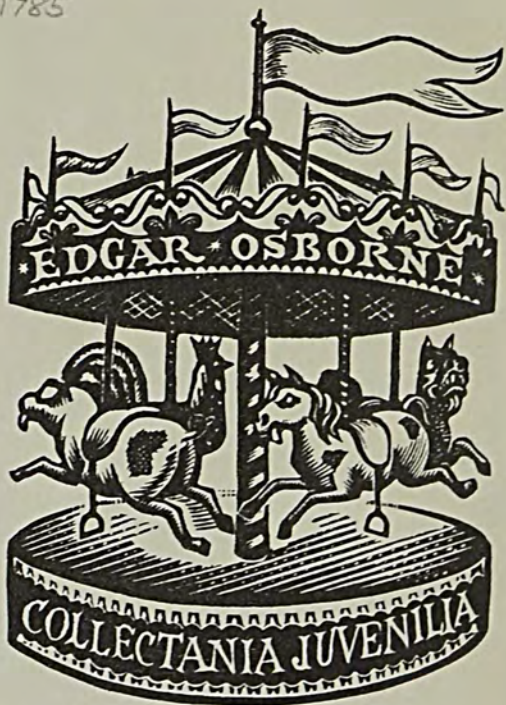




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THE TAYLOR



The Taylor mounted on his horse
He rode all the way; and when he came
To the place where the road was good
He saw a lady sitting all alone

FRONTISPIECE.



The Taylor mounted on his Goose you see,
Dress'd all in taste ;—and who so fine as he!
Thus, as we look through life we still shall find
Some Hobby-Horse engages all mankind.

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Printed and
No. 4.

[Price

THE
MASQUERADE:
Containing a Variety of
MERRY CHARACTERS
of ALL SORTS,
PROPERLY
DRESSED for the OCCASSION.
CALCULATED
To AMUSE and INSTRUCT all the good
Boys and Girls in the Kingdom.

The various scenes which here arise,
Teach to be merry and be wise.
Of all that here you see in JEST,
In EARNEST, you should chuse the best.

Printed and Sold by J. MARSHALL and Co. at
No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane.

[Price THREE PENCE, bound and gilt.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A Company of Masques being assembled by command of the Emperor of *Lilliput*, for the entertainment of his imperial majesty, and the whole *Lilliputian* court, being admitted by special favour, along with a little gentleman of my acquaintance, who is the best boy in our parish. He obtained leave to make drawings of the several characters on the spot, which I have sent to Mr. *Marshall*, with observations on each, in order that he may publish them if he pleases, for the benefit of such good children as buy his books, and mind their learning, with my hearty wishes that the whole may contribute to their profit and amusement.

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The MASQUERADE.



FORTUNE.

OBSERVE that figure which represents a woman standing upon a wheel, It is *Fortune* who is the most
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changable madam in the world. It is by her that the world is continually turning; so that, of course, it is sometimes turned upsidedown; as we are all apt to say, when things go surprisngly ill with us, owing to the frowns of this dame. But when she is kind and smiles, then the world goes swimmingly with us, spinning round as merrily as your top.

But we must not be angry with this lady; indeed, if we are, she does not value our anger: and besides it is unreasonable, because as you see, she is blind, so we cannot expect her to possess any discernment.

After all, it is a fine thing to be one of *Fortune's* favourites; she has so many good things to bestow, which to be sure, occasioned the old proverb, *It is better to be born fortunate than rich.* Many a great and rich man lives to spend his money; while *Fortune* kicks the ball so prettily to the feet of others who have no expectations, that they live

live to become great and rich nobody knows how: and, indeed, it is nobody's business, so they come by what they have honestly.

There was little *Jackey Goldney*, whose parents had not a shilling in the world to give him, and who was bred at a charity school, as every body knew; but happening to be taken apprentice afterwards, by a worthy tradesman that took a liking to him, he lived with him his seven years very happily. As soon as he was out of his time, his master made him a present of a lottery ticket which came up a ten thousand pound prize. So setting up in business for himself, he soon become as great a man as his master, and now he rides in a fine coach with servants to wait on him. This was all my lady *Fortune's* work, who was as good as a mother to him; and it is a happy thing to find that he is one of those who behave in such a manner as to deserve her favours.

You

You may see she holds a whip in her right hand, and a purse in her left, to shew that she delights in scourging some, while she rewards others. She appears in haste, to intimate how quickly she passes on. But you know all this is but a sort of emblem, or figure, representing good or bad luck. Good luck none of us can command, but we may deserve it; and as to bad luck, there is no better way of making it more easy to us, than that of bearing it with a contented mind.

