

CHILDREN'S
OBSERVATIONS.

With COPPER-PLATE

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SEMPLE, ELIZABETH

AMUSING---

1808



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Miss Caroline Palmer
her Book

Mrs Hillmans offering

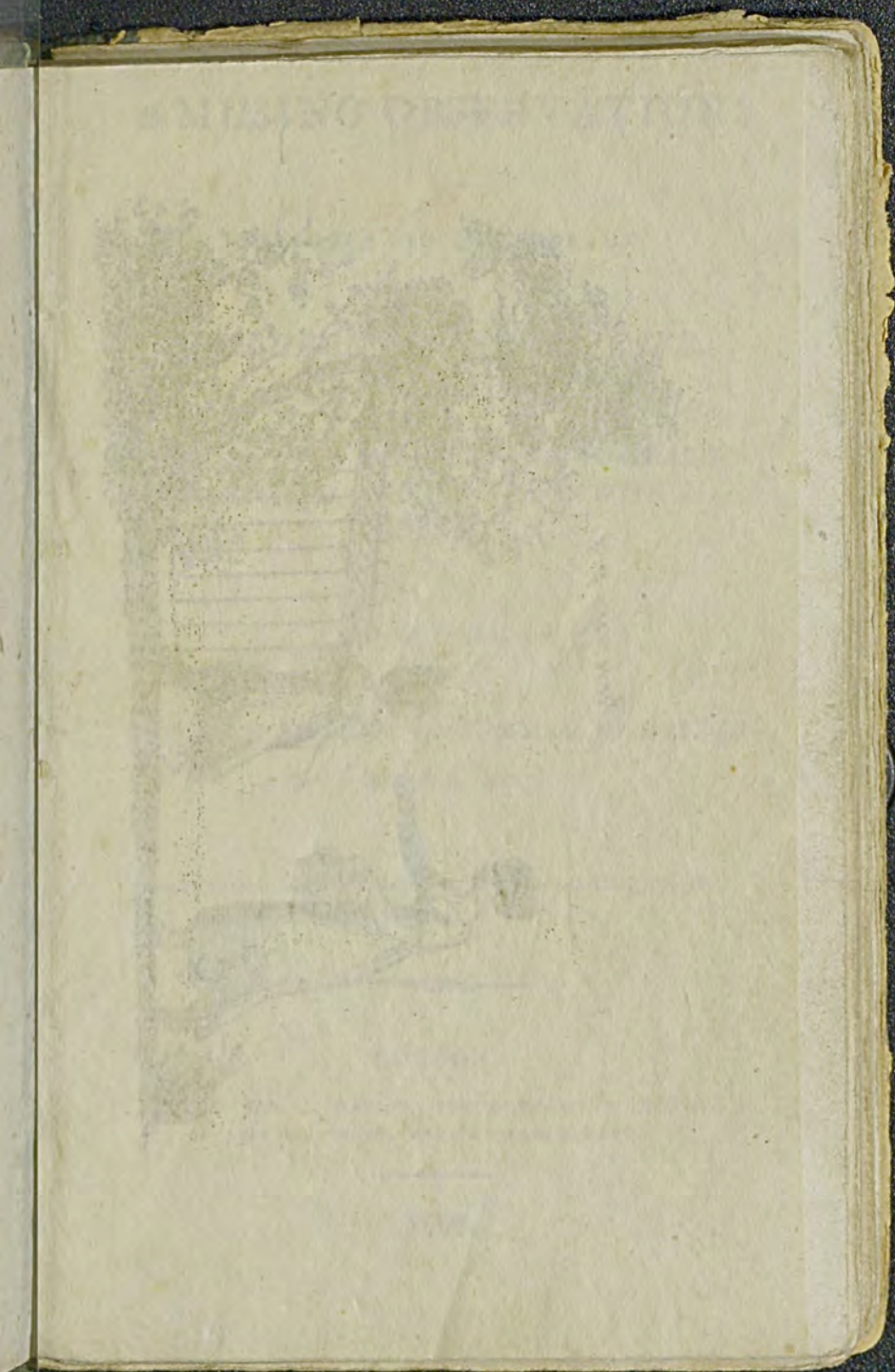
1809

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Tunny. p. 4.

AMUSING OBSERVATIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE MADE BY

CHILDREN IN EARLY LIFE,

WHICH WILL ENABLE THEM TO LEARN
TO READ, AND CONVERSE WITH
PROPRIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“SHORT STORIES,” “SUMMER RAMBLES,”
&c. &c. &c.

Ornamented with Twelve Engravings on Copper-plate.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERRY,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1808.

H. Bryer, Printer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

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AMUSING OBSERVATIONS.

FANNY.



FANNY is a very naughty girl, she is passionate, and ill-natured ; every trifle makes her angry : and then she tears her clothes, destroys her dolls, and beats her maid.

We will avoid that naughty girl, my dear Sophy. Come and take a walk with me in the garden. Where is your hat? where are your gloves? Open the door. Now we are at the garden gate,

A

open it. Look at these flowers, what beautiful colours! here are white, red, blue, and yellow. And how sweetly they smell, my dear Sophy! I am very fond of Jonquils, but mamma cannot bear them in the parlour, they make her head ache.

Here is a beautiful Hyacinth, gather it Sophy, you shall give it to mamma.

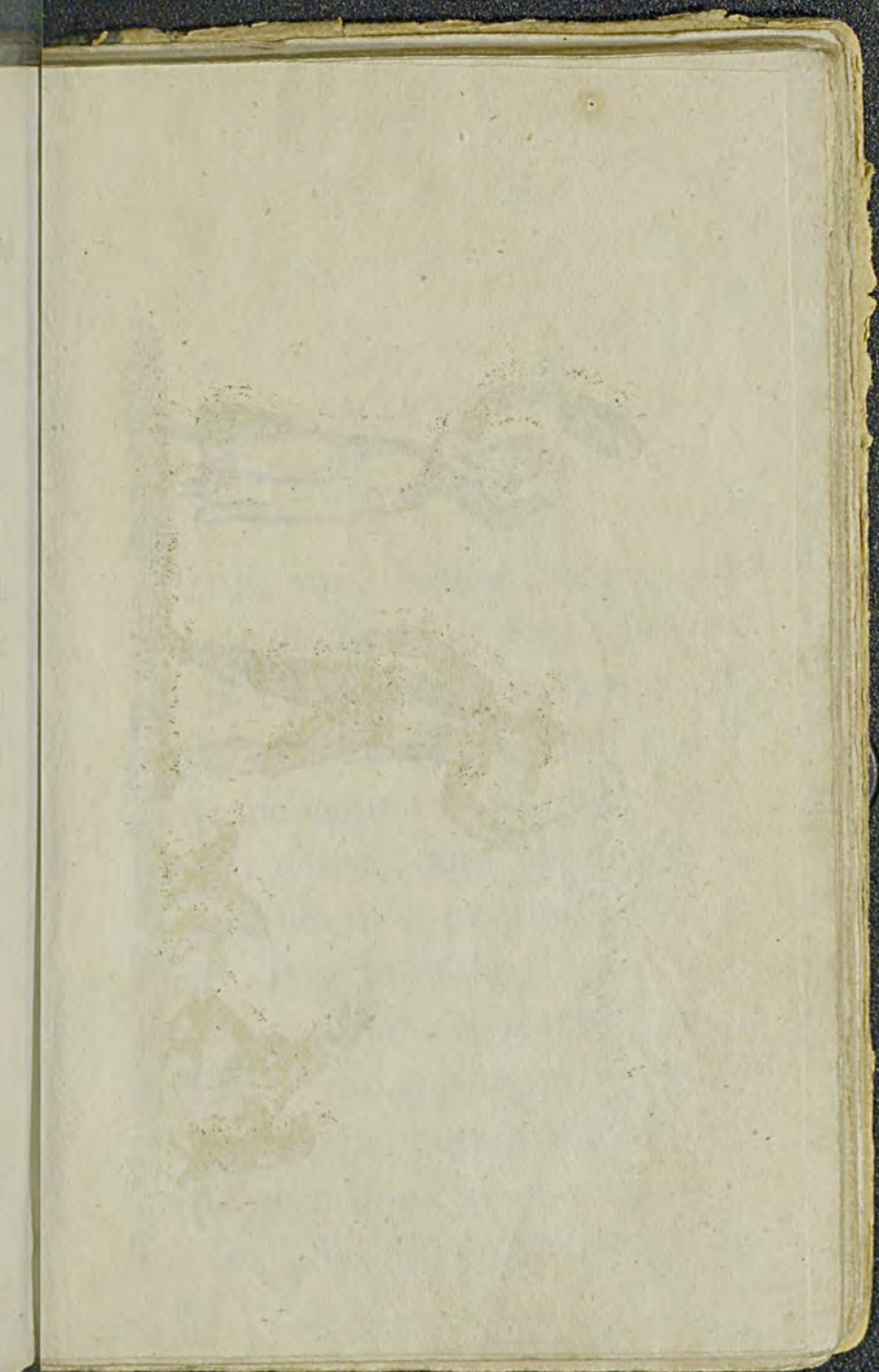
The weather is very warm: give me my parasol. Let us go and seat ourselves in the arbour; we shall have shade enough there.

Who is it that runs so fast down the slope? Ah! it is Fanny. Where is she going so fast?—she stops. I suppose she is out of

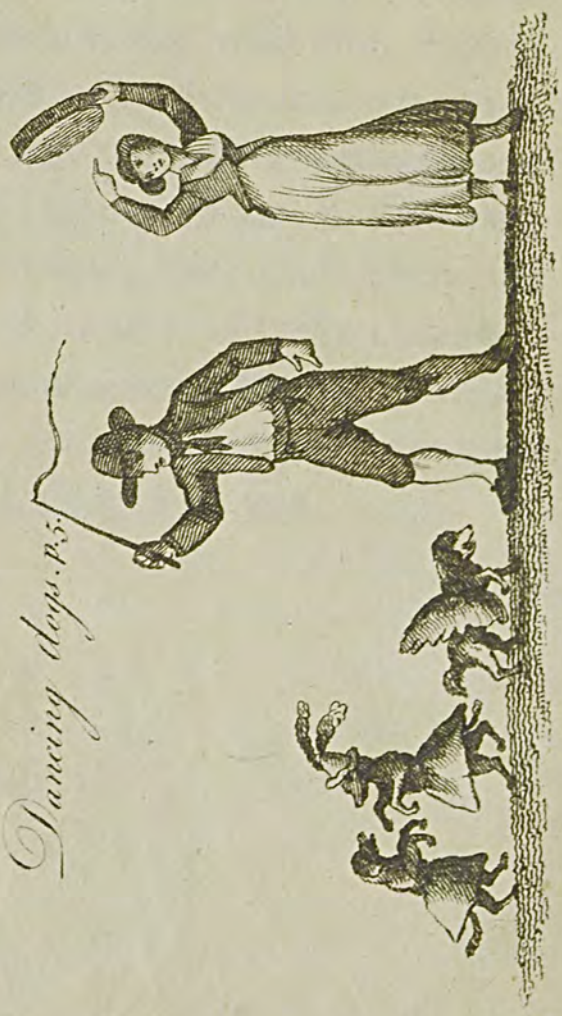
breath. She stoops down, what can she be doing! Oh, the naughty girl! she is tearing up the flowers by handfuls! and she does it only for the pleasure she takes in doing mischief, for she throws them into the pond, as fast as she gathers them. What pity to see so many pretty flowers swimming on the water!—we must prevent her, or she will not leave one in the garden.

