

SKETCHES
OF
LITTLE BOYS

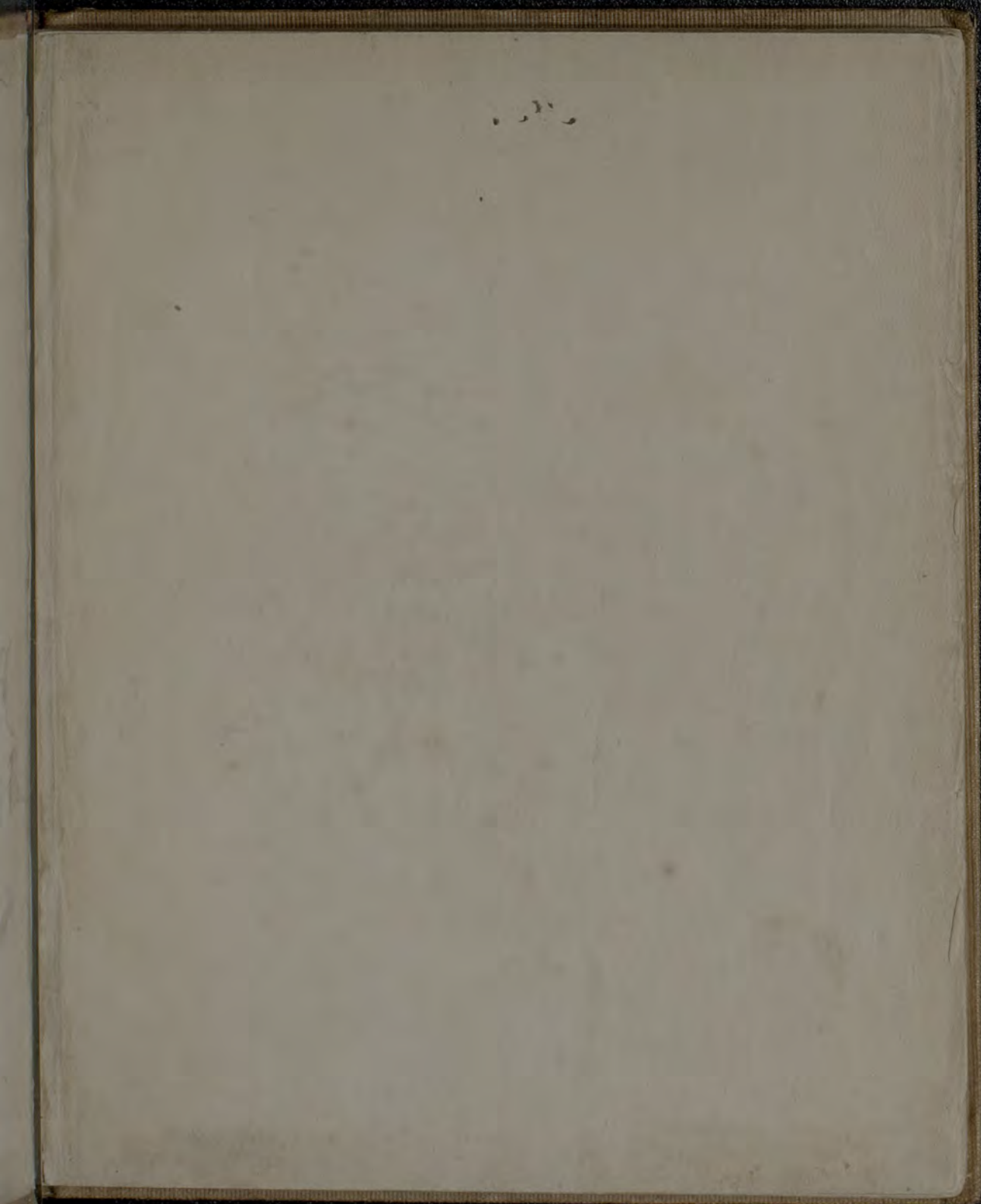
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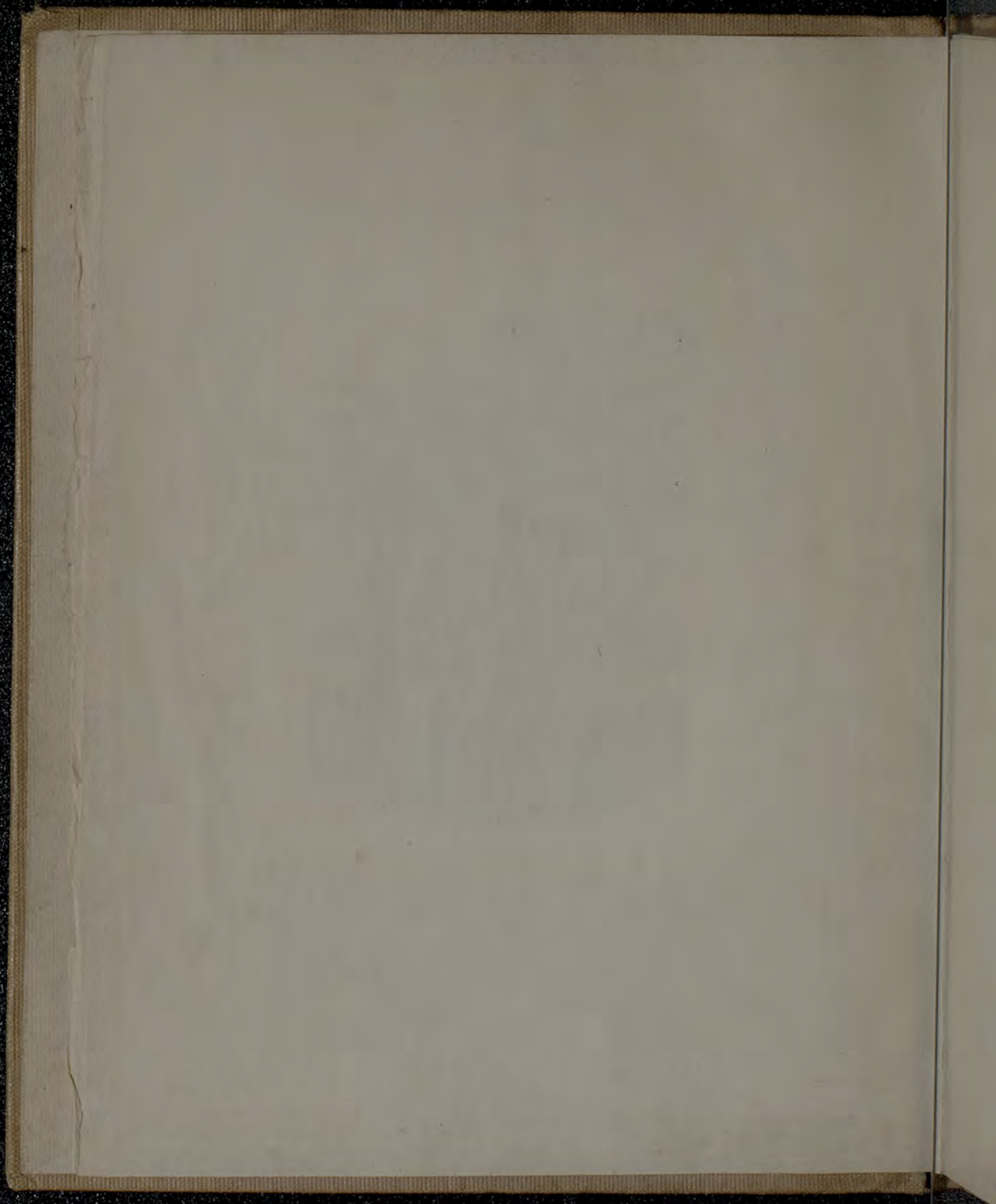
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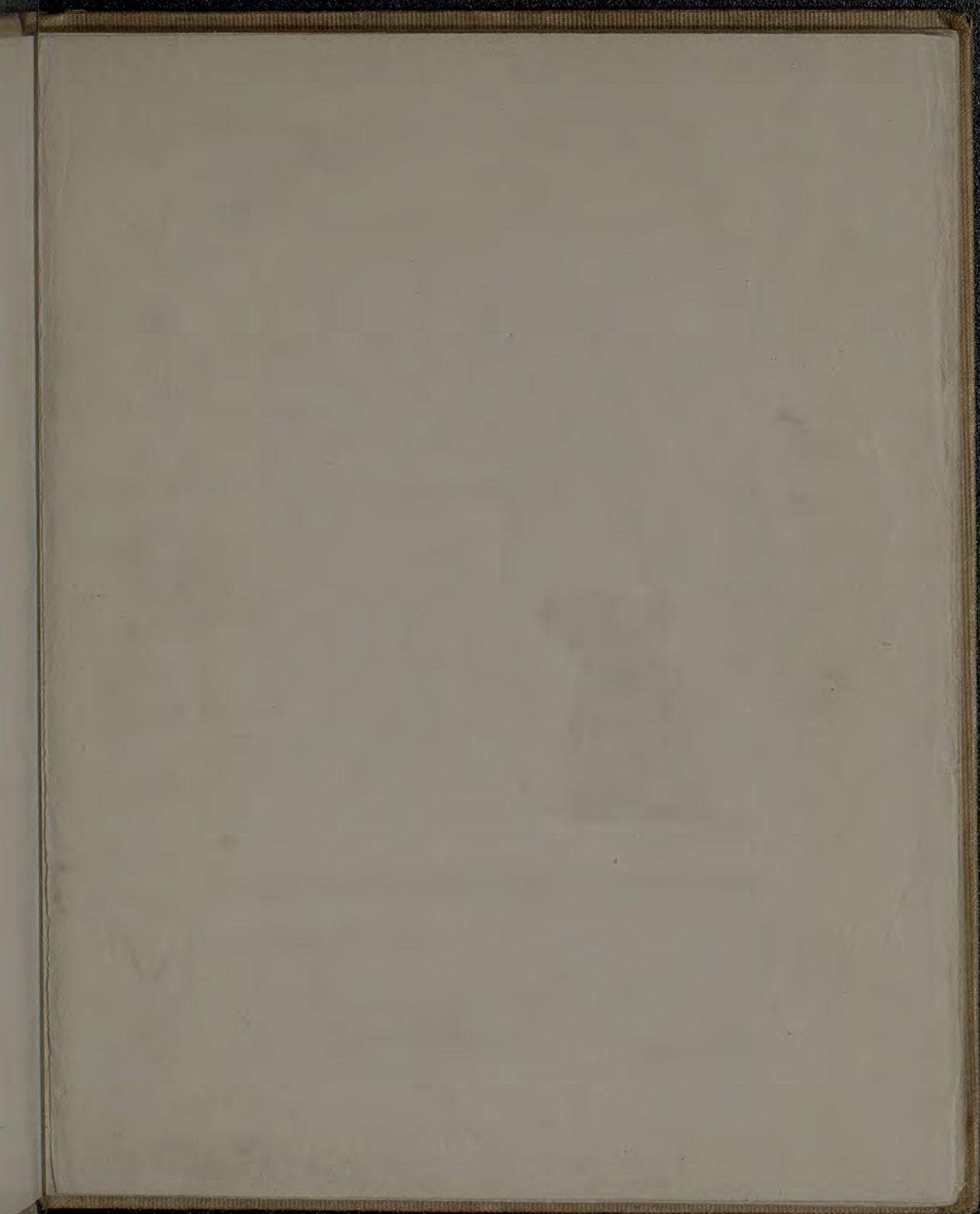