But she is in a hurry to be gone.— See how merrily her wheel turns round. For a blind lady, she seems to know her way pretty well; she has passed by us—so now for the next.

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TRAGEDY *and* COMEDY.

HERE is an odd sort of a double character; a figure with two faces; the one to make you laugh, the other to make you cry. The *Lilliputian* who takes this character upon him, means

means to represent Tragedy and Comedy as they are performed upon the stage, by means of which, the players live so well, and dress so fine.

At one time they can play the part of princes, at another of clowns; even on the same night they make you almost break your heart with sorrow, and again be ready to burst your sides with laughter. Still, like these *Lilliputian* masters, neither of the characters is their own; but all is merely put on to entertain you, as it is at the puppet shews, where the humourous Mr. *Punch* shews his antics in order to contribute to your diversion.

A double face is likewise expressive of deceit and falsity, which it is to be hoped you will always take care to avoid. For us, nothing is more agreeable than truth and honest plainness, so there is nothing more hateful than fraud and falsehood in men, women, or children. These are practices which all good boys and girls should learn early

to

to avoid, as they wish to live happy, and respected by their parents, friends, and acquaintance; and above all, to ensure the favour and protection of him who made us all, and who is truth itself, as you may read in the bible.

But as I was saying, this antic figure does not mean to deceive, but only to divert us. See how it moves, one half like a hero shaking his mimic sword, the other half like a fantastic lady nodding her feathers, and presenting her mask, as sometimes she does a looking-glass, to shew people their own image there; which it would perhaps be well for many if they could see their true picture in any glass, in order that they might know how to amend those faults; which it often happens they are the last to see, whilst others are sharp-sighted enough to perceive, and ridicule them.

This mask, the female figure carries as an emblem of the various characters she can put on; for when people mean to *make believe*, they are what in reality they

they are not, you know a mask must be necessary.

Nor can any thing of this kind be improper at a masquerade.

There are few figures more droll and odd than this in the whole entertainment, which you see contains a great variety.

So, Mr. *Tragedy*, and Miss *Comedy*, pass on, and make way for the next character.

A STU-

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A STUDENT.

SEE how consequential this young gentleman looks with his long gown and the feather in his cap. He represents a *Spaniard* too, it seems, and that to be sure adds much to his air of con-

B

sequence

sequence. But his learning must be considered as the best feather in the scholar's cap after all.

As lofty as the student he personates appears to be, it is strange if he can so soon forget when he was

"The school-boy with his ruddy morning face,
"Creeping like snail, unwillingly to school."

Little boys are apt sometimes to be unwilling to go where they ought always to resort with cheerfulness, as the only way to be made great men of.

But see, he comes forward, and pulls out his book, while the rest look on, and seem to say within themselves,
"Bless us, what a fine thing it is to be
"a scholar!"

Yet, lack-a-daisy, how people are sometimes wrapped up in themselves. He has passed by *Fortune*, without minding her, and almost run over the Taylor and his Goose, which had he done, it is likely he might have discomposed the hero of the shears, so much as to spoil his intended journey to *Brentford*.

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Here is one of the striking instances of the great usefulness of Messieurs A, B, C, and Co. Since that they were the first introducers of the student to that learning which gained him his gown and his cap and feather, is a truth *that nobody can deny*.

And I assure you these gentlemen are of universal repute, being known in *France* and *Spain*, as well as in *England*, and having a most numerous and respectable acquaintance all over *Europe*, besides multitudes of relations all over the civilized world. You cannot even read this book, which Mr. *Marshall* has just now printed for your entertainment, without knowing and acknowledging your obligations to them, for having introduced you to such good company.

So! now he is going to mix amongst a whole crowd of the masters: but what makes him start back on a sudden?

Oh! it is that grim looking, copper-coloured figure that has just come across him.—You shall hear more of him in the next chapter.



The CHEROKEE CHIEF.

THIS figure represents a warrior come from beyond sea, as far off as from *North America*, where the people live by fighting and hunting, and their riches consist in their furs, bows and arrows

arrows, war hatchet, and a few beads, and such toys which please these children six feet high.

As to their habitations, they are often "neither here nor there," especially during the hunting season. A tent, or even a great tree serves them for a shelter. Without learning, as well as without house and land, they have neither knowledge, wealth, nor care; and thus they live after their own fashion in their own country; but they are like fishes out of water, when they come among us.

Only see what a strange odd phiz he has, as comical as his dress; and observe his hatchet, but luckily, it is quite innocent here, so that we need not fear it; but it is enough to make one laugh to see him rise with the gayer part of the company. How ill his gruff looks suit with the powdered and perriwigg'd set that are in yonder corner, looking on to see the diversion of the masquerade.

