

VOL. I.

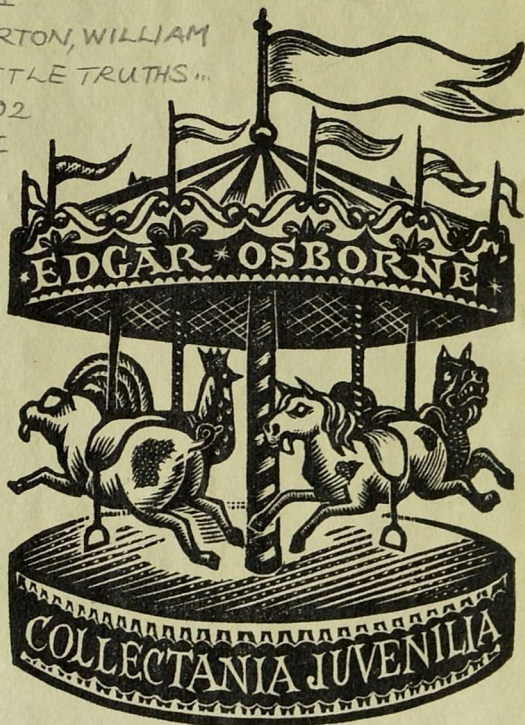
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DARTON, WILLIAM

LITTLE TRUTHS...

1802

V. I



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Lady

Harriet Matilda Bruce

given her by her G. Mamma

William Visbet because  
she had read it very well.



# LITTLE TRUTHS,

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF  
*C H I L D R E N .*



See Page 61.

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VOL. I.

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LITTLE TRUPTS

C. M. A. D. R. E. S.



Printed and sold by ...  
No. 100 ...  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**T has been observed by some authors, that the minds of children are as white paper, from which erroneous impressions are difficult to erase. The learned ADDISON compares them to marble in the quarry, capable of being formed and squared by a gradual process, previous to its being made useful or polished : in this view doth the compiler of the following pages behold the minds of infants. Having seen the great hurt of impressing false ideas on their minds, and the loss many are at in riper years, for want of proper information in their childhood on divers subjects, has induced him to submit the following sheets to the con-

sideration of parents, for the use of their children; hoping, they may be instructed to avoid the similar mistake of a parent (reputed sensible in many things) who, upon seeing the *bloom* upon some black plums in a garden, exclaimed, "I never knew till now where powder blue came from!"

And while the mind is informed on natural subjects, it is hoped, they may prove as pointings to the great Creator of them; as the more his works are admired, the greater his omnipotence and wisdom appear.

To render this little work familiar to the meanest capacity, the editor has chosen a method after the manner of conversations between children and their instructors.—The observations of the children are in *italics*.



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## LITTLE TRUTHS, &c.

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COME, children, let us walk to the farm, and see what is doing there.

*How far is it to the farm?* I cannot say exactly, but it is not too far to walk; we must go down the lane, as far as the white gate, then through one field, over the crooked stile into the park; and there we may see the farm at the bottom of the hill. Let Sally and Hannah have their bonnets on, and take their clogs with them, as the grass may be damp with the dew.

How sweetly the birds sing—there

is one on yonder spray sings very loud indeed! *Surely it is a great bird to sing so loud!* That is not always the case; for the wren is a small bird and sings very loud; and some little boys and girls make more noise with their tongues than some men and women do; but I hope you will not speak so loud as to be noisy, now you are going to the farm, where all seems very quiet, except the hens, which have just laid their eggs, and seem proud to tell of it—*Cluck! Cluck! Cluck-a-ra-Cluck!*—what a noise indeed!

#### THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

See, there is a hen and chickens strayed from the farm. Observe how the chickens run when she calls them;

so should little children always attend to the call of their parents. The hen is like a kind mother,—scratches for food, and when she finds it, calls her chicks to eat it. In a cold season she calls them under her wings, where she keeps them warm; there she shades them from the heat of the noon-tide sun, and there she shelters them from heavy rains.

*How many chickens are there? Pray tell them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.—Does every hen have ten chickens? No; some have more, some less; it is said to be a good hen that raises ten chicks, though some have raised fourteen or sixteen at a time.*

*What is the matter! How the hen*

screams, and lifts up her wings! Poor hen and chicks, we will not hurt you! See! there is a bird flying round and round over them; it is a hawk, which the poor hen fears will come for her chickens. Hawks are birds of prey, and eat small birds when they can catch them. Let us throw up our hats and scare it away;—there it goes, naughty hawk! If we had not been here the hawk might have got a chicken to eat. *Run home, poor hen and chickens.* Ah, run away, for I think you will be glad to be at the barn-door, where the sight of the fierce cock may keep the hawk away.

*As the hawk was so high, how could he see the chickens?* The hawk has a fine eye, and can discern small birds

at a great distance.—The public newspapers make mention of a hawk (when flying over a house which was in a park in Essex) which seeing some canary birds in a cage, that hung in the window of the hall, darted down at them from a great height, and perished in the attempt to seize them; he was found on the floor by one of the servants, bleeding in his wounds,—being very much cut with the glass of the window, through which he had passed.

### THE FARM-HOUSE.

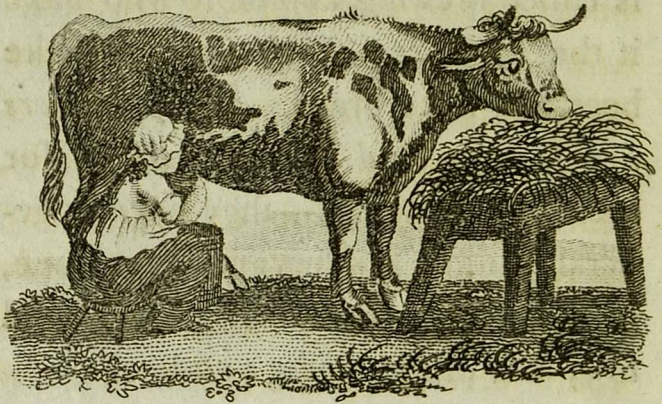
What a fine prospect on this rising ground; green fields and pleasant plants surround us; observe the farm-house under yon lofty trees. *But what makes the top look yellow? the top of our*

