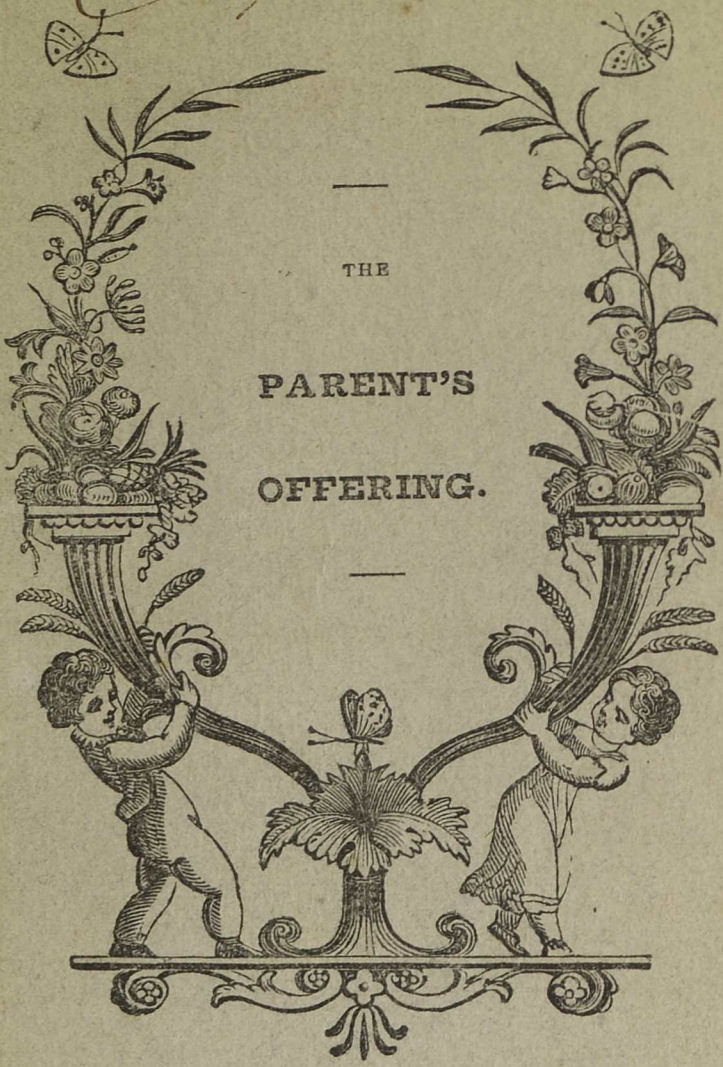


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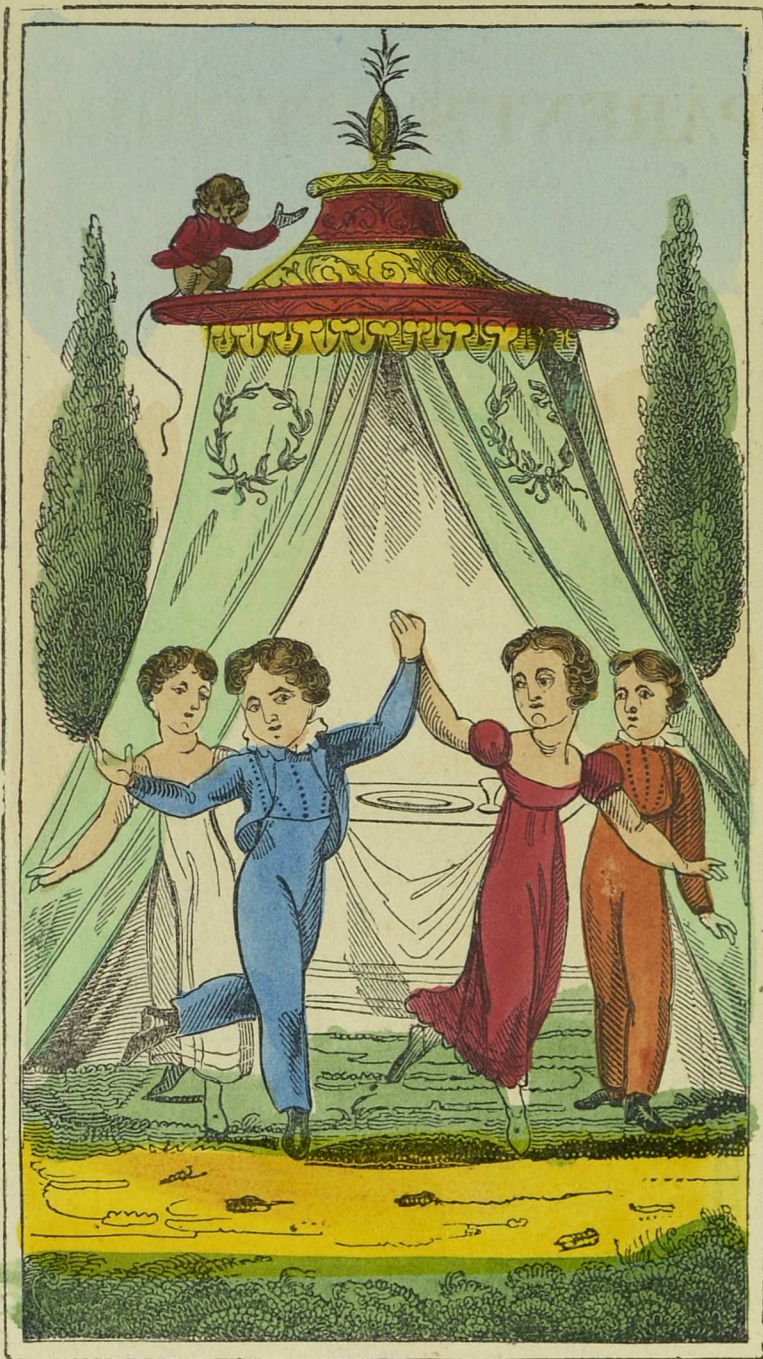
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THE MARQUEE ON THE LAWN.

THE
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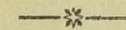
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THE
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MRS. DANBY AND HER DAUGHTER LOUISA.



MRS. DANBY.—What are you crying for, Louisa? you know I do not like to see children cry; tell me what has vexed you?

Louisa.—Why, mamma, my uncle has just sent two cakes, one for my sister, the other for me: my sister's is the largest, and I do not like to be put off with the least.

Mrs. D.—I am ashamed of you, Louisa, how can you be so greedy?—I wonder you are not ashamed of your tears.—Had your uncle sent but one cake, you ought to have been much obliged to him; but since he has been so kind as to send each of you one, you ought to be very much pleased, instead of crying, because Emma's is the largest.

Louisa.—But why send *me* the smallest?

Mrs. D.—And why send *you* the largest?

Louisa.—Because I wished to have it.

Mrs. D.—So might your sister; though she would not, like you, have cried about it.

Louisa.—But, mamma, is she not older than I am?