They look as if they did not much relish his acquaintance, and look how they shuffle away, in order to get rid of him.

Now he comes forward; you have a full view of him; don't you think there is something very curious in his appearance. Yet in his native land, the *Cherokee* is admired and respected, and he will prefer that to all others, for "home is home, be it ever so homely."

After all, there seems to be some in company that are well pleased. This character only *makes believe* when he raises his hatchet; for if he were a real *Cherokee*, and to do so in anger, what a number of *Lilliputian* heads might he whip off before they knew where they were! Even as it is, you might be frightened at meeting such a figure if you did not know the history.

But, you see, when he pleases, he can jump and caper about amongst the rest; and as he grows more familiar,
he

he seems less disagreeable. Just so it is with Vice and folly. At first sight they are constantly hateful; but if once you make them familiar to you, you will soon lose your aversion for them. This is a lesson that you ought early to be made acquainted with.

But whom have we here? two sportive companions, that seem to care little for our *Cherokee* Chief, and are intent upon nothing else but tricks and comical fancies.



HARLEQUIN and MONKEY.

THIS is the famous *Harlequin*, as merry a fellow as master *Punch* himself, who has so often, by his antics and frenzy tricks, produced you merriment and laughter.

For

For *Harlequin* is one of the drollest fellows in the world: he is somebody, he is nobody, and he is every body:— he is here, he is there, he is every where; he changes so often, that you can't follow him with your eye, and then he runs and jumps at such a rate, that nobody can catch him.

What a droll figure he cuts in his plaid jacket, and there is that famous wooden sword you see in his hand, has done more wonders than all the enchanters rods that ever you heard of; for he can build castles and pull them down, change one thing into another, and besides change his own shape so often and so quickly, that for these things, he has not his equal in the world.

And now, in order to make the scene more funny, see he has brought his monkey with him; all for the benefit of mirth and laughter, for which this company is assembled.

Indeed; a monkey is a droll animal, and is only kept on purpose for the

tricks he plays, though it must be owned these are often very mischievous, and such as he sometimes meets his deserts in a severe correction.

But he has no need to fear that here, for in this place he may play his gambols freely, being brought hither for that end, and so far to be considered as one of the company.

Monkey-tricks we know sometimes serve to entertain people, that one would think too grave to be pleased with them. But every thing in its place, and every man to his fancy. The same tricks, if attempted by any other animal, would not have the same effect; and certainly monkey-tricks in men, women or children, are equally disagreeable as they are ridiculous.

At present, it appears that the two companions are well enough matched. All the wisdom of *Lilliput* would not have joined any two in such a place more properly.

The one runs, jumps, and seems to
talk

talk in droll accents without ever opening his mouth; while the other plays over all the tricks he was trained to in the neatest manner, and forgets not to give us the mimic dance, while the *Frenchman's* hat and feather, and bag, seem to sit on him as well as if they were made for him.

A JOC.

A JOCKEY *and* PILGRIM.

BUT here come two who do not seem to be well matched. It rather seems that the diversion they are meant to produce, is designed to be heightened by the contrast, or wide difference there is between them.

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Here you see a Jockey, who is entirely taken up with the thoughts of his horses; so that he rides them sleeping as well as waking, dreaming of them by night as a child would do of his favourite hobby-horse; while, at his side stands a Pilgrim, a poor traveller, whose head is filled with no such matters.

Poor soul! she is obliged to wander many a mile on foot, from town to town, sometimes weary and hungry, and after begging for charity, what could bring her into such company? what but a *Masquerade*, where, as it often happens in life, all degrees and characters are mixed and jumbled together.

But it is not to be thought that these will at any rate agree. No! the poor good Pilgrim stands amazed, when the Jockey talks of his horses and of races, which is all like Greek to the other; who, in her turn, can hardly be understood when she talks of weariness in travel-

travelling on foot, from town to town, to a man that never wearies himself but with riding, and who is not a judge of any thing but horse-flesh.

Observe, how eager he is, however, in endeavouring to make her comprehend what is his only delight; mind with what an air he holds his whip; proud as he is of his striped jacket, his boots and his leather breeches, which render him wonderfully fine, at least in his own opinion!

To be sure, it is a pretty thing to have a little poney to ride out on, to take the air; it is what, I believe, most young folks would wish for; and so might they like to have a good dog for a faithful servant; but you know that is quite a different thing from a person's placing his delight in his stable, or his dog-kennel.

