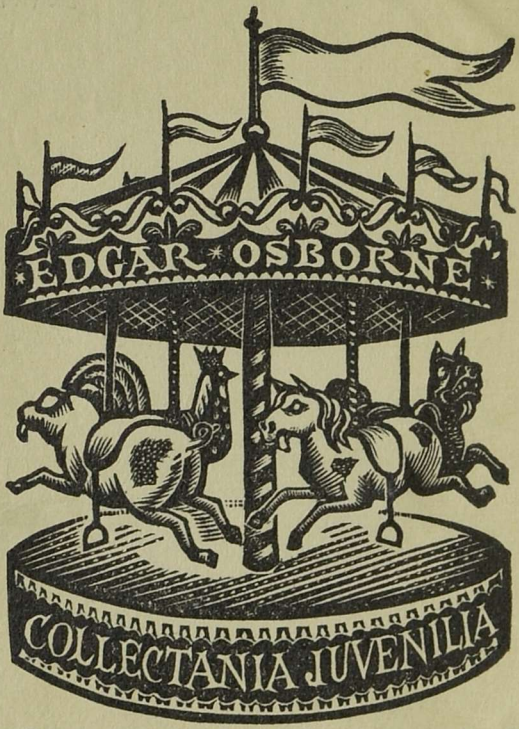


THE HISTORY

OF THE

FAMILY AT SMILEDALE,

PRESENTED

To all little Boys and Girls

Who wish to be Good,

And make their Friends Happy.

LONDON:

Printed for E. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.

[Price Six-pence.]

TO

Mrs. TEACHWELL.

Madam,

WILL you permit me to acknowledge you my benefactor,—indeed

every mother muſt allow you to be ſo.

Unequal as I am to attempt treading in your ſteps, my ambition prompts me to walk in

your

your ſhadow. — Your light muſt ſoon obliterate ſo faint a ſhade.

I bluſh at my preſumption, but *vanity* points out to me, *if*, un-

der an addreſs to you, my little book may be admitted into the number of Lilliputian Authors, it is the only chance it has of ſucceſs.

I flatter

I flatter myſelf you will therefore forgive me, and, in ſome meaſure, attribute the publication of it to the opportunity I wiſh to have of ſubſcribing myſelf,

with

with the higheſt eſ-
teem,

Madam,

Your moſt obliged,

A. M.

THE

WAY TO BE HAPPY;

OR THE

HISTORY of the TWO FRIENDS,

DOROTHEA and FRANCESCA.

THE

WAY to be HAPPY, &c.

IN a ſmall village, lived a little girl known by the name of FRANCESCA, ſhe was about ſeven years old. Her

 father

father and mother loved her much, they wiſhed to make her happy: it was their conſtant care to keep her from idleneſs: they taught her to think, that her duty to God was above every thing: ſhe therefore never omitted bending her knees in prayer both night and morning. She read

and

and worked as prettily as any little maid of her age. To ſtrengthen her memory, ſhe frequently repeated what ſhe learnt by rote, and the following is a little Hymn ſhe was very fond of:

I. By

I.

By times I'll learn
My God to praiſe,
And early to Him pray:
My infant voice
I'll ſtrive to raiſe,
Soon as the riſing day.

II. And

II.

And when night's ſable
Curtain's drawn,
Again will I renew
The praiſe with which
I hail the morn,
For Oh! how much is due!

III.

Then let my heart
At once attend
Thy all-ſufficient grace;
For ſure on earth
I've not a friend
Can equal thy embrace.

She

She uſually roſe with the Sun, and putting on her little red cloak, away ſhe ſkipped to feed her chickens: ſhe never ſtopped, when ſhe was ſent to do any thing, nor ever left the door open: when told of her faults ſhe never looked out of temper, but ſaid, I am much obliged to my kind friends for

putting me right, and ran ſmiling away, determining not to look ſulky, as that would make her frightful, and people would hate to ſee her; then ſhe would be quite concerned, that nobody would aſk her to go to their houſes, as they would ſay, that *croſs girl* will ſpoil our little folk, who do

every

every thing with cheerfulneſs. She remembered that to hold up her head was pleaſing, and that as her friends had many children beſides, ſhe could have the leſs education, for which reaſon ſhe muſt take the more pains with herſelf. One charming fine day a letter was brought by a

