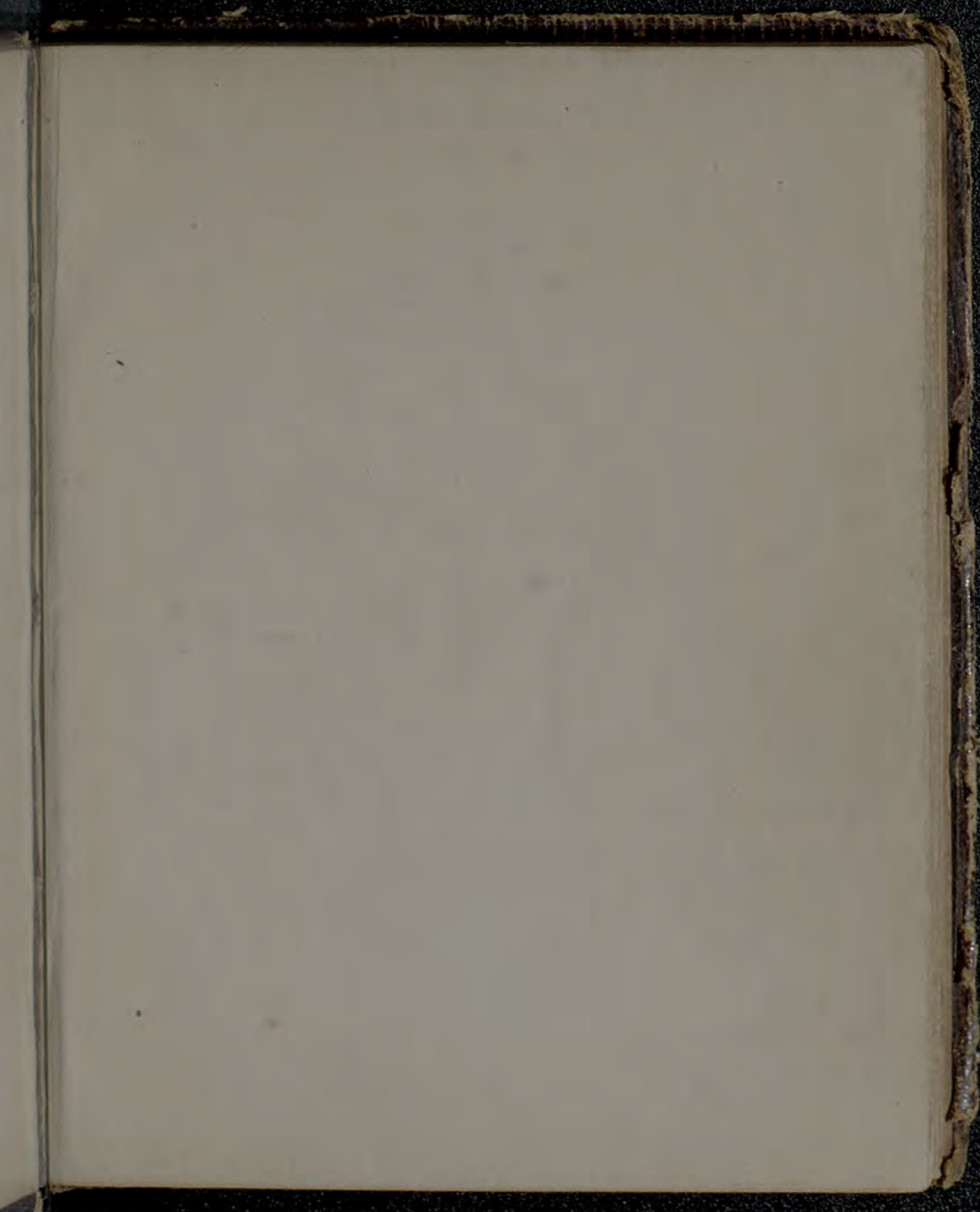


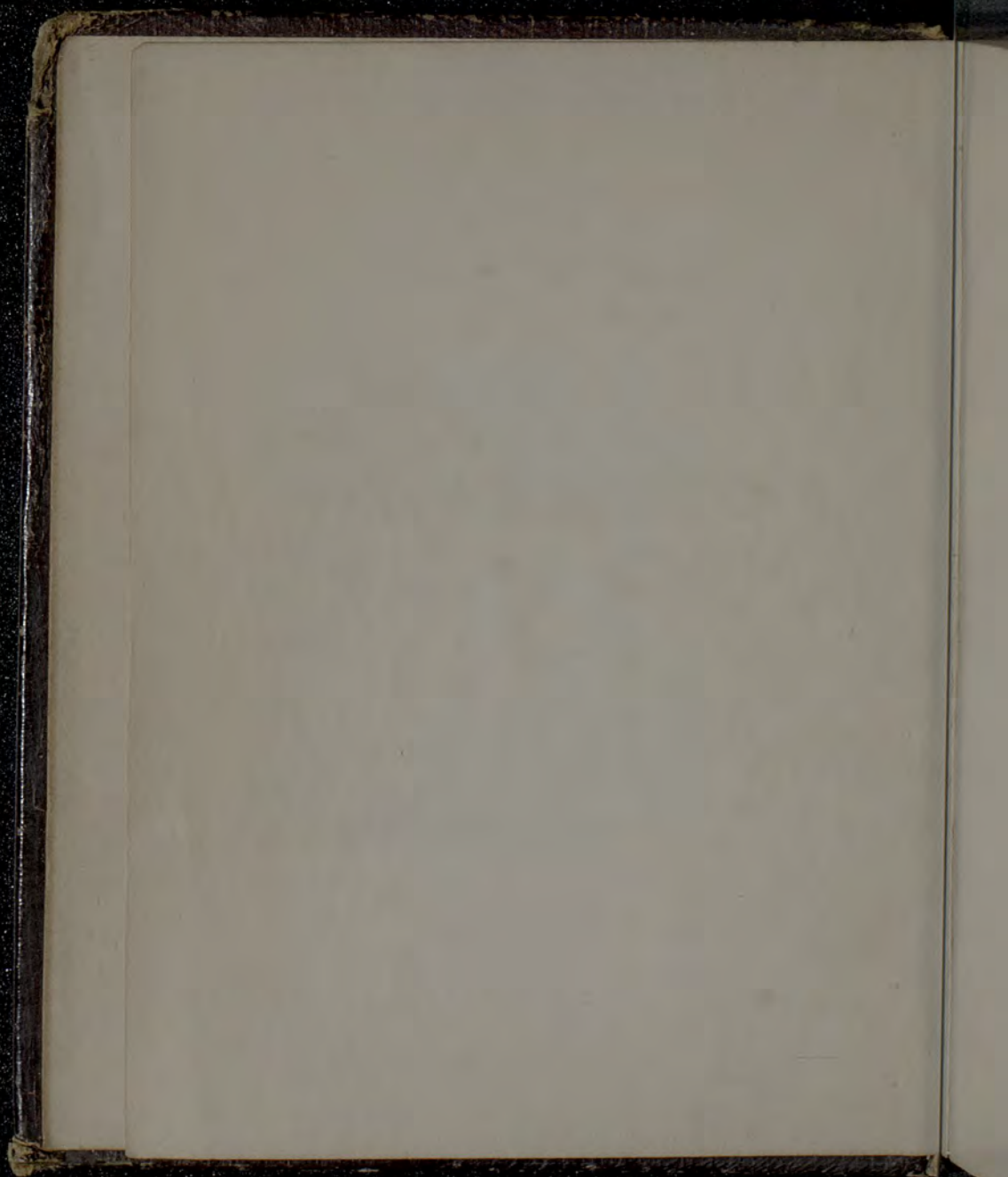
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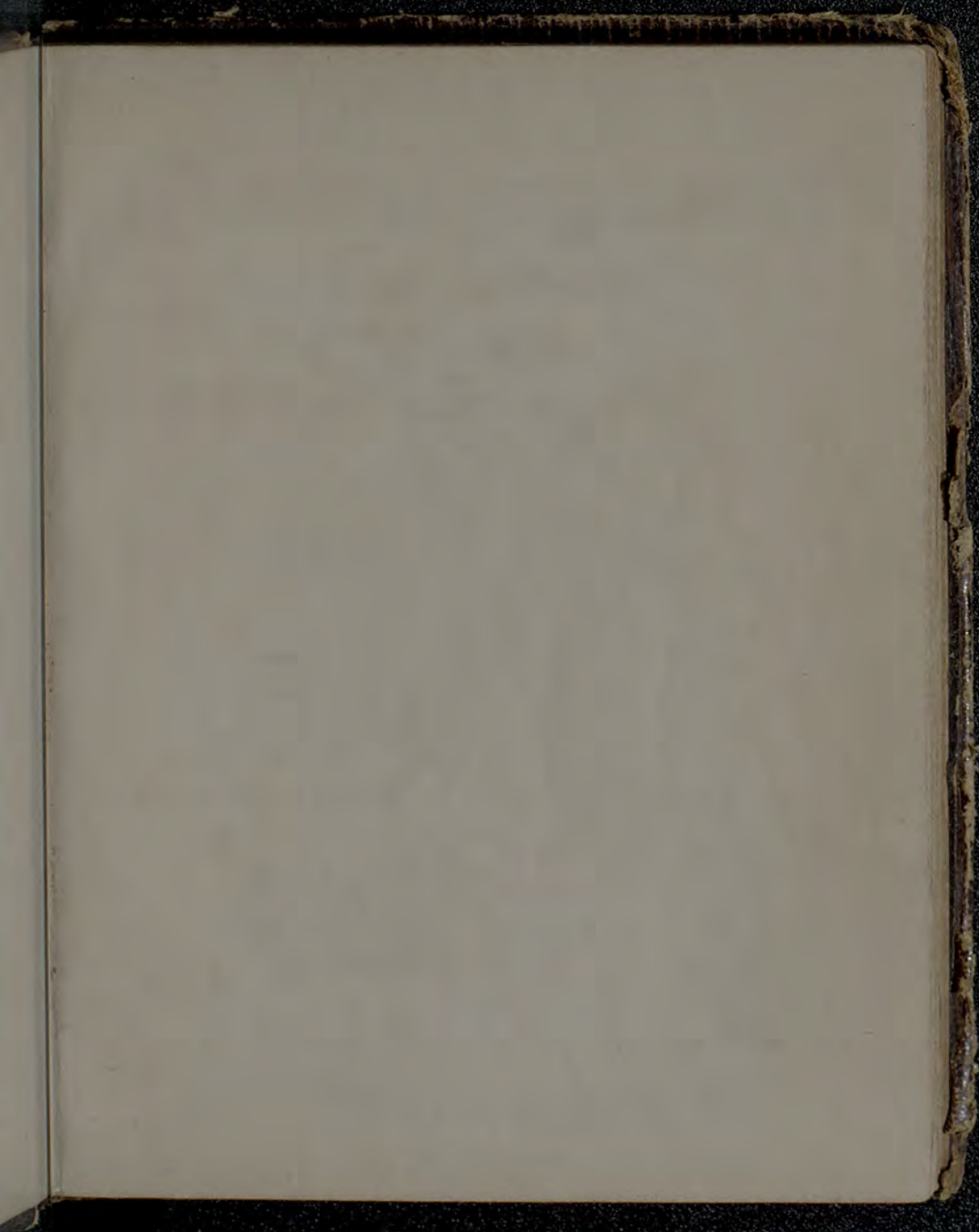


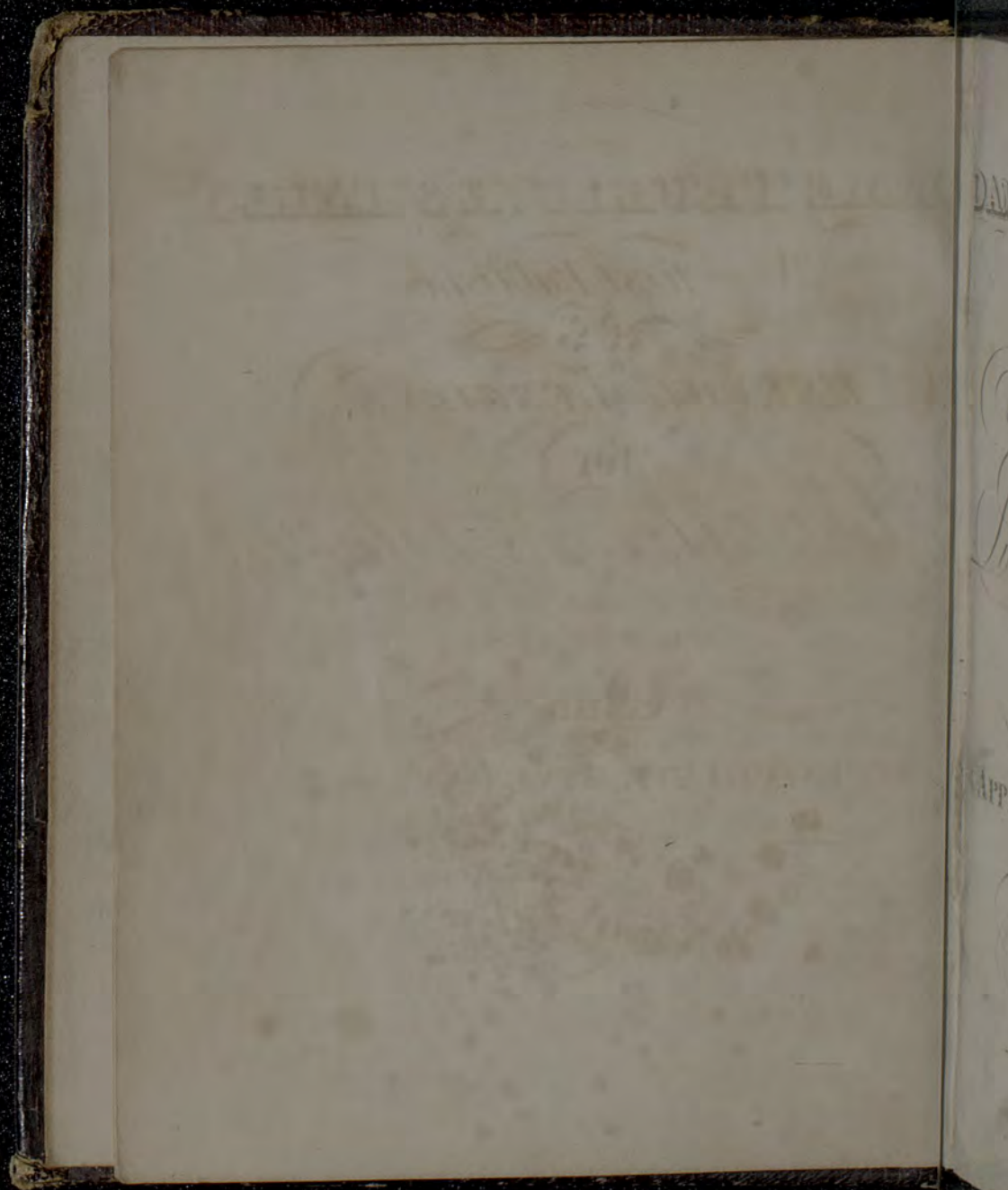
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DAME TRUELOVE'S TALES,

Now first Published

USEFUL LESSONS

for

Little Misses & Masters,

(and)

Ornamented

With

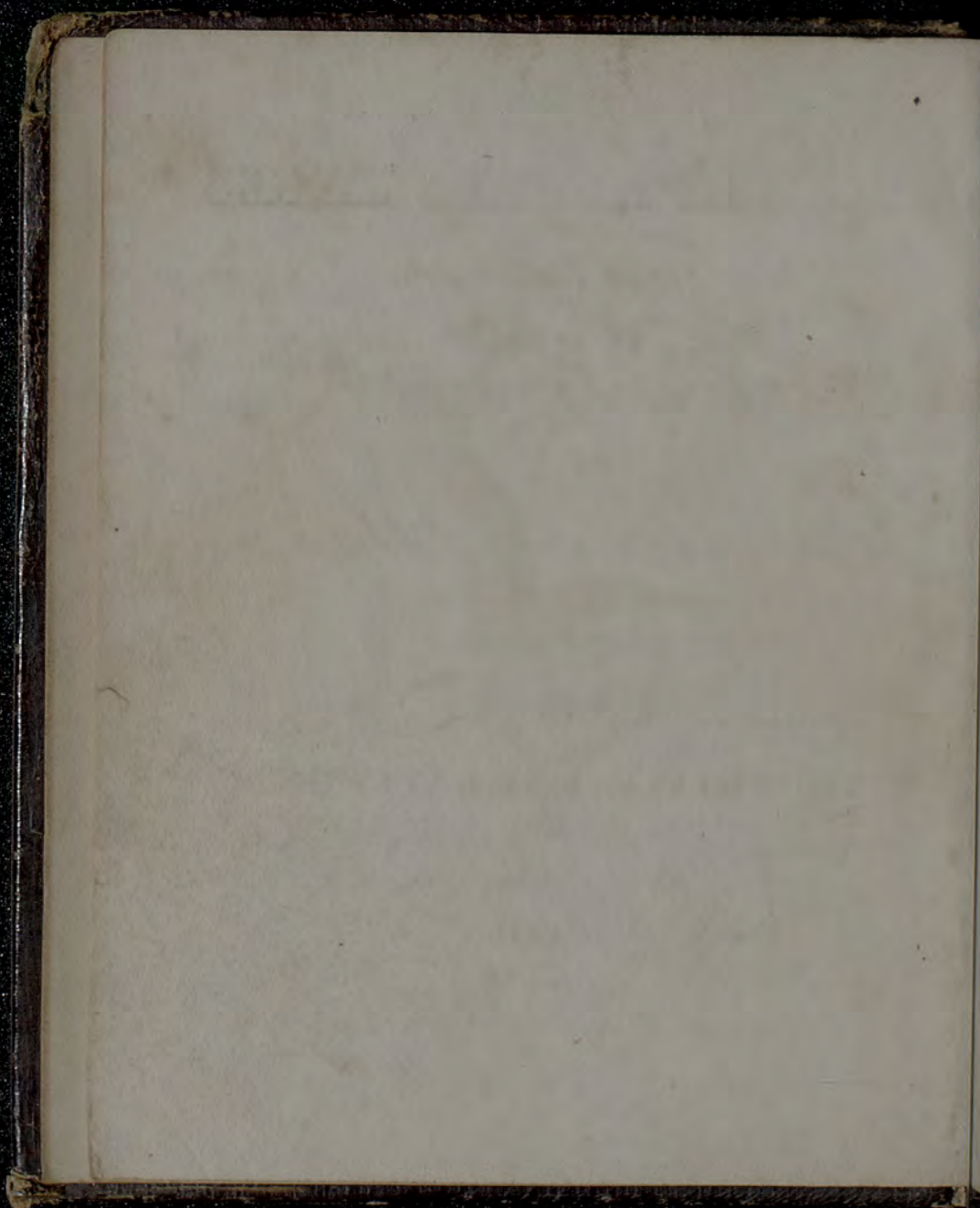
APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS.

