







For

Emma Hampson from  
her most affectionate sister

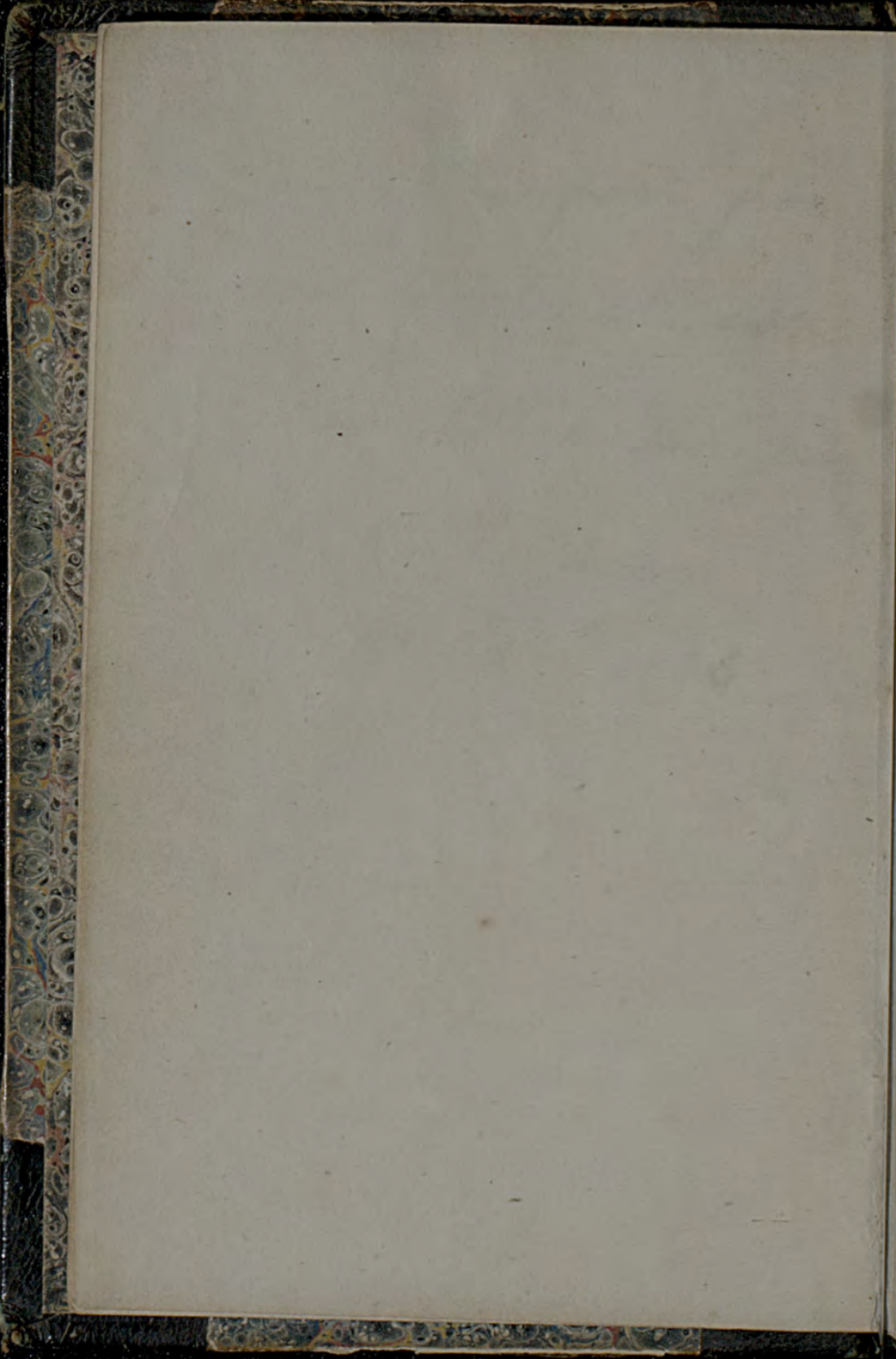
Mary Allan Hampson

Upon her birthday

March 4<sup>th</sup> 1834

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SUMMER RAMBLES,

OR

CONVERSATIONS,

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN,

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

VOL. I.

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*By a LADY.*

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. LLOYD,  
HARLEY-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

1801.

