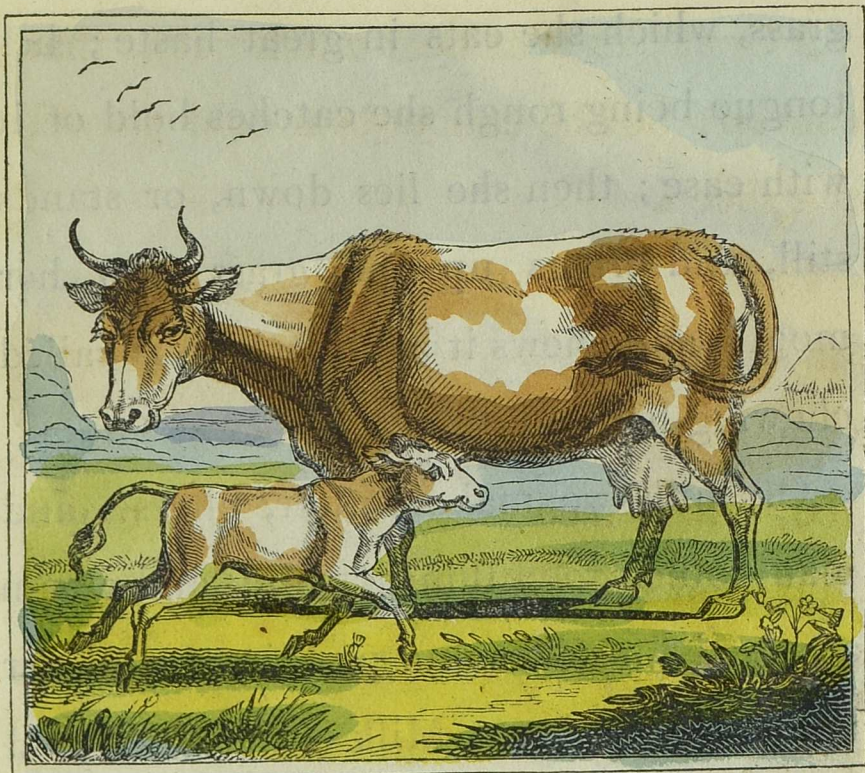
Cloth is sometimes made from Goat's hair; so are fine wigs.

A Goat appears to have more sense than a sheep, and is not so timid.

A Goat can bear heat much better than a sheep ; but he cannot bear cold so well as a sheep.

Goats can climb steep rocks or mountains, and leap a great way : they spring from hill to hill without any fear of falling. They like to feed on the top of high mountains, and often jump from such a height as would surprise and almost frighten you if you were to see them.

A Kid is a young Goat : there is one ; see, how closely he is sitting by the side of his mother ; how pretty he looks !



THE COW AND CALF.

THE Cow gives us milk, she has milk for her Calf; the Calf is her child, she lets it suck, but she spares a part of her milk for us.

A Cow chews her cud.

I suppose you would like to know what that means, so I will tell you.