Ah, ha, here comes the gardener, how glad I am he has caught her,—he drives her out of the garden: my dear sweet flowers! you have had a great escape. I hope the gardener will watch her in future. Anthony,

will you be so good as to gather us a few strawberries? Stop,—take this little basket with you. Sophy, we will carry them into our room, and ask for some cream, and some sugar. What a nice supper! Come, you shall carry the parasol; and I will take charge of the strawberries. Here they are,—thank you Anthony; I am very much obliged to you.



Dancing dogs. p. 5.



DANCING-DOGS.



RUN, run, brother ! come and look at the dancing dogs ! do you see that poor thing with the red petticoat ? How the man whips him ; he cannot stand on his hind legs to dance ; and his master is angry, because he thinks he is lazy. Poor little dog ! you have had many blows to teach you to do ; what you was never intended for. I cannot conceive how they could ever think of making dogs dance. But, I forget that they

teach great clumsy bears to do so.

I cannot help looking at them ; but the moment I reflect on what they make poor animals suffer, before they can make them do what they require of them, I always run away : I will stay no longer at the window ; come away William, and I will tell you something extraordinary. I once saw a dozen of beautiful Canary birds fly down from a cage, and perch round a great drum, whilst a man beat upon it as loud as he could. They did not appear to be in the least frightened, but hopped about as gaily, as if they had been in their cage.

I have no doubt but that those little birds had been accustomed to hear the noise, by being kept without meat 'till they were half starved; and then, being fed on the drum head, whilst they beat it, at first, I suppose very softly, and by degrees louder, and louder, 'till the poor little things, almost perishing with hunger, became familiarized to the sound.

This is very cruel, I cannot bear to see any creature ill used. You know how much my dog loves me, he follows me wherever I go, and if any one were to attempt to hurt me, he would soon make them feel his teeth. He loves me, because I feed him well,

8 INDOLENT LAURA.

and never suffer him to be ill-used.