ſervant on horſeback: the letter was for FRANCESCA, which ſhe opened, and it contained the following lines:

My dear God-daughter,

In my viſit at *Smiledale*, I took notice that you were very well behaved, and I think I ſhould be quite happy to have you paſs a

few

few weeks with my little girls. The chaiſe ſhall be with you early in the morning; and with the permiſſion of your friends ſhall convey you to my houſe. I remain

Your affectionate Friend,

F. R.

The

The invitation was accepted, and FANNY was mighty busy in packing up her things, for as she always kept them in great order, she was ready at all times to go out. The next morning the kind Godmother's carriage drove to the door:---in she jumped, and away they drove.---Not able

to

to expreſs her joy, ſhe nodded her farewell to her brothers and ſiſters, telling them ſhe would write them a full account of her journey. In two days ſhe reached the place ſhe ſo much longed to ſee. Her young friends were as impatient to ſee her, and out they ran to meet her. Sweet little

girls

girls they were; each took her by the hand, and led her to their Mamma. She is come!---She is come! cried they, quite out of breath with joy.---I am glad to ſee you, my dear, ſays her God-mother. She returned a very civil anſwer, and did not forget to carry proper compliments from the friends

ſhe

ſhe had left behind. Her eyes were ſoon employed in obſerving the neatneſs of the place. The little folk carried her into their room; they ſhewed her all their little treaſures: on the table where they had been ſitting at work, there laid, nicely finiſhed, a ſampler, on which

Miſs

Miſs DOROTHEA had marked out theſe lines:

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Soft ſoother of my care, thou friend ſincere,
Whoſe eye can melt in ſympathetic tear:
Your kind aſſiſtance, oh, ye muſes, lend!
To greet my much-beloved, my abſent friend.

Why

Why did I, abſent, call thee? whilſt in mind,
Thou art always faithful, ever true and kind.
On earth a thouſand cares divides us ſtill,
A thouſand troubles ſeparate our will.
But in thoſe realms, where we ſhall meet again,
Completeſt bliſs will ſoften every pain.

Mature our friendſhip, and cement
our love,
Amidſt thoſe joys which mortals can't
remove.

After they had paſſed ſome time together, they returned into the parlour, when a walk in the garden was propoſed, which was readily accepted. There were great

variety

variety of fine flowers, which delighted the little viſitor, who never even walked in the fields, but ſhe gathered a noſegay: ſhe obſerved a flower particularly pleaſing, and turning to her godmother, ſaid, Madam, I am delighted with this, may I beg to know its name? It is called a GUM-CISTUS, my

love, ſaid ſhe, and, as you like it ſo much, I will tell you what you ſhall employ yourſelf about, the time you paſs with us. You ſay you admire DOROTHEA's work, you ſhall do a ſampler too, and I have ſome verſes that will ſuit our purpoſe; we will walk to that arbour, I have

the

the lines in my pocket-book, and will read them to you.

On the GUM-CISTUS, which blows in the Morning, and falls off faded before night:

Farewell, ſweet flower of the morning ſun,
No ſooner blown than faded, paſt, and gone:

From thy ſhort life a moral lecture
ſprings,
And which, with pleaſure, alſo profit
brings.
Like thee the faireſt maid, in all her
bloom,
Like thee, is haſt'ning to her evening
doom;
Mark this, ye belles! ye beauties of
an hour!
And learn your fate from yonder
CISTUS flower.

To

To conclude my ſtory, the young friends were ſo happy together, that the viſit was much longer than was at firſt intended, and ſhe was greatly improved by it. The ſiſter of DOROTHEA was as good and dutiful as herſelf; they loved each other tenderly; and, upon FRANCESCA writing home

an

an account of their ſweet diſpoſitions, they were requeſted to return with her to *Smiledale*, where we will leave them, and give the reader an account of ſome little boys in the family there.

THE

THE

HONEST TAR.

THE HONEST TAR.

