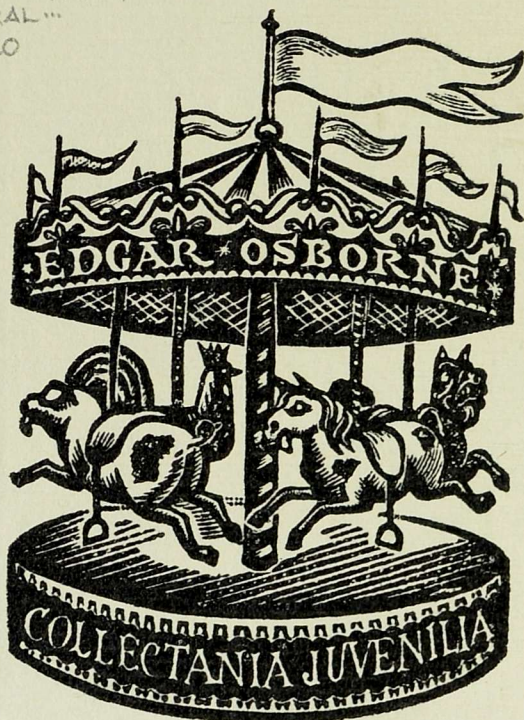




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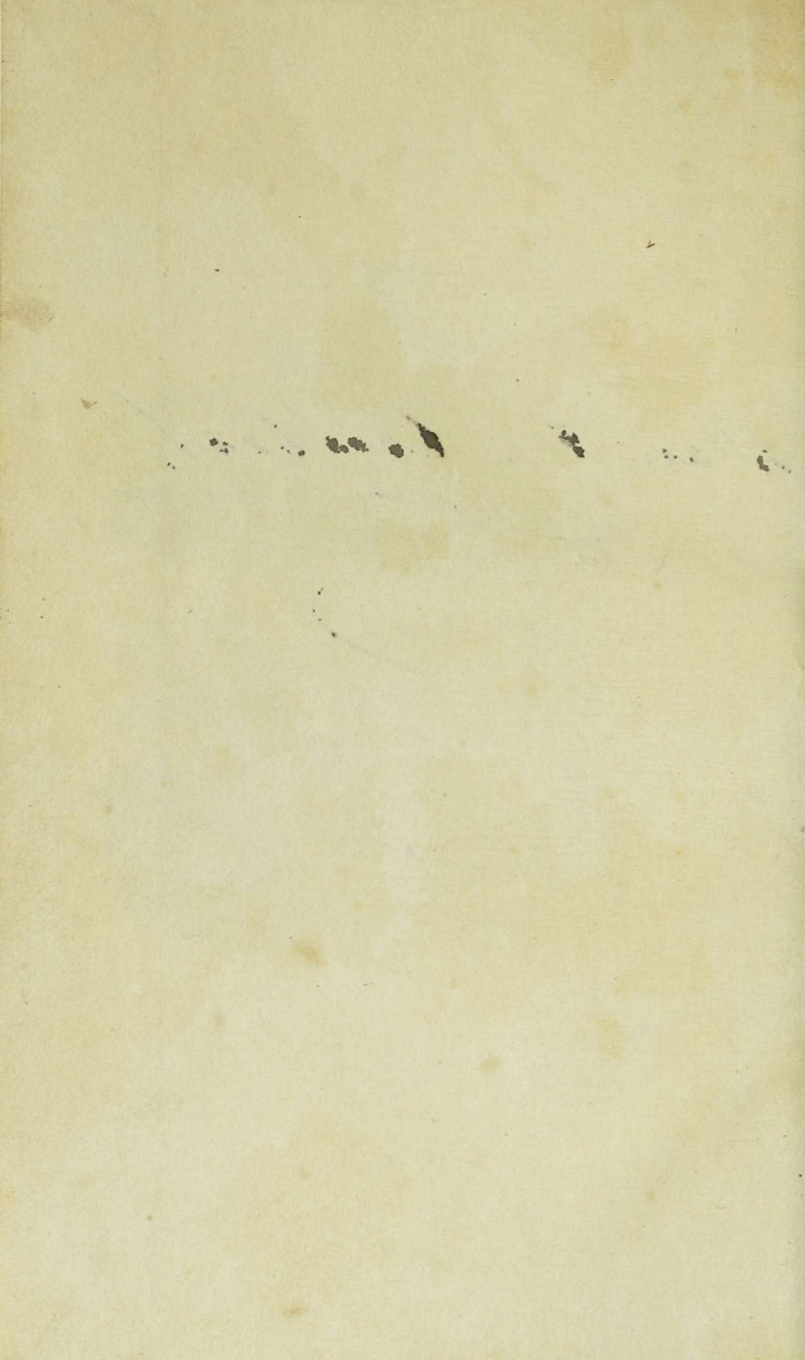


