

THE
HISTORY
OF
GILES GINGERBREAD,
A LITTLE BOY,

Who Lived upon Learning.

BY TOM TRIP.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

YORK :

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

OLD GAFFER GINGERBREAD.



TOM TRIP, to his Companions.

Old Gingerbread, with wisdom sound,
Sells useful knowledge by the pound,
And feeds the little folks, who're good,
At once with learning and with food.
What say you, friends, Shall we go buy?
Aye, aye!—Who's first then, you or I?
And away they ran for a book.

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Roman Capital Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z Æ Æ

Old English Capital and Small Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v
w x y z & æ œ

Italic Capital and Small Letters.

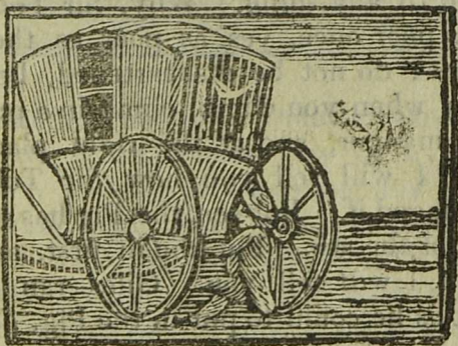
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W X Y Z Æ Æ
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v w x y z æ œ fi ff fl

LITTLE

GILES GINGERBREAD.

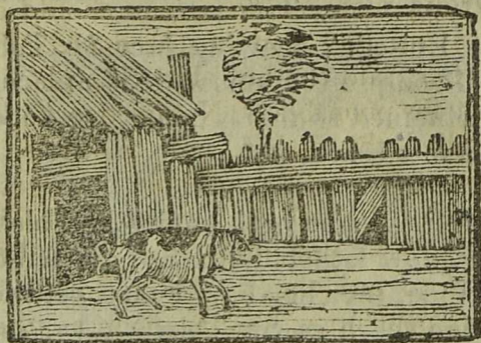
CHAP. I.

One day as Gaffer Gingerbread was coming from work, he saw little Giles, who was ragged as a colt, getting up behind Sir Toby Thompson's coach; upon which he called to him: here,



Giles, come hither to me. I see, says his father, you want to get upon the coach, but you are climbing at the wrong place, Giles; you should endeavour to get in at the door. Yes, father, said the boy, but that place is not for poor folks. Not for poor folks, replied the father, yes, but it is; a poor man or a poor boy may get a coach if he will endeavour to deserve it. Merit and industry may entitle a man to any thing. Why, Sir Toby, was poor once, yes, as poor as thee, Giles: do not be disheartened, boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper manner, and at the right place, and I will tell you how Sir Toby managed it. But see, the Pig has got out of the sty. Put him in first, and then I will tell you. Giles ran as fast as he could to put in the Pig, (as

you here see) for he had learned to do



as he was bid, or he would never have made either a good boy or a great man. There is no doing any good for boys and girls who are obstinate, and will not take advice and do as they are bid. No, no! such children never have made great men and women; but are neglected and despised.

CHAP. II.

An Episode; shewing how Sir Toby Thompson became a great man, and obtained so much money, and such a fine coach.

GILES came back puffing and blowing, now father, tell me, now father, tell me, says he, how I may get such a fine coach as Sir Toby's. Ay, says the father, that I will, Giles; I will tell you how Sir Toby got his, and if you behave in the same manner that Sir Toby did, you may get one also, and take up your poor father to ride with you, when he is grown old and weary.

Sir Toby Thompson was the son of Goody Thompson, and lived at this

little Hut upon the Green. His mother was a poor widow, and had three



children. Toby was the eldest, and as she was obliged to go out every day to washing, scouring, and such sort of work, she left little Toby at home to take care of his brother and sister, and lead them about.

It happened one day that Goody

Thompson had no victuals to leave the children, and they were all crying at



the time, when Mr. Goodwill, a rich London tradesman, who had a house in this county, was going by. Bless me, says Mrs. Goodwill, who was with her husband, what is the matter with these poor children, and stepping up to the little one, what do you cry for?

said she ; I am hungry, answered the child ; and I want some bread, cried the other. And what do you cry for ? says Mrs. Goodwill to Toby, because I have no bread to give to my brother and sister, says the boy. This is a hard case, says Mrs. Goodwill ; I pity the poor children, let us take them home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my heart, says Mr. Goodwill ; I pity both the children and their mother, and I like the biggest boy much ; for he who could forget his own wants, and cry for those of his brother and sister, must have a good heart. So for all they were fine folks, Mr. Goodwill took up one child, and Mrs. Goodwill the other, and carried them on, leaving Toby to trot by himself, as you may see.



When the children had a belly full, they no longer cried; but went to play till the evening, when their mother came crying for them, and told Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill her case.