THE Young *Commodore*, for ſo we ſhall call our little Hero, was the third brother of FRANCESCA :— his

looks

looks were pleasant, and his locks were curling: he was fond of those amusements which were most improving. —His book was not neglected, he even laid it on his pillow, and at an early hour read with pleasure the little stories it contained. Over the head of his bed was placed a painted bookcase;

two

two little chairs, and a ſmall table, ornamented his ſleeping room: his brother, a year younger than himſelf, was his little friend and companion. Theſe dear boys did all they could to pleaſe each other; they ſtudied, they wrote, and helped each other in their figures; their play was blended with

friendſhip,

friendſhip, for when their leſſons were over, they obliged each other by good-nature. It was in the midſt of a merry game, one Twelfth night, that a large plum-cake arrived: the direction was, To that Son of Mirth, the Commodore. Well, a knife is fetched, and the cake is cut—but firſt I

D

ſhould have ſaid, a letter was encloſed, with the following lines:

Dear Fred.

This Cake comes from a friend, who hears of your being a good child.—For every *well-read* leſſon, you will be intitled to a large

ſlice of the contents of this parcel; I doubt not but you will think of your brothers and ſiſters when you eat it.

I remain

Your ſincere friend,

SOMEBODY.

Some

Some time after this, our little man had ſo much improved himſelf, that he was able to read, write, and ſpell with any of his age—he was never a friend to idleneſs, ſo that his days paſſed pleaſantly along, and when night came, he knelt down, and thanked his God, that his mind was at eaſe:

his parents moſt days having the pleaſure of calling him worthy of their love and affection. He waked too with calmneſs, and ſometimes uſed to repeat ſome lines, that were taught him by his ſiſter, and being applicable to a virtuous and peaceful breaſt, ſuited his tender innocence.

To

To deck the face with ſweeteſt bloom,
And win each worthy heart;
To cheer the mind, and chace its gloom,
Let virtue ne'er depart.

So ſhall no fear, nor conſcious glow,
With crimſon die the cheek.
But ſmiling meekneſs mark the brow,
Where pleaſing bluſhes ſpeak.

The mind thus pure and free from guile,
Retir'd from care and ſtate;
Unenvy'd viewing wealth, or power:
More laſting joys await.

Our little man, upon quitting his apartment, offered up his grateful thanks to his Maker, for his ſweet and refreſhing ſleep. He then waſhed himſelf and combed his hair.—And after inquiring about the health of his friends, got his breakfaſt, in a very proper and peaceable manner; in ſhort,

ſo

ſo good a life brought him a fine reward. — He was worth a nice bright guinea— it was laid out to buy a chance of a Lottery ticket— He was, on a fortunate day, taking a walk with his brothers and ſiſters, when the letter-bag produced this epiſtle to his Father :

SIR,

SIR,

This informs you, that your Son FREDERICK, has been ſo lucky to get the ten thouſand pound prize. I am,

Your

humble Servant,

T. GOODLUCK.

The

The lucky rogue jumpt as high as the houſe.—Divided the prize into ten parts, giving to each a ſhare—He kiſſed his brothers and ſiſters, ſaying, how very happy I am, that I am enabled to make you all as happy as myſelf. His parents were pleaſed with this generoſity in their little

ſon,

ſon, and giving him twenty kiſſes, they exclaimed: thoſe only deſerve the riches of this life, who are ſo well inclined to ſhare them with the good and virtuous.

The

THE HISTORY

OF

SWEETPEA;

OR

PHILIP SMILER.

THE HISTORY OF SWEETPEA, &c.

TO deſcribe, gentle reader, the little Perſon with whom I am about to make you acquainted, I muſt draw his

picture.—My little fat friend, then, I ſhall introduce by the name of SWEETPEA,—being ſo pleaſant a lad, that no flower in the garden could better ſuit the compariſon — His looks were mild and gentle—He was one of thoſe happy children on whoſe countenance good-nature had placed two ſweet

dimples.

dimples.—He was mighty active at tumbling, notwithſtanding his make was rather againſt ſuch exploits, being the very greateſt likeneſs poſſible to thoſe little *fat white gentry* we frequently ſee tumble out of a nut.—Our little man had ſome very good friends in town, and every Chriſtmas

a large parcel of plums were ſent the little SMILERS, who uſed to jump round a large diſh of *ſnap-dragon*, over which they burnt their *fingers*, and ſometimes their *mouths*. It was on one fine pleaſant evening, in the height of Summer, that our SWEETPEA had been running and tumbling with his

little

little companions, when, tired with play, he laid himſelf down upon the graſs, and fell aſleep. When he awoke he looked round with ſurpriſe, and ſeeing his brothers coming to find him, he ſtarted up.—I have ſuch a pleaſant ſtory to tell you, my boys, ſays he; — come with me, and I will get

you

you, FREDERICK, to write it out — for though it is but a dream, it is a very clever one, I promiſe you.—They then placed themſelves at their table, the little Commodore dipped his pen in the ink and thus began :

The Dream.