However, every one will have some particulart pursuit, and some favourite amusement, as good boys love their book, and almost all boys the r tops,
hoops

hoops and marbles. Therefore, on this consideration, we must excuse his Jockeyship, provided he will take care not to ride, or run over us in his way: and so for the present we will leave him and his female companion, to look at something new. Still they come in couples, thronging to the entertainment.

A QUA-



A QUAKER and a FRUIT-GIRL.

LOOK who comes here! As I live, the very picture of our starch friend, *Aminadab Holdfast*. How demure and prim he looks, enough so to keep strangers in awe of him.

Yet the girl whom he is conversing with

with appears to make free with the old gentleman.

This is one of those lasses whom we daily see in the streets, in the markets, at fairs, and near the playhouses, crying “Oranges! Sweet China!—“Choice Nonpareils!”—Or in the summer season—“Cherries, round and sound; rare black and white heart Cherries—a quart a penny “Gooseberries!”

And wenches of this sort, as well as the cake-shops, you know, you little folk, find often very useful, or how else would you spend your halfpence so agreeably?

The girl seems quite good-natured, and smiles on her companion; and the old gentleman, as prim and grave as he is, does not seem displeased with her company: for there is a sort of charm in good-nature which it is next to impossible for any but a mere savage to resist.

Yet one would think these two
C characters,

characters, like others before mentioned, were only placed together in order to produce a contrast; though, verily, the quaker looketh as if he did not dream of any such matter.

So away they go seemingly very lovingly together; for the girl behaves as if she expected the quaker to be a customer; for you see he has an eye to some nice fruit that is in her basket. And every body ought to be obliging to those who deal with them.

She is going to look for more customers, I fancy; but her companion is not disposed to leave her. See, he takes her arm in his, and seems talking to her as if he meant to give her some good instructions. As he is her elder, she ought to listen to him; and though he looks a little stiff, as being a quaker, yet I have heard that some of that sect can laugh, and be very merry at proper times, though they do not go to plays nor shows,
not

nor like to see any card-playing go forward.

Indeed, I know one of them that is a very tender and good-natured father to his children, and so agreeable, that, though he is an elderly man, he will play at blindman's buff, hot cockles, &c. with his family and servants.—I suppose this character represents one of the same sort; but, verily he seems to take notice of us, and therefore we will pass on to the next couple.

A FRYAR *and* INDIAN GIRL.

HERE is an old hooded fryar, with his bald pate, who is as busy with his companion as the quaker was with his; but a little bird seems to whisper, "not with quite so much
"sincerity."

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“sincerity.” For these fryars are generally a sly set of people, and that makes the world suspect them.

The girl represents a poor *Indian* that comes from a distant land;—that land which you hear so much talk of, from whence we have tea and coffee, and spices; and where the diamonds and other jewels grow, that make numbers so fine: but most of the people there live in gross ignorance—and for that reason, in my opinion, they are not to be envied.—Besides, they are heathens, except such of them as those who go from this part of the world have converted to Christianity.

This lass does not look as if she was very attentive to the father; she seems rather employed by her own thoughts, and playing with her fan; for many of the *Indians* are as proud of themselves as those born in *Europe* can be.

To be sure she is of a dark complexion;—but that is no disparagement to her in her own country, for

red and white are not the fashion there ; and really, if the difference of colour were all we had to boast of, it would be but little in our favour.

“ Pretty are they that pretty do,” is a very wise proverb, and if you were to behave no better than a black, you would not deserve any respect on account of your pretty white complexion.

These fryars, however, are apt to think otherwise, and this bald-pated gentleman represents a sort of people who look upon themselves almost as much above a poor *Indian*, as you look upon yourself to be above Tray or Puss.—Yet certainly pride does not become any body, and much less those who should be good and religious.

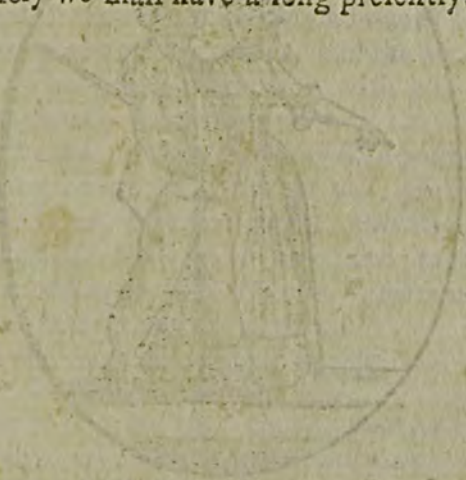
But there is no reason here to be too grave on the subject, as this good father only *makes believe*, as does the girl that is his companion, and the more perfect they play their parts, the better is the diversion.

