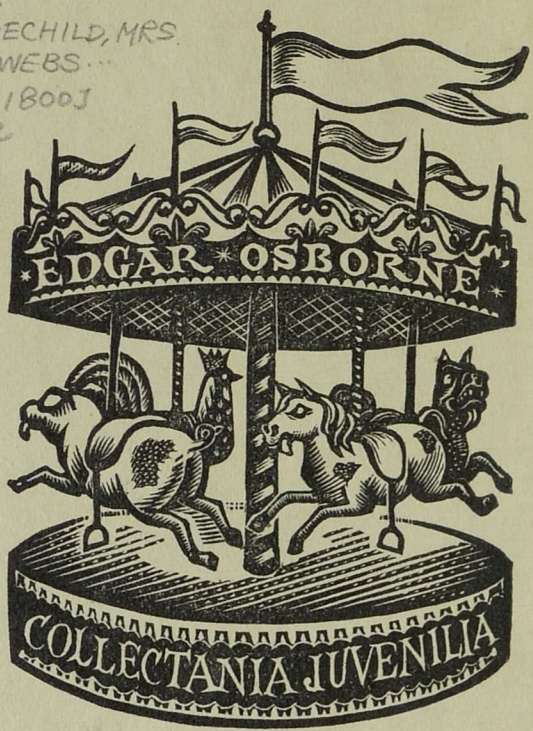


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Charlotte Beane
June 19 1803

Charles

Receipt

and Christian Mearns
to 6/3

Beane
6/3

By Capt. H. H. H.



At Woodhouse

THE BIRD.

C O B W E B S

TO CATCH

Charles F L I E S: *Benjamin*

O R,

D I A L O G U E S

I N

S H O R T S E N T E N C E S,

A D A P T E D T O C H I L D R E N

F R O M

T H E A G E O F T H R E E T O E I G H T Y E A R S.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

VOL. I. Containing,
Easy Lessons in Words of
THREE LETTERS,
FOUR LETTERS,
FIVE LETTERS,
SIX LETTERS,
Suited to Children from THREE
to FIVE Years of Age.

VOL. II. Containing,
Instructive Lessons in Words of
ONE SYLLABLE,
TWO SYLLABLES,
THREE SYLLABLES,
FOUR SYLLABLES,
Suited to Children from FIVE to
EIGHT Years of Age.

John Marshall
London:

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL, at No. 4, ALDERMARY
CHURCH YARD, BOW-LANE, CHEAPSIDE.

1790

C O B W E S

Phoyden

by
W. W. W.
J. J.

W. W. W.
J. J.

C O N T E N T S

O F

V O L. II.

W. Murray Page

THE Cottage Garden,.....	5
The Country Visit,.....	11
The Kind Brother,.....	17
The Bees,.....	24
The Flies,.....	27
The Spider,.....	30
The Bird,.....	33
The Happy Family,.....	40
The Fair,.....	48
The Stubborn Child,.....	55
The Pictures,.....	64
The Hedge-Hog,.....	71
The Useful Play,.....	80

CONTENTS

VOL. II

Page

THE COLLEGE GARDEN..... 5

THE COUNTY VIGIL..... 11

THE KIND BEAR..... 17

THE BOAT..... 23

THE WIFE..... 29

THE SPOON..... 35

THE SHED..... 41

THE HAPPY FAMILY..... 47

THE FINE..... 53

THE GILDED CHILD..... 59

THE FISH..... 65

THE HONEY..... 71

THE WIFE..... 77

C O B W E B S

TO CATCH

Charles F L I E S. *Benjamin*

The COTTAGE GARDEN.



FIRST BOY.

I See no toys—How do you pass your time?

* The little boy is supposed to be at the house of a tenant, and at play with the son of the tenant.

SECOND BOY.

I feed the hens, and the ducks; I see the calf fed.

FIRST BOY.

And what do you do else?

SECOND BOY.

I go out and see the men plow; I see them sow; and when I am good, they give me some corn.

FIRST BOY.

And what do you do with it?

SECOND BOY.

I sow it; I love to see it come up. I have some oats of my own; they are just come up; I wish they were ripe, we would cut them.

FIRST BOY.

What is done with oats?

SECOND BOY.

Horses eat them.

FIRST BOY.

We eat wheat. *John* says the bread is made of wheat.

SECOND BOY.

I make hay; I have a rake and a fork; and I ride in the cart. I rode last year.

FIRST BOY.