SUMMER RAMBLES

OR

CONVERSATIONS

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN

PREPARED BY PERMISSION

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCESS ALICE OF BRUNSWICK

WOLFE

LONDON

1841

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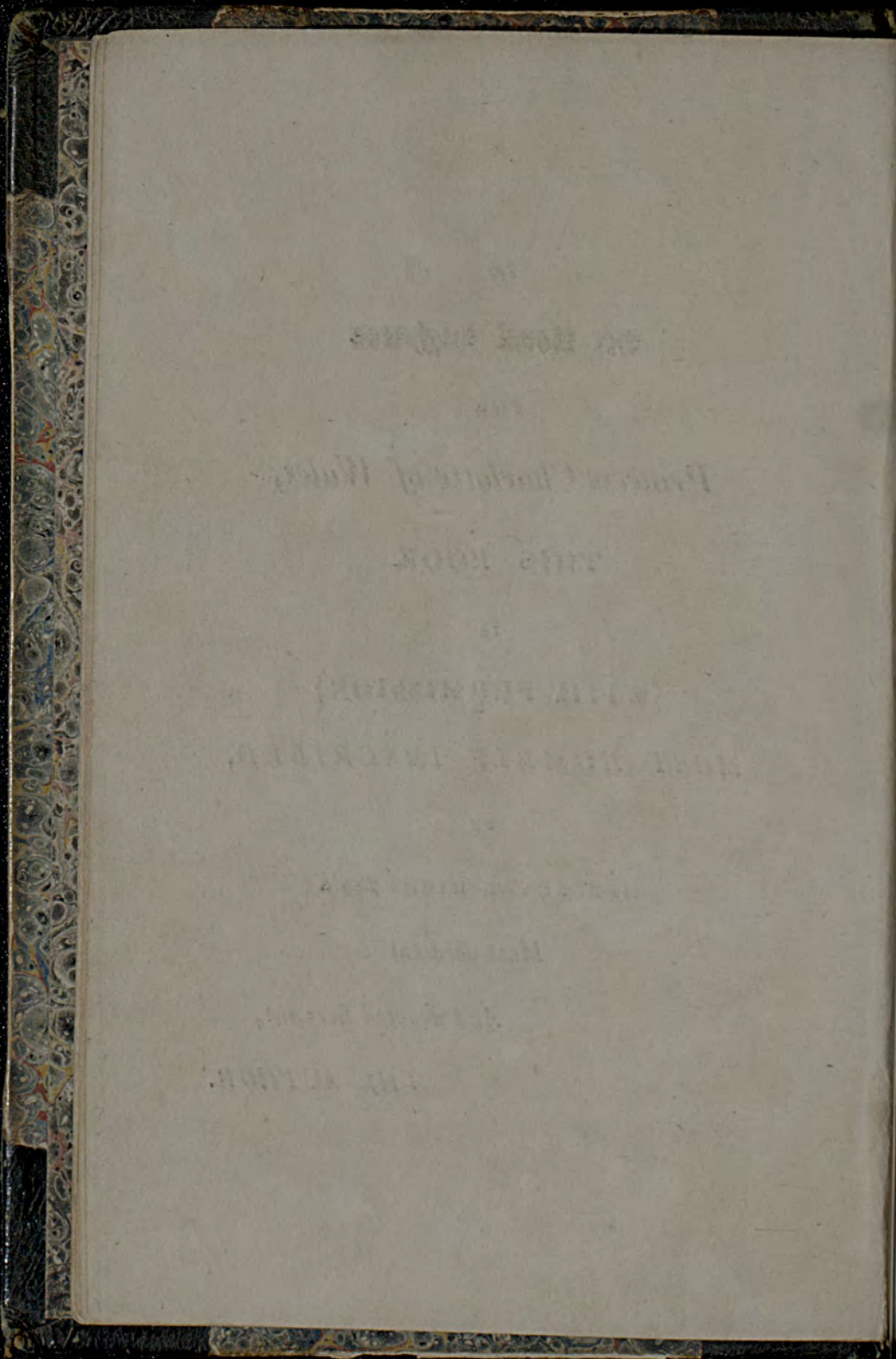
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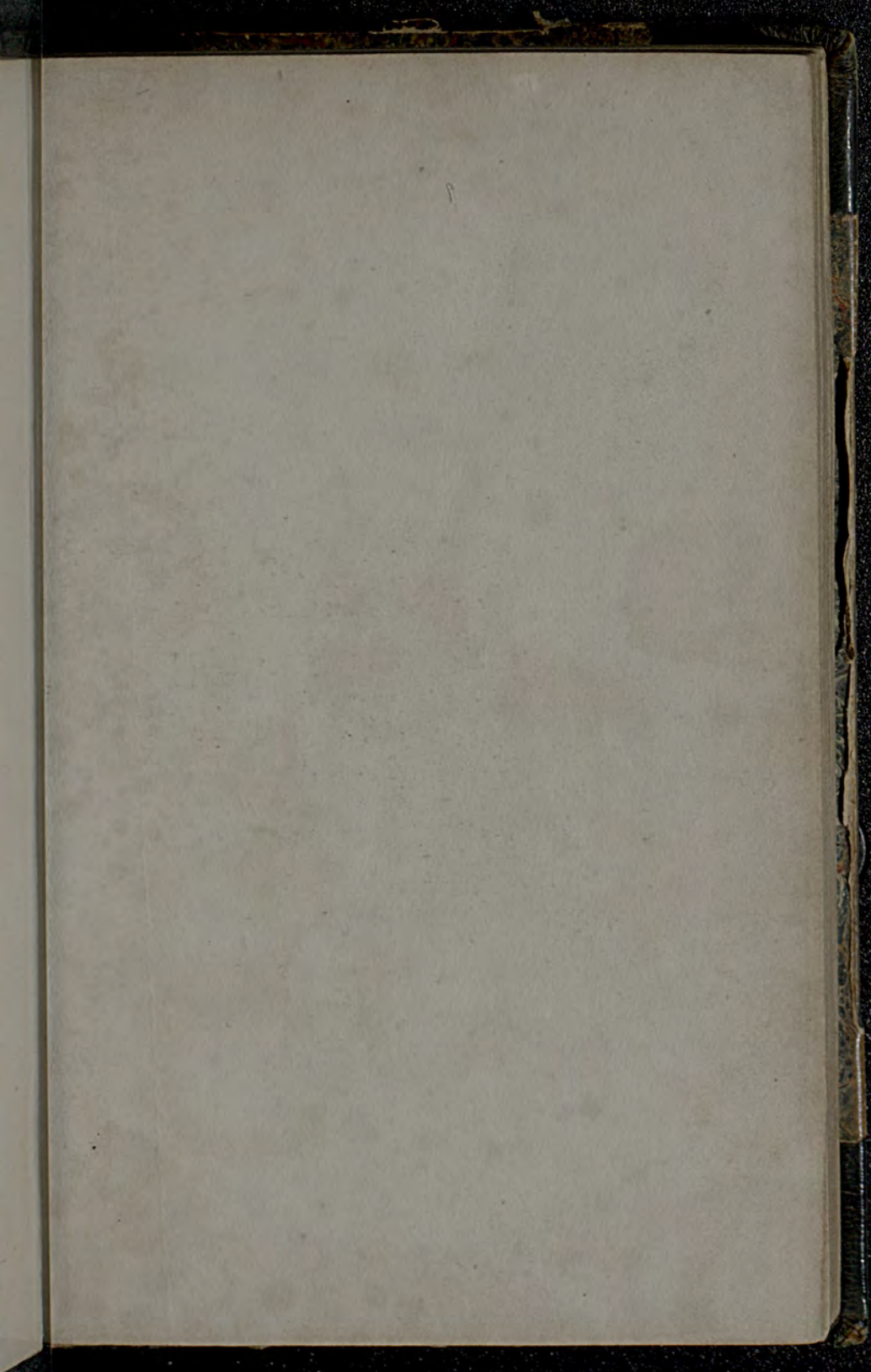
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TO  
Her Royal Highness  
THE  
*Princess Charlotte of Wales,*  
THIS BOOK  
IS  
(WITH PERMISSION)  
MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,  
BY  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S,  
*Most obedient*  
*And devoted Servant,*  
THE AUTHOR.







*Published as the Act directs Nov. 7 1801 by E. Lloyd 23 Harley Street -*

CONVERSATION, I.

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CONVERSATION I.

MAMMA.

COME Harry, get your hat, where is your sister, is she almost ready? I promised you, when you went to bed last night, that if you would be up early, and not make me

A 2

wait,

wait, I would take a walk with you upon the common before breakfast: we will go down this green lane, and through the gate by the side of the quarry ---do not run so fast, I cannot keep pace with you.

ANNA.

Mamma! Mamma! pray look at what is going along the road, across the common; a little girl upon an  
an

an afs, and a woman with a ftick in her hand; fee, it ftops; it will not ftir a ftrep, and ſhe is beating it to make it move on. Where are they going, Mamma, and what are all thoſe green things in the baskets upon the fides of the afs? the little girl looks as if ſhe was fitting in a garden---where can they be going!

MAMMA.

MAMMA.

My love, I dare say they are going to the town, which you see a great way off, to sell their eggs and butter, and their vegetables.

ANNA.

Vegetables! I do not know what they are; will you tell me?

MAMMA.

Yes, with a great deal of pleasure: pease, beans, potatoes,



potatoes, carrots, turnips, and cabbages, are vegetables.

HARRY.

But why do they carry them to the town to sell them? I think it is very foolish; do they not want them at home, to eat for their dinner and supper?

MAMMA.

They want some of them at home, but they, every year,

year, plant and sow a great deal more than they can make use of.

HARRY.

Why do they take so much trouble? I think digging the ground is very hard work: I could not turn up the least bit when I tried with Robin's spade, though I put my foot upon it, and stamped as hard as ever I could. If I was in the place of that woman

I

I would only plant and sow as much as I thought I should want for myself and my little girl, and some cabbage leaves for my poor afs.

MAMMA.

Then you would do very wrong, and you would be sorry, when too late, that you had been so idle; for you want a great many things besides your dinner, and even for that, you

would soon be tired of always eating vegetables, without a bit of meat, and never to have a pudding! how should you like that, Master Harry? you who are so fond of pudding—and how wretched your garden would look! all laying waste, except the little nook you had planted for yourself: besides you would be without clothes.

HARRY

and a great many poor labourers live by what they get from him.

HARRY.