Here

The MASQUERADE.

39

Here come more company, in couples
still. Well, the more the merrier:
and hark! the music strikes up. Very
likely we shall have a song presently.



C 4

A SAILOR



A SAILOR and GIRL.

HOW jovially and briskly these come forward! Here is the pride of *Britens*, the son of the seas, who belongs to the Royal Navy, which is the support of *Old England*.

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He has one hand in his pocket, which seems full of money; his jacket and trowsers are neat and trim, his heart is free from ill, and his head is void of care; he is ready to dance us a hornpipe to the music, and he would not change his condition with that of a monarch on his throne.

“How merry the sailor’s life passes;” though that life is full of toil, and exposed to every danger, threatening enemies, roaring wind, and raging seas.—But a cheerful mind and a bold heart carry him through all

“In hope when toils and danger’s o’er,

“To anchor on his native shore.”

For it is hope that makes every thing sweet to us. The school-boy, you know, goes through his lesson, in the hope of play-time and the holidays. The little boy passes his time merrily in hopes of becoming, in time, a great man, as does the little girl, with the same prospect of being one day a great woman. And the girl you see here represented

represented with *Jack*, entertains hopes that at one time or other he will present her with what will make her a fine lady.

You see how gay and well-pleased she appears, smiling upon the sailor, who is quite happy in making his droll observations on the company, whom she is pointing out as they pass by in order.

And hark! he is going to give us a song, which you perceive draws the attention of the whole company.

How jovial does the sailor live!

No dangers he can find;

Nor storms nor foes alarm can give,

Nor fears perplex his mind.

He's bold, he's constant, brave and free,

For king and country fights,

While landsmen dread the raging sea,

In roving he delights.

For you, my boys, he plows the deep,

All hardships does endure;

Toils while you rest; wakes when you sleep,

That you may live secure.

So merry be the sailor's life,
At home may he be blest
(When he returns from wars and strife)
With pleasure, wealth, and rest.

But who is that figure whom honest
Jack is relieving with his bounty? we
shall see presently.

The

*The BEGGAR.*

THIS is a wandering beggar, who travels the country habited in the manner of a pilgrim. His coat is poor and shabby, as you see; but he has his bottle and bag to receive whatever he can pick up or purchase, by

by means of the alms which charitable people, from time to time, bestow on him.

And, I assure you, the character here represented, though he looks downcast, can be merry enough, as the old proverb says, "Who so merry as a beggar?" For this reason, he may very well make one of the company.

He looks after the sailor with pleasure; for honest *Jack*, being a merry soul like himself, there is no wonder that these two should be agreeable to each other.—Besides, the tars are generous and charitable, which makes them welcome almost every where; and poor pilgrims and beggars must necessarily like them, as they stand in need of their assistance.—This is no more than what is natural to us all.

As sure as you are there, this beggar-man is going up to the lady with the wheel; but, blind as she appears,
Dame

Dame *Fortune* being aware of his coming, turns away from him.

Observe how scornfully she tosses her head; yet he looks as if he were resolved to pursue her, while she is as fully determined to fly from him, as it is her custom to do from the unfortunate.

And, besides the court he pays to her blind ladyship, he does not forget to address himself, at proper opportunities, to most of the company, at sometimes teasing them with his request of alms, and at other times entertaining them with his history;—for the history of some beggars is really entertaining.

So, you see, every body that is honest may be somehow useful either for service or amusement, from whence, my dear, you ought to learn this short lesson:—*Not to be proud or vain of yourself; and, above all things, never to despise any of those whom, perhaps, you think the meanest of your fellow-creatures.*

creatures. This, however, is what some naughty children are apt to do; and it is ten to one but they get themselves hated, and despised too, in their turn, for their pride and ill-behaviour.

But now this merry beggar has mingled with the company we shall be at liberty to examine a quite different sort of a character.



A SHEPHERDESS



A SHEPHERDESS.

HERE is the neat picture of rural simplicity, happiness, ease, and innocence, as perfect as we suppose they can be any where found upon earth.

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happy child passes, so passes that of the artless shepherdes; her behaviour is as harmless, and her sports are as innocent.

She rises early in the morning to turn her sheep into the broad pasture where they feed at will, the pretty little lambkins skipping and gambolling round about their dams. She tends them almost as a good mother does her children, taking care to watch them and guard them from all harm, following them, wherever they stray till noon, when she retires, to avoid the heat, to some grove or shady bower, or seats herself by the side of some clear fountain, where she enjoys her homely meal in peace and quietness.