INDOLENT LAURA.

~~~~~

I AM very much pleased with you to day; with all of you, except Laura. You have given up a pleasant party at your Aunt's, to stay at home and work with me. Laura alone objected and was unwilling to lose her amusement. I did not think she had so little feeling. I should have liked the party extremely well; but I shall have much more pleasure in making clothes for those poor little

half naked children ; for, when we had been assembled round the fire playing at Christmas plays, I should have reflected on what they were suffering for want of comfortable clothing. I should not have enjoyed myself all the evening ; and now, on the contrary, I shall pass my time very pleasantly.

Agnes take this cloth and sew the two breadths together, there is a needle for you, and some thread ; sew it very neatly. I will have no bad work,—it must not be slighted because it is coarse. I always like to do everything I undertake as well as I possibly can ; if I had a duster to hem, I would do it neatly.

Mary, you shall make this little stuff petticoat, and Laura shall begin a frock for the youngest child: poor things, how happy they will be to have some warm clothing this cold weather! I cannot bear to think how they are all shivering. Let us make as much haste as we can to get them done.

Laura you do not appear to feel for them; you do not show any inclination to begin; what are you looking for,—your sisters are already at work; and do not give themselves time to look up.

Agnes give me that bundle of flannel; I will cut out a couple of petticoats and make them im-

mediately; they will both be finished before night. Still idle, Laura?—what! you do not know how to do it? Very well, since you are so ignorant, that you cannot sew a seam, or hem a common thing such as you have upon your lap, you shall have something coarser; and of still less consequence to do.

Agnes, go to Martha, and ask her for the coarse cloth I bought to make sacks for my two poor old women to fetch their flour in. Laura shall make them, and I hope, in a little time, she will improve so much, that she will be able to do something better.

*THE CIVIL COTTAGERS.*

My dear Mademoiselle Freville,  
what will become of us? It begins  
to rain, and we are here upon the  
common; where I cannot dis-  
cover any thing like a cottage to  
shelter us.

Pray look towards that high hill,  
what a dreadful black cloud hangs  
over it!—why do you not walk a  
little faster? it rains very hard,  
and I am already quite wet. Let  
us go through this gate; how wet  
and cold I am!

Oh! how fortunate! here is

little cottage, among the trees ; let us run into it as fast as we can ; I hope we shall find a good fire to dry our clothes, and that the inhabitants will be good-natured civil people, who will not object to receive us ; and allow us to rest ourselves 'till the storm is over.

I am quite tired and out of breath ; as well as wet, and cold.

Do you observe, Mademoiselle Freville, that I have not had time given me to knock at the door ? it was opened the moment we appeared.—Thank you a thousand times my good woman ; I assure you, we are very happy to find ourselves by your fire-side ; for it is terrible weather.

Pray look round you, and admire, as I do, the great neatness of this little place. Oh! what a pretty child that is,—she is bashful. She hides herself behind the door. I see you,—you wish to play with me I perceive, though you hide yourself: you peep at me every moment.—Come here, here is some money for you; give it to your mother, and tell her to buy you a new frock with it. Now come and give me a kiss to thank me.—There, now you are a good girl, do not hide yourself any more; you see I have no inclination to hurt you.

The rain has ceased, and it is now very fine weather: let us re-

turn home as fast as we can,—good evening to you, I am very much obliged to you for your civility.—I will come and see you again, when I shall take care to bring some sweet cakes for your little girl.

What an obliging woman, Mademoiselle Freville, did you observe how she ran, the moment we came in, to put more wood on the fire, and as soon as our clothes were dry, presented us cream, fruit, and brown bread, with such a good humoured smile, that one could not refuse it. We will tell mamma how kind she was to us; and engage her to pay the good woman a visit.

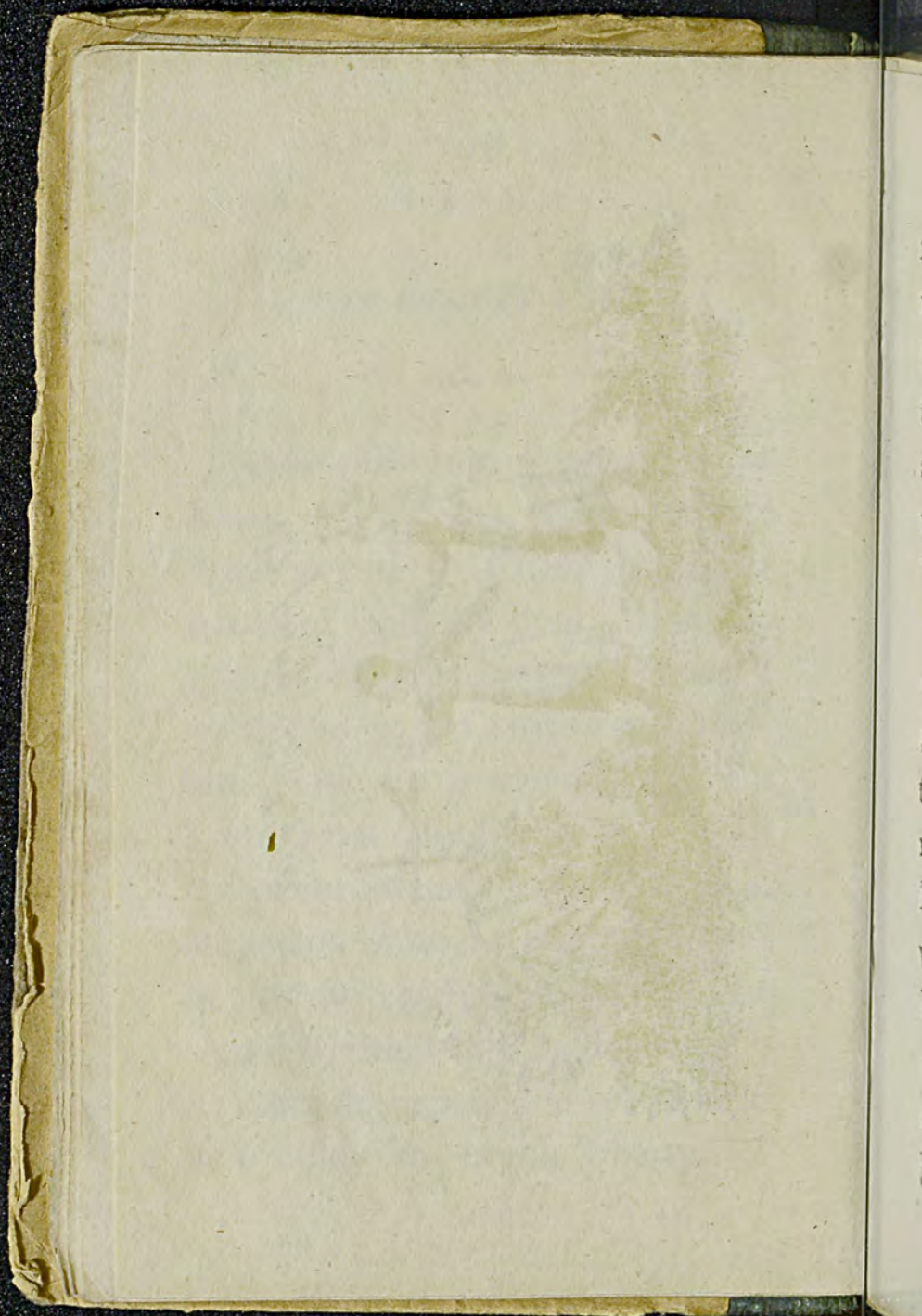
*THE PRETTY BIRD.*

Good morning to you my dear Anna, I am very glad you are come so early. I have been upwards of half an hour, trying to get rid of Frederick; because I wanted to pay a visit to my little bird; and he is so naughty, that I dared not take him with me. It is a beautiful bird, look at it Anna, do you see how happy and pleased he is? If Frederic were here, he would frighten him to death.

You are surprised to see a little bird enjoy so much liberty. I

*The pretty Bird. p. 20.*





never shut him up 'till night, and then I put him into his cage and hang it up; for if miss Puss were to put her paw upon him, when she is going her rounds after the mice, she would soon pick his bones.

Observe Anna, I will go quite close to him, and he will not fly away, because I never hurt or teaze him, and he is not afraid of me. I give him the clearest water I can get for him to drink, and wash himself in, and the seed he likes best to eat; and when mamma gives me a sweet biscuit, I always save a bit for my dear little bird.

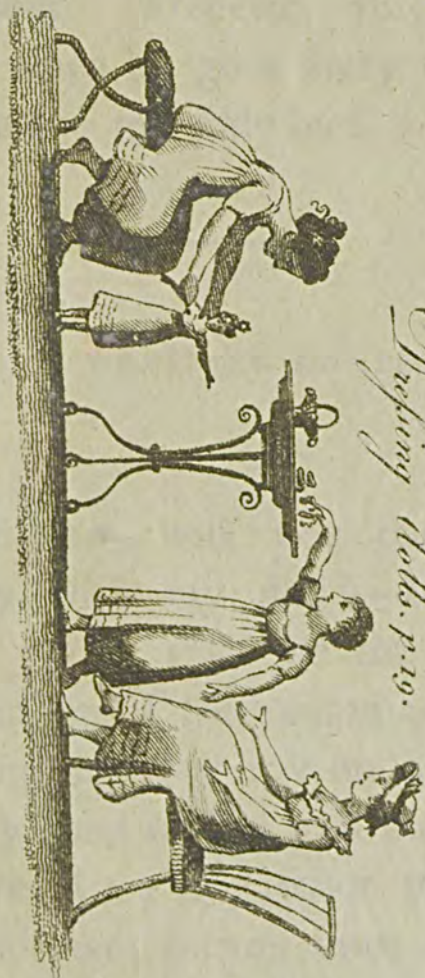
If I neglected him he would

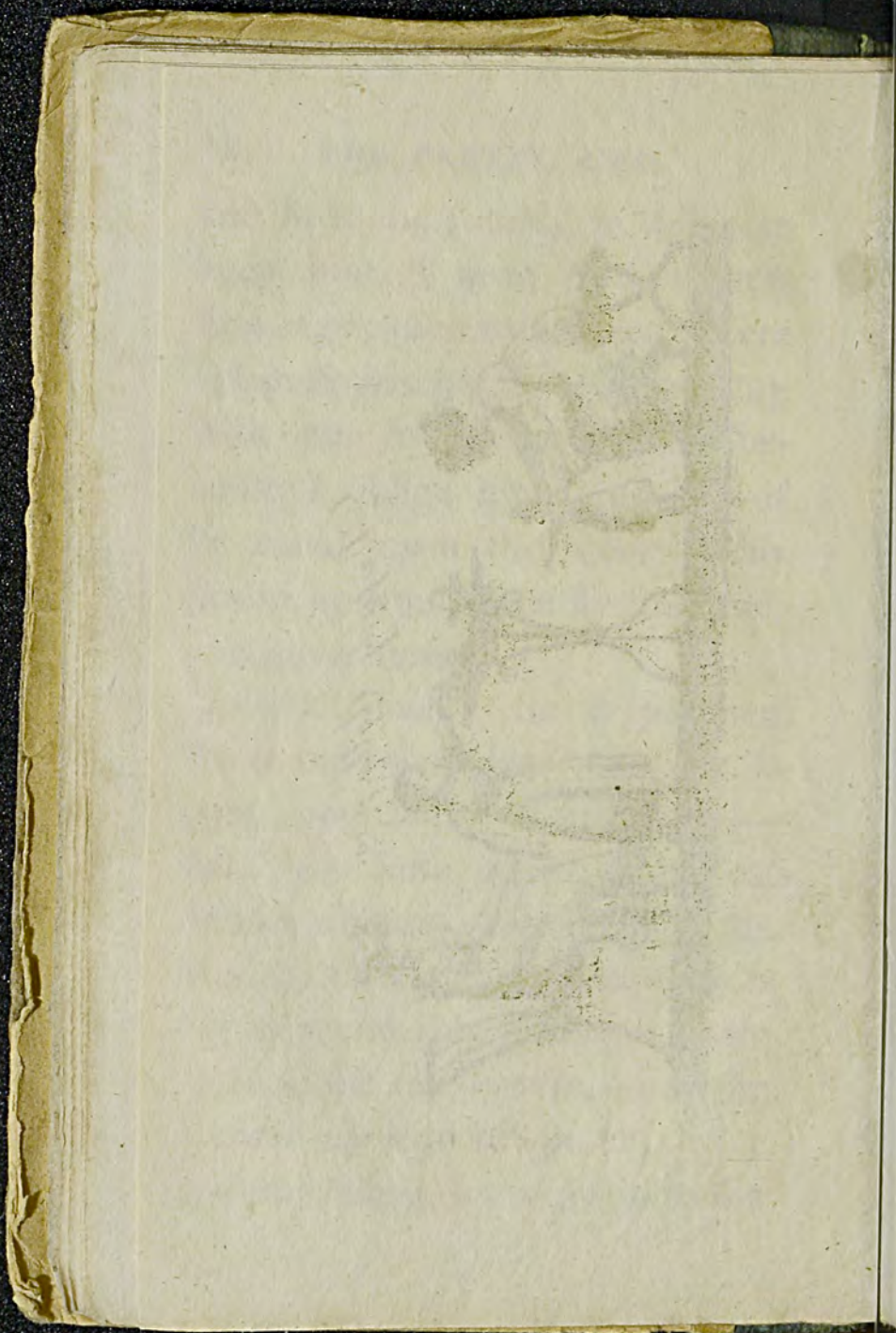
not love me ; and, in order to keep him, I must confine him in a cage ; then I should say there is a poor prisoner, he does not stay with me from choice, but because I oblige him to do so,—if he could open the door of his prison, he would soon fly from me, and never return.

Look ! look ! he is perched upon my shoulder ! now he is upon your hat,—do not move.—Ah ! you little rogue, do not eat Anna's ribbons,—where is he ? he is gone, I cannot see him.—He is flying round the garden. There he is on the cherry tree,—now he is come back to his perch.

Come Anna, let us go in to the

*Dressing dolls. p. 19.*





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parlour. Frederic dines here, but when he goes away we will return to my little bird.

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*DRESSING DOLLS.*



EMILY, will you come and play with my doll?—Listen to me. You shall be the waiting maid, and I the mamma. I am going to dress my child; I am very fond of her you know, and never trust any other person to dress her; so you must give me her clothes, one by one as I ask for them

Emily bring the child's basket and put it upon this table; give me her dimity petticoat, and her muslin frock,—not that,—I mean the worked muslin, which is trimmed with lace.