London,

Published by J. Harris,

Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.

Hewitt, & Co.



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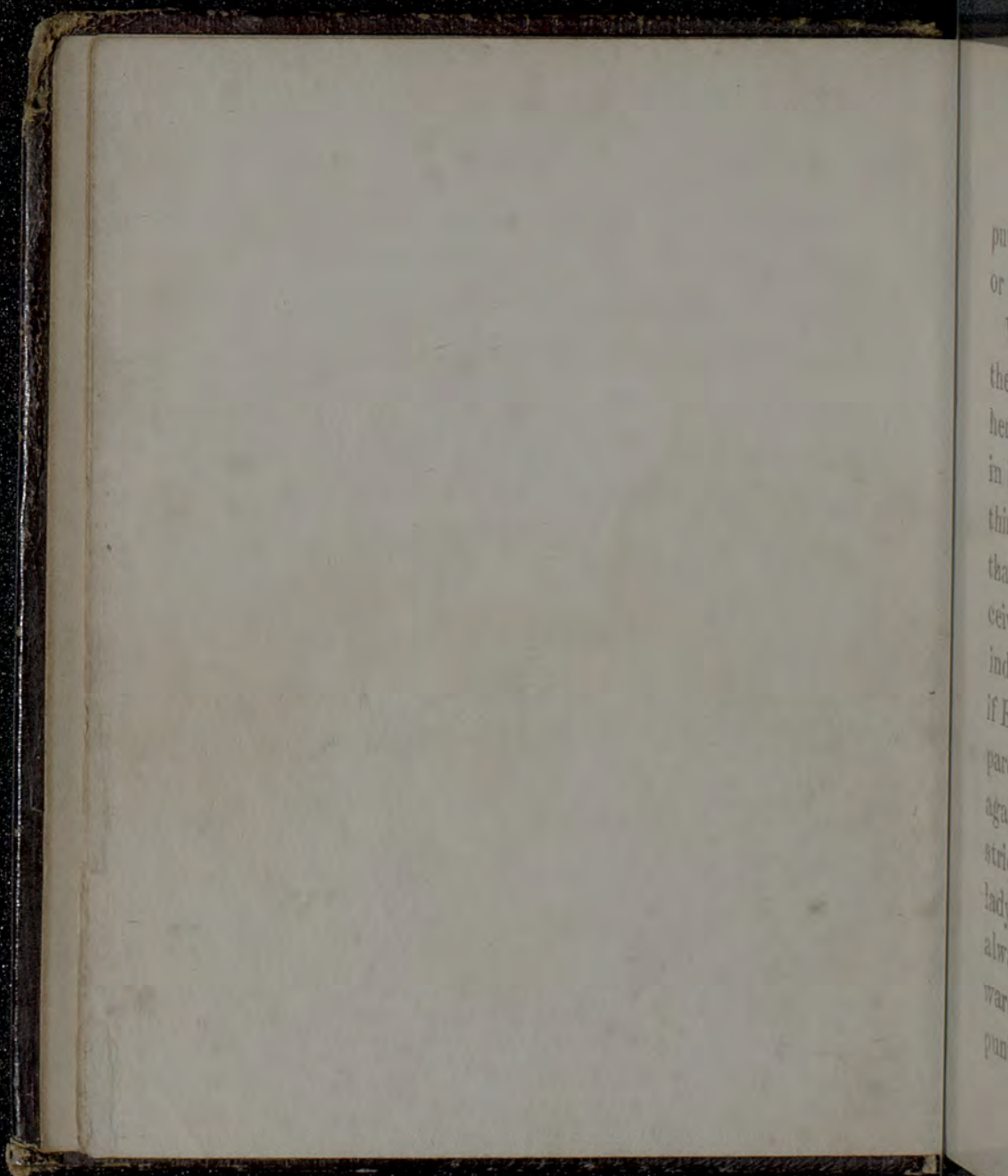
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DAME TRUELOVE'S TALES.

—◆—
ELLEN.

WHEN little Ellen asked her maid why the dog looked at her; instead of telling her the truth, which was, that he hoped she would give him something to eat; she said he was watching her, to see whether she would be a good child all day, or a naughty one. Ellen desired to know what he would do to punish her if she were naughty, and Mary told her that he would tear her frock and scratch her—nay, perhaps bite her.

Poor Ellen was very much frightened, because she believed all that her maid told her, not once supposing she would be guilty of a falsehood, and was very much surprized when, as she was sitting the next morning very quietly on the sofa by her Mamma's side, learning her lesson, Pompey, being let into the room, put his two paws upon her lap, tore her muslin frock, and scratched her arm.—I must here beg my little reader not to be angry with Pompey; he was a very good-natured dog, and had no intention to hurt Ellen, but as she was always feeding him, he had learned to be very troublesome, and if she did not take notice of him when he came near her, made no ceremony of



putting her in mind of him in some way or other.

When the little girl felt the smart of the scratch on her arm, she surprised her Mamma by assuring her with tears in her eyes, that she had not done any thing naughty the whole day ; but when that lady was told how Mary had deceived her child, she was very angry indeed, and would have sent her away, if Ellen had not begged her Mamma to pardon her, upon her promising never again to utter a word but what was strictly true, but to teach her young lady to know, that it was God who always watched over her, and would reward her if she were a good child, and punish her if she were naughty.

CHARLES.

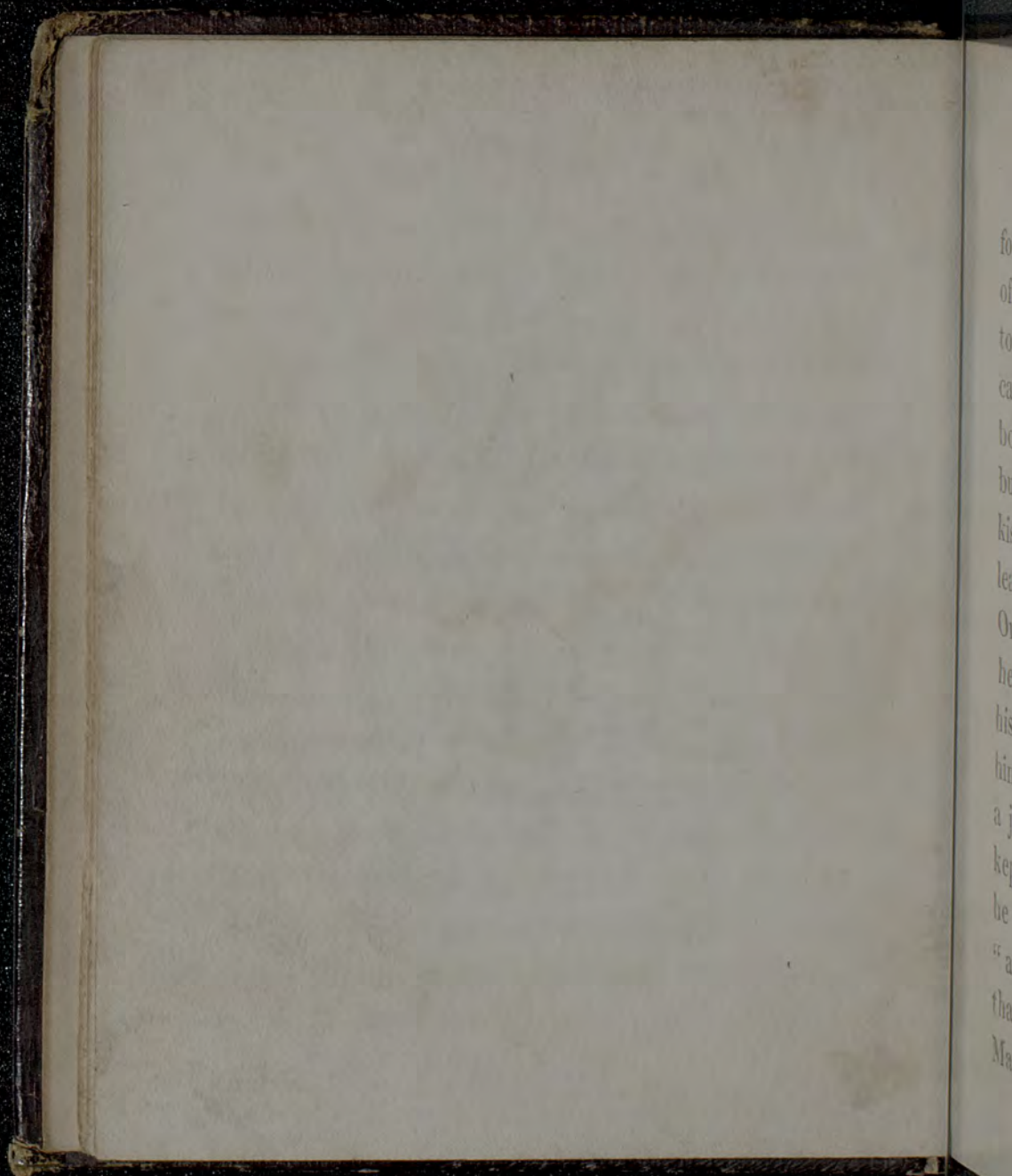
CHARLES was a fine boy of four years of age; his cheeks were like two red apples, for he spent great part of the day in the garden, running about and rolling on the grass; that is, from seven o'clock in the morning till twelve, at which time his Grandpapa was ready to receive him, and not sooner. The moment the clock struck that hour, away he ran, and bounced into the room where he knew he was always welcome: and the old gentleman calling him to sit upon his knee, usually asked what he had been doing, and whether he had learnt his lesson. Charles was not very

Charles.



page 4.

Published May 20, 1777, by J. Morris, corner of St. Pauls Church Yard.

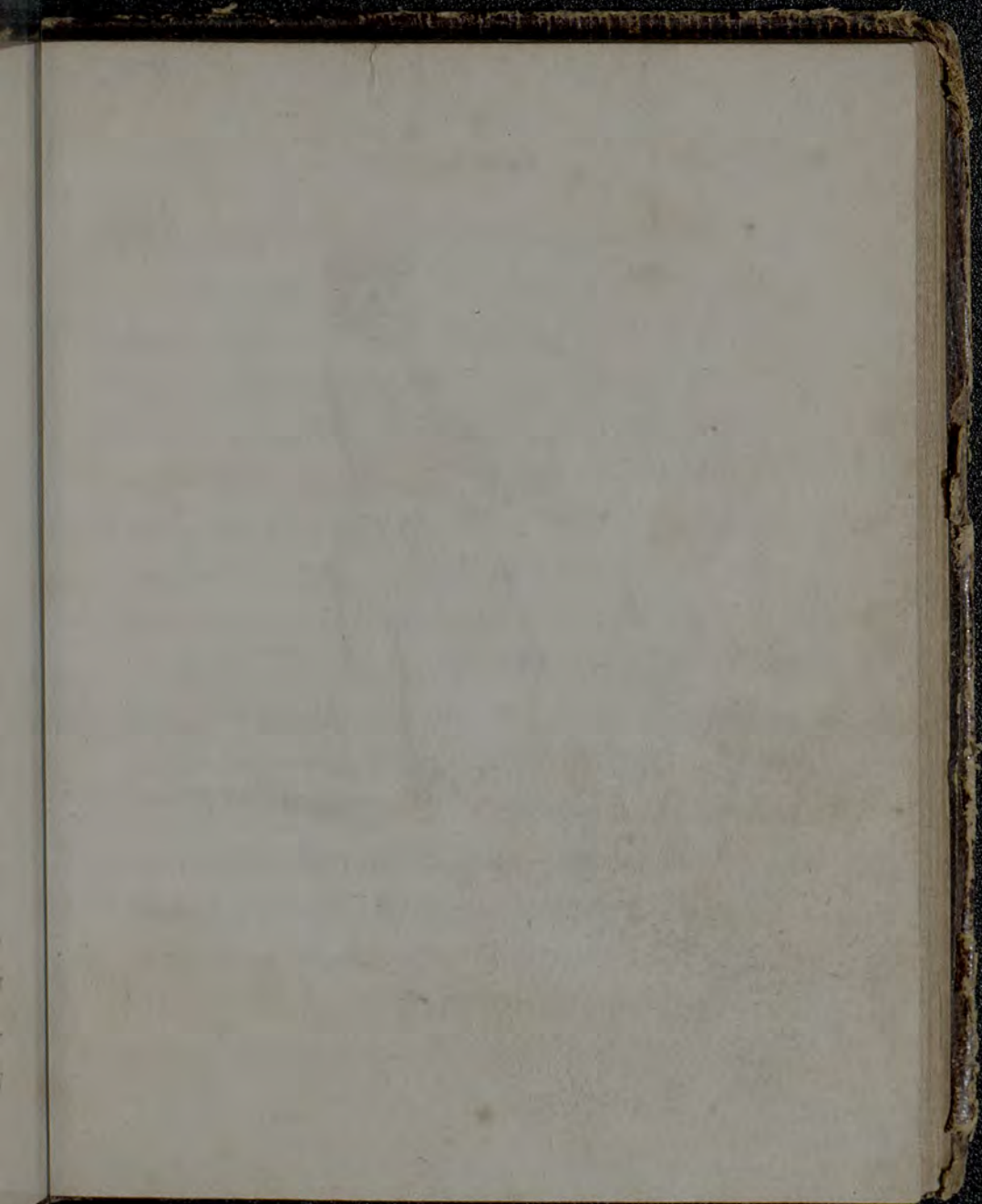


fond of his book, and his Grandpapa often told him that if he did not learn to read, when he grew up, he would be called Sir Charles Dunce, and all the boys in the town would laugh at him ; but he did not mind it much, he only kissed his Grandpapa, and said he would learn his lesson when he could find time. One day he entered the room, saying he was very unhappy indeed, and taking his seat upon his Grandpapa's knee, told him that little Johnny Gibson had got a jacket and trowsers, whilst he was kept like a girl in petticoats ; and that he thought it was very hard upon him, " a great boy as I am," said he, " more than four years old ; there is my sister Maria always calling me, *Miss Charley*,

a little thing like her, no bigger than my thumb !”—

“ Indeed, Charles, it is a very sad thing,” said his Grandpapa, “ but I must tell you that it is your own fault ; John Gibson can read little Tales, and Dialogues in words of one syllable, and has had his jacket and trowsers as a reward for his attention to his learning, whilst you are so idle that you scarcely know your letters ; you must therefore content yourself with your petticoats for some time longer.”