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SKETCHES
OF
LITTLE BOYS:

THE WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE BOY,
THE COVETOUS, THE DILATORY, THE EXACT,
THE ATTENTIVE, THE INATTENTIVE,
THE QUARRELSOME,
AND, THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

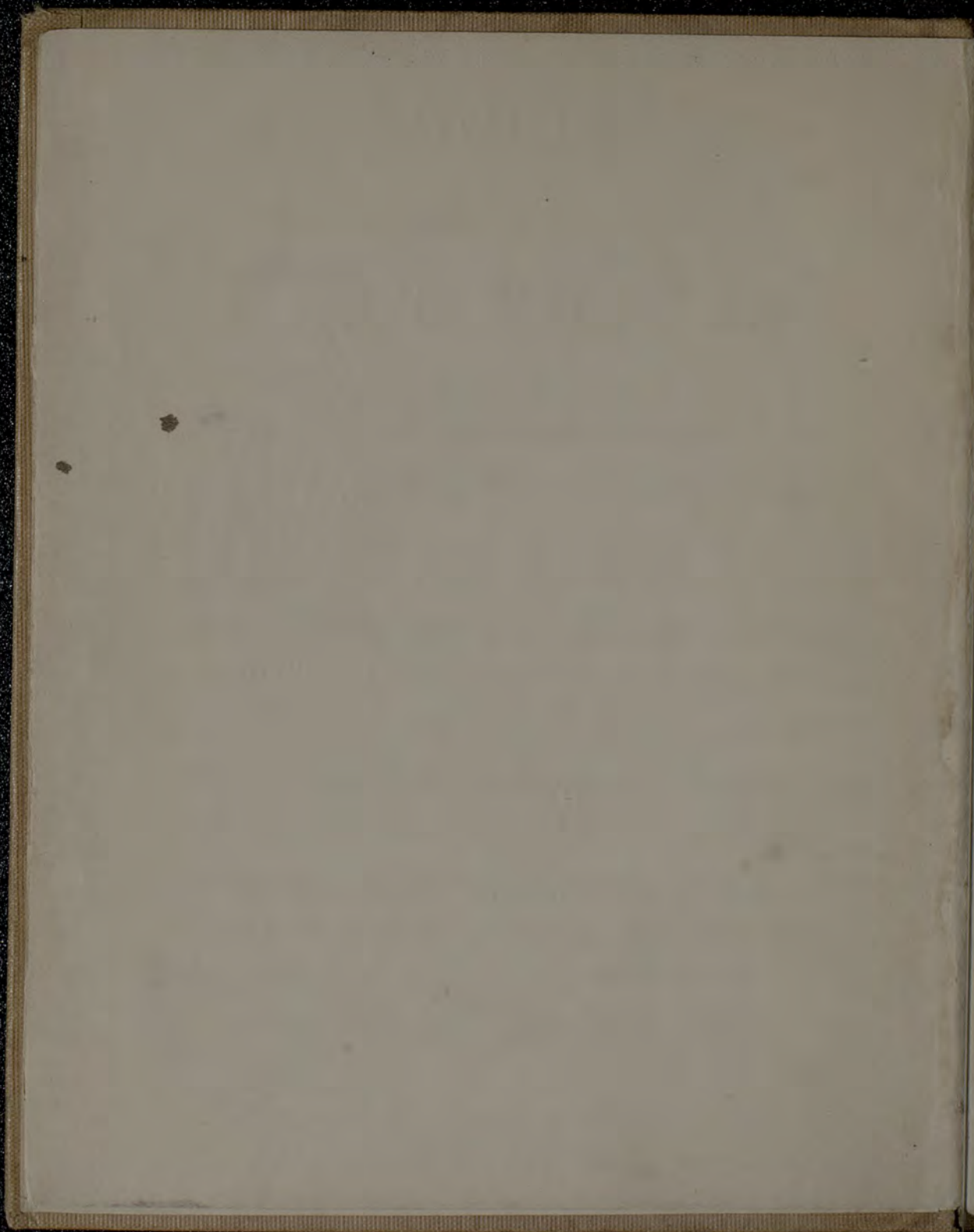
BY SOLOMON LOVECHILD,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF LITTLE GIRLS."

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FIFTH EDITION. WITH SEVEN COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

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INTRODUCTION.

WELL, Summer is come again, and here I am once more, among my little village acquaintances; who seem just as glad as ever to see me, though I did write a book to give them a hint of their several errors and failings; but as it was all done in a good-natured way, and with no other view than to render them more amiable and beloved, I hope they have taken it in good part; and in fact, I have every reason to believe they have done so, since I have met with a smiling reception