I ride in my papa's coach; and I walk when it is fair and warm; but I have no tools to work with; I wish I had. I love a toy when it is new; just the first day I love it; the next day I do not care for it.

SECOND BOY.

I have a spade and a hoe; and I can work with them; and am never tired

of them. When I am a man I will have a scythe, and mow in the fields. I have a bit of ground of my own to work in.

FIRST BOY.

Where is it? Pray shew it to me.

SECOND BOY.

Here; come this way. There; you see I have a rose bush; I wish I could find a bud. Here is a white pink: they blow in the spring. Do you like pinks?

FIRST BOY.

We have fine large pinks at home; but these are as sweet—I thank you.—I should like pinks of my own.

SECOND BOY.

I will give you some slips in *June*; and shew you how to plant them; and I can give you some seeds which I took care of last year.

FIRST BOY.

You are good to me I am sure; when you come to see me, I will ask for some fruit to give to you.

SECOND BOY.

I have a pear; that tree is mine, and we get nuts.

FIRST BOY.

We have grapes, and figs, and plums; but I love a peach best, it is so full of juice.

SECOND BOY.

We have none of them; I shall

like to taste them. Now I will
 shew you our bees; the hives stand
 just by. When we take them up, you
 shall have some comb.

FIRST BOY.

You are good to me I am sure;
 when you come to see me, I will give
 for some fruit to give to you.

SECOND BOY.

I have a pear; that tree is mine,
 and we get nuts.

FIRST BOY.

We have grapes, and figs, and
 plums; but I love a peach best, it
 is so full of juice.

SECOND BOY.

We have none of them; I shall

The COUNTRY VISIT.



MISS.*

I LIKE to walk in the fields,
and to hear all that you can tell
me.

* A little lady is supposed to be come to see a
tenant's wife.

WOMAN.

I am glad to see you here, miss.

MISS.

Pray call me as you did when I came to you to stay; you were so good to me! you soon made me well. I like you should say, My dear. I love you.—I ought to love those who are kind to me, and nurse me.

WOMAN.

I do not think you would have been here now, my dear, if you had staid in town. I did not think you could live.

MISS.

Where is my old friend *Bett*?

I want to walk with her.

WOMAN.

She shall come; she longs to see you; I see her; she is just by.

LITTLE GIRL.

How do you do; I am glad to see you here, miss.

MISS.

Ah, *Bett!* how you are grown! I should scarce know you.

LITTLE GIRL.

You are as much grown, miss; you were but so tall when you were here.

MISS.

Let us run and jump; and I want to see all your things.

LITTLE GIRL.

Will you like to see the cows?

or shall we go and look at the lambs?

MISS.

O; yes! let us go.

LITTLE GIRL

They are just by. I have a tame lamb; I rear it with milk, warm from the cow.

MISS.

I like sheep, they look so mild; when I went home I had a great deal to tell my sister. She did not know that a lamb was a young sheep.

WOMAN.

How could she, my dear, till she was told?—*you* would not have known, if *you* had not been told.

MISS.

I told her that we cut the wool off the backs of the sheep, and wore it. I told her how I had seen the lambs frisk and jump. I told her that I had seen you milk, and make cheese:—she did not know that cream came off the milk!

WOMAN.

Did *you* know when you came to me?

MISS.

No—I did not.

WOMAN.

You can not know what you are not taught.

MISS.

Tell me more, and when I go home I will tell my sifter.

WOMAN.

Come with me, and we will
talk.

Off the backs of the sheep I had
wore it. I told her how I had
seen the lambs kick and jump. I
told her that I had seen you milk,
and make cheese:—she did not
know that cream came off the milk!

WOMAN.

Did you know when you came to me?

MISS.

No—I did not.

WOMAN.

You can not know what you are

not taught.

MISS.

Tell me more, and when I go home

I will tell my father.

It is

The KIND BROTHER.



BOY.

WHERE is James?

B 3

L A D Y.

He is in the house; you may go to him there.

B O Y.

If you please, I like to stay here.

L A D Y.

What shall we do?

B O Y.

I wish to have my knife and a stick; then with this small piece of board I will make a chair for *Jane's* doll.

L A D Y.

That will please Miss *Jane*; that piece will do for a couch; you might stuff it with wool.

B O Y.

I wish I could; pray will you teach he how to do it.

LADY.

If you make the frame well, I will stuff it for you.

BOY.

I thank you; I think *Jane* will dance for joy.

LADY.

She does not dream of such a nice chair; stay, this is the right way to cut it; you must not notch it so.