Charles was much ashamed and hung down his head for some minutes, but from that time he learnt his lesson every day, and never went to run in the garden till he had done it, so that in a few



George.



page 7.

Published May 20, 1877, by J. Harris, owner of St. Paul's Church Yard.

months he had the pleasure of seeing himself dressed in a jacket and trowsers, and equal in all respects to John Gibson, and every other boy of his age.

GEORGE.

“PRAY tell me,” said George B. to his Papa, “why that man keeps his poor dog tied fast with a cord;—I dare say he would like better to run about in the lanes and fields; I am sure I should like it better, do you not think I should, Papa?”

“I am very certain you would,” replied his Papa, “but you mistake the

matter, that poor man is blind, and if he had not that little dog to lead him about in the right path, he would fall into the first ditch or pit that came in his way, and be killed.

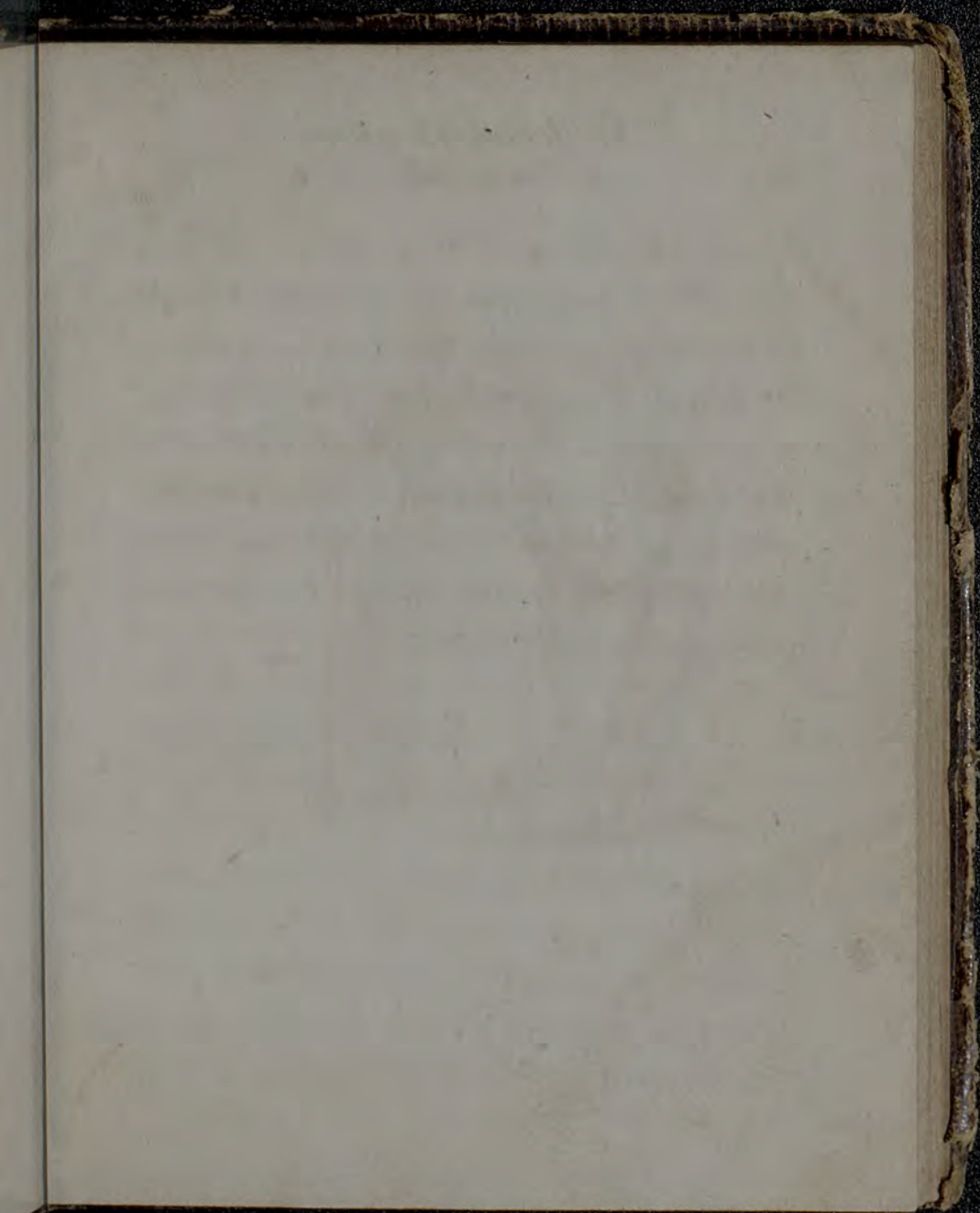
“ I know the man very well, he was not always so poor as he now is, and he could once see very well, and his dog ran by his side whenever he went out, and if he went into a house, he lay quietly down at the door till his master came out again, and then up he jumped wagging his tail and looking so pleased, and away they trotted together as happy and contented as could be. At breakfast and dinner he was sure to be close to the man's chair, who was so fond of him that he always gave

him part of what he had to eat, and put a pan of nice clear water every morning in a corner of his room for him to drink; but at length he grew very ill and could not work, and he was obliged to sell his clothes and his bed, to buy meat for himself and his dog, and then his eyes were bad and they became worse and worse, and in a short time he was quite blind, and he was forced to beg his bread from house to house.

“ Now my dear George, he could not even do that if he had not his dog to lead him about; and you may also see that the little animal is not tired of walking slowly with his old master, but creeps along just as he feels the cord, because he loves the man who has al-

ways been kind to him, fed him well, and never beat him, or pinched his tail and pulled his ears to make him angry, as naughty boys often do to their dogs."

George was much pleased with what his Papa had told him, and begged to give his new sixpence to the man, that he might buy some dinner for himself and his kind little dog.



Frederick Harding.



page 11.

Engraved May 1857, by H. Harris, corner of St. Paul's Church, York.

FREDERICK HARDING.

FREDERICK Harding was a very naughty boy, for he was a great tell-tale, and moreover did not always speak truth, so that nobody liked him; and when his brothers and sisters were asked to go out, he was always kept at home because his Papa and Mamma were ashamed of him, and afraid he would do or say something he ought not to do, if he were out of their sight or hearing.

One day he got into the stable, and finding his brother's poney ready saddled, got upon it, and galloped away a mile or two, till passing near a cottage where he saw an old woman, he

got off, fastened the poney to a gate, and going up to her, told her there were two or three boys in the orchard behind the cottage stealing her apples.—He thought it would be fine fun to frighten the old woman, and make her run out to save her apples, and still better if, in her haste, she were to fall down; he did not consider that the poor old creature might break a leg or an arm, and he was so naughty that he would not have been sorry if she had.

He was however much disappointed, for she was so very deaf, that although he put his mouth close to her ear, and bawled so loud that one would have thought he might have been heard half a mile off, he could not make her hear

a single word. He was very much vexed at having had his trouble for nothing, he said, so he would ride back and see what fun he could have at home; but when he came to the gate, he found the poney had taken a fancy to go home before Frederick, and had got the bridle off from the gate, and trotted away, whilst the young gentleman was telling falsehoods to Goody Dobson; he was therefore obliged to walk back, and it began to rain very hard, so that he was soon wet to the skin, and being very warm with walking, caught a bad cold and a fever, which confined him to his bed, and it was nearly three months before he got his health and strength restored to him.

THE NAUGHTY GIRL.

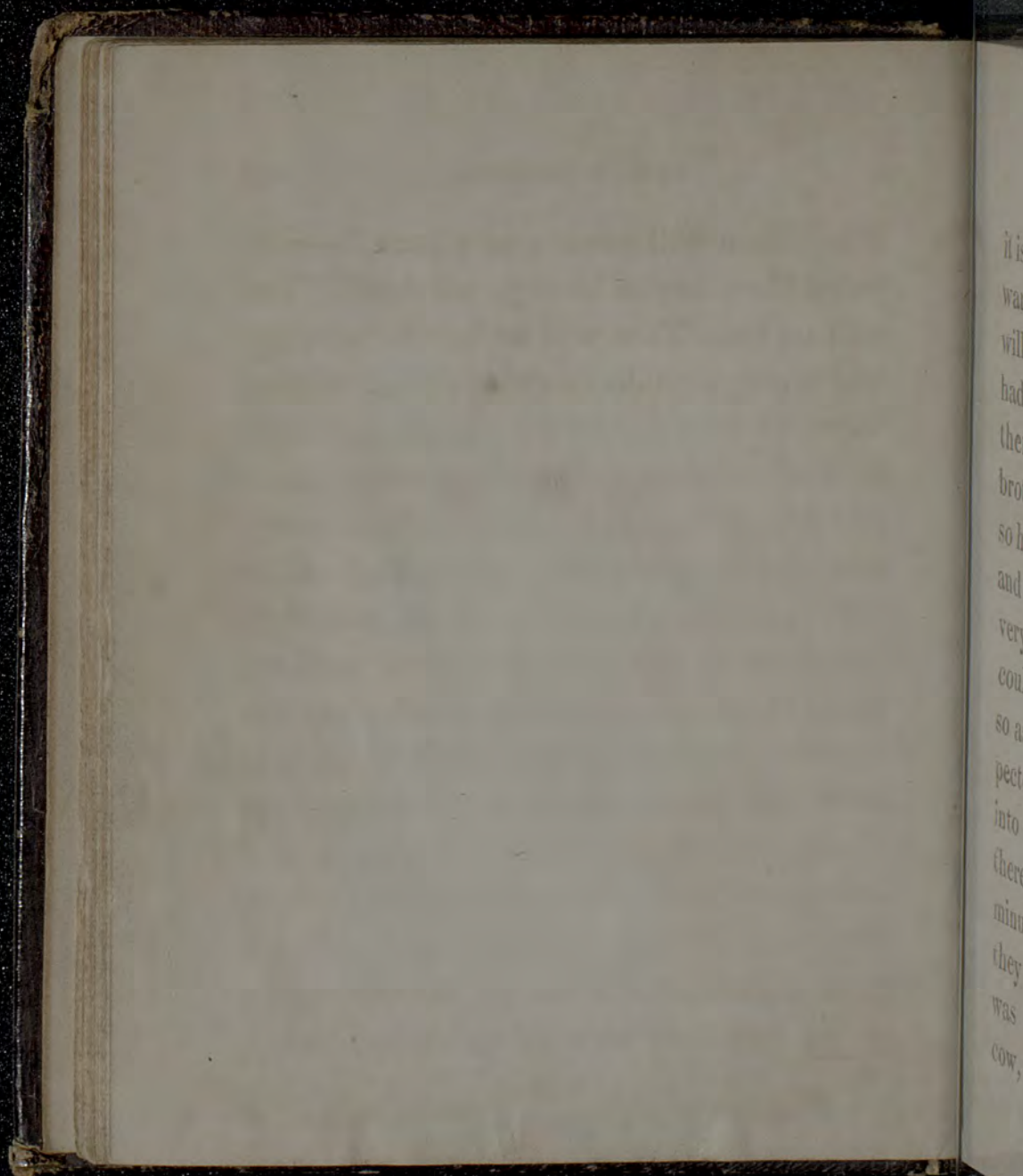
Mrs. Morris had desired her little girl at least ten times to make haste and drink her tea, but she did not mind her; she did nothing but play silly tricks, sometimes stirring it as fast as she could to make a bit of tea leaf turn round in the cup, then pouring it into the saucer, and putting small bits of crust to swim in it, calling them her boats and ships.

A fly on the table was the next foolish thing to play with; she must put a bit of sugar near, she said, that it might eat it, and when she had made it fly

The Naughty Girl.



page 1

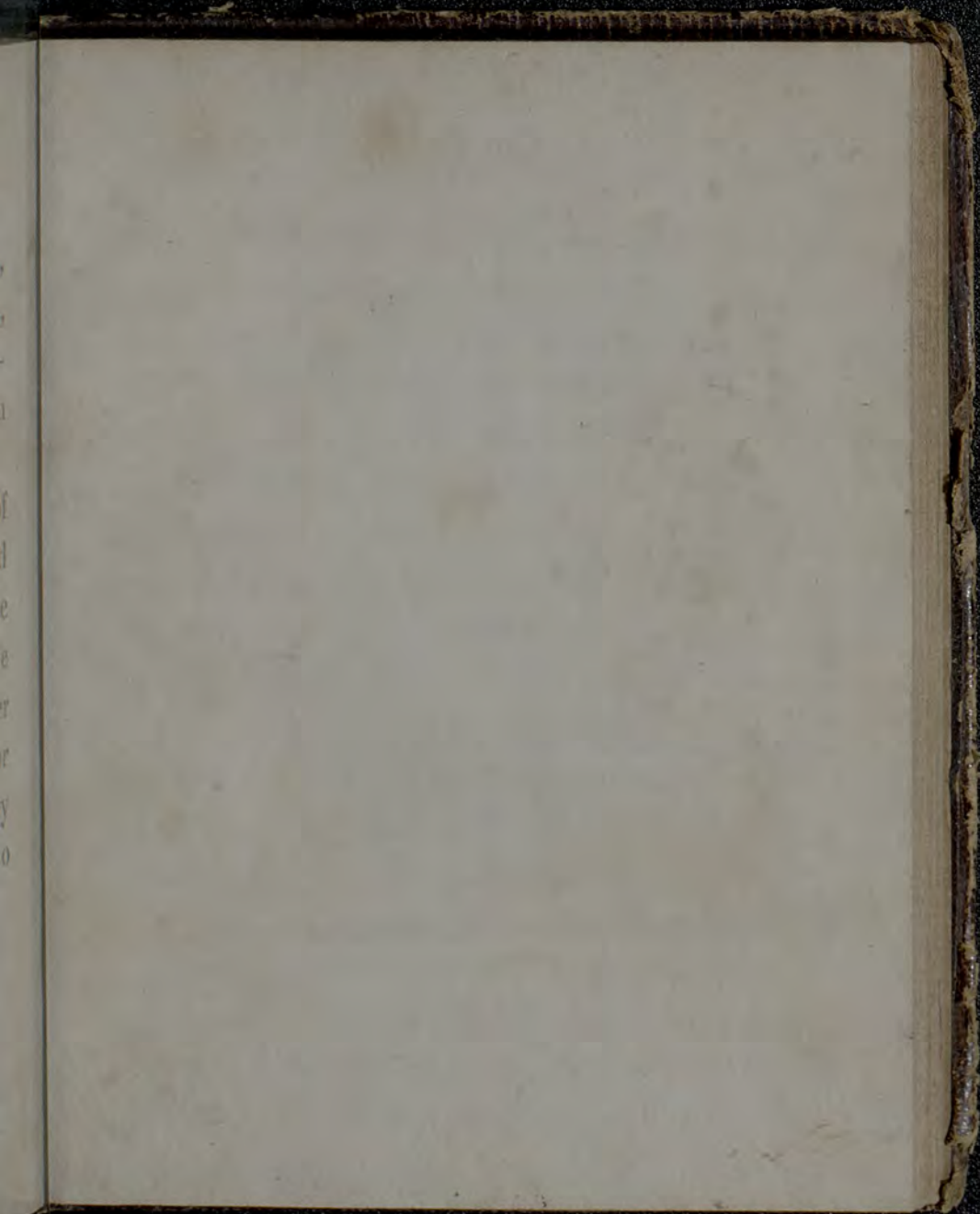


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it is ! Tom will never come back !" — Edward then began to cry, oh dear ! Tom will be lost, Tom will be lost ! and they had enough to do to quiet them, telling them it was only two miles, and their brother would return before dinner time ; so he took up his basket, walked away, and the two children promised to be very good, and so they were, but they could not be happy without their brother ; so as the time drew near when they expected him to return, they went out into the road and seated themselves there, that they might see him a few minutes sooner. Every noise they heard, they said, " here comes Tom !" — but it was sometimes a sheep, sometimes a cow, and they were often disappointed,

till at length they heard him singing, and in an instant he was close to them, when taking a nice cake out of his basket, he held it out to them, telling them that he had one for each.

Mary and Edward were very glad of the cakes, but they were better pleased to see their brother, and they went home as happy as could be; and they were always happy, for they were good, never quarrelled as some children do, nor disobeyed their parents, but did as they were ordered, and were kind and civil to every body.



The Balloon.



Published May 1817, by J. Harris, corner of St. Pauls Church Yard

THE BALLOON.

"OH Harry, Harry! pray come here," cried Harriet G. to her brother, who was gathering wild flowers at a little distance, to make a nosegay for her, "do pray come, and tell me what that great thing is which I see in the sky."

Harry ran directly to see the strange sight, but he laughed as he ran towards her, because he thought it could be nothing but a cloud; he had often seen clouds very oddly shaped, sometimes like little boys and girls, sometimes like trees and houses, for he was a very clever little boy, observed every thing, and liked to be told the meaning of what he saw.