The Cow fills her stomach with long

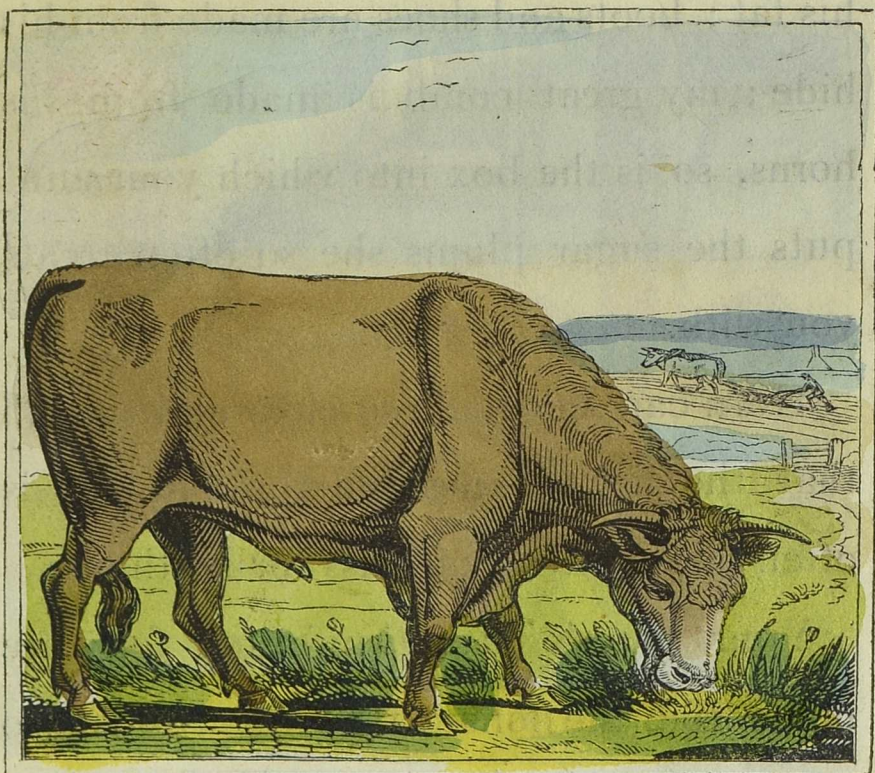
grass, which she eats in great haste ; her tongue being rough she catches hold of it with ease ; then she lies down, or stands still, and brings up the grass into her mouth, and chews it again, which is called chewing her cud.

Of milk we make butter, cheese, and many other good things. Milk and cream are used for cakes and puddings, and for many nice dishes. Milk is the chief food of young children, and often restores sick persons to health.

Look at the Calf, how he plays and frisks about the field ; how happy he seems !

Is he useful to us, Mamma ?

Yes, my dear : his flesh is veal, and his skin is used to cover books, and to make into vellum, which is a tough sort of paper used to write upon.



THE OX.

AN Ox is not so fit to ride upon as a horse, but he is very strong, and can draw a great weight.

The Ox works for us whilst he lives, and is of great use after he is killed, for his flesh is beef; candles are made from

his fat ; boots and shoes are made from his hide ; my great comb is made from his horns, so is the box into which your aunt puts the sugar plums she so often treats you with.

Horn can be made so clear and so thin that the light can shine through. It is often used instead of glass for lanthorns.

Your sister's little knife and fork are made from the bones of the Ox ; oil is also made from them, such oil as Robert uses to clean the coach. Glue is made from the hoofs, and a part of the hide ; in short, the whole of the Ox is so useful, I could talk of him all day.



THE FLY.

What a nice Fly here is, Mamma !

Do not keep it in your hand, my dear ;
let it go.

Go, Fly ! Mamma says I must let you
go.

Good child ; a Fly is so weak, you can-
not hold it in your hand without hurting it.

I will not hurt it, Mamma, for I should not like to be hurt myself.

Then why did you catch it, my dear?

Only to look at it, Mamma.

Well, as you let it go as soon as I spoke, you may come with me, and I will show you one through a glass.

And will it not be hurt, Mamma?

No, it is dead; it has been so a long time. You will see its wings, which are as clear as gauze; and its little head, which appears brighter than pearl or gold, and its eyes also, which look like cut-glass.

A Fly cannot move its eyes about as we do ours; but it can see all around without turning itself.

How strange that seems, Mamma!

It does indeed, my love! Do you know how Flies clean their wings?

No.———I will tell you then : a Fly's leg has hair on it, which serves to brush all the soil and dust off its wings.

Oh, yes, I have seen Flies clean themselves ; I like to look at them. Why do they seem to rub their feet, as we do our hands when we wash ourselves ?

For the same reason, to clear off all the dirt ; and they rub their heads and their eyes too, and make them quite clean : if Flies were not to brush themselves, the rain and dust would clog their legs and wings, so that they would not be able to use them.

Can Flies eat and drink ?