*house is red.* The top of the farm-house is thatched, that is, covered with straw, made tight with twigs and wooden pegs ; it looks neat when first done, keeps out wind and water, and comes cheap to the farmer, as no tiles are made near this farm, and the straw grows on his land. *Does straw grow?* Yes ; wheat, barley, rye, and oats grow on long stalks, and these stalks when dry, are called straw. *And does malt grow on stalks?* No ; malt is made from barley ; being first put into water, the grain vegetates, that is, begins to grow, and acquires a peculiar sweetness, as most seeds do in a state of vegetation ; then it is dried at a fire called a malt-kiln, and kept for making beer. The making of beer

is called brewing, and those who make it the brewers. Most farmers make beer and bake bread. *Then farmers are brewers and bakers? Only for their own families ;—they have in general a number of servants, boys, men, and maidens.—Some to plough and sow, and others to dig and hoe.*

### THE COW.

See, there is a maiden milking a cow ;—how quiet the cow stands eating hay ! but some cows kick very much, and then their hind legs are tied, lest they should kick over the pail, or hurt the milk-maid. *Does a cow give much milk? One cow gives four quarts of milk, some give more, and some not so much. Sure there*





*must be a large family to drink all the milk so many cows give? It is not all used in the farm-house; some is made into butter, and some into cheese, which the farmer sells to help to pay his rent. So then, Sally, they make butter and cheese of milk; what child would have thought so, if it were not told? There is another cow got a calf; how it jumps and skips, then runs and*



sucks a little milk. *Poor little calf!* may I stroke it? I fear it will not stand still; see, there are horns on its forehead. *But it is not the same colour as the cow; well, that is very odd: the cow has a white back and spotted sides, and the calf is all red, but with a white face and tail!* That is very common, my dear Tom, for some black cows have red and white calves; and see, Sally's hair is quite brown, her sister's is red, and their mother's is black: these are some of the secret works of Providence, and too difficult for us to give just reasons for.

### THE OAK TREE.

But come let us sit down on the bank, under the oak tree, and there you may

find some acorns, and if we take a few to the farm, the pigs may be glad to eat them; but do not eat any yourselves. *What are acorns?* The seeds of the oak; one of which produces a young tree, and in a number of years puts forth many branches; when it is cut down, and the body being squared with an axe, it is called timber: with the large trees they build ships to go on the seas; with some they build houses, barns, and stables; make chairs, drawers, and tables: the branches make posts, rails, gates, and various implements of husbandry; with the bark leather is tanned; and the roots are burned. Wonderful are the works of nature; what great things come from a little acorn!

## THE BEE.

Hark ! there flies a bee, humming as it goes ; take care, children !—*Now it comes this way !* Do not offer to strike it, and then it may not hurt ; but, if offended, it may ; the sting is very venomous, causing great pain and swelling. *Is this such a bee as we read of in the hymn book ?* Yes, it is ; let me hear Sally repeat what she has read.

“ How doth the little busy bee

“ Improve each shining hour,

“ And gather honey all the day

“ From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.

“ How skilfully she builds her cell,

“ How neat she spreads the wax,

“ And labours hard to store it well

“ With the sweet food she makes.”

A very good child to remember what she reads ; I have seen the little things very busy at work, through a glass;— the comb they make is very curious ; they work very hard in summer, gathering wax and honey for their support in winter ; they carry all the dead bees out of their hives, nor do they suffer any to live among them that do no work ; their honey is very useful on many occasions ; their wax forms a part of many ointments or salves to heal wounds ; and, when whitened, makes good candles. *And our maid rubs it on a brush to polish the furniture, with.* Yes ; but let us walk on, lest we catch cold with sitting here.

## THE MOLE.

There is a mole-trap ; go, see if it has caught a mole. *Yes, it has.* Feel what a soft skin. *I am afraid of it ; let Charles feel it.* It will not hurt : it is quite dead. *Poor little mole : why did they kill it ?* To prevent its making more hills, by scratching for worms to eat ; see, what a many hills there are ; and, if let alone for some time it would be difficult to mow the grass down ; it is great labour to cut down mole-hills. *Charles says a mole is blind.* That is a common error ; they have eyes, though very small ones ; if their skins were larger, they would make very warm clothing, as soft as velvet ; if the skin of this

mole were dried, it would make a purse for a farmer's man. *And it would make Hannah's doll a good muff.*

Come on Henry ; and leave off picking flowers now, as the grass may soon be wet. *How can the grass be wet, it does not rain?* There is a moist vapour arises from the earth, and falls down again ; sometimes we can see it arise, and sometimes we cannot ; it is called dew, and great is the nourishment that many plants and herbs receive therefrom ; in low moist places it rises more frequently than on the hills, which makes the valleys most fruitful : and when the summer is about to leave us, or in the winter season, it rises so fast as to cause a fog,

and falls like small rain again to the earth. *O, I remember to have seen a man's hat and hair all wet, and sometimes white with the dew!* That was in winter, when the air was so cold as to freeze it as it fell.

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There is the farm-yard; what a number of cocks and hens, and some pigs! *And what a great dog! I hope he is chained up; how he barks!* Do not go near him, though he wags his tail now, and looks good-natured; he barks to let the family know somebody is coming. *Where is our dog?* There he runs, Sally; come here, Prince, and let those goslings alone. See how the gander fights with his wings, and hark how the goose hisses; come here,



Prince, they are quite afraid. *See, a woman is coming with a broom!* But there they all run into the water. *What little things to swim so fast?* Yes, Charles, but a duck is less, and swims quite as well. They are formed so to do; their bodies are flat, their feathers light, and their feet webbed to swim with: they catch flies on the water; they eat small frogs and duck-weed; they come out of the water to eat worms, and get some corn to eat in the farm yard.

*What a large pond! where does the water come from?* Some water springs from the earth, and out of many a hill or rock, and some falls in rain from the clouds, and descending on the hills, runs to the valleys and low places,

and in its course forms ditches and rivers, which finally empty themselves into the sea. Ponds or pools of water do not run, and are not so good as spring or river water.

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See that pretty lamb, eating milk and bread from the child's bowl. *I should like such a lamb, but he would dirt our house, and brother Charles would ride him as he does Prince. Poor innocent lamb!* He runs when called, walks with the children into the field, eats a little grass, trots home by their side, and in a summer evening skips and gambols about, till he is tired, and lies down to rest.