With all his cleverness, however, Master Harry was very much surprised when his sister pointed at a great round thing mounting in the air, with something hanging at the lower part of it, just like their Papa's boat, which was kept in the boat house near the river. "What can it be, Harriet?" said he, "it makes me think of a picture in one of my little books, where there is a great monstrous bird flying away with a poor lamb—but look! look!—there are two men in that thing like a boat—oh dear! and flags!"—

"I am frightened," said little Harriet, getting close to her brother, who was two years older than herself—"suppose it were to fall down upon us,

boat and men and all, we should be killed, Harry!—but here comes old Giles, perhaps he can tell us what sort of creature it is, which is flying away with the two poor men.”

They went up to Giles directly, but he could only tell them that the strange thing was called a Balloon, and that the men in the boat were two very clever gentlemen, who had found out the way to make the Balloon go up to the clouds, and even to pass through them. “How it is done,” added he, “I am but a poor labourer, and as you may suppose, not learned enough to be able to tell you, nor would you perhaps understand me if I could, but your Papa will explain it to you when you

are older; all that I can say is, that if my father had had money to put me to school, I do not think it would have been thrown away, for I dearly love books, Master Harry, but alack-a-day, I have no time for reading.

“ I have no doubt that the two gentlemen gone up with the Balloon, when they were little boys like you, spent the greatest part of their time in learning their lessons, and reading such books as were given to them; and so they got on from little books to large ones, till they grew up to be young men, and then they found out this wonderful way of paying a visit to the clouds. Who knows, Master Harry, if you are not an idle young gentleman, but mind your

lessons rather than spend all your time in play—who knows, I say, what wonderful thing you may one day find out.”

Harry was much delighted at the thought of being a man of learning, and as the Balloon was now out of sight, ran home to his Papa to ask a dozen or two of questions; and little Harriet was glad the *great creature* was gone, for she could not help being afraid that it would fall upon her head.

NINE-PINS.

"PRAY, nurse," asked Mrs. Maynard, "where are the children?"

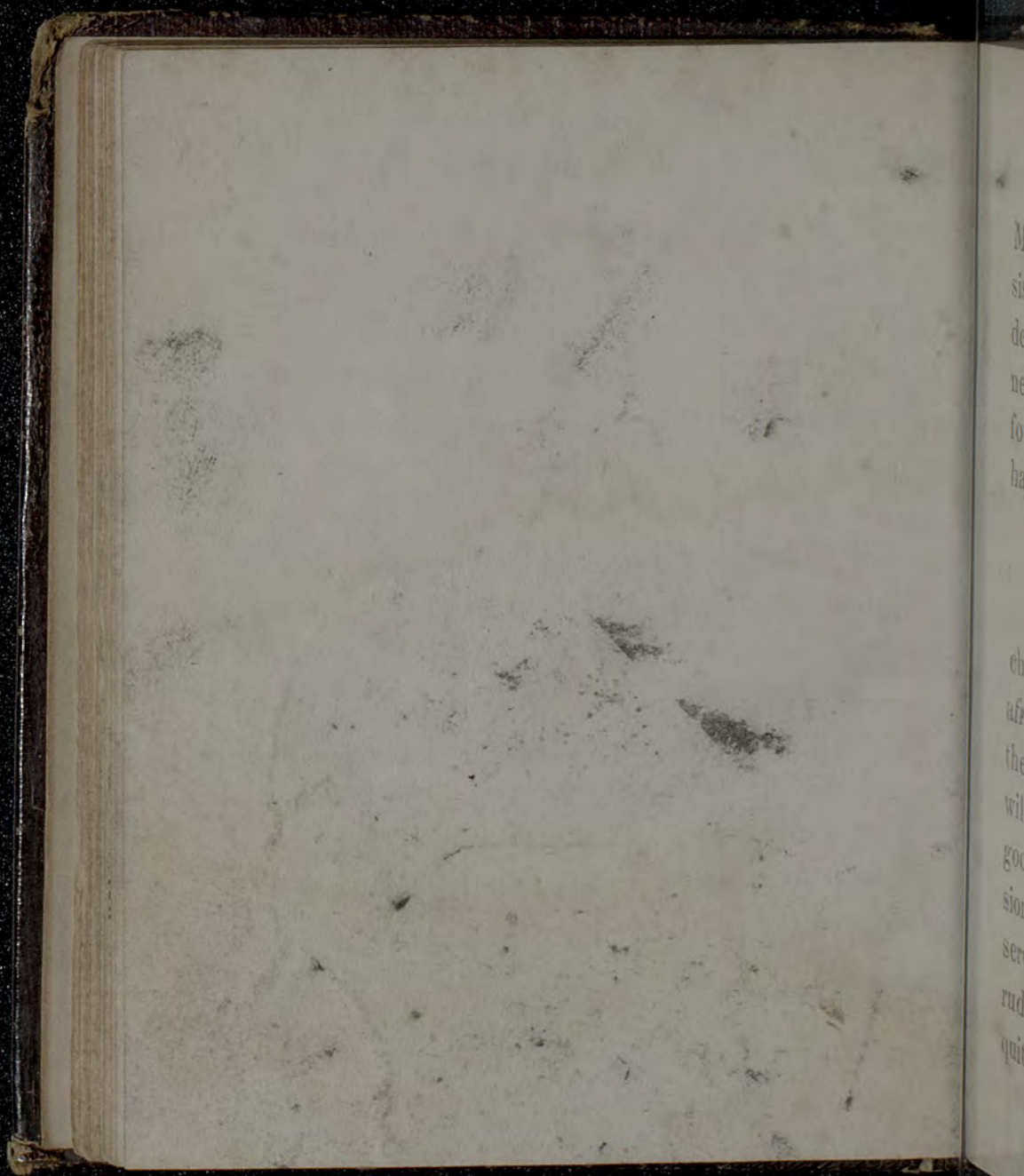
NURSE.

They are playing very quietly with Master William's Nine-pins, Madam; I shall go for them by and by to take a walk—we shall go as far as the village; that dear little Miss Mary, though she is only four years old, has wrapped up her old shoes in a paper, as neatly as I could have done it, and is going to take them to Fanny for her little girl; you cannot think, Ma'am, how happy she is, that you gave her leave to do so; and

Nine Pins.



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Miss Frances, who likes to do as her sister does, has got *her* gift ready—The dear creature wanted to carry her coral necklace to Fanny! however, we have found two old night-caps, of which she has also made up her little parcel.

MRS. MAYNARD.

I am very happy to hear that my children are so good, but I am much afraid if William comes home, and finds them at play with his nine-pins, there will be sad work. I wish he were as good as his sisters, but he is so passionate, and so cross to them and to the servants, always speaking in such a rude manner to every one, that I am quite vexed to perceive it; but we must

find some way or other to break him of these naughty tricks.

A violent scream from the girls made their Mamma and nurse judge that the rude boy was arrived, and they hurried towards the spot where they were at play, fearing he might hurt them; and it was well they did, for he was in such a rage at their having *dared*, he said, to touch his toys, that he was beginning to beat them with the nine-pins, and would have hurt them very much indeed if he had not been prevented.

Mrs. Maynard put all the nine-pins into a basket, and then took William into the kitchen where the cook was preparing a large fire to roast a piece of beef. She then directed her to put

all the pretty painted nine-pins, one by one, between the bars of the grate, and the two balls on the top; and this was done whilst William, held fast by a man servant, was made to look on till they were all burnt.

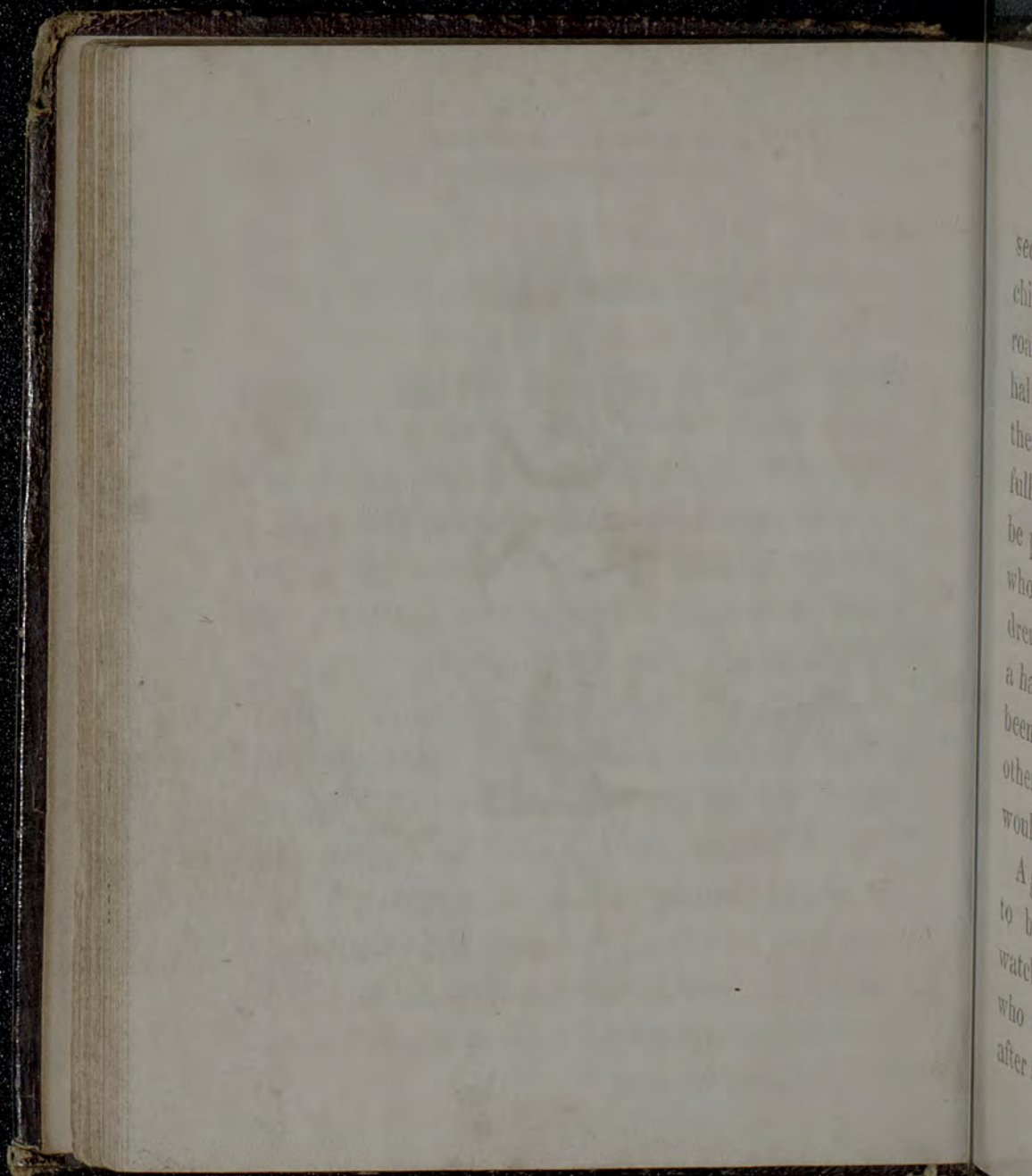
TURN-ABOUT JOHNNY.

It was a happy day at * * * for all the children when *Turn-about Johnny* was seen coming down the hill into the village.—I should not say *all* the children, for there were some among them who had not one poor halfpenny to lay out, and these poor things could only look at his basket, admire his painted Harlequins and Turn-about, his Whips, penny Horses, Tin Soldiers, and pretty Pictures; and when they had looked till they were tired, or were pushed away by some rude boy or girl who had a halfpenny or a penny piece to spend, whoever happened to be present might

Turn-about-Johnny.



page 30.



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see by their behaviour what kind of children they were. Some cried and roared, that they might have been heard half a mile off, rubbing their eyes with their dirty hands, till their faces were full as dirty; others did not chuse to be pushed away, but fought with those who pushed them; but the good children knew that if their parents had had a halfpenny to spare, they should have been able to buy a toy as well as the others, and if they were too poor, it would be wrong in them to desire it.

A good old gentleman, who happened to be walking through the village, watched the behaviour of the children, who surrounded Johnny's basket, and after some time observed a quiet little

boy and girl, who were looking with longing eyes at all the pretty things, but bought nothing, whilst the others were showing them how many they had bought and were going to carry home: at length a rude boy, giving each a blow on the back, pushed them away from the basket, and the poor little creatures with tears in their eyes were creeping slowly towards home, when he asked them why they were going away without buying a toy?

The Gentleman was soon told the reason, but they begged he would not think they were crying about the Toys, for they knew very well that their mother had no money to spare, she wanted all she could get to buy bread for them,

but they could not help crying because the boy had hurt them.

The old gentleman was so pleased with these little children, that he led them one in each hand back to Turn-about Johnny, and bought as many Toys for them as they could carry home, whither he went with them to see their mother, gave her some money to buy meat, and was kind to them always from that day.

INDUSTRIOUS MARIA.

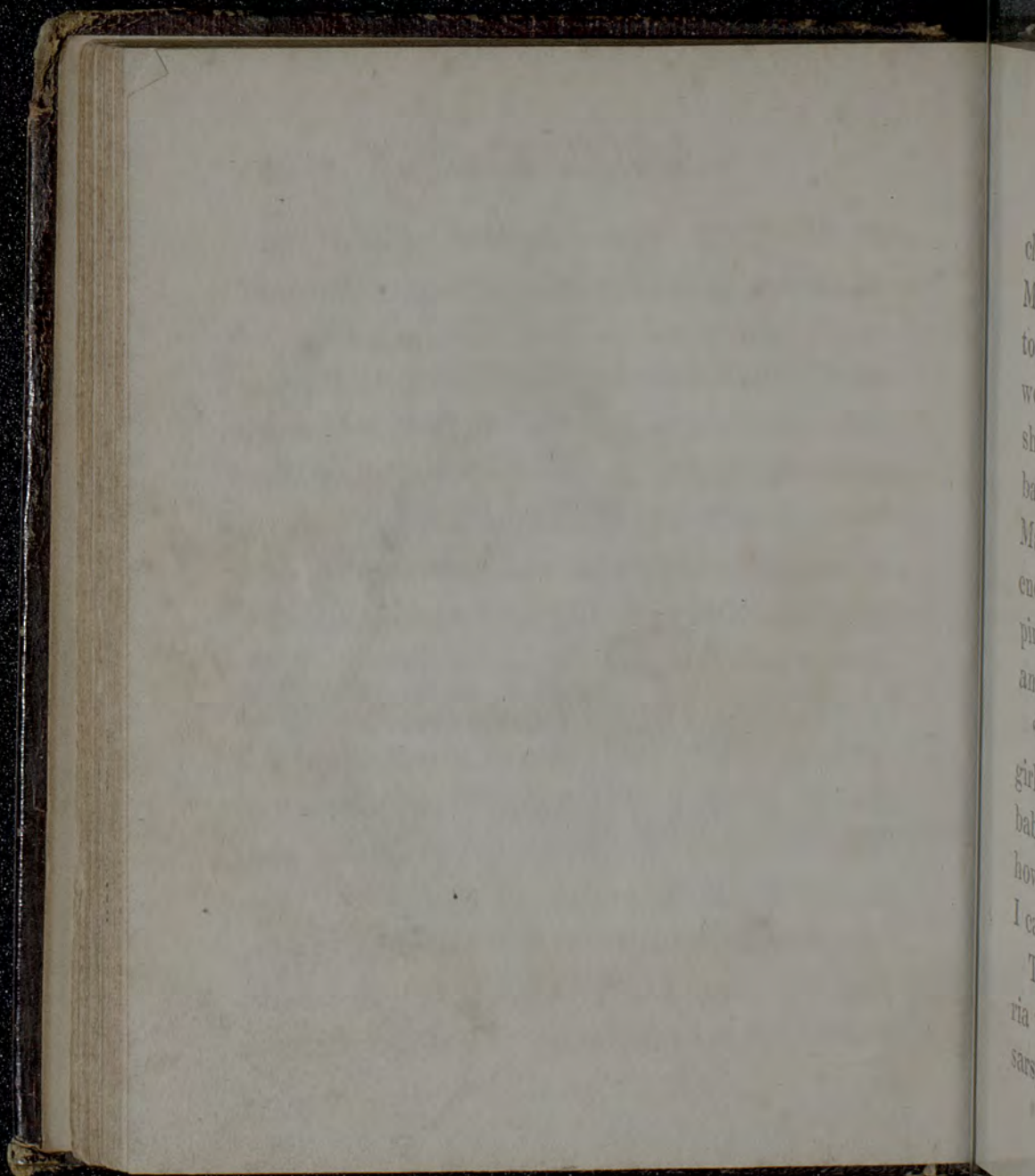
MARIA was very fond of needle-work; she was but a very little girl, yet she could sew and hem better than many that were much older, and she liked to do such work as would be of use, and not snip up and cobble every bit of muslin and silk that was given to her. Maria had more sense; she knew that it was wrong to waste any thing, and if she had a bit of silk in her basket, it was ten chances to one but that it would be enough to make a pincushion at least, and that, some one or other would be glad to have. She very often wished she could work well enough to make

Industrious Maria.



