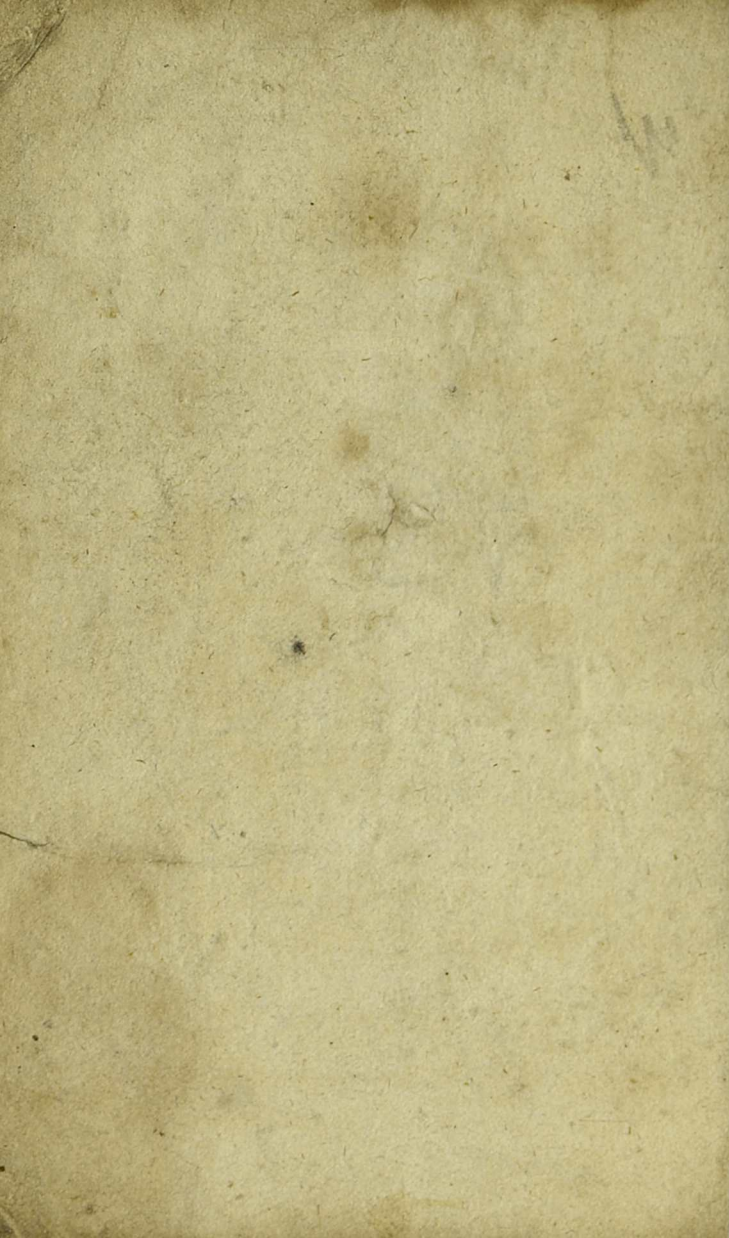


DIS^t. 12.



LITTLE
PRATTLE
OVER
A BOOK OF PRINTS.
WITH
EASY TALES
FOR CHILDREN.



LONDON:

Published by W^m Darton and Jo^h Harvey,
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WE have often heard of a dog's head in a pottage pot, but very seldom seen a dog's head in a saucepan! The cats seem to be frightened, and well they may, if he knocks the saucepan against

the floor and howls at the same time. But how very quiet the boy stands! Why does he not help the poor dog to get his head out?

Instead of laughing at the poor animal's distress, if he was a good boy, he would endeavour to release him.

We should not hurt or ill-treat dogs, for, to their kindness and courage many persons owe their lives.* A gentleman, whilst walking on the banks of a river, chanced, by a slip of his foot, to

* See Anecdotes, of Dogs, just published, by Joseph Taylor.

fall in. The water was very deep, and, as he could not swim, he might have been drowned, had not his large Newfoundland dog, which always accompanied him in his walks, plunged into the river and dragged him out.

