





HACHO, King of Lapland, defeated
to mortal Combat by the King of
Norway.

Lord M... B...
THE
EASTER GIFT:

CONSISTING OF

- I. The HISTORY of HACHO, King of Lapland.
- II. A VOYAGE to the Island of ANGELICA, by JEMMY GARABOUT.
- III. The HISTORY of MASTER PETER PRIMROSE. And,
- IV. TOMMY KNOWALL'S HISTORY of the LION, the HORSE, and the DOG.

Published for the Amusement of all the
Little Gentry in Christendom.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

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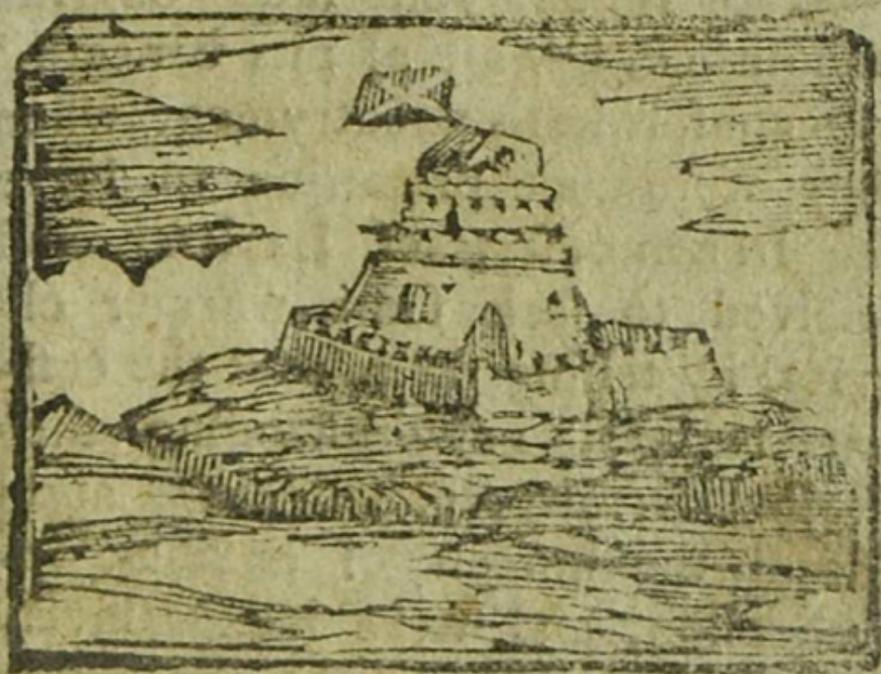
THE
HISTORY
OF
HACHO, KING of LAPLAND.

HACHO, king of Lapland, was in his youth the most renowned of the Northern Warriors. His martial achievements remain engraven on a pillar of flint in the rocks of Haaga, and are to this day solemnly carolled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires, with which they celebrate their nightly festivals.



Such was his intrepid spirit, that he ventured to pass the Lake Vether to the Isle of Wizards, where he descended alone into the dreary vault, in which a Magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the Gothic characters inscribed on his brazen mace. His eyes were so piercing, that, as ancient chro-

nicles report, he could blunt his weapons only by looking at them. At twelve years of age he carried an iron vessel, of very prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.



His prudence and wisdom were equally celebrated.—Two of his

proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among the Laplanders. To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to say, 'ODIN's belt is always buckled.' To show that the most prosperous condition of life is often hazardous, his lesson was, 'When you slide on the smooth ice, beware of pits beneath.' He consoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deserts of Lapland, and resolved to seek some warmer climate, by telling them, that the eastern nations, notwithstanding they boasted fertility, passed every night amidst the horrors of anxious apprehension, and were inexpressively affrighted, and almost stunned, every

morning, with the noise of the sun while he was rising.

