

NURSE DANOLEM'S
REPOSITORY
^{OF}
GREAT INSTRUCTION
WRITTEN
By the Famous PRUSSIAN

NURSE DANDLEM'S
LITTLE
Repository
OF
GREAT INSTRUCTION,
CONTAINING
The surprising Adventures of
LITTLE WAKE WILFUL,
And his deliverance from the
GIANT GRUMBOLUMBO.

WRITTEN
By the Famous PRUSSIAN,
For the sole AMUSEMENT of the
Chickabiddy Generation.

EMBELLISHED WITH COPPERPLATES.

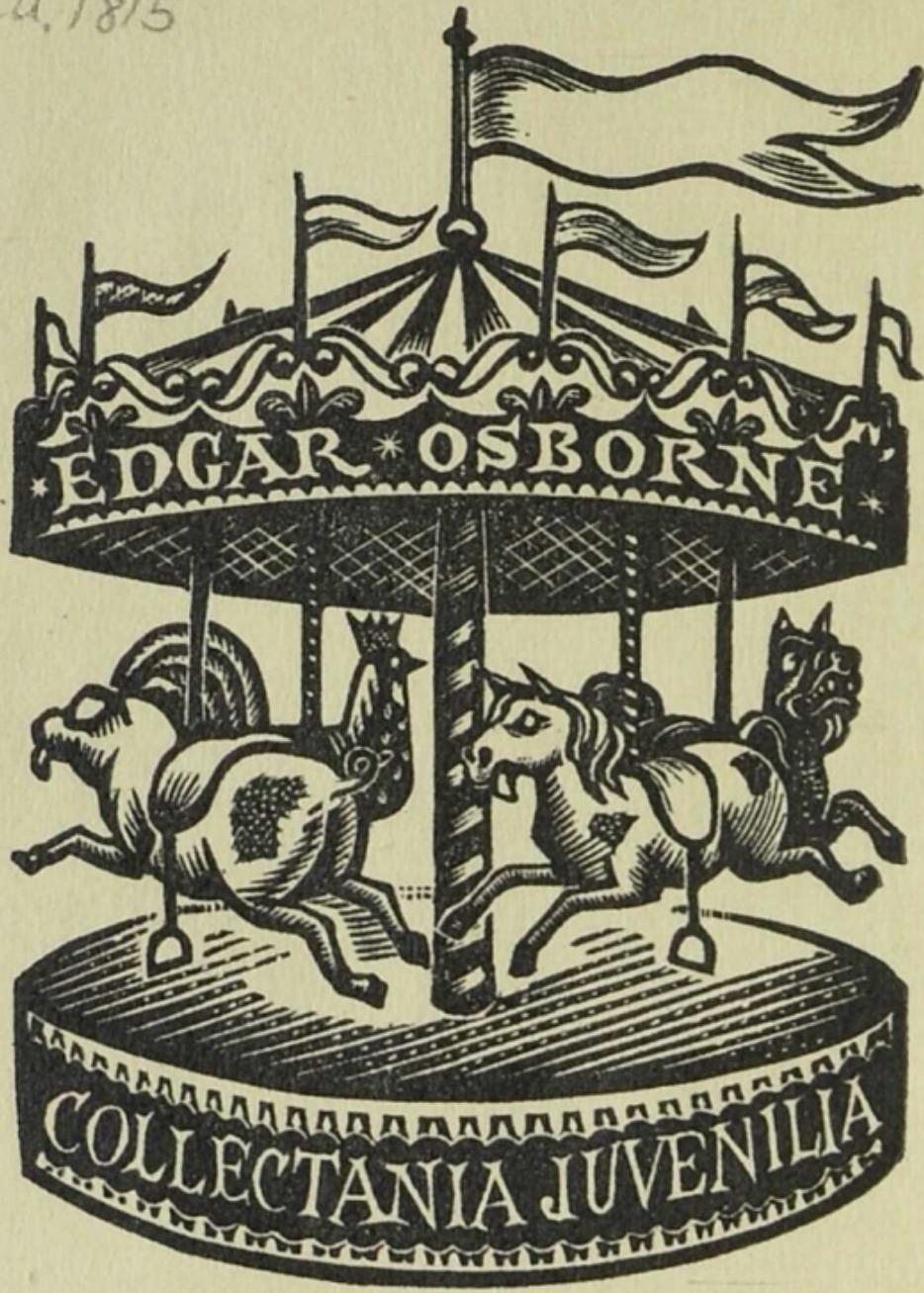
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OLD NURSE DANDLEM
INSTRUCTING
GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS

ca. 1815



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NURSE DANDLEM'S
LITTLE
REPOSITORY
OF
GREAT INSTRUCTION.

IT was always the care of good Nurse *Dandlem* to advise her pupils to practise what they learned, and enforce them herself. She was a good friend to all little boys and girls who minded their book, and would never let any one go unrewarded. She was a great friend to the good: and we hear she intends

going round to every house in town and country, and ordering all she hears a bad account of to be shut up, but will reward those she finds to have been good.

*A Description of Nurse Dandlem
and her little School.*

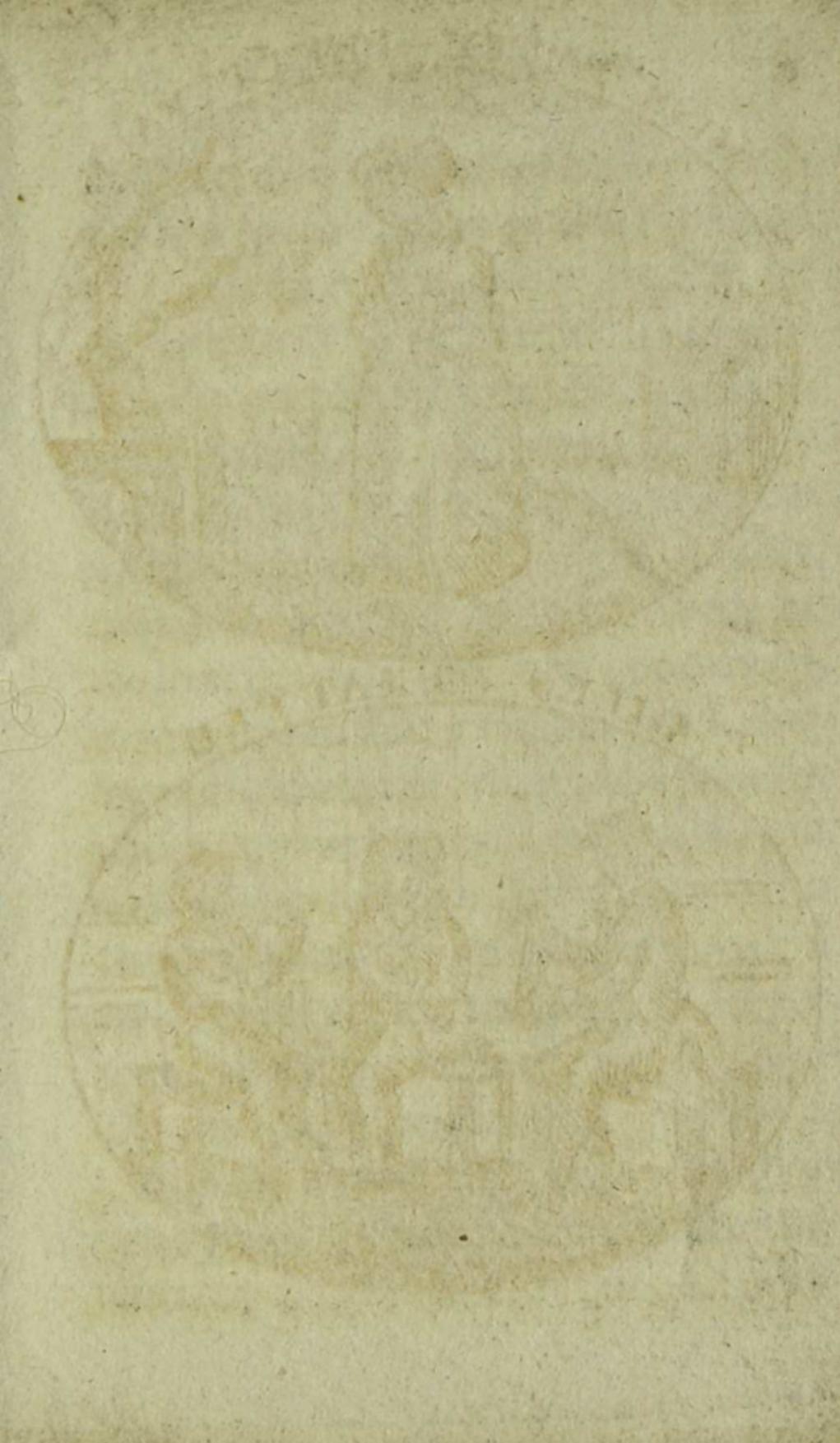
NURSE *Dandlem*, as we have before observed, was a great friend to all good children. She was a hundred years old; all her little pupils therefore had a great reverence for her: as they ought to have for all who are more experienced than themselves. Nurse *Dandlem* knew a great deal of the tempers and behaviour of