Mrs. D.—And therefore she ought to have the preference. But do you think your uncle would be pleased, were he to know how you have behaved? Besides, your sister, but yesterday, gave you a whole orange, though she had only that one; and yet, to-day, you envy her her cake, because it is larger than yours. Were I you, I should be very much ashamed of myself.

Louisa.—I see, mamma, that it was very



naughty to cry, and be so greedy; but I will never again fall into the like error.

Just as she finished speaking, in came her sister Emma, smiling with pleasure.

Emma.—See, mamma, what a nice cake my uncle has sent me! I hope you will please to take part of it.

Mrs. D.—No, thank you, Emma; but I hope you don't intend to eat it all at once.

Emma.—O no, mamma; but I hope to have your permission to go to the arbour, with my dear sister, to partake of my cake;

and poor little Fidele, I know, will come and sit up and beg so prettily for a bit, that it would be cruel not to give him his share.

Louisa.—Well, I declare, I did not think of that; but I see my uncle acted right in sending Emma the largest cake, because she knows best what to do with it; and if you will please to give me leave, mamma, I will do the same with my cake to-morrow.

THE FROWARD CHILD PROPERLY CORRECTED.

LITTLE Lawrence Wilson was so headstrong and froward, that no one liked to have him near them; since, during the whole day, he kept the house in one continual uproar, which was enough to turn the brains of all who had the misfortune to be its inmates.

