

Lumsden & Son's Superior Edition of Penny Books.

THE
HISTORY
OF
GILES GINGERBREAD.



GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY LUMSDEN & SON.

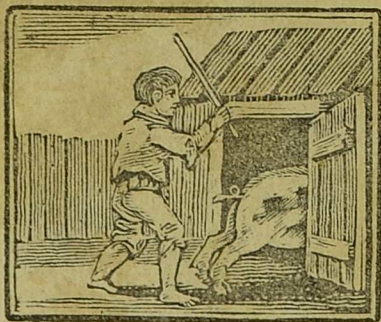
GILES GINGERBREAD.

ONE day, as old Gingerbread was coming from work, he saw little Giles, who was very ragged, getting up behind Sir Toby Wilson's coach; upon which he called to



him, "Here, Giles, come hither to me! I see," says the father, "you want to get up at the coach, but are climbing at the wrong place; Giles, you should endeavour to get in at the door." "Ay, father," says the boy, "but that place is not for poor folks." "Not for poor folks!" replied the father; "yes it is: a poor man may get a coach if he endeavours to deserve it. Merit and industry entitle a man to any thing. Sir Toby was poor once, and I will tell you Sir Toby's history; but see, the pig has got out of the sty; put him up again, and then I'll tell you Sir Toby's history."

Giles ran as fast as he could to put up the pig; for he had learned to do as he



was bid, or he would never have made either a good boy or a great man.

Giles came back puffing and blowing; "now, father, tell me," says he, "how I may get such a fine coach as Sir Toby's." "Ay," says the father, "that I will, Giles; I will tell you how Sir Toby got his, and if you behave in the manner that Sir Toby did, you may get one also, and take up your poor father to ride with you, when he has grown old and weary.

"Sir Toby Wilson was the son of Goody Wilson, and lived at this little hut upon the green.

"His mother was a poor widow, and had three children. Toby was the eldest; and as she was obliged to go out every day to

washing of linens and any sort of out-work, she left little Toby at home to take care of his brother and sister.

“It happened one day that Goody Wilson had no victuals to leave the children, and they were all crying at the time when Mr. Goodwill (a rich London tradesman, who had a house in this country) was passing by.

‘Dear me,’ says Mrs. Goodwill, (who was with her husband,) ‘what is the matter with these poor children!’ and stepped up to the little ones.



‘What do you cry for?’ says she. ‘I am hungry,’ answered the child;—‘and I want some bread,’ cried the other; ‘and what do you cry for?’ says Mrs. Goodwill to Toby; ‘because I have no bread to give my brother and sister,’ says the boy. ‘This is a hard case,’ says Mrs. Goodwill, ‘I pity all the children; let us take them home

with us and feed them.' 'Ay, with all my heart,' says Mr. Goodwill: 'I pity the poor children and the mother, and like the biggest boy much; for he who forgets his own wants, and cries for those of his brother and sister, must have a good heart.'

"So for all they were fine folks, Mr. Goodwill took up one child, and Mrs. Goodwill the other, and carried them on, leaving little Toby to trot by himself.

"Having been fed, they went to play till evening, when the mother came crying to Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill.

"Mr. Goodwill gave her money, and allowed her so much a-week towards the maintenance of her and the children, and took little Toby and sent him to school, where he behaved very well, and soon learned to read and write. After some time, Mr. Goodwill took him home to his house in London, to run errands, and do any other business for the servants and clerks in his shop and counting-house.

"Now it happened, that though Mr. Goodwill was a very honest, charitable, and good man, yet he was not altogether so wise and prudent as one would expect a man to be who lived in London, and knew the world; for he was very fond of horses, continually went to Barnet, Epsom,

and other races, and kept two race-horses himself, which ran away with half the profits of his trade.



“At the time he was taken up with his horses, he had the misfortune to have a servant in his house who was not honest, which Toby discovered, and wrote to his master about it. Toby knew that it was his duty not only to be honest himself, but, if possible to make others so; and you will presently see how God Almighty blessed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his fidelity.

“After this, Mr. Goodwill placed great confidence in Toby, and his affairs so prospered, that he became very rich. He then took Toby as a partner with him, and at his death left him the whole trade and a large sum of money, which is still increasing; and from being a little ragged boy,

and living in that hut, he now rides in a fine coach.