children, whether good or bad: we have a striking likeness of her in the frontispiece, with all her little learners about her, the Misses on her right hand, and the little Masters on her left. See how quiet they sit!

Tommy Suple on her left hand, sat next her, and *Patty Prettyface* on her right; not that she was esteemed for her beauty; no, for she would often say, ‘that beauty without goodness was only a skin-deep perfection.’ But *Patty* added to her person the comeliness of an agreeable disposition, much more valuable than the fading, dying blossoms of the fairest features; but beauty and goodness being joined, made *Patty* one of the nurse’s greatest favourites; and

it is hoped that all pretty girls who read this book, will follow her example, Nurse *Dandlem* had *Patty's* picture drawn, and hung up in the front of the School, for all who admired her to copy.

I have heard of little boys who would not read about king *Solomon*, because he talks about whips and rods, which is a sure sign that they deserve them; and every one who is naughty must recollect what he says, ‘A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool’s back.’ But Nurse *Dandlem* was very sorry when she was obliged to correct any of her pupils, though they deserved it. I have often heard her tell the fate of some other naughty boy, when any one





deserved to be severely corrected. *Giles Prattle*, the other day instead of learning his book would be making cat's cradles with a top-string he took from *Billy Easy*. She therefore addressed him in the following story, showing that obstinate boys and girls must never expect to be rewarded or beloved; but on the contrary, must look for crosses and disappointments if they continue in their perverseness, and will not take the advice of those who know better than themselves. I would have all naughty children take warning from it, and become better for the future; which is the only way to avoid the evils they will otherwise be liable to.



The History of WAKE WILFUL.

*Shewing that obstinate People
never want Woe.*

WAKE WILFUL, son to *Ralph Wilful*, a wealthy miller in *Yorkshire*, was a very naughty boy, and although he had the best advice never improved by it, but every day grew worse and worse, insomuch that he never heeded what any one said to him, and instead of going to school was sure to play truant; but *Wake* got nothing by this but cuffs and huffs, which very little affected him, till one day as he was playing truant as usual, a large press gang came

and dragged him away to go and fight on board his Majesty's ship the *Dragon*, which was then going to cruise in the *Channel*; and a fine ship she is too.