What a giddy creature I am! I have dressed my baby without putting on either shoes or stockings. — Poor little thing! your mamma is very naughty; you would have been very cold without your stockings and shoes.

Give me her fine cotton stockings and her red morocco shoes; they are in the bottom of the basket; you cannot find them.— Oh! I believe they are not there; open the drawer of the dressing

table: ah! there they are, now my love, you will soon be dressed.

Well mistress waiting maid, I think you have performed your part extremely well. Look at my doll, is she not very pretty?

Ah! here comes Julia! will you play with us Julia? you shall be a lady, a particular friend of mine, come to visit me.

Good morning to you ma'am, I am extremely glad to see you; Emily put a chair near the fire. How long have you been in town? I hope your children are all well? I suppose you have left them in the country?

I hope you intend to dine with me to-day; therefore you must

allow me to finish my daughter's toilet. I always dress her myself, but I shall not be long. I hate ceremony between friends. Emily give me the lace cap which is in the drawer, a pink satin ribbon, and her coral necklace.

There, you dear little creature ! now you are quite dressed. Kiss the lady, and make her one of your best curtseys. She is a little deaf, and her knees are rather stiff, but you will excuse it.

*EARLY BENEVOLENCE.*

PRAY Jeannet oblige me! why do you refuse me so small a favour? you hear what I say—I will give you my white hen, and I assure you that is no trifle. If I did not love you as I do, I would not make you such a present for what I ask of you; for after all, I do not see that your obliging me, can be so disagreeable to you.

You will go to market in my place, my mother will not be displeased; and you will have the pleasure of seeing my aunt and

24 EARLY BENEVOLENCE.

cousin. You will dine with them, you will eat some apple-pie, and have some good tea with cream in it. You are a better market girl than I am; last market-day, you sold the butter for a penny a pound more than I did, and eggs three halfpence a dozen more: my mother will be much better pleased, and you ought to wish to take my place. I am sure you *do* wish to go, but you refuse because you like to contradict, and because it is my turn to go.

You think perhaps I desire to stay at home from whim, or because I wish to go to the village, but you are much mistaken if that is your idea. I will tell you

why I do not like to go to market to-morrow. Patty's mother is very ill, and the poor little girl has nobody to help her to take care of her brothers and sisters. I wish to rise early to-morrow morning, and do all my work before dinner, in order to pass the afternoon and evening with her in mending their little frocks and petticoats, that they may be able to go to church decently dressed on Sunday. You see, Jeannet, I do not desire to stay at home to amuse myself, but to help a person who wants my assistance.

Come, my dear sister, do not be cross, you will have a great

26 MISCHIEVOUS WILLIAM.

deal of pleasure; and you will have my white hen. I see you are going to say yes. You cannot refuse me any longer; that smile assures me I am not mistaken.

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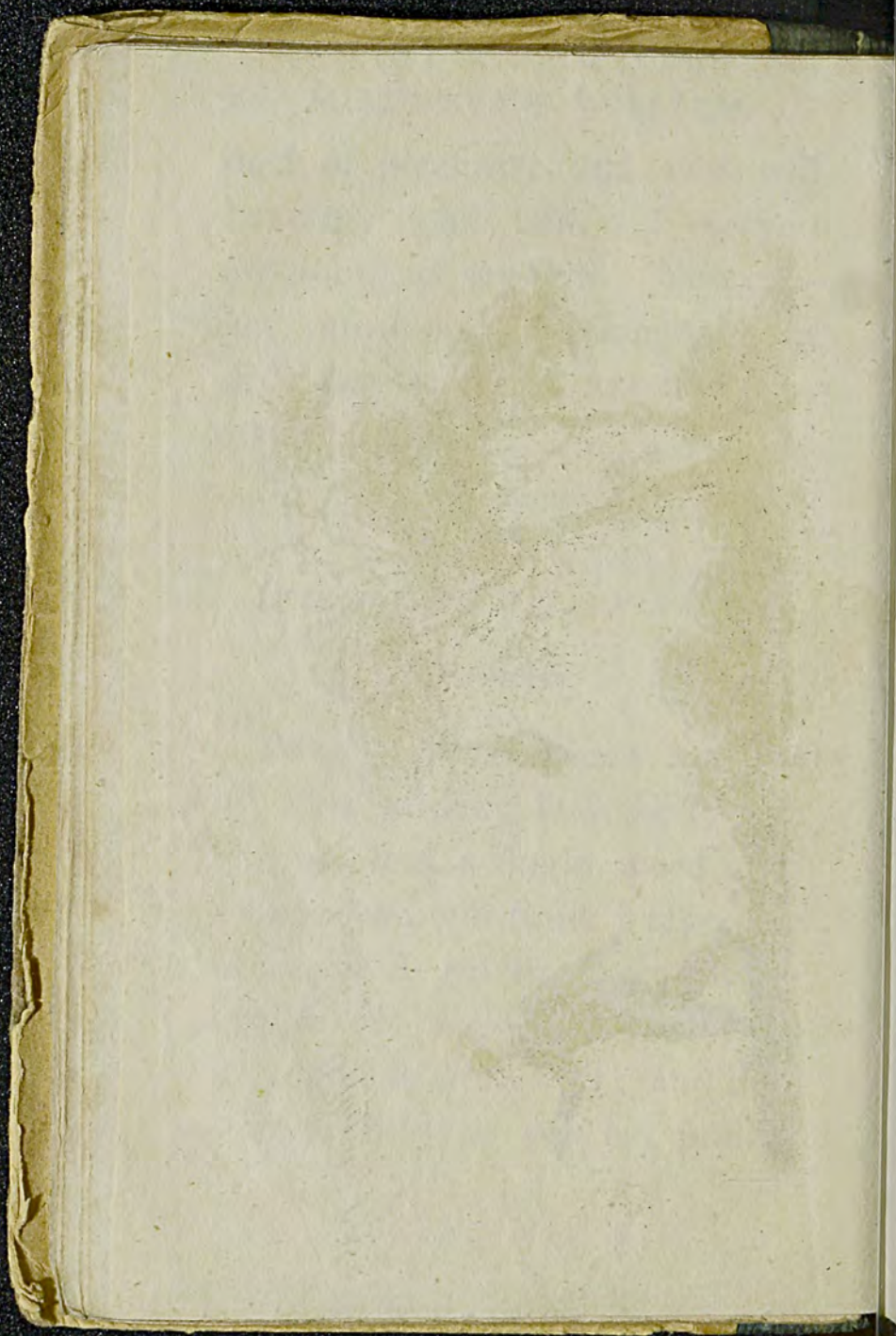
MISCHIEVOUS WILLIAM.

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PRAY mamma come and see my little garden: look here, you will not find a single weed in it. I hope you will think I take care of it, for I get up every morning at six o'clock, that I may have time to work in it; and here I am as busy as can be, pulling

*Whickioous William. p. 28.*





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up the weeds, tying up the flowers, and taking away the dead leaves. I must have the pleasure of giving you a nosegay: first here is a moss rose, and a bit of sweet briar, some honey-suckle next; now some mignonette, and a little bit of myrtle.

William had a very pretty garden, and he took as much pleasure in it, as I do in mine; it was kept in the greatest order, and the last time I was at Mr. Morlay's, it was so full of flowers, that there was scarcely room to walk along: but he is a very naughty boy, and did not deserve to have it; it is true he took great delight in his garden, but there was one thing

28 MISCHIEVOUS WILLIAM.

which gave him still greater pleasure, and that was tormenting his sister : poor Rose ! how often have I seen her cry, when he has been playing his mischievous tricks. Once he took away all the eggs from her little hen, just when the chickens were hatching, and threw them into the pond ; and another time he tied her cat in a bag, and left the poor thing in it all night, hanging on the branch of a tree.

Yet she was so fond of her brother, and so good-natured, that she never told her papa or mamma how naughty he was, but when he let the pig into her garden, and that it was entirely destroyed, the gardener told who had done it, as

well as the story of the eggs, and the cat which he had found in the bag, early in the morning as he was going through the wood to the village. Mr. Morlay was so angry that he took his garden from him immediately, and ordered the gardener to plant potatoes in it, gave his rabbits to Godfrey, his kite to another, and all his playthings to the children in the village.

*THE WATER EXCURSION.*

If you do not make haste, Susan, I must go without you :—we are all ready, put on your hat and your gloves, and this silk handkerchief, it will keep the sun from you : make haste every one, the boat is ready, the boatmen are impatient, because the tide is favourable. Step into the boat, take care, why do you attempt to walk upon the plank without help, William? you are not afraid, but if your foot had slipped, you would have fallen into the water ; and

THE WATER EXCURSION. 31

though you might not have been drowned, you would have been wet, and would perhaps have caught cold, and, at any rate, we should have lost our pleasant day; for instead of going to dine at the opposite village, we must have returned home to change your clothes.

How delightfully the boat glides along upon the water! it is so clear I can see the bottom; I perceive the pebbles and the sand; now I see very little of it, and now nothing: the water is deeper as we get further from the shore.

Look out children, do you see that boat coming down the river? they are hoisting the sail—Oh!

32 THE WATER EXCURSION.

the pretty white sail! they are coming this way, they will pass by us; we shall see who is in the boat. Sit still William, why do you push your sister back, and lean forward to prevent her seeing? why do you fancy you shall see people of your acquaintance in the boat, who will be glad to see you, rather than any of the party? you are very vain in supposing such a thing.