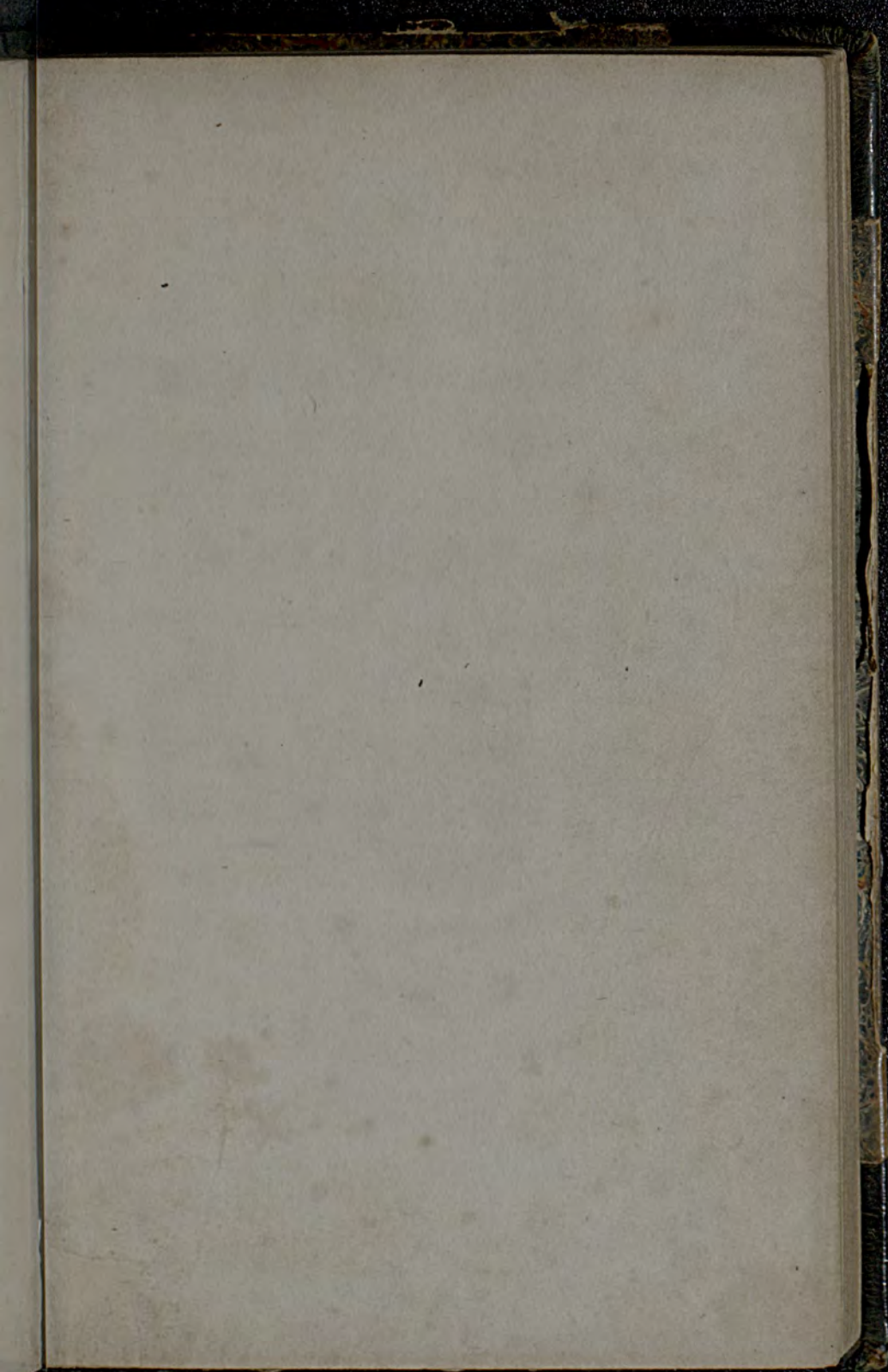
Then *I* may be as idle as I please.

MAMMA.

Indeed you may not; there are many other ways of employing your time besides digging or planting. You are too young, at present, to be of service to any body; all you can

now do is to attend to the instructions of your papa, and your masters, and learn, against you are older, how you may be able to be most useful to your fellow-creatures, and how to conduct yourself, in order to gain the love and esteem of your friends and neighbours.

CON-





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CONVERSATION II.



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CONVERSATION II.

HARRY.

HERE comes a girl out  
of papa's corn-fields,  
with her apron full of corn;  
how did she get it Mam-  
ma! did the reapers give  
it to her?

MAMMA.

## MAMMA.

The reapers always leave a few ears, scattered about, for the poor people to pick up, and your papa orders them to leave a good many that they may return to their homes happy and contented. Observe that little girl, how pleased she looks, and how fast she walks; she seems impatient to shew her mother how much corn she has gleaned;

ed; she is telling her little dog to make haste, do you see how he looks at her? he wonders what is the matter, he does not know that her mother will get the corn ground at the mill, and make a nice loaf for her children, but the little girl knows it, and that is the reason she makes so much haste.

ANNA.

But have they no other  
bread?

bread? no corn but what she picks up in the fields?

MAMMA.

Yes; the father works, and the mother spins, and with the money they earn they buy bread, and what other things they stand in need of: perhaps that girl has gained a trifle by helping to pull out the weeds from the corn, when it was beginning to grow, in the very fields where she has now been gleaning.

HARRY.

I wish we could go into the field, I should like to see what all the people are doing.

MAMMA.

Well, come here, and I will help you over the stile; come Anna, let us go into the field—the reapers are at dinner under the hedge;—how merry they are!—how they are talking and laughing!

ANNA.

ANNA.

Oh! Mamma! look at that poor old woman; she is gleaning, but she can hardly stoop to pick up the ears of corn; may I help her?

MAMMA.

Good girl! yes, go help the poor creature.

HARRY.

Mamma, I will pull a handful out of this sheaf for her; I am sure papa will  
will

will not be angry; look what a deal he has got; why we should not eat all this in ten years, even if we were to have hot cakes and puddings every day.

MAMMA.

Your papa does not mean that we should eat it all: I hope you have not forgot what I told you about the woman, and the little girl, who were going to market with their vegetables;

bles; your papa will order his corn to be sold, and we shall have the money to buy what we want.

HARRY.

I hope he will keep some of the corn to make us bread.

MAMMA.

Certainly he will, and some of the money to pay the labourers; they must be paid before any thing is bought, for they have no  
other



other means of providing for their families.

Well, Anna, have you been assisting the poor old woman?

ANNA.

Yes Mamma; do look what I have got for her; but she cannot carry it home, her hands tremble so much; so I thought I might tie it round with my sash, and Harry and I could carry it home for her;

her; she does not live far off; she shewed me her cottage; it is there close by the lane, almost in our way.

HARRY.

Do tie it up, sister, and put it upon my back; I should like very much to carry it home for her: and now, Mamma, I shall be useful to one of my fellow-creatures, though I am but a little boy; and I will  
try,

try, every year, to do more and more to help them, that every body may love me, as you said they would if I was kind to them.

## ANNA.

There was a very naughty boy near the old woman, I wish you had seen him, some ears of corn lay at her feet, and when I was going to take them up, he said, I will pick them up for

for her, miss, but instead of doing so, he ran away with them, and laughed, and though I called him he would not stop: there he is, Mamma, standing by a another boy in a blue jacket.

MAMMA.

It was a sad naughty trick indeed, and he shall not have any more. Harry, go and tell George to turn him out of the field.

I

I should like to give that old woman a shilling, she looks very poor indeed; but I have not got my purse;—what can I do for a shilling!

ANNA.

Oh Mamma! how sorry I am! what can be done! I am sure she would be glad enough to have it, for she told me she was very weak, and wished she had a little broth.—I do not  
know

know what to do, I have no money but my new shilling, and how can I part with that?

MAMMA.

It certainly is a very pretty shilling, so bright, and so nice! if you keep it you may have the pleasure of admiring it till your next birth-day, and it will serve also to make you recollect the poor miserable old woman, who appears to be almost

almost fainting for want of a little comfortable nourishment.—Anna, my love, where are you running, I cannot possibly overtake you?—Look Harry, your sister is giving her new shilling to the poor woman.

