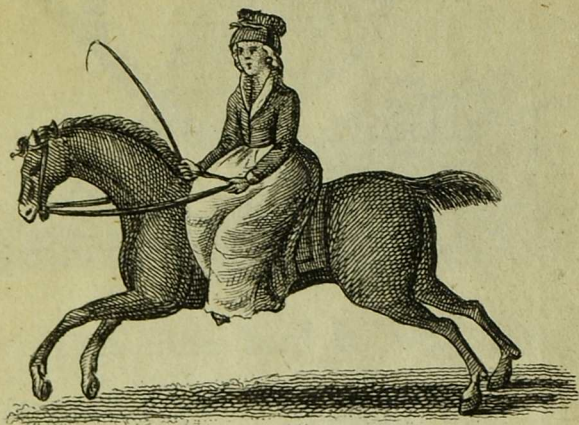




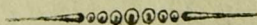
Emma Williams

V. Alexander

TRIFLES
FOR
CHILDREN.



PART III.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR DARTON AND HARVEY,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1803.

T. H. F. H. S.

C. H. I. D. E. N.

THE
PUBLISHED
BY THE
AND FOR THE
1801

Linnet.



This little bird is well known to most persons in all parts of Europe, as a cheerful companion in the fields; where it is said to sing louder and sweeter than in a cage. It delights to feed on linseed, from which it received its name.

TO CHILDREN.

I.

CHILDREN, prize the present minute,
To be innocent and gay ;
You'll be happy as the Linnet,
Sweetly singing on the spray.

II.

Children who are innocent,
Doing what they can to please,
Not on mischief being bent,
Live in cheerfulness and ease.

III.

Virtue is a prize worth gaining,
Endeavour all you can to win it,
Then for ever entertaining,
You'll be lov'd as is the Linnet.

S U M M E R.

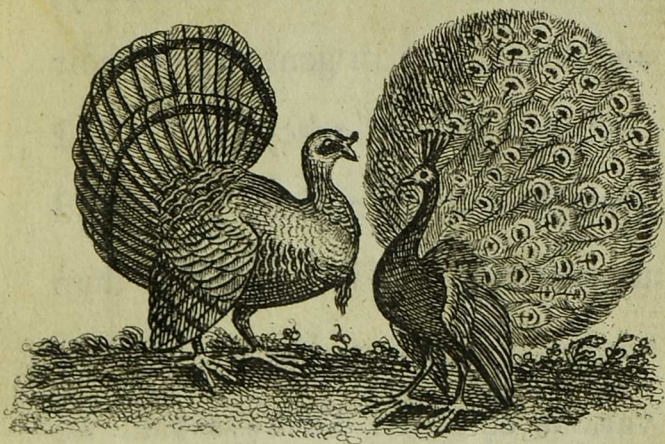
T H E fields are clothed with herbs, the trees are covered with green leaves. The birds are tending on their young, feeding them with care, leading them gently from their nests, teaching them to fly from tree to tree, and shewing them where to gather food for themselves. Let no rude boy molest these little innocents, nor rob the neat-built nest of eggs or young. Far nobler pleasure may be found in walking in the fields, gathering cowslips and primroses,

Haymaking.



blue bells and violets, in seeing
the men and women, with the help
of the sun and wind, make the
new-mown grass into hay, or to
smell the sweet air, and hear the
little birds sing, when perched on
hedge or tree.

Turkey & Peacock.



These two handsome birds both came from foreign parts; the Peacock from India, and was admired at Solomon's court* for his plumage: the Romans in former times

* See 2 Chron. ix. 21.

considered the flesh as a delicacy, and had them, in general, at their feasts. The Turkey was first brought from America, and is said to be larger in its wild state than when domesticated. In all the various coloured Turkeys that we have seen, a tuft of black hair on the breast has always been noticed. They are bred in great numbers in Norfolk and Suffolk; from whence they are driven to market in flocks of several hundreds.