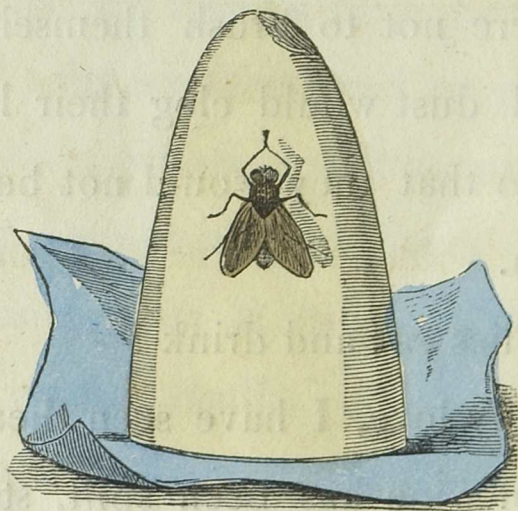
Yes, my love, I have seen them, when a drop of wine has been spilt, stand still and drink it.

How do they drink, Mamma?

They have a trunk through which they suck their food.

How very small the trunk must be!

You are right, my dear ; but though it is so small, yet they have within it a sharp tool with which they can pierce a hole ; this they do wherever they wish to lay their eggs. Some lay them in meat, some in cheese, and some in other things.





THE BIRDSNEST.

I can not allow Tom to bring you Birds-nests ; tell him he must not take any more : a Nest is a poor Bird's house ; it is to rear its young ones in : it is a very great loss to a Bird to lose its Nest, poor thing ! for it takes a long time to make one.

Who makes Nests, Mamma ?

The old Birds make them.

With what do they make them ?

With hay, straw, sticks, leaves, moss, and more things than I can name ; then they line them with wool, with feathers, and with down off their own breasts.

Oh, pretty creatures ! But why do they line them ?

To make them soft and warm for their young ones.

What pains they must take to get all those things !

They feel great pleasure in working for their young : all parents delight in the labour which provides for their little ones, or affords them comfort ; and so mothers love to instruct their children, because it is for their good.

And do you love to teach me, Mamma ?

Very much indeed, when you attend : this morning I was much pleased whilst you were saying your lessons, because you were so steady ; but when you are idle, it grieves me sadly.

I will not be idle again, Mamma ; I will always try to please you.

I hope you will, my dear ; and when you go to school, if you should meet with any naughty boys, you must not learn their bad ways ; but you must think of me, and say to yourself --- Would my Mamma like this ? --- No : it would vex and grieve her, who loves me, and wishes me to be good.

Mamma ! I will not take Birdsnests, nor spoil their eggs again. I know it would be wrong to please myself in any way that would offend you, or give pain to a poor

Bird, so I will not forget what you wish me to do.

Good boy! get your hat to take a walk.

I like a walk in the fields, it is so pleasant!

And what is it, my dear, that makes the walk so pleasant?——Oh, the fields look so pretty, and then the Birds sing so sweetly; do not you think so, Mamma?

Yes, my love, and I am glad to find that their song is pleasing to you. Now ask yourself, for a moment, how much pleasure you would lose if boys were cruel enough to destroy all the eggs and young birds, till none were left to cheer the fields with their songs? besides, is it not more pleasing to see all these little creatures so happy, than to give them pain?

Oh, yes, Mamma, and I am sure I shall never destroy any more.



THE BEES.

Oh, let us go to the Bees ! I like to see them ; will they sting us ?

No, they will not hurt us, if we do not meddle with them : look, how busy they are !

But where are all those flying to ?

To seek for honey and wax, to carry to the hive.

Where do they get them ? I wish I could find some honey.

I know where to find some ; there, suck that blossom.

Oh, how nice it is !--- But there is so little of it ! how can the Bees get honey from that ?

I will tell you : they get it by thrusting their long trunk into the flower ; and some they gather off the leaves.

But you have not shown me the wax.

I can not do that : it is not wax till the Bees get it home to the hive.

How do they carry the honey and wax ?

The honey is in a bag ; the wax they carry in little cells in their hind legs : look closely, and you may see them : do you observe that Bee ? she has a great load ;

she will eat those balls, and turn them into wax. Sometimes boys kill the poor Bees to get the honey from them.