One day, while he was walking in the garden with a young lady, a pretty little goldfinch alighted on one of the trees.

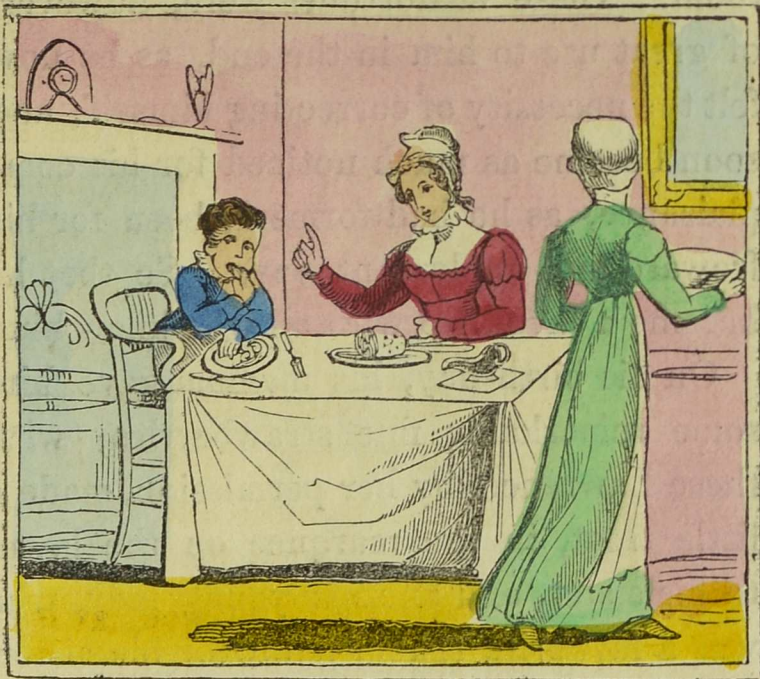


“That is my bird,” cried little Lawrence; “get it for me directly: I will have it.” “No, Lawrence, it is not your bird,” said the lady. “It is,” exclaimed Lawrence, “it is on my tree, and I will have the bird; so give it me.”—“Well,” said the young lady, “if the bird as well as the tree, are yours, they cannot be mine: and so I cannot give you what does not belong to me.” “It is mine, and you shall get it for me,” cried Lawrence, quite in a passion, and to confirm what he said, stamped his foot,

and screamed so loud, that he frightened the little bird, who flew away, as much as to say, "Farewell; now whose bird am I?"

If he let his ball fall, and it happened to roll under the table; instead of stooping to pick it up, he began to scream, "I have lost my ball! look for my ball! I will have my ball!" And the very same noise occurred, if he lost, or mislaid, or broke any of his playthings; and the more he had, the more miserable he was, as he cried and put himself in a passion, at least once a day, for them all: and as his father very properly punished him every time he made a disturbance, he then cried, because he was punished; his eyes, therefore, were seldom or never dry.

One day, at dinner time, Lawrence, who had forgotten what his father said, began, as usual; to cry and rave, because he was not first helped to some soup: his mamma told him it was too hot. He said it was not, he knew it was not, because he liked it hot. His mamma gave him some in a plate, cautioning him to let it cool.