BOY.

I think I hear *Jane's* voice; I would not have her come till it is done. Will she thank me?

LADY.

Yes, sure; she ought to thank you.

BOY.

Why does she sleep in the day?

LADY.

She is a babe;—you slept at noon, when you were so young.

BOY.

Now I do not sleep till night. I hear my ducks; what do you quack for?—May I fetch them some bread? Here is a crust which I left; pray, may I give it to them?

LADY.

If it be clean, some poor child would be glad of it; that is a large piece.—We will give chaff to the ducks.

BOY.

This bread is made of wheat;

wheat grows in the earth ; wheat is a grain. I am to see *Tom* bind a sheaf : and when *Tom* goes home to shear his sheep I am to see him. He will throw them in a pond ; plunge them in ! Our cloth is made of wool ; how can they weave cloth ? and how can they stain it ?—How light this chair will be ! it will not weigh much.

LADY.

Who heard the clock ? I meant to count it. I left my watch in my room.

BOY.

Why did you leave it ?

LADY.

Miss *Bett* broke the chain last night.

LADY.

The B E E S.



A Little boy was eating his supper; it was bread and milk, with some honey. "Pray," said the little boy, "who makes honey for my supper?"

MAMMA.

The bees collect it.

BOY.

Where do they find it?

MAMMA.

In the flowers.

BOY.

Where do the bees live?

MAMMA.

Those which supply us with honey live in a hive.

BOY.

What is it made of?

MAMMA.

Ours are made of straw.

BOY.

Pray, mamma, tell me a great deal about the bees, whilst I eat my milk.

MAMMA.

In the night, and when the weather is cold, they keep in the hive. When the sun shines, and the days are warm, they fly abroad. They search far and near for such flowers as supply them with honey or wax. Of the wax they make cells which we call comb. In some of the cells they lay up store of honey to support them in the winter, when they can not venture out to seek for food. In some of the cells they nurse their young ones, who have no wings. They are very neat creatures; they keep the hive quite clean. They carry out the dead bees.

The FLIES.



THE next morning this same little boy was eating his breakfast. It chanced that the maid had let fall a drop of honey as she mixed

his milk; and a fly came and stood on the edge of his basin to suck it.

The good child laid aside his spoon to avoid frightening the poor fly.

What is the matter, *William*; are you not hungry?

Yes, mamma; but I would not hinder this little fly from getting his breakfast.

Good child! said his mamma, rising from her tea; we will look at him as he eats. See how he sucks through his long tube. How pleased he is!

Mamma, can not flies make honey? said the little boy.

No, said papa, they are like you, they can not make honey, but they are very fond of eating it.

What do flies do, papa?

PAPA.

They are as idle as any little boy of you all; they frisk and buz about all the summer, feeding upon what is made by others.

BOY.

And in the winter what do they do?

PAPA.

Creep into some little snug corner.

BOY.

But what do they eat then?

PAPA.

They sleep, and want no food.

The SPIDER.

A Little boy saw a spider; its legs were all packed close to its body; the boy thought it was a

bit of dirt; and was going to pick it up.

His mamma stopped him, lest he should chance to hurt the spider; she told him that the poor creature had rolled itself up from fear; that if he stood still he would soon see the spider move.

The little boy kept close and quiet some time, watching the spider; he saw it unfold one leg, then another, till at last they were all loose, and away it ran. Then the little boy ran after his mamma, and heard the history of spiders.

She told him a great deal about them. Then she talked to him of other insects, which disguise them-

selfes to escape the dangers which they meet with.

She picked up a wood-louse, and laid it gently in his little hand. There, said she, you see the wood-louse roll itself into a little ball, like a pea: let it lie awhile, and when it thinks that you do not observe it—

Ah! mamma, it unrolls.—O! it will run away: shall I not hold it?

No, my dear, you would hurt it.

I would not hurt any creature, mamma.

No! surely—He who made you, made all creatures, to be happy.

The B I R D.



A Boy was walking with his mamma; he saw a bird fly past, with some food in its mouth.

BOY.

Is not that bird hungry ? for I see that he carries his meat past in his mouth.

MAMMA.

She is a mother bird, and has young ones in her nest ?

BOY.

Who makes the nest ?

MAMMA.

The old Birds.

BOY.

How do they make the nests ?

MAMMA.

Some make their nests of sticks ; some of dry leaves ; some use clay ; some straw ; they use all sorts of things ; each kind of bird knows what is fit for its use.

BOY.