They had scarcely got out of sight before they were chased by the noted *Paul Jones*, a pirate, whose ship being a faster sailer, soon came up with them, when a bloody engagement ensued, which would not have ended that night had not the *Dragon* accidentally taken fire in her fore castle; though it was the opinion of all the sailors that *Wake* set her on fire in revenge for having been taken away from his father and mother. How fierce she burns!

The captain seeing the ship in flames, without the means of sav-

ing her, instantly struck the flag, and ordered the crew to do the best to save themselves. *Wake* knew not where to run, and as he could not swim dared not jump into the water. Death on all sides surrounded him. The long boat from *Jones'* ship now came alongside them, and I assure you they were not long in filling it, for they hastily jumped into it, and were going off without *Wake*, who stood crying on the quarter-deck. *Wake* called to the boat, and begged them to stay till he came down to them, which the captain very unwillingly granted. Thus we see that naughty children are always hated and despised, no one pitying them for their troubles, but every one glad

THE ENGAGEMENT WITH PAUL JONES



THE DRAGON BLOWN UP



to see them fitly served for their untowardness. They had no sooner got on board the pirate, but they saw the *Dragon* blow up, and in less than a minute disappear. This was indeed terrible to *Wake*, who began to consider as he stood in the middle of the boat, of the situation he would have been in had it went away without him. Ah! said he to himself, suppose I had been left! suppose I had been blown up! what would have become of me! One moment I should have been blown in the air, and the next plunged to the bottom of the sea, the fishes and mermaids would have eaten me up ere this. Oh! my parents, were I at home, I never would

behave amiss any more; never more would I play truant, or be a naughty boy. But it was now too late to repent, and *Wake* must go through all the troubles his disobedience had brought on him. The *Dragon's* crew were instantly put in irons, and *Wake* being the worst, was chained down in a dark place among the rats and mice. His crying signified nothing; he was allowed only a biscuit and half a pint of fresh water, which was brought him every night by one of the sailors, with a long black beard, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a candle in his hand.

The pirate now proceeded to *America*, and being unwilling any longer to keep such a bad boy,

set him on shore on an uninhabited island, which was enchanted by that terrible Giant *Grumbolumbo*, brother to the no less terrible *Raw-head-and-bloody-bones*. He was a wicked enchanter, and would entice the ships to anchor, by the appearance of a fine port or commodious harbour, or sometimes by an appearance of a fertile country; for enchanters can make the most desolate places appear as the finest garden. Such was the appearance when *Wake* first landed, and he was highly pleased to think how comfortably he might live in so delicious a place. Of these fruits, says he, which load the bending branches, bending for some kind hand to ease them,

I can with pleasure eat, and yonder fountain will afford me drink; or, when the noontide sun with his rays shall melt the traveller, I will enjoy in yonder bower a cool repose. Delicious garden! I will taste thy sweets! those clustering grapes will bury all my past misfortunes.

Wake began now to find himself uncommonly drowsy, and walked directly to the bower, where was a couch of the finest down, adorned with violets, roses, hyacinths, tulips, and all the delights of nature. *Wake* no sooner sat himself down, but the vases of flowers on each side the couch changed to six hobgoblins, and the couch turned into a car with fiery dragons to draw it.



They soon conveyed him to the other end of the island, where was a large dismal cave of solid rock, cut out by the terrible giant *Grumbolumbo*, in which place he confined all who had the misfortune to set foot on the island: and this was his manner; when any one was decoyed to it, he soon found means to have them brought to him and turned into the cave; he would let them run about as the poor lambs in a slaughter-house for seven weeks, then he would strike them with his wand, which instantly set them asleep, and locked them to the sides of the cavern, where they are to remain till *Grumbolumbo* weds the Giantess *Unavilda*, who is the mistress of the next island. We have her picture.

