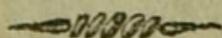


THE  
Magic Lantern.



Ladies and Gentlemen pray  
walk in,  
And see my Raree-Show.

THE  
Magic Lantern:



WHEREIN  
YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
MAY OBSERVE THEIR OWN  
RESEMBLANCE.

---

Shou'd you in this real mirror view  
The form which you possess;  
To *other's merit's* still be true  
And make *your follies* less.

---

York:

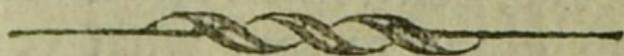
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1802.

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THE  
MAGIC LANTERN.



HOW must we amuse ourselves this evening. What shall we do, William, to divert your cousins? Ah, listen! I hear the Magic Lanthorn.

Pray, mama, let us see it.

So you shall, my dears. Tell Betty to call the Savoyard, or man that shows the Magic Lanthorn.

Here he is: Does not this little boy who attends the Magic Lanthorn play very well on the cymbal? and yet he never was taught to play. He does not know a single note of music: all that he knows he has learned himself.

Attend to what the man is going to shew you. Sit down, and observe.

---

Observe, gentlemen and ladies, for you are going to see, what you are going to see.

Now then, first, here is little Mr. Wise, who is learning his lesson. See how attentive he is.

O, I am very sure that the little gentleman will be a clever fellow.

---

Ah, here is another who will never be learned. It is Master IDLE.

Look, instead of studying, he is trying to catch flies, when his governess does not see him. His governess leaves the room for a moment, and the lazy boy throws his book aside, and goes to play. But he is taken in the fact. His governess enters when he least expects it, and now he is ashamed of himself.

---

Look at the next. It is Miss MARGARET. See what a black face she has. This is because she has told a falsehood. To punish her, they have blackened her face, as you see. Ah! if all the children who utter falsehoods were punished in this manner, there are few, I believe, who would dare to do so.

---

Here is little master REFRACTORY, of whom you have heard speak. He will not eat his dinner; he roars, he cries, he wants to have some pye: but Mr. Reform comes; he sends him away from table, and sentences him to have nothing for his dinner but a piece of dry bread. Mr. Reform humours nobody.

Gentlemen and Ladies, if you have any naughty children, send for Mr. Reform.

---

Have you ever seen Thomas Violent? He is a very fine boy (if it is possible to be a fine boy without being good); but he is so capricious, and so naughty, that nobody likes to see him.

If he is hungry, and wishes for bread, instead of speaking properly, and saying: pray give me a piece of bread, he says rudely, and as if he spoke to a horse, Give me some bread—I want it: and if it is not given to him immediately, he cries, he grunts like a little hog.

But, yesterday, he received a lesson, which, I believe, he will for a long-time remember. He took it into his head, not to suffer himself to be washed, nor dressed.

The poor maid, whose patience was at an end, perceived in the street Mr. Reform.

Ah, good day, Mr. Reform, cried she at the window: where have

you been to-day, sir? You seem much displeas'd. Is it because you have heard my little Thomas crying? He makes a terrible noise.

Yes, Madam, said Mr. Reform, I came on purpose to ask you what noise this is? I hear that little master is often naughty, and that he is not quiet when he is wash'd, nor when he is dress'd. This child is, then, very fantastic and unmanageable? Lead me to him, and I will make him a good boy.

Then he goes himself to where master Thomas was still in bed, and as he hears him crying, while yet on the staircase, I will not be wash'd—I will not—I will remain dirty—I will remain naked.—You will, said Mr. Reform, you will?—Say you so, master Thomas? You are then master here. Ah! little boy, you have your own way; we shall soon see if I cannot teach you better than this.

He takes him in his arms, carries him to the garden, and then he plunges him into a large tub.

Now, says he to him, what do you think of the matter, master Thomas? Do you still say that you will not be washed? If ever that comes into your head again, I will leave you a long while in this tub; and if you will not be dressed, in the morning I will come and whip you well. Do you hear me? See, I have here very good rods, and I have always found them hurt little children much. Take care of yourself.

Little Thomas then promised that he would be sure, for the future, never to say; I will not be washed;—I will not be dressed;—I will remain as I am.