Well Sir, pray now look, and bow to your friends—three sheep, and a basket of geese. Susan laughs at you, and I am not surprised at it; you must not be so vain, William; vain people always expose themselves to ridicule;

every body takes pleasure in mortifying them.

We are arrived at the village: the boatmen will help you all out of the boat. Walk on, you will have a fine scramble up the beach. Susan is picking up shells and ore weed, we are very near the mouth of the river, and the tide brings up these pretty weeds; you must carry them home, and spread them upon paper.

This is the house where we are to dine. Pray can you let us have a room? we have a basket of provisions with us, and shall only want some of your bread, which I have heard is extremely good: walk in children, I dare

say you are all ready for dinner, and I assure you I am also very hungry.

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*IDLE CURIOSITY.*

Do you know why Herbert has a black patch on his forehead? I will tell you. He is a very naughty boy, and as he knows he is so, he thinks he is the subject of all conversation. If two people converse together in a low voice, he supposes they are talking of him, and if his brother and sister go into the garden alone, he concludes it is that they

may be at liberty to talk of his faults. If his papa happen to be more serious than usual, he imagines he has heard of some of his naughty tricks, and expects to be sent for into the study. He is very unhappy, (as ill-disposed people always are, though they will not own it) for he is constantly tormenting himself, listening to every word, and watching every one's countenance.

He once spent a week at my house, where his suspicious temper nearly cost him his life. The night of his arrival, seeing my little boy and girl go out of the parlour together, and thinking they had heard of his tricks, and

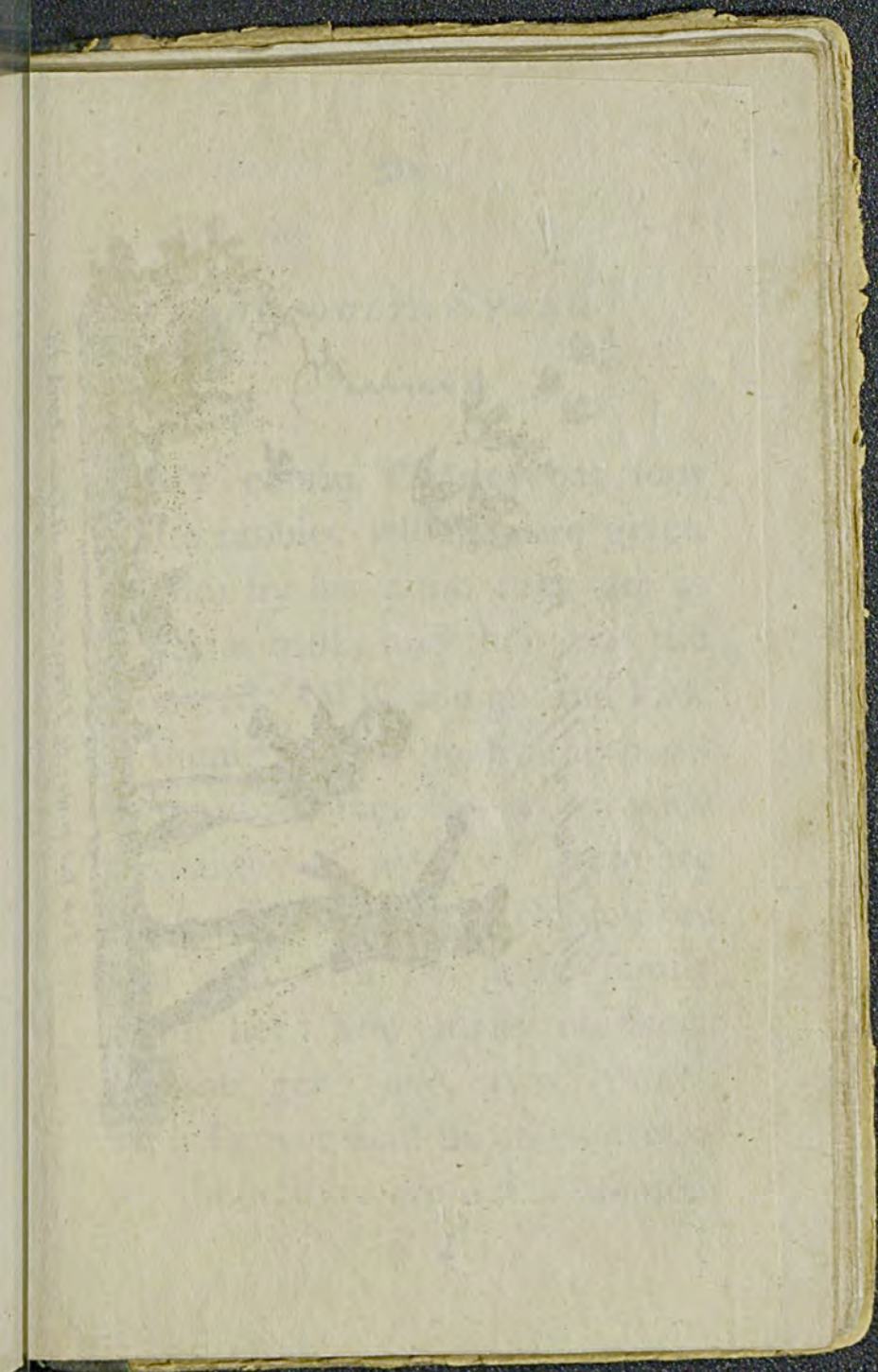
were gone to talk of them, and finding the door open, he flew into the garden in hopes of overtaking them. It was extremely dark, and as he ran very fast, and could not see where he was going, he fell into the pond, and would have been drowned in five minutes, if by great chance the gardener, who had forgot to cover his cucumber frame, had not passed that way, and heard his cries.

But I said I would tell you how he came by the black patch on his forehead. This morning he wanted his sister to take a walk with him, which she refused to do, because her mamma had ordered her to stay at home. Soon

after little Eugenia came to see her, and Herbert, concluding they were going to amuse themselves by talking of him, went up stairs, as soon as he thought they were comfortably seated, and placed his ear close to the key-hole; he had not, however, been there long, before one of the maids (who was not of a very sweet temper) came up with a large basket of linen, which she had been ironing, but not having as much room to pass, as she chose to have, she flew into a passion, and pushed him so violently against the wall, that he got a sad blow on his forehead, and they were more than half an hour before they could

stop the blood, which trickled into his eyes and almost blinded him

Nobody pitied him, for they thought he deserved what had happened to him. And now he is tormenting himself, because he thinks he has furnished the family with a new subject to converse on.



*The Poultry Yard. p. 30.*



Pub. Dec. 10. 1807, by J. Harris, corner St. Pauls Church Yd.

## THE POULTRY-YARD.



My cousin Charles has four white rabbits, which were given to him by his aunt, they are as white as milk, and their eyes are quite red. Will you go and look at them? Let us go by the poultry-yard: come, this way: what a quantity of poultry! here are fowls of every kind. Do you see that hen with her little family about her? how many chickens has she got? one, two, three: oh! I never shall be able to reckon them, they are not a moment

in the same place. Give them a bit of your bread, you have a large piece in your hand, and you will not eat it all: they cannot eat it in that manner, you must crumble it very small for them. Oh! how odd this is! the sparrows come and eat with the little chickens; so, so! here come the pigeons also, to take their share of the breakfast.

Pray observe those two chickens, how they are fighting for a bit of bread! did you ever see two such little creatures so angry? they are quite furious.

Come, let us go to the rabbits. I believe he keeps them in this corner; open that little door. Soft-

ly, softly, Augustus. Oh ! there they are, pretty creatures ! they are eating parsley and cabbage leaves ; Charles takes great care of them.

But I have something else to show you :—you cannot guess where I am going, come along, do not fear, I will take care of you. Here we are close to the pond, give me your hand ; if you fall in, I shall not be able to get you out again.

Do you see the ducks ? if you could swim as they do, you would have no need to be afraid. How fast they go ! they are swimming towards the little island which is in the middle of the pond, where

they have their nests, and where they pass the night.

I will ask my uncle if he will give me leave to go to the little island in his boat. I will take you with me if you are a good boy, and will promise to sit still, and be very quiet, and then you will see the nests, and the young ducklings; and I will give you a couple of mine to take home with you, to put into the water which runs at the bottom of your meadow.

*THE HAY-FIELD.*

Who will go with me into the hay-field? Oh! I see I shall not want company, you are all ready to follow me; and away you throw your work and your books. I cannot leave the room in such disorder, you know I never allow it: young ladies, fold up your work neatly, and put it into your work-bags; and Edward and Frank must put their books in their proper places, or else they must stay at home. I will not stir one step till every thing is done. Well,

you are very good children ; open the door Cecilia. What a fine evening it is ! we shall have a charming walk. I am sorry to see, my dear Cecilia, that you pay no attention to my observations ; you are a very untidy child, you are never neat, nobody would believe that your frock was clean this morning, you have thrown milk upon it, and you have stepped upon it, and ripped the tucks. Why did you not mend it before you came out ? I am ashamed of you. You have pulled out the string of your tippet, and the ribbon on your bonnet is quite dirty ; I hope the hay-makers will laugh at you.

Open the gate, Frank. There they are, all busy and cheerful. Do you hear how merrily they sing? they have almost finished their day's work: they are raking the hay together to put it up in cocks, lest it should rain in the night; and to-morrow they will again spread it to the sun. When it is finished they will make it into a large mow in the corner of the field, and they will have it thatched to keep it dry; and in the winter, when there is scarcely any grass for the cattle, they will have plenty of sweet hay to supply the place of it.