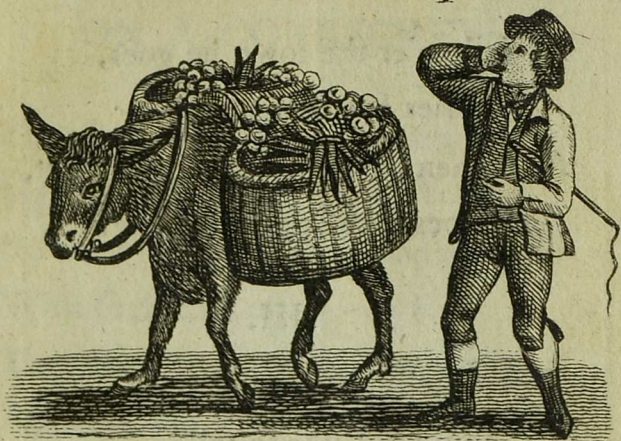
They are easily driven by means of a piece of red rag tied to a long pole, which, from the hatred these birds bear to that colour, acts as a scourge. The young of both these birds (like many foreign plants) are very tender, and require great care in rearing them, being subject to a variety of diseases, from rain, damps, and cold; even the rays of the sun have occasioned sudden death to such as were exposed to them.

See there he falls!



A tree which by a river stood,
Contain'd a nest and little brood
Of birds; the nestlings soon were found;
A boy who chanc'd to go that way,
Climb'd up to make the young his
prey,
And fell! 'twas well he was not drown'd.

Carrots & Turnips Ho!



I.

As through London streets we pass,

In sunshine, frost, or snow,

We hear this man, with loaded ass,

A calling "Turnips, ho!"

C 3

II.

As daily o'er the town he goes,
He cries his garden stuff;
And when he has sold all he bought,
He goes home pleas'd enough.

III.

How cruelly some treat an afs,
I should not like to tell;
With this old man 'tis not the case,
He feeds and cleans it well.

IV.

And in return the afs obeys
His master's gentle word;
At sight of whom each morn he brays,
Loud as e'er afs was heard.

ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas ! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's command obeys
With such insinuating ways.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.

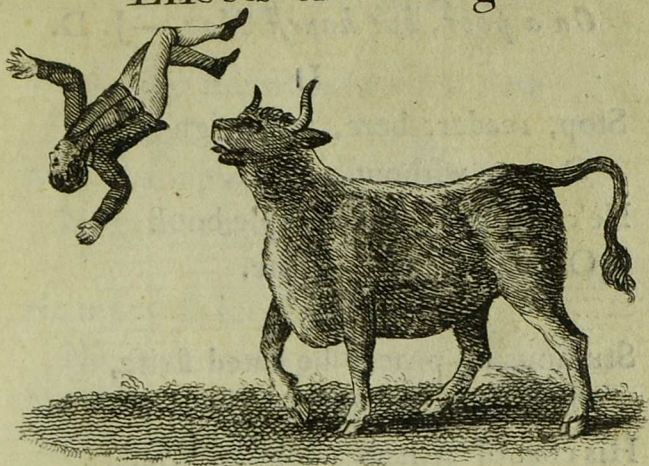
Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to shew my face.
Though at the tables of the great,
I near the sideboard take a seat ;
Yet the old 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is seldom pleas'd till I make one :
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the hand.

Long tailed Squirrel.



This beautiful animal came from Ceylon in the East-Indies. It is nearly three times as large as the squirrels of Europe. The ears are tufted with black hairs; the end of the nose is of a pink colour; the whole of the skin would make a neat and warm muff for a little girl.

Effects of teizing!



A Bull that in a pasture fed,
And might a quiet life have led,
Had not a rude boy cross'd him;
Was wearied out with being cross'd,
An opportunity he seiz'd,
And with his horns he toss'd him.

On a poor, but honest Man.—J. D.

I.

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

II.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

III.

Impal'd therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran:
"A conscience void of all offence
"Before both God and man."

IV.

In the great day of wrath, though pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

THE HAPPY STATE.

I.

Would we attain the happiest state
That is design'd us here;
No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair.

II.

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honour tempt to pride:
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide.

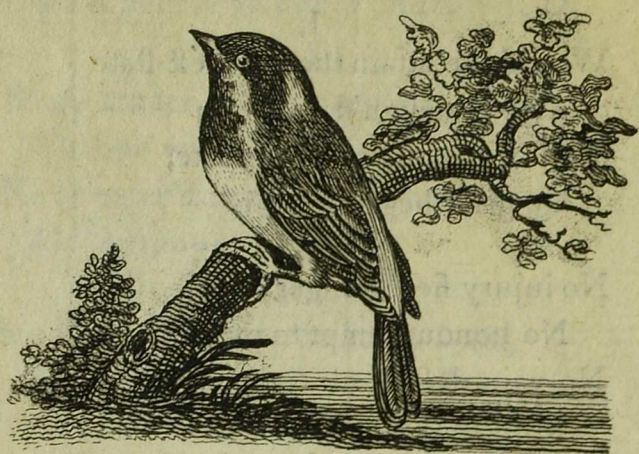
III.