I am sure that he will keep his word, and that he will always be very tractable.

This Mr. Reform is a very terrible man. O, if you were to see how stately he walks along! with what a deliberate pace! and how ready he always is to do to little naughty untractable children, just what he did yesterday to little Thomas.

---

There was once a very little boy, (for if he had been bigger, I dare say that he would have been more wise; but he was not much higher than this table): his name was Julius.

His mama sent him one day to school. The weather was very fine; the sun shone, and the sky was without clouds; and the birds sung in the thickets. Little Julius loved better to run in the fields, than to go and confine himself with his books.

He asked a little girl who accompanied him, if she would go and play with him.

My friend, I have something else to do, than to play. When I have led you to school, I must go to the other end of the village, to buy some wool, for my mother to spin; otherwise, she will be without work, and, then, she would get no money to buy any bread.

A moment after, he saw a bee which flew from one flower to another. Julius said to the little girl: I should be very well pleased to go and play with the bee.

But the bee has something else to do than to play, she replied; he is employed in flying from flower to flower to gather materials to make honey with in his hive.

Then he happened to pass a dog, of which the skin was white, and covered with large liver-coloured spots. Little Julius would have been very willing to play with him.

But a hunter who was near, suddenly whistled. Immediately the dog ran towards his master, followed him into the fields, and was not long before he sprung a partridge which the sportsman shot for his dinner.

Little Julius continued his way, and, presently saw, at the foot of a hedge, a little bird who flitted gaily. Oh! see here is one at play all by himself, said he; he will perhaps be very glad that I should go and play with him!

O, no! for that matter, replied the girl, this little bird has much else to do than to play with little boys. He must collect hay and wool, and moss, to build his nest.

In short, while she was speaking, the bird flew away, holding in his bill a large piece of hay, which he had found, and perched upon a lofty tree, in the foliage of which he had begun to build his nest.

At length, little Julius found a horse by the side of a meadow. He wished to play with him.

But there came a husbandman who led away the horse, saying to Julius: My horse has something else to do than to play with you, my boy. He must help me to plough my fields, otherwise, the corn will not grow, and we shall not have any bread.

Then little Julius began to consider, and he soon said to himself: since every thing that I see is employed, and has no time for play, I must needs employ myself likewise, and find something better to do than play. I will go strait to school, and learn my lessons.

He went strait to school, learned his lessons to admiration, and received the praises of his master. This was not all, his mama being informed of his good behaviour, said: Julius, you love to play; why

have you not asked me to play with you? I know a very pretty game: I will teach it to you, with your sisters, and we may amuse ourselves with it to-morrow.

---

Ah, look at the two masters Foolish-head, and the two misses Bird! How disdainful they are! how stiff-necked they are! They do not look at those who salute them. Do you know the reason? It is because they have fine clothes. But observe how they are laughed at; and how every one sneers who passes them.

---

Ah, ha! here is Miss Henrietta, who, while her governess is gone out of the room, mounts a chair to look out at the window. She has a fork in her hand, for she has not yet finished her dinner, and she dances upon the chair. But alas! her chair is overturned. Miss Hen-

rietta falls. She has wounded herself in her left arm.

Happily her eye has escaped, for she might have pierced the pupil. How the poor thing cries. It is because she is in great pain. But this is not all: the disaster will cause her, perhaps, to continue maimed all her life.

---

Here is the little Francis, who is scarcely more wise than Henrietta. He has climbed a tree to look for birdnests. A branch breaks, and little Francis tumbles. He is not killed on the spot; but surely he will never recover. See where he is carried to his parents. How afflicted his mother is! How she reproaches herself for having suffered him to go out alone.

Little boys, do not climb trees, if you would avoid breaking your necks, like little Francis!

---

Ah: look at Miss Jane, who is in the corner with her finger in her mouth, and who pouts because her mama will not give her a new doll: and yet she does not deserve it: for she has not finished her task.