Do pray look at that pretty little girl with the long rake, how

busy she is : and there is another carrying hay in her apron. Oh ! now there is a boy come to assist her, I see they intend to make a hay-cock ; poor little thing ! she cannot reach to pile it up : the boy is older, he can do it ; here she comes with another apron full, her companion puts it on the top, and now it begins to cut a grand figure. What is that great girl going to do ? she looks very sly : Oh ! the ill-natured creature, she has upset their hay-cock, and they have all their work to begin once more.

Frank is running after her, he is very angry with her : she is gone, he cannot overtake her, he

is bringing the pretty little girl this way, she is crying.—Never mind it, my dear, here are some halfpence for you and your companion to buy apples with ; and these young gentlemen and ladies will help you to make up your hay-cock.

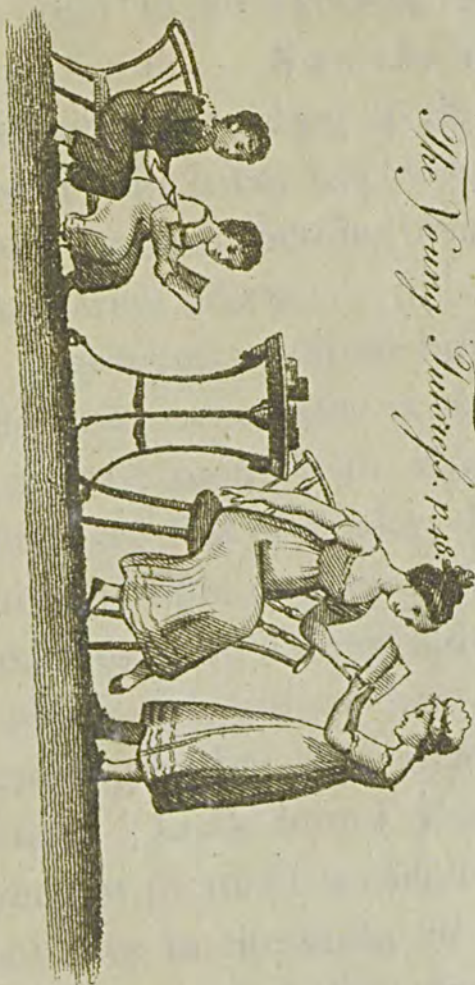
Very well, my good children. Frank has his arms full of hay already, Edward is raking it together, and little Charles is filling the girl's apron. Make haste young ladies, pile it up :—and now it is better than it was before, and the highest in the field.

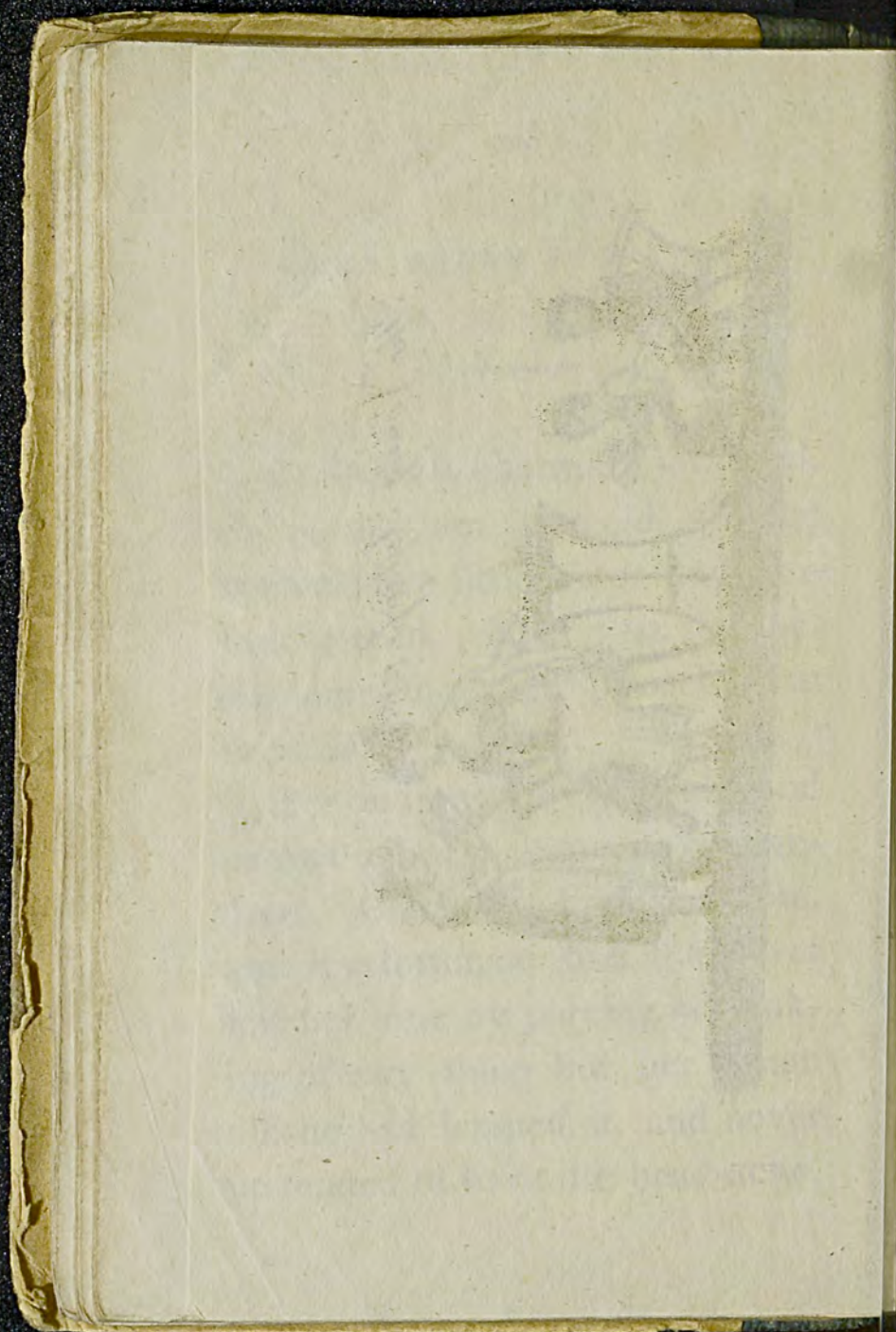
*THE YOUNG TUTORESS.*

CLARA is a charming little girl, she is only ten years old, and she teaches her little sister and brother to read. Next year she says she hopes to be able to teach them to write.

Her mamma is not rich and cannot afford masters for her children. Clara will have no more, and it is fortunate that she never lost her time by playing or thinking of any thing but her lesson till she had learned it, and never pretended to have the head-ache,

*The Young Tutor's. p. 18.*





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in order to be excused, as some children do. Now she has the pleasure of reading all the pretty books which her uncle sends her from London, besides being able to instruct others.

I wish you could see how grave she looks when she is seated in her little room, with a table before her, full of books; her brother and sister on their little chairs, and Rose the farmer's daughter, (who is also one of her scholars) standing by her side, reading her lesson. Look here! I can shew you her picture: a friend of mine saw her in the midst of her occupation, and made a drawing of the little group. I was certain

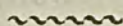
you would be pleased with it, see how happy they all look.

But I have not told you of half her good qualities: she is dutiful to her parents, kind to the servants, and charitable to the poor. She has very little to give away, but she works for those who are not able, or have not time to work for themselves; and when she hears that any of their poor neighbours are ill, she begs her mamma to let her go and ask how they are, and carry them any thing they can spare.

She was once very ill herself, she had the small pox, and her mamma was afraid she should lose her. Never was such grief: every

body was in tears, and every minute some one or other came to the door to enquire for her. She recovered very soon, after having been in the utmost danger, because she did every thing she was desired to do; swallowed all the medicines which were brought to her, without any hesitation, and was always patient and quiet, never cross and fretful, as some children are when they are ill, making themselves still worse than they would otherwise be; but pleased and thankful for every attention shewn to her, and only fearful of tiring those about her, and that they would make themselves ill, by watching her.

## NAUGHTY EMILY.

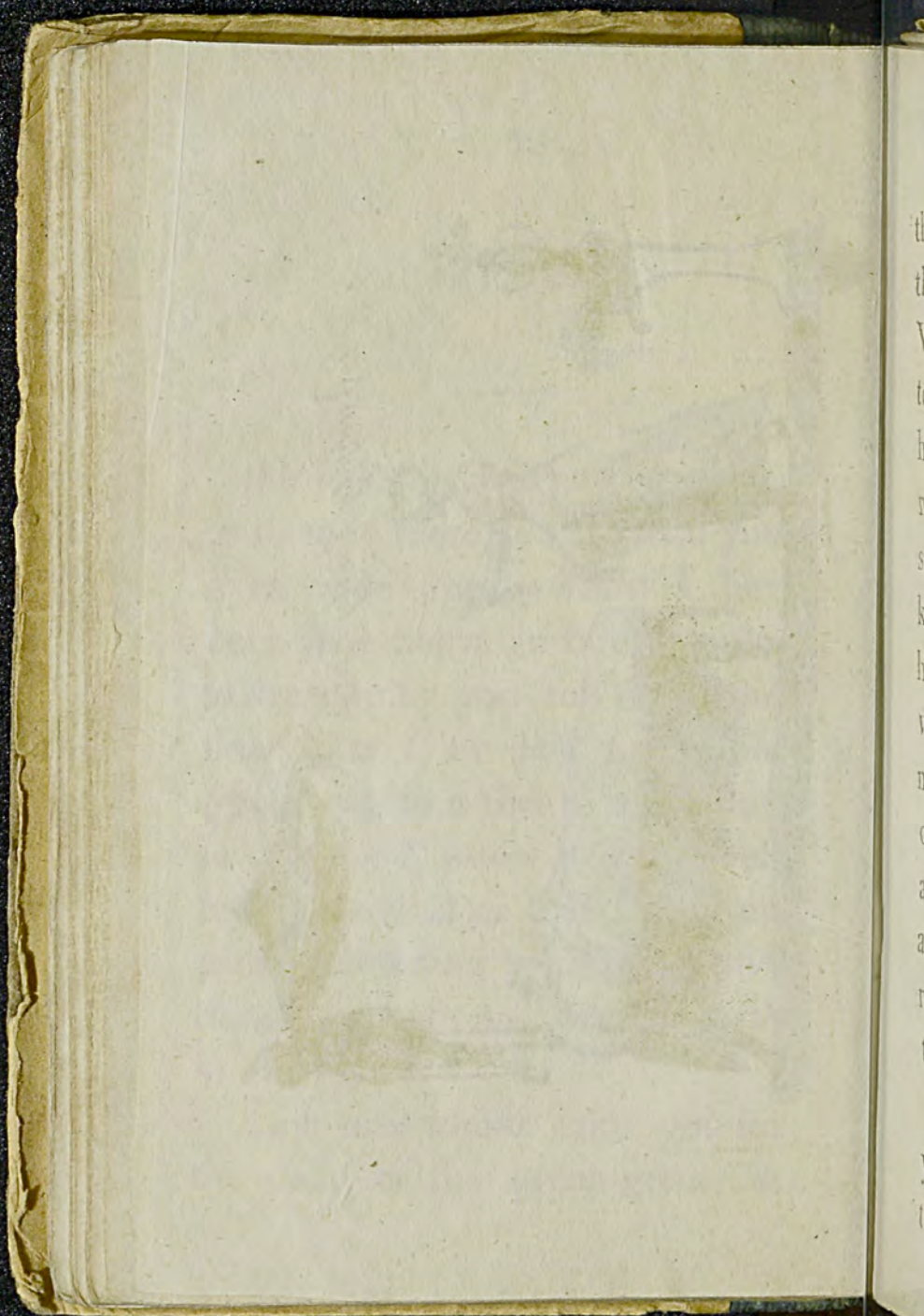


MISS Emily will you be so good as to rise? there you are with your eyes wide open, whilst I have been here above an hour, waiting to dress you: you tell me sometimes that I am paid for waiting upon you, and that it is my duty to do it:—I know it very well, but I know also, that I am not paid for listening to all the uncivil things you are so rude as to say to me.

Any one would take you for the child of the green-grocer at

*Naughty Emily. p. 53.*





the corner of the street, rather than the daughter of a lady.—When your mamma wants me to do any thing for her, she gives her orders with so much mildness, the sound of her voice is so sweet, and her whole manner so kind and condescending, that I have no greater pleasure in the world than in obeying her commands; but when you give your orders, it is done so imperiously, and with so much ill-nature, that any one would suppose you do not think me worthy of having the honour of serving you.

At length you are up—Yes, yes, I see the pretty glances you throw at me, but I do not care,

you must be dressed in spite of your ill-humour.—So ! so ! now you have torn your petticoat ; very well, you will have the pleasure of mending it, and when your mamma perceives it, I will tell her that you tear your clothes because I am obliged to teaze you to let me dress you.

There, Miss Emily, there is water for you to wash your hands and face ; and here is a clean napkin. Here is also a nice sweet-scented wash-ball, which your brother gave me for you. You do not deserve so much attention from him, or any one else, and if I were as ill-natured as you are, I should have told him so long ago.

What are you looking for in that drawer? if it is for your gold chain, I give you notice that you may save yourself the trouble of tumbling your things over, for you will not find it; I am determined that you shall not wear it again for a whole month to come; you did nothing all day yesterday but admire yourself in the glass; I told your mamma of it, and desired her to give me leave to lock it up; you have a great deal too much vanity, and a young lady of your age has no occasion for gold chains, necklaces, or rings, no more than for feathers, or trimmings, or any ornaments whatever.

*POLITE BEHAVIOUR AT TABLE.*

Good morning to you Charles.  
how do you do Caroline?—ah!  
my dear little Rose also? I am  
very glad to see you all, and I  
hope you are come to dine with  
me.

What a pretty basket you have  
there Caroline! what! are all  
these cherries for me! you are  
very good, and I am extremely  
obliged to you. I am very fond  
of cherries.

I think it is near dinner-time.  
Oh! here comes John,—the din-

ner is on the table; let us go down, give me your hand Rose. Caroline sit by that lady, Charles take your place on the other side, Rose shall sit by me: this chair will not do; James bring a higher chair. Ma'am shall I have the pleasure of sending you some soup? Caroline will you have any? I believe it is very good, our soup is generally good.