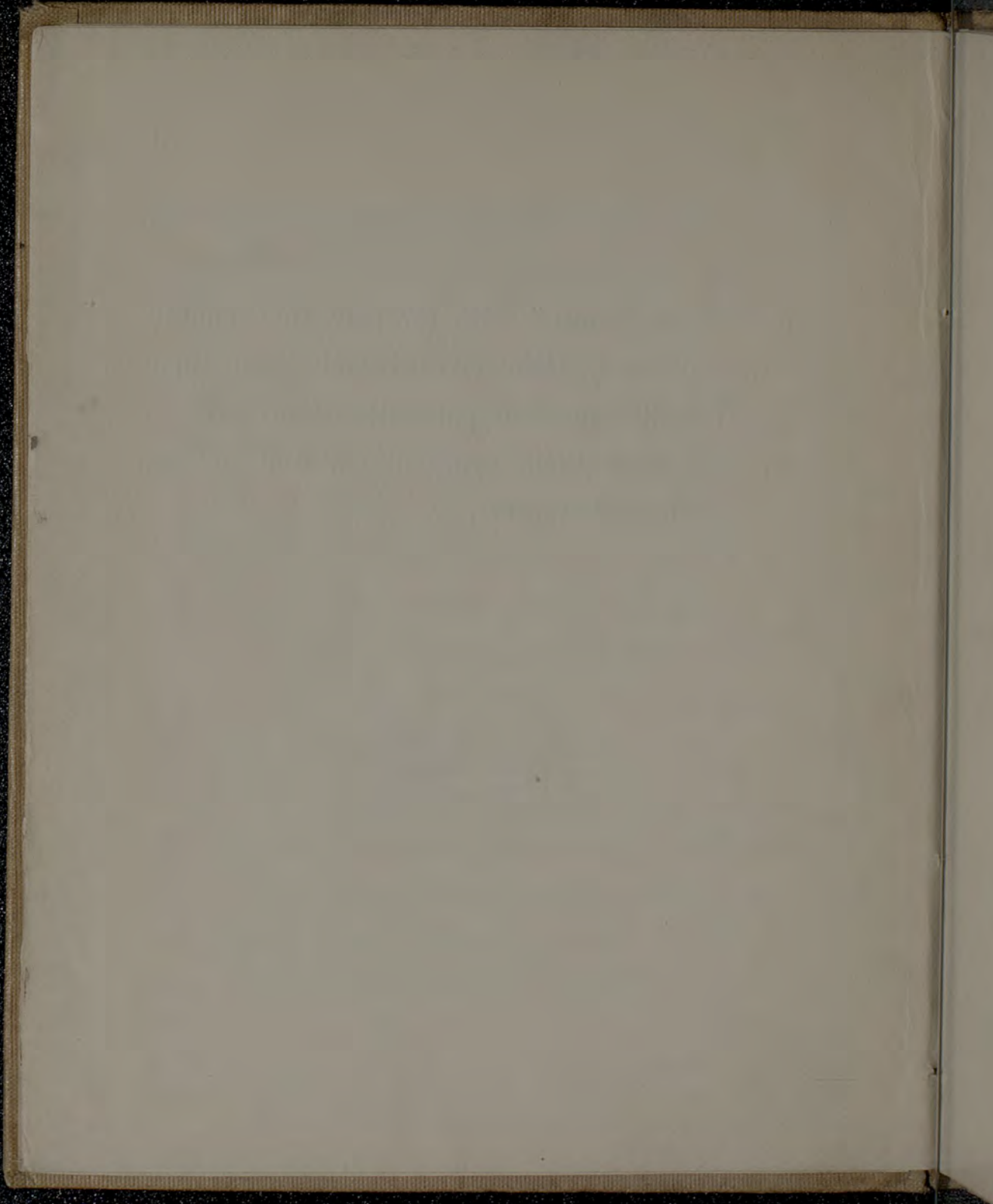
every where, even from those whom I have censured the most.

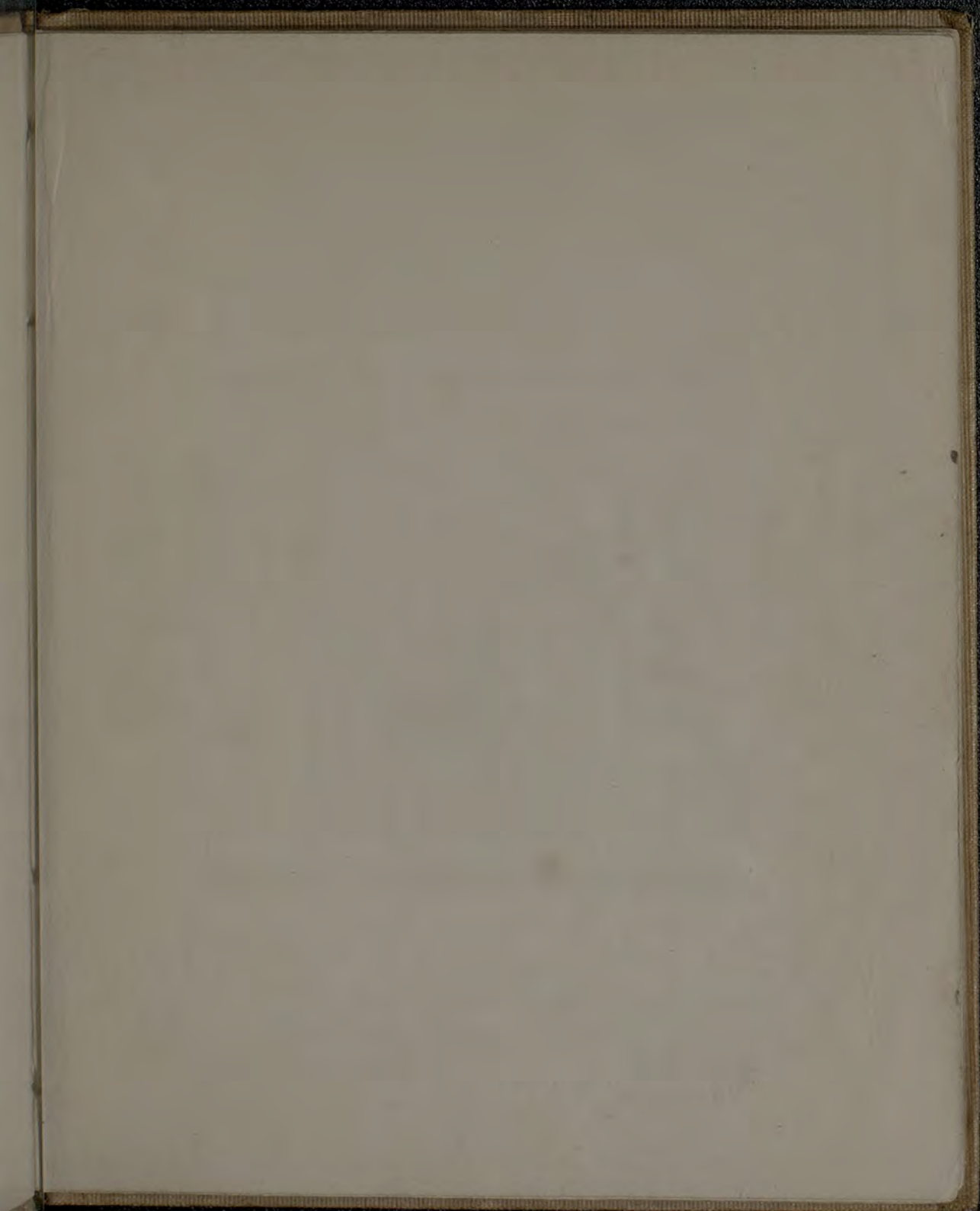
I am told that the "Sketches of Little Girls" have been read very attentively, and that most of my portraits have been recognised. Well, so much the better:—for I am almost certain I can see an improvement in two or three of my young heroines, which I am delighted to think may be in some measure owing to the perusal of my book; and if it has had the effect of amending a single fault in any one of them, I shall consider myself well rewarded for my pains.

But my work is yet only half done; for there are little boys in the village, as well as little girls, and I see no reason why I should not be as much interested in the well-doing of the former as of the latter. Besides, if I were to be silent on that

subject, the little gentlemen might, perhaps, say, "You see, Mr. Lovechild could not find any faults in us to write about." So for fear they should boast, and fancy themselves better than their sisters, I shall take the opportunity of my present visit, to notice their proceedings, and give a sketch of their characters.









THE
WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE BOY.

I do not know any thing more pleasing than to see children conduct themselves properly on all occasions. There are some boys who never seem to know how they ought to behave, or to have the least idea of the difference between good and ill manners. For instance, I knew one who would tease people with questions when they were reading or writing; take one's chair, if one happened to rise for a moment; leave the door wide open on a cold day; and do a hundred other rude things, just because he did not take the trouble to think about the matter.

However, I am going to mention a little boy who is exactly the reverse of this; I mean Tom

Tribe, whose sisters you are already acquainted with. Now nobody has taken any particular pains to teach Tom to be polite, yet I never saw him guilty of any rudeness; and I will tell you why it is: he always considers what is likely to be pleasant to other people, and carefully avoids doing what he thinks will be disagreeable.

Yesterday, his mamma had the head-ache; and the moment Tom heard her say so, he put away the cup and ball that he was playing with, and getting a book, sat down quietly to read.

"Are you tired of your cup and ball, Tom?" said Mrs. Tribe.

"No, mamma," replied Tom; "but it makes a noise, and I heard you say you have the headache."

If he is asked what he will have, at dinner, he never chooses anything of which there is but a small quantity, though it may happen to be the nicest; but he looks to see what there is plenty of, and asks for that:—for he knows that to take just what we like best, without caring whether

there is enough left for other people, is both rude and greedy.

If Tom sees any one of his sisters standing, because there is no seat vacant, he never fails to offer his; and if any body happens to drop a handkerchief, a glove, or any other thing, he always runs to pick it up.

This morning, Fanny was coming down stairs with a work-box in her arms, which was almost too large and heavy for her to carry. Tom was busy spinning his top in the passage, but as soon as he saw Fanny with her box, he called out, "Stop, Fanny, I will come and bring down that box for you: I am stronger than you are.

I like to see boys kind and attentive to their sisters, I always think well of them, directly; for many young folks, both boys and girls, are too apt to think, that so long as they behave well before company, it does not matter how rude and rough they are among themselves: but this is a great mistake, I can assure them.