## THE PONEY.

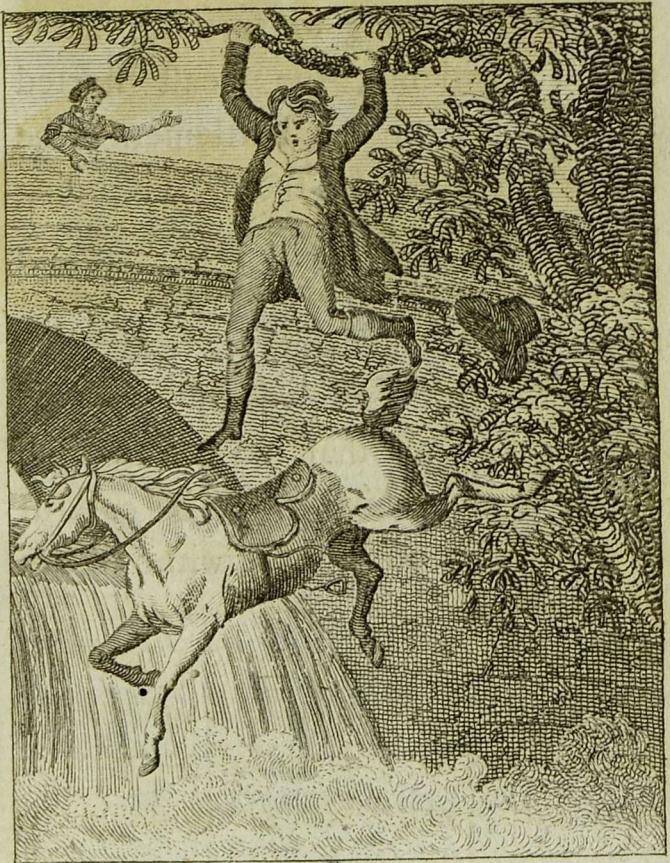
*What a little poney that boy rides!*  
 —He has been into the fields with beer for the labourers, he brings home the empty bottles, he carries them their dinner when too far to come for it; he goes to market with a sack of corn and some fowls, and brings home plums from the shop to make puddings. *Poor little horse; good little boy; if I had that horse I would do so too.*

Yet, I fear, my little Charles would not be long content with so steady a horse as the ploughboy rides; he rode his wooden horse at home so fast as to throw it over, break its head, and make his own nose bleed. *That was not a live horse, and on the flat stones*



*in the yard.* But the same thing might happen on an even road, to those who want to go so very fast, either on a live or wooden horse; live horses have a deal of spirit, and are very strong; some run away with men on them, and what would a little boy do? *I would hold tight by his mane.* That will not always save a rider; for those who ride with great care are in danger of

falling should the horse start. I remember to have read of LAMBERT'S LEAP, so named from the providential



escape of Cuthbert Lambert, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who was riding full speed over Sandiford stone bridge, and endeavouring to turn his horse round suddenly, the beast started and leapt over the battlement; the horse was killed by the fall, it being twenty feet to the bed of the water, but the man was providentially caught in the boughs of an ash, where he hung by his hands, till relieved by some passengers coming that way. I hope, therefore, my children will be careful never to get on a horse without my knowledge.

## THE BIRD'S EGGS.

*What pretty things that boy has got! What are they? How spotted! and what nice colours! O, naughty boy! what pain must the poor birds feel for the loss of so many eggs! Are they eggs? Yes; there are many sorts of birds, and each sort lays a different egg; every egg that boy has gotten might have brought a bird. We frequently see hens' eggs; they bring chickens; the mother sits on, warms, and animates them; in about twenty-one days chickens are formed within them; they burst the shell, come out, and in a few days run and eat, as we have seen them do just now.*

*I saw a bird one day with some*

*straw in its mouth.* That was to help to build a nest. *But the birds at our house build theirs with mud.* Those are swallows: but every bird's nest is not formed alike, nor is every bird alike: some are large, and do but little, others small and industrious; some are beautiful, and their plumage has half a dozen colours; others have but one or two dull colours; some never perch on trees, and others live at all times in them; some live on fruits; some seek insects and catch flies; and numbers of others seize small birds and eat them, as the hawk wanted to do by the chickens.

*They are cruel birds to eat others.*  
*And do such birds build nests?* All birds have nests; the large ones build



their nests in high places, as in woods, and in the holes of rocks, above our reach; the eagle brings forth its young in the cliffs of craggy rocks; the owl, that seldom flies by day, and is only heard by night, seeks a retired situation, perhaps the summit of a ruined barn, or lays her eggs in a hollow tree: the jackdaws build their nests in castles or steeples, and sometimes in the useless chimney of an old mansion; the lark, that is seldom seen on any tree, but sings while mounting in the air, is contented with her nest upon the ground; some make their nests in trees and hedges; and the little tom-tit makes a curious nest indeed; the rook builds a nest with twigs, and it is lined with wool or hair; I have known

part of an old wig found in the lining of a crow's nest; some plaister the inside of their nests with mud, and others line them with the softest and warmest materials; and, I am told, some birds take their own feathers for their little ones to repose upon.

In their nests they lay their eggs; the cock and hen at times sit on them in the nest with great care; the warmth of their bodies puts every thing in motion within the eggs, which produce little creatures, who break the shell that holds them and come forth.

When the hen sits alone, the cock will bring her food, sit on some neighbouring spray, and often sing to please her: when the young are hatched, the old ones feed them with great care,

fly far for their food, and divide it equally among the brood. In storms, they hurry to their nest, and cover it with their wings to keep out wind and water from hurting them; all night they cherish the little things from cold damps; and when any one would steal or hurt them, they flee around their nest in pain, and seem to call in great distress for help; they will attack the robber and pursue him. Even the hen and goose will attack the greatest dog, nor fear a man who attempts to hurt or take away their brood.

I have seen young chaffinches shut within a cage, hung up in a garden, where the old ones came regularly to feed them, till they were able to pick up their own food. As parents are

careful to provide for their children, so are birds careful of their young! I hope none of you will ever steal their eggs or broods to give them pain. *Poor little birds! I hope we shall never hurt them.*

As the sun is now setting, and the farmer returned from his day's labour, he has called the family together, under the old oak-tree at the door, and is about to read the Bible to them: we will not disturb them, by going too near the house, but return home and read our Bible too, hoping to come again some other time.