What do they make nests for?

MAMMA.

To nurse their young in.

BOY.

And are they warm?

MAMMA.

The old birds line them with moss, with wool, with feathers; to make them warm and soft.

BOY.

Where do they get all these things?

MAMMA.

They fly a great way to fetch them; and sometimes they pluck their own breasts to supply down for their young to lie upon.

BOY.

How kind they are!

MAMMA.

So kind are good parents to their children.

BOY.

Pray why do the birds sing ?

MAMMA.

One old bird sings, whilst one sits on the eggs.

BOY.

Why do they sit on the eggs ?

MAMMA.

To keep them warm, so that they may hatch.

BOY.

What do you mean by that, pray mamma ?

MAMMA.

The young birds break the shells and come out.

BOY.

What do they do then? do they fly?

MAMMA.

Not at first: babes, you know, can not walk.

BOY.

But what do young birds do?

MAMMA.

They lie in the nest, and gape for food.

BOY.

And do they get it?

MAMMA.

The old birds fly far and near to fetch it. You saw one with some in its bill.

BOY.

I see a bird now with some in its mouth.

MAMMA,

Do not make a noise, lest you fright the poor thing.—Hush! hush!—let us creep gently, and see the bird go to her nest.

They saw the bird alight on a bush just by; she hopped from twig to twig till she got to the nest: she gave the little worm, which she had in her beak, to her young, and then flew away in search of more.

BOY.

Now may I talk.

MAMMA:

Yes, my dear;—are you not pleased to see the birds?

BOY.

Yes, mamma.—When will the little ones fly?

MAMMA.

When they have got all their feathers.

BOY.

How will they learn?

MAMMA.

The old birds will teach them to fly, as I taught you to walk.

BOY.

I hope the little birds will always love their mothers. I shall always love you; mamma, pray kiss me.

The HAPPY FAMILY.



THERE were eight boys and girls of the name of *Free love*; their kind parents taught them to do as they were bid in all things. They

were the happiest children in the world; for, being used to control, they thought it no hardship to obey their friends. When one of them had a mind to do any thing, and was not sure whether it would be right, he went in to inquire, and was always content with the answer. If it was proper, he was certain to have leave; and if it was not proper, he had no longer a wish to do it; but was glad that he had asked.

Mr. and Mrs. *Freelove* took great pains with their children, and taught them as soon as they could learn, all that was proper for their age; and they took delight in learn-

ing, so that it was a pleasure to teach them.

Such a family is the most pleasing scene upon earth.

The children were all very fond of each other. No one had an idea of feeling joy in which the rest did not share. If one child had an apple, or a cake, he always parted it into eight pieces; and the owner kept the smallest for himself: and when any little treasure was given which could not be so divided, the rest were summoned to see it, to play with it, and to receive all the pleasure which it could afford.

The little folk were fond of books; the elder ones would often

lay aside their own, to read aloud to the younger ones in such as were suited to them. In short, they were a family of perfect love. Each boy had a little piece of ground for a garden in which he might work to amuse himself. It would have made you smile to see how earnest they were at their work; digging, planting, weeding, and sometimes they had leave to water. Each was ready to lend any of his tools to his brother. Each was happy to assist in any plan, if his brother needed help.

The boys did the chief work in their sisters' gardens; and their greatest joy was to present little nosegays to their mamma and sisters.

There were sheep kept upon the lawn; the pretty creatures were so tame that they would eat out of a person's hand. You may believe that the children were very fond of feeding them; they often gave them their little barrow full of greens. There was no danger of the little folk not thinking to perform so pleasing a task as this. One day *George* was reading aloud to a younger brother, whose name was *William*,—
“Do as you would be done by.”

WILLIAM.

Pray what does that mean?

GEORGE.

I will shew you now; you hear

the sheep bleat. So he ran and got some greens, and gave to the sheep.

GEORGE.

You see what it is to do as we would be done by; the poor sheep are hungry, and I feed them.

WILLIAM.

I should like to feed them; but I have no greens.

GEORGE.

Here are some of mine? take some, and give to them.

WILLIAM.

I thank you brother; now you do to me as you would wish to be done by.

The next day William saw a poor woman standing on the outside of the

iron gates. She looked pensive; and the child said:

WILLIAM.

What do you want, poor woman?

WOMAN.

A piece of bread; for I have had none to eat.