Mr. Goodwill gave her money, and allowed her so much a week, towards the maintenance of herself and children, and took little Toby and sent him to school; where he behaved very



well: and soon learnt to read and to write. After some time, Mr. Goodwill took him home to his house in London, to run errands, and do any other business for the servants and clerks in his shop and counting-house.

Now it happened that though Mr. Goodwill was a very honest, charitable, and good man, yet he was not

altogether so wise and prudent as one would expect a man to be who lived in London, and knew the world; for he was very fond of horses, frequently went to Newmarket, and other races, and kept two race-horses himself, which ran away with half of the profit of his trade. They were kept at a great expence, turned his thoughts from business, and led him into betting and gaming, which were scandalous. At the time that he was so taken up with his horses, he had the misfortune to have a servant in his house who was not honest; which Toby discovered, and wrote to his master about it, but in a disguised hand, and without putting any name to the letter. Enquiry was made, and money and goods were missing. Upon which all the servants were examined

except Toby, and as he was a boy, and thought incapable of defending himself, the thief laid the robbery on him. Mr. Goodwill, without that consideration which is necessary on these occasions, ordered him immediately to pack up his things, and go about his business. Yes sir, says Toby, crying, but first hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, sir, and I thought it my duty, as you was my master, to inform you of it. I wrote you a letter, sir, in a feigned hand, and without a name, when you was at Newmarket, but at the corner of the letter you will find a private mark, by which you may know it to be mine, and I should not have done this had I been guilty of the robbery. No sir, you have been a father to me; and I have been just and honest to you; but this

man has not, (pointing to the thief,) for I saw him take goods privately out of the warehouse, and carry them to the pawnbrokers. The master was astonished! he looked at the letter, found the mark, and saw the boy was innocent, and then searching the pawnbrokers, the goods were found. Toby knew it was his duty not only to be honest himself, but if possible, to make others so, and you will presently see how God Almighty blessed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his fidelity.

After this, Mr. Goodwill placed great confidence in Toby, and his affairs so prospered, that he became very rich. He then took in Toby as a partner with him, and at his death left him the whole trade, and a large sum of money, which is still increas-

ing; and from being a little ragged boy, and living in the hut, he now rides in his coach.

Think of this, my dear Giles, and learn your book, and say your prayers, and go to church, and be honest, good, and industrious, that you may get a coach also.



CHAP. III.

How little Giles first acquired his learning.

AS soon as Gaffer Gingerbread had finished this story of Sir Toby and his coach, little Giles ran up to his father, and begged that he would give him a book, and teach him to read, that he



might become as great a man as Sir Toby Thompson.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was a pretty good scholar pulled a book out of his pocket, and sitting down under a tree with Giles on his lap, now, says he, if you will be a good boy, and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, Giles, that all the words in the world are spelt, or made up, of these twenty-four marks or letters, pulling out of his pocket an alphabet cut in pieces, which he had made of gingerbread, for he was by trade a gingerbread baker. These he placed in this manner :

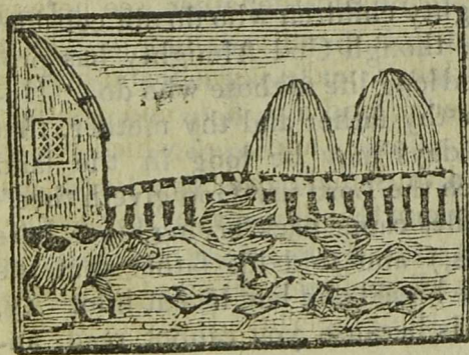
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z

All the words in the world, said Giles, laughing ; yes, sirrah, says the

father, what do you laugh at? I say all the words in the world; all the words that you and all the people in the world can think on, may be spelt with these letters differently placed. Then let me hear you spell *top*, said Giles, so you shall, said the father. See here is a *t*, an *o*, and a *p*,—and these placed together make *top*. Ay, that is a little word, says Giles, but you cannot spell *plumb-pudding*; why, yes, I can, said the father, see here is a *p*, an *l*, a *u*, an *m*, and a *b*, which placed thus, make *plumb*; and here is another *p*, and a *u*, a *d*, and another *d*, an *i*, an *n*, and a *g*, which being placed thus, make *pudding*; these two words put together make *plumb-pudding*.

Let me spell, father, says Giles, and taking the gingerbread letters in his

hand, what shall I spell, said he; why, the name of the thing you see, quoth the father, then I'll spell *goose*, says the boy; so saying, he took up a *g*, a *u*, an *f*, and an *e*, and placed them thus, *gufe*; you blockhead, is that your manner of spelling, says the father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this instant, farmer Milton's hog ran at the geese and goslings,



that were before him, run Giles, run, said the father, away he flew to save the goslings, which he did with the help of the gander, who laid hold of the hog's ear to keep him off.