---

Look again! here are all the masters Frolic. How mischievous they are! See, one, who overturns the candles. Another, sprinkles water on the passengers with a syringe. There is a third who goes to listen at doors. But he is well punished, and I do not believe that he will do so again. He is surprised while listening at a door; he is corrected in the manner that he deserves. O, how he cries! but so much the worse for him: What could he be going to do at the door?

---

But admire Miss Adelaide. See how modest she is, how serious,

how gentle ! Observing how sensible she is, people imagine her old ; but she is only six years. Look, as she is going to school. she meets a poor little girl, who seems to be very hungry. Miss Adelaide cannot give her money because she has none ; but she gives her her own breakfast. O, how good Miss Adelaide is ! God will certainly bless her, for God blesses children who have good hearts.

---

Little Maria is a charming child, and above all, she is very polite.

She never forgets to say, Madam, if it is a lady who speaks to her ; or Sir, if it is a gentleman : so that she is commonly called, the amiable Maria.

The other day, a lady who came to see her mama called to her : Come, my little dear, that I may kiss you, because you are very good. Here, also, is a new doll,

and a little tea-table, which I have brought you.

Little Maria made a fine curtesy, and said: I am very much obliged to you, Madam: afterward, she run to shew these play-things to her sister; for she shared with her all her amusements. She lets her play with her baby-house, and all her little toys; and when she has apples, gooseberries, or cakes, she shares them also. She always gives half to her sister.

She is also very fond of work. It is for this reason that her mama has taught her to hem and to stitch. I have seen a gown which she made for her doll herself. Her mama, to reward her, gave her a pair of little scissars, and a pretty embroidered work-bag. I am sure that Maria will take great care of them.

---

Eugenia is not a glutton, that is

is certain. Here is a little circumstance that proves what I say.

A few days ago, she paid a visit to master Young, and found him eating little cakes and bread-and-butter.

Master Young very obligingly invited her to eat. But Eugenia said to him: I thank you, I never eat cakes or bread-and-butter. I shall be obliged to you to give me only a little piece of bread.

Mrs. Young intreated her in the most pressing manner not to refuse the cakes. Eat, then, these little cakes, my pretty dear, said she; I have bought them expressly for you, because we expected you. I am sure that a little piece would not do you any harm. They are very good.—Come, do me the pleasure of eating some.

Eugenia was too wise to do as she was invited. She, therefore, thanked Mrs. Young very sincere-

ly, saying: I must not eat them because papa and mama have expressly desired me never to eat butter, or pastry. I am sure that papa and mama know better than I what is good for me.

Truly, replied Mrs. Young, you are an amiable child. Here, my dear Eugenia, here is an apple and an orange. Eat these, I beg, for I do not think that they are forbidden you.

Eugenia received them with gratitude, and offered a part of each to her little friend.

When Eugenia returned home, this lady sent with her a little letter for her mama, in which she said:

“ How happy you are, madam,  
 “ in having so docile a child! Eu-  
 “ genia has behaved with us, as if  
 “ you had been there. We have  
 “ not been able to persuade her to  
 “ accept tarts, nor little cakes, be-  
 “ caase you have forbidden her to

“eat such things.” Eugenia’s mother kissed her affectionately. Her papa, equally pleased with her obedience, bestowed on her also many caresses, and the next morning, he gave her a pretty watch.

Eugenia was much better pleased with her watch than with cakes, which would be eat in a moment. She will play, on the other hand, a very long while with this pretty toy.

But that which will make Eugenia still happier, is the affection of her papa, and of her mama.

---

Julia was a very heedless little girl. Not a single day passed in which she did not do some harm to herself, or to other persons.

Her mama had expressly forbidden her to handle knives, or to touch the fire, or lighted candles. But when she was out of the presence of her mama, she thought no

more of her advice, nor of her commands.

She had been one day left alone with her little sister, Sophy, only for a few minutes. Instead of taking care of her sister, who was some years younger than herself, Julia let her take a knife which had been left by accident on the table.

Poor little Sophia, not knowing yet, that knives could do her a great deal of harm, took one in her little hands, and cut four fingers to the bone: so that she suffered the most dreadful pain, and remained lame of one hand for the rest of her life.