Page 36.

Published May 1804, by Mrs. Maria, corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.



clothes for poor children; and her Mamma told her, that if she continued to improve she might do any kind of work in another year, and that she should have some old cloth and make baby linen. "Indeed, Maria," said her Mamma, "I think you work well enough now to make a little shirt, if I pin it for you; it is almost all hemming and sewing."

"Dear, dear Mamma," said the little girl, "how glad I should be to make a baby's shirt; if you will but shew me how to do it, I will try as much as ever I can to do it well."

The little shirt was cut out, and Maria with her table before her, her scissors, her pincushion, and all things in

order, went to work, as happy as a queen—happier than many little girls who have had sweetmeats and playthings given them.

The shirt was made in a few days, and, what is more, very neatly made for such a child; and as soon as it was done it was given to Sally to wash and iron it very nicely, and then it was pinned up in a paper, and Maria and her Mamma walked to the cottage of a poor woman, who she knew would be glad to have it. Maria told her, that she did not think she could work well enough yet to be able to make a cap, but that she hoped in a short time to bring one for her baby.

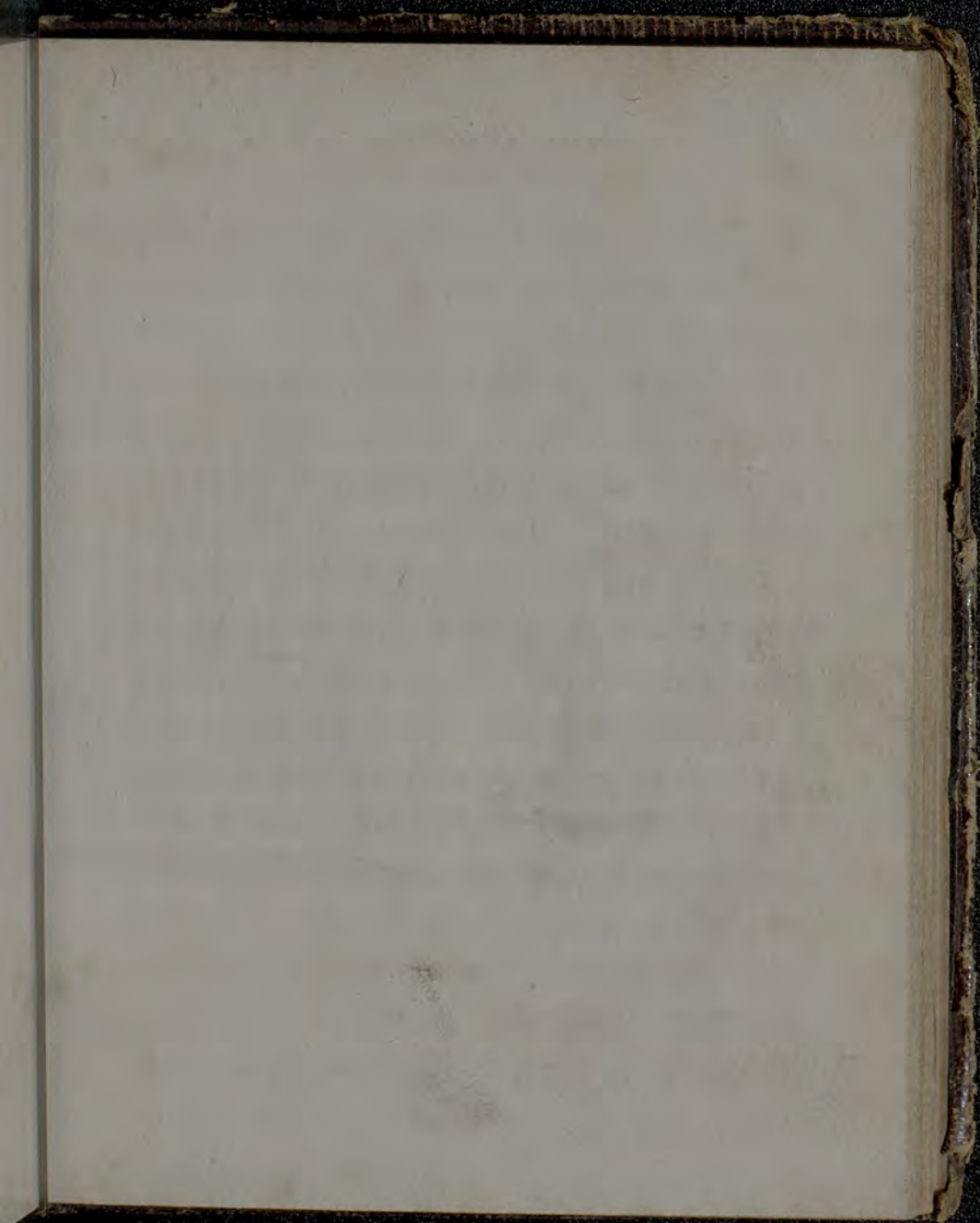
The first thing she did was to make

a large bag, which she called her baby's bag, and in that she put every bit of cloth, muslin, flannel, &c. which might be useful; and she often begged ladies who came to the house to give her some old linen to put into her bag, so that when she went to work she had always plenty of cloth, and as she was never tired of her needle, she gave so much baby-linen to the poor of the village, that they loved her and prayed for blessings upon her as long as they lived.

JANE PRIMROSE.

JANE Primrose had the care of her mother's poultry; she was not a very poor woman, so she told her little girl she should have all the money the eggs sold for, to buy her a new frock and a straw bonnet in the summer, and desired her to be very careful of them, and give plenty of meat to her hens, and to be sure to put all the poultry into the hen-house at night, and fasten the door, that she might find them safe in the morning.

"The care of these pretty little creatures will be a very good thing for you, Jane," added her mother, "for I think



Jane Primrose.



page 38.

Published May 20 1817 by J. Harris, corner of St. Pauls Church Yard.

you are rather lazy in the morning, and do not much like to get up; though when the sun shines in at the casement and through the curtains of your bed, I think it is a shame for you to lie there sleeping and wasting your time; I call it wasting time, when any one sleeps longer than need; besides, my dear, early rising is good for the health, and a little girl who lives in a farm house, and hears the plough-boys and the milk-maids moving at five o'clock, may surely rise at six in summer and seven in winter."

"But why must I rise early for the cocks and hens?" Jane asked. "I am so sleepy in the morning that I cannot open my eyes."—"It *must* be done, my

dear," replied her mother, "or you must give up the care of them to your brother, for as they go to roost at sunset, they like to be let out at the first peep of day-light, that they may enjoy the fresh air, and search about the barn-door for something to eat. In a few mornings you will awake without being called, and your cheeks will be as rosy as Dorothy's the milk-maid."

Jane was a good child, and followed her mother's advice; she jumped up the moment she was called, though her eyes were scarcely open, but before the end of the week she awoke without being called, and went down to open the door of the hen-house: then she was so amused, that she would not have

suffered any other person to let the poultry out on any account: each tried to get first; some flew over her head, some over her shoulders, and so much noise and bustle among them, that Jane was quite delighted.

Every thing went on well, and when the Summer came she had so many shillings and sixpences in her little bag, that she could scarcely believe her own eyes, for she had never seen so much money at one time: but this good little girl, instead of thinking of herself, and her new frock and bonnet, carried her bag to her mother, and when she put it into her hand, begged she would buy a gown for herself, as *her* Sunday frock

and bonnet were still good, and would do very well some time longer.

Jane lost nothing by her good-nature, for her mother bought her the things she had promised, and moreover two pretty white hens to add to her stock.

LITTLE LAURA.

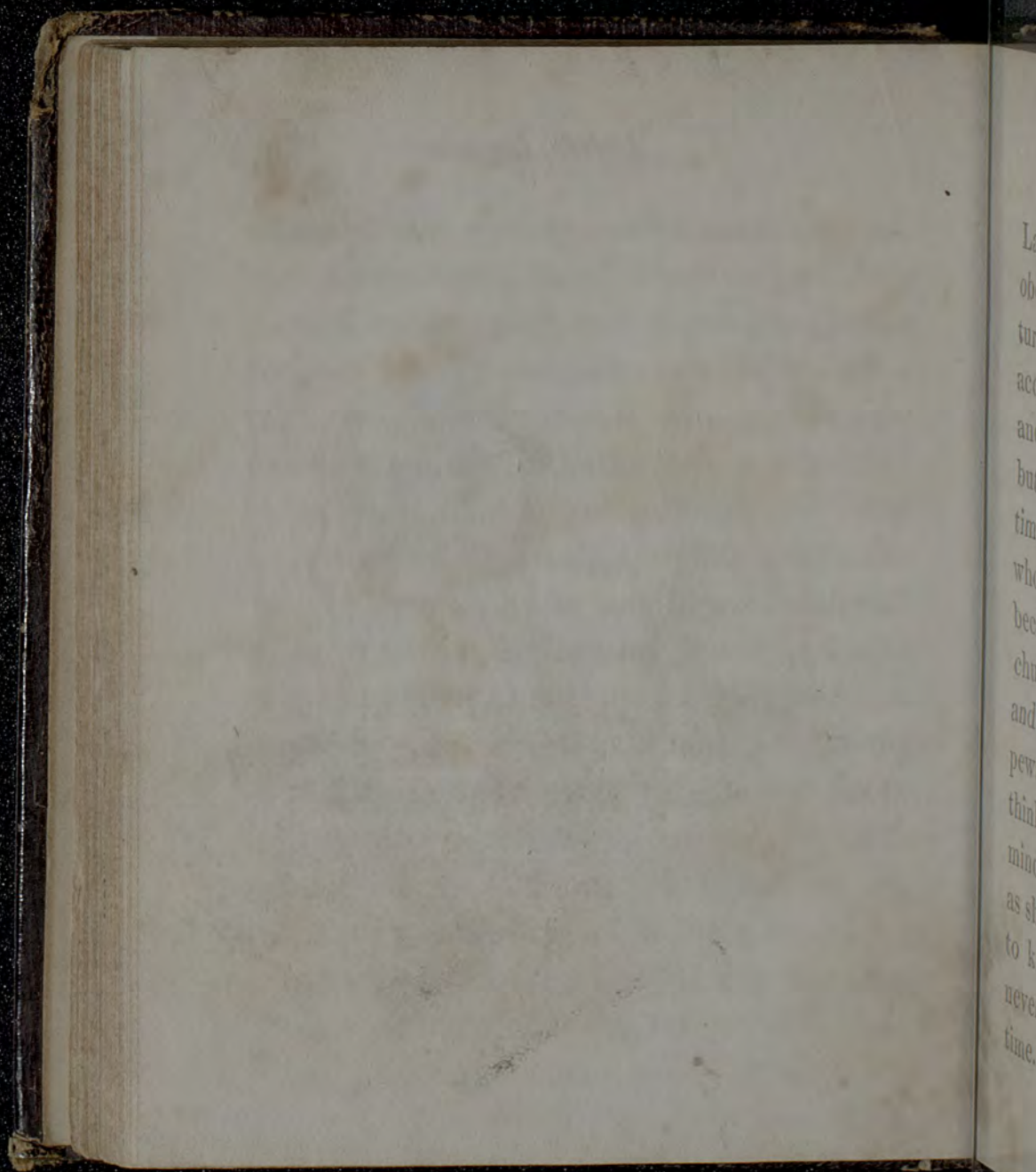
THERE was once a little girl who lived with her mother in a house by the road side; it was a very pretty house, and it had a flower garden before it, and an apple orchard on one side, and a poultry yard and a dairy on the other. This little girl was called

Little Laura.



page 42.

Published May 30, 1817, by J. Harris, corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.



Laura, and she was a very good child, obedient to her parents, and good-natured and kind to her neighbours and acquaintances, so that every body loved and were glad to see her at their houses; but where she spent the most of her time was at the house of an old lady who had taken a great liking to her, because she behaved so properly at church, where, instead of gaping round, and standing on tip-toe to peep into the pews, as many children do, without thinking of the place they are in, she minded nothing but the clergyman; and as she had been taught to know when to kneel and when to stand up, she never neglected to do so at the proper time. She often went to breakfast with

this old lady, and spent the whole day with her; and there was a pretty little summer-house in the garden, and she had it nicely furnished with a little table and two or three green chairs, and a green blind to shade it from the sun, and it was called Laura's own parlour, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin (that was the lady's name) ordered her tea-table to be taken into the summer-house one fine afternoon, and told Laura she intended to drink tea with her; so Laura was mistress of the tea-table that day, and poured out the tea, and helped her friend to some cake and bread and butter, and was as happy as a queen.

In the Winter she had a scarlet cloak and bonnet, which made her look some-

thing like little Red Riding-Hood, and she went to see Mrs. Martin almost every day, for though she could not be so well amused as in Summer, she never neglected her good friend who was so kind to her; and if she happened to be unwell, either stayed with her to ring her bell when she wanted any thing, and sit by her side, or went two or three times a day to know if she were better.

Thus the little Laura was the happiest child in the world, and all children may be happy if they follow her example.

NELLY WILMOT.

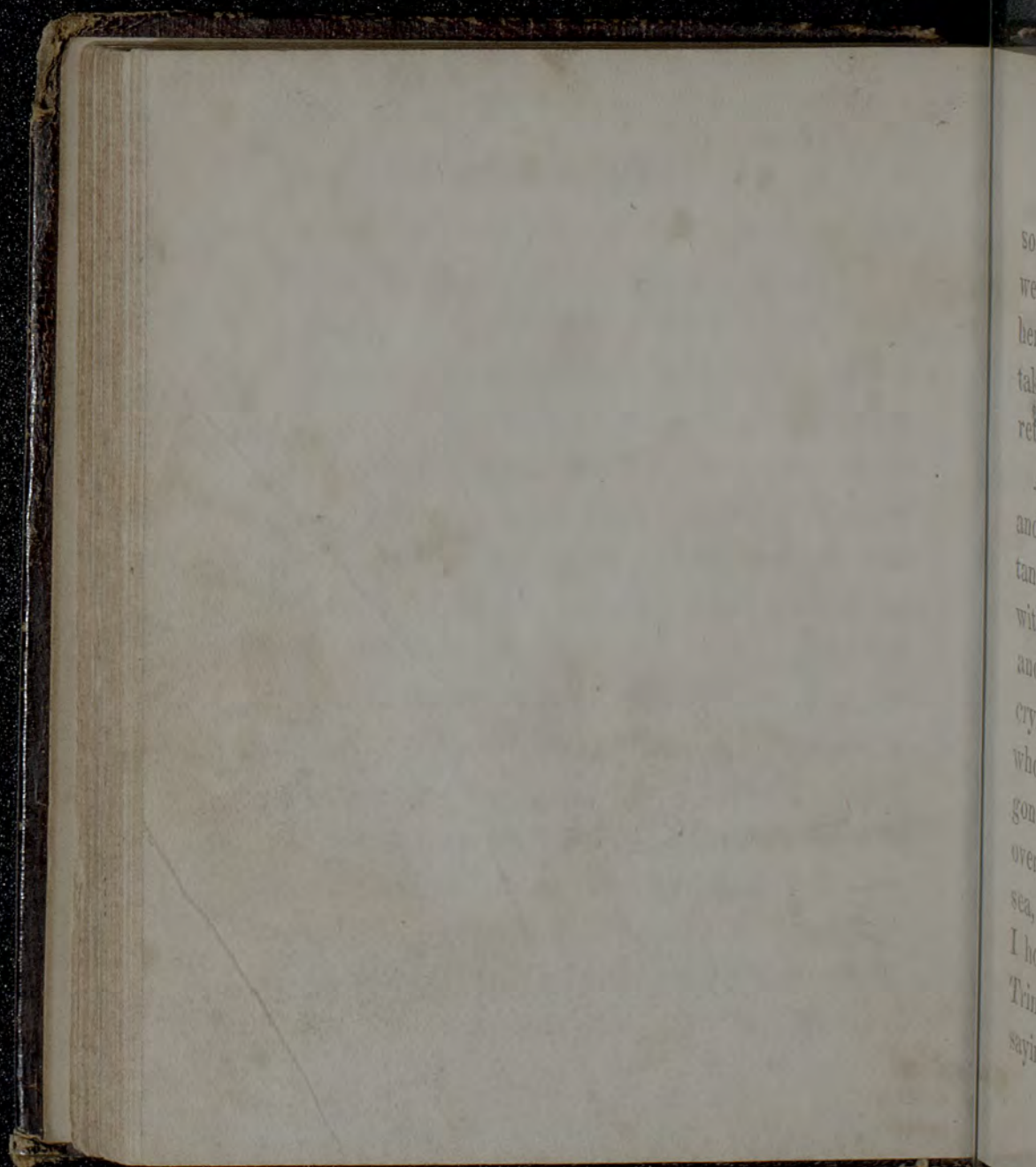
NELLY Wilmot had a brother four years older than herself; she was very fond of him, and when his uncle, who was master of a trading vessel, said he would take him to sea with him, she cried so much that her mother was afraid she would be ill; but when they told her that it would be for his advantage, and that he might one day have a ship of his own, as his uncle had, although she was just as unwilling to part with him as she had before been, she thought it would be better to hide her sorrow from her brother, that he might not think she was grieving at what was

Nelly Wilmot.



page 46.

