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AND

TALES IN VERSE.

SIXPENCE.

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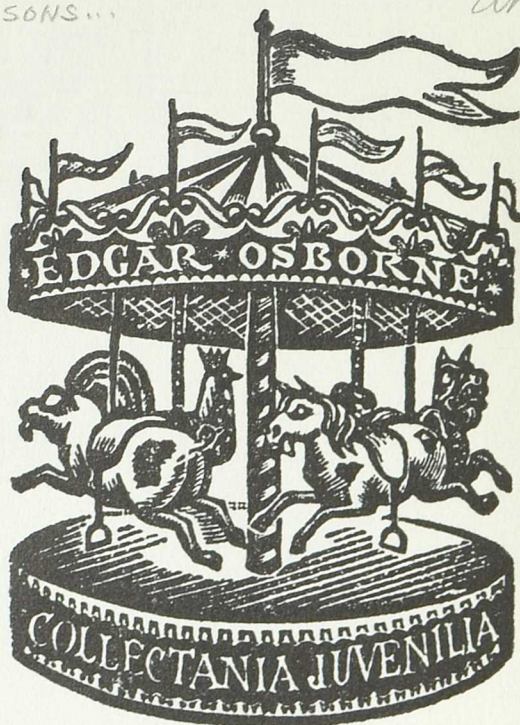
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* * * See last Page of Wrapper.

BI
LESSONS...

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III

FRONTISPIECE.



Learn these Lessons well, and then
You'll bid fair to be great men.

LESSONS IN PROSE,

AND

TALES IN VERSE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

UPWARDS OF THIRTY ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR HODGSON & CO.

JUVENILE PRESS,

No. 10, NEWGATE STREET.

SIXPENCE.



CHARLES TO HIS MOTHER NURSING HIS LITTLE SISTER.

Said Charles, "Mamma, pray once did I

"Thus sit upon your lap and cry?

"And did you nurse me at your breast?

"And sing, and rock me thus to rest?

"And did I cause you so much care,

"And pour'd you forth so oft a prayer

"For me, as for my sister here,

"Whom now you call your pretty dear?"

"Oh! yes, dear child," his mother said,

"For you, full many an aching head,

"And many a sleepless night I've known,

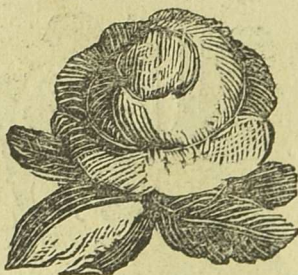
"Felt many a pain, heav'd many a groan!"

"Believe me dearest mother, I

"Will never cause another sigh;

"From this time I'll obedient prove,

"To shew my gratitude and love!"



THE ROSE.

Bloom, lovely flower, in all thy richness bloom,
While yet thou may'st; for soon the time will
come,

When even thou shalt wither and decay;
Thy leaves drop off, thy colours fade and die;
And, blighted 'neath a cold and wintry sky,
Thy variegated beauties pass away.

But tho' thy outward form must quickly fade,
And all thy glories perish in the shade,

Or lie neglected on the desert waste;
'Till trodden to the dust, and quite destroy'd,
For ever vanish'd thy external pride,

Thy varied scents shall still regale the taste!

Just so, dear William, you will often find,
The modest man of genius, and of mind,

In this ungrateful world of care and pain;
Cold-hearted avarice, or the pride of power,
May cramp or crush him in the present hour,
Yet shall the fragrance of his worth remain!



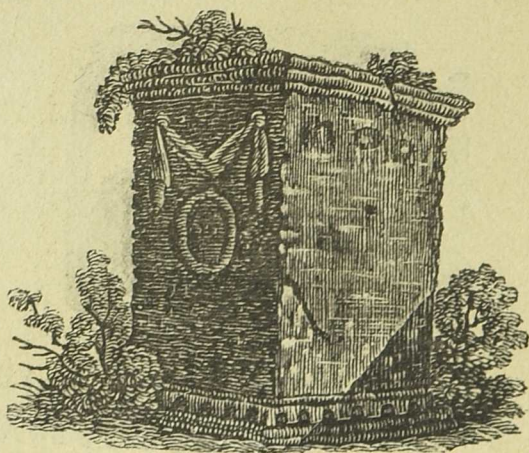
DEATH OF THE WILD BOAR.