William had a bit in his hand; he had just begun to eat it. He stopped, and thought to himself— if I had nothing to eat, and I saw a person who had a great piece of bread, what should I wish?—that he should give me some. So the good child broke off all but a very little bit, (for he was very hungry) and said,

You shall have this bread which

the maid gave me just now. "We
" should do as we would be done
" by."

Good boy! said his mamma, who
chanced to pass that way, come and
kiss me.

William ran to his dear mamma,
and hugged her; saying, I am never
so happy as when you say good
boy.

MAMMA.

I was seeking for *Mary*, to tell
her that *Lady Lovechild* has sent to
have you all go with us: but for
your reward, you shall carry the
message to the rest. Go; I know
it will give you great pleasure to
rejoice your brothers and sisters.

The F A I R.



JAMES and *Edward Franklin* had leave to walk about, and amuse themselves in a fair. They saw a great many people who seemed very

happy ; many children merry and joyous, jumping about, and boasting of their toys. They went to all the stalls, and bought little presents for those who were at home. They saw wild beasts ; peeped in show-boxes ; heard drums, trumpets, fiddles, and were as much pleased with the bustle around them, as you, my little reader, would have been had you been there.

Mrs. *Franklin* had desired them not to ride in a Merry-go-round, lest they should fall and hurt themselves.

Did you ever see a Merry-go-round ? If you never passed through

a country fair I dare say you never did.



As they passed by, the children who were riding called, "Will you ride? will you ride?"

JAMES.

No, I thank you, we may not.

EDWARD.

I should like it, if I might.

One girl called, "See how we ride !

One said, "O ! how charming this is !"

One boy said, "You see we do not fall !"

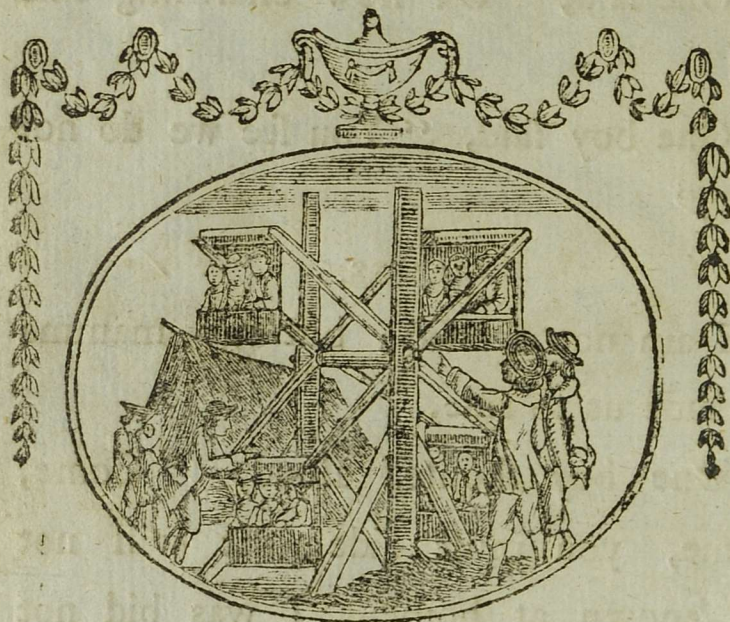
JAMES.

I am not fearful ; but my mamma forbade us to ride.

One boy shouted aloud, "Come, come, you must ride ; it will not be known at home. I was bid not to ride, but you see I do !"

Just as he spoke, the part upon which he sat broke, and down he fell.

In another part of the fair the boys saw some children tossed about thus :



They were singing merrily the old nurse's ditty.

“ Now we go up, up, up,
 “ Now we go down, down, down,
 “ Now we go backward and forward,
 “ Now we go round, round, round.”

The voices sounded pleasantly to *Ned's* ear; his heart danced to the notes; jumping, he called to his brother *James*, "Dear *James*! look! if I thought that our mamma would like it, I would ride so."

JAMES.

My dear *Ned*! I am sure that my mamma would object to our riding in that.

N E D.

Did you ever hear her name the Tofs-about?

JAMES.

I am certain that if she had known of it, she would have given us the same caution as she did about the Merry-go-round.

Ned paused a moment; then said,

“How happy am I to have an elder brother who is so prudent!”

James replied—“I am not less happy that you are so willing to be advised.”

When they returned home, each was eager to relate his brother's good conduct; each was happy to hear his parents commend them both.

The STUBBORN CHILD.



MR. *Steady* was walking out with his little son, when he met a boy with a fatchel on his shoulder, crying and sobbing dismally. Mr. *Steady*

accosted him, kindly inquiring what was the matter ?