Politeness should be exercised at all times,—it then becomes natural, and displays itself without effort on every occasion; whereas those who are habitually rude in their manners, when they are among their brothers and sisters, either at play, at lessons, or at meals, find it is very difficult to behave like ladies and gentlemen at any time. But I was speaking of Tom Tribe: now, Tom is not particularly bright or clever; but his good manners make him so pleasing and agreeable, that I doubt whether any body would ever say, “Tom Tribe is a dull boy.”

Yesterday morning, I was walking in a field adjoining the garden, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, when suddenly there came on a heavy shower of rain. It came down so thick and fast, that I saw I should get wet through if I attempted to return to the house till it was over; so I took up my station under a large tree, hoping the branches were close enough to keep me dry. But I soon found the great drops come dropping from

the leaves upon my hat and coat; and should have been uncomfortable enough, in a very few minutes. But before much harm was done, I saw Tom running as fast as he could, with two umbrellas. "Here, Mr. Lovechild," said he, almost out of breath, "I saw you from the window, so I have brought you an umbrella."

You may be sure I thanked the good-natured little fellow very heartily; for I am not fond of a wetting, particularly when I happen to have on a new coat, which was the case on this occasion.



THE
ATTENTIVE LITTLE BOY.

THERE is one little boy in the village who, I have no doubt, will make a clever man, for he never misses an opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge; which even now is not inconsiderable, although he is only just nine years old. The name of this very promising young friend of mine is Henry Goodwill. He is tall of his age, has light curly hair, and a countenance so full of intelligence, that you may see at once he is a boy who observes and understands.

I was quite surprised the other evening, in taking a walk with him, to find how much he knew of the wonderful improvements that are going on in the world. He was able to converse

with me quite in a scientific manner about railroads and steam-vessels; and seemed to comprehend perfectly well, how much the commerce of various nations must be increased and benefitted by these speedy means of conveyance. He also knows what foreign countries carry on trade with England; and what are the chief commodities they export; and can tell you who is the reigning sovereign of every state in Europe, and what wars are going on in different parts of the world, and what are the causes of them.

Now all such knowledge as this is gained by attention. For instance, I have often observed that, when at his father's table, the conversation turns on any subject that may afford him some useful information, Henry is always extremely attentive to all that is said; by which means he learns a great deal.

At school, I understand, he is generally at the top of his class, although there are boys in it three or four years older than himself; and I have

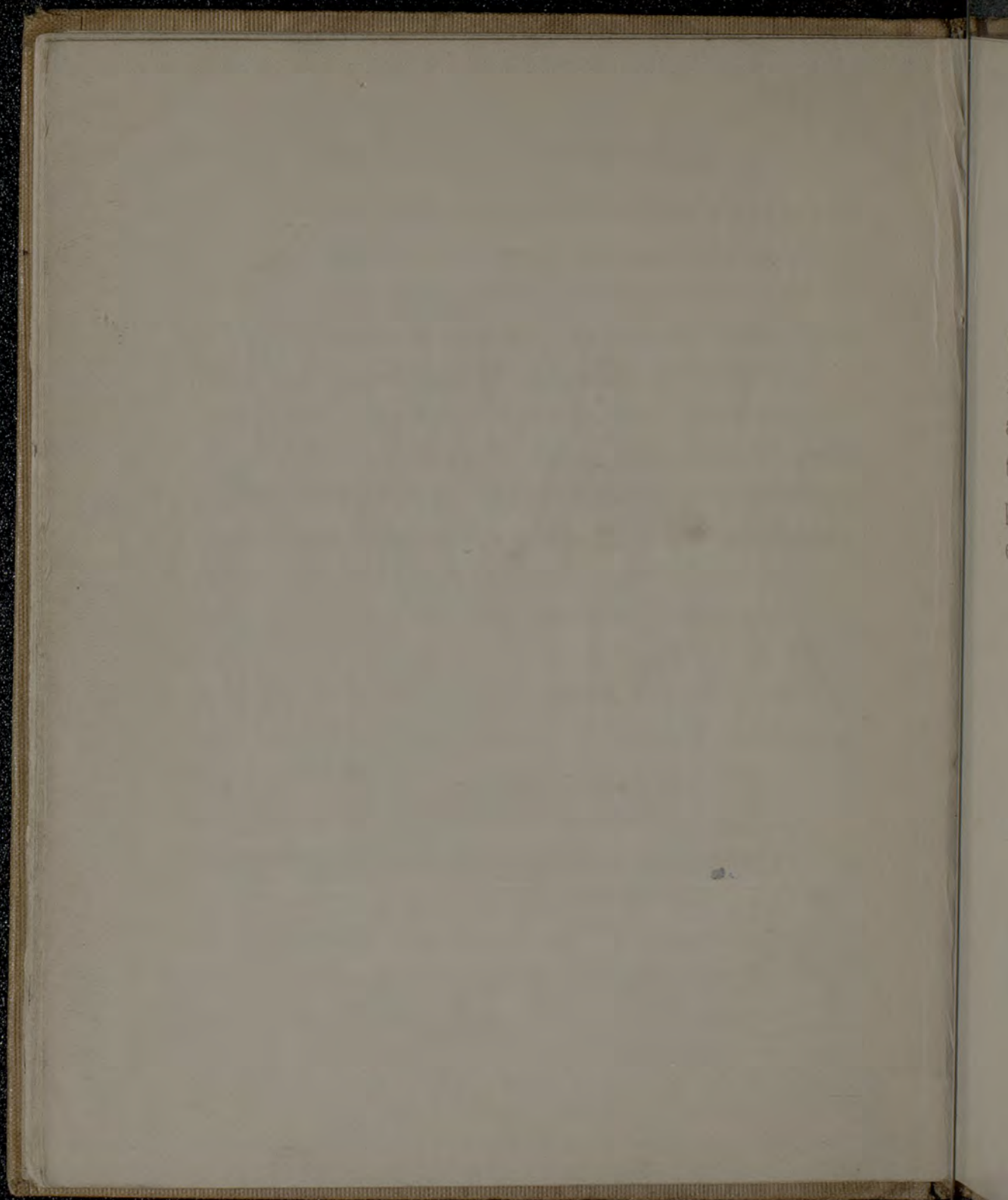
heard it whispered, that he is likely to obtain the prize at Christmas: but this is easily accounted for, when I tell you, that he always makes it a rule to learn all his lessons before he thinks of any thing else. Then his exercise is usually the most correct of any in the class; for he writes it first on a slate, then looks it over carefully to see if he has made any mistakes: and having altered all the errors he can find, he copies it into his book; an excellent plan, which saves all the interlining and scratching-out that frequently defaces a school-boy's exercise book.

After this description, I think I hear some of my juvenile readers exclaim, "This is all very fine, but I hate boys who are always poring over books; they are so dull, they never have any fun." Now, as far as regards Henry, they would be very much mistaken; for I assure you he is as fond of fun as any body, and takes care to have plenty of it, whenever he can.

We may love pleasure and wisdom too; but



THE ATTENTIVE LITTLE BOY.



there are times and seasons for all things. They who do nothing but play, never grow wise; but they who study first, and play afterwards, will be both wise and merry. Henry is an only son, and it is a great pleasure to his parents to see him so attentive to instruction; for it gives them hopes that he will distinguish himself hereafter in any profession he may follow; nor do I think their expectations are likely to be disappointed.



THE
INATTENTIVE LITTLE BOY.

THERE cannot possibly be a greater contrast than between Henry Goodwill and Frank Careless; the latter being as heedless and unthinking as the former is thoughtful and attentive. Frank does nothing well, because he never thinks about what he is doing. Let him be employed about what he may, on he goes, hap-hazard, without considering for a moment whether he is right or wrong; consequently, he is almost sure to be wrong: at least, that is the case nine times out of ten, on an average.

“Have you finished your exercise, Frank?” asked his papa, one night, when I happened to be there.

"Oh, yes, a long time ago," replied Frank.

"Then let me look at it," said his father; "for I think you must have hurried it very much."

"No, papa, I took plenty of time; but I will show it to you:" and he brought his book without the least hesitation; in full confidence, I dare say, that the examination would prove satisfactory: but his fancied security in the merit of his performance soon received a check, for there was a mistake in the very first line.

"Why, look here," said his papa; "Do you call 'happy' a noun?"

"No: I have not put it so," replied the heedless little boy; "it is an adjective."

"But you have written a noun, Frank; look at it yourself."

"So I have, I declare; why, I must have been thinking of the next word: here, I can scratch it out in a minute."

"Ah! that scratching-out is a very bad system," observed his father, gravely; "I wish you would

bestow a little more thought on the words, before you write them, and then there will be no occasion to scratch out at all."

"Well, I don't think you will find any more mistakes, papa."

"I hope not, my dear; but I have my doubts on the subject; however, we shall see." He proceeded with the exercise; but before he came to the end of the third line, a fresh exclamation betokened another mistake. "Bless me, Frank, how do you spell preposition?"