As little James was returning from school one evening, he missed a book out of his satchel: as it was too late for him to go back, he called his little dog, Tartar, and said, go back! go back. Tartar obeyed, and soon returned with the book; having found it in a field near the school.

See! here is a dog worry-
ing a poor sow. I hope the
little boy is not setting the



dog on, but trying to drive
him away with his hat.

Some children take de-
light in seeing dogs fight; this

is very cruel sport. They would seldom quarrel with each other, were they not set on by naughty boys; for they are very kind and affectionate animals. Did you ever hear the story of George, the farmer's son?

He was sent one morning a distance of eight miles, to pay for a colt his father had bought some days before.

The lad, with his terrier Cato, arrived at the place without any accident; but on his return he took a wrong road, and thus lost his way. Having wandered about a

long time, he began to cry, when Cato, as if he knew and pitied his young master's distress, ran a great distance, with his nose to the ground. At last having found the scent, he returned, and expressed his joy by barking and jumping upon the lad, who followed him closely, and by this means got safe home.

THE DOG'S PETITION.

O give me, George, a bit of meat :
You may that morsel spare.

'Twill make you ill so much to eat :
Don't pick that bone so bare.

It is beneath a pretty boy,
A paltry bone to gnaw :
Yet I'll accept it with great joy.—
Do drop it in my paw.

Well pleas'd I fetch and carry all
That you may for me throw ;
The crumpled paper, stick, and ball.—
Do pray your bounty show.



See how patiently the cow stands to be milked. It is a pity to take the calves from their mothers, but if the farmers did not, we should have no milk to make puddings, or cream for our tea. Butter is made of churned cream, and cheese of curds. In summer, cows eat the sweet grass and field flowers; and in winter they are taken into the stable, and fed with hay, turnips, or cabbages.

O pretty maid! she has been to milk the cow, and now is going home with a

pailful, which she is carrying
to her master's house.



A lady was one day walk-
ing in the fields, with her lit-

tle girl, and met this pretty maid with her pail on her head. Dear mamma, said Jane, how rosy and beautiful she looks. Yes, replied her mother, because she rises early, and goes out into the open air. She is industrious, therefore, healthy and cheerful. But, mamma, how well she walks! she must have learned to dance.

It is very unlikely a milkmaid should have had a dancing master. No, Jane; it depends on ourselves to sit upright and step gracefully.

Who is this little child in a go-cart? I believe it is Charles. See how kind the



nurse is. She is teaching him to walk, and says, take care Charles; now this way Charles. If he can be taught

to amuse himself in the go-cart, she will be able to sit down and work at her needle; but even then he must be watched, or he may overset the little cart and hurt himself.

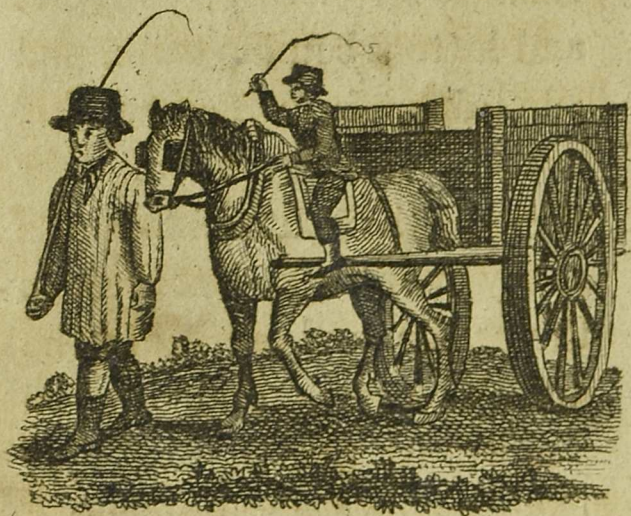
Were children left to themselves, they would never wash their hands or faces. or comb their hair; they should therefore be very thankful to those who will take the trouble to do it for them, and not stamp with their feet on the floor, nor cry and bore their eyes with

their knuckles, as I have seen some do.