When the heat of the day is past, she returns cheerfully to her agreeable employment in which she continues till evening, when she pens her sheep safe in the fold, and then withdraws to her innocent mirth, dancing on the green, or joining in any other such country

D

sports

sports as are best suited to her inclination.

When these are over she can go to her homely cottage, and rest as peaceably on her bed, as you do, my dear, (I hope) because she has neither cares, nor the consideration of past faults, to disturb her slumber.

This is generally the life of a shepherdess, the character which is represented by this lass, who with her pretty looks and modest behaviour must needs make herself agreeable to the company, to whom she repeats these verses, expressive of rural felicity.

Would you wish an easy life,
Free from trouble, noise, and strife,
To our fields and groves repair,
Fear not but you'll find it there.

Harmless as the flocks we tend,
We the cheerful moments spend;
Sweet by day is our employ,
Ev'ning brings us mirth and joy.

We like children sport and play,
Blythe and innocent as they.
No sad thoughts our minds perplex;
No rude cares our bosoms vex.

The MASQUERADE.

51

Heav'n is kind, and gives us store,
With content ;—we ask no more.
Anger, pity, pride unknown,
Peace with virtue dwells alone.

And the company seem well pleased with
this description of a country life, which
if ever you experience, it is likely
you'll find to be a pleasant one.

D 2

Ass.



ASS-DRIVER, and MAN with an
ASS'S HEAD.

WHAT a droll fight is here!
An Ass-Driver, bringing along
—not an ass, but a man headed like
that animal.

This conceit is taken from one of
Shakespeare's

Shakespeare
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Shakespeare's merry plays, who tells us, that one *Bottom* being vain enough to introduce himself to the queen of the fairies, had an Ass's Head fixed on his shoulders by the king for his pains.

Really he cuts an odd figure; so that the company are ready almost to burst their sides with laughing when they look at him.

It was, indeed, his folly and vanity, as the story says (for you must know *it is but a story*) that occasioned him to be thus disfigured: for what business had he at the court of the fairies, if there really were such beings?

Now there are many ways by which people (comparatively speaking) may make themselves asses, and none by which they are more likely to do so than by vanity, pretending to what is above their reach. Pride, vanity, folly, and boasting, these make them asses, and they may expect to be treated accordingly, as they cut much

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the same sort of figure in company as this fellow does among the masks.

Only observe how well this *Lilliputian* plays his part for the diversion of the company. His leader now pulls him:—Hark! how he brays, loud enough to frighten us, if we were not acquainted with his character: he will make sport when he joins the company. He seems as if he had a mind to try whether he has any brethren among them.

While he appears to be seeking them out, what a laugh it raises in the assembly.—But, as at fairs all is fair, so it is at the *Lilliputian Masquerade*, and so they will probably be considered as asses who take any exceptions.

And now, Mr. *Bottom's* driver is giving the company his history, which, like the show-man and keepers of beasts, he is resolved to make extraordinary enough; as all that either the one or the other wants, is to be stared and wondered at. But those
who

who think to hear the truth from them are likely to be looked upon as asses for their pains.

So now, good Mr. *Bottom*, and Mr. *Afs-Man*, move on, and make room for another very strange, monstrous, and wonderful figure.



C A L I B A N.

THIS character represents another of the creatures of *Shakespeare*, with whose pretty plays and tales, perhaps, when you are a little older, you may become acquainted.

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This *Caliban* was supposed to be the son of an ugly, wicked witch, and though he had not his mother's evil power, had most of her evil ways, being ill-natured and obstinate, full of spite and envy; and in one word—good for nothing.

He was said to live in an enchanted island, where a duke who had been unjustly banished, resided, and, taking notice of this lump of deformity, kept him in his service; but he proved the most ungrateful wretch, as well as the worst servant in the world.

He never did as he was bid, if he could help it, and when he was obliged to perform his master's commands, he never executed them without grumbling, which you must know to be a very hateful quality.

Being bred in the woods, and of a monstrous birth, he was hairy all over; he had a horrible countenance, as you see, and was quite frightful in every respect; so that, as the story represents

sents him, he could scarcely be considered as a human creature.

Only mind how ill-natured he looks, as he crawls along, muttering with his bundle of wood. The bad humour which he seems to be in renders him even more frightful than nature first made him.

Yet his appearance here is likely to make some sport. — How speedily some of the company seem to get away from him. He has frightened the jockey and the Pilgrim, made the Quaker and his Girl run for it, and scared the poor Taylor almost out of his wits. — But the Cherokee Chief, and our Heart of Oak *English* sailor do not seem in the least to mind him. The one is not easily to be put out of his way by a monster, and the other hardly knows how to fear any thing. The *Indian* lifts his war hatchet. — “Yoho! What cheer, brother,” says the seaman; but the *Spanish* student walks off without shewing a desire to claim any such relationship. But another figure presents itself.