“Think of this, my dear Giles, and learn your book, and go to church, and be honest, and good, and industrious, and you may get a fine coach also.”

As soon as Gaffer Gingerbread had finished the story of Sir Toby and his coach little Giles ran up to his father, and begged that he would give him a book, and teach him to read, that he might become as great a man as Sir Toby Wilson.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was a pretty good scholar, pulled a book out of his pocket, and sitting down under a tree, with Giles in his lap, “Now,” says he, “if you



will be a good boy, and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, Giles, that all the words in the world are spelled, or made up of these twenty-six

marks or letters," pulling out of his pocket an alphabet cut in pieces, which he had made of gingerbread, for he was by trade a gingerbread-baker; these he placed in this manner:—

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z &.

"All the words in the world!" says Giles, laughing; "yes, sirrah," says the father, "what do you laugh at? I say all the words in the world; all the words that you and all the people in the world can think on may be spelled with these letters differently placed." "Then let me see you spell Top," said Giles. "So you shall," says the father; "see here is a T, and an O, and a P, and these placed together thus TOP, make top." "Ay, that is a little word," says Giles; "but you cannot spell plum-pudding."—"Why, yes I can," said the father; "see here is a P, and an L, and an U, and an M, which placed thus PLUM, make plum, and here is another P, and an U, and a D, and another D, and an I, and an N, and a G, which when placed thus PUDDING, make pudding, and these put together make plum-pudding.

"Let me spell, father," says Giles, and

taking the gingerbread letters in his hand ;
 “ what shall I spell ? ” said he. “ Why, the
 name of any thing you see,” quoth the
 father. “ Then I’ll spell Goose,” says the
 boy ; so saying he took a G, and an U,
 and an F, and an E, and placed them
 thus G U F E. “ You blockhead, is that
 your manner of spelling ? ” says the father,
 who would certainly have been angry, but
 at this instant Farmer Wright’s hog made
 at the geese and goslings that were before



him. “ Run, Giles, run,” said the father,
 and away he flew to save the goslings, which
 he did by the assistance of a gander, that
 laid hold of the hog’s ear to keep him off.

Giles came back crying, and told his
 father that the geese hissed and laughed at
 him. “ Ay, that is because you cannot
 read,” answered the father. “ Come hither.

Giles," said he, "you must learn to know all the letters, the sound they have alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell or read. In the word you have attempted to spell, you have taken an F, instead of an S, and U, instead of OO, for want of knowing the letters and their sounds. Here, take this A and look at it well; you see it is very different from all the rest." Upon this Giles took up the letter and then read,—

"A, A, A," says he, "Ay, Mr. A, I shall know you again. Apple for that.

"B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B, I shall be a blockhead if I do not know you.

C, C, C, I shall know you, Mr. C, indeed, and so will every boy that loves custard.

"D, D, D, drum and dumpling will make me know you, Mr. D.

"E, E, E, Eggs and Eel-pie for ever.

"F, F, F, Fine Folks and Furmity for you, Mr. F.

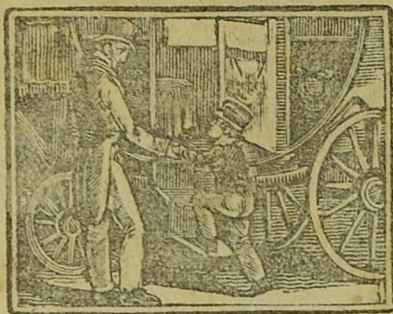
"G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooseberry Fool will always make me love you, Mr. G.

"H, H, H, Hog's Pudding and Hot Cockles for ever."

Thus he went on with the other letters, and soon obtained a complete knowledge of the whole alpha bet.

The father finding that little Giles was inclined to be good and to learn, made him a book of Gingerbread, which he was very fond of, and learned as fast as he could.

Giles was so good at his book, that his father gave him new ones every day, all of which he ate up; so that it may be truly said he lived upon learning. At last Sir Toby heard what a good boy he was, and calling one day on Gaffer Gingerbread, he took Giles up in his fine coach, and carried him to London, since which we have heard



nothing of him; but his father says, he is sure Giles will behave so well as to get a coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certainly let our little readers know it.

Giles Gingerbread, he loved Cream, Custards, and Curds,
And good books so well, that he ate up his words.

GILES
GINGERBREAD.



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