Thro' fields and forests long had prowl'd,
And oft with other beasts had howl'd,

A Boar of mons'trous size ;
The neighbouring Barons fearing sore,
The ravages of this wild Boar,
Held out to his destroyer a rich prize.

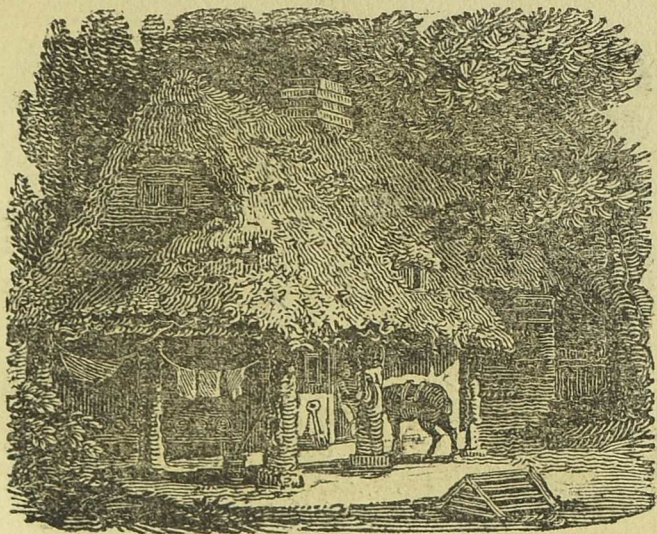
Many, with longing eyes survey'd
The tempting offer, yet afraid,
To face so fierce a foe,
From time to time excuses press'd,
Yet none their cowardice confess'd,
'Till noble Edwin slew him with a blow.

And so, when dangers press us sore,
As fierce as this tremendous Boar,
Too oft we shrink with fear ;
And none are truly brave or bold,
Who, undismay'd, cannot behold
Life's various ills, whilst arm'd with Virtue's
spear.



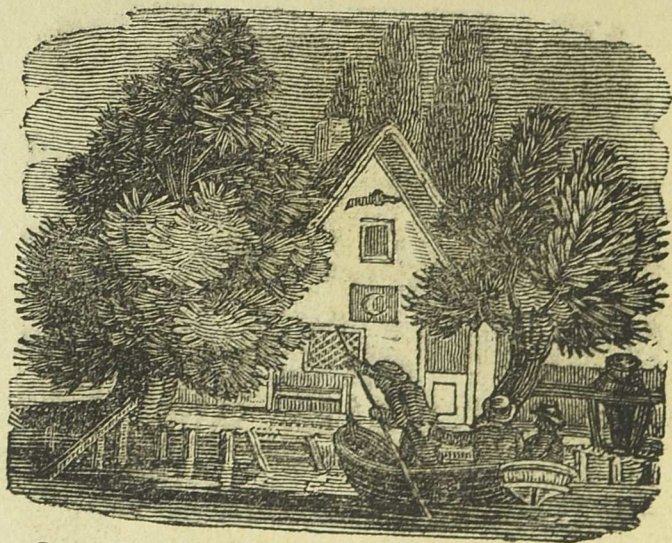
This is called a CENOTAPH, that is, a monument erected in some place to the memory of a person who lies buried somewhere else. They are, as you may see, stone buildings, and have epitaphs and inscriptions upon them, in praise of the person deceased. They are very useful, 1st. as they serve to remind the living that they also must die; 2dly. as they are part of the rewards of a good and honourable life; and, 3dly, as they stimulate youth to great and worthy actions.

Would you be honour'd when you die,
Live well—for that's the way, my boy!



This is a very poor-looking cottage: It belongs to JAMES WRIGHT, who, with his wife BETTY, lives by gardening. Betty takes great delight in feeding the old horse, which carries their garden-stuff to market. Now, though a mean house to dwell in, the trees grow as richly, the flowers bloom as prettily, the birds sing as sweetly, the sun shines as brightly, around it, as if it had been a palace. James and Betty are quite happy, because they love and fear God ; for

Happiness you'll always find,
Not in the purse, but in the mind.