His temperance and severity of manners were his chief praise. In his early years he never tasted wine, nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He constantly slept in his armour, with his spear in his hand; nor would he use a battle-ax whose handle was inlaid with brass. He did not, however, persevere in his contempt of luxury, nor did he close his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting the gulos, or wild dog, being bewildered in a solitary forest, and having passed through the fatigues of the day without any interval of refreshment, he discovered a large store



of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never tasted before, and, being at once faint and hungry, he fell greedily upon it. From this unusual and delicious repast, he received so much satisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded ho-

ney to be served up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to lose his relish for simple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himself in all delicacies. He ordered the delightful gardens of his castle to be thrown open, in which the richest fruits had been suffered to ripen and decay unobserved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious desserts.

At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a necessary ingredient, in his new way of living; and having once tasted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give

a loose to the excesses of intoxication. His general simplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments, by burning the wood of the most aromatic tree, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the reindeer. Indolence and effeminacy stole upon him by pleasing and imperceptible gradations, which relaxed the sinews of his resolution, and extinguished his thirst of military glory.

While Hacho was thus immersed in pleasure and repose, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night a disastrous omen had been discovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drank up the oil which nourished

the perpetual lamp of the Temple of Odin. About the same time, a messenger arrived to tell him, that the King of Norway had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army.

Hacho, terrified as he was at the omen of the night, and enervated with indolence, roused himself from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting some faint and few sparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the forest where Hacho had been lost after hunting; and it so happened, that the King of Norway challenged him to single combat near the place where he had tasted the honey. The Lapiand Chief, languid and long refused to the



use of arms, was soon overpowered: he fell to the ground, and before his insulting adversary struck his head from his body, he uttered this exclamation, which the Laplanders still use as an early lesson to their children:—“ The vicious man
 “ should date his destruction from
 “ the first temptation. How justly
 “ do I fall a sacrifice to Sloth and
 “ Luxury, in the very place where I
 “ first yielded to those allurements
 “ which induced me to deviate from
 “ the paths of Temperance and In-
 “ nocence. The honey which I
 “ tasted in this forest, and not the
 “ hand of the King of Norway, con-
 “ quers Hacho.”

What is here said of this famous Laplander, may be applicable enough

to many in lower conditions of life, who begin the world with a virtuous intrepidity, seemingly to be conquered by neither difficulties nor dangers; but by some fatal accident, are tempted to taste the honey of Folly, which immediately vitiates the palate, and corrupts the whole frame. It is madness to prescribe bounds to Virtue; for they who once quit that thorny path, and stray through the blooming and enchanting grove of pleasure, will hardly be persuaded to return; but go on, till, like the wretched Hacho, they meet with ruin and destruction.

A
NARRATIVE
OF A
VOYAGE
TO THE
ISLAND OF ANGELICA,
BY
Master JEMMY GADABOUT.

MASTER Jemmy Gadabout,
the only son of an eminent
merchant in Bristol, was an extra-
ordinary fine boy, and very good;
but was often brought into difficul-



ties, by a share of curiosity seldom
 to be found in persons of his age
 which was now about ten. He
 spent all his pocket-money in going
 to see wild beasts and strange fish
 and had more joy in viewing ar

