The
Little Prattler; or,
Dame Teachwell's
First
Picture Book
Darton. 1815

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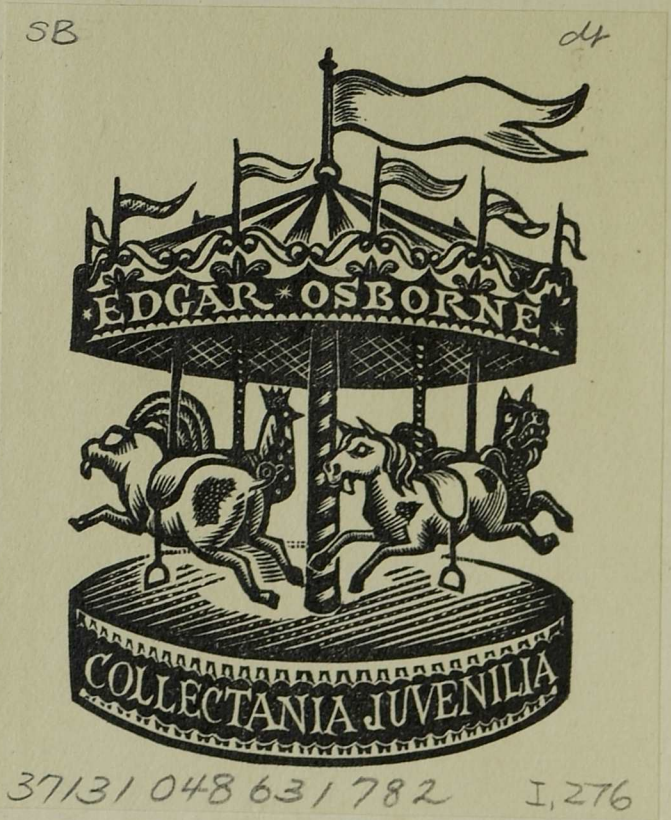
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Aunt's love to Lee

THE LITTLE PRATTLER;

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DAME TEACHWELL'S

FIRST

PICTURE-BOOK.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,
No. 55, Gracechurch-Street.

1815.

THE

LITTLE PRATTLER, &c.

THE GOATS.

Dame Teachwell. Now, little Prattler, let us look at the Pictures, and talk about them.

Prattler. Pray let me see. O! the first is a picture of three goats: one appears to be white, the second is black, and the other grey. The white one is standing near the edge of a rock: I should be afraid to stand there.

Dame. It would be very unsafe, indeed, for a child to stand in such a place; but as goats are formed to live among mountains, and climb the steep rocks, they can jump from one craggy place to another without danger.

THE SWANS.

Prattler. Look at the pretty swans: how tame they are, and how clean and white they look. They are not afraid of the little girl and the woman. Where are they going?

Dame. O, this is little Jane, with her mother: they are going to market, with butter and eggs in their baskets.

THE SHEEP.

Prattler. Of what use are sheep? they appear to be very lazy. Not one of them is doing any thing.

Dame. O, what a simple child, to ask such a question. Is not mutton the flesh of sheep? and do we not clothe ourselves with the wool off their backs? In winter, we should all be very cold, if they did not afford us this warm covering. So, though sheep seem to be idle they are not useless.

THE MILK-MAID.

Dame. The milk-maid has just done milking her cows: she holds the stool in her hand on which she sat to milk.

Prattler. But what is that piece of wood for, which she carries across her shoulders?

Dame. O, that is a yoke: it enables her to carry the milk-pails with greater ease.

THE KITE.

Prattler. That is a nice large kite: I wish I knew how to make such a one.

Dame. Charles Steady has just finished that kite; and what one little boy can do, another may learn to do also. We should ask some person to show us, and then, with care and pains, we shall generally succeed in doing many things that appear difficult.

Prattler. It would be very pleasant to fly a kite of one's own making, like Charles Steady, in the picture: so I will try to make one too.

GOING TO BED.

Dame. The little girl and boy before they go to bed, are saying one of the pretty hymns their good mamma has taught them: perhaps it is the one beginning,

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise:
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

Prattler. O, I can say that, and a great many more.

Dame. Very likely: but it is not saying them only that is of any service. We should attend to their meaning, and learn to be the better for them.

THE FARMER AND HIS FAMILY.

Prattler. That is a pretty little boy riding on a stick, and a pretty little girl with a doll in her hand. What is the farmer listening to?

Dame. Why, perhaps, to the noise made by Dolly and the pigs; or he may be saying,

> "I hear a little bird, but hark?
> I cannot see it any where:
> O! it is a little lark,
> Singing in the morning air."

THE BARROW OF VEGETABLES.

Prattler. Are these the same pigs which overthrew poor Dolly's pail?

Dame. That I cannot tell: but I suppose they follow the woman, to pick up the tops of carrots or turnips, that she may throw away.

THE GARDEN.

Dame. From the fruit in the barrow, we pass to the flowers in the garden:

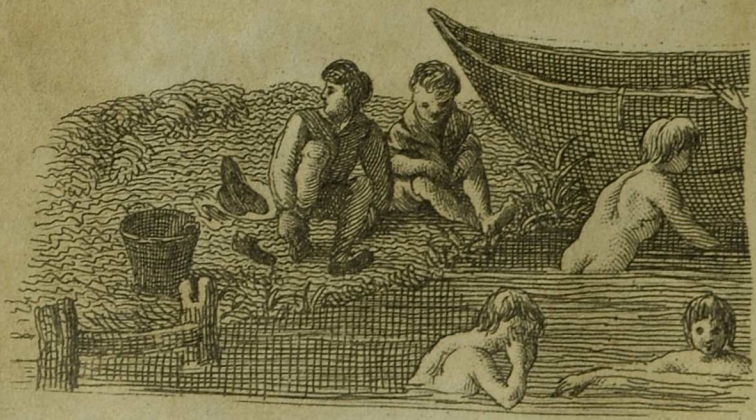
"Where pinks and roses join,
To beautify the scene;
The lovely jessamine,
Bespangled white or green:
The passion-flow'r lives a day,
Then droops, grows faint, and dies away."