SIR

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THE
is
that Shakespeare
telling you
Sir John
braggadocio



SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE merry wag here represented is also a character formed by that *Shakespeare* whom I have just been telling you of.

Sir *John Falstaff* is represented as a braggadocio, cowardly in his heart,
but

but always ready to boast of his great bravery.—However, he has such a knack of jesting, that people, instead of finding fault with him, can hardly forbear laughing at his drollery.

They tell us he was even a companion to a young prince, who, for the sake of his jokes, and likewise, to be sure with a design of laughing at him, delighted in his company.

This odd genius would run away when he was attacked, and then make knots on his sword to persuade people that he had made a valiant defence. He would talk to a prince as familiarly as he would to a cobbler. When he had done wrong, he seldom failed of having some hole to creep out, though he very often got into disagreeable situations, and was once soured into the water in a basket full of dirty linen, which made his fat guts groan for his follies.

A great number of odd adventures and droll stories are related of him,
none

none of which are much to his honor, but serve to raise laughter, which is the only reason for his being introduced to this company.

Observe with what an air he struts along with his shield upon his arm, and his broad sword in his hand. What a load he carries with him. He fattens upon mirth and good living; for his belly is full of sack and his heart full of mirth, so that he seems confident enough that he shall render himself a boon companion. It is odds in his favor but he is right in his calculation.

It is worth while to observe how the fat gentleman leers around him, and how he chuckles when he sees a glass of wine going forward. He jeers the student for his gravity, calls Harlequin a herring-gutted rogue, and drives *Bottom* and the *Afs-driver* before him; but avoids the poor Beggar, because he says he is afraid he should catch

catch the diseases of leanness and poverty from him.

Such is *Shakespeare's* merry knight, a fit character to be introduced at the *Lilliputian* masquerade, where "laugh and be fat" is the motto, and all are expected to contribute their share to the diversion.

Sir *John*, you see, is received as well as he could expect or wish; and though *Shakespeare's* Falstaff lived long enough ago, yet none can fear to see a *ghost* here, where there is so much solid flesh under the girdle.—So pass on, knight of the broad laugh and merry countenance, amidst the welcomes of this truly comical assembly.



A GIPSEY *with her* CHILDREN.

BY this character is represented one of those strollers who go up and down the country, pretending to tell people's fortunes, though from what sometimes happens to them it is plain that

that they do not know their own.— But by the weakness of their customers in this way they pick up a quantity of fool's pence, which is the very thing to serve their purpose.

However, they have their sufferings too; being reproached with idleness, and often pursued from place to place by the beadles, the same who drive away naughty children when they are gaming in the church-yard, or entertaining themselves with noisy sports on the Sabbath day.

Such is the character of the real gipsey, who even sometimes steals young children from their parents, while they are wandering foolishly they do not know whither.

But she who *makes believe* to be a gipsey here is quite harmless, and what she intends to do will only be calculated to make fun for the company.

You see she is completely furnished for the character, with her stick in her hand, and her children at her back, so that

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that she looks quite like a real gipsy. Hark, what she says to the company.

“ Bless you, gentlemen and ladies ;
“ bless your honours: will you please
“ to relieve a poor woman and her
“ small children?—Who crosses my
“ hand with silver?—Will you chuse
“ to have your fortunes told, by your
“ hands, or the lines in your face?—
“ I can tell you something good,
“ somewhat that it is well worth your
“ money to hear.”—And her tone and
actions answer to the words which she
brings out so fluently.

See how busy she is with the sailor
and his girl. By their smiling it seems
as if she were telling them good fortune;
and they appear to be very attentive
to the old woman and her children.

Here is a variety sufficient for her
to have choice of customers; and she
has something to say to characters of
every description.

So away she goes, proceeding into
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the thickest of them. The assurance that she puts on introduces her to every body, and she finds out one thing or another to please every person she meets with.

But here comes a quite different character.

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AN HUSSAR.

HERE is a man of war for you, just come from abroad, who can tell you stories about great heroes, and bloody battles, and fight those over again for our entertainment. But it is better to hear of these things, or to talk of them, than to be engaged in them;

and this makes diversion, just as it does for you *to play at soldiers*.

But those who are soldiers in earnest to be sure must be useful men, as they fight to defend those who cannot or have not the means to fight and defend themselves, though they stand in need of protection.

There would be no such thing as doing without soldiers; they serve, when properly employed, to protect us, and to keep you, young gentlefolks safe at home while they are bearing hardships abroad, though you know little about the matter all the while.