“ At evening tide the air serene,  
Behold a rural pleasant scene,  
The bleating herds, the lowing kine,  
The spreading oak, the tow'ring pine;

The air from noxious vapours free,  
 Whilst squirrels trip from tree to tree,  
 And the sweet songsters hover round  
 Herbs and flowers that deck the ground ;  
 Each their various bloom produce,  
 Some for delight, and some for use ;  
 With wonder view the great designs,  
 In which superior Wisdom shines.  
 Revere his name, admire his love,  
 And raise our thoughts to things above."

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MORNING.

The lark, pleased with the falling  
 showers, arose this morning with the  
 sun, and soaring upward, seemed to  
 sing the praises of its Maker. What  
 a fine season ! how sweet the cool air  
 smells, now mixed with the scent of  
 many flowers ! *Do, pray, let us take a  
 walk this morning ; I was so pleased  
 last evening, I should like to go again.*

If it continue fair, perhaps we may go after breakfast ; as that is not yet ready, call the other children here ; let us sit down and read some book.

Give the book to Hannah ; I hope she will speak up, and mind her stops : what book is it ? “ *Counsel to Children.* ” Well, read with care.

“ Watch all your words, and ever speak  
“ the truth ;

“ What more belov'd, or comely is in  
“ youth ?

“ *Lie* not in jest, nor in a trifling thing ;  
“ 'Tis still a *lie*, and may to greater bring.

“ If, by neglect, by chance, or otherwise,  
“ A dread of some displeasure should arise ;  
“ Humbly declare it unto those you fear,  
“ And thus make way that they the *truth*  
“ may hear :

“ *I doubt I’ve something done that is amiss;*

“ *Be not displeas’d, I’ll tell you what it is.*

“ What parent or what friend would  
“ angry be,

“ When youth so honest and so wise they  
“ see?

“ *Ill company, that worst of snares re-*  
“ frain;

“ Let them entice, but still entice in vain.

“ How will your parents, or your friends  
“ rejoice,

“ When they shall hear their children’s  
“ happy choice!”

Very good advice ; I hope you will all attend to it, never daring to tell an untruth : try, Hannah, if little Tom can learn to say it without the book. *What are books made of?* Paper. *What is paper made of?* Some with rags, some with ropes ; white paper is





made with white rags, and brown paper is made with old ropes or sack-  
ing. — *Where do they make paper?* —

At the mill: the rags and materials are beat and ground fine, when soaked in water, with alum and gummy substances, till quite of a thick jelly, it is poured on a frame, dried, and then pressed into sheets. *But what use can the poor woman make of the old paper she picks up in the streets?* She sells it; and it is worked into paper boards, which are covered over with printed or stained paper, and made into boxes, such as we often hear the man cry, “Buy a box, buy a hat or a bonnet box.” *If rags make paper, what are rags made of?* Clothes of all sorts, worn and torn, are called

rags; some of silk, some of linen, and some of woollen. Hemp and flax grow in plants, and, when ripe, the fibres are picked, soaked, or beaten out; and are spun into thread by women and children; then it is woven into cloth by the weaver, and with a needle and thread made into shirts, shifts, frocks, and handkerchiefs; this sort of cloth is called linen, and the seed of the flax is called linseed. But, remember, a great many ropes, lines, cords, and packing thread (such as boys spin tops with) are made of hemp; it is only the finest sort of hemp that is made into cloth, and that is esteemed coarse, though very strong wear for poor people. There are large quantities of cotton (which grows on

a tree in the West-Indies) brought to England, where it is spun and woven into cloths and checks. At Nottingham many cotton stockings are made; and at Manchester large quantities of cotton is manufactured into cloth for garments, called calico, great quantities of which are printed for gowns, &c.

For woollen cloth we are indebted to the sheep; they are shorn once a year; the wool is combed, which cleans and smooths it, then spun into threads of different sizes, called yarn; some is twisted, and then called worsted; some is woven into camblets, and sundry neat clothes for women's wear; others are woven into stouter cloths for men, and a great quantity of wor-

sted is knit into stockings, caps, and gloves.

*But what makes silk?* Silk is produced by a particular kind of worm, resembling a caterpillar; it comes to England from many warm countries. From the East-Indies, large quantities are annually brought; very little is produced in England: but we may get some silk-worms soon, and as they feed on mulberry leaves, we shall be able to see the manner in which they produce silk.—Hark! the bell rings, breakfast is ready, let us go directly.

Be careful to make no dirt with your bread and butter; sit upright; and, when any of you drink, hold the mugs of milk and water tight. Keep your feet off the frames of the chairs;

give nothing to the cat or dog without asking leave.

How thankful we ought to be for such a refreshing meal, whilst many poor families have scarcely bread to eat.

*How can any body want, when there is such a deal of corn grows? That will take too long for me to tell now; but many poor men have large families, and earn barely enough to find them food from day to day; and if unwell, the family depending on the labour of the man's hands, are often in distress for bread or clothes; and some go without shoes and stockings. And sometimes, Charles, the poor man dies. Then the mother has hard work to keep the children. Our poor washer-*

woman has three children, they have no father, and the biggest girl carries the little boy to suck when their mother is at work from home. I have seen mamma give them some of our clothes and some victuals. When the children are big enough, I would have Sally and Hannah go sometimes and teach them to read and work at their needle, as it may greatly recommend them for places to get a living in. Their mother cannot teach them for want of time, being employed in procuring bread: she claims our pity, and is much to be esteemed for her honesty; it is a virtue, and shines greatest in the midst of poverty. Her industry is another virtue; and were it not for the grief which seems to fit

heavy on her brow, for the late loss of her dear husband (the father of her children and support of her little flock) she seems patiently to bear her lot; and it would give pleasure to some minds, to see with what joy her children run to meet her in the evening, clinging round her knees; and what comfort she seems to feel on finding them in health; her first care is to inquire how they spent the time in her absence; and, while they relate, she divides some food, the bounty of her employer, equally among them.

Go, reach me that book, called "*Fruits of a Father's Love.*" Here, Sally, read this.