She is no less terrible than *Grumbolumbo*, and on the wedding-day will have all the poor creatures in the cave served up at her table to feast on. In this cave was *Wake* turned loose: it was remarkable dark, having no light but what shone from a blue burning lamp at the further end, which made it the more dismal, as it discovered the poor wretches on each side the cavern, locked fast by the wicked enchanter's magic. You must all imagine that *Wake* was terribly frightened at this barbarous sight; indeed he was, for he knew it would be his fate when the seven weeks expired, to be bound in the same chains. How could he escape? the Giant lay at the en-

trance to guard it, which he did very narrowly, I assure you: and though *Wake* had often found means, when his mother's back was turned, to run to play, yet he could not escape the vigilance of *Grumbolumbo*, who had three heads, and every head had three eyes; seven toes besides his great one on each foot, and he measured twenty feet as you may see.

One of his heads slept while the other two kept watch; in his right hand he held a large club of three hundred weight, which to him was no more than a hoop-stick to *Tommy Suple*, or a knitting pin to *Patty Prettyface*. Ah! poor *Wake*, did you ever dream of this? surely not; if you had you

would never have been so naughty a boy. But things will be better when they mend. And hark! this instant *Wake* heard the sound of soft harmonious music. Whence comes it! sure some Deity descends to administer comfort to the miserable boy! and see a light breaks through the cave. What a heavenly figure! it is Fairy *Starbright*; do but look at her!

She is a great enemy to the Giant *Grumbolumbo*, who, while she was young, usurped the government of the island. But what does she say to *Wake*? She tells him what his friends had told him an hundred times. To be a good boy, and to forget his former wicked life: she promises

WAKE WILLFULL



IN THE HANDS
OF THE GREAT GIANT
GRUMBOLUMBOS.



to set him free from *Grumbo-lumbo*, and convey him safe to his parents, if he will resolve to alter his course of life, and beg pardon of all whom he had offended. *Wake* promises to do all that the Fairy *Starbright* commands him. I make no doubt but he will. Who would not be a good boy to get free from so terrible a monster? The good Fairy was very kind to *Wake*, and constantly every morning brought him some apples, nuts, pears, and peaches, which the island produces.

All little boys and girls who read about fairies, must know that they have the power of making themselves invisible; I need not tell them therefore

that *Starbright* possessed this wonderful qualification; she could go in and out of the cave at her pleasure, notwithstanding the Giant's nine eyes.

It happened one day, that the Giant being very thirsty went to the river, which ran at a little distance from the cave, to drink, and left his club standing against the mouth of the cave. *Fairy Starbright*, ever watchful for an opportunity, seized the present to restore the island and government. In the club there was secreted her little wand, by which the Giant performed all his enchantments. She soon discovered it, and while the Giant was drinking turned the water into poison, which instantly laid the

Giant breathless on the ground;
his fall shook the whole cave.
See how ghastly he looks!