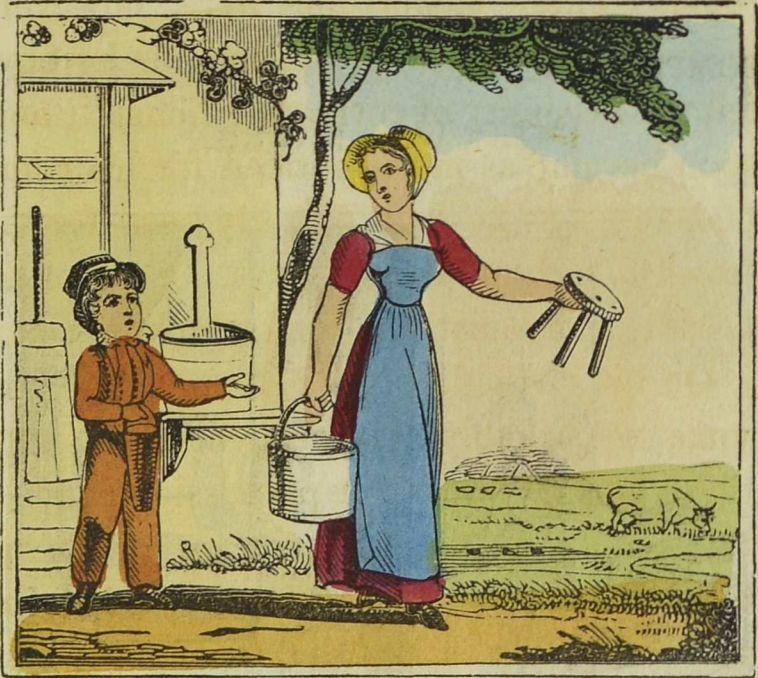
Lawrence paid no attention to her advice; he greedily seized a large piece of turnip, which he carried to his mouth: as might have been expected, he burnt his tongue severely; and instantly screamed aloud. His father did not allow him to remain at table; but took him away, and put him into a back room, and there left him.

Now you perceive, my young friends, Lawrence was no gainer by his frowardness, as he was not only deprived of the use of his tongue for some time, but he lost his nice dinner, and was shut up in a back

room. These misfortunes were, however, of great use to him in the end, as he now felt the necessity of correcting himself; and soon became as much noticed for his complaisance, as he had formerly been for his froward and unpleasant ways. So that he became a favourite with all who knew him.

On his birth-day, his mamma gave him some remarkably fine strawberries; with these Lawrence, by her permission, made a little treat, in the marquee on the lawn, to his sister, and another young lady, who was a favourite school-fellow of his sister, and Master George Generous, a friend and school-fellow of his own. His mamma, to add to the treat, gave him leave to go to the dairy-maid, and ask her for some nice cream, to eat with the strawberries. Little Lawrence immediately went, and met her just as she was going a-milking. I much wish my little readers could have heard how prettily he asked her: "Mary," said he, "my mamma says, if you please, you will be so good as to give me some cream, to put to these strawberries."

Lawrence left his strawberries with



Mary, and waited patiently; indeed, the time did not seem long, for George Generous had brought his little monkey with him, which afforded them great amusement. After this, they had a merry dance before the marquee, till Mary very kindly came with the strawberries and cream, just in the right time. When they returned to the house, Lawrence thanked his mamma for the treat she had given them, adding, "I hope to continue so to behave, that, next year, I may deserve a similar treat."

COMPLAISANCE TOWARDS OTHERS BRINGS
ITS OWN REWARD.

“MY dear Andrew, pray come with me into the garden,” said little Agatha, one day, to her brother: “you know I do not like to walk there without you: why will you not oblige me, when I ask you so civilly?”—“Because I am not so inclined,” harshly replied Andrew, yawning, and stretching himself in the arm-chair in

which he was sitting. Agatha crept into a corner, and burst out a crying. At this very moment, their mother entered the room. "What are you crying for, Agatha?" she enquired; have you been teasing your brother, that he looks so sorrowful, sitting in his arm-chair?"

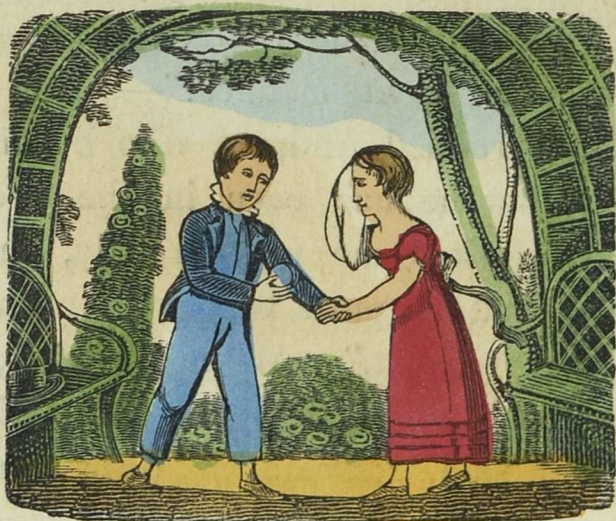
"No, indeed, dear mamma," replied Agatha; "I am crying because he will not accompany me into the garden, and I do not like to go there alone."