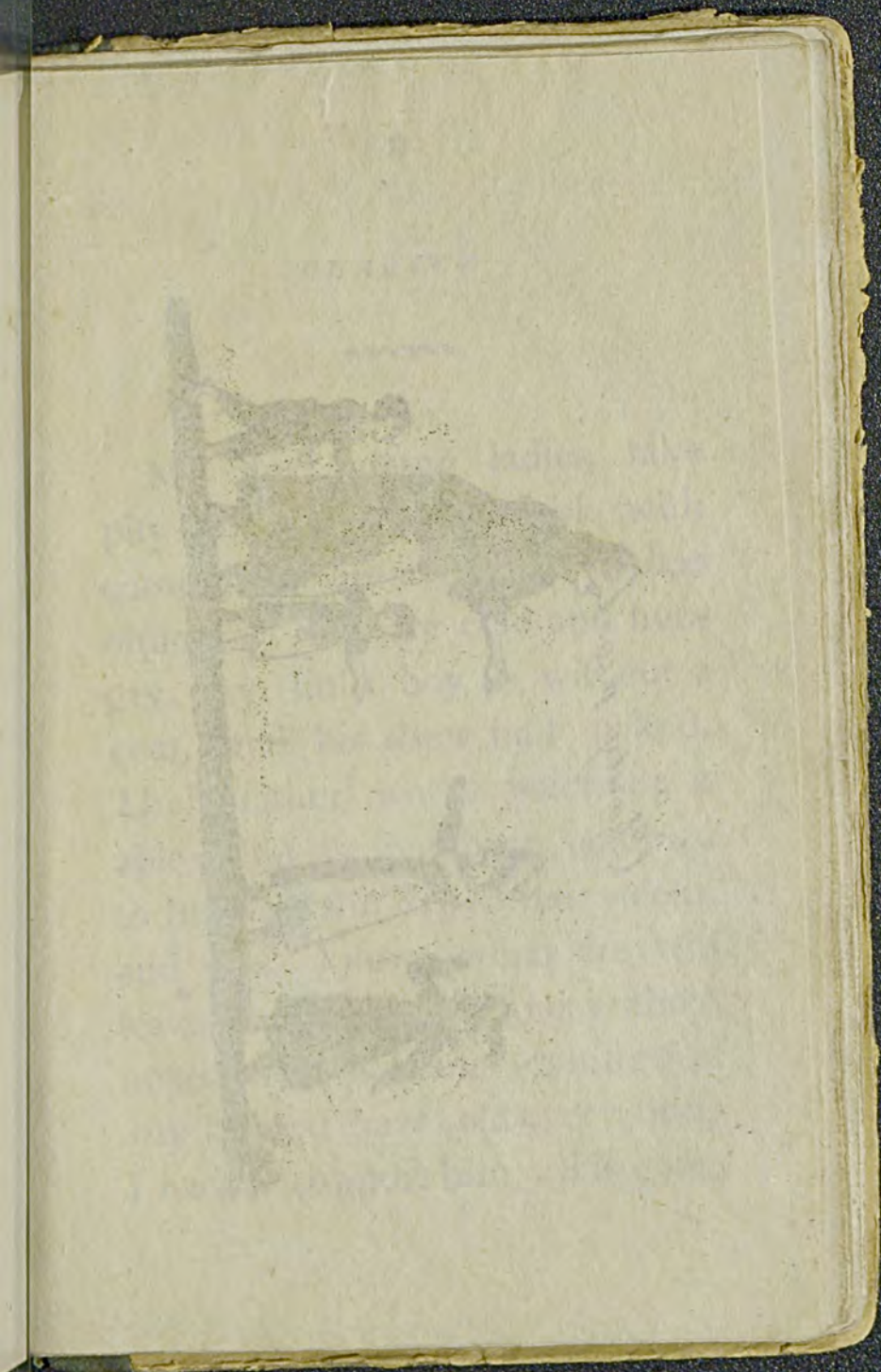
Sir will you give me leave to send you some fish?—a bit of this turbot?

Charles how do you like the petit pâtés? Send your plate for a pâté, my little Rose. Eat some bread with your meat; you should never eat meat without bread.

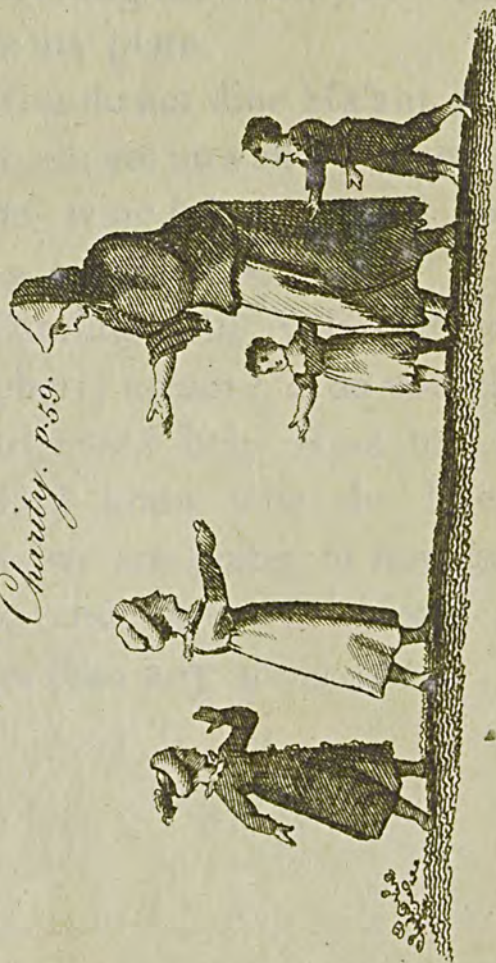
Sir, will you do me the favour of sending me some peas? James take my plate.

You do not dine Ma'am, I hope you are not unwell: will you take some wine? I will send you a wing of this chicken.

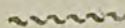
Caroline will you eat some raspberry cream? or do you chuse a tartelette? help Rose to a custard, I know what she likes.— Now we are going to have some fruit, and that will please her more than any thing else.



*Charity. p. 59.*



## CHARITY.



My dear young ladies, take pity on my distress ! look with compassion on my poor helpless children ! they are cold and hungry, my little boy is without a coat, and his sister half naked. Their father works when he is able ; but he has been confined to his bed the last three weeks, and God knows when he will leave it ; he is ill, and without necessaries, without comfort of any kind ; I have sold every thing I had to support him, all is gone,

and now I am obliged to ask charity in the streets.

Sometimes I meet with benevolent feeling people, but too often I am reproached for begging; am called idle and lazy, and asked why I do not work.

God bless and recompense you, my dear young ladies, a thousand thanks to you. My children, thank those charitable ladies, and then we will hasten home to your poor father.

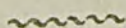
I shall go to him with a light heart, now that I have the means of buying him some comfortable nourishment. And you shall have something to eat my dear babes, I know you are hungry.

Is it possible ! can I believe my eyes ! a gentleman has given me a half-crown piece. Oh ! how happy it makes me ! thank God, thank God. I can buy some coals, and make a fire to warm us ; as well as something to eat : and we shall have no occasion to come out again to day. I shall be spared some hours at least the distress of seeing my children half frozen with cold, and hearing their mournful complaints.

To-morrow I will go out alone, I will no more expose you to suffer from such bitter cold. Let us stop here a moment, I will buy a bit of meat to make us some broth : yes, yes my dear babes,

you shall both have some, it will warm and comfort you. Your father I hope will soon recover his health, and be able to return to his work. I shall then endeavour to find employment at home, and we shall once more be happy as we used to be.

Let us pray to God my children that he may restore your father's health and strength; I hope he will hear our prayers; without his assistance we can do nothing; and we must be good and virtuous if we wish for his care and protection.

*THE DIFFICULT CHILD.*

COME here Isabella, Mrs. Bently has brought some hats for you to see: you may chuse which you like best—I think that straw hat fits you very well; you do not like it, look at this, do you like it better? you are very difficult: one is too large, another too small; this is not fashionable, and that is not fine enough.

Pray try on this, it fits you exactly, and is very pretty. Mrs. Bently you will line it with pink sarsenet, and send some ribbon

of the same colour to tie it.—  
What is in this box? oh! I see,  
it is full of gloves.—I am in very  
great want of some, so are you  
Isabella; Chuse two or three pair.  
Have you any pale yellow? here  
are some in this paper: I shall  
take two pair for myself, and two  
pair of brown. Isabella you have  
not found one pair to your taste  
all this time, you really are very  
difficult to please.

Do not try that pair, they are  
vulgar and showy; you are very  
fond of finery.

You had better order a pelisse  
whilst Mrs. Bently is here: the  
weather is growing very cold, and  
you will save her the trouble of

THE DIFFICULT CHILD. 65

coming again in a fortnight ; you can no longer do without it. You do not appear willing to chuse the silk, why are you so undecided ?

Do you imagine there will be any new fashions a fortnight hence ? or that what is spread before you is not new enough for a girl of your age ?

Very well ! Mrs. Bently pack up your silks, your gloves, and your hats ; and take every thing away with you, since my daughter is such a fashionist, she shall wait for the spring fashions, and pass the winter with her old hat and pelisse.

Perhaps she will learn to know, that it is ridiculous in every body to be so difficult about things of so little consequence, but in a child it is ten times more so than in others. Good morning to you Mrs. Bently : I am sorry you have had so much trouble.

---

*WINTER SCENES.*

OPEN the door ! why do you not open the door ? so, at length you hear me, thank you : now make room for me, let me have a little corner near the fire. I am half dead with cold, I can-

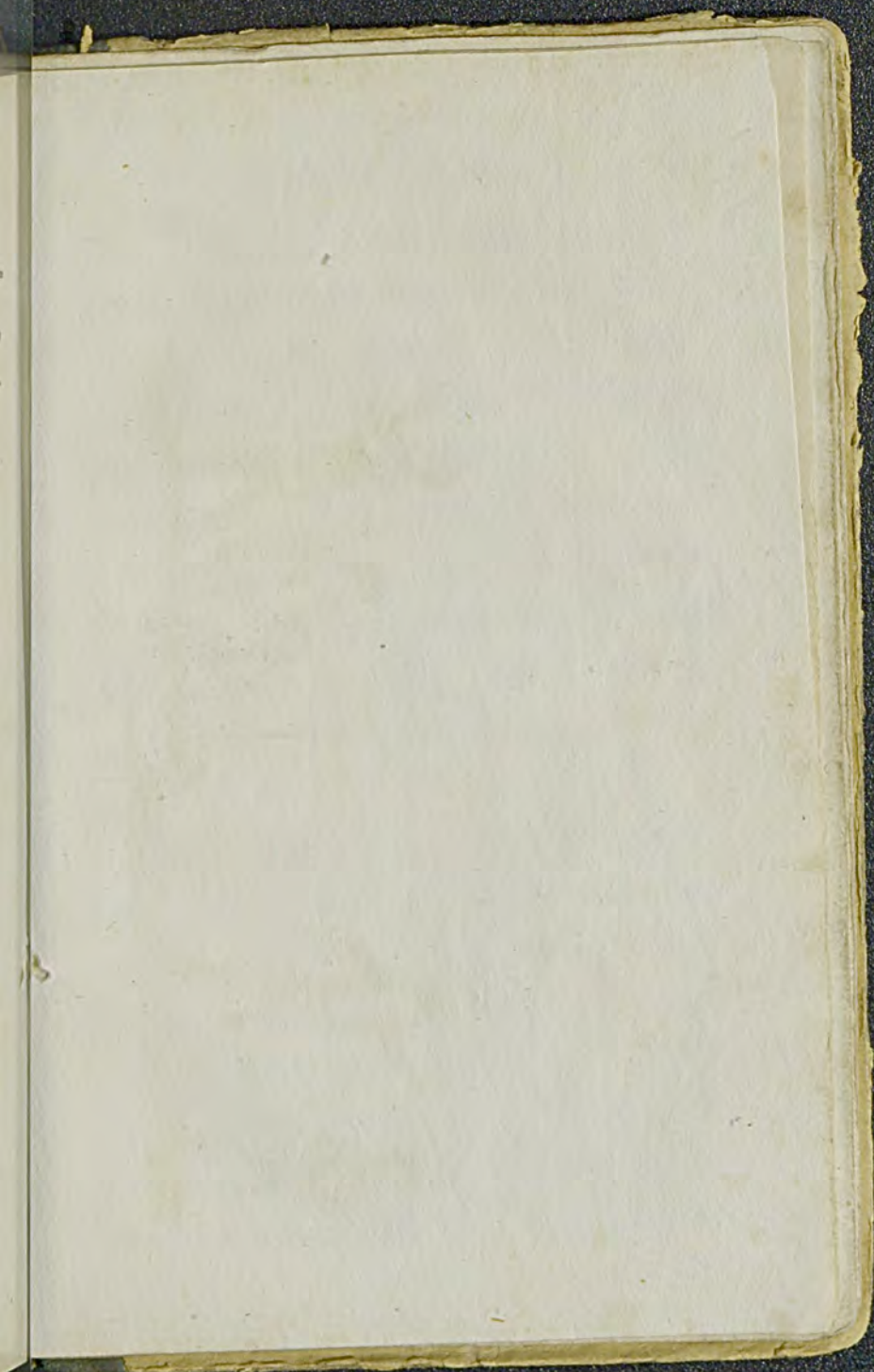
not untie my bonnet, my fingers are quite benumbed; it snows very fast; I never saw a more disagreeable day.

Are you here my little William? I hope you have not been skaiting, it is a very dangerous amusement. I saw a little boy as I came over the bridge just now, who received a dreadful blow by falling upon the ice; he was brought senseless to his mother, who saw him fall, and was so frightened that she fainted, and it was long before either of them were brought to their senses. I think he will not be in haste to venture upon the ice a second time.

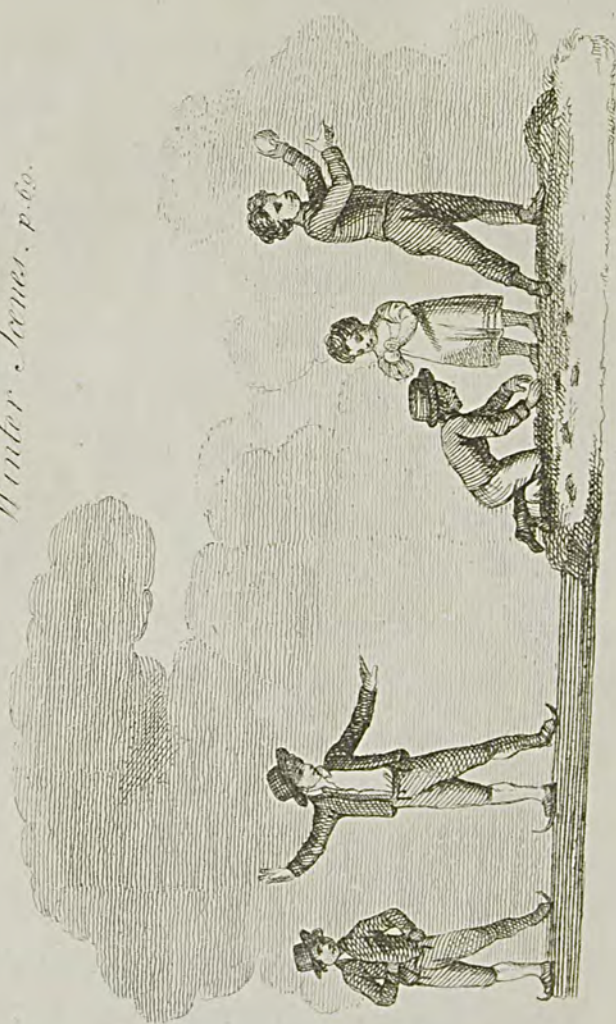
Some other children were pelting each other with snow-balls, and a poor little girl passing quietly along the street, was struck with one on the right eye so violently, that the people whom her screams drew about her, thought she had quite lost her sight.

I am very glad I am safely returned and comfortably seated by the fire; for I have seen nothing in the town but unpleasant sights, besides what I have suffered from cold, and the fear of falling, for the streets are as slippery as glass.

The only thing one can do in such severe weather, is to seek amusement at home. What shall we do to pass the evening? shut



*Winter Scenes, p. 60.*



the shutters, bring candles, and put some more coals on the fire; very well, more yet; pile it up, and make a Christmas fire: give me my work-bag—What are you doing Leonora? Oh! you are working a cap, you are a very nice little work-woman. This chain-stitch is very neatly done, and you will have a very handsome cap.

What are you reading William? you are so attentive to your book, that you cannot find time to answer me when I speak to you: what book is it which interests you so very much? Let me look at it.—Oh! the *Butterfly's Ball*; I do not wonder that you are so