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant settled breast;
Who leaves a passage free to love,
Shall let in all the rest.

IV.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound,
The greatest blessing Heav'n can give,
Or can on earth be found.

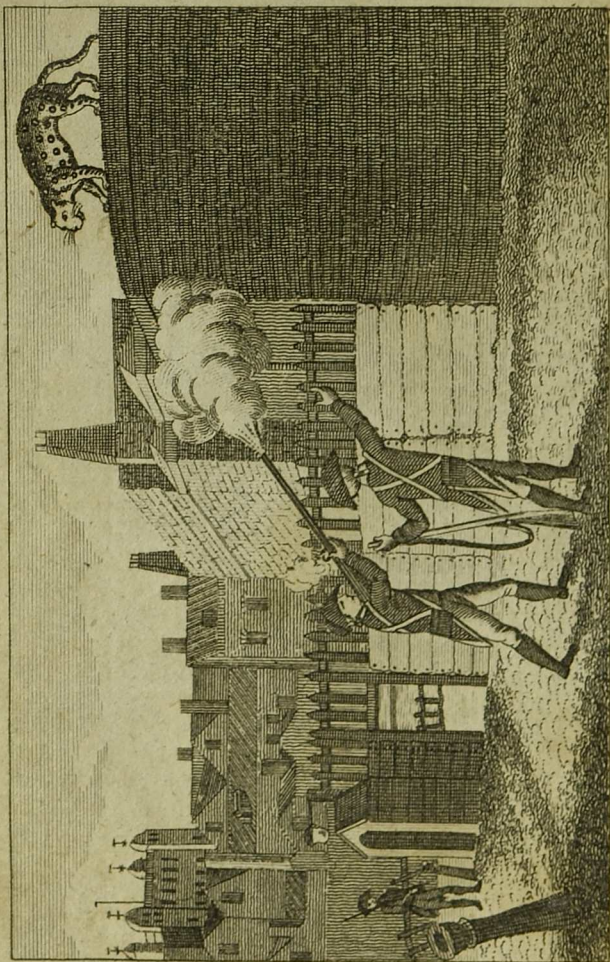
Tom-Tit.



This active little bird builds a most curious nest of moss, lined with feathers, in the shape of an egg, with a hole in the side for an entrance. It feeds on caterpillars, insects, and flies; and will attack the owl with great fierceness.

News from the Tower!

Since we published the Second Part of Trifles for Children, one night a large leopard escaped from its den in the Tower of London, where it had been left by a gentleman. At first it attacked a young wolf, and afterwards a large wolf-dog; their noise awoke one of the keepers, who came down stairs with a light, and by giving a loud shout, the leopard ran up a wall, and got on the top of the lions dens, from thence it ascended to the roof of the keeper's house, on which it was playing at break of day, and seemed greatly delighted with its acquired liberty;



but, on attempting to descend into the fore-court, it was fired at by one of the soldiers on the Spurguard, and killed.

The Leopard is a native of Bengal in the East-Indies, and of Senegal and Guinea in Africa. It has a most beautiful skin, spotted with black, in a very pleasing manner, on a yellow ground, with a white belly.

These animals are said to spare neither man nor any other creature. They always appear thin, though constantly devouring.

The black women of Africa make necklaces of their white teeth, which they delight to wear.

Leopards and panthers are taken in pit-falls, covered over with

hurdles, on which a bait of flesh is placed.

Some of these animals are tamed in India, and taught to hunt herds of wild cows, &c.

REAL CHARITY.

“ I remember once to have been present,” said Henry, “ when our neighbour Honestus relieved one of his tenants from extreme distress. This poor, but honest man, had seen better days. The hand of heaven, however, had reduced him, perhaps the better to illustrate his humble virtues. When he saw himself suddenly restored to his former competence, by the bounty of his landlord, he began to pour

forth the acknowledgments of a grateful heart: "Be silent, friend," said Honestus, "I want not your thanks, or your praises; address them to him whose steward I am; and I must insist on your never mentioning to what hand you owe your present fortune."—"True, Sir," returned the honest rustic, "you want not the thanks or praises of a poor man like me; for how can they add to the glory of Honestus! but because you do not want them, must I be ungrateful? Resume, Sir, your generous bounty, or let me tell the world from whom such goodness flows; for the painful scheme you impose on me will destroy half my enjoyment."