Little birds soon begin to hop and peck about, and get their own living; puppies and kittens can lap milk, and run about in a few weeks; and fowls eat grass soon after their birth; but children are many months laid to rest in the cradle, and carried in the nurse's arms, and several years must pass before they can provide for themselves.

Since little boys and girls are thus helpless and dependant, how kind, obedient, and good natured they should be.

The carter has set his little boy on the horse. I hope Giles will not strike him with



the whip in his hand, lest the horse should be frightened, and run away with the cart, Giles and all. How pretty he

looks! I hope he will not get down and ride upon the shafts. A great many accidents have happened by this foolish practice.

The waggoners often, by sitting on the shafts, lose their lives; for being tired, they sometimes fall asleep, and if thrown down the wheels go over their bodies, and they are crushed to death. But let us hope this carter will take good care of little Giles, and that Giles will mind what is said to him.

THE CRIPPLE.

A lady was sitting on one of the seats in Hyde Park, whilst her son, a fine spirited boy of five years old, ran about, and amused himself with playing at what is called hop, step, and jump!

On a sudden he stopped short, and very gravely returned to his mamma. What is the matter Henry? said she, are you tired, or have you hurt yourself?

Henry, for answer, pointed to a child who was passing by them at the moment; his legs

were bent inwards, and being otherwise very much deformed, he was forced to support himself on crutches; his face was pale and sickly, and he looked hungry and dejected.

It is a poor little cripple, said his mamma, but you are not frightened at him, Henry, are you? O no, mamma: but whilst I was playing, he looked so sorrowfully at me, as if he would say, I wish I could play; therefore I left off running and skipping, that he might not think I made game of him, in boasting my limbs were perfect when he

had lost the use of his. Mamma, shall I run and give him the sixpence you gave me yesterday.



THE BORROWED WIG.

A gentleman, who had a wig which usually hung on a peg in one of his rooms, lent it to an acquaintance, and some time after called to see him. He had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. After some time spent in conversation, the vi-

sitor departed; but the dog
stayed behind, sitting quietly,
looking the man in the face,



then making a sudden spring,
he seized the wig, and ran
off with it as fast as he could;

and when he reached home,
he endeavoured by jumping
to hang it up in its usual
place.



The mouse is caught;
what is the little girl doing?
holding up the kitten to it.



Take care, little girl, or the
cat will fly at you and scratch
your face and neck: she

looks very savage, and does not like her kitten to be handled.

Rats and mice do a great deal of mischief, by eating our provisions, gnawing the boards, and destroying the corn; and it is right to endeavour to kill them; but this should be done as quick as possible, for it is very cruel to tease and torment any living creature.

I have seen children run pins into cockchaffers, saying that it was pretty to see them spin. The poor little insects are at such times writhing in

the utmost torture, and feel as much pain as boys and girls would, were they to be run through the body with swords. Young Frank was very fond of this cruel sport, but his father punished him in a very just manner. On finding him busily employed, in pulling off the wings and legs of a poor butterfly he had caught, he took only a few of his hairs, and plucked them out by the roots. Frank cried sadly with pain, but never again tore flies to pieces.

DANGER ON THE ICE.



This print shews the dangerous state of some boys,

who were one winter's day sliding on the brick ponds in Lock's Fields, near Walworth, when the ice breaking, two of the lads fell into the water, one of whom was, by the assistance of an old man, saved with great difficulty, but the other was drowned. As there were many boys on the same spot, it was well that no more suffered a similar death.

One of the boys was convinced of the danger of this amusement, and was resolved never to go on the ice again. When he went to

school the next morning, he frankly told his master the peril he had been in; upon which he was desired to make it a subject for the English Exercise he had to write that day.

At twelve o'clock, he with much modesty put into his master's hand the following

VERSES.

The day was very cold indeed,

The fields were spread with snow;
And silly boys take little heed

A sliding when they go.