"I recommend little children, widows, and infirm or aged persons,

“ chiefly to you ; spare something out  
 “ of your own belly, rather than let  
 “ their’s go pinched. Avoid that great  
 “ sin of needless expence on your per-  
 “ sons, and on your houses, whilst the  
 “ poor are hungry and naked. My  
 “ bowels have often been moved, to  
 “ see very aged and infirm people,  
 “ but especially poor helpless chil-  
 “ dren, lie all night, in bitter weather,  
 “ at the thresholds of doors, in the open  
 “ streets, for want of better lodging.  
 “ I have made this reflection, *If you*  
 “ *were so exposed, how hard would it*  
 “ *be to endure !*”

What answer can my children make  
 to that last reflection? *Why, it would*  
*be very hard to lie in the streets, and*  
*I hope no children ever will again, as*



*there are so many houses building.*  
 There are more houses and rooms already than would supply the people who want; but the misfortune is, many who have houses will not open them to many who have none.

I believe the superfluity of the clothed would more than cover the naked, and the parts of houses not used, would more than supply those who have scarce a hovel to dwell in. But the poor, in many parts of England, are taken more care of than formerly; as houses of industry are now built, to which many retire in feeble old age, and find a still retreat; their wants are relieved, and their bodies covered with clothing that is warm, simple, and decent.

*Pray may we go into the orchard?*

Yes, if you will remember not to eat any fruit without my knowledge. *I will take care little Charles and Tom shall not, and I hope we know better.* Better than to do what? *Than to eat any thing that is poison.* But I only let you go on conditions, that you eat nothing without my seeing and consenting; for eating unripe fruit, and some, perhaps, withered with lying long on the ground, may do more harm than you think for. *Well, we will endeavour to be careful to eat nothing without leave.* Not one apple, I charge you; for every apple eaten now will reduce the quantity of cider. *Do they make cider of apples?* Yes, sure; as I have a little time to spare, I will go into the orchard, and tell you how that is

done. *We all love cider: it is very pleasant in hot weather: may we have some now?* Not till dinner-time; we have not long breakfasted, and it is quite improper for little folks to drink between meals; here are some raspberries, eat of them. *Some red and some white: do they all grow on one tree?* Not on one bush; the red grows on one, the white on another; but it would puzzle many persons to tell by the bush, which bears a white or which a red, till the fruit appears; the same thing may be observed in currants and gooseberries: though the black currant bush is very well known from the red and white, as the leaves, wood, and smell are different. All plants of this kind, bearing small fruit, are called

bushes, such as grow in gardens, as well as those in woods and fields : then, remember, sloes, hips, haws, blackberries, and such kinds of fruit, grow on bushes, which are a provision for the poor harmless birds in winter, when frost and snow cover the ground, and they cannot come at any other kind of food.

### THE ORCHARD.

*Come, now for the orchard: what fine apples on the trees! And a good sprinkling of pears. But I wish to know how apples make cider. Shut to the orchard gate, to keep the pigs out, and I will relate how it is done.*

When the apples are ripe, we squeeze them in a machine for that purpose;

and taking the pulp, put it into large hair bags, in which it is pressed till all the juice runs out; it is then put into a large cask, and let stand in a warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. *Ferment! pray what is that?* We have seen beer work out of the bung-hole of a barrel, and so will the juice from the apples work or ferment of itself; after this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cider; and then it is drawn off into casks and bottles: and I am told this is the manner of making wine in warm countries. *And can they make wine of apples?* No; wine is made of grapes: but a similar process is used in making wine from grapes, as in making cider from apples.

Pears make a pleasant liquor called perry. Crabs, with which verjuice is made, are very sour, and grow wild in some hedges in many parts of England.

### THE HEDGE-HOG.

I am told the hedge-hog, which is covered with long sharp prickles, or thorny quills, will roll himself among the crabs that lie under the trees, and by these means many stick to his prickly sides, which he carries to his den for a store. When attacked by an enemy, it is found rolled up in a lump or ball, its head and feet being quite hidden, and is often attacked by a dog in that posture, without venturing to put its head out. Those animals which attempt to bite it, more fre-

quently receive than give a wound. It sleeps by day, and cries in the night, not much unlike a child that cannot speak. It is accused of sucking cows, and many parish officers pay fourpence for every one brought to them: but that is an error, its mouth being so small as to excuse it from the charge. Buffon, a curious writer on natural history, kept them in his garden, and says they were very harmless, yet fierceable in eating insects and worms.

### THE NURSERY.

*How do they first get fruit trees to plant?* Pips of apples, pears, and crabs, the kernels of divers plums, sown early in the spring of the year, become young plants, and are called stocks, which in

two or three years are grafted; so that it is no uncommon thing to find a may-duke cherry growing on the stock of the crab! or an apricot or Orleans plum on the stock of a cherry! *This is curious indeed! but how is it done?* An opening is made with a knife in the bark, near to the top of the stock, wherein is put a healthy shoot (cion or bud) from a well known bearing fruit-tree; being bound up with a bafs of a mat or small thread, and enclosed with clay; in a few months it shoots into buds, leaves, and branches; in time it bloffoms, and will bear the same kind of fruit as the tree from which it was taken.

Some curious persons, by these means, have two or three kinds of fruit



upon one tree, and in our garden is a gooseberry bush, which bears red, black, and yellow; but I observe the fruit of such trees is not so fine in size or flavour as those that bear but one sort.

There are persons who keep large gardens, called nurseries, for raising of trees and plants, which they sell. When a tree decays, or is broken off by the wind, another is often planted to supply its place. Some trees are a long time in coming to perfection; but when they bear fruit, they repay us for the labour in planting and pruning.

*What do they do with old fruit trees?*

A great many are burned; others are very useful for divers purposes; the

pear-tree, being a solid wood, is made into chairs and toys; the cherry and plum-tree are used for several purposes; the large walnut-tree makes good chairs, drawers, and tables, though not esteemed so much as mahogany, which comes from the West-Indies and America, and in which, I am told, worms do not breed to consume it, as is the case with many other sorts of wood.