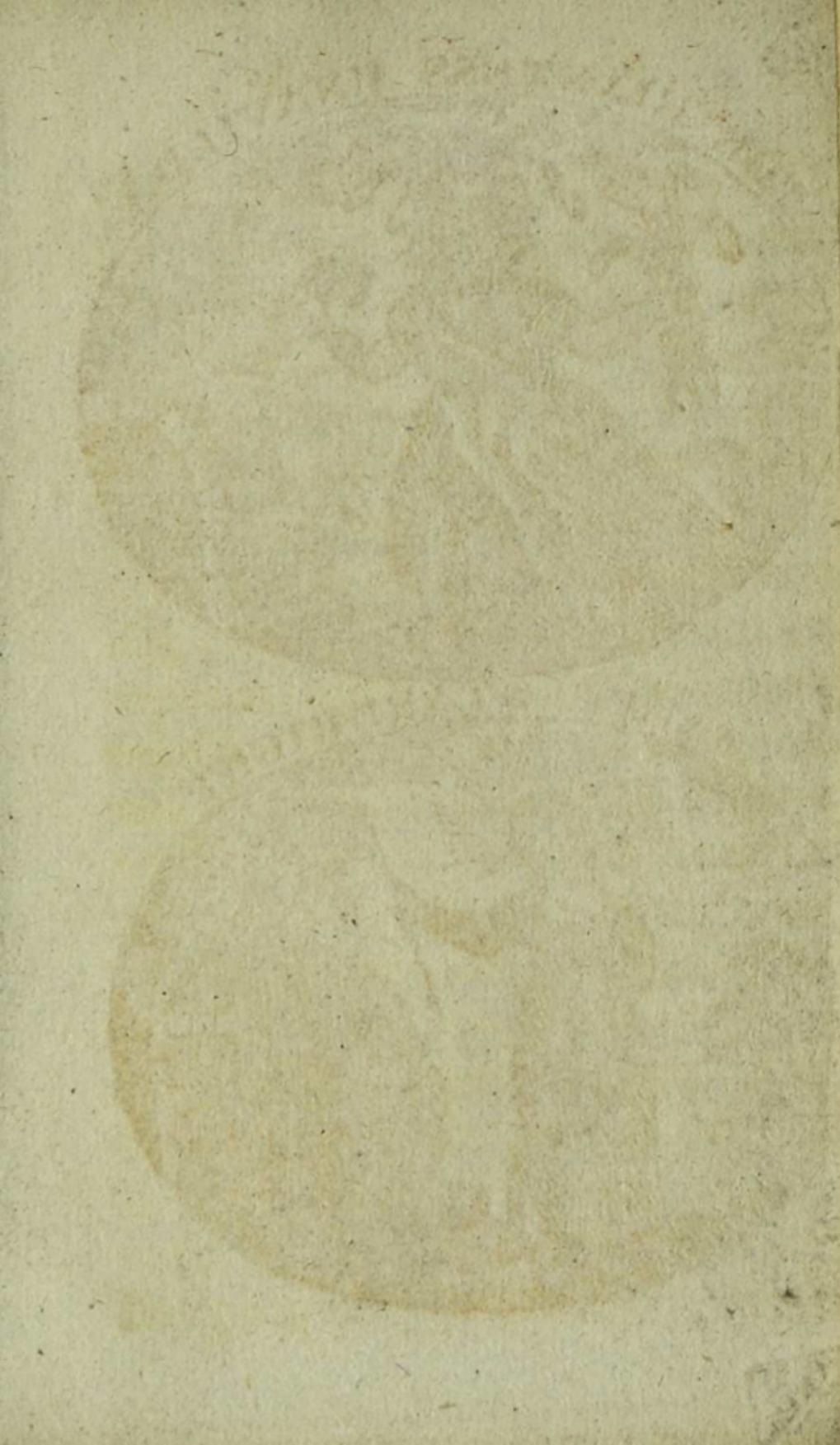
The good Fairy set all the prisoners at liberty, and by her power changed the cave into a magnificent palace.

Wake was conveyed home in a ship, which happened to pass by the island, a little after the Giant's overthrow, and arrived in *Yorkshire*, a much better boy than when he set out, which gave his parents great comfort: they eagerly embraced him; and *Wake* on his knees begged pardon for his past offences, promising at the same time to do so no more.

Giles Prattle, who till now had listened very attentively, burst

into tears, and gave *Billy Easy* his top-string, his tears showing how sincerely he was sorry for his fault.

Nurse *Dandlem* now called them to say their lessons; and indeed they all acquitted themselves with great credit, which so pleased the Nurse, that she promised to tell them another story of a good boy, whose picture she pulled out of her pocket: he was drawn with a fine horse, which a gentleman gave him for his good behaviour and his learning: he held the bridle in one hand, and his whip in the other. But somebody knocks, Who is there? It is *Patty's* brother just come from abroad, where, by being a good



THE GIANTESS UNAVILDA



FAIRY STARBRIGHT



boy, he has acquired a great deal of wealth.