Frank spelt the word correctly enough; and his papa asked him why he had not written it so. "I thought I had," answered Frank, as usual: then added, on looking at it, "Oh, now I see: I have left out the 'ti,' it is a mistake. I can easily alter it, papa: I can write 'ti,' over the top."

In this manner they went through the whole exercise; in which there were no fewer than twenty-five mistakes; all proceeding from carelessness, and not from want of knowing better.

After a severe admonition from his father, and a promise of amendment, he brought a puzzle map to the table, and amused himself by putting it together till it was time to go to bed, he then put it into the box, and wished us all 'good night.'

"Are you sure you have put away all the pieces of your map, Frank?" asked his mamma.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you count them, my dear?"

"No: but I know they are all right. Good night, mamma." And away he went, with his box under his arm, and nothing more was thought about it.

Soon afterwards, mamma let her handkerchief fall; and in stooping to pick it up, found two pieces of the map, which proved to be Durham and Middlesex, under the table. This was so like Frank: if he had only taken the trouble to count the pieces as he arranged them in the box he would at once have discovered that there were two missing, and he might have looked for them at

the time, and have seen that the map was complete before he put it by; but as it was, he had very nearly rendered a nice toy worthless and incomplete by mere negligence; for if his mamma had not happened to drop her handkerchief, the two poor unfortunate counties of Durham and Middlesex might never have been heard of again.

In every thing that he does, Frank exhibits the same carelessness and inattention. If he is sent up stairs for any thing, he is sure to bring something different, or to return before he gets half way, to ask what it was that he was told to fetch. Frequently when he is reading, he will ask the meaning of some difficult word, which his papa or mamma will kindly explain to him; but if he meets with the same word again, ten minutes afterwards, he has to ask its meaning again, so little attention does he pay to what he is told.

Now all young people, girls as well as boys, must see, if they reflect about it at all, what a bad thing it is to be inattentive; for what progress

can they possibly make in their studies, if they forget as fast as they learn?—There is constantly the same thing to be taught them over and over again, and so they never get any forwarder.

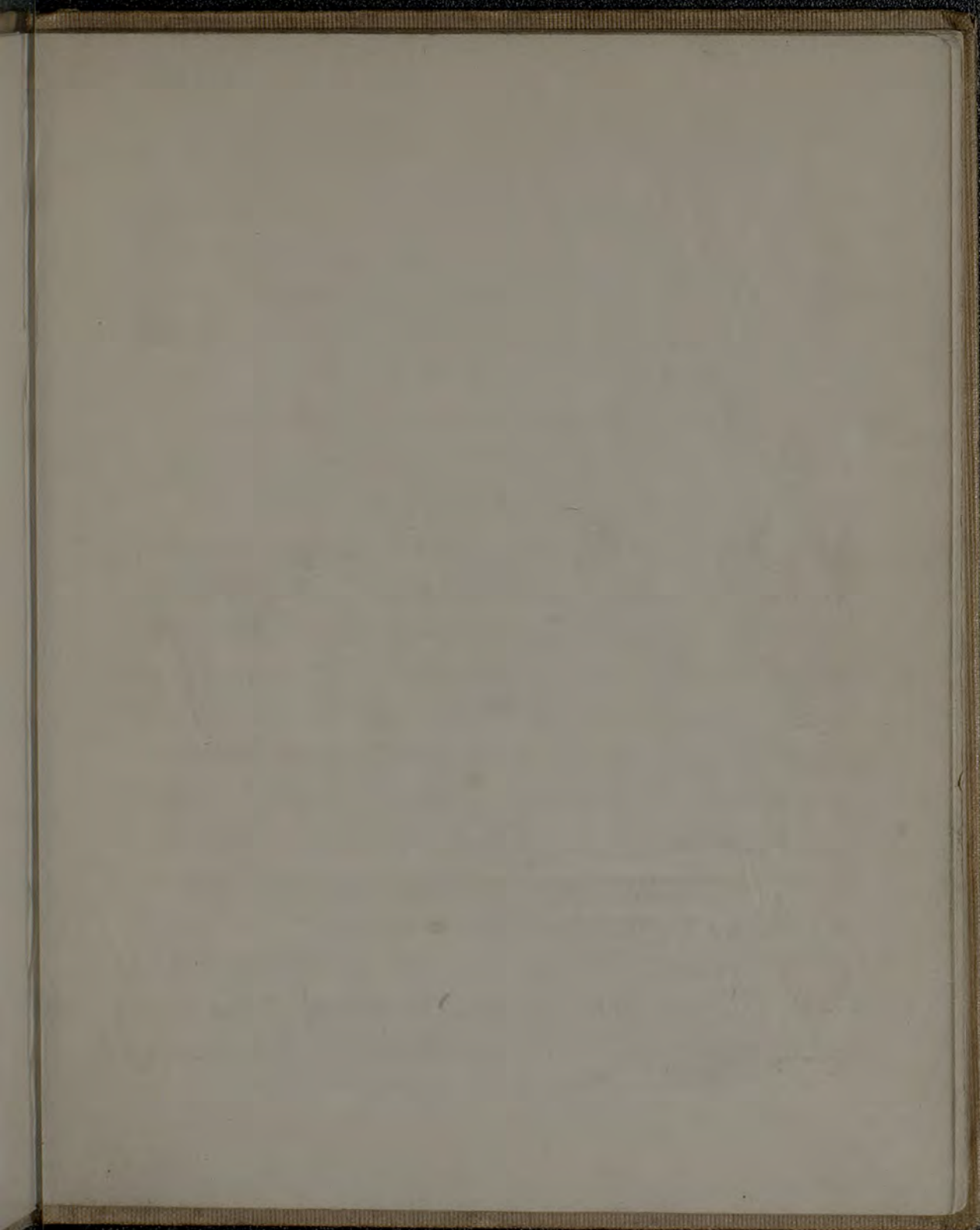
Attention is one of the best qualities children can possess; and I would advise all my young friends to think seriously of this matter. Nothing is more likely to affect the interest of their future lives, than habits of attention or inattention, formed in early youth.



THE
COVETOUS LITTLE BOY.

I DO not recollect whether, in speaking of the Tribes, I ever mentioned Charles; and I wonder at it, too, for he is a great favourite of mine, and would certainly be one of the best and nicest little boys in the village, if it were not for one great fault, which I have frequently heard with regret. But it is one that may easily be got over, if he takes any pains to do so: and I hope he will, for he is old enough now, and wise enough too, to see his faults, and to correct them.

I dare say, you are wondering all this time what it is that I do not like in Charles; I am just going to tell you. He is covetous. He cannot





see a new toy without wishing for it; and if any of his younger brothers or sisters have a present made to them, Charles is never easy till he has obtained it for himself; either by persuading them to change with him for some of his old toys, that he is tired of, or by making them fine promises, that he may never be able to perform.

I found all this out some time ago, quite by chance; and I own I was surprised as well as grieved when I made the discovery, for till then I had thought him a very generous boy.

A lady who came on a visit for a few days, brought with her from town a little present for each of the young Tribes. To some of them she gave a book, to others a pretty toy; and very much pleased they all were. But I soon perceived that Charles, whose present was a large microscope, cast a longing eye on a Noak's-Ark and a fine elephant with a castle on his back: the former belonging to Fred., and the latter to a little fellow about five years old.

Soon afterwards, I saw them all three holding a deep consultation, in one corner of the room; and I had the curiosity to listen to what was going forward, when I distinctly heard Charles trying to persuade his two little brothers to give him their new toys for some of his old ones.

"I will give you my sand toy and box of dominoes, and Jack in the box, for your Noah's-Ark, Fred.," said he; "then, you know, you will have three things instead of one, so that will be a great deal better for you.

Poor Fred. looked rather incredulous; but after a little more of the same sort of argument on the part of Charles, he consented to give up his new toy; and the exchange was made forthwith.

By similar means, Charles made himself master of the elephant; and thus the two little boys were deprived of the presents that were made to them, and Charles ungenerously took possession of more than was intended for him.

The next morning, I saw Charles playing with

the Noah's-Ark. "Why, Charles," said I, "I thought that was Fred's?"

"So it was," replied Charles; "but he has given it to me."

"Yes; Charles persuaded me to give it to him," said little Fred., "but I should like to have it back again; for I do not like the things he gave me half so well as the Noah's-Ark."

I now endeavoured to show Charles how ungenerous it was to induce his little brothers to part with their play-things; and to convince him that he, being the elder, ought rather to protect them, than to take any thing from them; but he still seemed to think, that if his brothers consented to exchange, it was all fair.

However, I hope he will reflect on the subject and see how wrong it is, in the first place, to covet that which belongs to another person; and secondly, that he ought to do as he would be done by; and I am quite sure he would not like to be talked out of his toys by his brother Tom,

who is older than he. But Tom would not attempt to do such a thing, I am quite sure; and I hope Charles will in future be contented with his own things, and let his brothers rest quietly in possession of theirs.



THE
DILATORY LITTLE BOY.

“HENRY, my dear, I wish I could see you learning your lesson for to-morrow.”