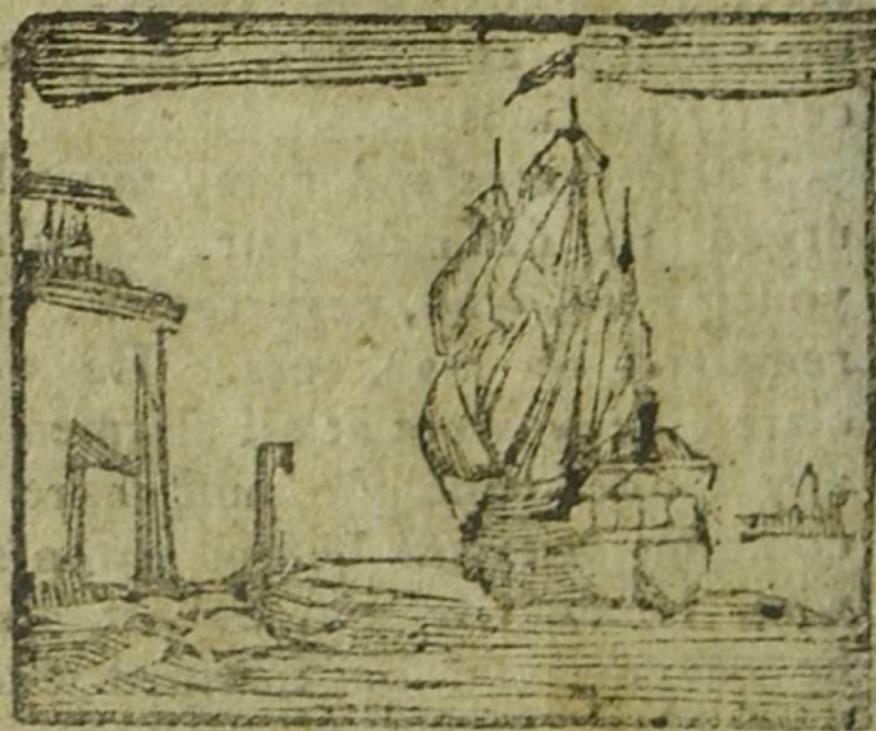
Indian prince, than another would have had in eating a ginger-bread king. He possessed a great portion of personal bravery; he was the cock of his seat in the school; neither would he have refused, upon a proper occasion, to have encountered Jack the Giant-Killer himself.

About the year 1741, Mr. Jonathan Gadabout, his father, was preparing to make a voyage in person to the West-Indies, he having some affairs to settle in Jamaica, which could not be managed without his presence. The day before his departure, Master JEMMY, as was his constant custom, both morning and evening, came to ask his papa's blessing, which he did with more than usual earnestness; and when

he had obtained it, he remained still on his knees, urging that he had still another favour to ask. "Name it, my child," says his father. "Why it is," replied he, "that I may accompany you to the West-Indies." Nothing could have surpris'd Mr. Jonathan Gadabout so much, as a request of this nature from a child so young. He was, however, determin'd not to comply with it; but being a very tender parent, he condescended to give him some reason for his refusal. He remonstrated to him, that he was by no means able to bear the fatigues of the ocean, or the change of the climates. He observ'd to him, that such a scheme would be taking him from his books and

teachers, and he would squander that time which, at his age, was particularly precious.

These things and many more he urged to dissuade our sanguine young hero, who, nevertheless, still remained on his knees. He declared he was not at all alarmed at any danger which he must share in common with the best of parents; who, he desired to recollect, that he never could be terrified with nonsensical stories of witches and hobgoblins, as naughty boys were. As for his books, they might be sent on board with him; and with regard to his matter, he could have none abler or better than his dear papa. And, in short, with tears, intreaties, and embraces, he at



length so wrought on Mr. Jonathan, that he consented; and they went on board the Charming Nancy, Capt Fliplop commander, on the 11th of June, O. S. 1741, and the 12th they set sail with a fair wind.