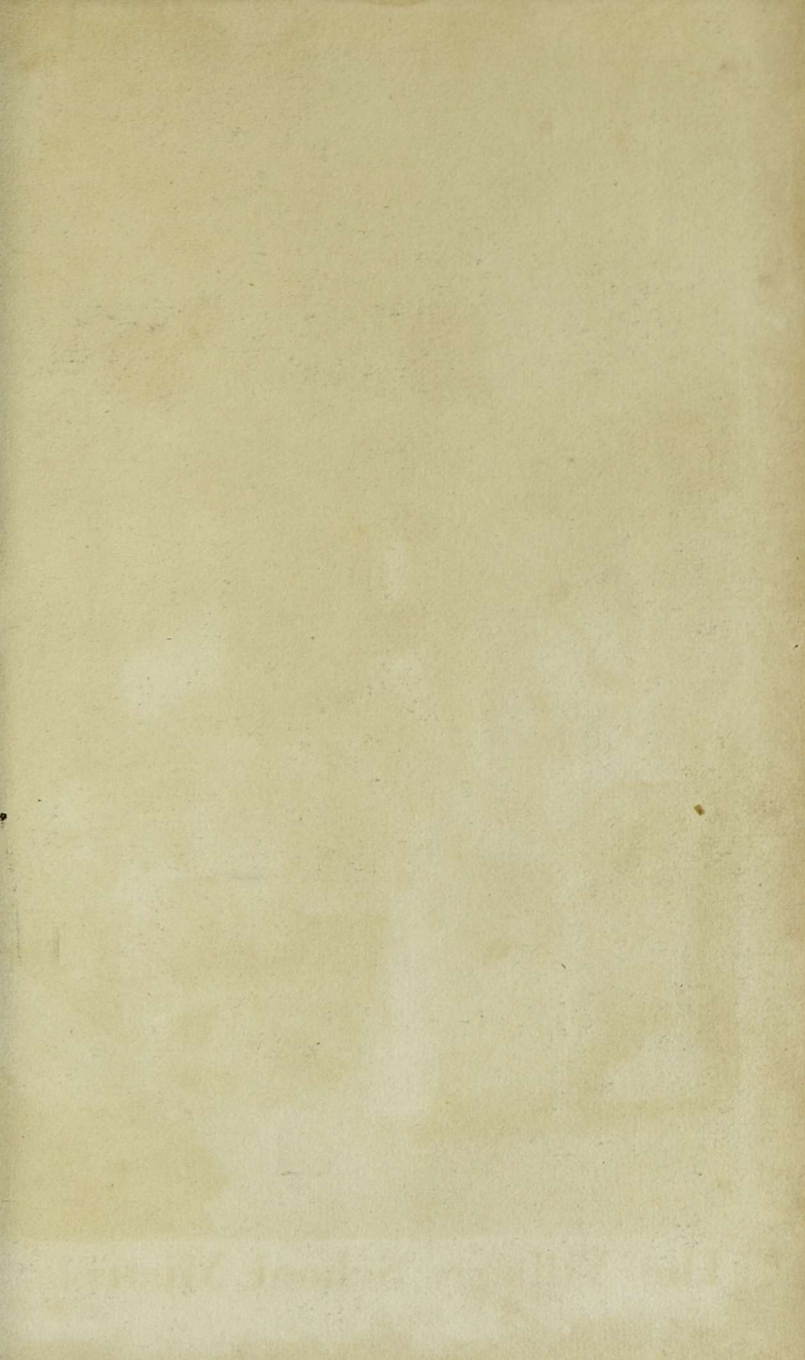
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The Village School Mistrefs.

London, William Darton, Holborn Hill.

RURAL EMPLOYMENTS ;

OR,

A Peep into Village Concerns.

DESIGNED TO

INSTRUCT THE MINDS OF CHILDREN.

Illustrated by numerous Copper-plates.

BY MARY ELLIOTT.

London :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

1820.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY


JOHN BURNET

1679

LONDON: Printed by J. Sturges, at the Black-Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1679.

1679

THE
VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.



LET not the young scholar of polite and more refined schools despise the humble scene now before him. The good dame appears to be fully employed, and no doubt does her duty towards her rustic pupils.

Learning is now open to all ranks ; the poor as well as rich receive instruction. Every child has the means of becoming wise and good : the little shoeless girl, the little ragged boy, though often want-

ing a dinner, go to school, and learn to read and write ; and many such could, no doubt, make a young gentleman or lady blush, whose parents employ the first masters to instruct their children.

If Providence blesses us with sense to understand what we are taught, how wicked is it in us to be idle or obstinate !

Youth should ever be grateful to those who take the trouble to instruct and improve them.

How busy this little group seem to be ! The old lady loses no time : her hands are employed, while her ear is attentive to the young scholar who stands before her. One might almost fancy Puss was

listening, she looks so eager ; but I guess she is not the best scholar in the school, quietly as she sits by the side of her mistress.

Edmund, a little friendless boy,
Poor and unknown, without employ,
By cold and hunger careless made,
At length took up the begging trade !