“What a noble heart!” exclaimed Henry. “And such henceforward may be our’s” said his father: “for though our praises even add nothing to the King of Kings, they will be accepted as the effusions of a grateful heart. I was delighted, when I heard you so warmly applaud the gratitude of this honest rustic to a fellow-creature, as I am confident you will not think that it loses any of its excellence, when directed to the most perfect Being the universe contains; the God, the Father, and the Friend of Mankind!”

REMEMBER THE POOR.

I.

Stern winter is come, with his cold
chilling breath,

And the verdure is gone from the
trees ;

All nature seems touch'd with the finger
of death,

And the streams are beginning to
freeze.

II.

When the cold-feather'd snow does in
fleeces descend,

And whitens the prospect around,

When the keen cutting winds from the
north do attend,

Hard incrustating o'er the ground.

III.

When the poor robin red-breast ap-
proaches the cot,

As the icicles hang o'er the door,

When the bowl smokes with pottage re-
viving and hot,
That's the time to remember the Poor.

IV.

When a thaw shall ensue, and the wa-
ters increase,
And the winds are heard loudly to
roar,
When in health you enjoy ev'ry thing
that can please,
Can you grumble to think on the
Poor.

THE CHILDREN IN THE BOAT.

Two little boys, who lived at
Egg-Harbour, in America, one
about nine, and the other about
seven years of age, went to play
with a boat, which was fastened to
the shore. Unmindful of their own

safety, and the former advice of their tender parents, they got into the boat, and their punishment soon followed: the boat got loose! but so intent were they on their silly play, that they saw no danger, till they began to lose sight of their father's house, and to see less and less of the town; at length the shores were out of their sight, the waves rolled one after another, and drove the boat into the great Atlantic Ocean. When they looked round them, and saw nothing but waters; when the dark night came upon them far from their home and their mother's tender care; what could they do but weep? Perhaps their great afflic-

tion led them to look towards their heavenly Father for relief, when no prospect of it appeared from any fellow creature.

Thus they passed two days and two nights, when the protecting hand of their great Preserver directed their boat into the course of a ship bound for London. The sailors, surprised at the sight, took up the children, almost faint with cold, hunger, and grief.

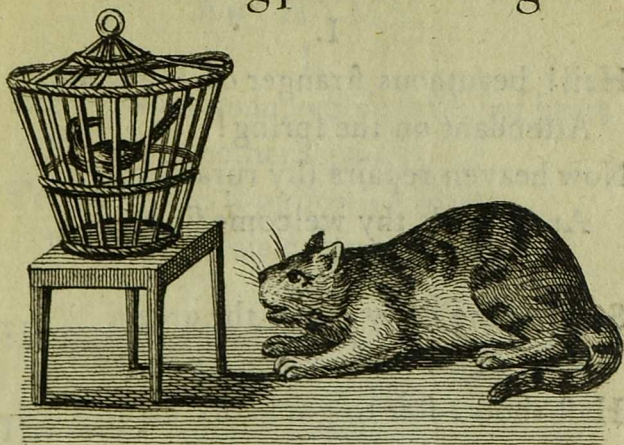
The captain of the London ship took good care of them, till he arrived very near to the mouth of the river Thames, where meeting an American vessel, homeward bound, the captain of the ship, which took up the boys, gave them to the care



of the captain bound for America, who carried them safely home to their parents, who, from the day they had entered the boat, had heard no tidings of their children; having supposed they were drowned, and lamented, with many tears, the loss of their little boys. Their mourning was turned into joy; parents and children rejoiced together.

Such a merciful deliverance was not forgotten by the children; they lived to be valuable men, and the mention of this preservation often caused tears of gratitude to flow from their eyes.

the Magpie in danger.



Ah! pufs, let poor Mag alone!
If Mag keeps always in the middle of the cage, she may not be able to hurt him; but her legs are so long, and talons so sharp, that Mag is in great danger.

TO THE CUCKOO.

I.

Hail! beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing,

II.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy well-known voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

III.

Delightful visitant! with thee
I find the time of flowers,
When earth is fill'd with music sweet,
Of birds among the bowers.