Mr. STEADY.

Why do you cry ?

BOY.

They send me to school ; and I do not like it.

Mr. STEADY.

You are a filly boy ! what ! you would play all day ?

BOY.

Yes I would.

Mr. STEADY.

None but babies do that ; your friends are very kind to you.—If they have not time to teach you themselves, then it is their duty to send you

where you may be taught: but you must take pains yourself, else you will be a dunce.

LITTLE STEADY.

Pray, may I give him my book of fables out of my pocket?

Mr. STEADY.

Do, my dear.

LITTLE STEADY.

Here it is—it will teach you to do as you are bid—I am never happy when I have been naughty;—are you happy?

BOY.

I can not be happy; no person loves me.

LITTLE STEADY.

Why?

Mr. STEADY.

I can tell you why? because he is not good.

BOY.

I wish I was good.

Mr. STEADY.

Then try to be so; it is easy; you have only to do as your parents and friends desire you.

BOY.

But why should I go to school?

Mr. STEADY.

Good children ask for no reasons; —a wise child knows that his parents can best judge what is proper; and unless they choose to explain the reason of their orders, he trusts that they have a good one; and he obeys without inquiry.

LITTLE STEADY.

I will not say *why* again, when I am told what to do; but I will always do as I am bid directly.—Pray, Sir, tell the story of Miss *Wilful*?

Mr. STEADY.

Miss *Wilful* came to stay a few days with me; now she knew that I always would have children obey me; so she did as I bade her; but she did not always do a thing as soon as she was spoken to; and would often whine out *why*?—*that* always seems to me like saying—*I think I am as wise as you are;—and I would disobey you if I durst.*

One day I saw Miss *Wilful* going to play with a dog, with which

I knew it was not proper for her to meddle:—and I said, “Let that dog
“alone.”

Why? said Miss—I play with *Wag*, and I play with *Phillis*, and why may I not play with *Pompey*?

I made her no answer;—but thought she may feel the reason soon.

Now the dog had been ill used by a girl, who was so naughty as to make a sport of holding meat to his mouth, and snatching it away again; which made him take meat roughly, and always be furly to girls.

Soon after Miss stole to the dog, held out her hand as if she had

meat for him, and then snatched it away again. The creature resented this treatment, and snapped at her fingers. When I met her crying, with her hand wrapped in a napkin.—“So,” said I, “you have been meddling with the dog! Now you know *why* I bade you let *Pompey* alone.”

LITTLE STEADY.

Did she not think you were unkind not to pity her? I thought (do not be displeas'd, papa, but I thought) it was strange that you did not comfort her.

Mr. STEADY.

You know that her hand was not very much hurt, and the wound had been dress'd when I met her.

LITTLE STEADY.

Yes, papa, but she was so sorry !

Mr. STEADY.

She was not so sorry for her fault, as for its consequences.

LITTLE STEADY.

Papa ?

Mr. STEADY.

Her concern was for the pain which she felt in her fingers; not for the fault which had occasioned it.

LITTLE STEADY.

She was very naughty, I know; for she said that she would get a pair of thick gloves, and *then* she would tease Pompey.

Mr. STEADY.

Naughty girl ! how ill-disposed !

then my lecture was lost upon her. I bade her, whilst she felt the smart, resolve to profit by *Pompey's* lesson; and learn to believe, that her friends might have good reasons for their orders; though they did not think it proper always to acquaint her with them.

LITTLE STEADY.

I once cut myself with a knife, which I had not leave to take; and when I see the scar, I always consider, that I ought not to have taken the knife.

Mr. STEADY.

That, I think, is the school-house; now go in, and be good.

The PICTURES.

LADY *Lovechild* had one room in her house fitted up with books, suited to little people of different ages.—She had likewise toys, but

they were such as would improve as well as amuse her little friends.

The book-room opened into a gallery, which was hung with prints and pictures, all chosen with a view to children. All designed to teach little folk whilst they were young; in order that when they grew up, they might act worthily.

There were written accounts of each picture, with which her ladyship would often indulge good children.

Sometimes she walked about herself, and explained a few of the pictures to her little guests.

One day I chanced to be present when she was shewing a few

of them to a little visiter ; and I think my young reader may like to hear what passed.

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ That is Miss *Goodchild*.—I have
 “ read an account of her written by her
 “ mamma.

MISS.

“ Pray, madam, what was it ?