On the banks of a river near London, there is a house called the *Sluice-house*. It is a house where the fishermen go to, after they have done their labour. This is the very river, the house, and the men rowing up to it. I dare say, they are very tired. But who thinks any thing about the poor little fish? Why, all feeling persons are sorry; yet, as God has given these creatures for our use, it is our duty to enjoy them; but then we should put them to as little pain as possible:

For who gives needless pain to God's creation, Must, in his turn, expect recrimination.



THE FIGHT AT "THE DOE."

" Pray where are you going?

" Do, mind what you're doing,

" Or else you'll be lost in the snow ;

" Come take my advice,

" And turn back in a trice ;

" You're a fool one yard farther to go.

" Here's a warm public house,

" Where, as snug as a mouse,

" You may sit, and hear all the fine news ;

" Besides, there's a fight

" To take place here to-night,

" 'Twixt a couple of capital Jews !"

So spoke a vile sot,

To old honest John Scott,

As he pass'd by the sign of the Doe ;

But he turn'd a deaf ear,

And refus'd to draw near,

For he was " not afraid of the snow."

So he went on his way ;

But I shudder to say

What became of the men at the Doe :

When the battle was o'er,

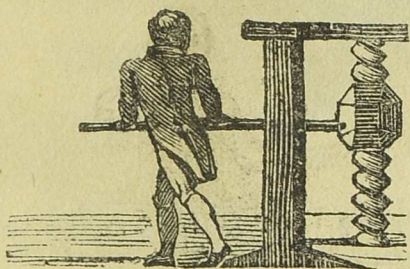
They were turn'd out of door,

And many died drunk in the snow !



THE FOOLISH GIRL.

A girl had a doll,
 Which she call'd pretty Poll,
 'Twas a gift from her worthy aunt Mary;
 At first she caress'd it,
 And nurs'd it, and dress'd it,
 Until of her doll she grew weary.
 First, she broke off its nose,
 Next, its fingers and toes,
 And scarcely did leave a limb whole:
 Its clothes, torn and tatter'd,
 She round the room scatter'd,
 Then in its red cheek burnt a hole!
 Now having destroy'd
 This doll, once her pride,
 She began to reflect on her folly:
 Did sorely repent,
 And to aunt Mary went,
 And wanted to have a new dolly.
 "Oh! no," said the aunt,
 "' Wilful waste, woful want:'
 "I never will buy you another;
 "I'll save all my pence
 "For children of sense,
 "And buy a new book for your brother."



The man in this picture had been bound apprentice to a book-binder, who was one of those men who might have made a rapid fortune, for he had a good business, and was expert at it, but that he spent almost the whole of his time in jest and nonsense at a public-house, so that at length he became too weak to press the books, and was compelled to have a man to do that business for him. John, for that was the man's name, his former apprentice, was desired to come to his assistance: he did so, when his master dying, and having no children, he left him the business, by which he soon became a very rich man.

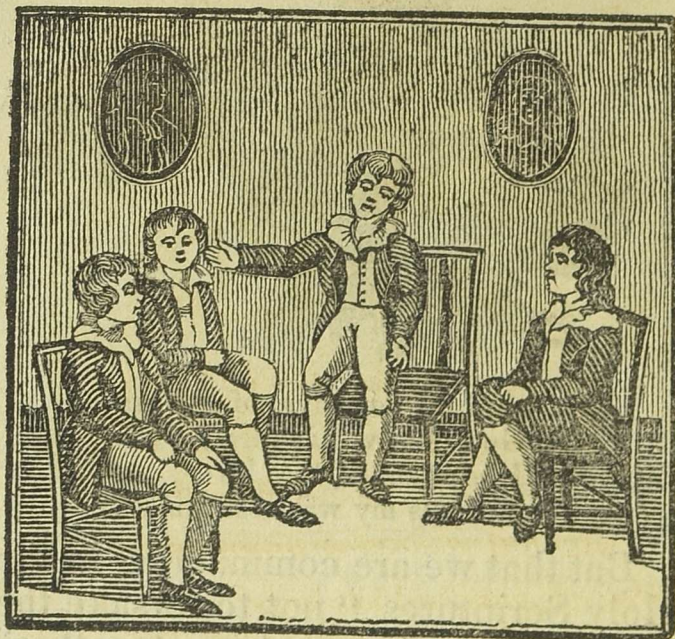


“ You seem, Mr. Snip, to be a very merry fellow ; but you appear to be out at the elbows. How is this ? You have a good business, and plenty of work : I wish you would attend to it a little better.” This reproof was just enough whilst Mr. Snip continued to be what they called “ a jovial companion,” sung a good song, made a good speech at the club, and neither feared God nor worked righteousness ; but having been seized with a fit of sickness, he was brought to see the error of his ways : he happily recovered, became a sober, religious man ; and is at this time a capital mercer, tailor, and draper, in London.