His piteous tone and meagre face,
Too well bespoke his wretched case ;
And sometimes gained a pittance small,
From those alive to pity's call.

But gifts like these would not suffice,
And Edward might have sank to vice,
Had not instruction's rearing hand
Diffused its spirit through our land

The beggar-boy his plan forsook,
And laboured hard to learn his book,
Time stored his mind, and gained him
friends,
For all his griefs to make amends.

An active trade he quickly learn'd,
Sufficient for his wants he earn'd :
And never passed the school-house by,
But grateful tears stood in his eye.

It was a native of Egypt, in Africa,
named Memnon, who invented letters,
eighteen hundred and twenty-two years
before Our Saviour was born; and we,
and all the world, are much indebted to
him.



FELLING TIMBER.

How hard these two men are working ! Felling timber is great labour, and requires much strength. It is quite wonderful, to reflect on all the uses to which wood may be applied. We do not always think of this, when we see a tree thus hewed down. What a large object is a ship, and how much wood it must take to make one ! yet this is done by men's hands. The English oak is famous for building ships ; and those who have seen one in dock, or witnessed its graceful descent into the water when launched, well know it is a fine sight.

A forest in full leaf looks nobly. In former times we had many in England,

but they are now much decreased: indeed, it is better to till the land, than to let trees grow too numerously. Other countries can help to supply us with wood; and the farmer best knows how to turn his lands to advantage.


So far back as the year sixteen hundred, London was almost built with wood, and then made a sorry appearance; but, just at that period, brick building was introduced by the Earl of Arundel. London was then a poor place compared with the present city. Queen Elizabeth would not allow the city to be enlarged, or building within three miles of it; so that we may guess how much larger it now is than it

was in her reign. Besides, stone is used almost as much as brick, which is safer in regard to fire, and looks much handsomer.

The woodcutter's is a very ancient employment. Wood was once our only fuel; for coals, though discovered near Newcastle in the year twelve hundred and thirty-four, were not in general use for nearly two hundred years after. Indeed, the great folks thought the smoke and smell a nuisance, and petitioned the king, Edward I. to prevent his subjects using them.

But the English have changed their minds since then; as you will say, when you learn, that more than two thou-

sand five hundred chaldron of coals are consumed in London every day. A chaldron contains twelve sacks, and each sack three bushels.



WATERING THE HORSES.

See the waggoner bringing his horses to water; perhaps they have travelled far, and need the cooling draught. Not all the rich dainties the world affords, is more grateful to the palate than water, when we are thirsty.

The horse is a strong and patient animal, well deserving his master's care.

You may perceive in the back-ground of this picture a waggon resting on its



shafts ; it seems heavily laden : these animals have drawn it thus far on the journey. How useful they are ! With their aid, packages are conveyed a great distance, night as well as day. It is a weary life for the waggoner, you will say, but use reconciles him to his calling ; and, in spite of wind and weather, he jogs on, whistling merrily. His horses are his chief care ; and he feeds and tends them like a kind master.

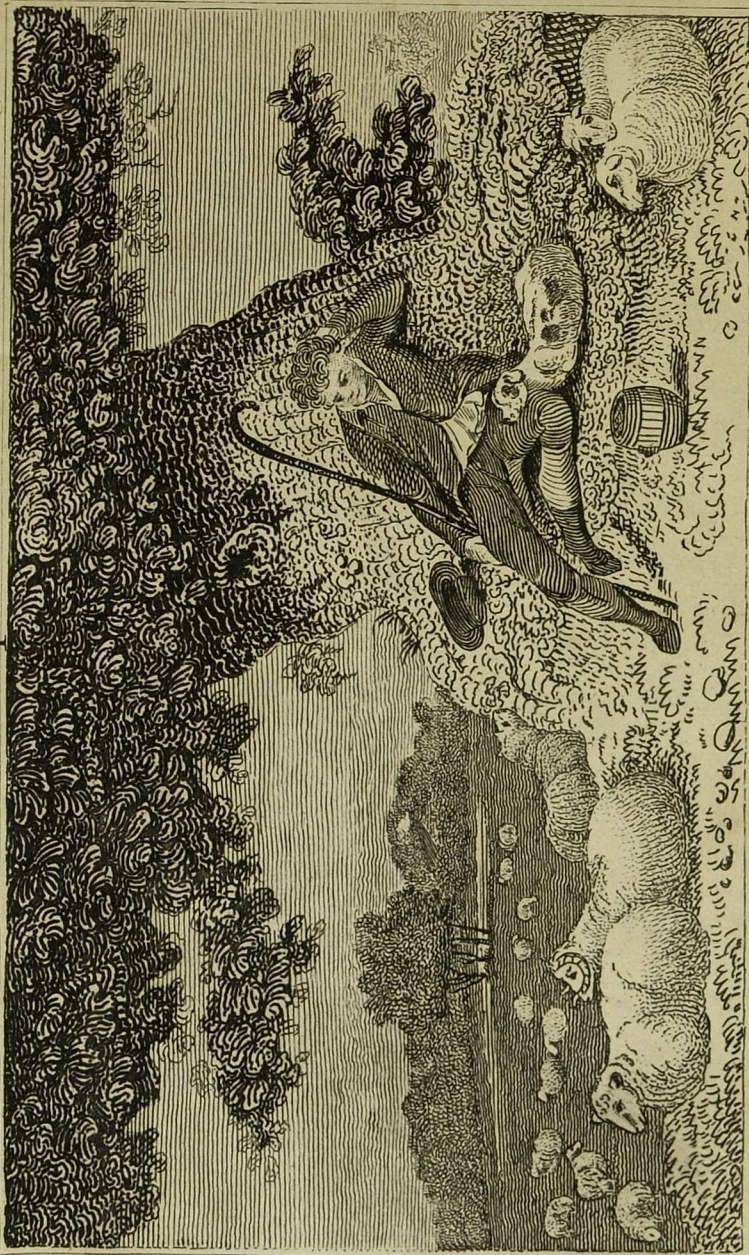
In winter, when the snow lies thick on the earth, the waggon-horses have many hardships to endure, and sometimes lose their way, indeed their lives, in some cases, which you may suppose is a great loss to their master.