“I will, directly, mamma; let me just finish this game.”

And away he went, hopping round the garden on one foot, in pursuit of a ball that was rolling along on the ground. I could not think what amusement he could find in such an employment; but afterwards understood, it was the object of the game to keep the ball moving forward, by touching it with the foot while in the act of hopping. This is a favourite pastime of all the little boys in the village, who try to outdo each other at it; the difficulty being to send the ball along in a direct line.

Henry was so entirely engrossed by this sport, that he did not observe me, although I was standing at the window, talking to his mother, who was telling me what a bad habit he has of putting off every thing he has to do till the very last moment; "In consequence of which," said she, "he is always behindhand; and you cannot think, Mr. Lovechild, what trouble it gives me."

The day in question was a holiday; but Henry had a long Latin exercise to write, and a lesson to learn for the next morning. Again he passed the window, hopping after his ball, and again his mamma reminded him of the duties he had to perform. "Come, Harry; come, you know what your papa says: 'Business first, and pleasure afterwards.'"

"I will come in, directly, mamma," said the dilatory little boy, "there is plenty of time; it is not five o'clock yet, and I can do all I have to do in one hour."

Five o'clock came—half-past five--and yet no

lessons were begun. At length, it struck six; and we saw Henry running up the garden so fast that he was quite out of breath. As he approached, we both perceived that he looked highly delighted; and as soon as he came within hearing, he called out, "Oh, mamma! here is Aunt Jane, with Willy and James, coming across the common,—they are coming to tea, I dare say; I am so glad. What fun we shall have!"

Willy and James were Henry's cousins; both nearly the same age as himself, and he was very fond of them; but as they lived at some distance, he had not seen them for several weeks.

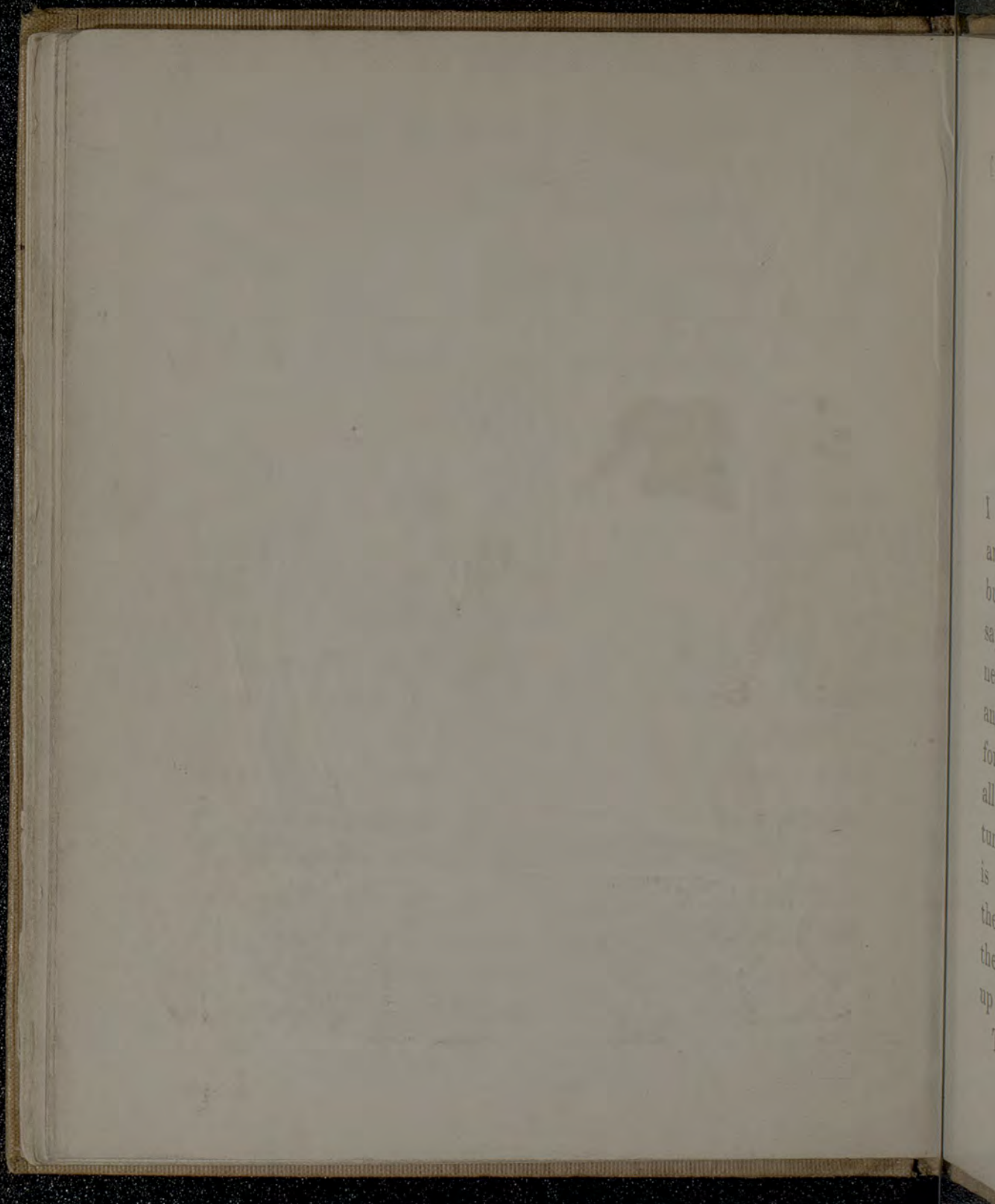
"Now, what a pity it is your lessons are not learned," said his mamma.

Poor Henry, in the excess of his joy, had quite forgotten this circumstance, till thus reminded of it; and I think if you had seen the change that came over his countenance, you would have been convinced that procrastination is a fault which brings its own punishment.

Instead of being able to enjoy himself with his cousins, Henry had to sit down to his tasks. And I do not think his mamma was sorry that he had brought this disappointment on himself; for she thought it might be a salutary lesson for the future; and help to cure him of a failing, which, if not checked while he is yet young, may become a settled habit, and prove a serious misfortune to him in after life.

It is one of my favourite maxims, as I think I have before observed,—never to put off till to-morrow that which can be done to-day;—and the older I grow, the more I am convinced of the danger of delay.





THE
EXACT LITTLE BOY.

I DARE say you will be surprised at the term, and wonder what I mean by an exact little boy: but I can easily explain it; and, in so doing, shall say a few words in praise of the quality of exactness; which is a very valuable one to its possessor, and has often been the means of making men's fortunes. Think of that, little boys,—for you will all be men some day, I hope, and have your fortunes to make by some trade or profession. It is then you will find the benefit of exactness: therefore it is desirable that you should acquire the habit while you are young, that it may grow up with you.

The exact little boy always rises at the same

hour in the morning; performs all his tasks at the proper time; is neat in all that he does; makes a point of finishing one thing before he begins another; carries messages correctly; puts every thing into its right place, and is sure to remember whatever he is desired to do.

George Timewell is one of the very few young gentlemen who answer to this description. Indeed, he is so very exact, that some of the children in the village say he is like clock work, and take upon themselves to ridicule him in consequence; but as we are all moving machines, every one of us perhaps may be with equal justice compared to a clock, the only difference being, that some are like a clock that goes right, and others like one that goes wrong. Now, I should think that nobody can have the least doubt about which is the best.

George Timewell, then, resembles a good clock, that goes well, and can therefore be always depended upon; which is a great comfort to his

friends, and a great pleasure to himself, for he is both believed and trusted, beyond the extent that boys of his age usually are; for there are many, who, although they would not wilfully tell a story, are yet so heedless and forgetful, that they are often quite wrong, even when they think they are telling the truth.

Whatever George says is sure to be correct to a letter, and I have known him to carry a long message without misplacing a single word. I will just give you two or three instances of the advantage of establishing a character for exactness.

The other day, Mr. Timewell missed a volume of the History of England from his bookcase; the work had just been handsomely bound, therefore he was very particular that it should not be laid about to be soiled; so, finding the second volume was not in its place, he enquired rather angrily, who had taken it out.

"I saw George reading it yesterday," said a little girl.

George was called, and asked what he had done with the book. "I put it in the book-case, as soon as I had done reading," said George.

"Then somebody must have taken it out since," said Mr. Timewell, for when George said he had put it back in its place, his papa felt as sure that he had done so, as if he had seen him do it.

I dare say, you can imagine that many little boys are so forgetful, that their papas would still have suspected that they had not replaced the book, although they thought they had; but no one entertained such an idea about George; for the moment he said he had put it away again, every body was convinced he had done so.

It was afterwards found that his uncle James had called in the evening to borrow this very book, and finding nobody at home, he had taken it away with him: as he knew he was at liberty to borrow any volume he wanted, from his brother's library.