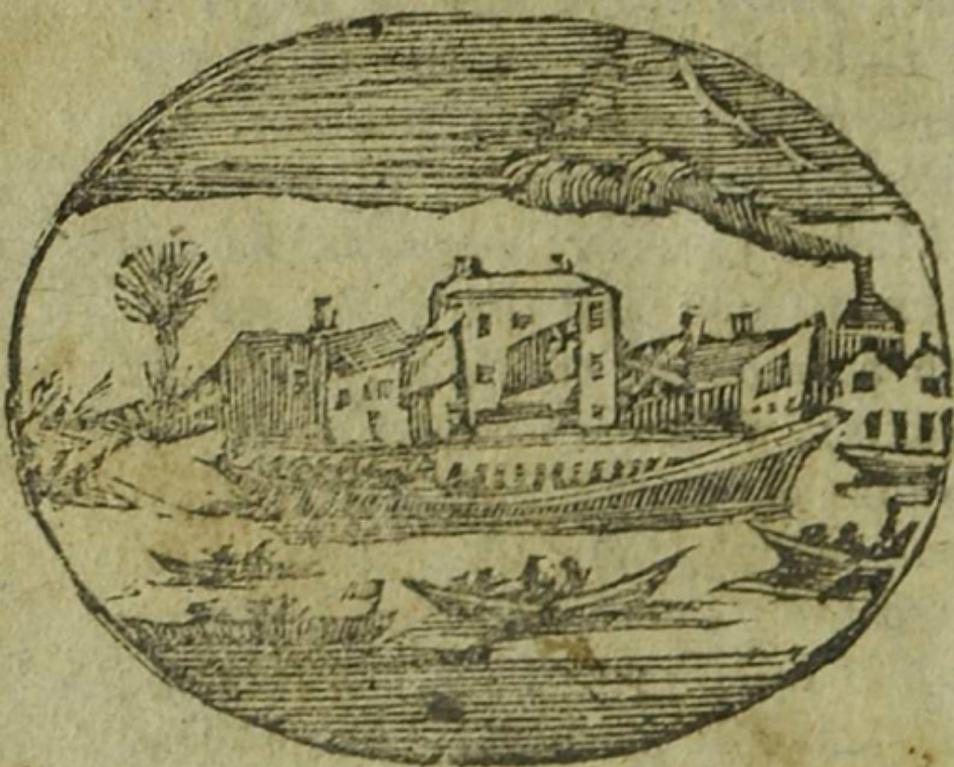
Every thing went on prosperously for some days; Master Jemmy was not in the least sea-sick, and clambered up the ropes with the activity of a squirrel. But after their passing the channel about a day's voyage, on the great Atlantic, they espied a vessel of an enormous size, and of a form so singular, that they could at no rate guess to what country she belonged; and, to say the truth, they must have been conjurors at least to have found them out; for they were a crew of Angelicans, those sagacious people whom nature has not only furnished with two eyes in their foreheads, but with a supernumerary one on the tip of the right hand middle finger. By making a proper use of this eye, as Master Jemmy

afterwards discovered, they can see into the hearts of men, which if they appear the least polluted, render them incapable of being subject to the monarch of Angelica.

When they came up with the Charming Nancy, they hoisted an artificial olive branch, formed entirely like emeralds, and white wands composed of the purest pearl, upon which Captain Flipflop very rightly concluded they intended no violence. They boarded the ship, however, and, upon so near a view, appeared to be no more than a gigantic sort of Lilliputians, about the size of the fairies in Mr. Garrick's Queen Mab.

The commanding officer ordered all the Charming Nancy's crew upon

deck, and put the middle finger of his right hand down the throats of every man, one after another, but shook his head terribly, till he came to Master JEMMY, who was the last he examined; and then he cried out with a voice of transport, PEGILL POGOSI, which we have since learnt signifies he is spotless, and will do. Upon which they took Jemmy on board their own vessel from the arms of his weeping father, whom we must leave at present, to accompany his son to Cherubinium, the capital city of the kingdom of Angelica, an island in the Golden Ocean.



This city is built on the summit of a hill, which overlooks the sea. As the country around it abounds with the finest marble, pearl, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, it is no wonder the buildings should be more superb and grand

than any thing the genteel reader can conceive. The streets are spacious; their public structures, and indeed all their houses are lofty and nobly designed; and as the outer walls are marble and jasper, and the window-frames studded with diamonds, and the roofs, instead of tiling, overlaid with sheets of pure gold; the city, when the sun shines, makes a glorious appearance, and, when you are at sea, has a most surprising effect. Cherubinium is surrounded with orange and citron groves, overtopped with several rows of stately pines at a distance; and, to render the place more romantic and amazing, nature has formed two large cataracts one on each side of the city, which pour their crystal streams down the



hill with great rapidity; and the noise of those water-falls, when echoed back by the distant woods, is more entertaining than the most harmonious music.