Six or eight of these noble creatures are called a team; and, when dressed with their fine fringed saddles, look very showy and handsome. Who has not heard the merry jingle of their bells, as, tossing their heads proudly, they seemed to invite one to listen to their music.

Hark! to the waggoner's cheerful note,
As plodding through the mire and clay,
Wrapt in his warm and shaggy coat,
He merrily beguiles the way.

The team, with steady pace but slow,
For many a weary mile jog on;
The language of his whip they know,
But know it from the sound alone:

For seldom do they feel its lash,
His heart too good to give them pain;
Through thick and thin away they splash,
Jingling their bells in lively strain.



SHEPHERD.

There sits the shepherd watching his flock, himself snugly shaded by the wide-spreading branches of a large tree.

To look at him in this summer-scene, one might suppose he led a happy and easy life ; but let us change the prospect to winter's dreary season, and we shall find he endures many hardships. We should have no objection to watching the innocent sheep ourselves, in warm and pleasant weather ; but, to rest on the frosted trunk of a withered tree, or traverse the snowy plain, whilst the rough wind whistled around us, would be any thing but comfortable. But these pretty

animals must be tended : How much are we indebted to them ! Their fleece how valuable ; their skin likewise. I believe few children are ignorant of the nature of the cloth we use in little boys' and men's clothes, or for ladies' pelisses, and many other things. The wool from the sheep's back makes this necessary article, to complete which requires some time and trouble ; indeed, a piece of cloth passes through one hundred different hands before it is ready for use. I guess, we do not always consider this labour when we put on a new coat, or discard an old one. Woollen cloth is a very ancient manufacture : we read of it in the Scriptures. It was known in the

Isle of Malta* thirty years before Christ was born; and in some parts of Asia, one hundred pounds was given for one ram: so we may perceive how early the worth of wool was discovered. The first woollens made in England, was in the year thirteen hundred and thirty-one; but the cloth was not dressed and dyed before sixteen hundred and sixty-seven.

When spring, in robe of brightest green,
 Enlivens all the rural scene,
 The sportive lamb in gambols gay,
 Frisks from its mother's side away.

* Malta, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, between Africa and Sicily.

But, mingled with the numerous fold,
 The truant now no longer bold,
 Looks round its parent's eye to meet,
 And listens for her tender bleat.

Her voice at length strikes on its ear :
 At the sweet sound away flies fear :
 For ah ! that voice is Natures guide,—
 The lamb soon joins its mother's side.



HARVEST-HOME.

Here is a picture of rural happiness :
 content and pleasure may be traced in
 the features of this rustic pair. And no
 wonder ; their labour is over, the corn is
 gathered and carted : a plentiful harvest,
 is a fair prospect for the coming winter.

This season is an anxious one to the



Harvest Home.

farmer, who watches every gathering cloud, lest the rain fall before his corn be cut: but the glowing sun-beams cheer his heart; and, when he views the loaded cart, and beholds his merry labourers rejoicing, as we see the one before us, he feels grateful for the bounty of Heaven, and is disposed to make all happy around him.

Those who have witnessed a harvest supper, know that plenty and good cheer abound; and surely it is but just, that the hard-working reapers should enjoy themselves, when they have done so much towards our future maintenance.

We should find it no easy matter to

prepare the corn for use ; and it would be long ere a loaf were ready for eating, if the preparation depended upon the great and rich.

The baking of bread was in use fourteen hundred years before Christ, and became a regular trade in one thousand two hundred and thirty. Yeast was first mixed with flour by the English about the year sixteen hundred and fifty.