Can you have been so unkind, Andrew, as to have refused complying with so simple a request? did your sister ask you in an impertinent manner?"—"No, no, mamma," replied Andrew, who began to feel that he had been in the wrong, "Agatha asked me very prettily, but I certainly did not put a very polite negative upon her request." While speaking, he ran towards his little sister, and taking her hand, said, "Come, my dear Agatha, I am ready to go wherever you please; let us go together into the garden." Agatha dried her tears, and smiling at her brother,

said, "But do not let us go, if it is at all unpleasant to you, my dear Andrew."

"By no means, sister; I shall be very happy to play with you: I wish to make you forget how rudely I replied to your kind application."

Their mother gave each of them an affectionate kiss, and followed into the garden, that she might increase their pleasures, by being a partaker of them.



THE FLOWER-GARDEN;
OR, THE
THOUGHTLESS BROTHER AND SISTER.



SERAPHINA and Felix Saville were in the habit of accompanying their father a walking, whenever he thought their good conduct, or their application, deserved to be rewarded. One day, as they had punctually fulfilled all their duties, Mr. Saville took them with him to a friend's who had

a very fine garden, which produced the rarest flowers.

Being arrived, they requested their papa to suffer them to play about, which he readily granted, having some business to settle with his friend, with whom he retired into an arbour. These children had been so well brought up, that Mr. Saville did not suppose they would do any mischief, therefore neglected to caution them not to touch the flowers, and severely was he punished for his omission.

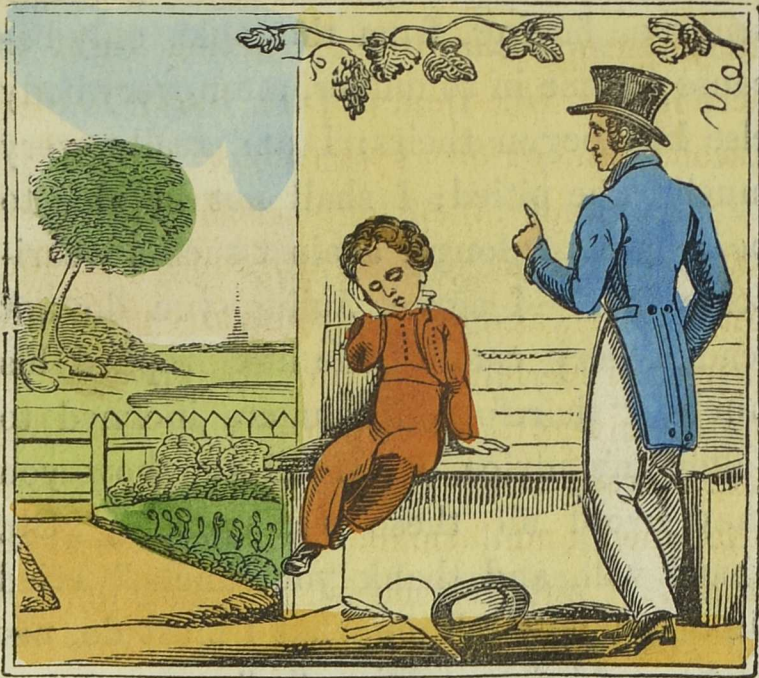
The weather was delightful, and the flowers were all in their prime, the children, who enjoyed both the smell and the beauty of their colour, resolved to gather some. Seraphina soon gathered herself a nosegay, which she showed to her brother; he followed her silly example, and she, liking his better than her own, threw it away, to gather another. Felix was led to do the same, and they continued doing this, till they had nearly destroyed all the finest flowers. Felix had got his hat and hands full, and Seraphina had filled the

skirt of her frock, when, on looking at the flower-beds, she perceived the mischief she had done: overcome with shame, she no longer wished to retain the flowers she had so wantonly gathered: nor was Felix more inclined to display the beauties of his. While they were thus grieving for their folly, Mr. Saville and his friend joined them. He stood amazed when he perceived what they had been about, but was by no means surprised at their sorrowful countenances; they wished to acknowledge their fault, but were too much ashamed to speak; at last, Seraphina bursting into tears, related how they had been led on to act so absurdly. Mr. Saville made a thousand excuses to his friend, who was, fortunately, a very amiable man, fond of children, and always ready to forgive their errors, when they merely proceeded from want of thought, and not from a mischievous disposition; nevertheless, Mr. Saville looked very grave, and seemed hardly to believe that his children could have behaved so ill. "Oh, papa!" they both ex-