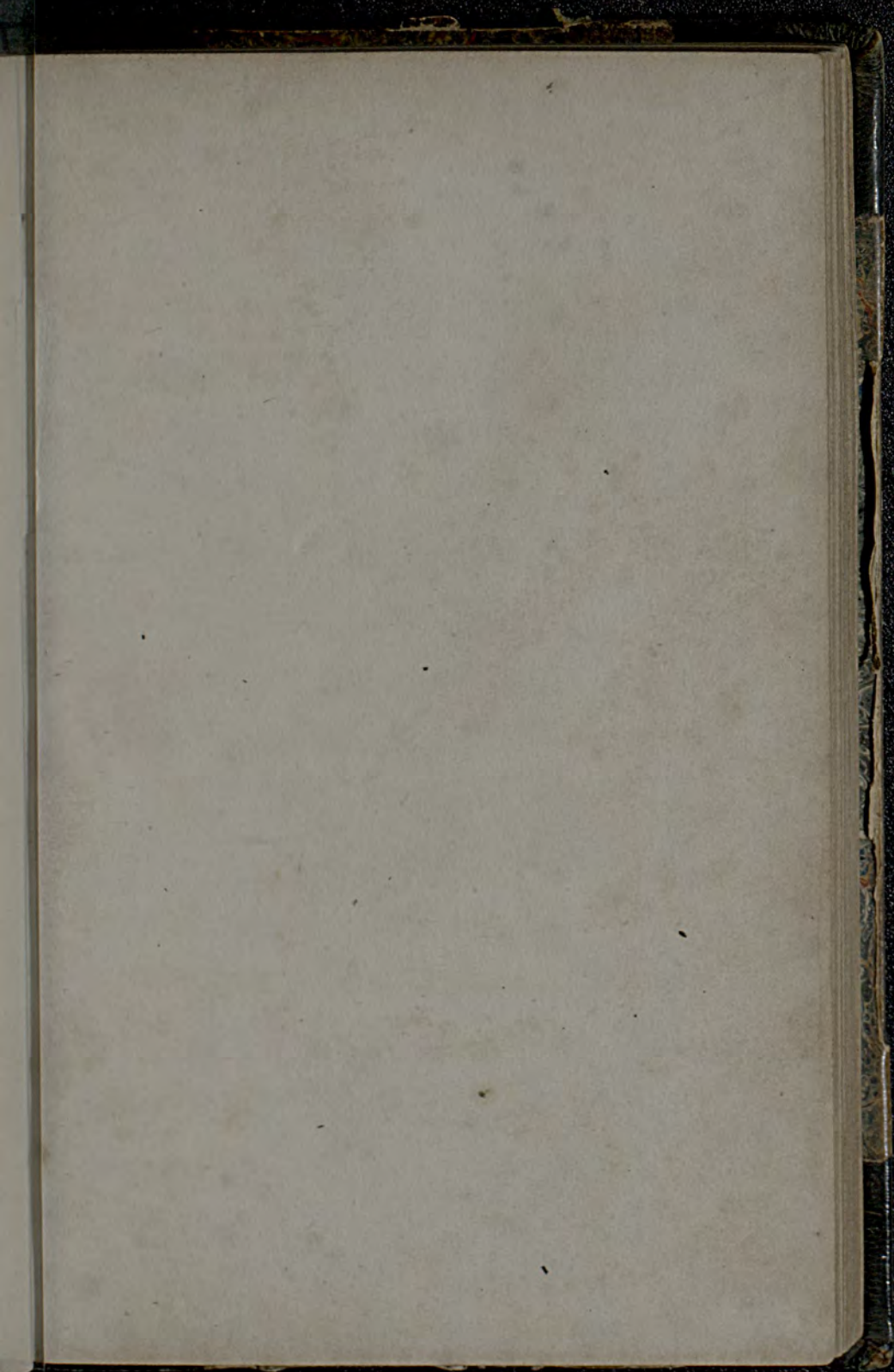
ANNA.

My dear Mamma, I could not think of keeping the shilling after what you said, I should have hated

to see it, and now I shall  
be happy whenever I think  
of it.

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*Published as the Act directs Nov<sup>r</sup> 1801. by E. Lloyd, 23 Harley Street -*

CONVERSATION III.

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CONVERSATION III.

MAMMA.

WHY do you leave us,  
Anna? you will get  
in amongst the trees, and  
not be able to find the way  
out again; and I do not  
think any body would hear  
you if you were to call.

ANNA.

## ANNA.

Mamma! I believe there is a house very near, somewhere behind the trees, for there is a pretty little girl sitting on the ground, reading, and I do not think she is old enough to go far from home by herself. You cannot think what a nice little girl she is; she has got her book laying open upon her knee, and I am sure, though you are  
some-

sometimes angry with me for not minding what I am about, you could not be so with her, for she never once looked up; I wonder she did not hear me, for I shook the boughs of the trees, and kicked the gravel and stones about, but she kept on reading just as if she had been deaf.

MAMMA.

Because, my dear, she was attentive, and not thinking  
of

of any thing but her lesson, which, I dare say, she went into that quiet place to learn, and did not expect a little noisy, troublesome girl would come there to disturb her.

ANNA.

But I did not disturb her, for she did not hear me.

MAMMA.

So much the better, you should never attempt to interrupt any body you see  
em-

employed, let them be doing what they will, and I beg you will remember never to teafe me with questions when I am speaking to another person, as you did yesterday, when I was talking to Mr. Smith, for it is very rude, and very tirefome:—kifs me, my love, I am not angry; I tell you of it because perhaps you did not know it was rude, and because

cause I should be sorry my little girl should make herself disliked without knowing herself to blame; but now I have told you of it, I expect you never do such a thing again, for I shall be very much displeas'd if I have the trouble of repeating it.

ANNA.

Thank you, Mamma, for telling me of it, I will remember what you say, and  
will



will never do it again.  
Then you will not go and  
look at the pretty little  
girl!

MAMMA.

No, certainly I shall  
not; I suppose she has a  
lesson given her to learn,  
and she knows that the  
only way to do it is to be  
alone; and how much bet-  
ter is it to get it done at  
once, and then be able to  
go and amuse herself as she  
VOL. I. F likes

likes best, than to be lounging about all day with the book in her hand, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another, and fretting and teasing every body with her lesson.—I am sure she is a sensible child, and it would be cruel to disturb her.

ANNA.

Brother Harry, when we have our lessons given us to-morrow, we will go to  
the

the summer-house in the garden, and there we shall have nobody to disturb us.

MAMMA.

No, but you will disturb each other; Anna will call Harry to look at a butterfly, and Harry will ask his sister, fifty times in half an hour, how far she has learned; then a pigeon will fly by the window, then a horse trot down the lane,  
and

and you will talk of the colour of the pigeon, and ask each other who it can be riding down the lane; so at length you will perceive that your lesson is still to begin, and that you have only been amusing each other, and chattering like two little magpyes.— If you wish to get your lessons off your hands, that your time may be your own afterwards, Harry must  
feat

feat himself in the corner of the back parlour, and Anna go to her room, or into my closet, but never near the window.

HARRY.

But my cousin Mary did worse than lounge about, for she would not try to learn any lesson when she was here.

ANNA.

Your cousin Mary is a very naughty child, and  
has

has been suffered to have her own way a great deal too much; if she never learns any thing, she will make a fine figure when she grows a great girl; every body will laugh at her, and she will be very unhappy, and never know how to pass her time, for when she is older she will not find amusement in dolls and baby houses; and she will be so ignorant that  
nobody

nobody will like to converse with her.

ANNA.

What do great girls do, when they leave off playing with dolls?

MAMMA.

They read and work, and some are fond of drawing, others of music: they have many agreeable ways of spending their time; but if you do not learn when you have an opportunity,  
and

and when your papa and mamma are so good as to give you masters to instruct you, you will grow up to be the ridicule of all your acquaintance, and even little children, who have been more attentive to their lessons, will probably know more than you do, and will mock and laugh at you.

HARRY.

But why cannot great  
boys



boys and girls learn other things when they are tired of their play-things?

MAMMA.

Pray Harry, tell me if it would not be a fine sight to see young Master and Miss Freeman learning their a b c? would not you laugh to hear Miss Freeman spelling c-a-t cat, d-o-g dog? and to see her brother learning to write?