well amused, it is both entertaining and instructive.

Leonora it is time to sup, let us make haste and return, though I freeze even here by our Christmas fire.

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THE GREEDY GIRL.



DID you ever dine with Mrs. Clifton? I wish she would invite you to her house, that you might see how her daughter behaves at table. She eats like a little pig. You would be so surprised that you would not be able to eat your dinner, but it would be of great

service to you, for I am sure you would carefully avoid copying her.

She touches every thing, and her hands are never clean. If she is helped to any hashed meat, she soaks bits of bread in the gravy, and eats them with her fingers, which she afterwards wipes on her frock, or on the clothes of the person who sits next to her; because, if she has let her napkin fall, she will not take the trouble to pick it up.

She helps herself to salt with a knife, instead of using a salt-spoon, and drinks without wiping her mouth, so that she always leaves the mark of her greasy

lips upon her glass, and of her dirty fingers all over it.

When she finds a bit of fat upon her plate, she throws it down on the carpet, that her dog may eat it, if he chuses it, or that the servant may step upon it; she cares not which, for she would as soon have the carpet greasy and dirty, as clean and nice.

I wish you could see her eat black-cherry pie, as I once did. Before she had half done, she had smeared both her cheeks with the juice, quite up to her eyes, a large stripe of it across her forehead, as much upon her chin, and as to her frock, and the table-cloth, it was worse than I can describe.

When the desert is put on the table, she is always eager to be helped, and would have three or four different sorts of fruit upon her plate at the same time, besides cakes and biscuits. She throws the peel of her pears and apples into her neighbour's lap, or on their plate; oversets her wine, and breaks the glasses with the nutcrackers.

How do you like my description of Miss Clifton? I believe what I have been telling you, does not give you any wish to be acquainted with her, neither do *I* wish you should make a companion of such a little greedy, dirty girl.

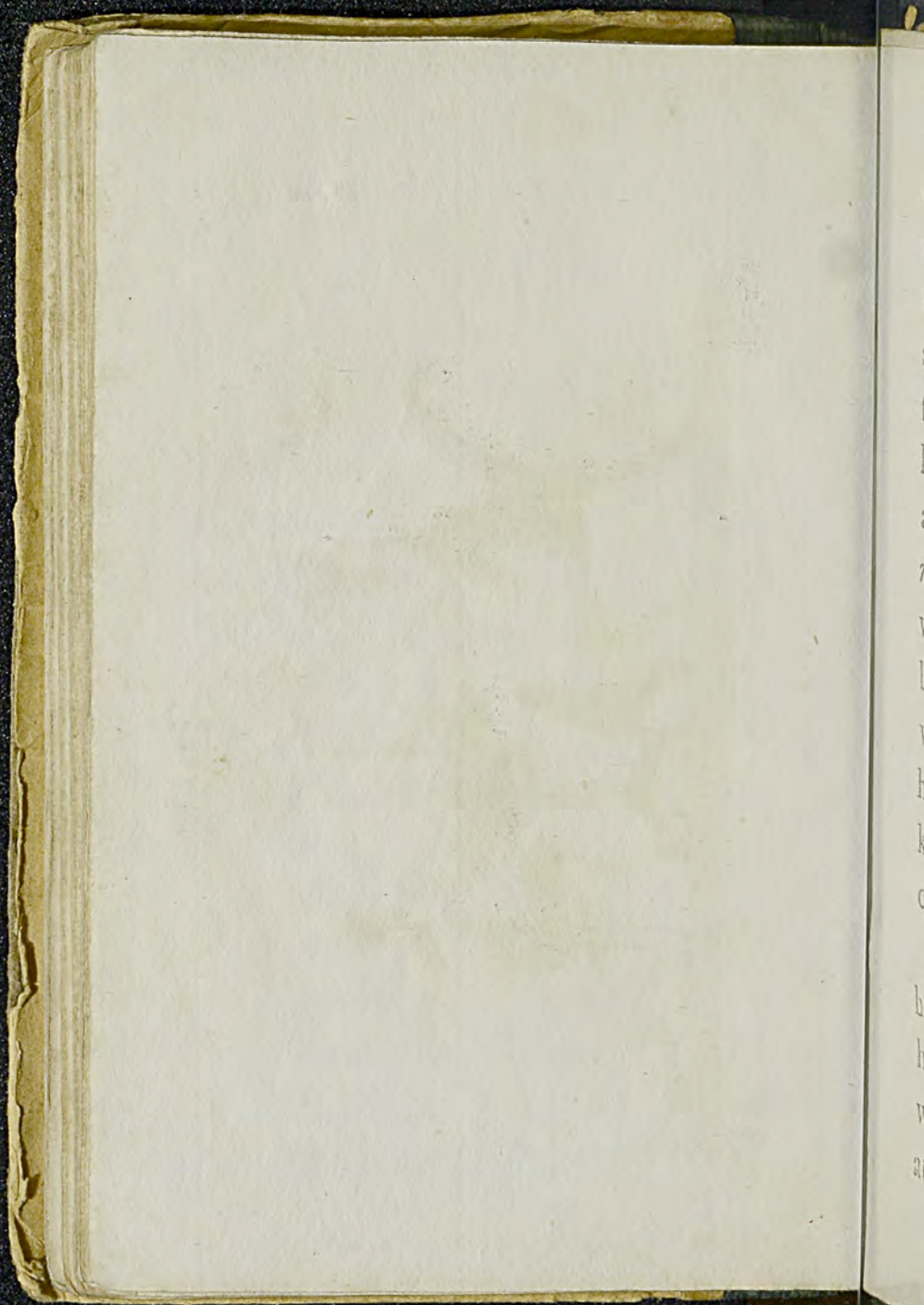
*THE RUDE GIRL.*

You are very fond of contradiction Julia, a few minutes ago you was so warm that you could not work, now because I desired George to open the window, you say you think the weather is changed, and that you are quite shivered.

I hope you do not intend to imitate Mrs. Ramsay's rude niece : she contradicts every body, and every word that is said, and seeks every opportunity of disputing, not only with children of her

*The Shrike Girl. p. 74.*





own age, but with men and women, to whose opinions she ought to shew more respect. She is also very fond of quibbles, and thought herself very witty, when her papa said it was ten o'clock and she insisted that it was *between nine and ten*, but not *ten*, for it wanted a minute and half of it; but as her papa had said he would take a ride at ten o'clock, he did not think it necessary to keep his horse at the door till the clock struck the hour.

Once I heard her dispute with her mamma about the colour of her cap. She said it was not white muslin, or white lace, and at length made us perceive that

her maid had put too much blue in washing it; and consequently it was no longer white.

I am afraid I am no favourite with the young lady, for I did not hide from her, that I thought her more pert than witty, and when on my observing that the apple-trees were so laden with fruit that the boughs were almost bent to the ground, and she said I was mistaken, that they could bear a great many more, and that she had seen trees with ten times as many apples upon them; I told her she was extremely rude, and that if I were her aunt, I would send her to her room, and keep her there till she had learned a little more civility.

To a lady who dined with Mrs. Ramsay, and who observed that she had burned her mouth with the soup, and brought tears into her eyes; she affirmed, that the soup was almost cold, and that her aunt's cook was remarkable for sending up the dinner half cold.

If she had said the cook had forgotten the sugar in the gooseberry tart, she would have been much nearer the truth; but she chose to eat it as sour as verjuice, whilst every one at table was asking for sugar, merely because she liked to contradict, and differ in opinion from others.

I beg my dear Julia you will

not indulge yourself in any such rudeness: you reminded me last evening when I rang for candles, that I had said it was dark half an hour before, yet I had been all that time at work, therefore it could not have been dark. You must not imitate Miss Ramsay, but learn to be modest and reserved, and to answer with diffidence, when grown people do you the honour of speaking to you.

---

THE PEEVISH BOY.

---

Why do you cry Augustus? you are always whimpering and whi-

ning about some trifle or other. I would not be so peevish for all the world: your lips and cheeks are always swoln with crying, and your nose looks as sharp and red as the old woman's at the turnpike gate.

Pray do not give yourself the trouble of repeating any more of your foolish complaints. I am quite tired of them, and so is every body in the house. If you are going to take a walk, and your sister goes two steps before you, you say she wants to leave you, and then you cry and fret a full hour, whilst the rest of the party enjoy their walk, and come

80. THE PEEVISH BOY.

home all gaiety and cheerfulness.

At table instead of eating your dinner, you whimper and sob, because you fancy your piece of pudding is not so large as your brother's and sister's; and you are so very naughty as to cry at church, if you cannot sit exactly in the place you chuse, and change your prayer-book with every one in the pew, whenever you take it into your head to do so.

We have a gentleman and lady coming here next week, to stay some days with us. They are neither of them very fond of any children, and to be teased with

such a one as you are from morning to night, would I suppose, quite drive them from the house.

When my friends come to see me, I like to do every thing in my power to make their time pass agreeably; I invite such company as I think they will like, and keep every thing unpleasant out of their sight; consequently when this gentleman and lady arrive, I shall confine you to the nursery the whole time they stay: I can have no wish to shew your blubbered face to them; or to tease them with your whining.

Your brother and sister will endeavour to make themselves

agreeable to them, and may perhaps reconcile them to the company of children, which, no doubt, some such cross thing as you are, has disgusted them with.

THE END.

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