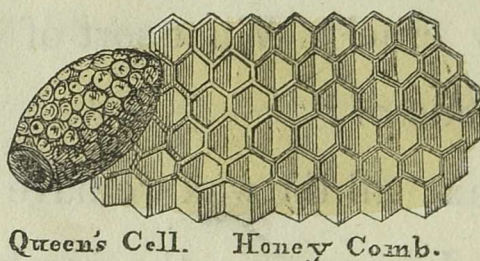
Oh how cruel ! What sort of wax are candles made of ?

Bees' wax : all the wax we have is made by Bees. I have seen the comb as it is in the hive.

Pray show it to me.

I cannot, except in a book : the cells are all made the same ; they have six sides. Remember that in all Bee-hives there are three sorts of Bees : the Honey Bees, the Drones, and the Queen Bees. The Honey Bees are those which make the honey.

The Drones are those which are idle, and will not work ; so they are killed or driven out of the hive --- but here is the book, you may look at the pictures.



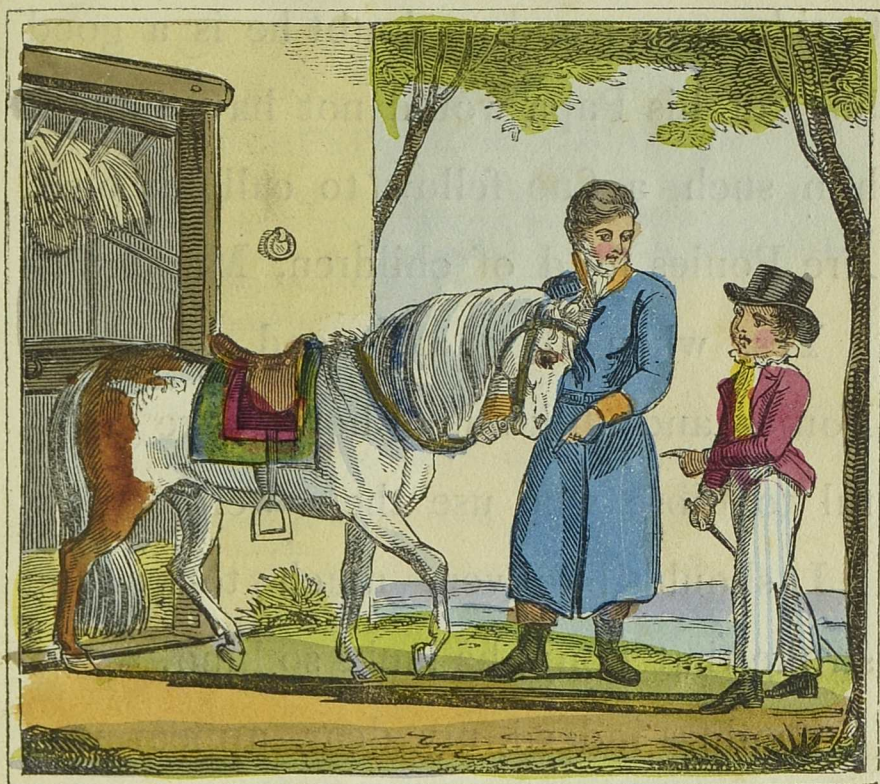
The Queen Bees are larger than any of the others, and are treated with great respect by the rest.

The Queen's Cell, and the Honey-Comb are both made of wax, and all those little hollow places which you see in the Comb are filled with honey by the Bees.

How pretty ! I should like very much to know more about them.

I will lend you the book then, to read at home.

Thank you ; I will take great care of it.



THE PONY.

Look at that handsome Pony ; what a fine mane and tail he has, and what a smart bridle and saddle too ! The man seems as if he had just put them on for the little boy to take a ride. Oh there he is ! I dare say he feels very much pleased at having such a pretty little Horse

to ride upon ; and no doubt he is a good boy, or his Papa would not have bought him such a fine fellow to call his own. Are Ponies fond of children, Mamma ?

Yes, when they are good to them. Ponies, and all kinds of horses, are grateful to those who use them well.

I should like very much to go and stroke that Pony, he looks so kind.

He does indeed, my dear, appear very gentle ; and I dare say you might pat him with safety : but children should always be careful not to touch a strange Horse, for fear he should kick them.

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