

GREAT DUNCE.

By Miss Corner.

MOSTLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.



DEAN AND SON

11, LUDGATE-HILL.

FRONTISPIECE.



Little Kate reading her book,—shewing the manner in which she improved her mind and employed her leisure hours.

Page 9.

THE

GREAT DUNCE.

BY MISS CORNER.

MOSTLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.



DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL

(ca 1860)

Presented to Mora Mismo. by her tacher A. M. A. While



girls will not learn to read, for all the things that they would like to know, may be found in books, if they can read them; some tell about the sea, and the ships that sail on it; some tell

you of the sun and moon and stars; some are full of nice tales of boys and girls; which should you like to read best? I think you would like tales of boys and girls; so I will tell you one, of two girls that I once knew, their names were Jane and Kate.



Jane was too fond of play,—she did not care to learn to read, or even to look in a book,—she said she did not care a pin for all the books in the world, and that no

one should make her read or spell, if she did not like it. Do you not think this was wrong? I do, and so

did all her friends; but she did not mind what they said; and so when she was eight years old, she was a great dunce,—she could not read at all.

I wish you had seen how tall she was,—it would have made you smile to see such a tall girl, who could not tell how to spell her own name.



Kate was not so old as Jane, she was but six, but she could read and write too, and would have been a nice girl if she had not been too proud of what

she sould do. This was a sad fault,



for it made her too apt to laugh at those who did not know as much as she did.

One day, Kate's papa had a friend to dine with him, and this friend heard Kate read, and she read so well, that the next time he came, he brought her a large book full of

prints. You may think how glad Kate was to have such a nice book of her own, and she said, "Oh how glad I am that I can read!"



One day, she went to drink tea with Jane, and she took her book of prints with her; for she was quite proud of it, and glad to shew it to all her young friends, and tell them how she got it. Now this was what Jane did not much like to hear, for though she would not take the pains

to learn to read, she knew that all must think her a great dunce.



"Is it not a fine book?" said Kate, "should you not like to have one like it?"

"No," said Jane, "I do not want one like it!" and she was quite cross, and what she said was not true, but she did not wish Kate to see that she was cross, so she took the book in her hands to look at the prints. The first one was a large church with a wide path up to the porch, and a yew tree near to it.—

"What church is it?" said Jane to Kate.

"Look at this side of the book," said Kate, "here, in this page, it tells you what church it is; why do you not read it?"



"I do not know how to read," said Jane.

"Not know how to read!" said

Kate; "Oh what a great Dunce!"—and she was so rude as to laugh out loud.

"How dare you laugh at me, miss!" said Jane, and her face grew red with shame,—"if you do not leave off, I shall give you a good box on the ears."

"I shall laugh if I choose it," said Kate,—"eight years old, and not know how to read!" and then came a loud laugh, and Jane ran to her, and gave her a box on the ears,

There was now such a noise, that mam-ma ran up stairs in a fright to see what it was, and when she came into the room, she could not think what could make Jane cry, and Kate



laugh at the same time, so she said:

"Why do you cry, Jane?"

"Kate is so rude, and laughs at me," said Jane.

"Is this true, Kate?" said mam-

ma—" were you rude to Jane? why did you laugh at her?"

"Why, ma'am," said Kate, "I could not help it, for she does not know how to read, and she is eight years old; and I am but six, and can read and write, and do sums too."

"My dear," said mam-ma, "it is a good thing to know these things, and I wish Jane knew as much; but as it is not so, it would have been but kind of you, to have told her what a good thing it is to learn: it was not like a friend, to laugh at her, and yet you say that you love Jane, and like to come and play with her; but I do not think you can love her, or you would not try to vex her."

"But I do love her, ma'am," said Kate, with tears in her eyes—"and I will be her friend, if she will make it up."



"Then I am sure she will make it

up," said mam-ma; "she ought to be glad to do so, for she was rude too, and she will try to learn to read, and then no one will laugh at her."

Jane and Kate then made it up. and Jane said that she would learn to read, and she kept her word, and in a short time she could read as well as Kate could then.



DE HOE ONA HADO

interitil fun ennis elymit

CHARLY SECTION OF CHARLS

THE RESPONDENCE AND THE REPORTED AND THE PARTY OF THE PAR

namago esta va

A STREET OF THE PROPERTY OF THE CONTROL OF THE STREET OF T

изобув венить

The Bray Childs a Visited the Polician African State of the Alice of the West of the Polician State of the State of the Parish Care of the English Care of the English

One Femov each.

DEAN AND SON'S

Simple Cales and Little Stories,

MOSTLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE,

BY MISS CORNER AND MRS. BURDEN.

BY MISS CORNER,

- 1 The Sailor Boy; or, Woodman's Son.
- 2 All Good Things come from God.
- 3 The Great Dunce; or, Kate and Jane.
- 4 The Cow Boy; or, the Lost Purse.
- 5 The Good Children; or, the Ink Stain.
- 6 The Good Man of the Mill.
- 7 Careless James and the Box of Toys.
- 8 Little Rose; or, Pussy and the Bird.

BY MRS, BURDEN,

- 9 The Stray Child: a Visit to the Fair.
- 10 James and Anna; or, Truth is Best.
- 11 Little Miss Fanny; or, the Sea-shore.
- 12 The Faithful Dog and the Idle Cat.
- 13 The Lame Boy, and his Best Friend.

One Penny each.