claimed, "we have deserved your anger, but pray forgive us this once: we are now convinced that we must always err, when not assisted by your advice; we now see how necessary it is that you should constantly watch over us; we will never, in future, request to be trusted by ourselves, till we are older and wiser, and better able to judge whether we are acting right or wrong, or whether we are likely to displease you, or do any wrong to others."

Mr. Saville was so pleased with their wise resolution, that he embraced and forgave them; and he never had any reason to repent of his lenity, as they strictly adhered to their resolution, by which means, they became models of prudence, and were both esteemed and beloved by all who knew them.

THE WAYWARD CHILD;
OR,
PUNISHMENT AND REPROOF SUPERSEDED
BY PROMPT OBEDIENCE.



LITTLE Julius was sitting one day upon a bench by his father's door, his eyes were red with crying; and he sobbed most piteously; his uncle, who was going by, asked him what made him so sorrowful. "I am

very unfortunate," replied Julius; "I never enjoy a quiet moment; my father and mother are always scolding me; sometimes, because I have not put my books in their places; at another time, because I have not brushed my hat; or because I have left the door open; and, not five minutes ago, they sent me, fasting, from the table, only because I came in to dinner, after every body else had begun theirs: I am, really, very much to be pitied; I shall not be able to bear up much longer against such a wearisome life."—I agree, Julius, you do not lead a very comfortable life." replied his uncle, "therefore, if you are inclined to follow my advice, I will tell you how you may avoid all these vexations."—"Oh, that I will, and thank you, uncle," cried Julius; "only tell me what I must do, not to be scolded so continually."

"Why, then, I will oblige you: since you have only to pay the greatest attention to all your parents tell you; as you already know what they require of you, never force them to repeat their orders: you have

just been telling me, that they complain you leave your books about, do not brush your hat, do not shut the door after you, and do not come to table till after grace is said, which have exposed you to many reprimands; therefore, to avoid a repetition of them in future, always put by your books when you have done with them, always brush your hat when it requires it, shut every door after you, and be sure to be one of the first in the eating room. By so doing, you will never be scolded for these faults; and in time, you will, by carefully attending to the orders you receive, easily avoid falling into any others, since, believe me, if you dislike being scolded, your parents are not at all fond of scolding you."

Julius thought there was reason in what his uncle had said, and prudently resolved to follow his advice. The consequence was obvious: instead of reproaches, he received praises, and he no longer shed tears of rage or of repentance, since he became a very good boy. And now he is as blithe as a



lark at play, after school-time, sometimes with his kite, his marbles, or his hoop; and as much renowned for his obedience, as he had once been for his careless negligence and inattention. Therefore, if any of my little readers have ever been guilty of similar faults, I hope they will follow his good example.

WE ARE ALL DEPENDENT UPON ONE
ANOTHER.



Mrs. Selwin, and Harriet, her daughter.

MRS. SELWIN and her daughter, after a charming little walk in the fields, took a seat on a bank, under the shade of a tree, where they could see the country round, and near them were two men mowing down the grass.

Harriet.—Of what use is mowing,

mamma? I am sure the fields look prettiest while the grass is growing.

Mrs. S.—The grass, when cut down, becomes dry by the heat of the sun; it is then called hay, and is the food for horses, and other cattle, which would otherwise be starved, in winter, when the ground is covered with snow; and for the food we give them, they work for us; so that you see we are all dependent upon one another, even to the beast in the field.

Harriet.—Mamma, will you be so kind as to lend me that pretty book of prints you let me look over yesterday? one of them represents a field of hay, with all the people at work, at hay-making.

Mrs. S.—No, Harriet, I cannot lend it to you to-day.

Harriet.—Why not, mamma?

Mrs. S.—Because I have lent it to somebody else.

Harriet.—How sorry I am!