Patty Prettyface to be sure must go home with him, for he has not yet seen his papa and mamma, who will be overjoyed at his return no doubt.

Nurse *Dandlem* could not proceed with the story now as *Patty* was gone, but promised to finish it next day. The clock strikes twelve, school is done, and all the little boys and girls run home.

And now having finished my story, I must beg your attention a little while to consider what improvement may be made by it. First then, I will tell you what it was that brought *Wak Wilful* into so many troubles

It was minding play more than his book, and playing truant when he should have been at school; and particularly, not minding his father and mother. The way therefore to avoid his troubles, is to be obedient to your teachers, and respectful to every one; to take care to learn your lesson, and not fight and quarrel with your school-fellows about tops, marbles, hoops, apples, and such like foolish things; but strive only who shall learn his book best.



THE HISTORY OF A GOOD BOY.

In a certain village, there lived a respectable tradesman, who had an only son, about nine years of age, whose name was Harry. He was the delight of all who had the pleasure of knowing him, he was so fond of his book, and obliging to every one. Indeed, his conduct soon drew on him the attention of some people of consequence, whose sons took a pleasure in having him at all their parties of amusement. To show you the benevolence of his heart, I shall just mention the

following instance: At a small distance from the village, lived a poor woman of whom Harry was very fond, as he had formerly received many small offices of kindness from her, when she was in better circumstances.

It was one of Harry's maxims, that "one good turn deserves another;" so Harry, by his parents' permission, would frequently carry her the spare victuals (as you see in the picture,) and well for the poor woman he did so, for she was sometimes sadly put to it, as she had two children to provide for as well as herself. Harry, however did not stop here, for upon representing her extreme poverty to his father, he persuaded him to give her a small





sum of money to purchase fowls, the produce of which in a short time enabled her to purchase a cow, so that before long, Harry had the satisfaction of seeing her in a comfortable snug cottage, with all the fowls cackling before the door.

Harry continued to be her benefactor ever after, and when he grew up to man's estate, he took charge of the education of her children.—Now, this to any boy of Harry's disposition, must give more true pleasure than all the gew-gaws in the world. We have only to add, that he lives respected and esteemed, and shines forth a bright ornament in society.

THE HISTORY OF A BAD BOY.

In the same village with Harry, there lived a boy as remarkable for bad qualities as the other was for doing good: His name was Lucius: he was happy in having the best of parents, who spared no expence to give him a good education; yet, so perverse was he in his disposition, that he rather chose to be employed in all kinds of mischief than in minding his book, which was the cause of his being frequently in the master's hands (as you see in the picture.) He

was even so dull, that at the age of eight years, he could hardly tell a great A from a house. He had one very bad fault, which was the robbing of orchards. One day Farmer Goodall caught him in his orchard, hanging with his whole weight upon one of the boughs of a fruit-tree, in order to break it off, and carry away both the bough and the fruit thereon. He was also fond of going a bird-nesting, and when he found a nest that had eggs, or young, he used to treat them with the most wanton cruelty.

His papa, finding he was guilty of these, and many other naughty tricks, such as kicking up boys' heels on the ice, and fighting with every one who gave

him the least offence, determined to send him to sea. Should he happen to be cast away on a desert island, how can he expect to receive mercy, who has shewn so little to poor innocent birds? But it is to be hoped, as he grows older, he will grow better, and repent.





THE POOR WOMAN'S COTTAGE



THE BAD BOY IN HIS MASTERS HANDS



Duty of Good Children.

A good Boy and a good Girl, if in health, get up early in the morning: when drest, they fall down on their knees, and thank God for the sweet rest which they enjoyed the night past, and implore his protection through the ensuing day. This done they take their book, and learn their lesson, until called to breakfast, and after breakfast go to school. Whilst in school, they spend no time in play or talk, but sit still, and take all the pains they can to learn the task that is set them.

This in time, brings them to spell and read well, and gains the love and good will of all men.



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