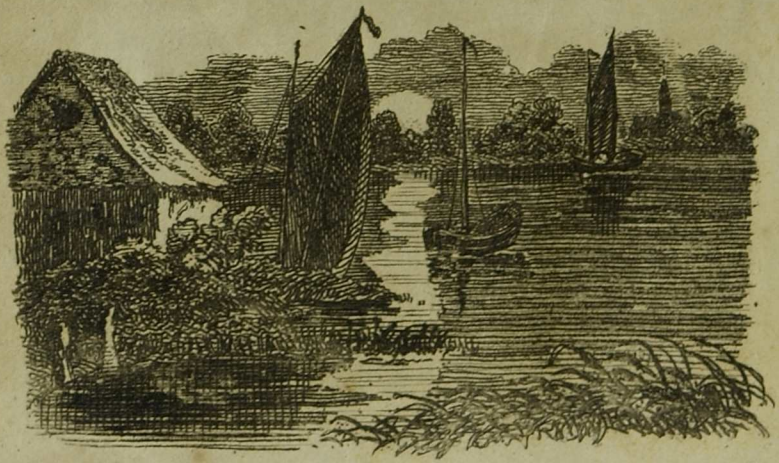
Prattler. Who made those verses!

Dame. They were written, my dear, by Susannah Wilson, a humble servant maid.

DRAWING AND MAPS.

Prattler. What are these girls looking at. O, I suppose one of them has just finished that painting of flowers.





Dame. And the boys below are amusing themselves with looking over some maps; where they may trace the voyages of those who have sailed round the world, or travelled through the dreary desert, secure from the danger of being drowned in the deep sea, hurt from being overturned in a carriage, or devoured by wild beasts in a wilderness.

THE TOY-WOMAN.

Prattler. That kind father is buying some toys for his children. Among so many sorts, I should hardly know which to choose.

Dame. I would recommend them to buy a pretty little book; because toys are so soon broken, and a book will last a long time with proper care.

BATHING.

Prattler. Dear me, I think it must be very comfortable to bathe in the cool river, when the weather is very hot in summer.

Dame. I think so too; but little boys should not go into deep places, by themselves, till they have learnt to swim.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Prattler. That man's face wants washing: it looks very dirty.

Dame. Yes: he is a blacksmith. It is a very dirty trade, though a very useful one. It would be of little service for him to wash his face till he has done work, for it would be dirty again in a short time, from the smoke of his forge.

HAYMAKING.

Prattler. Why is the grass cut down, and made into hay?

Dame. If the grass were not cut down and spread about to be dried by the sun and wind, it would rot upon the ground, and not be in a fit state to give to the horses and cattle to eat.

Prattler. All the people seem to be hard at work, except the man and woman nearest to us: what are they talking about?

Dame. That is a question not easily answered; and little boys should not be too curious.

Prattler. In the next picture, the little boy has a nice soft seat, on the cart-load of hay, only he should take care not to slide off.

Dame. Yes: they are taking the hay to the farm-yard, to be made into a stack.

GIRLS PLAYING.

Prattler. What are these little girls doing?

Dame. One of them has a doll's bonnet in her hand, and a little basket by her side; and she appears to be talking to the little girl who is taking care of her younger sister. The little girl between them seems to be very attentive to what is going forward; and as there is a doll lying on the grass, that is most likely the subject of their discourse.

CARRYING CORN TO THE MILL.

Prattler. The sack of corn is slipping off the ass's back, and the farmer's man is trying to hold it up, while his master fastens it on the other side.

Dame. When it is securely fastened, they will proceed to the mill, to get their wheat ground into flour.

RETURNING FROM WORK.

Prattler. This girl has a very heavy load of wood.

Dame. I suppose the man intends to take some of the wood with him on the horse; for he has already got one piece in his hand. The boy and his dogs are trudging very cheerfully along, without seeming to notice the man and his daughter.

THE TRAVELLER.

Prattler. This is a pleasant view of a town at distance. Is that man going to the town?

Dame. Perhaps he may: but he must first procure a boat to carry him over the water. If he is going another way, let us wish him a pleasant journey, and a safe return.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

Dame. These two children have taken a walk to the field, to gather butter-flowers and daisies. I hope they will not injure the farmer, by treading down his grass too much.

Prattler. I have read some pretty verses in "Rhymes for the Nursery," about a daisy: it says,

> "Little lady, when you pass
> Lightly o'er the tender grass,
> Skip about, but do not tread
> On my meek but healthy head;
> For I always seem to say,
> 'Surly winter's gone away.'"

THE COTTAGER'S FAMILY.

Dame. The peasant's family is collected round his humble dwelling, and some appear to be reading, others listening.

Prattler. And there is a lad with a stick: he looks like a sailor. Altogether, I think it makes a pretty picture.

HORSES WATERING.

Prattler. One, two, three, four, five horses, and three men. What are they all doing here?

Dame. These are horse-dealers returning from a fair, and now they are watering their horses. I would have said more about them, if I had more room; but as I have not, I must here make an end of my First Picture Book.

THE END.

Printed by Darton, Harvey, and Co.
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