IV.

The school-boy wand'ring in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

AN HYMN.

I.

Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

II.

He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

III.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never flow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

IV.

To him protection will be shewn,
And mercy from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Feeding the Poultry.



It is a pleasant thing for children to feed the poultry; but rather unsafe for a little child to go alone. In the west of England, a little boy went to feed some fowls, having the corn in his pin-cloth be-

An Unexpected attack!



fore him, the fowls ate it faster than he gave it to them; when a large cock pecked at the corn in the child's hand, and beat him down! The barley in his pin-cloth was scattered over him, and some

falling on his neck and face, the cock ventured to peck it from thence; the child struggled, and strove to beat it off with his hands, when the fierce animal returned his blows by a violent attack on the boy's face and arms with his beak and spurs! The cries of the child brought some part of the family to the spot, who drove the cock away, but not before the boy's face was greatly disfigured, and severely wounded. The scars

of which on his cheeks and on his forehead are very visible, though at this time a man grown. His friends have often expressed their thankful admiration, that in so severe an attack, whilst most parts of his face were wounded, that his eyes were unhurt.

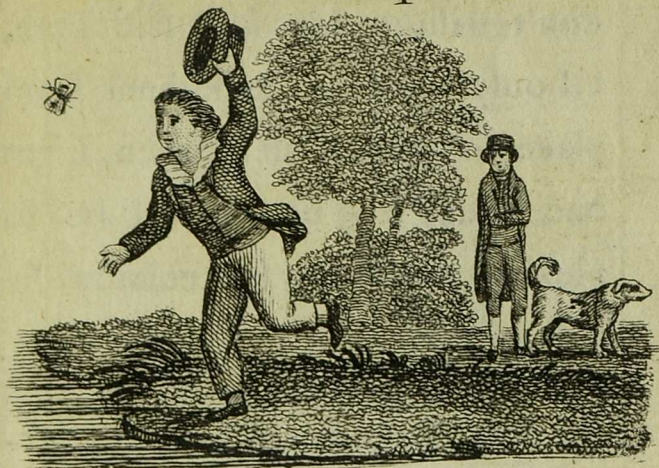


He who rides may fall!



As Charles was riding a fine Newfoundland dog, "Get down, get down, Charles," cried little Tom, "and go with me into the fields to catch butterflies." Charles was some time before he could stop his dog, to get off; and

One more step, & then !



then he told Tom, “that he had rather go to fly a kite, than to run after butterflies; for, said he, “I have been told that it is cruel to kill insects, and more so to run pins into their wings, and leave them to die in pain;”—“I

don't wish to do so," said Tom, "I only intend to hunt them from place to place; then when I get one under my hat, it will be so pleasant to view its fine colours!"

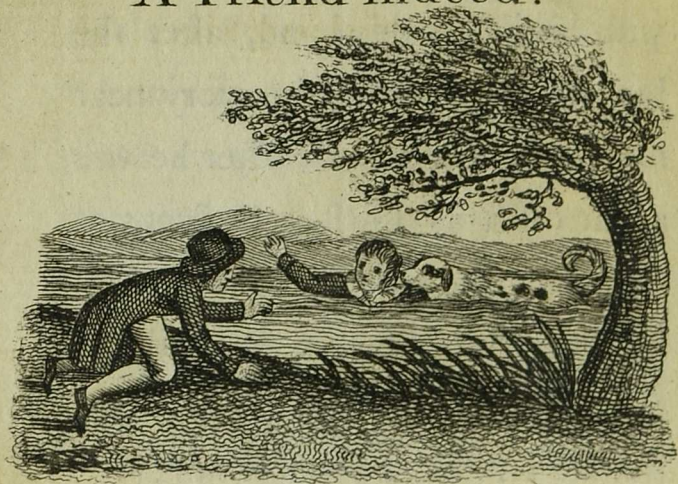
Soon after Charles had got off the dog, Tom saw a large butterfly; "Now for it, Charles," said he, "let us catch it."—"Not I, indeed," said Charles, "it is more pleasure for me to see them fly at large, than to run and make them prisoners."

Away went Tom, at full speed,

with his hat in his hand, after the butterfly; often coming very near to it, and in a minute after he was as far off it as at first. Desirous of obtaining the object of his pursuit, he saw not the danger beneath his feet, and in an effort to seize the fly, he fell into a pond of water!