On another occasion, a dispute arose among

five or six of the little boys, as they were at play in the meadow, which ended in a fight. It grieves me to tell of any thing so disgraceful, but so it was: and in the course of the affray, Master Starling was thrown down, and cut his face very badly on a sharp stone.

The next morning, an enquiry was instituted, in order to discover who were the parties most deserving of punishment; but the accounts given of the affair by those who had been concerned in it, was so confused, each trying to exculpate himself by throwing the blame on the rest, that it was almost impossible to judge who was most in fault. At last, the parents of Master Sterling thought of asking if George Timewell was present when the quarrel began. Somebody recollected that he was. "That is fortunate," said they; for now we shall be able to learn the exact truth."

George was sent for, and requested to state the particulars, which he was rather reluctant to do, as he did not wish to expose the bad conduct of

any of his companions; but when it was pointed out to him that it was but an act of justice to make known the culprit, in order that the innocent might not suffer for the guilty, he immediately stated the fact; and it turned out that the chief offender was young Crabbe; of whom I shall have more to say by and by. The matter being thus cleared up, Crabbe was debarred from playing with the other boys for a whole week; and the rest of the fighters were severely reprimanded.



THE
GOOD LITTLE BOY.

AYE,—That's the boy for me!—The good boy.—
There is nothing like being good; for without
goodness, the brightest genius in the world is of
little worth. We cannot compensate for the want
of goodness by great talents, although we may
easily make up for want of talent by being good.
A boy may be clever; he may be at the head of
his class; he may gain prizes, and be distinguished
above all his schoolfellows, by his superior abilities;
but if he is not good as well as clever, he will
not be half so much beloved as the boy of inferior
capacity, but more amiable disposition.

Now I am myself a great friend to genius, and

think there is nothing more worthy of admiration than a good head, coupled with a good heart; but were I obliged to make a choice between the two, I should certainly prefer excellence of heart to excellence of understanding, at any time; and I believe most people would do the same.

Richard Best is as good a boy as I ever knew; for he is dutiful to his parents, kind and affectionate to his brothers and sisters, diligent at school, attentive at church, never forgets to say his prayers night and morning, and would not, I am convinced, be tempted to tell an untruth. He is gentle and humane towards all living things, never hunting butterflies, taking birds'-nests, or fishing for mere amusement, as many boys do; for all those sports he calls cruel, and not only refrains from them himself, but tries to dissuade his companions from such amusements.

Richard is careful with his clothes and books; for he knows that they cost a great deal of

money; and that money is not obtained without labour. "My papa," he says, "must have a great deal of trouble to get money enough to buy us all the things we want; so we ought to take care not to spoil them, that he may not have to buy more for a long while." If all the boys and girls had as much consideration, they might save their parents many pounds, which are wasted through mere idleness and neglect.

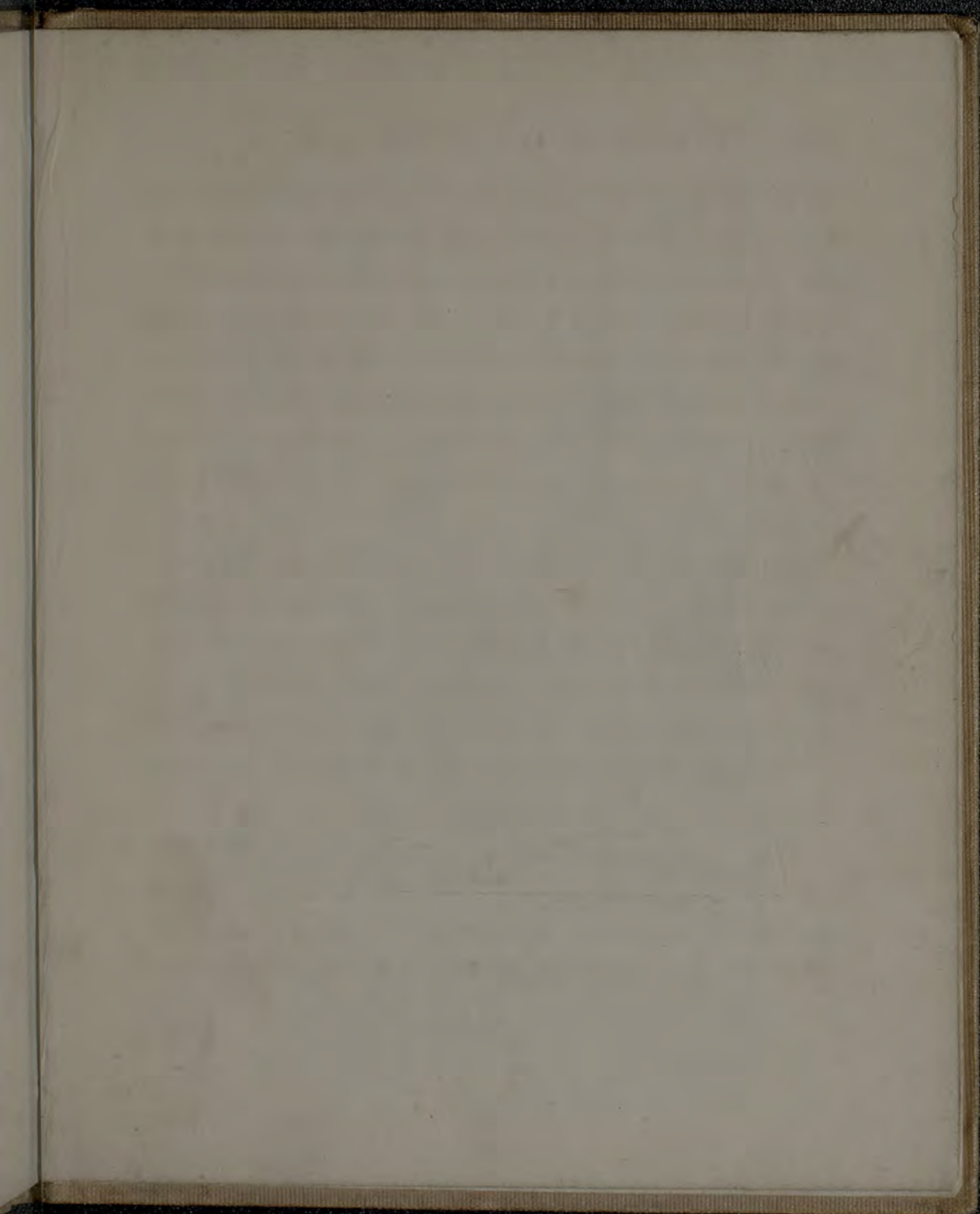
I will just give you an instance of the difference that a careless or a careful behaviour may make. Richard and his brother Sam had each a new suit of clothes last New Year's Day. Whenever Richard had his on, he took care to put on a pinafore in the house; and when he was out, avoided the dirty paths, and did not romp about as he did when he had his old clothes on.

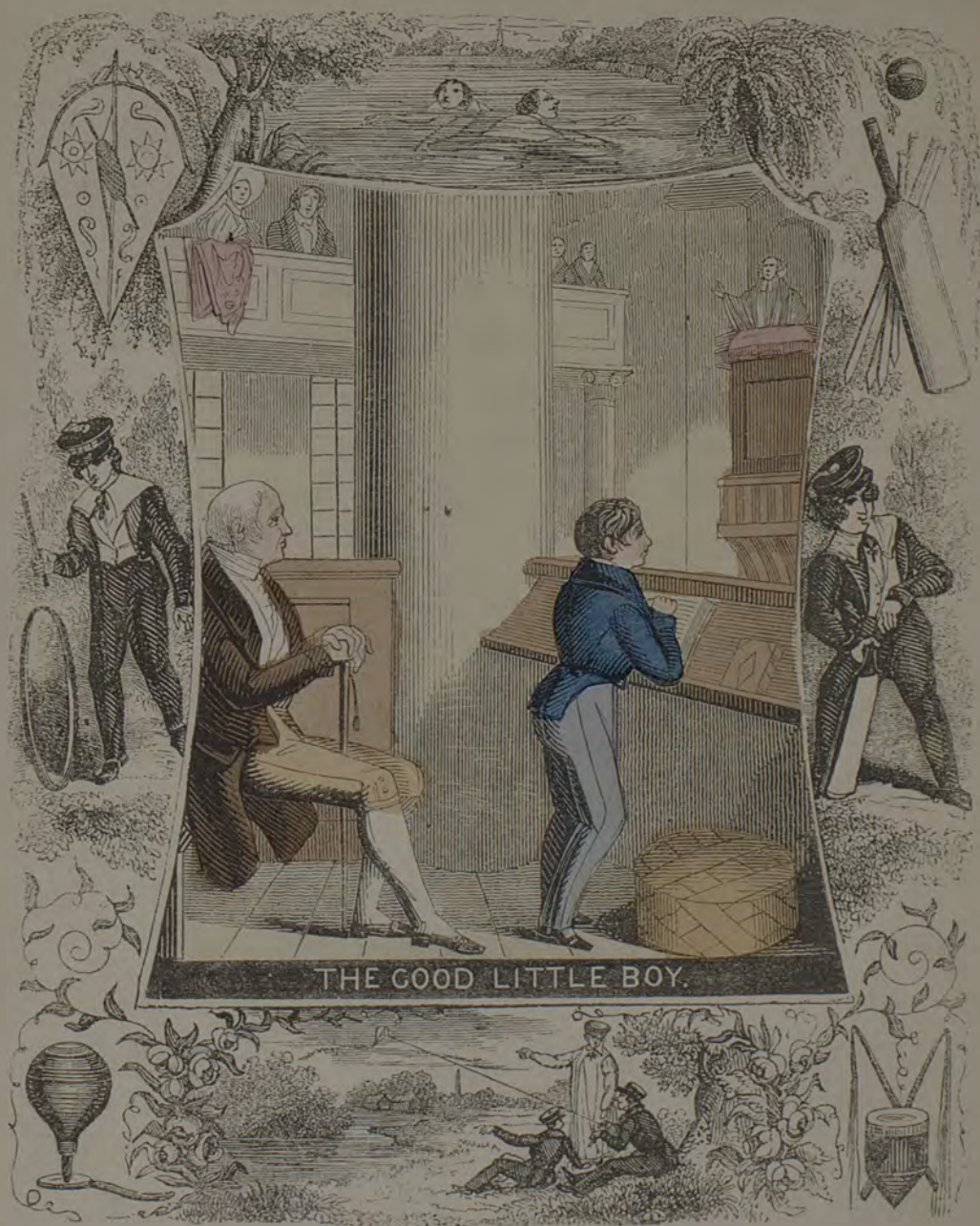
But Sam made no difference, old or new; often sat down to dinner without his pinafore, and soon had his nice new coat and trowsers covered