More than twenty thousand sacks of flour are consumed every week in London only : so we may form some idea of the vast number of loaves the Londoners eat in that space of time. Bread is the greatest blessing in the way of food

we can enjoy ; and I trust we shall never witness a real scarcity.

Now the harvest is o'er,
And the barns are well stored ;
The prospect of winter
May well be endured.

For though humble our fare,
And more humble our shed,
Many wants we can bear,
If well furnished with bread.

And should we enjoy
Greater comforts than these,
We may surely employ
Such seasons of ease,

In bestowing our aid
On the destitute poor,
Never suffering pale Want
To go sad from our door.

FEEDING POULTRY.

Look at this nice country maid feeding her poultry. See cocks, hens, turkies, and young chickens, hastening to share her bounty. I hope she has enough, for they seem an hungry tribe. Poultry are certainly amusing in the country, but they make a great litter and dirt ; and one don't like to confine them, they seem to enjoy their liberty so much, and soon learn to come at your call, and will feed from your hand like a child. Chickens are pretty little creatures ; and the tender care of the hen for her young, is equal to that of a mother for her children.



Feeding Poultry.

London, William Darton, Holborn Hill.

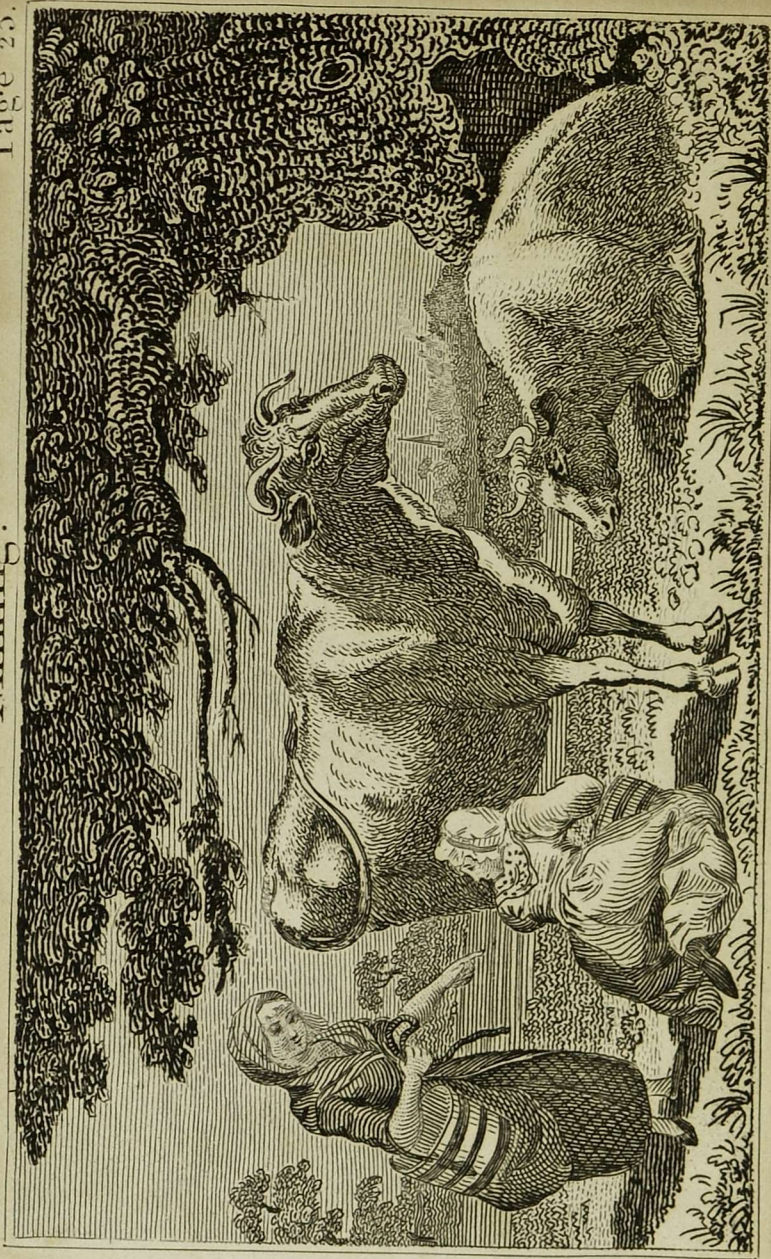
Nature intended every living animal for the use of mankind; but it seems a pity to kill those little innocent birds for the sake of eating, unless in cases of sickness, when light food is good for the invalid.

The greedy fox never loses an opportunity of a dainty meal, when the hen-coop or poultry-yard is nigh; but in England we are not much troubled with these voracious creatures: two-footed animals are the greatest enemies our poultry have to fear,—Gipsies, for instance, who often lurk about a farm until they can steal a fat hen or young chicken; and I am sorry to say this is

but too frequent a practice of these idle people.