The ice may be as paper thin,

Tho' seeming like the ground;
It cracks and breaks, when boys fall in.

'Tis thus poor boys are drown'd.

They rise up once, they rise up twice,
Appearing at the brink,
And try to grasp the slipp'ry ice,
Then down again they sink.

On ice then, if there's so much harm,
On ground in safety play,
And exercise will keep you warm,
Tho' cold the winter day.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

A Redbreast flew from the thickest part of a yew tree, which grew at the bottom of a gentleman's garden, and unfortunately was seen by Edward and Lucy, who were playing not far off.

I am sure there is a nest in that old tree, said Edward, and I will seek it; so now for a race. On reaching the spot they put aside the branches, and in the centre beheld a nest, with five eggs in it. Here it is, cried the little fellow; now, Lucy, I will get it, and give you two and keep three for myself; for I deserve the odd one for my trouble. This mode of division, did not, however, satisfy Lucy; who, on pretence of having first seen the bird fly from the tree, claimed the fifth egg.

The dispute growing high, their elder sister, who heard them from the window, came out to enquire what was the matter. On hearing that the subject of their contention was a bird's nest, she endeavoured to divert their attention from it for the time, and then begged, as a favour to herself, that they would not go near the tree until she permitted them. As they were very fond of their sister, on account of her being kind and indulgent to them, they promised they would not, and they kept their word.

A considerable time elapsed, and they expected every day to be led to the tree; when one morning, whilst they were sitting at breakfast, the window being open, a Redbreast alighted on a rose bush, and began warbling in a style which delighted his little hearers.

Mary, said Edward to his eldest sister, may I throw him some crumbs of bread? Stop, she replied, I fear you will frighten him away; let me first entice him in. She threw the crumbs, and managed the Redbreast with such

tender and skilful address, that the little songster ventured to hop on the edge of the window. But he was not alone; to the astonishment and joy of Edward and Lucy he was followed by his mate and five young ones. In a short time some of them ventured upon the breakfast-table, they picked up the bread-crumbs, and put their little bills into the slop-bason.

Are you pleased? said Mary. O dear sister, replied the children, very much so. What lovely birds! how beautiful are the feathers of the old

ones. What red breasts! I hope they will come and breakfast with us every morning.

You may thank me for the pleasure you now enjoy, said Mary; these are the very little birds which were in the eggs you would have taken and destroyed, had I not prevented you.



MORE MISCHIEF!

PLAYING WITH GUNPOWDER.



Playing with gunpowder is, of all sports, the most dangerous. Boys are very fond

of letting off squibs and crackers, but many have severely repented the consequences of this amusement. These two naughty boys have blown the poor woman's sausages into the air; but I fear, from the furious looks of the dog, that they will suffer for the trick. He is ready to fly upon them, and revenge the mischief done to his mistress.

How many accidents have happened on rejoicing days, particularly on the 5th of November!

As we commemorate an escape from the dreadful ef-

fects of gunpowder, it is rather absurd that it should, on that day, be made the principal agent for amusement.

There is no article so much to be dreaded as gunpowder; the mills where it is manufactured are frequently blown up, and the workmen killed.

Some years back a very melancholy accident happened near Moorfields, at the house of a maker of serpents, squibs, and crackers; a spark fell upon the powder, whereby the house was burnt, and several persons lost their lives.

Oh! poor bird. What distress the little boy and girl are in; and no wonder, for



the loss of a favourite animal gives us great sorrow.

I hope these children did not neglect their bird, and leave the cage on the ground or the door open. It is cruel to confine birds, be they ever so well treated; they would rather live among the trees and bushes, and fly through the air at full liberty.

THE CAT AND THE BIRD.

The dismal growl of puss the cruel,
The knell is of my feather'd jewel.
My pretty bird, that sang for me,
No more I neither hear nor see.

No more he'll hop at my command,
To peck the apple in my hand;
His death was pussy's fault, not mine;
I'm sorry, but I must not whine.

Here is a little family re-
moving to their habitation:



how happy and contented
they all look.