with spots of grease. Then he would climb up trees, or swing upon a gate, or make snow-balls, or play any other pranks, wholly regardless of his clothes; so that in three months they were quite spoiled; while Richard's were as good as new. Yet Richard had quite as much fun as Sam: only he took care to have his old clothes on when he was going to play at any rough kind of game.

Sam was therefore obliged to have another suit of clothes, which cost three guineas; besides which, he had two extra hats, because he tore the crown out of one, and let another fall into a ditch. Yet, after all this needless expense, he never looked half so neat as his brother.

Then at school he was so careless with his books, that all the covers got torn off, and the leaves half lost, in a very short time; while Richard's remained in good condition; so that when the bill came in at Midsummer, there were





no less than twenty-five shillings down for books, that were merely to replace those that Sam had spoiled or lost; and all in the short space of six months. A good boy never wastes the property of his parents in this heedless manner; but considers, as Richard does, that money is not gained without trouble.



THE

QUARRELSOME LITTLE BOY.

THERE is a pleasant meadow at the end of the village, called Daisy Green: a pretty name enough and given to it, I suppose, because it is so thickly studded with daisies, the whole summer long. To Daisy Green the boys are in the habit of going every afternoon, to amuse themselves with a variety of sports; among which are Cricket, Trap-and-Ball, Fly-the-Garter, Prisoners' Base, and many others that I used to be well acquainted with fifty years ago; and even now, old as I am, I sometimes join in, for although I am not nimble enough to play at fly-the-garter, I can fly a kite; and as to cricket, I am a match for the best among them.

It is here that I have had occasion to remark, more than once, the quarrelsome temper of Master Anthony Crabbe, the brother of Susan Crabbe, whom I described in my "Sketches of Little Girls," Anthony is quite as ill-tempered as his sister, and far more violent. Neither of the young people are much liked, and I have sometimes heard them called the two cross Crabbes; and, if I must speak the truth, I am afraid they merit the title.

When a number of boys are accustomed to play frequently together, they should each give way a little to the rest: and if any game is proposed that is not quite agreeable to some of them, they should join in it good-humouredly; and then the others will be willing, another time, to join them in any game that they like best.

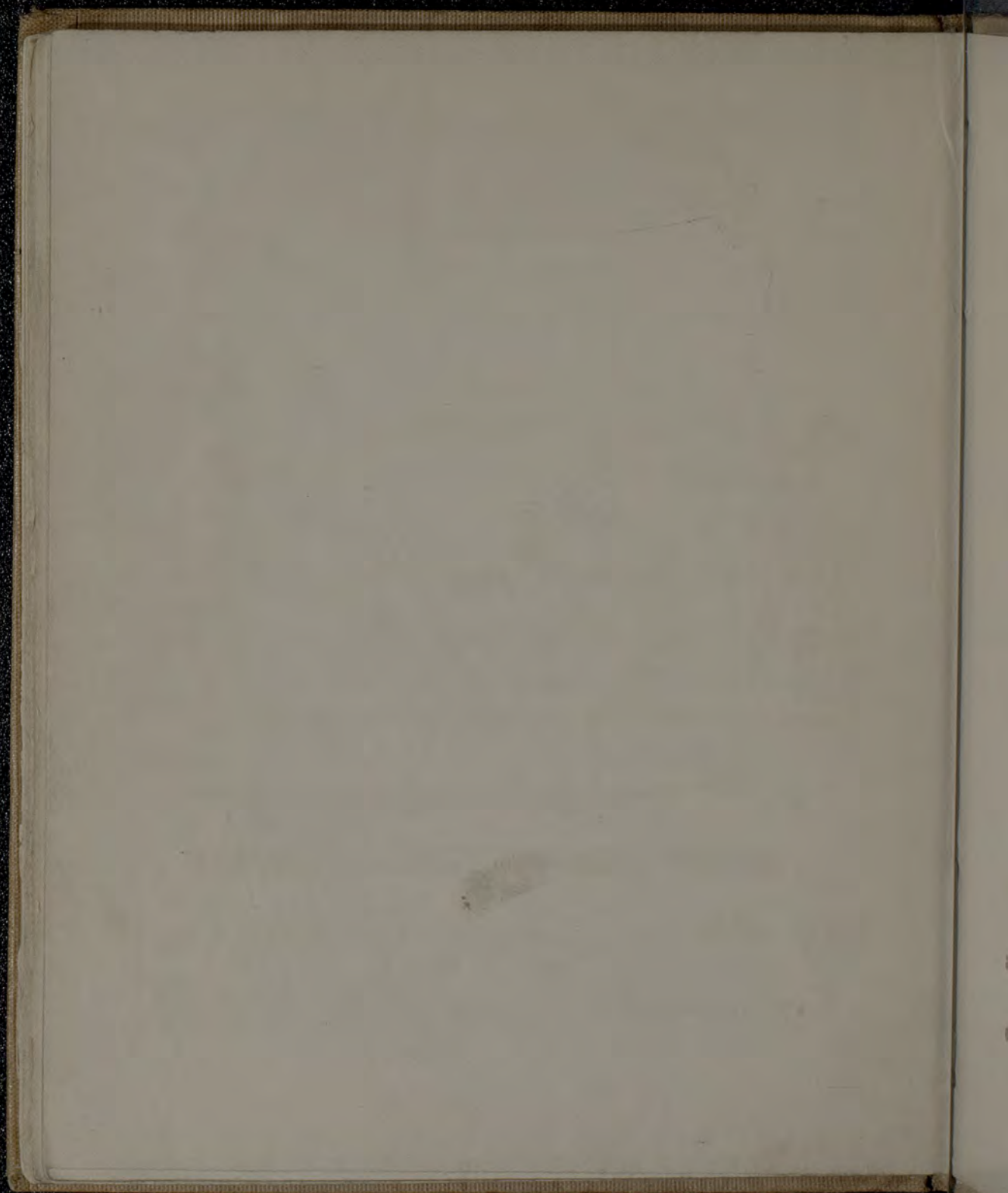
This is the only way to be happy together; and indeed, I believe they all do so, except Anthony, who objects to every thing that is not proposed by himself, and seldom plays for half an hour without having a dispute with somebody. The

consequence is, that none of the boys like to play with him, so that he is often left almost by himself; then, instead of trying to make himself agreeable to the rest, and offering good-humouredly to join in any game that is going forward, he goes home in a sulky temper, and quarrels with his brothers and sisters.

It is the same thing at school. He is always making complaints to the master, of one or other of his schoolfellows; but I understand the master does not often give ear to him, for he knows what a quarrelsome boy he is, and that any offence he complains of is very likely to have been his own creating. Therefore, you see, a quarrelsome temper prevents a boy from gaining friends, and is sure to make him very unhappy.







THE FAREWELL.

IT is now time for me to conclude my visit for this year; for the leaves are beginning to fall from the trees, and the autumn evenings to grow cold. Once more, then, I bid adieu to the pleasant village where I have spent so many happy hours; and to the little friends for whose welfare I am deeply interested.

May they live long and be happy! and may each succeeding year see them improve in goodness and knowledge, as well as stature.

With these, and all other good wishes,

I remain,

Their very true Friend,

SOLOMON LOVECHILD.

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