A little girl once reared a white chicken, feeding it every day, and putting it into a warm basket at night ; for it had lost its mother, and missed the parent-wing that used to shelter it. Its kind mistress did all in her power to supply this loss ; and few chickens lived so snug and easy a life. Well : the little pet began to grow curious ; and I suppose wished to see something beyond Patty's small garden, so it would peep through the palings, and force its head between them, looking about with all the busy air of a chicken.

To the right was a fine green lane ;



to the left a pond, the water of which looked clear and tempting. The chicken struggled to get through the broken gate, and at length made its way into the lane; then away it ran to the pond, and popped its head into the deceitful looking-glass; this was done two or three times, till it grew giddy, and the foolish chicken fell in and was drowned. Poor Patty shed many tears over her chicken, and regretted its folly.

MILKING.

What a beautiful scene is here presented to us. Who would not enjoy such a one on a bright summer's evening! A

mug of warm milk just from the cow would be no bad thing either : few of us would reject such a nice beverage.

These pretty milk-maids are chatting away, while the one is milking : how quietly the cow seems to stand !

Milk-maids are a pattern for us as early risers ; and this healthy habit, no doubt, gives them such rosy cheeks and strength of body : but I can assure you they have some hardships to endure in winter, and their poor hands are chapped and chill-blained in a way that would frighten a fine lady. Custom, however, makes most things easy to us ; and duty reconciles us to what at first may appear a difficulty.

How readily we London folk are supplied with milk, though living in a crowded city, and perhaps not viewing a green field three times in the year. Upwards of nine thousand cows are kept near London for this purpose, and these yield more than twenty-eight millions seven hundred and thirteen thousand quarts of milk. Think what a great sum of money this quantity produces. It is said the amount is four hundred and eighty-one thousand six hundred and sixty-one pounds: but town milk is very poor, compared to that we get in the country. I am sorry to say, it is greatly spoiled by mixing water with

it; and, of course, the herbage of the fields near town is not so rich as that of the c ountry.

It is quite grievous to see these valuable animals, when the sun has parched up the grass, and left them not a green tuft. We then wish the fine weather away, and rejoice when the heavy shower falls; for even one night of rain will refresh the earth, give new vigour to the dying root, and again the green grass springs up, and the poor cow once more enjoys its natural food.

See the rosy lass

Kneeling on the grass

To milk the brindled cow;

Take care, merry maid,
Lest a trick be played,
And Colly well knows how.

Sly she kicks the pail,
Then you scold and rail,
To see the milky stream ;
All your labour lost,
No butter for our toast ;
And ah ! still more, no cream.

Spare your anger, lass,
Let this error pass,
Poor Colly looks ashamed,
As if to say she will
In future stand quite still,
And never more be blamed.

PLOUGHING.

Those who have never seen the process of ploughing may very well understand the nature of it, by looking well at this picture. One man guides the plough, which turns up the earth, whilst his fellow-labourer leads on the horses. Thus is the ground prepared for fresh seed, and in a very short time; which could not be the case, if the spade were used. The plough is of very ancient date, and was brought from India. If we look in the back-ground of this interesting picture, we may perceive a countryman sowing with seed the ground already ploughed: a fine spring will soon shew us what he is strewing, summer



ripen it, and autumn bring it to our barns.

A plough-boy is generally supposed to be a clown; but it should seem, there have been some instances to prove, that genius will shew itself even in this retired and humble line of life. Poets and philosophers have studied while thus employed. In former times, the great Cincinnatus was taken from the plough to be made Dictator of Rome, which was the greatest honour his country could bestow on him, and took place four hundred and fifty-eight years before Christ. This anecdote proves the great length of time the plough has been in use.

I have heard of a boy near Liverpool, who, while following the plough, amused himself with adding and dividing numbers ; by which method he acquired such a knowledge of arithmetic, that his fame became known, he gained great friends, and was employed by a great merchant at the head of his affairs.

The plough therefore is not to be despised on more accounts than one, as we here prove.