After I had laid myſelf down I fell aſleep, and I thought

thought I heard a ſound like a trumpet—I then ſaw a large party of horſe-men cloathed in ſcarlet. After them came a nice Tim-whiſky, with ſix beautiful white hobbies; on the ſides of the carriage were painted Sweetpeas, Roſes, and Sweet-briar. Upon their arrival, they preſented a wreath of

flowers

flowers, with which they crowned me, and placed me in the whisky—Immediately a shout proclaimed me *King* of the good boys—We flew through the air, and I found myself at the King's palace. He smiled upon me, and turning to his little son, "Observe," says he, "that "dutiful child, he fears

"God

"God—he honors his pa-
"rents."—I was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, and bowing with the moſt profound reſpect, I ſome how turned myſelf upon my Dog *Truſty's* tail, (who laid cloſe behind me) his barking awoke me, which finiſhed my dream.

The boys ran down ſtairs with the paper to their

Father,

Father, who commended the writing :—It was indeed an agreeable dream, ſays he, and I will add a few words at the bottom of your paper.—

" Who would not rejoice
" at the ſmiles of Majeſty,
" and more ſo when crowned
" with ſo much goodneſs ?—
" Yet, my dear SWEETPEA,

" were your ſleeping thoughts
" realiſed, I ſhould warn you
" to beware of pride; always
" keep in your mind, that
" no earthly Prince can be
" equal to the King of Kings.
" Nor can the favours of
" the rich (if wicked men)
" be an object worthy your
" imitation. Turn then thine
" eyes, thou dear child,
" from wicked men and

"boys; regard not their
"laughing at your just
"actions,—but in some re-
"tired corner kneel down,
"bend your head and heart
"before your God, he will
"place you, not to be the
"supporter of a Prince's train,
"but will adorn you with a
"crown of shining Gold, in-
"termixed with flowers of
"Laurel that will never fade."

THE

THE ADVENTURES

OF

HENRY LILLY;

OR THE

PRETTY SNOWDROP.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

HENRY LILLY, &c.

IN a garden belonging to the Gentleman before mentioned, grew ſome very nice flowers,---one in particular

he ſelected to tranſplant into a remarkable pretty Green-houſe, which he had built at the end of a long walk leading from his houſe. The flower grew very faſt, and every day he ſaw it with additional ſatisfaction; when blown fair and white, it was known by the name of *a Lilly*; it was from the

particular

particular fancy he took in cultivating this Lilly, he determined to give the name of it to a little boy of his, not yet four years old.---No one could be more pleaſed on this occaſion than our little man. ---His father, who was very fond of Gardening, uſed to employ this little ſon of his in aſſiſting to water the flow-

ers, &c. for which purpoſe, he had a pretty watering-pot--- he likewiſe had (bought for him at the fair) a wheel-barrow, juſt big enough for him to drive about. His rake and ſpade were ſuitable to his ſize---ſo that when he had ſaid his prayers, ſtood ſtill to be waſhed, and done every thing he was bid, (in particu-

lar

lar read a very good leſſon) away he ran for his hat, and following his father into the garden---after working till he was a little tired, he uſed to ſit down in an arbour, made on purpoſe for him and his little companions; the ſmell of the ſweet flowers, and the beauty of their colours, with the pretty ſinging birds a-

round,

round, made him think himself the happiest child in the world.---His favourite Dog, *Trusty*, laid at his feet.---The pretty *Robin Redbreasts* fed out of his hand, upon the crumbs of bread, which he saved when he got his breakfast. He grew up good-natured, and in time became, by being so good a boy, Gardener

dener to the Queen of the Fairies, and her Majeſty uſed to ſay, no flowers were ſo fragrant, or fruit *ſo ſweet*, as our LILLY's. A kind friend of his being informed that he began to grow proud with theſe praiſes, wrote him this letter :

Dear

Dear HENRY,

I underſtand you are grown rather proud, becauſe the Queen thinks you her beſt gardener. I deſire you will write me word if this bad news be true: it concerns me ſo much to hear it, I can write no more, and am, with earneſt wiſhes for your amendment,

Your Faithful Friend.