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ It is too long to repeat now,
 “ my dear ; but I will tell you a
 “ part.——She was never known
 “ to disobey her parents ; never
 “ heard to contradict her brothers
 “ or sisters ; nor did she ever re-
 “ fuse to comply with any request
 “ of theirs.——I wish you to read

“ her character, for she was a pattern
 “ of goodness.

MISS.

“ Pray, madam, was she pretty ?

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ She had a healthful colour ;
 “ and her countenance was sweet,
 “ because she was always good-
 “ humoured.—That smile on her
 “ mouth seems to say—I wish
 “ you all happy ; but it was not
 “ for her beauty, but her good-
 “ ness, that she was beloved ; and
 “ on that account only did I wish for
 “ her picture.

MISS.

“ Pray, madam, why is that boy
 “ drawn with a frog in his hand ?

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ In memory of a kind action
“ which he did to a poor harmless
“ frog.—You shall hear the whole
“ story.—I was taking my morning
“ walk pretty early one day, and I
“ heard a voice say, Pray do not
“ kill it; I will give you this pen-
“ ny (it is all I have) and I shall
“ not regard going without my
“ breakfast, which I was to have
“ bought with it.

“ You shall not lose your meal! ex-
“ claimed I; nor you, naughty boys,
“ the punishment which you deserve
“ for your cruel intention!

MISS.

“ Pray, madam, what was the good
 “ boy’s name ?

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ *Mildmay* ! he was always a friend
 “ to the helpless. He never fought at
 “ school, except in defence of the little
 “ boys who were oppressed by elder
 “ ones.

MISS:

“ How cruel it is in a great boy to
 “ be a tyrant !

LADY LOVECHILD.

“ Dunces are often cruel.—My
 “ young friend redeemed a linnet’s
 “ nest from a stupid school-fellow,
 “ by helping him in his exercise

“every day for a fortnight, till the
“little birds” were flown—”

*Here a servant entered the gallery, and
announced company, which put an end
to Lady Lovechild's account of the
picture.*

The HEDGE-HOG.



MASTER *William* *Gentle* was walking with his grandpapa; they met some boys who had a Hedge-hog, which they were going to

hunt.—Mr. *Gentle* ordered them to release it.—The boys pleaded that the Hedge-hog would injure the farmers by sucking their cows; and that it, therefore, ought to be killed.

Mr. *Gentle* replied, if it were proper to deprive the animal of life, it would be a duty to do it in as expeditious a manner as possible, and very wicked to torment the poor creature; but the accusation is false, and you are unjust as well as cruel.—Release it this instant.

WILLIAM.

Will the Hedge-hog be glad when he gets loose.

GRANDPAPA.

Very glad.

WILLIAM.

Then I shall be glad too.

GRANDPAPA.

I hope that you will always delight in making other creatures happy; and then you will be happy yourself.

WILLIAM.

I love to see the dog happy, and the cat happy.

GRANDPAPA.

Yes, surely; and you love to make them happy.

WILLIAM.

How can I make them happy?

GRANDPAPA.

By giving them what they want, and by taking kind notice of them.

WILLIAM.

Can I make my brothers and sisters happy?

GRANDPAPA.

You can each of you make yourself, and all the rest of the children happy, by being kind and good-humoured to each other; willing to oblige, and glad to see the others pleased.

WILLIAM.

How, pray?

GRANDPAPA.

If you were playing with a toy, and *Bartle* wished to have it, perhaps you would part from it to please him; if you did, you would oblige him.

WILLIAM.

Should not I want it myself.

GRANDPAPA.

You would be pleased to see him delighted with it, and he would love you the better; and when *George* goes out, and you stay at home, if you love him as well as you do yourself, you will be happy to see his joy.

WILLIAM.

I shall be happy to see his joy.

GRANDPAPA.

Your parents are always watching over you all for your good; in order to correct what is amiss in your tempers, and teach you how you ought to behave; they will

rejoice to see you fond of each other, and will love you all the better.

WILLIAM.

Grandpapa, I remember that my brothers wrote a piece last *Christmas*, which you called *Brotherly Love*.———I wish I could remember it.

GRANDPAPA.

I recollect it;—you shall learn to repeat it.

WILLIAM.

I shall like that; pray let me hear it now, Sir.

GRANDPAPA.

You shall.

“The children of one family

“ should be like the fingers on a
 “ hand ; each help the other, and
 “ each in his separate station promote
 “ the good of the whole.

“ The joy of one should be the joy
 “ of the whole.

“ Children in a house should agree
 “ together like the birds in a nest,
 “ and love each other.”