Between these cataracts, and just opposite the south gate of the city, is

a large basin, made for their shipping, with a good quay, on which Master Jemmy was landed. No sooner was our young traveller ashore, but he was surrounded by a crowd of spectators, who all behaved to him with great politeness, and seemed highly delighted with the figure he made, having never seen such a creature before. I forgot to inform my reader, that Mr. Jonathan Gadabout, before he parted from his son, took care to fill both his fob-pockets with money, to secure him from want; which piece of paternal affection had almost cost poor Jemmy his life. It is a maxim with the Angelicans, that no man should secure to himself more of any thing than he has occasion for, and



especially if he knows it will be serviceable to another; for they say a man carrying more money than he wants, is as absurd as a man wearing two great coats. By means of this maxim, which is carried into execution by a law, the Angelicans have all necessaries in common, and there is no such thing as a beggar to

be found in their streets. Now when Master Jemmy came to be examined and searched, as the custom is in that country, and money being found in both his pockets, he was suspected of having a bad heart, and this question was put to him, viz. Whether there were not several persons of his own country on board his ship that had none? Jemmy answered in the affirmative, and all the people cried out, Cog ma Gootha! Cog ma Gootha! that is, in English, let him suffer! let him suffer! upon which Master Jemmy was thrown into a prison, where he endured innumerable hardships: for the gaolers there are not like those in England; they would not accept of any bribe to lessen his confinement, or to remove



his chains; but behaved to him in all respects as the law directs.

Master Gadabout, after being confined about a month, was taken very ill, which being made known to the magistrates by the gaolers, who are in that country mighty honest good people, a physician was



ordered to attend him. The physicians of Angelica don't affect an unintelligible jargon of unmeaning syllables to give a high opinion of their knowledge; as is customary in some other countries; nor do they

ever destroy their patients by an inundation of physic; for what they principally regard, is the nature of the disorder, and the constitution of the patient: and toward a true investigation of both these, the eye at the end of the middle finger doth not a little contribute, as the reader will easily imagine.

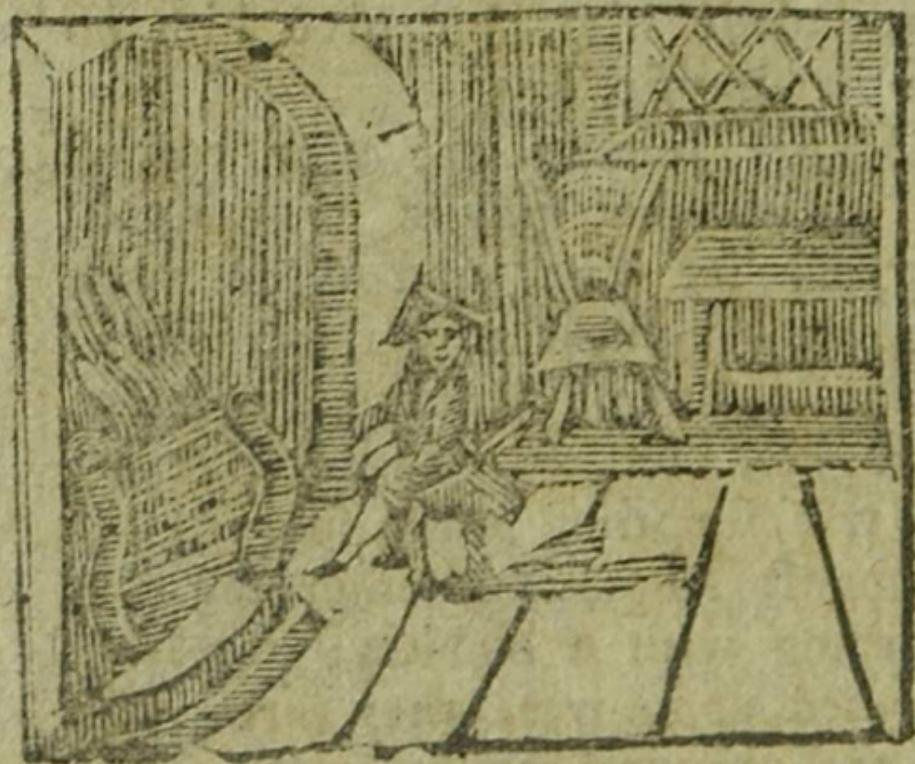
As soon as the doctor had thrust his eye-finger down Jemmy's throat, he turned to the magistrates, and delivered himself in the following manner:

“ This patient has heretofore
 “ used a great deal of exercise, and
 “ since his confinement here, has
 “ been in a state of indolence, by
 “ which means the tubes and glands,
 “ or pipes and strainers, whereof

“ the body is compos'd, being de-
 “ prived of their usual activity of
 “ motion, are, as it were, rusted
 “ over like the wheels of a jack for
 “ want of use; you must therefore
 “ calbolade him, but give him no
 “ other physick.”