Published May 20. 1877. by J. H. H. & Co. at St. Louis, Missouri.

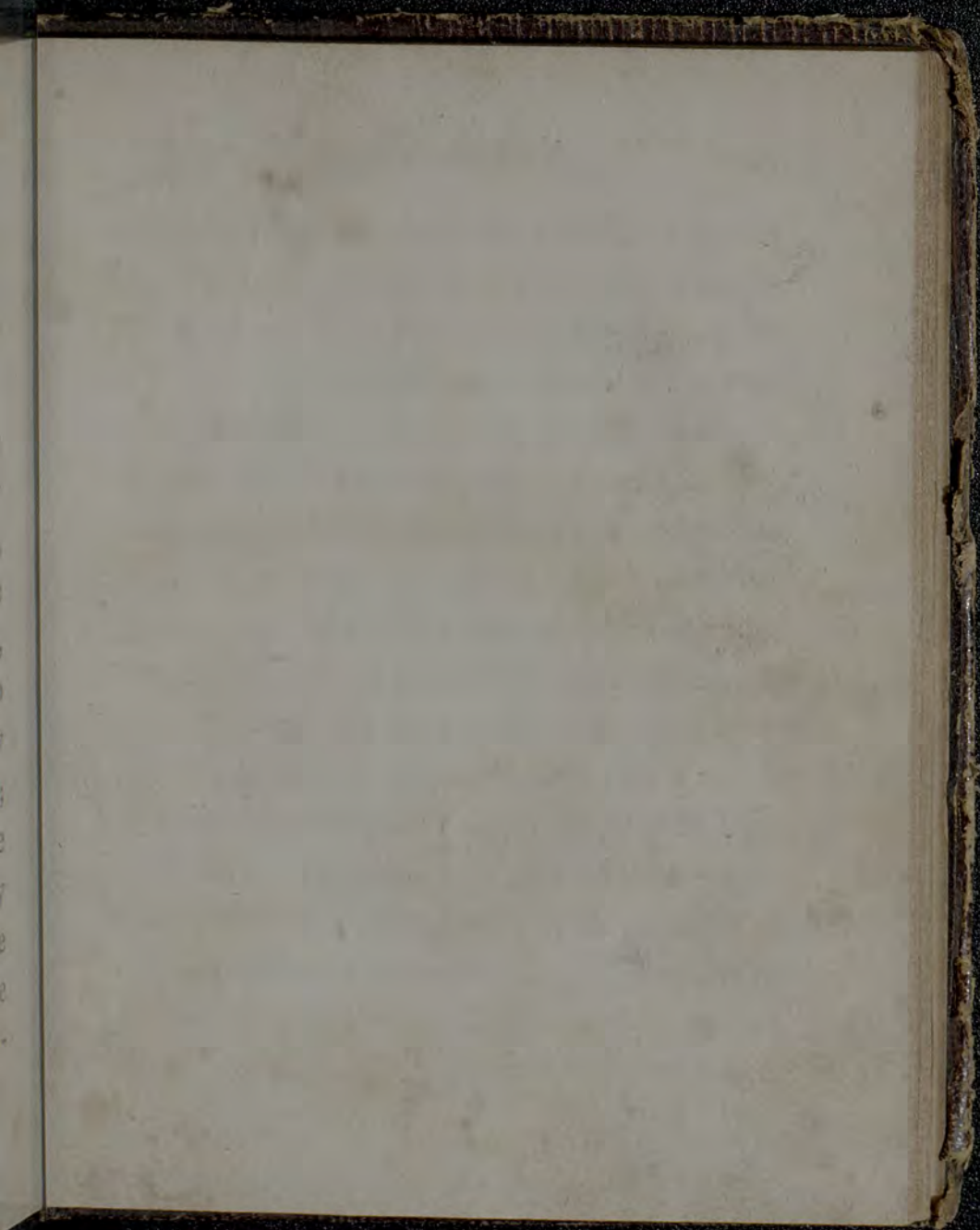


so much for his good; so the day he went away she tried to smile, though her eyes were full of tears, and bid him take care of himself, and make haste to return.

As soon as he was gone on board, and the ship had sailed to some distance, Nelly took her dear brother's dog with her, and went down to the beach, and there she sat down on the pebbles, crying sadly, and saying to the dog who was by her side, " Poor William is gone to sea; I will pray to God to watch over him and take care of him upon the sea, as he has done upon the land, and I hope he will soon return to us again. Trimbush did not know what she was saying, but he wagged his tail when

she spoke and looked at the ship, for he had seen his master go into it, and would have been glad to go with him if they would have let him.

After some months William came home, and he brought so many pretty shells and beautiful birds to his sister, that she was quite delighted; and he looked so well and appeared so happy, that she thought it would be wrong to grieve when he went again, particularly as he was never long away at a time; and she and Trimbush, whenever the ship was expected, spent half the day on the beach, hoping to see it come round the Point; that she might be the first to run and tell her father and mother the joyful news.



Miss Cecil.



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MISS CECIL.

Miss Cecil lived in London, and hardly ever saw any thing but streets and houses ; so when she went to spend a month in the country with some friends of her Papa's, she did nothing but run about, and called every one to look at this beautiful tree, and that sweet pretty shrub. This town lady did not know that these were not new sights to them, though they were to her ; indeed all was new to her, and she was so pleased, that she scarcely gave herself time to eat.

One day she rambled so far, that she hardly knew where she was ; at length

she got through some bushes, and found herself upon a hill, and under the hill was a small river, and a pretty bridge; Miss Cecil had a great mind to go over to the other side, because she saw two or three white houses, and she wished to know who lived in them.

Away she went down the hill, and over the bridge in a minute, and then she walked up to the first cottage in the road. The window was open, and she peeped into it, but who could guess what she saw!—a little girl, not more than eight years old, teaching her brothers and sisters to read and spell! Miss Cecil thought this the prettiest sight she had yet seen, and gave the young school-mistress a bright new

eighteen-penny piece; and when she went home she told the lady of the house what she had seen, and she was so pleased to hear of this good little girl, that the next morning she desired Miss Cecil to show her the way to the white house over the bridge, and went down to it with all the company she had in the house. Every one gave something to the little School-mistress, and she had so much money that her mother bought new clothes for her and her sisters and brothers, which they very much wanted; and Miss Cecil was very happy that in her rambles about the country she had been able to do good to a little girl, who appeared so well to deserve it.

THE GOOD GRANDSON.

HERE comes a jolly Tar! but not Nelly Wilmot's brother William, though he is just as good a boy, and as happy as he is, when he comes home from sea, and finds all his friends well, and his little brothers and sisters smiling and pleased to see him. One climbs upon his knee, another behind his chair, and another seizes on his hands.

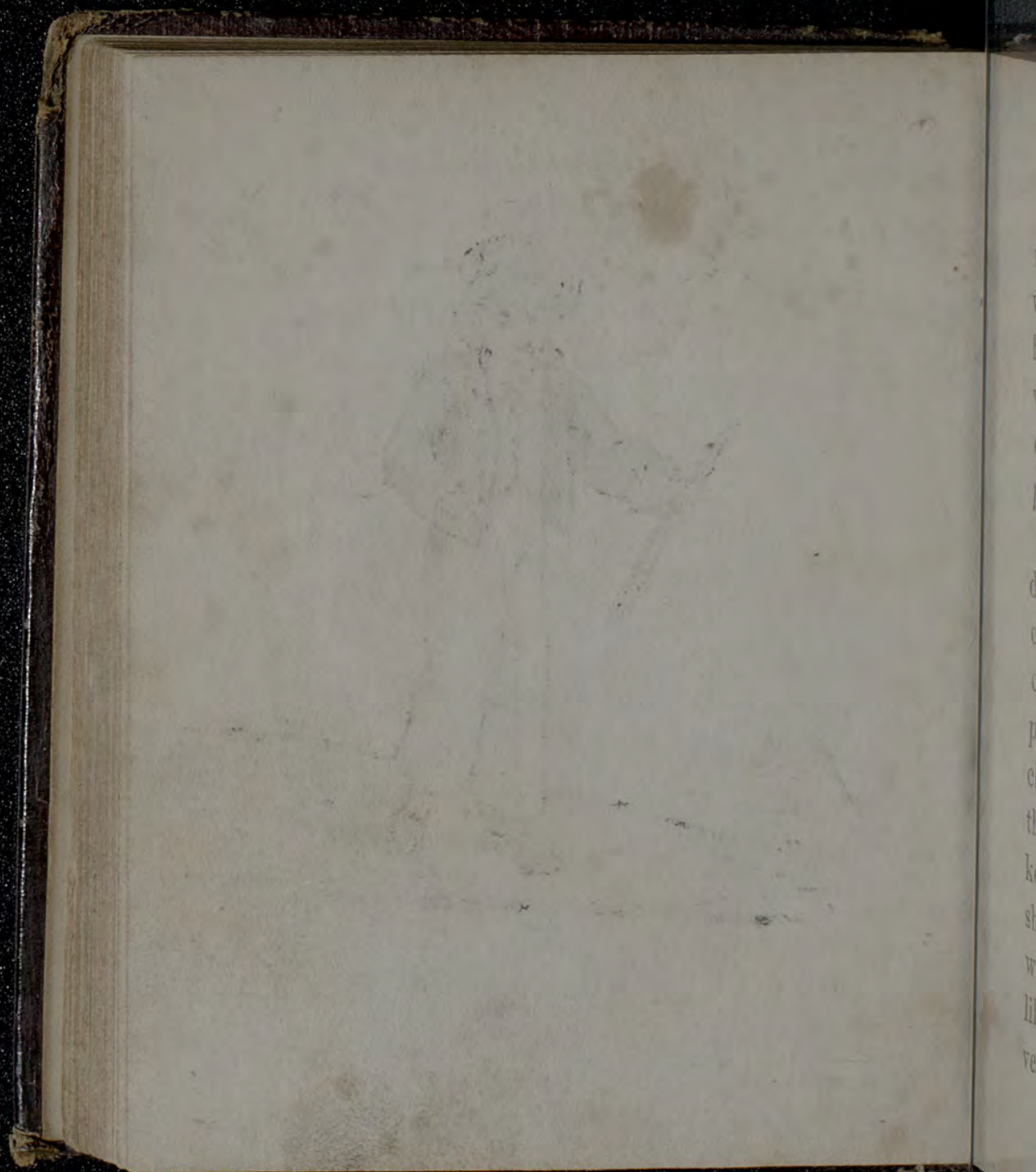
This jolly Tar brought presents to them all, and they would have kept him the whole day thanking him for the pretty things, but he got away from them as soon as he could, to run and see his poor old Grandmother, who had

The Good Grandson.



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Printed by J. Harris, corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.



nursed and watched by him when he was a sickly child; and he never forgot her kindness. He ran into the house, where he found her sitting in her elbow chair by the fire, and emptied his pockets upon the table near her.

“ Here is a warm shawl for you, my dear Grandmother,” said he, putting one on her shoulders,” it will make you comfortable this Winter; and here is a pair of gloves to wear when you go to church—put your hand into one of them, they are lined with skin and will keep your fingers warm; and these shoes, which are also lined with fur, will warm your feet, and I hope you like my little presents; I should be a very bad boy if I had not thought of

you, for you were kind to me when I could not help myself; you have lost many a night's sleep, sitting by my little bed when I was ill—no, my dear Grandmother, I will never forget you."

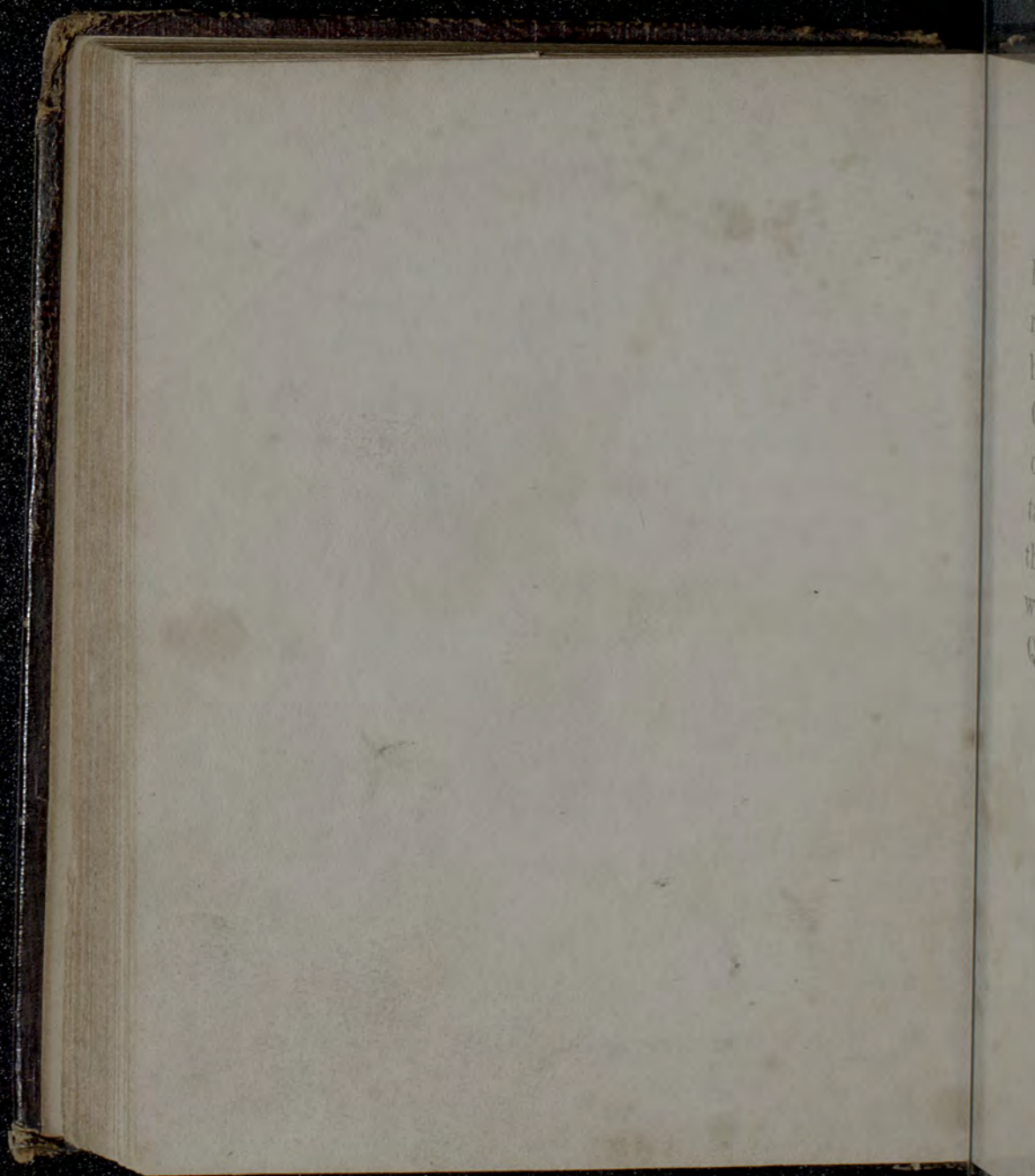
The good old woman was so delighted with the kindness of her Grandson, that she did not give herself time to admire his presents; but the following Sunday when she put on her warm shawl, her fur shoes and her gloves, she felt the comfort of them so much, that she stopped every person she met to talk to them about it, and to praise her Grandson for his kindness to her.

EMILY HAYWOOD.