It is not riches that make
people happy; those who

are honest and industrious
are always so. This poor
man with his wife and chil-
dren, may be more cheerful
than many persons who tra-
vel in a coach and six.

I wonder what they are
saying. I think, by the looks
of the little boy, that his mo-
ther is singing a song.

My pretty baby do not cry,
But listen to my song;
At home we shall be by and by,
Altho' the way be long.

Well pleas'd you see your brother Jack
In pannier sits and smiles;
Well pleas'd our afs, tho' on his back
He's carried us some miles.

Your father walks, he's happy too,
Tho' our poor afs's guide ;
Well pleas'd that I, and Jack, and you,
All at our ease can ride.

And when we near our home shall come,
That's by the barley mow,
Our little dog, to welcome home,
Will joyful bark, bow, wow.

Then pretty baby do not cry,
But listen to my song ;
At home we shall be by and by,
Altho' the way be long.



A Spanish sailor, on board
an English man of war, was
sentenced to receive a hun-
dred lashes for neglect of
duty. The dread of punish-
ment had such an effect on

the poor man's mind, that, to avoid it, he preferred death and leaped overboard.

A midshipman, named Edmund, who saw the fall, jumped after him, and had the good fortune to save his life; and at his intercession the captain pardoned his fault. The ship was soon after paid off, and the crew separated. Many years elapsed, when Edmund was given the command of a vessel, bound to the Brazils in South America, but by contrary winds it was driven on the coast of Spain, and wrecked

near Capé Finisterre. The crew saved themselves by swimming, and Edmund, with the rest, sought shelter in a handsome house near the sea side. He had no sooner told his story than the owner of the house fell at his feet, and with tears embraced his knees. Edmund looked stedfastly at him, and recollected the features of the poor sailor whom he had saved from death and shame. The Spaniard having enriched himself by trade, gave Edmund money, provisions, and clothes, and they parted with mutual regret.



I believe Pompey will never learn to read, he would rather run about and bark; but provided they do not beat or ill-treat the dog, for being unable to obey, there

is no harm in trying to teach a dog or cat to read; for little children may thus improve themselves. I knew a little girl who always repeated her lessons to her doll, and took great pains in pretending to teach her. By this means, when she was nine years of age, she read and spelt better than many girls of thirteen.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

Frederick, who was a good-natured boy, had so great an affection for a poor lad

who was brought into his father's house to wait upon him, that, with the consent of his tutor, he taught him to read. Though Robert had a good heart, he sometimes forgot himself; for being permitted one morning to go and see his mother, he treated her so disrespectfully, that she shed tears at his unkindness. On his return home he by chance saw a bible open on the table, and casting his eyes on these words, "Honour thy father and thy mother," he ran back, and with tears begged his dear mother's forgiveness.

Here is a charming picture!
Sophia and Caroline drawing
their little sisters, Lucy
and Charlotte, in a chaise.



How kind and affectionate
are the elder girls, and how
pretty and cheerful the little
ones appear.

When they reached home, Caroline being fatigued, asked Charlotte to take her bonnet up stairs and put it in the band box; which small request the little girl refused. But at night, when she recollected her sister's kindness in drawing her in the chaise, and her own ill-nature, she could not sleep. Quitting her bed, she went gently over to that of Caroline, and kissing her, said, Dear sister, forgive me. I never will be cross to you again. The delighted Caroline returned her kisses with eagerness.

Behold the sad effects of
a mischievous boy, who had
secretly tied his dog's tail to



the poor saloop man's table-
cloth; then running off, left
his companion to bear a share
of the blame, if not to be

scalded by the boiling saloop. This was very wicked, as well as mischievous, because the poor man lost the means of gaining his living.

It would be but justice to punish such boys on the spot; for spiteful boys generally make wicked men. The poor dog is frightened also. Animals, when worried, often run mad, and then it is dreadful to think of the mischief they may do. Those who are unfortunately bit by mad dogs are mostly shot, or smothered between two feather-beds.