Master Jemmy was very earnest
 to know what physick they would
 prepare for him, and often made
 signs to the nurse for his medicines;
 but instead of pills, potions, bolusses,
 draughts, lotions, and liniments,
 he was surpris'd to see four of the
 strongest Angelicans enter the next
 morning with a blanket; however,
 amazed as he was, they threw him
 in, and carrying him up to the sunny
 side of the hill, they first swung
 him, and after that tossed him gent-

ly, till he was in a profuse sweat, and then being wrapt up in the blanket, he was again conveyed home to his own bed.



Jemmy, the next morning, complained that he was cold, which the doctor being informed of, ordered

so large a parcel of billet-wood into his apartment, that you would have thought that he had intended to burn down the whole house, and, on that score, Jemmy was in some pain; but when signs were made for him to carry this wood up stairs, and lay it in the room above, his fears dispersed, and finding himself sufficiently warmed, and much better for the exercise, he therefore every day, during his confinement, carried the same wood up stairs and down, till he was both warmed and weary, and by that means soon recovered both his health and strength. And this valuable method of getting well without physic, and keeping himself warm without the expense of fire, Jemmy has desired us to

publish for the benefit of the British nation.

POSTSCRIPT. Here it unfortunately happens that we are obliged to break off, and that abruptly, which may seem somewhat like a disappointment to our readers. However, as Mr. Jonathan Gadabout has unhappily lost or mislaid the papers that came from his son, we must beg of our readers to suspend their curiosity, till these valuable materials can be obtained, for the recovery of which, a reward is hereby offered of Twenty Thousand Pounds.

THE
HISTORY
OF
MASTER PETER PRIMROSE.

MASTER Peter Primrose was a boy of such uncommon abilities, that he was admired by every body. When he was but seven years old, he could say all his catechism perfectly, and repeat the greatest part of his Prayer-Book and Testament by heart; then he could answer any question in the Bible, and by



reading Mr. Osborne's New-Year's Gift, he had also obtained some knowledge of men and things; for all these books, you are to observe, had been translated into the language of the country where he lived.



Master Peter Primrose's fame was sounded throughout the whole kingdom, and though his father was only a shepherd, and he bred up amongst the flocks, the king sent for him to court, and placed him among the wise men of the nation.

Here he lived in great splendour for some time; for the king gave him a little prancing horse, clothed with purple and gold, and caused him to ride out every day in company with his only son. How uncertain are riches and honours, and indeed how frail is all human felicity! Master Peter had not been at court above two years, before the good old king and his son were expelled the kingdom by an unaccountable faction that arose in the state. Duty and gratitude obliged this young gentleman to take the part of his king and his prince; for which he was persecuted by the opposite party with great fury, and one day forced into the woods to shield himself from their hatred.

Here he lay securely all day, but in the evening his fears were continually alarmed by the roaring of lions, tygers, wolves, and other



beasts of prey; and his compassion excited by the groans and cries of the tender part of the animal crea-

tion, who, not being endowed by nature with strength and fierceness to oppose their enemies, easily became victims, and were devoured. This called up to his mind the cruelties which had been exercised on his poor master's family and himself, the thoughts of which so robbed him of his resolution, that he grew heedless of his safety, and sitting down on the green turf, resigned himself to the mercy of the beasts: " Ah! why should these
 " creatures (says he) fill me with
 " horror, who are more merciful
 " than men? These spare their
 " own, and only slay those of ano-
 " ther species; but men, more fa-
 " vage men, are bent against each
 " other, and seek their own de-



instruction. Let me fall then by
 the bear, the tiger, or other
 animals less cruel, and that act
 consistently with the dictates of
 nature." As this was delivered
 with great emotion, he was over-
 heard by an hermit, whose cave was



concealed under a thicket, by which he lay. The good old man startled at the sound of the human voice, which he had not heard before for years, and supposing it came from one in distress, kindled a brand, for fear of the wild beasts, and ran to his assistance. He found