*I have seen blackbirds flying over walnut-trees.* Perhaps they were crows. Crows love walnuts, and carry great quantities away. The smaller birds eat many grapes, cherries, and currants. Wasps are fond of pears, and other sweet fruits. Be careful to look at ripe pears, peaches, or plums,

before you bite them ; as I have often found several wasps in them, which had eaten most of the inside away, though the outside appeared pretty fair, except one small hole, whereat they had entered. The wasp's sting is very venomous, and in the mouth or throat may be dangerous. They construct a comb just like that of a bee, and it is often found in the hole of a rotten tree, or in the bank of a hedge in the fields ; sometimes school-boys, who go to destroy it, are so violently stung as to be quite unwell ; if, therefore, you should ever see a wasp's nest, carefully avoid it.

## THE DUCKS.

Call the dog from the pond; if the young ducks are there, he may hurt them. *Prince, Prince, come here; he does not mind my calling.* He runs very fast; he cannot hear, he is so far off. Let us go after him. *O dear, he is in the water, will not he be drowned?* No, he can swim,—most dogs can swim,—but he must not worry the ducks: call him here. *Prince! come away.* Now he hears, he comes; good dog to come when called. *But naughty to swim after the ducks.—Where do the ducks go at night? We have a little house like a dog-kennel made for them to go in; but where there is no shelter, they mostly sit on the bank of a pond or river, to be rea-*

dy to drop in upon an alarm. Ducks and water-fowls do not roost like many other birds. I knew a young man, brought up in London, who being at Hertford, came one evening, very gravely, to inform the family, “he believed the ducks were not well, as they would not go to roost, for he had set them up several times, but they fell down as often.” He was confused to find his good intent raise a laugh; but smiled afterwards at his own simplicity.

### THE MAGPIES.

*I saw two black and white birds hopping about one morning, and they made an odd noise; what could they be? Magpies, I suppose; they do make*

a chattering noise, and, when young, are soon taught to speak or imitate many sounds they hear. They are not very choice of their food, but careful of it; for when they have eaten enough, they hide what is left for another time, and often hide many things they should not: some servants have been blamed for mislaying of trifling articles, which have been afterwards found in the magpie's hiding-place. Its nest is built of thorns (and they place the thorns outwardly) fastened together with roots of grass, then lined with grass and wool, and plastered with mud. It is quite covered over the top, to preserve the young ones (of which it is very fond) from birds of prey.—An instance of the kind care

of that great Being, the Author of Nature, who teacheth even the brute creation to be provident for its offspring.

Come pick a few cowslips and violets, some bluebells and woodbines, which smell very sweet. *What are woodbines?* A shrub growing in the hedge, and contains so sweet a moisture in its flowers, that it is commonly called the honey-suckle. Go, pick them quickly; then call our faithful dog, Prince, to return with us.

#### THE DOG.

*Shall I give him my handkerchief, with some pears tied in it, for him to carry home in his mouth? I fear it will be too heavy. We should not overload him, for he is friendly even to*

those who use him ill ; he strives much to please his master, and seems happy to offer his strength and useful talents for his service ; he waits for orders and faithfully obeys them ; he consults his looks, and understands them ; is grateful for the slightest favours, and soon forgets injuries ; he licks the hand just raised to strike him, and seems to beg an excuse by submission. At night the guard of the house is committed to his care ; he is very quick of hearing in his sleep ; he scents strangers at a distance, and barks an alarm at their approach ; he drinks frequently, though not in abundance.

He is useful to the shepherd, he conducts the sheep to the fold, and watches for their safety ; he is almost the only



animal that knows and answers to his name; he has a most curious nose, for he can find his master by the smell amongst a great many people; and by that means he can trace his footsteps for many miles. In some countries they make large dogs draw carriages; and in London I have seen one so tractable, as to lead a poor blind man carefully along, stop before his feet, when in a dangerous path, and eagerly pull him from a post, or round the corner of a street. Sometimes naughty boys tie an old tin kettle to their tails, which making a noise against the ground, affrights the dog, which runs very fast with the burthen in great pain; and, if in very hot weather, might cause him to go mad, and who-

ever he bites at that time, is in danger of being so too. Children do not perhaps consider these things; for I would hope they did not intend to be so cruel.

### THE CONCLUSION.

I have told you the bee draws honey from many flowers; so you may get knowledge from many things by observation: we may see how the chickens obey their mother's call; we may find the little ant providing in summer against winter; and we may see how loving and innocent the doves dwell together; what care they all take of their young; and could we see the dutiful stork (as it is said) cherishing and supporting its aged parent,

we must admire the wisdom of the works of Providence.

Despise no one with whom you may be in company, for their appearance or simple behaviour. Many a fine gem has a rough outside; and we know not how to value the tree, till we are acquainted with its fruit. Interrupt no one in conversation; be quick to hear, slow to speak; vessels sound most when empty.

As many things require my being from home for some time to come, let me caution you to be loving and kind to one another, and to all those about you. Endeavour to avoid all little quarrels at play.

Do nothing in my absence you would not like me to see you do; re-

member, though no man may see you, God can. Use not his name in a familiar manner. The very thoughts of our hearts are naked to his view. His goodness is visible in all his works. Creatures innumerable speak his praise.

If favoured with health at my return, I may have opportunity to give further hints to my children on divers subjects; in the mean time, endeavour to learn some of the following verses and sentences.

## THE DECLARATION,

I ENVY no one's birth or fame,  
 Their title, train, or drefs ;  
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim,  
 Beyond what I possess.

I ask not, wish not, to appear,  
 More beauteous, rich, or gay ;  
 But to be wiser every year,  
 And better every day.

---

AVOID company where it is not profitable or necessary ; and then speak little and last.

Many have suffered by over-talking, but few by silence.

If we think twice before we speak, we may speak twice the better for it.

Silence is wisdom, where speaking is folly.

Better say nothing, than not to the purpose ; and for this reason we have two ears

and but one tongue, because we should hear much, and speak but little.

Keep a close mouth, if thou wouldst have a wise head.

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### BE MINDFUL OF STRANGERS.

WHEN you a wilder'd traveller meet,  
 Guide to the road his erring feet;  
 Or to your roof, if late, invite,  
 And shield him from the damps of night.  
 To still the voice of anguish, try  
 To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;  
 And every good you can, impart,  
 With ready hand, and glowing heart;  
 So shall you pass, from manhood's stage,  
 Smoothly along the slope of age:  
 Then from the pleasing journey rest,  
 In peaceful sleep, belov'd and blest.