Help us, good Hodge, to plough the land,

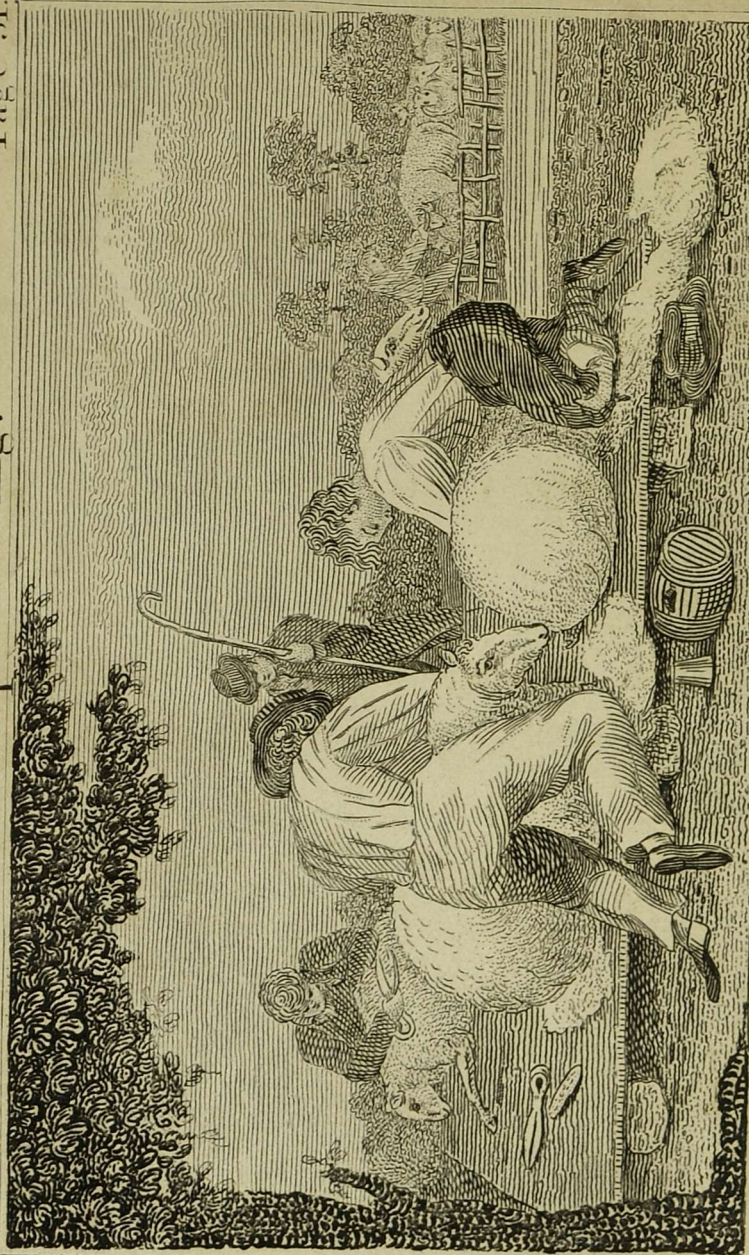
That next year's harvest may produce

A fresh supply, for this in hand

Is but enough for present use.

We do not understand the plough,

And cannot till the land like you ;



The labour must be all your's now,
 For which our warmest thanks are due.

Thanks, you will say, are little worth ;
 Well, if grown old, you stand in need,
 You who have tilled our mother earth,
 Her children won't refuse to feed.

And thus you see we shall repay
 Your present toil to gain us food,
 Both rich and poor may find a way
 Of doing one another good.



SHEEP SHEARING.

This is a pretty scene ; but the poor
 sheep do not find it so pleasant to have
 all the nice warm wool sheared from their
 backs. Who would like to have their
 clothes taken off, and be exposed to the

air without a coat. Yet so are these poor animals treated; however, it is not done in cold weather, and Nature is so kind as to give them a new covering in time. But the change is certainly very great.

If sheep understood men's actions, they would run away so soon as they beheld the great shears in their hands; but they have not this sense, and must therefore submit to their fate.

I have already told you to what purpose the wool is applied. Perhaps some of my readers may have seen the Merino sheep that were sometime since in St. James's Park: they came from Spain, and are noted for the beauty of their wool. Thanks to us English folk, who,

more than three hundred years back, sent some of our fine sheep to Spain, and there improved the Spanish breed, so as to produce the wool so much admired.

Kendal in Westmoreland was the place where the first manufactory for weaving woollen was established, and the worsted manufactory at Norwich in the reign of Edward III. thirteen hundred and forty.

Sheep-shearing is a rural festival as well as harvest-home. Thus the season of labour has pleasures to compensate for its toils.

Robert, a little peasant boy, found a young lamb in a pool of shallow water,

The poor thing had fallen from a high hill, and was much bruised, as well as half drowned. Robert raised it in his arms, and carried it to his mother's cottage, where, with much care and nursing, it regained its strength; and, although slightly lame of one leg, it was a brisk and merry companion to the little boy, following him like a pet dog, or running to meet him as he returned from school.

At length it grew very large and fat, which made the butcher cast an eye on it; and he more than once advised Robert to sell his sturdy play-fellow: but the angry boy would not listen to him, declaring that no riches could tempt him to part with poor Bounce, and that he

would sooner go without mutton all the rest of his life, than eat one morsel of the good-natured animal. So the butcher was disappointed.

One winter's day, Robert went to the next market town to buy worsted for his mother's knitting. Along he went whistling, with Bounce by his side.