The next day, Julia wanting to pick up a needle which she had dropped, took from the table a lighted candle, and put it on the ground. In stooping heedlessly, she advanced her head so near to the candle, that the flame suddenly took her hair, without any one be-

ing able to stop it. The fire soon burnt her cap, and all her hair. Her head was covered with great blisters, and her cheeks, even, did not escape.

A long time passed away before she was cured; and as long as she lives, there will remain upon her face two deep wounds, to teach to all the children who see her, how much injury they may do themselves by the heedlessness of a single moment.

---

I will tell you about little Mary Ward. Good child! I know her well.

When her governess tells her, Miss, hold up your head, she sets herself right, wonderfully well. Miss, walk as you ought; immediately, she turns out her toes.

In a word, little Mary always does as she is desired, and there is no need to speak to her twice.

Her parents have much pleasure in seeing her obey so cheerfully.

All the ladies of the neighbourhood love her exceedingly, and are delighted to have her at their houses, to play with their children.

Never did a naughty word escape her; and who can say that he ever saw her do a naughty action!

If any one speaks to her, she replies in a very polite manner, and speaks very distinctly, because she knows that it is not pretty to mutter, like little illbred girls, and to speak between her teeth.

I believe that there are few children like little Mary Ward!

---

Adriana had the fault of always putting out her tongue upon her under lip. Her papa had often told her that this was very naughty. Her mama had frequently told her the same thing; and her governess repeated it, also, every day. But

Adriana would not correct herself. All that she would do when she was reprimanded, was, only to shut her mouth a little, and to hang her head. This lolling of her tongue gave her the look of a little dunce.

Little Henry, her brother, had, likewise, a very sad fault, of which he would not correct himself any more than his sister, though he had been often told; this was, of never speaking to any one without elbowing the person to whom he spoke.

These two disobedient children were one day at breakfast together in the presence of their papa and mama.

Adriana, who was reprimanded, was in her usual attitude on this occasion, her tongue between her teeth, and hanging her head.

Henry said, eat, then, sister; and, at the same time, gave her a knock with his elbow, which struck

her under the chin. O, dear! O, dear! poor Adriana has bit her tongue, and she begins to cry!

Henry, who had not done this on purpose, sorry to see his sister cry, began to cry himself also.

Then their parents, to punish these two obstinate children, sent them away from their breakfast, to the apartment of their governess. They deserved this for their disobedience.

---

See, poor little Colin falling into the ditch. Let us run to help him.

O, how he bleeds! He must be very much hurt!

Who made you tumble into the ditch, my poor Colin?

Nobody, sir: I fell into it because I was running.

How! running? did you not see the ditch?

No, sir; I was amusing myself

by looking in the air, so I did not see the ditch.

You are heedless, Colin: and you, my dear Henry, remember that you must always look at that which you are about.

---

Jane always pays the greatest attention to her clothes.

Every evening, when going to bed, she puts her stockings, her petticoat, and frock, in the same place.

At dinner, she took only small mouthfuls, in order that her clothes might not be spoiled by spots.

When walking in the street, she carefully avoided the mud and dirt, and looked for the cleanest ways.

Not a single spot could be found upon her books; and she always washed her hands and face thoroughly.

For these reasons, all the other children admired Jane, and loved

to have her among their party, at play, and every where.

---

The next is Mary, who is come to scour an apartment: in truth, this is very necessary.

She will shake the carpets, she will brush our chairs and our stools; she will rub our tables and our drawers; she will not leave a grain of dust upon our furniture. We must not soil the carpet after she has cleaned it.

Mary will be angry; she will scold us exceedingly, if she sees us come into our chamber without having first well rubbed our shoes on the mat which is at the door.

There are little boys who spit upon the carpets and upon the floor.

Do you not think that these little boys are very naughty?

They would do well to spit in their handkerchiefs; and they

would do still better not to spit or blow their noses oftener than they can possibly help.

---

Beheld in the next view a landscape with a sheep walk.

They are going out of the fold.

See where they are grazing on the plain.

The shepherd is with them: his crook is in his hand.

A faithful dog accompanies them, and always walks by their side.

Look, there is a sheep that wishes to go into the adjoining field. The dog runs after him, and drives him back to the flock.