EMILY Haywood was a great reader, though but a little girl; she was very young when she learned to read, but she was fond of it, and people do best what they are most fond of; her cousin Charlotte was a year and a half older than she was, and some people thought her a very clever child, for she could throw her skipping rope over her head and over her shoulders, and cross it in many ways which I cannot describe, for I am an old woman and know nothing about skipping; but this I know, that although Charlotte could skip, play a tune with two fingers on a piano forte,

and draw a *tumble-down* house with a pen or a pencil, she could not read three lines without spelling, and never had a dozen words to spell but that she made ten mistakes in repeating them.

Emily's great delight was in her books, and what was strange in such a child, she liked nothing so well to read of as the old Kings and Queens. She had a small History of England which was always in her hand, and she could repeat all the principal things which had happened in the reigns of the Edwards, the Richards, and the Henrys, but her favourite was Elizabeth, and having seen a painting of that Queen at a nobleman's house which her Mamma had taken her to see, she went



home so full of it, that she could not rest till she had got her maid to assist her to dress her doll in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth, and when she had done it, she surprised all the family by taking her down to the garden where they were walking, and leading her towards them, said, "my doll's like old Queen Bess."

CAROLINE.

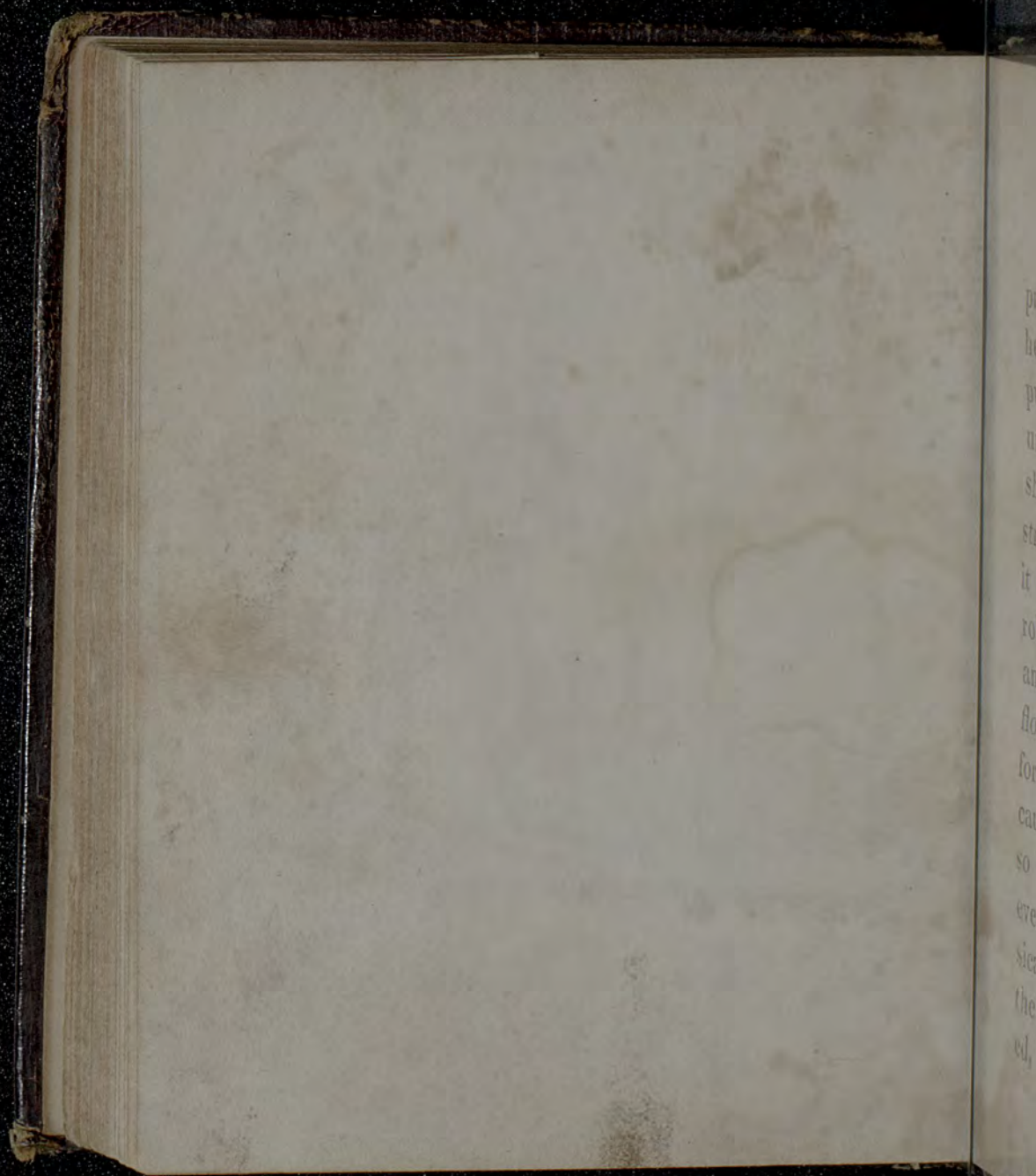
“PRAY, Papa,” said Caroline, “do let me have a garden of my own! Tom and Anne and Mary will never let any thing grow; what they plant one day they remove the next, and so the flowers die, they do not give any thing time to take root; and then, Papa, they sow seeds, and a day or two after they begin scratching to see whether they are growing, and they dig up my shrubs just as they do their own; I never can have any thing with them, and I do so love a garden, and I will keep it so neat and take so much care of it, if you will but try me—will you, dear Papa?”

Caroline.



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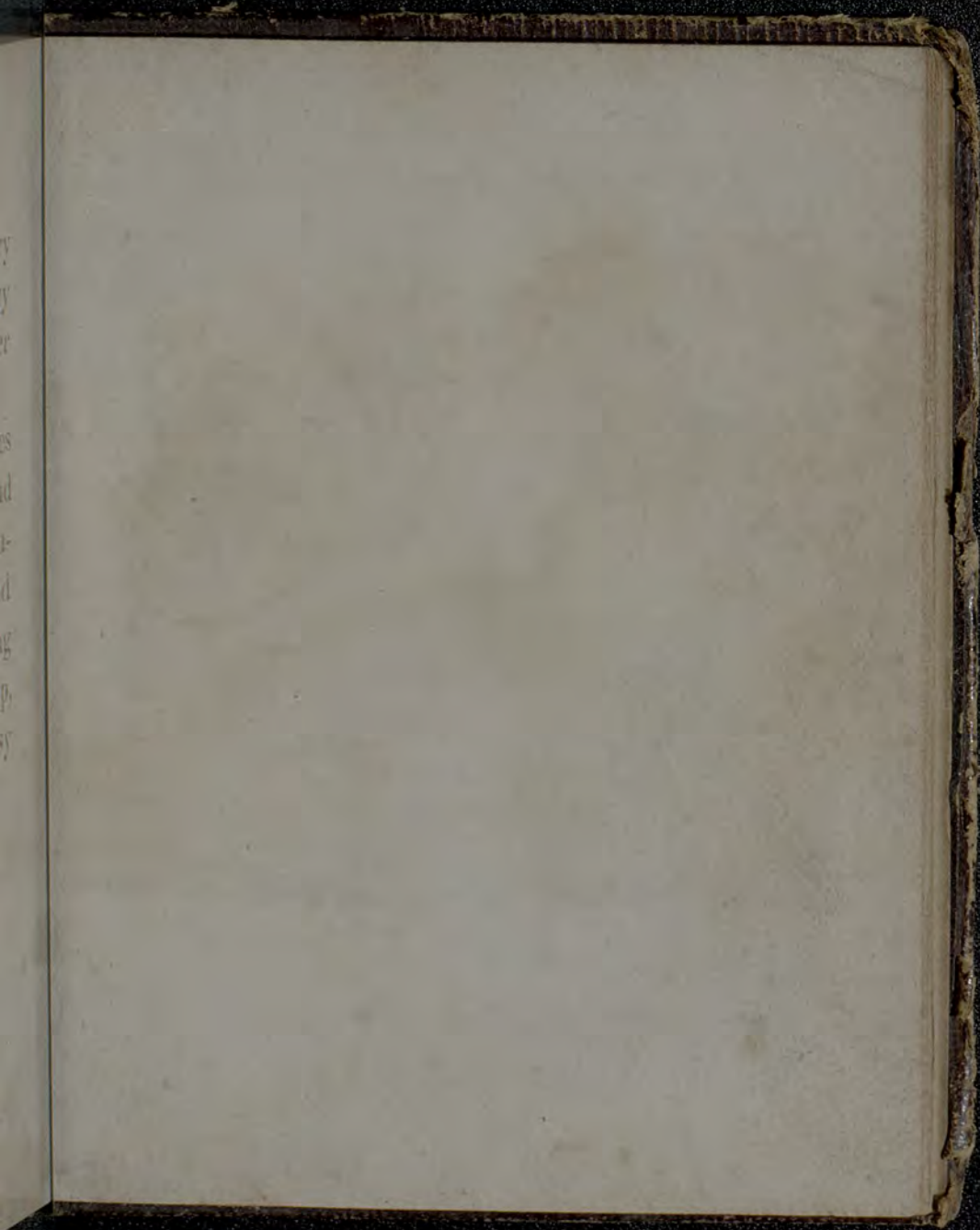
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Papa consented, and Caroline had a pretty bit of garden ground given to her, which Nicholas had directions to put in order for her, and after that, unless now and then a few jobs which she could not do, because she was not strong enough, she was to take care of it and weed and water it herself. Caroline was up early the next morning, and found some beautiful shrubs and flowers already planted in her garden, for Nicholas was very fond of her, because his wife had been her nurse, and so she was sure to have the best of every thing; and she was not so whimsical as her brother and sisters, but let the things grow where they were planted, and when the Summer came her

little garden was so blooming that every one went to admire it, and she had very often a pretty nosegay to give her Mamma.

She watered her plants and trees when the weather was very warm, and the earth dry, and she had a little watering-pot of her own, and a rake and a hoe, and when she saw any straggling branches she was sure to tie them up, and was, as she always said, as busy as a bee.



The return from Waterloo.



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THE RETURN FROM WATERLOO.

“WHAT is the matter with the children;” said old Ralph the miller to himself, when he saw a little boy and girl on a rising ground near the road, one throwing his hat up into the air, the other waving a branch of a laurel-tree almost as big as herself, and both of them whooping and huzzaing as if they had been crazed. “Why Master Frederick! Miss Julia!” cried he, going up to the place where they were, “what is all this noise for?”

“Dear me, Ralph,” answered the boy, “you must be blind and deaf, surely; pray look down the road, and

see what a number of soldiers there are coming this way, and how shining and fine they are, and their music and drums !—why, Ralph, do not you hear their drums ?”

“ I do now,” said Ralph, “ but you and Miss made so much noise, I could hear nothing else, and besides, at such a distance I did not notice the drums. I am so used to our mill, that I do not much mind noises ; but can you tell me, Master Frederic, where all these men come from ?”

“ They come from Waterloo,” replied Frederic ; “ my Papa told me they were coming this way, and he is gone on horseback to meet them, for we have an uncle and a cousin among them.”

Ralph now asked Frederic if he could tell him what part of England Waterloo was to be found in; and Frederic, who was a clever little boy, and often looked over maps with his Papa, told him that it was not in England, but across the sea, and that his Papa had told him they had been there to fight the French, and prevent their coming to England to take away people's money and houses from them.

"Bless me!" cried Ralph, "it is well they went, or what would have become of my poor mill! my potatoe garden, my flower garden and my bees! Good morning, my young master and Miss Julia, I will get home before they pass by my door, and bring out a cask

of my best ale, that they may drink the King's health and the Prince Regent's, and long life to all the Royal Family."

POLITENESS.

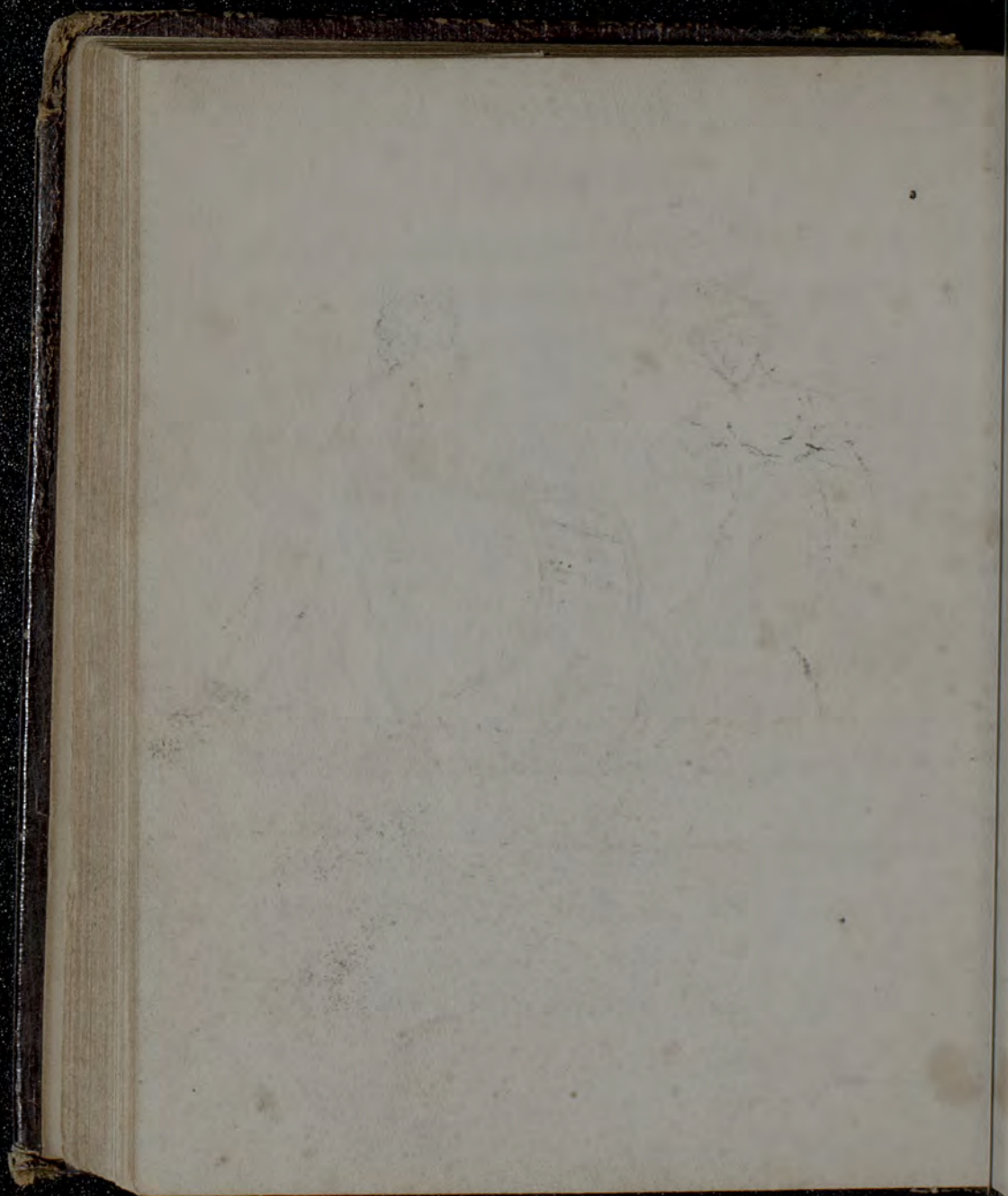
THERE was once a young lady who was very plain in her person, but was so foolish and so vain, that she fancied herself quite beautiful, and that her shape was admired by every one who looked at her; but she was very much mistaken, for as she had never been obedient when she was a little girl, the more she was desired to hold up her

Politeness.



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Published May 20. 1817. by the Author's corner of St. Paul's Church in York.



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more she stooped and squeezed herself into a corner, so that she was more awkward than I can possibly tell you; and whenever she moved to walk across the room, she twisted herself into so many odd shapes, that she was quite ridiculous.

So far this young lady is the only one to be blamed, and I wish I had nothing more to relate, but I cannot help it. I do not only wish my little readers, when they see any thing wrong in others, not to imitate the fault, but that they should never laugh at, or make a mock of it; and if little George and his sister Fanny had followed my advice, they would not be at this moment confined to the

nursery, after having been sent, in disgrace, out of the drawing-room.

The young lady above-mentioned went a few days since to visit their Mamma, and as soon as she entered the room, a gentleman nearly as fantastical as herself rose up to give her a chair. The rest of the company, whatever they thought, were too well bred to laugh, or appear to take notice of the bowing and twisting of the gentleman and lady; but George and Fanny, I am sorry to say it, stood up directly behind them, he imitating one and Fanny the other, in such a manner that they thought every one present would be much amused with their cleverness; but they were disappointed, they frowned in-

stead of laughing, and their Mamma ordered them both to quit the drawing-room, and forbid them to enter it again till they knew better how to behave themselves.