HARRY.

## HARRY.

Oh dear Mamma! how very strange that would be, I am sure I should laugh indeed, and I will learn every thing as fast as I can while I am little, for I should be ashamed to be obliged to have a master to teach me to read and write when I am a great big boy, and have boots and spurs, like Master Freeman.

ANNA.

## ANNA.

And so will I, Harry, learn every thing Mamma is so kind as to teach me; for I should look like a fool if I was desired to read something, and not be able to do it; and I should be very unhappy when you go to school, and to Oxford, as papa said you should, if I could not write to you, and read your letters.

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CONVERSATION . IV.

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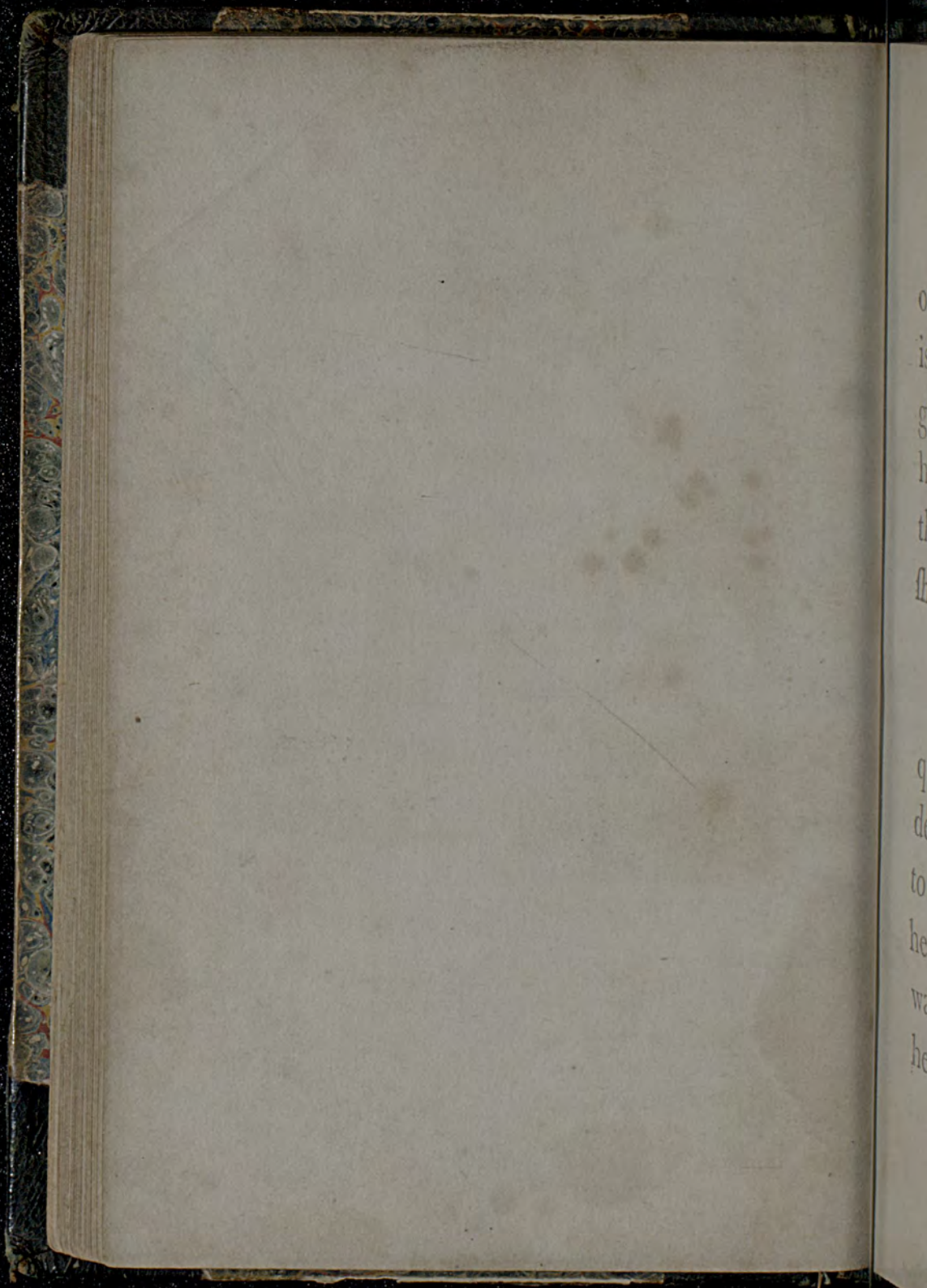
ANNA.

HOW I do like to run  
upon this common!  
I have been so blown a-  
bout! for I lost my hat,  
and I have had a fine race  
after it.—Oh! there is El-  
len with her baby just come  
out



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CONVERSATION IV.



out of the lane; and there is her father sitting near the gate; she stops to talk with him; it is very fine weather, and I hope the sunshine will do him good.

MAMMA.

I hope it will make him quite well; he is a great deal better since he came to live with his daughter; he was very lonely after she was married, and gone to her own house, and he  
grew

grew ill and weak, and could not go to his work, or mind his business at all, and he would have become very poor and miserable if he had not had a dutiful good child.

HARRY.

What did she do, Mamma?

MAMMA.

She went to his cottage, and told him that he had been very good to her  
when



when she was a little girl,  
and had given her meat  
and drink, and cloaths,  
and a good fire to keep  
her warm in the winter,  
and had never let her  
want for any thing, but had  
taken care of her when she  
could not take care of her-  
self, and that now she was  
a woman, and he was  
growing old and infirm,  
she would not suffer him  
to have any more trouble  
about

about any thing, but desired he would bring his bed, and his great easy chair, and all his things to her house, and live with her and her husband; so poor old Williams was very happy at the thought of being with his daughter, and every thing was soon removed: his bed was placed in a pleasant little room, of which the casement opened into the garden;

den; the easy chair was put into the warmest corner of the kitchen, close by the fire-side, and his cow was put with Ellen's in the field behind the house.

The good old man was no longer lonely, his daughter made nice comfortable broth for him, and he grew better and better every day, and is now almost well; sometimes he

amuses himself in their garden, and when he returns to his great chair he plays with his little grandchild, of whom he is very fond, and will be more so when it begins to talk to him.

Ellen never suffers him to do any thing to fatigue himself, and he is as happy as he can be; and she and her husband are happy also, for they know that

that they are doing their duty, and may hope that when they grow old and infirm, their children will be as kind to them as they now are to her father: every thing prospers with them; she makes the nicest butter in all the village, and nobody can boast of such fine fat poultry. She deserves to be happy for she was always good. I knew her when she was a  
very

very little girl, and loved her because she was so obedient and dutiful to her parents, and so kind and obliging to her neighbours; never quarreling with her play-fellows, but willing to lend them what toys she had, without desiring to have any thing of theirs unless they liked it.

So you see young gentlemen and ladies are very often not half so good as  
the

the children of poor people, though they ought to know right from wrong a great deal better; for their papas and mammas generally take a great deal more trouble to teach them, and are much better able to instruct them, besides that they have more time to observe their actions; for poor people are obliged to mind their work in the fields, and have no leifure  
to

to sit down and talk with their children; so that they are left to themselves, and are much more excuseable, when they do wrong, than young gentlemen and ladies are when they do so; there can be no excuse for them, for they have always some kind friend to tell them what is good, and what is naughty, and if they will not attend to what is said to them, so  
much



much the worse for them,  
they will never be happy,  
for those who act improp-  
erly never are.

*24th Feb* HARRY.

Pray Mamma, let us go  
to old Williams; I should  
like to ask him if he is  
better.

ANNA.

And I should be glad to  
see the little baby.—When  
I have saved up a little  
more of my pocket money,  
may I buy her a frock?