Whilst all the songsters of the grove
 To God their voices raise,
 Shall I be silent of that love
 That claims my warmest praise?

But that we are commanded in the Holy Scriptures “not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together” for the purposes of social and divine worship, we might find a glorious congregation daily assembled in the woods and groves, the fields and the plains, offering up their most sincere tokens of joy and gratitude to the One great Lord of All, for the abundance of His goodness, and the constant supply of His bounties. Were we to be silent in God’s praise, the birds of the air would reproach us.



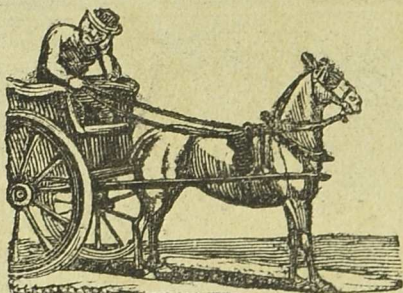
Sweet are the charms of eloquence,
 The music of the human tongue,
 Felt only by the youth of sense,
 And only to the wise belong.

This boy is rehearsing a piece of poetry to his school-fellows, previously to his repeating it to his master. The plan is a very good one. It is always well, carefully and often, to repeat your task aloud, and make yourself as perfect as possible, before you enter school.

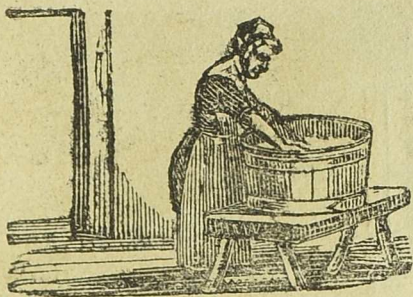


Those idle girls, and idle boys,
 Who waste their time with foolish toys,
 Must not expect, when in distress,
 The young will love, the old will bless.

“Idleness covers a man with rags.”
 Sometimes, indeed, it hardly leaves
 him even rags sufficient to cover him.
 If a child’s parents should really be
 so poor as not to purchase for it new
 and good clothes, yet, if they are in-
 dustrious and frugal, they will at
 least cover it with some sort of cloth-
 ing; but if they are idle also, rags
 must be its and their portion.



“It is astonishing how some people get on in the world, or, at least, pretend to do so; but all is not gold that glitters. For my part, I cannot tell how that Tom Plumtree manages it; but this I know, that it was but the other day that he was crying fruit about the streets in a little cart, with one horse, and now he is carrying on a dashing trade, as a fruiterer, at the west end of the town! Wait a little ---we shall soon see what will become of his fine shop; but *I* say nothing!” Such was the envious sneering language of a miserably narrow-minded man, concerning the honest Mr. Plumtree; who, through his own industry, is, nevertheless, likely to become richer still.



It is very hard work to stand at the wash-tub from morning till night. “But what is a poor body to do?” said good Martha Careful, “I cannot see my children starve; and my Bible tells me, that those who will not work ought not to eat.” This poor woman had lost her husband, and she was left in great distress. She, however, cast all her care upon Him, who cared for her; and said, that she was determined, through the grace of God, in whatever situation she should be in, to be content. She therefore took in washing; and, as she had soon more than she could do, she employed assistants. In time she became a capital laundress, carried on a great business in her way, and brought up her children to useful trades.



James Nixon, a highly respectable Kentish farmer, was at one time a poor man, and used to be employed as a thrasher of corn at the squire's farm. I'll tell you how he came to have corn of his own to thrash, and a barn and farm almost as good as his former master's: He thrashed away, and did any thing else on the farm that he was required to do, most willingly and cheerfully. The sun never rose and found him in bed; that great and bright pattern of daily industry never sat and found James Nixon spending his time at the tavern, or in idle or unprofitable pastimes. He never loitered away time; nor stood hesitating whether he should do that which his conscience told him was his duty.