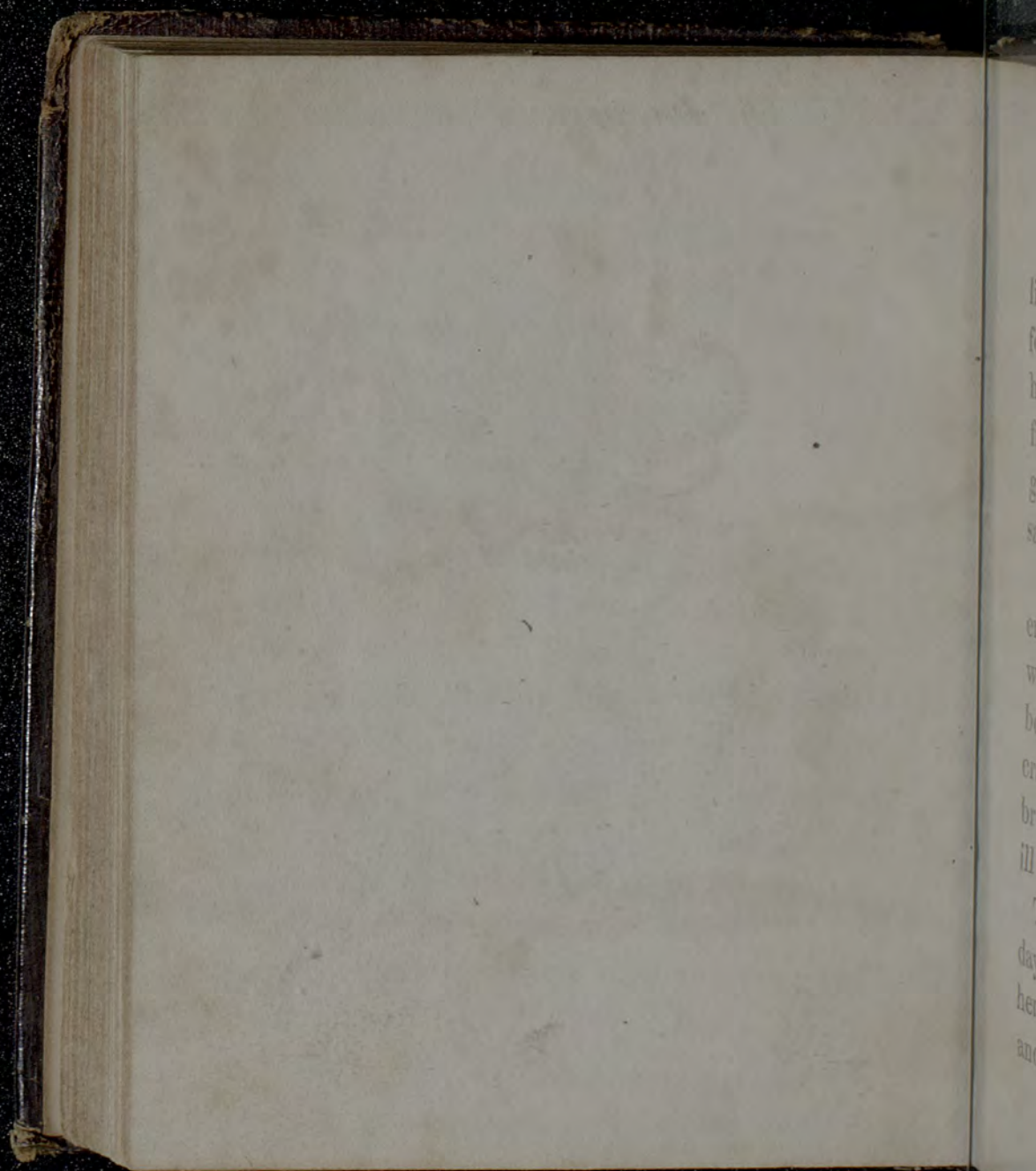
THE DANGER OF SWINGING.

EDWARD DAVIES, with his sisters Lucy and Anne, went to spend a day in the country; they were all up at six o'clock in the morning, and found breakfast ready when they arrived at their friend's house, tea and cream, and hot cakes, and currant cakes besides, and Edward and Lucy began to devour them as fast as they could eat; but little Anne said their Mamma had ordered them not to eat any cream, and very few cakes, and she certainly knew better what was fit for them than they did, and therefore she would obey her Mamma's orders.

The Dangers of Swinging.



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Edward and Lucy laughed at the little girl, but they did not laugh long, for they both grew very sick about an hour after breakfast, and could not rise from their chairs ; so Anne went into the garden, and into the poultry yard, and saw every thing that was to be seen.

At dinner time they were not well enough to eat much, and it was very well that they could not, for they were better in the evening ; but if they had crammed at dinner as they had done at breakfast, they would have been very ill indeed.

The old lady they went to spend the day with had a swing at the bottom of her garden, which their Mamma knew, and ordered them not to get into it on

any account whatever; but the first thing Lucy did was to ask her brother to help her to seat herself upon the rope, and began to swing so much that poor little Anne was afraid to look at her, and Edward mounted into one of the large trees laughing at his sister, because she said they would break their necks—but what was the end of it?—they both fell, and returned home with their foreheads bound up, and Edward's arm very much hurt; so they were never allowed to go any where without their Papa and Mamma, whilst Anne went to every place where she was invited, because they knew she could be trusted, and would never disobey orders.

GOOD LITTLE MARY.

You will think the younger sisters are my favourites, for I have another story in my head of one, who was much better to be trusted than an elder one—who was twelve years old, and she whom I am going to tell you of, was only eight.

Their mother was a country woman, and kept cows and pigs and poultry, so she was obliged to go to market, and leave her little baby to the care of Peggy her eldest daughter, who was old enough to take care of it, if she had liked the trouble; but that was not the case, for as soon as her mother was

gone she popped the poor little creature into the cradle, and told Mary to sit by it a minute or two, and that she would return directly; but that she never did, till she heard old Dobbin trotting down the lane, and then in she ran, and if her sister had the baby on her lap, snatched it up in her arms, that her mother might think she had never left it.

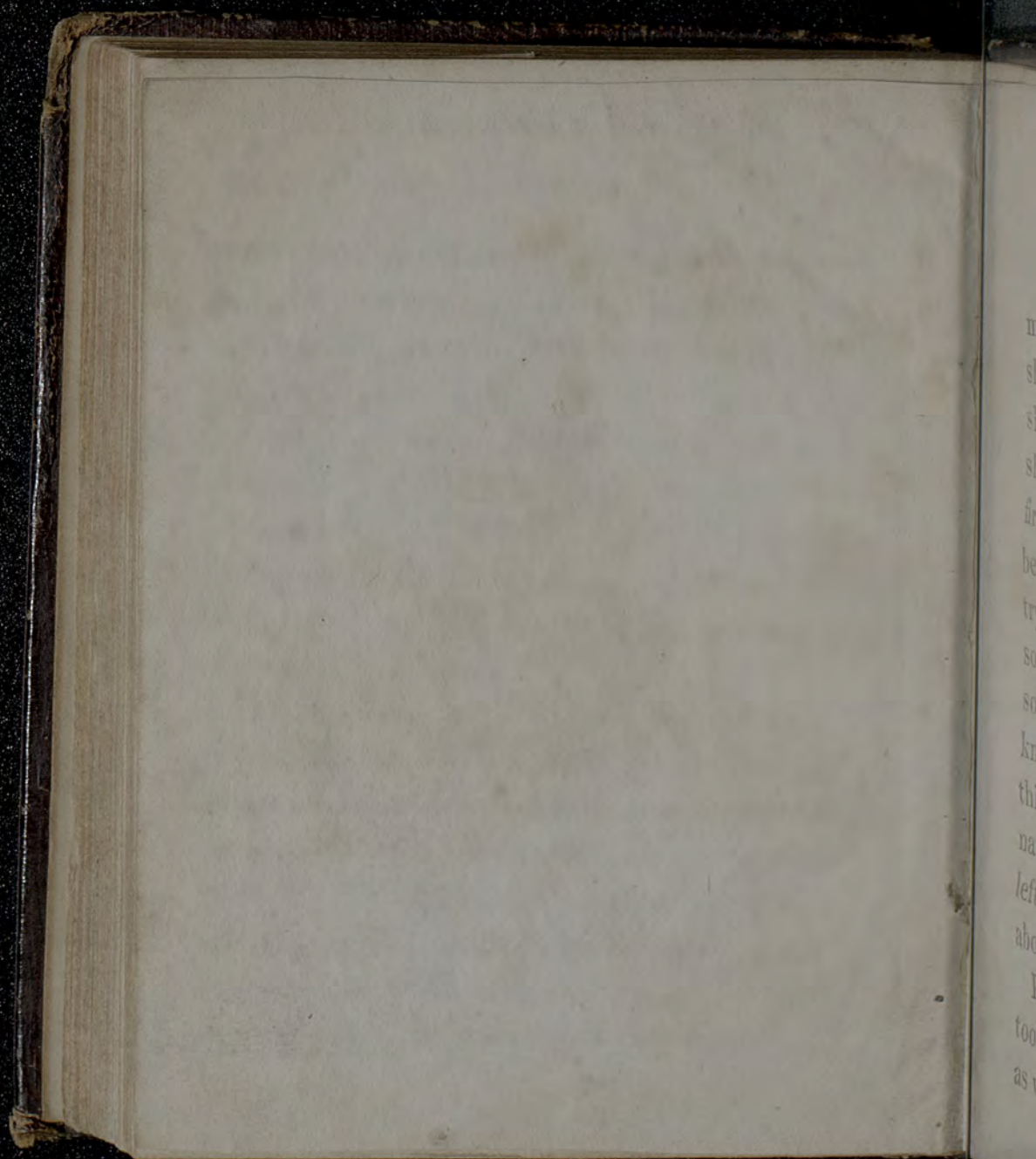
Little Mary never told tales of her sister, though her mother was sometimes angry that she had not finished her task of knitting, and she could not help it, for the baby often cried and would not stay in the cradle, and Mary was obliged to hold it on her lap all the time her mother was away.

Good little Mary.



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One morning the good woman was making ready to go to market, and as she said she had a good deal to do, she should not return so soon as usual; so she put some meat for the baby by the fire to keep it warm, and told Peggy to be very careful to feed it if it cried, and try to sing it to sleep; but Peggy had something to do which she liked better; so away she went, and Mary hardly knew what to do, for the baby did nothing but cry, it was crying when the naughty girl put it into the cradle and left it, but she did not trouble her head about the matter.

Poor Mary warmed the pap, and then took the child upon her lap and fed it as well as she was able, and as she had

seen her mother do ; and as it was then quiet, she began to sing lullaby with such a sweet little voice that it fell fast asleep.

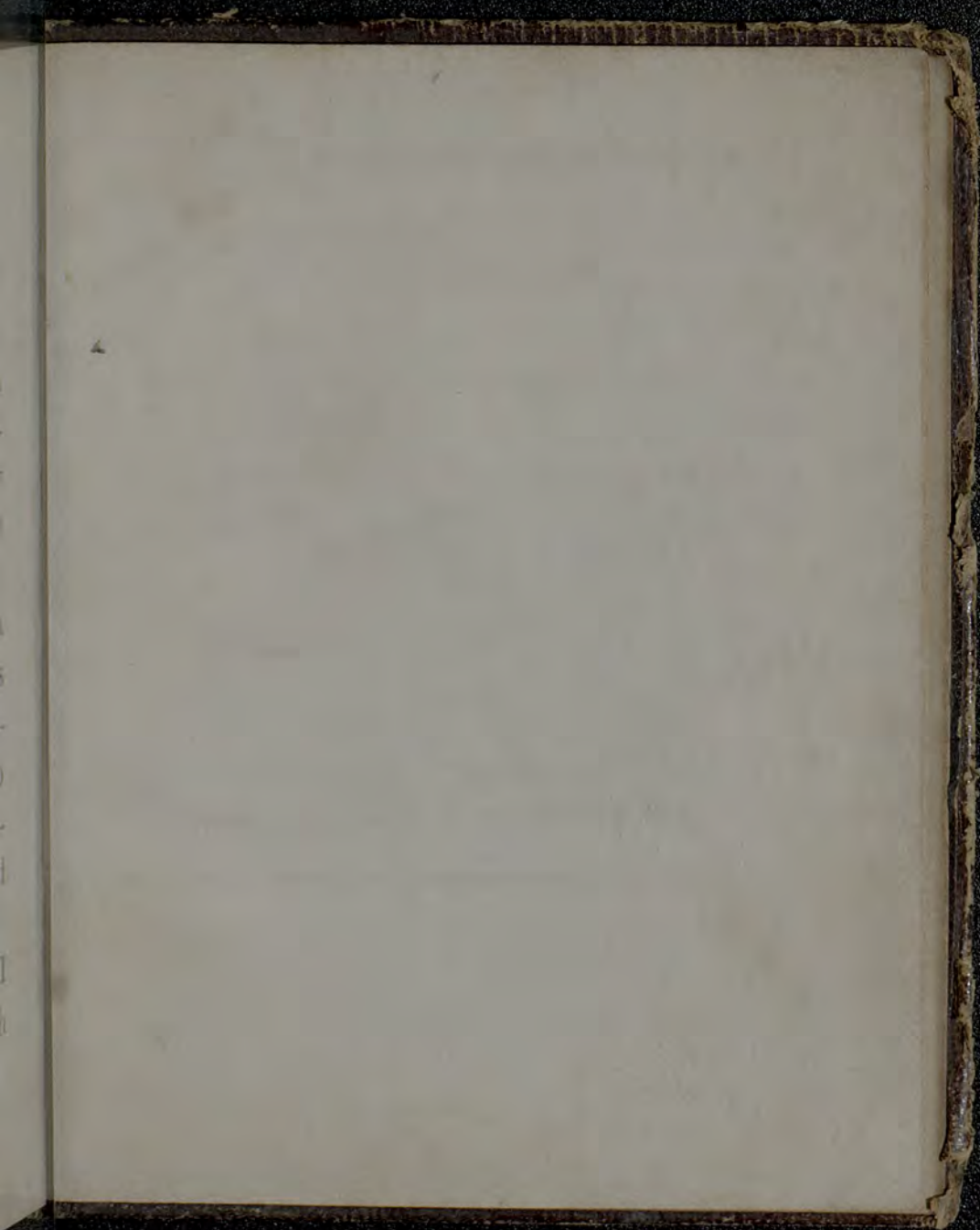
I do not think you will be sorry to hear that Peggy's naughtiness was now discovered ; her mother had forgotten something she was to have taken with her, so instead of staying longer than usual at market, she came back half an hour sooner, and was much surprised to find Mary alone with the baby ; and as Peggy was not to be found, though she called and enquired for her all round the house, she soon heard from her neighbours that this was the way she always did ; so her mother, as she was of no use to her, sent her to a Farmer,

where she could not play any of her tricks, but was made to work very hard; and Mary, as she grew older, became every year more useful, and lived very happy with her mother and the little baby, of whom she always took the greatest care.

NOISY CECILIA.

So now, my little readers, as I am almost tired, I will finish my long account of good children and naughty ones, by saying a word or two of the most noisy little creature I ever met with in my life; and as she was a younger sister, and had several brothers and sisters who were very good children, you will not think I am partial to *all* the young ones, though I have mentioned two or three who have behaved better than their elders.

As to Miss Cecilia R. I assure you I could not have lived in the house with



Troublesome Cecilia.



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Published May 20. 1817 by J. Harris, corner of St Pauls Church Yard.

her on any account. At six o'clock in the morning the noise began; if her maid would not let her out of the nursery, she would take up any thing she could get at, and drum upon the table till she awoke every creature in the house; and when she got down into the hall, her delight was to make the great dog bark, or bring in her little cart full of stones, and if she could run with it till it overset, and the stones rolled about till the servants came to see what was the matter, she was the more delighted.

At dinners he made so much noise by rattling her fork and spoon on her plate, that the servants could not hear

when they were asked for any thing, so she was sent to dine in the nursery, and she was so troublesome everywhere, that nobody could bear her company.

No one however was so much disturbed by her as her poor Grandmamma, who would have loved her very much indeed, if she had been a good child; but she could not bear to see her come into her room, because she knew she would give her the head-ache and make her ill all day; and she never minded what was said to her, but grew worse and worse; and went one morning into her Grandmamma's room when she was reading, beating the drum with one hand and holding a trumpet to her

mouth with the other, and the poor old lady was almost distracted; so Miss Cecilia was sent to a great distance to school, and not allowed to come home till she left off her naughty noisy tricks.

THE END.

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