See what a gentle air these poor sheep have. They look at you. The little lambs follow you bleating.

Sheep are very useful to us.

Their flesh feeds us, and their

wool preserves us from the cold of winter.

With their wool is made good blankets, on which we sleep comfortably ; or, when industrious women have spun it into threads, this wool is made into stockings or caps.

If the wool is very fine, it is made into excellent cloaths for papa and for his little boy.

When the husbandman wishes to shear his sheep, he assembles his relations and his friends. The day of sheep-shearing is a day of mirth. All the family are merry.

The sheep appear pleased that their master unloads them of their fleece.

Before they shear the sheep, they wash them in the river.

There are many little children that are not so mild nor so docile as sheep. They cry and make a noise when any one washes or combs, or dresses and undresses them.

And here you see Miss SWEET-TOOTH, who takes a piece of sugar from the sugar-dish. She puts it into her mouth, and believes that nobody sees her. Nobody at all. Her mama sees her through the window; and now she enters the room, and scolds Miss Sweet-tooth, for liquorishness.

---

Here is a queer little fellow, with very sprightly eyes, and a frolicsome air. He amused himself by picking the feathers of a poor fowl, which strove to get away, and with all its strength. He would not have left it, I believe, a single feather, but 'suddenly the papa of the little man appeared. He delivered a fine remonstrance to his son, from whose head he pulled a few hairs in the way of reprisal, and he concluded by tying his hands behind his back.

One day, a little boy went into the fields to play, without the permission of his papa or of his mama, and without any person to take care of him.

In short, he did not know what to be about for he had no employment.

Thus it happened that he went to a very deep well, and amused himself by throwing stones, to make circles in the water, and to kill the poor frogs, who lived, as he supposed, at the bottom of this well.

Was not this very cruel? for they could not have done him any harm.

Having amused himself thus for some time, he wished to peep at the bottom of the well, to see if he could discover the frogs; but he advanced too far, and fell into the well.

Immediately he began to weep, and to cry for help with all his might; but no person heard him, unless some little boys who were too far off to hear what he said, or to come to his assistance: so that he was soon drowned.

His poor papa, and his poor mama, could not tell where he was. They searched, but in vain.

At length, a man went to draw water from the well, and found the little boy dead.

This news was soon carried to his parents, who were ready to die with grief for the loss of their son, who had died through his own folly; but for which, he might have lived many years to make his parents happy, and to do good to others.

---

Charles is a little boy of a good disposition, and always cheerful:

he never did any thing that was rude.

He is never out of humour when played with. One may jump him as much as one will.

When, however, one goes too far, and the play begins to displease him, he says, very sincerely: pray do not do so, sir: I shall be very much obliged to you to put me on the ground: and, immediately, one puts him on the ground, because he is always sincere.

He has a little cousin who lives in his father's house.

This little cousin is not half so good as Charles. Therefore no person loves him so well.

Charles is so gentle that all the world is desirous to please him.

His uncle has given him a cane, and his god-mother a fine plough.

I have also seen a pretty wind-mill, which was given because he applied diligently to his lesson,

which he spelt well; and because he begins to read like a scholar.

Charles never cries when he is in want of something which he cannot have; nor wants that which he sees in the hands of others.

When you are as sensible as Charles, all the world will love you, and you will be as happy as he.

---

Little Sarah minds the instant that she is spoken to.

When her parents call her, she goes straight to them, without giving them the trouble to call her twice.

If any one says to her: How do you do, my dear? How does your mamma do?

She replies immediately, like a great girl: Very well, sir, very well, madam, I thank you.

She says this so distinctly that every one can hear her..

There are little girls who reply

in so low a voice that they cannot be heard.

If you ask them to sing, they only lift their shoulders, hang their heads, and look like simpletons.

Sarah is much more amiable.

When she is asked for a little song, she begins immediately to sing.

We are particularly charmed with the care that she shows in cleaning her shoes before she enters the house.

She takes care to pull off her cloak and her gloves, and to put them in their place, without being told; for she loves regularity.

When she has done play, she collects her dolls and all her play things, and puts them in a box, so that nothing which is given her is mislaid.