---

### BE VIRTUOUS,

WOULD you the bloom of youth should last,  
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;

An easy carriage wholly free  
 From sour reserve or levity ;  
 Good-natured mirth, an open heart,  
 And looks unskill'd in any art ;  
 These are the charms that ne'er decay,  
 Though youth and beauty fade away ;  
 And time, which all things else removes,  
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.

---

THE REQUEST.

I.

PRESERVE me Lord, amidst the crowd,  
 From ev'ry thought that's vain and proud ;  
 And raise my wand'ring mind to see  
 How good it is to trust in thee.

II.

From all the enemies of truth,  
 Do thou preserve me through my youth ;  
 And free my mind from worldly cares,  
 Youthful sins and youthful snares.

Within my heart, where evil's prone,  
 Let seeds of early grace be sown;  
 And water'd by thy heavenly love,  
 Till it shall rise to joys above.



### LIFE IS SHORT.

OUR life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,  
 Or like a tender flow'ret fades and dies;  
 Or like a race it ends without delay,  
 Or like a vapour vanishes away;  
 Or like a candle which each moment wastes,  
 Or like a vessel under sail it hastes;  
 Or like a post it gallops very fast,  
 Or like the shadow of a cloud that's past.  
 Our castle is but weak, and strong the foe,  
 Our breath is short, our death is certain too;  
 But as his coming is a secret still,  
 Let us be ready, come death when he will.



## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

RENOUNCE all other gods, but only me;  
 And to no image bow thy heart or knee.  
 Take not the awful name of God in vain,  
 Nor e'er his holy sabbath-day profane.  
 Honour thy parents, and thou long shalt live;  
 Commit not murder, but all wrongs forgive.  
 From filthy lusts, keep soul and body free,  
 Nor steal, though press'd by dire necessity.  
 Against thy neighbour, ne'er false witness  
 bear.  
 Nor covet goods, in which thou hast no  
 share.

Extract from the BOOK of WISDOM:

*“ Despise not thy Mother when she is  
 “ old.”*

'Tis Wisdom speaks—her voice divine  
 Attend, my son, and life is thine.  
 Let Virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,  
 And shun the dang'rous heights of pride;

The peaceful vale, the golden mean,  
The path of life pursue serene.

From infancy what sufferings spring—  
While yet a naked helpless thing,  
Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,  
To shield thee from th' inclement blast?  
Thy mother—honour her—her arms  
Secur'd thee from a thousand harms;  
When helpless, hanging on her breast,  
She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest;  
Thoughtful of thee, before the day  
Shot through the dark its rising ray;  
Thoughtful of thee, when sable night  
Again had quench'd the beams of light;  
To heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r for thee,  
She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.  
Despise her not, now feeble grown—  
Oh! make her wants and woes thy own;  
Let not thy lips rebel: nor eyes,  
Her weakness, frailty, years, despise;  
From youthful insolence defend,  
Be patron, husband, guardian, friend;

Thus shalt thou soothe, in life's decline,  
The mis'ries that may once be thine.

POEM *written on a Pane of Glass.*

A RAVEN once an acorn took,  
From Kingsgate's tallest, stoutest tree;  
He hid it in a neighb'ring brook,  
And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,  
Which Providence still keeps alive;  
He bids us in affliction hope,  
And all disquietudes survive.

A HYMN.

GOD of my health, whose tender care  
First gave me power to move,  
How shall my thankful heart declare  
The wonders of thy love?  
Whilst void of thought and sense I lay,  
Dust of my parent earth,  
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,  
And called me to the birth.

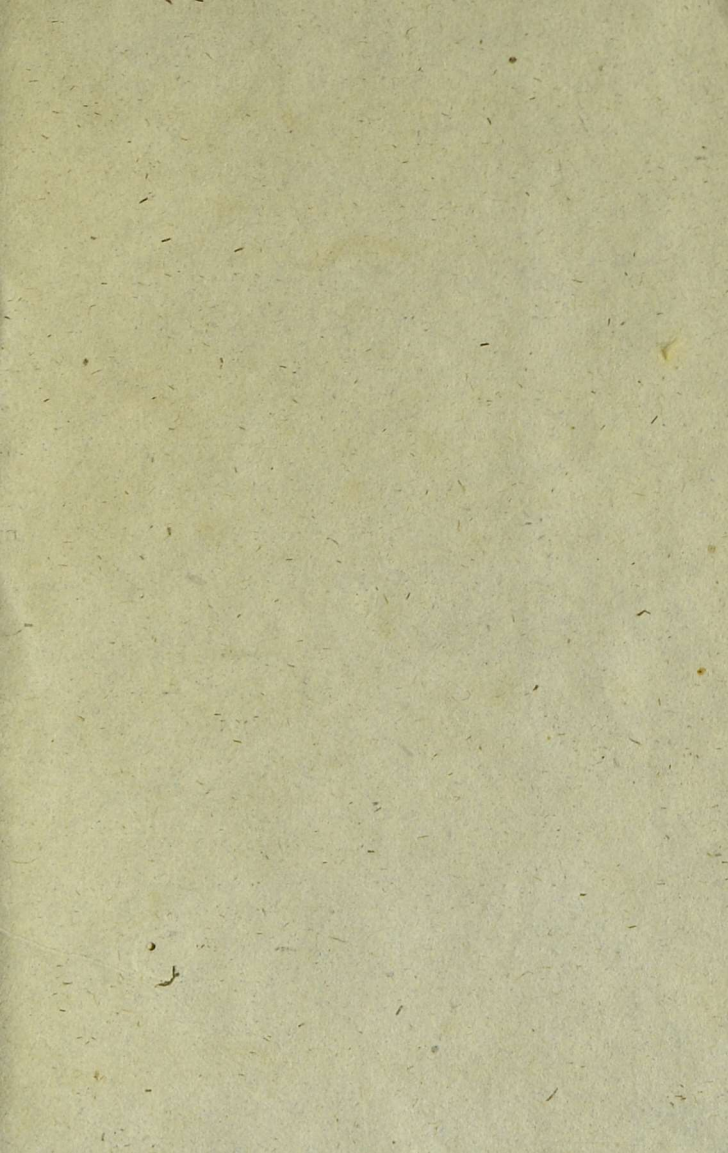
From thee the parts their fashion took,  
 Ere life was yet begun ;  
 And in the volume of thy book  
 Were written one by one.