LILLY was very unhappy to find *Envy* had ſpread ſo falſe a report.---He did not delay a moment to eaſe the mind of the kind writer of the epiſtle, and ſent the following anſwer directly:

My Good Friend,

I am very ſorry any one ſhould think me proud; which I have always been taught was

very wrong. I hope never to forget the good advice of my Parents. Her Majesty is so worthy herself, she would not suffer me near her, if she thought I was undutiful: she permits me to make presents of fruits and flowers to my friends.---I send you, by her orders, some of my best pine-apples. I frequently think of my dear Friends, and hope you

will

will partake with them of what I ſend from the produce of my garden; they are the tribute of thanks, from

Your grateful

HENRY LILLY.

We here ſee, my dear little readers,---that to be mindful when we are young of the advice of our Parents, will be the means of our laſting comfort through life---to be honeſt

to our truſt---juſt in our dealings—faithful to our friends, will not only raiſe us above want, but make us eaſy in our minds here, and completely happy hereafter. I have now finiſhed my ſtory of little LILLY, who, ſhould he prove a good man, will rejoice the hearts of his Friends, in whatever ſtation he may chance to be placed.

THE STORY

OF

LITTLE ECHO.

THE STORY OF LITTLE ECHO.

IN the ſame Family with our pretty little Friends, lived one more favourite child; he the rather gained

that appellation, as being the youngeſt; his looks were brave, and his whole countenance enlivened by a pair of bright black eyes---he had a happy addreſs to every ſtranger, his heart ſeemed opening to a fund of friendſhip. His hand was ever ready to welcome the viſitors, and they always found him

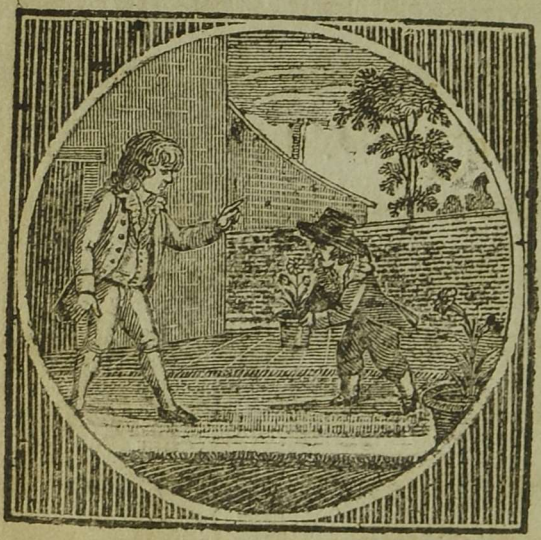
willing

willing to let them ſhare in ſtores of cakes or apples. His voice was equally devoted for the entertainment of his friends---he would raiſe his voice to its higheſt pitch, when aſked to ſing.---The converſation of the company uſually ſtruck him ſo much that he repeated part of their words, which gained him

the

the name of ECHO—he would even attempt the actions of an Hero,—not from pride, for that was a paſſion yet unknown to his youthful breaſt—Summer and Winter were alike to him. As the former gave him the pleaſure of running in the pleaſant fields, ſo the latter paſſed in jumping about and varying

the



the ſcene by becoming a hobby himſelf, or making nags of his Brothers, SWEET-PEA, or HENRY LILLY,—in the Garden of the latter he was frequently too active by putting the pots of flowers in the wrong places, and was ſometimes tempted to take a ſprig from the nice green myrtles. Upon theſe

occaſions

occaſions his elder brother uſed to read him a lecture, and FREDERICK ſtepping up ſtairs one day, when ECHO had taken this liberty, ſat himſelf down and wrote to him as follows:

My Sweet Boy,

Let me beg of you to leave off this ſilly trick of meddling

with our flowers, and evergreens—it is not that we wiſh to deprive you of a noſegay, but Mamma has always told us, it is like ſtealing to take away what belongs to others without their leave; and I always think of what ſhe once told me, "they who would ſteal "a pin, would ſteal a larger "thing."

