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THE
PLAYMATE;
OR,
PRETTY STORIES
OF
YOUNG TOWLER
AND
DAME WILLIAMS.

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THE PLAYMATE.



Poor Towler must be very tired, he has been out all this morning and perhaps has run twenty miles, for papa generally goes out on horse back, when the weather is dirty, for our farm is very large, and lays a

great distance from the village. So come, Towler, and have your nice milk, which Mary has fetched from the cow-house.—While Mary was caressing the dog Charles came in with a large mask before his face. Oh!



Charles, don't do so ; you frighten Towler very much, and you will make him bark ; then mamma will be waked, and you know she is not very well, and cannot sleep if there is a noise.

Now Charles loved his sister and mamma, so of course he pulled off the mask, and was sorry for what he had done.

Mary, says Charles, have you seen Tommy Good's new whipping-top that came from London? Tommy deserves it, for he is as good a boy as any in the school, and learns very carefully his lesson. But here he comes,



Good morning, Tommy, says

Mary, pray how does your papa and mamma do. I hope they are well. Yes very well, I thank you, replied young Good.

Charles seeing rather hurt at his attempting to frighten his sister, was thinking on something by which he might obtain pardon.

Then taking her by the hand, and pointing to a book which stood in the library, asked Mary



if she would let him read by her in the garden, which was made almost on purpose beneath a nice tall tree close to the summer-house.

Hither Charles and Mary went accompanied by Master Good, who staid with them until dinner time, and left Charles reading the following little story



to Mary, which I will, as near as I can, endeavour to relate, being worthy your attention.

A little boy was one morning going to school when his attention was attracted to the furthest part of the road, by a boy calling out as if he was much hurt. The little boy immediately ran to his assistance; but on coming up to him, and learning his story, it appeared he had lost his way, and was crying, in hopes that his sister might hear him, whom he had but a few minutes before left in the adjoining field, on her road towards him.

Well, said the little boy, I will try what I can do to find her. So together they went, and presently met her with a bag of flour upon her head, which she had been fetching from the mill.



The looks of the poor girl interested the little boy very much, which induced him to ask several questions, all of which she answered as near as I can remember in the following words.

I have heard poor Dame Williams, the market woman, and a very industrious woman she is, and good to me, say, that when I was a very little girl, I had a father and mother immensely

rich, and that I was dressed very nice; but they both died, and our uncle got all their money, and sent us to the workhouse. But Goody Williams knew my father and mother, and had often been at their house to beg cold victuals; so my brother and me go every Tuesday to her house, and we are now fetching her flour to make some cakes for tea.

If you will give me leave, said the little boy, I will go home with you, and ask Dame Williams how she does; which they readily consented to; and when they came near the door, perceived two naughty boys in the village fighting for a marble.



Goody Williams was a good woman, and the little boy when he got home told his papa and mamma what he had seen, and the situations of the little boy and girl and how poor they were.

The next day his mamma went to the village, and brought home the little girl and boy, and had them put to school, where they made great progress; and after a time the lady took her into her family for a nursery-



maid ; and from that to house-keeper : and when the little boy, who was now grown a man, returned from college, he fell in love with her, and they were married, and lived very happy ; which I hope will be the end of every good little boy and girl.

Now kiss me, Mary, and I shall think you forgive me. Now let us go to dinner, and after school we will read another

story ; until that time let us put
the book in its proper place,
that it may be out of the reach
of any dunce,

Who would only destroy
What he cannot enjoy.

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Music.



Boy & Dog.



Washing.



Boxing.