## MAMMA.

I should have no objection to your making a present of a frock to Ellen's child, if you had money to make presents often, but as you have not, would it not be better, Anna, to spend the little you have in something more useful; Ellen can afford to buy frocks for her child, and every thing else which is needful for her; but Jane  
Prim-

Primrose's poor little girl has scarcely a petticoat to wear, and her shoes are so bad that she cannot keep them upon her feet: do you not think there will be more charity in giving your money to her, or to the poor old woman you saw in the corn field? she is so weak as not to be able to get any, and has nobody to help her or to give her any thing, unless she is

so happy as to meet with kind - hearted charitable people, who can afford to spare a trifle to her, and who instead of giving their little away to the first they meet with, or to please their own fancy, (as you would do by giving a frock to Ellen's child) have reserved their savings for such objects as she, and the poor little half-naked child I recommend to your notice,

notice, and to which I hope you will attend.

ANNA.

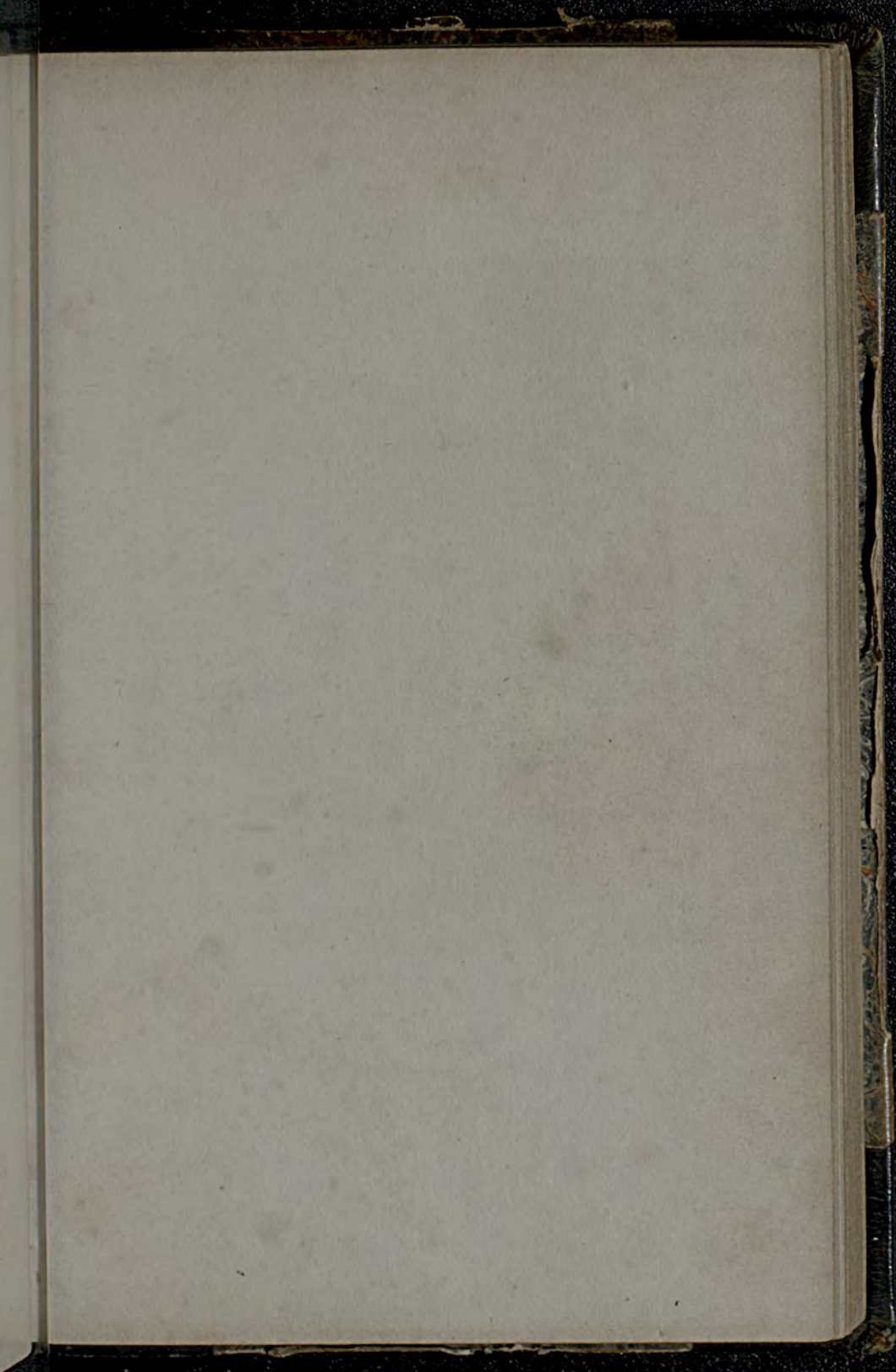
Yes indeed, Mamma, and I hope I shall soon have enough to buy little Jane a petticoat; and do pray shew me how to make it, and then her mother will not be obliged to pay for it, nor to spend her own time about it, and leave her spinning.

MAMMA.

## MAMMA.

That is very well thought of, my love; poor people's time is as precious to them as money, for it is only by employing that properly they can hope to procure the comforts and necessaries of life.

CON=





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CONVERSATION V.



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CONVERSATION V.

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MAMMA.

Harry, do you see that little boy leaning on the side of the brook? he is very naughty indeed, and if I was his mamma I should be very angry with him, and would send him  
to

to bed witout his supper,  
and I would not speak to  
him for a whole week.

HARRY.

And would you take  
away his whip and his  
dog?

MAMMA.

Yes, and his pictures,  
and his tame rabbit.

HARRY.

But why would you do  
so, Mamma? — what has  
the little boy done to  
make

make you so angry with him?

MAMMA.

Because he has been told, both by his papa and his mamma, a great many times, never to go nigh the water, for if he was to fall in (which it is very likely he may) he will sink down to the bottom, and be drowned, and then he will never see his papa or his mamma, or his brothers,  
or

or his sisters any more; and nobody will be sorry for him, because he is a very disobedient child.

HARRY.

Why do men go near the water?—when I walked out with papa, I saw some men by the side of the river; they were fishing; and there was one in a boat; suppose they had fallen in, would they have been drowned?

MAMMA.

## MAMMA.

Very likely they might, such accidents too often happen, but men are never in so much danger as little boys are, because they are better able to take care of themselves; and if, by chance, a man was to fall into the river, perhaps he might be able to get out again, but a little boy would not have strength to struggle; he could not

keep up his head, and the water would get into his mouth and ears, and he would lose his senses, and sink down to the bottom.

HARRY.

Oh dear Mamma! what a sad thing it would be! I am quite frightened only by hearing what you say.

MAMMA.

Besides, the water that would drown a child might not be half deep  
enough

enough to drown a man. I knew a little boy who had been ordered, by his mamma, never to go near the pond in the garden, but he was so naughty that he did not mind what she said, but, like a disobedient child as he was, got a little boat with a string to it, and one day, when his mamma was gone to visit a lady in the neighbourhood, away he went to  
make

make it swim in the pond; but he had not amused himself long before the string slipped out of his fingers, and in trying to get it again, he fell headlong into the water, and would certainly have been drowned in a few minutes, if the gardener had not happened, very fortunately, to be in the way, and got to him time enough to pull him out, and save his



his life; but he was so much frightened that it was a long time before he could speak or open his eyes, and was so wet and cold that he was obliged to go to bed, and there he lay sick and ill; and had so much disagreeable bitter stuff to swallow, and it was so long before he could go to walk with his sisters, or to work in his little garden, or do any thing

thing that he liked to do, that I think he will never be so naughty again, but will remember that his mamma knows much better what is proper for him to do than he does himself, and that whenever he disobeys her orders he will get into mischief; and I hope, my dear Harry, you will also remember that disobedient children are always punished, that they  
are

are very wicked, and that  
God never loves them. *11th*

HARRY. *his name*

Mamma, I will always  
be as good as ever I can,  
and I will do every thing  
you tell me to do, and I  
never will go near water  
without holding you or  
papa, or somebody by the  
hand—but suppose the  
gardener had fallen into  
the pond when he was  
trying to get the little boy  
out!