He had run nearly out of the sight and hearing of Charles, when he called loudly for help. Charles ran, the dog ran, and no sooner did the faithful creature see the situation of little Tom, than he foused into the pond, and had

A Friend indeed!



taken hold of the boy's clothes, by the time that Charles had arrived at the water-side. After some efforts made by Charles and his dog, Tom was got out of the water; saying he should not hunt after butterflies again in a hurry.

Nightingale.



I.

How sweetly sings the Nightingale,
Upon the bending spray,
And echo, through the sounding vale,
Returns the pleasing lay.

II.

'Tis gratitude informs her breast,
And does the note prolong;
For benefits receiv'd how blest
To pour the happy song.

III.

Oh! let me be as grateful too,
To give my Maker praise,
Who places goodness in my view,
To crown my infant days.

IV.

'Tis by his bounty I am fed,
O! let him be my guide;
I then in safety's path shall tread,
With all things be supply'd.

V.

How happy is the youthful breast,
Who thinks on God above,
Resolv'd to fill each great behest
With innocence and love.

VI.

Then from the morn to ev'ning shade,
No fears shall us assail;
Let's thank him : for all things he made,
On mountain, hill, or dale.

VII.

And when the sun sinks in the west,
The stars give little light,
On lying down to take our rest,
Praise him who made the night.

King Fisher.



This bird is esteemed one of the most beautiful of the European kinds. It builds its nest in the holes of the banks of rivers, and feeds upon small fishes and aquatic insects; the toes and feet of this bird are of a very singular structure, as the three joints of the out-

most toe adhere to the middle toe, while the inner toe adheres only by one.

It chiefly frequents the banks of rivers, and takes its prey by balancing itself at a certain distance above the water for a considerable space, then darting into the deep, and seizing the fish with inevitable certainty. The flesh of this bird, when killed, is not fit to be eaten; while its beautiful plumage preserves its lustre longer than that of any other bird we know.

THE END.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
PRINTED AND SOLD BY
DARTON AND HARVEY,
Gracechurch-street.

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

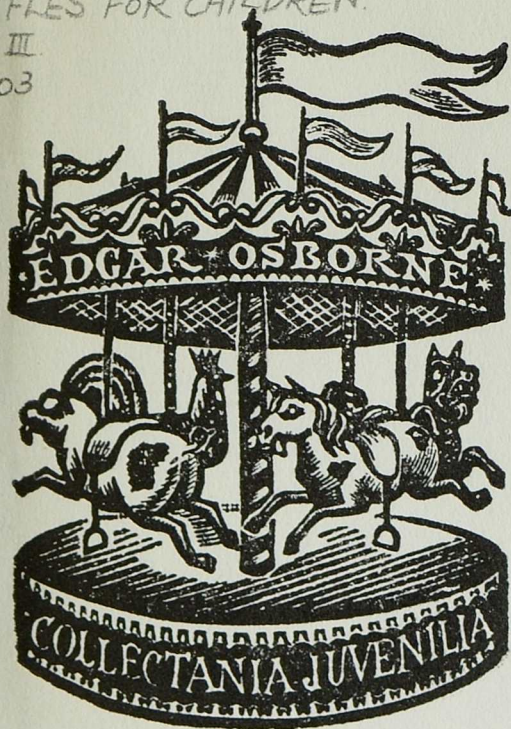
- GOODY Two-Shoes**
Martin and James
Trifles for Children, 3 Parts.
Teaching Parrot.
Book of Nouns, with 64 Copperplate Cuts.
Reading Made Easy.
Instructive Hints.
History of Joseph and his Brethren.
The First Chapter of Accidents, with Copperplates.
Second and Third ditto, just published.
Youthful Sports, with many Plates.
People of all Nations, with 64 Cuts.
Watt's Songs for Children, with Copperplate Cuts,
a new Edition.
Moral Songs for Children, in Imitation of Dr. Watts,
by John Oakman and others, with Copperplate Cuts.
The Universal Medley, or Book of Pictures.
Little Truths for Children, 2 vols. new Edition,
many Cuts.
The Post Boy, with his Packets of Instruction, many
Cuts.
The Parlour Teacher for Little Children.
The Holy Bible abridged, for the Use of Children.
The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.
Juvenile Trials, for robbing Orchards, telling Fibs,
and other Offences.

BI
TRIFLES FOR CHILDREN.

pt III.

1803

dr



37131 009 547 118