Mrs. S.—You surely will not be sorry, when I tell you that I have lent it to your cousin Anne, who will find great amuse-

ment in looking it over; and you must not grieve at my having it in my power to afford her such a pleasure.

Harriet.—No, mamma, I am very glad; she is so amiable, as so much my friend.

Mrs. S.—I knew you would soon be reconciled to not having it yourself.

Harriet.—I hope she will not spoil it.

Mrs. S.—I entertain no fears of that kind, she is so very careful of her own things; and even admitting she was not equally so of my book, ought I, because it is barely possible she might spoil it, to refuse to lend it her?

Harriet.—I do not think I could refuse her any thing, mamma; yet it would be a great pity, were she to damage those prints.

Mrs. S.—Pray have you never had occasion to borrow any thing yourself?

Harriet.—Oh, yes; very often, mamma.

Mrs. S.—And were you very careful to return every thing in the same state in which it was lent you?

THE PARENT'S



Harriet.—Not always, mamma; for only yesterday, I broke the wheel of my brother's cart, which he lent me to play with, in the garden; there was a large stone which I did not see, as I was looking at the cart which I was drawing after me, and so I fell down; fortunately I escaped unhurt, though the cart lost one of its wheels.

Mrs. S.—And would you like that your brother should refuse to lend you any

more of his playthings, because of this misfortune?

Harriet.—Certainly not, mamma; I should be very much grieved, were he to take it up so seriously.

Mrs. S.—You perceive, therefore, that children would be their own enemy, were they to refuse to lend each other playthings, under the pretence that they might be spoiled: you would no longer have the use of your brother's or any friend's toys, which, I dare say, often appear much prettier than your own.

Harriet.—That is very true, mamma.

Mrs. S.—Then never make yourself uneasy for fear yours should be spoiled by lending them in your turn; since you are not more careful than other children; though, it is but right to take particular care of what belongs to others, since those who break the toys of their friends out of spite, or through downright carelessness, do not deserve to have them again, when they wish to borrow them. But you now perceive, that we must make ourselves

serviceable to others, if we wish them to do us a favour, in their turn. No one can be absolutely independent of others; therefore, be it your care to make yourself many friends, which is much more difficult than to make yourself many enemies; since the first requires some exertion, and great good-nature, and much self-denial: the other, only to be unpleasant and disagreeable; and, I bless God, you are the reverse.

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

Mrs. Montford, and Eliza her daughter.

ELIZA MONTFORD was a charming child: her mother had been very ill, and she had nursed her with unremitting care and attention. The first day Mrs. Montford was able to leave her bed, Eliza shed tears of joy; her mother pressed her in her arms, saying, "Oh, my, child, you do not know how happy you make me! I wish every mother was equally blessed in her offspring, and equally beloved."



Eliza.—And how could I do otherwise than love you, my dear mamma? do not you take the greatest care of me, and give up every pleasure, that you may teach me how to read, to write, and to work? do not you deprive yourself of many things, to provide for all my wants? then how dare I do otherwise than love you?

Mrs. M.—And thus do you reward me, Eliza, for the care I bestowed upon your education; I am now convinced that you

will, one day, be able to say of your children, what I now say to you; for those who love and are obedient to their parents, are sure to be beloved, in their turn, by their children, admitting them ever to have any. But let us sit down on this sofa, and, if you like it, I will relate to you the history of a young lady, who was worthy of being an example to her sex.

Eliza.—You cannot obliged me more, mamma; you know I am never so happy as while listening to you.

Mrs. M.—Lucy Milton had been very happy from her earliest childhood, as she was not only beloved by her parents, but by all the servants of the house, and even the visitors were very much attached to her; every body were loud in their praises of the excellence of her character; no one ever had any thing to say to her disadvantage. Lucy was not the less modest for being thus applauded, though it greatly increased her happiness, but she was doomed to experience a dreadful reverse of fortune: her father and mother, though