“ TO ENJOY IS TO OBEY.”

Well may little Betsey dance,
Frisk and play, and gaily prance,
Fearing not who may advance :
She has done her duty.

She rose this morning with the sun,
With him a steady course did run,
Now both their daily tasks are done—
Emblems of moral beauty !

'Tis pleasing to our God on high
To see us, from beyond the sky,
His bounties gratefully enjoy,
And live in harmless pleasure.

But then, the jest, the dance, the song,
Should only to the good belong,
No share should have the vicious throng
In virtue's precious treasure.



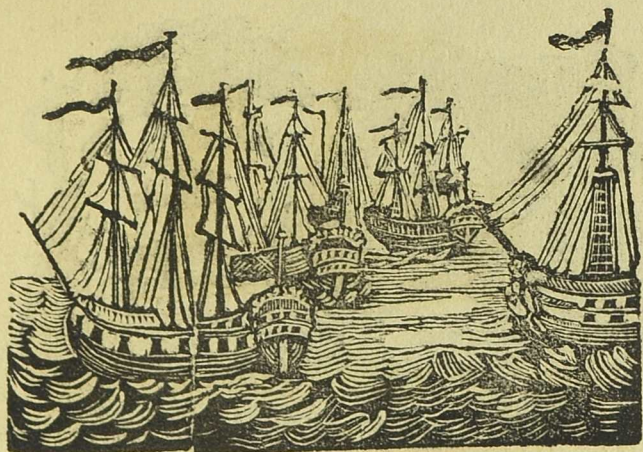
THE USELESS FINGER-POST.

“ Ah ! there’s a finger-post quite near,
 “ Will point me out the way ;
 “ Come, take fresh courage, don’t despair,
 “ I shant be lost to-day !”

So said an aged traveller,
 Crossing a desert track,
 And, having wander’d very far,
 Was ready to turn back.

But when at this same finger-post
 The poor old man arriv’d,
 Old Time had every letter cross’d—
 Not one faint word surviv’d.

Just so it is with those who teach
 What none can understand ;
 Or offer what no one can reach,
 By his own feeble hand.



These are called **LINE OF BATTLE SHIPS**. They lie on the water facing each other, ready for action. When the firing shall commence, scarcely one of them will be discerned, on account of the smoke; and the noise of the guns will deafen the cries of the poor wounded and dying sailors; just as is the case in battles on land. Oh! what a dreadful thing is war! **JESUS** says it comes of men's lusts, meaning the lust of ambition, of power, and of oppression; that is, a desire in certain men to be greater and more powerful than they ought, or merit to be.

If some to rise requires that many fall,
A pity 'tis that they should rise at all.

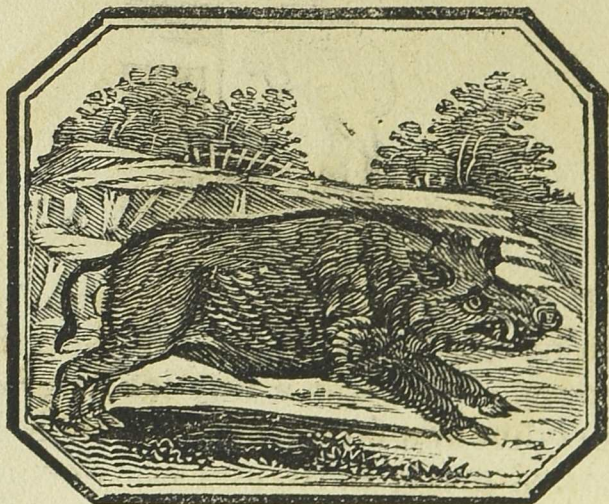


They call this SHEEP-SHEARING ; that is, cutting off a part of the fleece from the sheep's back to make woollen cloth of. It does not hurt the pretty sheep ; for if it did, the time of sheep-shearing would not be one of mirth, but of sorrow and regret. The young man, who is sitting down holding the sheep, is a very thoughtful fellow ; and he used to say, that he could not help thinking what an useful little animal the sheep is : how, 1st. it clothes us ; 2d. feeds us ; and, 3d. makes our shroud ; and then he used to sing,

Oh ! how many things are given
To sinful man, from bounteous Heaven !