Alfred, armed with a little stick, ran from bed to bed, and wherever he saw a bee sipping the juices from a flower, he aimed a stroke, which, from the dexterity he had attained by frequent practice, generally proved fatal. His friends had often reprimanded his mischievous wantonness, and warned him of the sting, and not long after their words were fulfilled; he returned, roaring with pain, having been stung in the hand by a bee, which he designed to kill, but could only wound. His mamma, with-

out shewing any marks of pity, extracted the sting, and then bade him return and kill the bees. This advice he was not inclined to follow; but sat down in a corner of the room, and sulked and cried until the tea-things were brought in. He then joined his brothers and sisters, who all crowded joyfully round the table; their kind mamma having this evening promised them a feast. It soon appeared: a large piece of honey-comb was placed on the table, and the children joyfully received some ho-

ney spread on bread. Mamma, said Alfred, you have forgot me. Alfred, replied his mamma, tell me who makes honey? Bees, mamma. What have you been doing since dinner? Killing bees, said he, half ashamed. And can you then ask for honey?

Though Alfred promised never to be guilty of the same fault, he was not suffered to touch the honey; but he ever after remembered the pain he had received, and the pleasure he had been deprived of.



O stop the horse! the poor children will be killed! Who could have been so wicked as to put them on, or did they foolishly climb up themselves. The horse has kicked the dog, and I suppose it is dead.

How frightened the poor boy looks, and well he may; for there is no doubt of himself and little sister being sadly hurt.

A gentleman in Surry had a son about ten years of age, whom he one day left to hold his horse, whilst he went through the park to speak to a friend who lived about a hundred yards off. Now remember, William, said the gentleman, to hold the bridle steady, and do not play with the horse nor strike him, but above all do not mount on his back. William pro-

mised faithfully to mind what his father had commanded him, but no sooner was he out of sight than he led the horse to the stump of a tree, and climbed on the saddle. The first thing the father saw on his return was the horse at full gallop, dragging with him the poor boy, whose foot was entangled in the stirrup. The horse was stopped, but William was dead.

THE HUNGRY DOG.



Do not beat him ; he suffers enough from being scalded. No doubt the poor creature was hungry. How pitiful he looks, and I suppose howls lamentably.

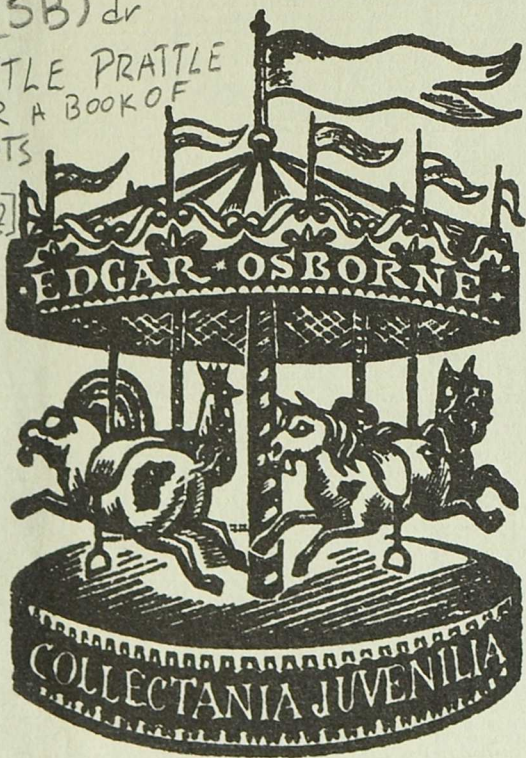
I should think this man is a gipsy. These people travel about in large companies, and dress their food in the open air, as you see in this print. They are accused of stealing poultry, and taking linen which is left on the hedges to dry.

How much better it would be, if these gipsies would settle, and work for their living, instead of wandering from place to place, telling fortunes, which is only a pretence for stealing.



This lad is watering a horse; by the oddness of his shape and the thickness of his legs, he seems to be a horse for use more than shew.

(SB) dr
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