"thing." As I am older than you, I hope you will love me the better for telling you what I have myſelf been taught was right. I am ſure, any thing I can get for you (by leave) I ſhall be happy to do, and PEA and LILLY will certainly be glad to oblige you. Remember, my little dear, this advice

comes

comes from your truly affectionate Brother,

FRED. SMILER.

Now our little Friend, not being able to read his Brother's epiſtle—the four little men repaired to the ſnug arbour before mentioned,—their faithful Dog *Truſty* wagged his tail, and laid himſelf at their

feet.—SWEETPEA opened and read aloud: all were pleased; ECHO promised never to touch any thing without leave.—And Mrs. TRIMMER's little *Robin Redbreast*, who had sat listening to the melody of their innocent voices, perched upon our little man's finger, and straining his cheerful notes, re-echoed their praises—

praiſes—then flew with the pleaſing news to his mate and little family.—Young *Robin*, with *Dicky*, *Flappy*, and *Peckſy*, flew to the arbour, and ſung theſe dear little companions one of their choiceſt ſongs, as a reward for their goodneſs. As ECHO grew up, he was fond of rhyming: he repaired to his

arbour, and taking out his pencil, wrote these lines on the New Year to his Brother:---

I.

To wish you many a happy year,
Your Brother means to try;
But fears he undertakes a task,
That is for him too high.

II. His

II.

His tender age, his knowledge weak,
How can he well explain,
What much he wiſhes: that you may
True happineſs attain.

III.

That you may live, to ſee each year
More comfort and delight;
If good, and honeſt, there's no doubt
But God will you requite.

IV.

Here I conclude—I've puzzl'd much
To make my verſes rhyme;
And if you chooſe, to correſpond,
I'll write another time.

This early production was ſoon ſucceeded by a ſecond; the loſs of his ſiſter's favourite Canary Bird ſet him to work again; an Elegy was ſoon finiſhed

finiſhed, and preſented to MARIA SMILER.

The morn was bright when MARY
ſought in vain
To pleaſe her ear, with fond Canary's
ſtrain;
As near his cage ſhe caſt an eager
look,
Her mind miſgave—ſhe found his
perch forſook.

Ah! where's my bird? I fear, full
ſure he's flown,
And left his old companion here,
alone.
The ſorrow ſtrong in Bully's eye
ſhe found,
His notes were ſilent, and his wing
ſunk down,
But at the ſight of her he lov'd moſt
dear,
His voice return'd, to check the
falling tear.

When

When thus, dear Maid, in accents
ſoft he ſung,
Thy bird's bequeſt hung faltering on
his tongue:
Mourn not my loſs, you ſtill retain
a friend,
Tell our fair Miſtreſs, you beheld
my end;
And lo! with gratitude to fate,
I bend.

" With

"With dear MARIA my cage I
leave,
"To WILLIAM kind, my fountain
"give,
"To deck the same with nicest green
"And soothe the solitary scene.
"GILBERT hath oft procur'd me
"meat,
"To him I give my sugar sweet.
"To Bully, partner of my care,
"I give my hempseed ———
"charming fare."

These

Theſe were his notes,—in dying ſtrain
He clos'd his eyes,—All help was vain.

The life of a Poet being but a *poor* one—it was concluded, his turn being for books, to fix him in a Stationer's ſhop, where he might amuſe and improve his leiſure hours. He proved an induſtrious

duſtrious lad, and gained the friendſhip of his maſter, by which means, he was an example worthy the imitation of all young men.— What a bleſſing is beſtowed upon thoſe, who in their youth regard the precepts of their elders: who, by experience, are taught, that to be eaſy and comfortable in

this

this life, we muſt avoid the ſnares laid for us, and let every Parent regard the welfare of their Children, and carefully plant in their tender breaſts thoſe ſeeds of virtue that no canker can deſtroy. With the following lines I will conclude my Hiſtory, which will ſhew, that my little Friend's mind poſſeſſed

a perfect

a perfect calmneſs when he compoſed them.

So fades the lovely blooming flower;
Frail ſmiling ſolace of an hour;
So ſoon our tranſient comforts fly;
And pleaſure only blooms to die.
Hope wipes the tear from ſorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the ſky;
Thoſe bliſsful regions to explore,
Where pleaſure blooms to die no more.

FINIS.