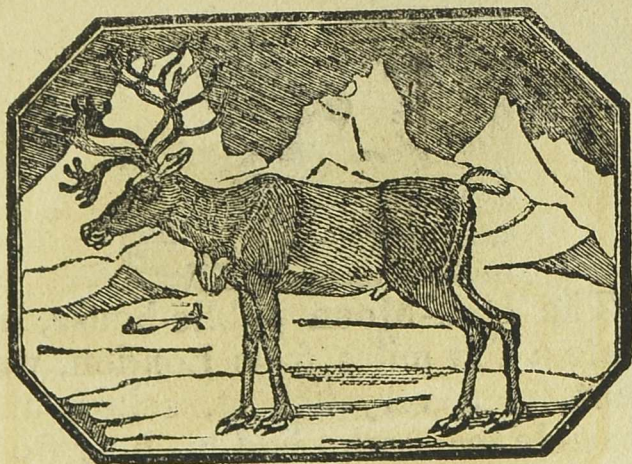


This man had a small estate left to him by his father. At the time this happened, he was a day-labourer on a neighbour's farm; and although he worked pretty hard, and was deemed a good servant, yet as he used to take pleasure in "spending his evening" at the Red Bull, he did not save much money. When, however, he became a farmer himself, he found it necessary to leave off the Red Bull. As he was one day carrying a sack of corn to be ground at the mill, he was met by the principal man in the concern, who enquired into his history, which pleased him so much, that he took him into his employ; and, in course of time, he became a partner. Had he SENT the corn, instead of carrying it himself, this would not have happened.



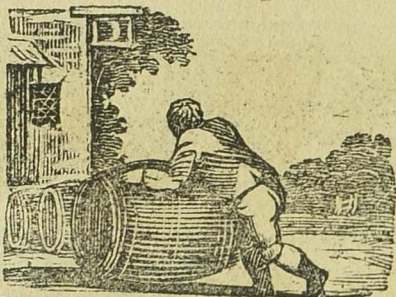
Few things in nature are so wild
But that they may be caught;
So wisdom might by any child
Be found, if it were sought.

A wild boar! a wild boar! See how fast it runs, clumsy as it is. These are very ferocious animals, and are found chiefly in cold and northern countries, but they are not so wild but that they may be tamed; and it was originally from these animals that we derived, by breeding, those very useful animals for food, pigs and hogs, of which we make pork and ham.

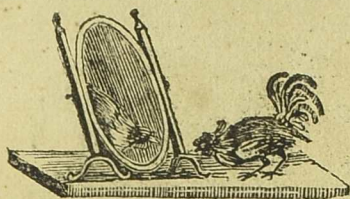


God provides for every station,
 Fits for every situation :
 O'er Russia's cold and cheerless snows,
 Gay, the Rein-deer fleetly goes.

As the Dromedary patiently travels over burning sands, so the Rein-deer traverses immense tracts of snow in the north of Europe. They draw persons in sledges across the coldest and most cheerless wastes ; yet they do not appear ever to be affected by the cold ; but skim along with the greatest ease and willingness. Thus we find that animals are provided for man's use, in the utmost extremes of heat and cold.



The Half-Moon public-house, situate a few miles from London, was kept by a very honest, sober, and sensible man, who had his beer from Barclay and Co. and his spirits from Nicholsons'. He would never suffer unnecessary tippling and beastly drunkenness in his house. This becoming known, his house was frequented by all respectable persons who travelled that way on business or pleasure. The brewers' drayman, who used to come to his house with beer, happened to be blest with a sober disposition, and a sound judgment, and had saved some money. Seeing the steady conduct of this landlord, he proposed to him to join him in business: suffice it to say, that they are now very opulent wine-merchants!



THE GAME COCK AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

I'll tell you a tale of a Cock,
That once very quarrelsome grew ;
And tho' it your feelings may shock,
Indeed, my dear child, it is true.