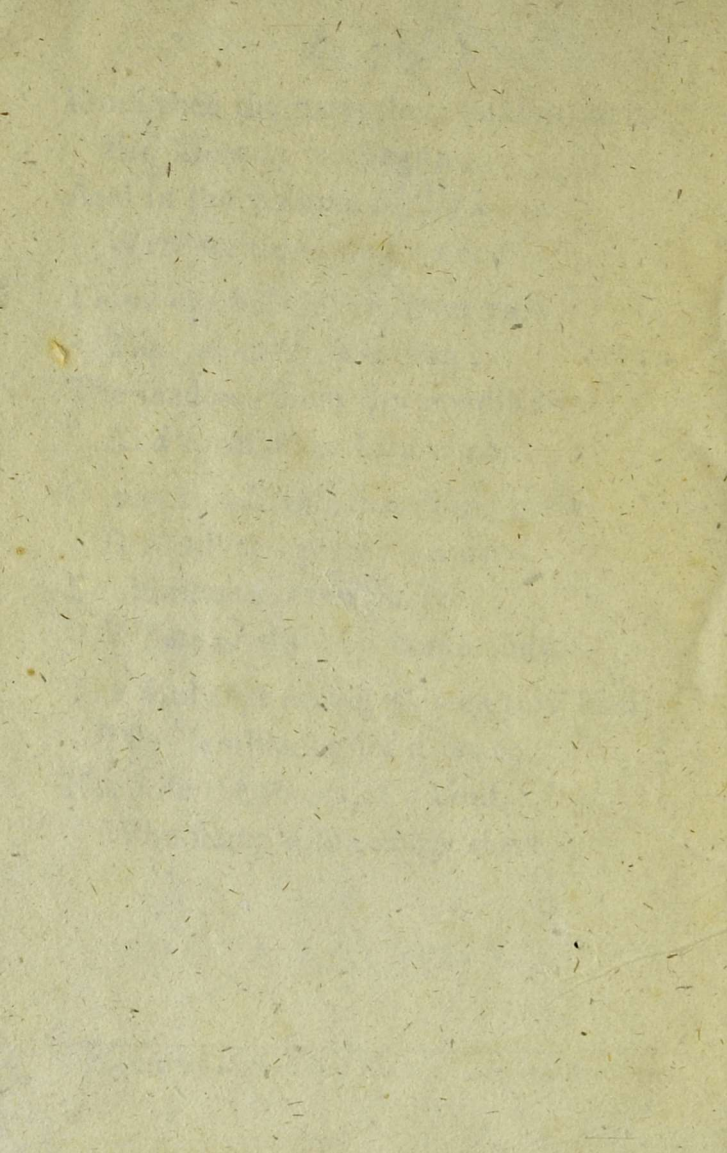
Thine eye beheld, in open view,  
 The yet unfinish'd plan ;  
 The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,  
 And form'd the future man.

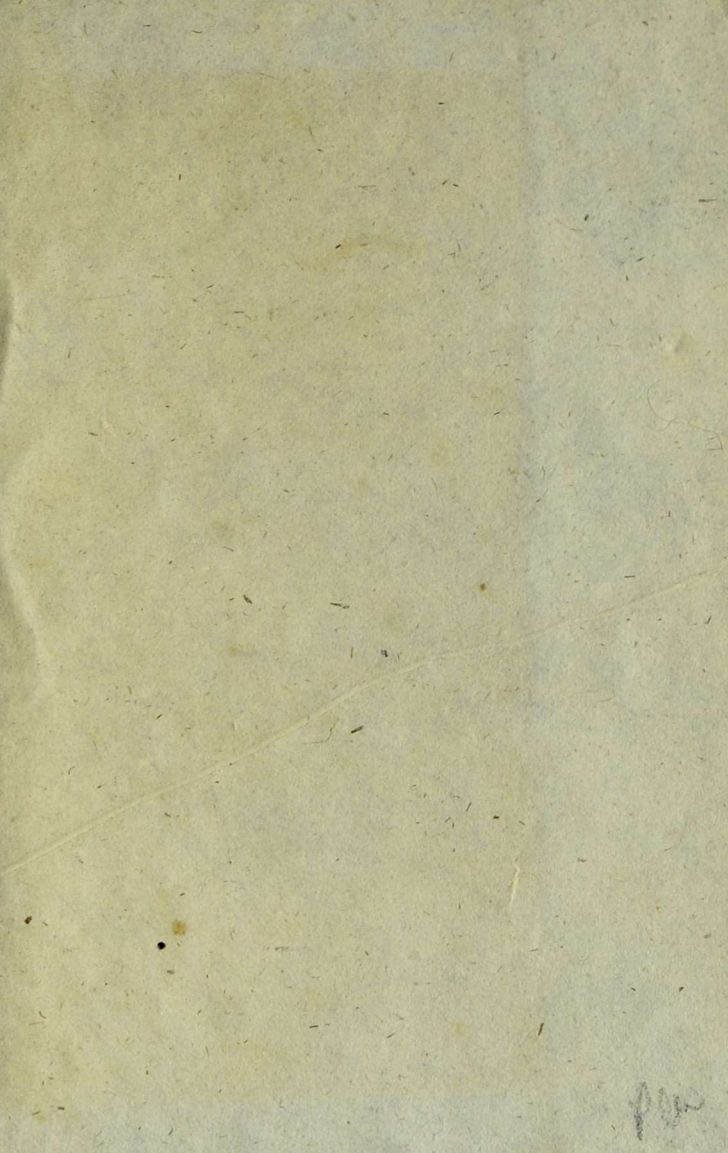
O may this frame, that rising grew  
 Beneath thy plastic hands,  
 Be studious ever to pursue  
 Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load,  
 Thy 'semblance let it bear ;  
 Nor lose the traces of a God,  
 Who stamp'd his image there,

END OF VOL. I.







... and having of poi-  
... Patronage, Vicarage  
... or Messuage belong-  
... such Mansion or  
... the House of Man-  
... and Condition, to  
... any spiritual Person  
... Donative, or Spiritual  
... Liberty, Curate, etc.  
... of his Diocese, and pro-  
... Vicarage, Donative, or  
... Bishop of his Diocese;  
... endowed School duly  
... Incorpoated.