She amuses herself by making clothes for the dolls of her sisters, who are too little to make them themselves.

She has a little dog which she loves very much : she calls him Cato : he is very droll.

His nose and feet are black, and his back is entirely white.

She gives him food every day with great care ; she never does him any harm ; but caresses him, and plays gently with him.

On this account, little Cato, wags his tail, and leaps with joy when he sees her.

Little Sarah is never in bad humour.

When she is at table, she asks for nothing, and eats what is given her, without desiring more.

She takes great care not to let any thing fall upon her clothes, and not to soil her fingers ; and, like a well bred young lady, she always helps herself with her fork.

This great quality occasions her papa and her mama to let her sit at table with them very frequently.

A little ill-behaved, disgusting girl, never has the advantage of being thus treated.

She is made to eat alone, in a little corner, or is sent into her own room.

---

I found the little Theresa much afflicted; she was become so ugly, so ugly that nobody liked to look at her!

How came Theresa to be, all at once, so ugly?

Because she told a falsehood to her mama.

She had taken the sugar that was on the table, and eaten it.

When her mama asked her where she found the sugar, she said: Mama, I did not find it, my aunt gave it to me.

Theresa felt that it was a very wrong thing to make such a reply, because she well knew that her aunt had not given her the sugar.

Her mama discovered the falsehood in her eyes, on her lips, and on all her countenance; for the little girls who tell falsehoods, appear to the eyes of their mama's all red and confused.

Her mama said to her: Come near me, Theresa.

Theresa went to her mama boldly, without fearing any thing.

Her mama tied a bandage over her mouth, with so much skill, that Theresa was as unable to speak a word, as if she had no tongue.

The mother of Theresa took the right way to punish this offence.

For she made it appear, that it is better for a little girl to have no tongue, than to use one in telling a falsehood.

Little Philip was not a story-teller, but the examples of his sister used him to falsehoods.

One day, his papa gave him a little cake. His mama asked him from whom he had it? Instead of saying the simple truth, Philip replied that he had found the little cake in the garden. Certainly he would not have been scolded, if he had replied as he naturally should: it was papa who gave it to me.

His mama was not long discovering the falsehood; and disliking to have children that were story-tellers near her, she sent Philip and his sister into the yard. They remained there in the cold all the day.

---

There was a little boy, who, in walking backward along a gallery for his diversion, comes to a staircase of which he has no thought; he rolls down the steps to the bottom, without being able to stop himself, and received twenty bruises on his forehead.

There was also another who would hang upon the back of a chair upon which his mama was seated. His mama rose suddenly. The weight of George's body pulled down the chair, which fell violently upon him. He fell upon his back, and received a great wound on his head. They carried him to bed, and went to find a surgeon to bleed him.

---

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen all that you have seen; and if we begin again you will see as much again; but if you are not satisfied I am going to give you back your money.

Sir, we are very well satisfied.

This little show is very amusing, and at the same time very useful; for in beholding certain faults, certain follies that are ridiculous in the children of fancy, real children learn to correct their own.



Mama, what does this little boy carry in the box at his back.

My dear, it is a Marmot, which is a sort of large mountain rat. He sleeps six months of the year; that is, all the time that it is cold: it is not till the warm weather comes that he awakes. See how profoundly he sleeps. He does not move. He is afraid of the cold.

He is like certain lazy children, who do not like to rise in the morning.

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The Ladder to Learning—a new improved Battledore	0	2
The Children of Wood,—to which is added, Tales of the Governess - -	0	2
Adventures of the Six Prin- cesses of Babylon in verse	0	2
The Collects of the Church of England for Sundays and Holy-days throughout the year, with Prayers, &c. to which are added,		

	s.	d.
Annotations Explanatory of the Fasts and Festivals	0	3
St. Mathew's Gospel in verse	0	4
St. Mark's do do	0	4
St. Luke's do do	0	4
St. John's do do	0	4
The four Gospels bound to- gether - - -	1	6
The History of Prince Lee Boo - - -	0	6
———— Sandford and Mirton - - -	0	6
———— Little Jack -	0	6
———— The Holy Bible	0	6
———— Robinson Crusoe	0	6