In all the farm-yard there was none
So bent upon fighting as this ;
On strangers he would set upon,
And to beat them, but seldom did miss.

But sometimes a thrashing he got,
And his feathers all ruff'd and spoil'd ;
Yet he seem'd not to mind it a jot,
But still remain'd savage and wild.

Thro' a dressing-room window he flew,
On the table a looking-glass stood,
In which there appear'd to his view
A Cock of the true fighting blood.

Full of wrath, he soon gave a fierce peck ;
A second and third too, he tried—
Broke the glass, and got fast by the neck,
Where he fought with himself till he died !



AN ADDRESS TO CHARLES.

Hogs in dirt may take delight,
 And dogs may choose to bark and bite ;
 And birds may quarrel in the air,
 And idle children have no care ;
 And wicked men may rob and steal,
 And cruel men refuse to feel ;
 And storms may blow, and tempests rage,
 Ambitious men in wars engage ;
 And stupid boys refuse to learn,
 And good from evil not discern ;
 But what's all this to thee ?

Thou art not a filthy hog,
 Nor yet a snarling savage dog ;
 Thou hast got no wings to fly,
 And would not be a cruel boy ;
 And, knowing it would be a sin,
 Would not presume to steal a pin ;
 And I do know that bounteous Heav'n
 To my dear Charles hath feeling given ;
 Come then, my dear, improve thy powers,
 And spend thy best and youthful hours,
 Belov'd by God and me.



This man and woman, whose names are John and Mary Hart, were at one time haymakers on the same farm. Being both of them sober, thoughtful, young persons, they could not but now and then make observations on the conduct of each other, as far as it respected attention to their respective duties. John observed, that Mary was not like some of her fellow-haymakers, light giddy, and foolish, laughing immoderately at the loose jests of some of the men; and Mary took notice that John worked hard, whatever others did. At length they married each other; and having saved a little money, they were enabled to take a small farm, which they cultivated with their own hands, and soon became rich, honourable, and respectable.



One of these little boys, who did not appear to have any objection to go to school, always expressed an unwillingness to allow his mother to wash him, and put his dress in order, before he set out. Had he been left to his own choice, he would always have appeared slovenly, if not even dirty. The poor fellow could not be persuaded that any thing was really a crime that was not expressly forbidden.

That man's not good who just escapes the gibbet,
And barely does not what the laws prohibit.



Here is a little girl, weeping at the grave of a companion. Her brother is thus endeavouring to comfort her: “My dear sister, it is true Mary now lies dead in this cold grave; but as God Almighty has made nothing in vain, your friend will one day be restored to life: for He who caused her to live, and then suffered her to die, can, with equal ease, call her again into being; and the Bible says He will do so at the last day.”

When we are borne down by grief,
Religion comes to our relief.



In most parts of the country, it is customary for persons to fetch, or send for their milk to the dairy; but in London it is the practice to carry out the milk to gentlemen's houses; and those dealers in milk, who have a set of customers within a certain range, or district, say they have got "a milk-walk." Jane Mathews, the wife of a very worthy Welchman, had purchased one of these *milk-walks*, from a person who, through neglect, was rapidly losing his customers. When she purchased *the walk*, she found she had not many persons to call upon; and it was some time ere she could convince the neighbours that she would act very differently; but at length she succeeded, and now she has no fewer than twenty cows.



Dearest infant, come and know
 What will make thee good and wise ;
 I will teach thee, here below,
 How to live beyond the skies.

There is not any pursuit that so completely unites pleasure and amusement with the duties which alone can make us beloved here, or for ever happy hereafter, as that of reading good books. By books we gain a greater relish for the beauties of Nature, because we thereby become better acquainted with their use and character. But reading, above all, teaches us to know the will of God, and to live so as to please Him.



To healthful play, and harmless sport,
 Good boys and girls may oft resort;
 When they will find that education
 Improves their very recreation.

A child will even *play* the better
 for having learnt its book with care.
 Besides, by reading, children learn to
 distinguish between dangerous and
 useful sports; to detest the horrid
 crime of gaming, and to pursue all
 allowed pleasures with moderation,
 yet with expertness, with earnestness,
 and skill; and in a manner which
 will show to others, that in all they
 say or do, they discover an enlarged
 mind, and a correct taste.

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