## MAMMA.

If he had, he would only have got his cloaths wet, and might perhaps have caught a cold, but he would not have been drowned, for the water was not deep enough, therefore, as I told you before, children are more exposed to danger than men; besides they have neither sense or judgment enough to know when there  
there

there is danger, and when there is not; and they must submit to be guided by those who do know, and not be headstrong and obstinate, and wish to do as they like without asking whether it is proper for them to do it or not.

Do you remember how your cousin Mary hurt herself when she overset the fire-screen? you know I told her what would

happen, but she was obstinate, and would not believe me, but continued kicking and pushing it, so down it came, and gave her a great blow upon the head.

HARRY.

Yes, I remember it very well; and how she cried and squalled, and how you kept on playing upon your piano, and took no notice of her noise, but the more she

ſhe ſcreamed the louder  
you played.

MAMMA.

Very true, Harry, I did  
ſo; I was determined to  
let her cry till ſhe was  
tired, for ſhe had nobody  
to blame but herſelf for  
what had happened; I had  
told her a dozen times to  
let the ſcreen alone, and  
if ſhe did not chuſe to  
mind me, but to amuſe  
herſelf with kicking it a-  
bout,

bout, if she was hurt it was her own fault—but you know she is so often naughty that she tires every body.

HARRY.

So she is indeed, Mamma; I wish she would be good, that people might love her. The servants do not like to do any thing for her, for when she wants any thing she speaks so cross to them, and scratches and pinches so, that Biddy told



told her, the other day,  
 she might dress herself if  
 she would, and wash her-  
 self, or go dirty if she liked  
 it; she would not be her  
 maid any longer.

*Both Dick*

*M. P. Deane*

*Nov 5th*

CON-

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CONVERSATION VI.

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ANNA.

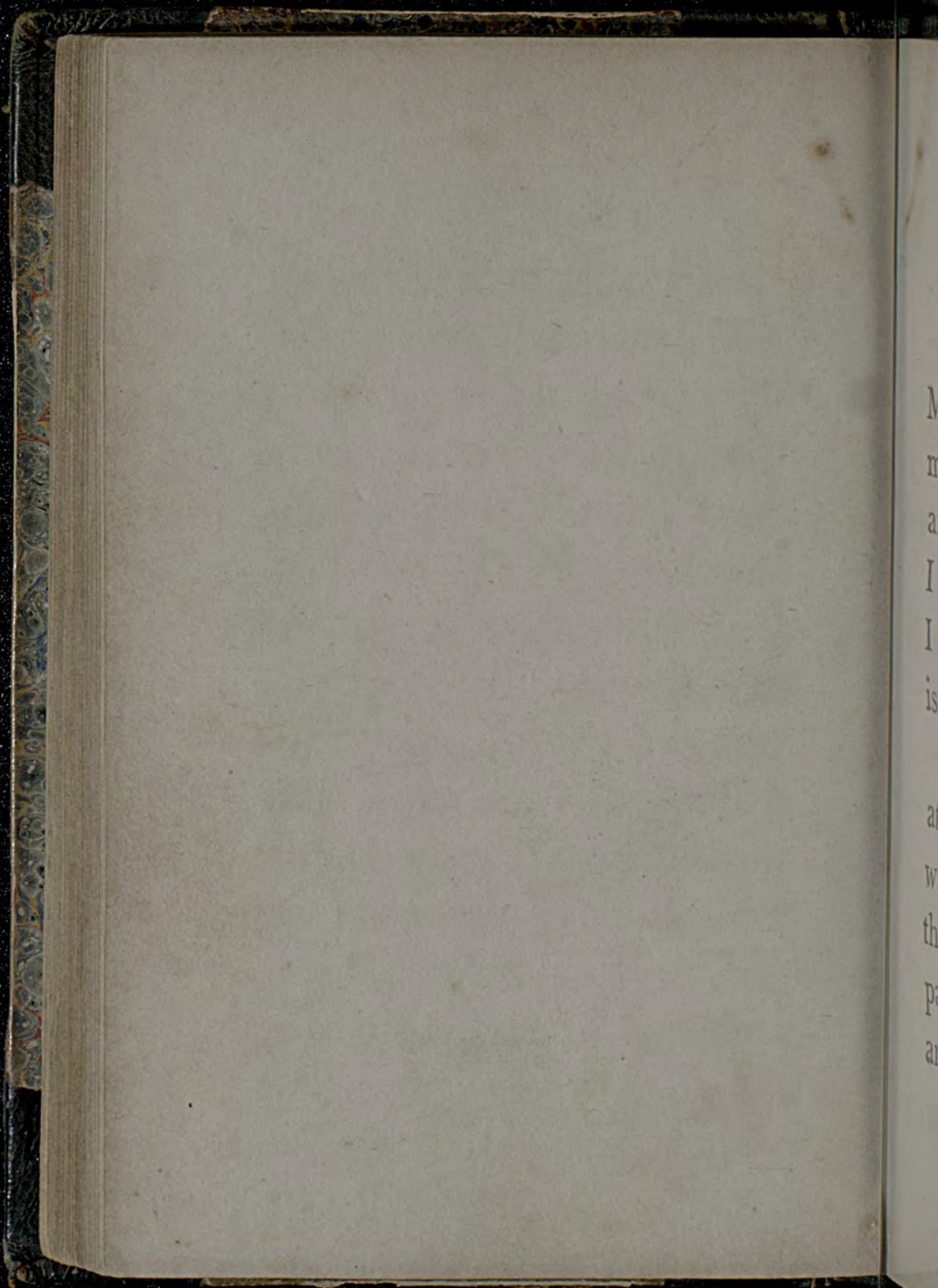
MY dear Mamma, I am glad you are come home; I was so afraid you would not come before our bed time. How does my aunt do? and how do all my coufins?

MAMMA.



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CONVERSATION VI .



MAMMA.

They are all very well: Mary is at her grandmamma's, so I did not see her, and I was not sorry for it; I am always vexed when I am in her company, she is so cross.

I got out of the chaise at the end of the town, and walked up to the house through the garden; the parlour window was open, and I saw them before they saw

saw me: your aunt was sitting with her little boy upon her lap, and Fanny was standing by her, begging she might also be taken up. The moment I entered the parlour, she asked if Harry had sent her some strawberries: she does not know that they are out of season. I gave her a pear and a plum, and she was very well satisfied.

Your

Your Aunt wants a little of our county air, and has promised to spend a week or fortnight with us: she will bring Fanny and William with her, and leave Mary with grand-mamma.

ANNA.

I am very glad of that, for whenever she comes here she walks over my poor little garden, and treads down all my flow-

ers, tears my doll's cloaths to bits, and breaks and spoils every thing that she can get at.—I love my other cousins dearly.

MAMMA.

She is indeed a sad little girl—but we must hope she will mend, when she is older, and has more sense: if she had been in your place when I came home, she would have asked me, fifty times, what I had brought



brought her—here comes John with the parcels, and now you shall see what I have got for you.—In the first place here are two very pretty books, with pictures in them, for you, Anna, and two others for you, Harry, and a fine large kite for you to fly in the garden, or in the field; and here is a ball of twine.

My dear Anna, tell me  
how

how you like this little box, open it, there is the key—look how pretty it is; there you are to lay your work, and here are winders to put your thread upon; here is a place for your thimble; and at that end, under the cover, you will find a pretty pair of scissors and a bodkin;—in this paper is something to make a petticoat for poor little Jane, and now you  
may

may go to work as soon as you please, for here is every thing necessary.