WILLIAM.

I thank you, grandpapa : I remember
Watts's hymn.

“ Birds in their little nests agree ;

“ And 'tis a shameful fight,

“ When children of one family

“ Fall out, and chide, and fight.”

The master *Rebels* often fight ;
 many say it is jealousy that makes

them do so.—Pray, grandpapa, what is jealousy?

GRANDPAPA.

A passion which I hope will never enter your breasts. Your excellent parents love you all equally, and take care to make it appear that they do so. A good parent looks around with equal love on each child, if all be equally good, and each be kind to the rest.

Where a family is affectionate, how happy is every member of it! each rejoices at the happiness of the rest, and so multiplies his own satisfactions.

Is any one distressed? the tender and compassionate assistance of the

rest mitigates, where it can not wholly
relieve his pain !

“ Our joys when thus shared will always increase,
“ And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace.”



FIRST GIRL

LET us lay words. Where is the
box ?

SECOND GIRL

How do you play ?

The USEFUL PLAY.



FIRST GIRL.

LET us lay words. Where is the box?

SECOND GIRL.

How do you play?

FIRST GIRL.

I will shew you. Here I give you c, e, u, h, q, and n;—now place them so as to make a word.

SECOND GIRL.

It is *quench*!

FIRST GIRL.

You are quick;—now let us pick out some words for *Charles*. What shall we choose?

SECOND GIRL.

Let us lay thurst; thresh; branch; ground; school; thirst; quince; quail; or dearth.

FIRST GIRL.

I will lay plague; and neigh; and nought; and naught; and weight; and glare; and freight; and heart; and grieve; and hearth;

and bathe ; and thread ; and vaunt ;
 and boast ; and vault ; and tongue ;
 and grieve ; and beard ; and feast ;
 and friend ; and fraught ; and pease ;
 and bread ; and grape ; and breath,
 or the verb to breathe ; and thought ;
 and grace ; and mouse ; and slave ;
 and chide ; and ; stake and bought.

SECOND BOY.

I shall like the play ; and it will
 teach *Charles* to spell well.

FIRST GIRL.

That is its use ; we have sports
 of all kinds to make us quick ;
 we have some to teach us to count ;
 else I could not have been taught to do
 sums at three years old.

SECOND GIRL.

Were you ?

FIRST GIRL.

Yes ; I was through the four rules by the time when most boys learn that two and two make four.

SECOND GIRL.

I wish you would teach me some of your sports ; then I could teach *Charles*.

FIRST GIRL.

Print words on a card ; on the back write the part of speech ; let it be a sport for him to try if he can find what each is—let him have the words, and place them so as to make sense ; thus ; I give you these words,

“ you done do be would by as ! ”

Place them in their right order, and make

“Do as you would be done by.”

Or give him two or three lines; here and there scratch out a word; let him tell what those words must be to make sense.

SECOND GIRL.

The cards on which you have a, b, c, and so on, might have a, b, c, made with a pen at their backs, to teach written hand.

FIRST GIRL.

I have a set of those; I could read my mamma's hand when I was four years old.

SECOND GIRL.

I will buy some prints or cuts, and paste at the back of cards, for our young ones; so they will soon learn to distinguish nouns.

On one side shall be DOG ; I will ask what part of speech is that ? *Charles* will say, “ Is it not a noun ? — He will turn the card, and find a cut.

FIRST GIRL.

Let us prepare some words of all kinds ;—we can lay sentences for little ones to read. For *Lydia* we will place them thus :

Our new dog

An old cat.

my mamma says, that three words are as much as a child could read in a breath at first.

SECOND GIRL.

Where there is a house full of young folk, it might be a good sport to teach and learn in those ways.

FIRST GIRL.

It is; we play with our words thus: Mamma gives to one some words; he is to place them so as to make sense: one is to parse them; one to tell more than the parts of speech, as the sense, mode, and so on, of the verbs—George and I have false *English* to correct; verse to turn to prose; we write out a passage which we like; we write letters upon given subjects; we read a story, and then write it in our own words.

SECOND GIRL.

Do you repeat much?

FIRST GIRL.

To strengthen our memories, we learn to repeat passages in *prose*—

we do not repeat *verse*, nor even read it aloud.

SECOND GIRL.

That is a great loss.

FIRST GIRL.

Not so—my mamma reads aloud to us; this teaches us to read with propriety; and she often stops to inquire whether we understand any expression which is not perfectly plain.

THE END.

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