See what affection these creatures have for their young, and what care they take of them, what will not a father and mother do to preserve their children; and children ought to do the same to their parents, but they are naughty children who do not consider this, though God Almighty has promised long life to those who do. "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Giles came back crying, (see here he is,) and told his father that the geese hissed and laughed at him. Ay, that is because you cannot read, an-



swered the father, come hither, Giles, says he, you must learn to know all the letters, and the sound they have alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell and read. In the word you attempted to spell, you have taken an *f* instead of an *s*, and a *u* instead of *oo*, for want of knowing the letters and their sounds, here take up this A, and look at him well: you

see he is very different from the rest. Upon this, Giles took up the letters, and then he read A, A, says he. Ay, Mr. A, I shall know you again, apple for that. B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B, I should be a blockhead if I did not know you. C, C, I shall know you Mr. C, indeed, and so will every body that loves custard. D, D, drum and dumpling will make me know you, Mr. D. E, E, eggs and eel-pie for ever. F, F, fine folks and furmity for you, Mr. F. G, G, Gingerbread and gooseberry fool will always make me love you Mr. G. H, H, hog's puddings and hot cockles for ever. I, I, Jack Jones the inkle weaver, will put me in mind of you, Mr. I. K, K, come, Mr. K, you shall help me to make a kite. L, L, my little lamb and my lark will help me

to remember you, Mr. L. M, M,
 Money for you Mr. M, when I can
 get it, and when I fool it away, you
 shall call me monkey. N, N, nuts
 and Nancy for ever. O, O, oranges,
 one a penny, two a penny, oranges.
 P, P, Punch and the puppet show,
 huzza. Q, Q, you stand for quail,
 Mr. Q, and I shall always think on
 you when I see a queer fellow. R,
 R, you are a raven, Mr. R, and a rat
 catcher. S, stands for swan. T, T,
 oh, Mr. T, I know you by my top and
 trumpet. U, U, Unicorn for that.
 W, W, a man can never forfeit you
 when he has a wild duck for dinner.
 X, X, you look so cross, that I shall
 know you again by your double face.
 Y, Y, you are like my yellow ham-
 mer, Mr. Y. Z, is a zany, who loves
 not his book, or his master, or school.

Giles was fond of his book, and as his father gave him a new one every day, which he eat up, it may be truly said he lived upon learning. Sir Toby, hearing what a good boy he was, took him to London in his coach, and no doubt, he will soon get one of his own; when he does, we shall let our readers know it. Farewell.

Giles Gingerbread he lov'd cream,
 custard and curds;
 And good books so well, that he eat
 up his words.



See here's little Giles,
 With his Gingerbread book,
 For which he doth long,
 And at which he doth look ;
 Till by longing and looking,
 He gets it by heart,
 And then he eats it up,
 As we eat up a tart.

THE BOY

WHO KNEW NOTHING.

A boy there was, so wild and gay,
He minded nothing but his play,
Nor would he give the smallest heed
To learn to write, or learn to read.
Of cyphering he could nothing do,
Nor tell how many would make two ;
In short, he used no more his head,
Than if his brains were made of lead ;
One way indeed he us'd it well,
And what that was, I now will tell ;
Why on his head, and either hand,
He took a pride upright to stand ;
And to see his heels in the air,
Made children laugh, and blockheads
stare ;
He thought a mighty feat he'd done,
And call'd it making rare good fun.

Besides this, on his hands and pate,
 He could move on at a great rate;
 And, like a wheel, go round and
 round, [ground.
 Head, hands, and feet, upon the
 He also well could climb a tree,
 Just like a squirrel, or monkey;
 And had he been of either race,
 On neither had he brought disgrace.
 But born, as he was, of human kind,
 And bless'd with sense, with speech,
 and mind,
 It was a shame to spend his days
 Only in learning monkey ways.
 In vain it was, his parents strove,
 To make him more his lesson love;
 Do what they would he still resisted,
 And in his foolish pranks persisted.
 Day after day new plans they tried,
 Whilst hourly he those plans defied,
 And idled on through every day,
 Till his whole youth was past away.

His youth was gone, and with it fled
All charms of standing on his head,
Nor could he any longer feel
The joy of turning like a wheel,
Nor could the climbing of a tree,
Afford him now the smallest glee.
In short, tho' grown both old and
grey,
Nor able for to skip or play,
He was as silly as a boy,
Without one friend, without one joy;
Despis'd by all his name who knew,
Unable any thing to do
But eat, and sleep, and sometimes
walk,
Unfit to join in social talk;
For so uncultur'd was his mind,
No conversation could he find.
In fine, unto the human race
He was a burden and disgrace.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
 And not to chance as others do,
 That I was born of Christian race,
 And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient jewish kings,
 And jewish prophets once have giv'n?
 Could they have heard those glorious things
 Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
 heav'n.

How glad the heathens would have been,
 That worship'd idols, wood, and stone,
 If they the book of God had seen,
 Of Jesus and his gospel known!

Then if this gospel I refuse,
 How shall I e'er lift up my eyes?
 For all the Gentiles and the Jews
 Against me will in judgment rise.

FINIS.

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