ANNA.

Thank you, Mamma, twenty times. What a beautiful box it is! how pretty the inside is!

HARRY.

But look at my kite, that is the pretty thing; how high it will go with all this cord!

MAMMA.

MAMMA.

Here children, are some biscuits for you ; I bought a great many more, but they are gone: I hope you will like them.

HARRY.

Are they sweet?

MAMMA.

Indeed I do not know, for I have not tasted them.

HARRY.

Where are they gone then? I thought you had  
been

been eating some in the chaise, as you came home.

MAMMA.

No, I gave them to a poor child who was in its mother's arms in the shop crying for *cake*, which, poor woman, she had no money, to buy for it; and the shop woman heard it cry, and saw its poor little finger pointed at the biscuits, without taking any notice of it.

ANNA.

ANNA.

How could she be so hard-hearted as not to give it some in its pincloth, when she had so many !

MAMMA.

It was not necessary to give away such a quantity, she lives by selling them, and if she gave away her things in that manner, she would soon be as poor as the mother of the child, but as you say, she must be  
very

very hard-hearted not to have given the poor thing *one*, when the woman told her she had just paid her every halfpenny she had in the world, for a loaf to take home with her.

HARRY.

So Mamma, you bought some biscuits, and gave her half of them.—I wish she had all my share!

ANNA.

And I wish she had

VOL. I.            N            mine,

mine, and if I could send them to her I would.

MAMMA.

I know where to find her, if you would really rather send them to her, than eat them yourselves.

ANNA.

Yes indeed Mamma; we do not want them, so tie up the paper, and let the poor little thing have them as soon as you can.

HARRY.



HARRY.

And here is my piece,  
put it in with the rest, I  
wish I had not eat any  
of it.

MAMMA.

You are very good chil-  
dren, and I love you more  
and more every day; you  
shall not go to bed with-  
out being rewarded for  
your kindness. Come John,  
let me have the large par-  
cel, which I told you to  
keep

keep till I asked for it—  
here it comes—your scif-  
fars, Anna, to cut the  
packthread—now open the  
paper—peep Harry—well  
what do you see?

HARRY.

Oh! what have we got  
here, a great feed cake!  
why this is twenty times  
better than biscuits; pray  
dear Mamma let us send a  
slice of it to the poor  
child.

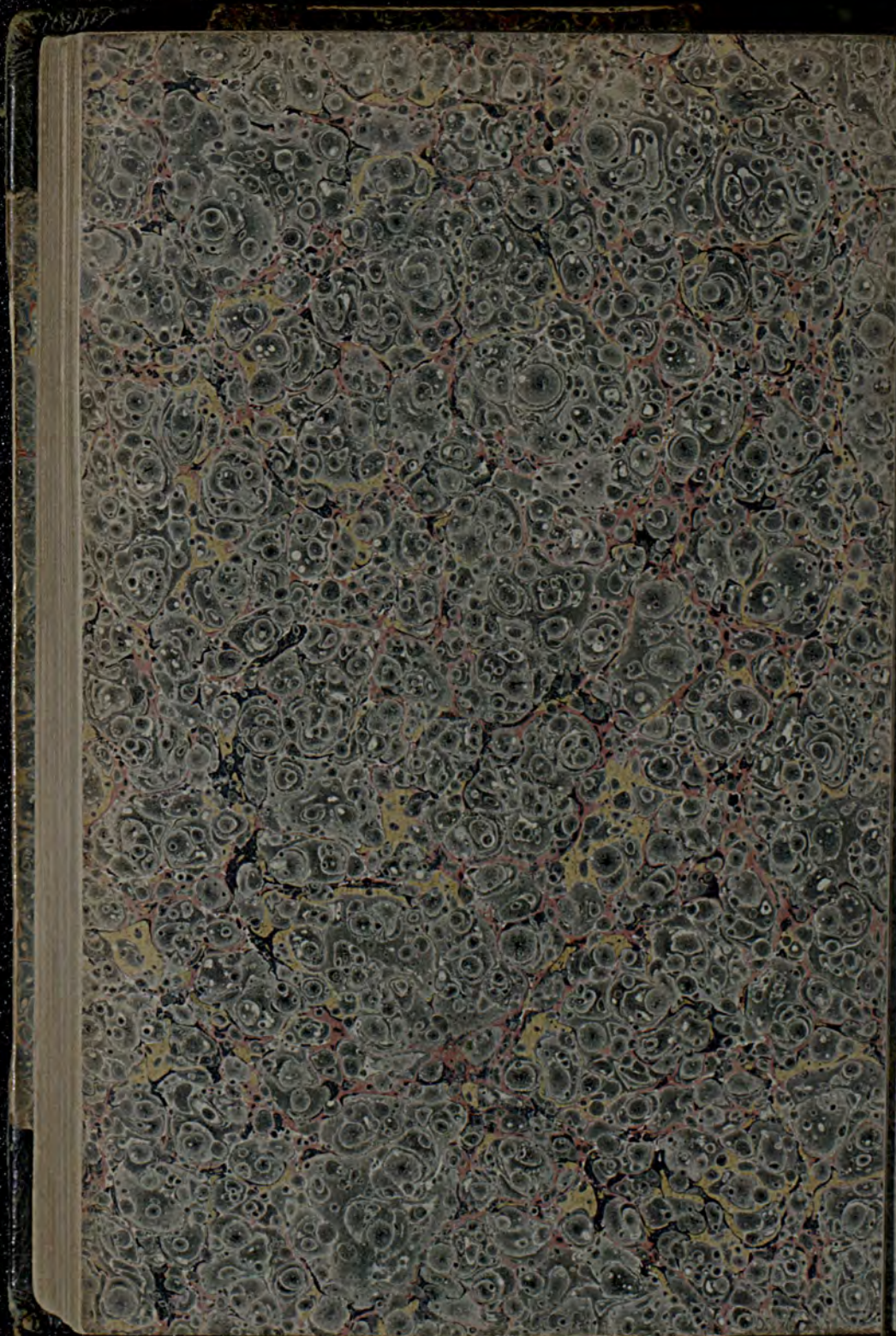
MAMMA.

## MAMMA.

So we will, and you shall, each of you, have a piece before you go to bed.

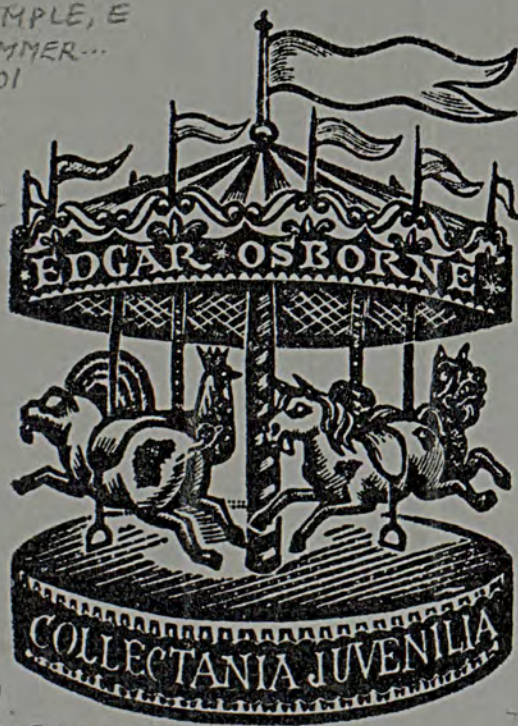
The poor woman will be here to-morrow; she is travelling on foot, with her child in her arms, all the way to L—— where her father lives. She was married to a sea-faring man, who is lately dead, and she is returning to her friends

friends to work, and endeavour to maintain her child, and herself, in the town in which she was born, rather than live among strangers; but she has a long way to go, and is without money; she will dine here to-morrow, and we must see what can be done for her.



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SUMMER...  
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v.1  
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v.2



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