Master Primrose stretched on the
 ground, and by sorrow rendered in-
 sensible of any danger. The old
 man reproached him for despairing
 of God's providence and mercy.—
 "Is it for this," says he, "that
 "man is endowed with superior
 "reason, and so highly favoured of
 "the Almighty? shall the dove,
 "shall the lamb, and other crea-
 "tures fly for refuge, and seek their
 "own safety, and shall man basely
 "and ungratefully disregard, and
 "throw away the life that has been
 "given him? Arise, and shake off
 "this shameful sloth, no longer de-
 "spair of God's protection. Do
 "your duty, and you will always
 "meet with the favour of Heaven."

The young man, sensible of the justness of this reproof, arose and bowed respectfully, and was led by the hermit into his cave, and refreshed with a simple repast the good old man provided for him, and then reposed himself till the morning on a couch of flocks, that here seemed more soft than the down bed he had been so long used to.

In the morning, when he awoke, he related to the old man the history of his life; and the hermit, after giving him such things as were necessary to support him in his journey, despatched him, with this advice: "You see, my son, what mischiefs attend the ambitious. The love of riches and of power drew

“ you from a state of innocence,
“ and from a delightful place, where
“ your paths were paved with vio-
“ lets and primroses, to a court,
“ where your road was planted
“ with thistles and thorns. True
“ greatness consists in being good,
“ in promoting the happiness of
“ mankind, and not in wealth and
“ power, as is vainly imagined ;
“ for he that hoardeth up treasure,
“ hoards up trouble ; and he that
“ aspires to the highest office of
“ state, makes himself a public
“ mark for the multitude to throw
“ their envious arrows at. Retire,
“ my son, to thy former peaceful
“ abode, there worship thy God,
“ comfort thy neighbours, and tend
“ thy innocent flocks, and leave the

“ affairs of state to those who have
“ less virtue, and more experience.”

Contentment is the only ingredient
that can render life happy, and that
is seldom to be found in the palaces
of princes.

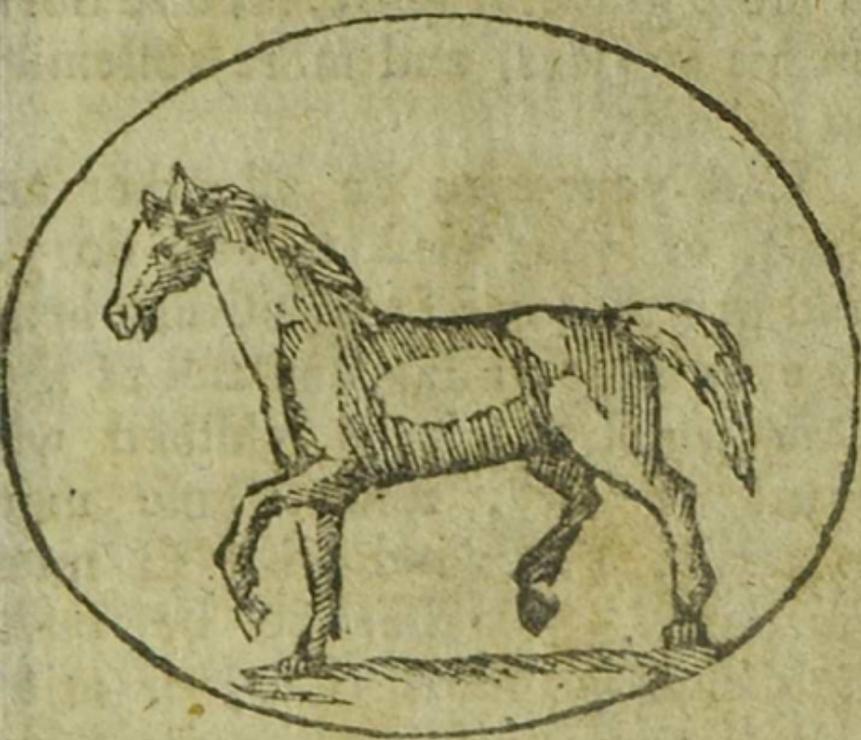
THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LION, HORSE, AND DOG.