still young, were both taken dangerously ill; they occupied a two-bedded room, and Lucy passed her days in going from one to the other, and nursing them in the most tender, affectionate manner; her attentions certainly ameliorated their sufferings, but she was unable to effect their cure. Mr. Milton lost the use of one leg, and so great a weakness settled in his wife's eyes, that, without being absolutely blind, she was unable to distinguish objects, and, of course, to read and write. You may suppose how deeply Lucy was affected by these misfortunes, though she had the courage to conceal her sorrow; she therefore always tried to appear happy in their presence, that she might not increase their grief, and she was particularly careful not to seem wearied in their service. 'Come, papa,' she would say, 'a few turns round the room will do you good; lean all your weight upon my shoulder; don't be afraid of hurting me; when I was little, and could not walk alone, you were so good as to lead me about: let me now, in my turn, lead you.' She then ran

to her mother. "Stop, my dear mamma, you might hurt yourself with that knife, suffer me to cut you what you want: formerly you had used to carve for me, so now let me carve in my turn; it will add to my happiness to employ myself solely for and about you; I will work for you, read to you, be your dress-maker, and your tire-woman; for, henceforth, nobody shall assist you but me." Thus did Lucy behave herself towards her parents, till she arrived at womanhood. Gladly would she have devoted her whole life to their service, but they persuaded her to marry a very worthy man, who had attached himself to her for her excellent qualities. She continued, even after she had a family of her own, to pay the greatest attention to her parents, that they might not suffer from the neglect of those about them; and when her children were old enough, she brought them with her, that they might amuse them by their innocent prattle, and move their hearts by their artless caresses; these children, you may suppose, soon became as

good as their mother, and when she grew old and infirm, she was as much attended to by them, as she had been attentive to her parents.

Eliza.—I can only rejoice that I have behaved rather like Lucy, mamma, before you told me her story; but now I hope to equal her, though I should be very sorry were you to be either lame or blind; since, though it might afford me an opportunity of displaying my regard for you, I had much rather see you well and hearty; I shall ever be ready to do all I can to assist and oblige you, and I shall never pride myself upon merely doing my duty, as I should always remember that Lucy Milton did much more for her parents.

THE END.

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BLUE BEARD,
ALI BABA AND THE FORTY
THIEVES,
CINDERELLA,
MOTHER BUNCH'S FAIRY TALES,
JACK AND THE BEAN STALK,
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

VALENTINE AND ORSON,
LITTLE JACK WHO WAS SUCKLED
BY A GOAT,
FEARLESS JOHN,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,
ALADDIN AND THE WONDER-
FUL LAMP,
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,
GOODY TWO SHOES.

NURSERY TALES AND TOY BOOKS,

ONE SHILLING EACH,

- Aldiborontiphoskyphornioistikos ; a new and entertaining Game ; with directions for crying the Forfeits, and sixteen coloured engravings.
- A, Apple-Pie ; who was cut to pieces and eaten by twenty-six ladies and gentlemen ; fifteen coloured engravings.
- Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her Seven Wonderful Cats ; a comic tale : with twelve humorous coloured engravings.
- Deborah Dent and her Donkey, and Madam Fig's Gala : with eighteen coloured engravings.
- Elements of Geography ; explained and illustrated in a pleasing manner, with thirteen coloured engravings.
- Evening Amusements ; a New Book of Games and Forfeits, comprising many new and entertaining Games, and directions for crying the Forfeits.
- Flower-Basket ; or, original Nursery Rhymes and Tales, by Miss Strickland : fourteen coloured engravings.
- Good Child's Book of Stops ; or, Punctuation in verse ; illustrated with examples, and twelve colored engravings.
- Gamut and Time-Table, in verse ; for instructing children in the Rudiments of Music ; sixteen coloured engravings.
- Gaping, Wide-Mouthed, Waddling Frog ; a Game of Questions and Commands, sixteen coloured engravings.
- House that Jack Built ; with numerous appropriate coloured engravings.
- Henry and Emma's Visit to the Zoological Gardens, and an account of what they saw there ; with twelve coloured engravings from accurate designs taken on the spot.
- The Little Traveller, a description of the customs, manners, and costumes of the different nations of the world ; with thirteen coloured engravings.
- Mamma's Tales, or, interesting anecdotes for children : with thirteen coloured engravings.
- Rudiments of Grammar in Verse ; explaining the elements of the English Language ; sixteen coloured engravings.
- Two Friends ; or, the Dying Fawn ; an interesting tale, with nine coloured engravings.