It is for this that King George employs them, and pays them a great deal of money, though not any more than such brave fellows deserve for their services. And we should not forget at one time those who have been useful at another, because that would be very improper and ungrateful.

What an air a man gets by being a soldier. We have known some little

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gentry too, who by learning this exercise have strutted as consequentially as a man of six feet high.

This Hussar of ours, you see, walks as upright as a dart, and appears as lofty as most folks. His habit and his sword become him wonderfully well; and such a character seemed wanting among the variety that are to be found exhibiting themselves at this masquerade.

He visits them all round; and it seems that he is well received. Men of his cloth are respected for what they have done, and for what they may do again, or else it would be quite out of character. It is not, however, with every one that he can talk to advantage. His hobby horse being the wars, it is only when he is talking of them that he is in his element.

So peace be with this man of war for the present. Here comes a strange and ridiculous character: yet, perhaps, he may be worth our examination.—Let us try what we can make of him.—He is advancing full speed towards us.



T O M F O O L .

THIS is a well known character ;
 for as the old proverb says, *More*
know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows.
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they chuse to acknowledge, or, perhaps, than even they themselves are aware of.

This may be said of such as through obstinacy continue to play the fool after they have been told of their errors; a circumstance which young folks, in particular, should be careful to remember.

If *Tom Fool* is busy with a number of people, he is also better received than at first you might imagine; because it frequently happens that there are *more fools than one* in a company.

To this motley gentleman, it seems, the first day of *April* is peculiarly dedicated. Some folks run about making fools on that day, who are not always to be reckoned among the wisest in the world. *He's a fool that makes a fool*, is often truly said upon that occasion.

The family of fools would appear more numerous, if people were not so apt to deny the relationship.

The figure, to be sure, as you see it here is not very tempting, though the

character, as I was saying, has so many followers.

How fine he is with his cap and bells, and how proud he seems to be of his hobby-horse. His countenance expresses the emptiness of his pate, and his dress is every way suited to his person.

He rides full speed in among the thickest of the throng, and gives them a paper, which contains a few lines very much in character. Read them and judge whether they are not so.

This cap and bells though *Tom Fool* wears,
And on a hobby-horse appears;
Mind, as you laugh, while me you view,
Lest other folks should laugh at you.

All can their neighbours folly see,
And pass their judgment bold and free,
How few in search of faults who roam,
Will take the pains to look at home.

And yet, be sure, so careful grown,
To mind all business but your own;
If still you tread in error's maze,
You'll wear the fool's cap all your days.

Well, what think you of *Tom's* counsel? As queer a figure as he is, I think this advice is worth minding.

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M O M U S.

BUT here comes one who seems to be of a different opinion. The old fable says, he was always fond of finding fault with every body; yet the faults which he found, were very often strange and childish enough; though there

there was a saying of his very droll, which was, on seeing a fine house, that it wanted something still; and being asked what that was, he replied, "It wanted wheels, which might be necessary to remove it, in case, that by foolish, or wicked people settling near the same spot, it should be subject to the inconvenience of standing in a bad neighbourhood."

Momus was represented as perpetually laughing; but his was a laugh of ill-nature, because it was always raised at somebody's expence, and therefore his mirth would not be agreeable in general; since though some people love to see other folks ridiculed, (which is not a good disposition) yet these are always the last to bear to be ridiculed themselves.

So *Momus's* laughter proved but a bad recommendation.

You may guess what an opinion was entertained of him by his dress, his droll cap and jacket, and the rest, which

which are in some degree like that of *Tom Fool*, whom we just now observed upon, which certainly does not at all contribute to make his character respectable.

If you have seen a merry-andrew at a fair, you may have formed some notion of a character like that of *Momus*, only somewhat more merry, and not quite so ill-natured.

Take notice how he mixes with the masques, laughing first at one, then at another, and he never misses of a subject; for this reason, because where he cannot find a fault, he is resolved to make one.

He comes last for two reasons; because he was last invited as being least wanted, and because he wishes to see all the company, that he may begin his task the sooner. He proceeds accordingly; and, in his turn, you may be sure he is laughed at for his pains.

Now, after a great deal of diversion among the different characters, a dance
and

and an entertainment of cakes, sweet-meats, and wines, conclude the entertainment: and then ends the *Lilliputian* masquerade.

Our Masquerade thus ended, little folks,
We hope you'll profit by our tales and jokes,
Since these, for your instruction were design'd,
With food for laughter, to unbend the mind;
To please good children still is all our aim,
And lead them on to wisdom and to fame.

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