By Master KNOWALL.

IF custom had not dignified the Lion with the awful title of the King of Beasts, reason would undoubtedly have bestowed it upon the Horse. The Lion has certainly no manner of right to it—he is rather an usurper and a tyrant; for he makes no other use of his prerogative, than either to devour



his subjects, or inspire them with horror and amazement.——The Horse, on the other hand, neither injures his fellow-creatures in their persons, nor attempts to invade their properties: he does nothing to render himself the object of



hatred and contempt. No bad qualities can justly be ascribed to him; and, in fact, he is possessed of all such as are amiable, and praiseworthy. There is no animal whatever so complete, with respect to its symmetry and proportion, has

a more graceful spirit, is more liberal in his services, and more abstemious in his diet.

Cast your eyes on all other animals, of what kind soever, do you find one that has so beautiful a head, or eyes so sparkling and full of fire? One whose neck is clothed with equal majesty, and whose mane waves in the wind with so much grandeur? Whether he be under the direction of his rider, or at his own liberty to range in the fields without control, we still observe in him a noble deportment, and an air which strikes the eye of every beholder (although insensible of all his own perfections) with an agreeable surprise.

His inclinations are still more engaging; indeed, he can properly be said to have but one, and that is, to be as serviceable as possible to his master. If it be expected that he should drag the plough, or carry any burden, how heavy soever, he is at all times ready and willing. If the owner chooses to ride him, he seems conscious of the honour, and uses his utmost endeavours to please him. At the least signal he readily alters his pace, and either walks, trots, or gallops, as required. Neither the length of his journey, the badness of the roads, neither hedges nor ditches, nor even the most rapid rivers, will discourage him; he flies, like a bird, over every ob-

stacle that would give a check to his career.

Is there any further services expected from him? Is it incumbent on him to defend his master, or bear him to an engagement? He goes on to meet the armed foe, he mocks fear, and is not afraid; the sound of the trumpet and the drum inspire him with fresh ardour, and he turns not back even from the sword.



Next to the Horse, my little readers, I rank that useful animal, the Dog. Of all the accomplishments which a dog is capable of attaining, there is not, doubtless, any one half so considerable, as that inviolable friendship and undaunted



courage, which he shows towards his master upon all occasions; and it is very evident that the Deity consigned the Dog to Man, to serve him as a faithful companion, an assistant, and protector. The services we receive from Dogs are, indeed, as various as their species.



The Mastiff and the Bull Dog guard our houses in the night, and reserve all their fury and resentment for that season, wherein necessitous vagrants may form their wicked designs against us. The Shepherd's Dog is qualified to attack the Wolf, when he worries



his sheep, and to regulate the flock. Among the various classes of Sporting Dogs, the Terrier has very short legs, to enable him to bury himself in the grass, or break his way through a quickset hedge.— Nature has bestowed on the Greyhound a sharp head and slender bo-



dy, in order to cut the air with more ease, and pursue his game with greater expedition; his long thin legs soon stretch over a large tract of ground; he exceeds even the hare in point of swiftness, whose safety, therefore, principally depends on his doublings and turnings, and other arts of flight.

There are divers kinds of these animals, whose names vary according to their respective qualifications; all of them, however, are equally eager for the sport, and faithful in the due discharge of their several offices.

In short, amidst all these various domestic animals, which are so tractable, and so unavoidably attached to their owner's interest, there is not one, even down to the Spaniel and the Dane, but what renders himself, in some degree, amiable by his sprightliness and activity, valuable by his indefatigable industry, and sometimes serviceable by his diligence, and the timely notice he gives his master of some approaching danger in the night, when all the

family, perhaps, are sleeping. The Horse and the Dog, in short, are the only two animals on whose friendship and fidelity we can with safety depend; for which reason the old Proverb says, "A Man, a Horse, and a Dog, are never tired of each other's company."

THE END.

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