He was detained a long time at the shop, and evening came on before he left the town. A heavy and thick snow was falling, so that the little boy could scarcely see his way; and, when he passed the turnpike, he lost the usual footpath, for it was covered with snow: he now became alarmed, and holding fast by the collar of Bounce, he wandered

on, unknowing whether he was right or wrong. At last the snow was so deep, that it almost reached his knees, and then Robert began to cry, and thought he should be smothered. But in a minute afterwards, he beheld the thatched and broken roof of an old barn: he made towards it, and soon found the entrance, for there was no door; he crept to one corner, and there, shivering and benumbed with cold, he crouched on the ground. Bounce, the faithful Bounce, formed his pillow: his woolly back, when Robert had beaten the snow from it, was softer than the barn-floor, and the quiet creature never moved, to disturb his mas-

ter. It was the bleating of Bounce that struck on the ear of two farmers going to market early in the morning; and they, thinking it was some person in distress, called aloud to know who was there. Quickly did Robert answer, and hasten, fast as his chilled limbs would allow, to shew himself: he was kindly taken up behind one of the farmers, and in the course of an hour found himself, and honest Bounce, by the warm fire-side of his anxious mother.

It were needless to say how much our peasant-boy rejoiced at not having parted with his woolly friend.

MAKING BUTTER.

How tempting is the scene before us ! Butter fresh churned, milk, and cream ; and two such nice dairy-maids ! they look as if well acquainted with their business, and, no doubt, we should enjoy a print of the butter they are making. See mistress Puss at the door, looking about her ! I imagine, were she alone in the dairy, the milk and cream would soon be lessened ; and very natural, too ; in her, it would not be greediness ; but such conduct in a little girl or boy would be greedy, and sly likewise.

Such dairies as supply the London markets receive a great deal of money ; the counties of Yorkshire, Cambridge,



Making Butter.

and Suffolk, alone send up more than two hundred and ten thousand firkins every year. Now, as a firkin contains fifty-six pounds, only think what a prodigious number of pounds are comprised in this quantity! Who would suppose it possible so much butter could be eaten in one city? It certainly is not the most wholesome thing we eat; and children should be cautious not to take much on their bread, for it will often disagree with them, and make them gross.

“ Did you never hear tell
 Of a tortoise-shell kitten,
 Who was going on well,
 Had she not been smitten—

With milk in a pan
That was setting for cream,
Round, and round it she ran,
Then she jump'd on a beam,

Where she us'd to watch mice:
But that time was past;
Here was something so nice,
That she must break her fast.

How she purred, licked her lips,
And curled round her tail;
Down she jumps, then she sips,—
What a luscious regale!

How she wished for her mother,
The great tabby cat,
And her black-and-white brother,
So frisky and fat.

But old Tabby and Blacky
Were better away;
As you'll think when you hear
What befel Puss that day.

Well, she sucked up the cream,
 As she thought, very sly:
 But, ah! it should seem
 Rosy Jenny was nigh.

“What is this?” she exclaim’d;
 “Why, all my cream’s gone;
 And I shall be blamed
 For the mischief that’s done!”

Then, before Puss could stir,
 She soon made her feel
 What pain those incur
 Who are tempted to steal.

You may guess, our poor friend
 Now regretted a treat,
 Which proved in the end,
 That temptation’s a cheat:

Nor did she again
 Ever venture to touch
 The sweet cause of her pain;
 She had suffered too much.

THE ORCHARD.

Who can look at these trees, and not wish for some of the tempting fruit with which the branches are loaded. Apples are a wholesome and pleasant fruit. I don't know who would turn their back upon a nice hot apple-pye or pudding; or who, when sick, and obliged to take physic, would not be glad to have a roasted apple, well sugared, to succeed the nauseous draught, or mix with the faint-tasting powder. Nature is very good to us; she has always some sweet to follow the sour.

An orchard is a beautiful sight, when Autumn has ripened its store. Cherry orchards are not so valuable as



The Orchard.

London, William Darton, Holborn Hill.

apple orchards : the latter is a fruit that will bear keeping, and gives us puddings through the winter. The cider apple is of still greater value ; not for eating, for it is rough and sour to the palate ; but the juice makes a delicious drink called cyder, which is chiefly made in the counties of Herefordshire and Devonshire. The owners of these orchards make a great deal of money in good seasons ; and, of course, are very anxious, as Autumn approaches, lest their crops should fail.

Two sorts of apples were brought from Syria and Africa into Italy, nine years before the birth of Christ.

Cyder was first made in England in

the year twelve hundred and thirty-four, and was then called wine.

Picking apples is dangerous, if the gatherer be not used to a ladder. You may observe in the picture so well designed, that one man holds the bottom of the ladder steady, whilst the other gathers the fruit: a large basket-full is in the foreground. Look at the little boy scrambling for the fallen ones; he seems to be filling his hat: not all for himself, we may hope, for it is probable he has brothers and sisters, with whom he means to share them.

I have heard of two little fellows, who one day strayed into their uncle's

orchard, and, seeing a ladder placed against a pear-tree, were tempted to ascend it, and try their skill in picking the highest branches. The eldest went first, and, although not a very good climber, he managed to gather a few pears, and reached the ground in safety. The youngest then eagerly climbed the ladder; but in such haste, that he had nearly fallen several times. At last he reached a loaded branch, and, seeing one large and melting pear hanging at the end, he tried to catch it, but it was too far removed; he could just touch it, but not keep it long enough to pull. "One more attempt," said he; but at

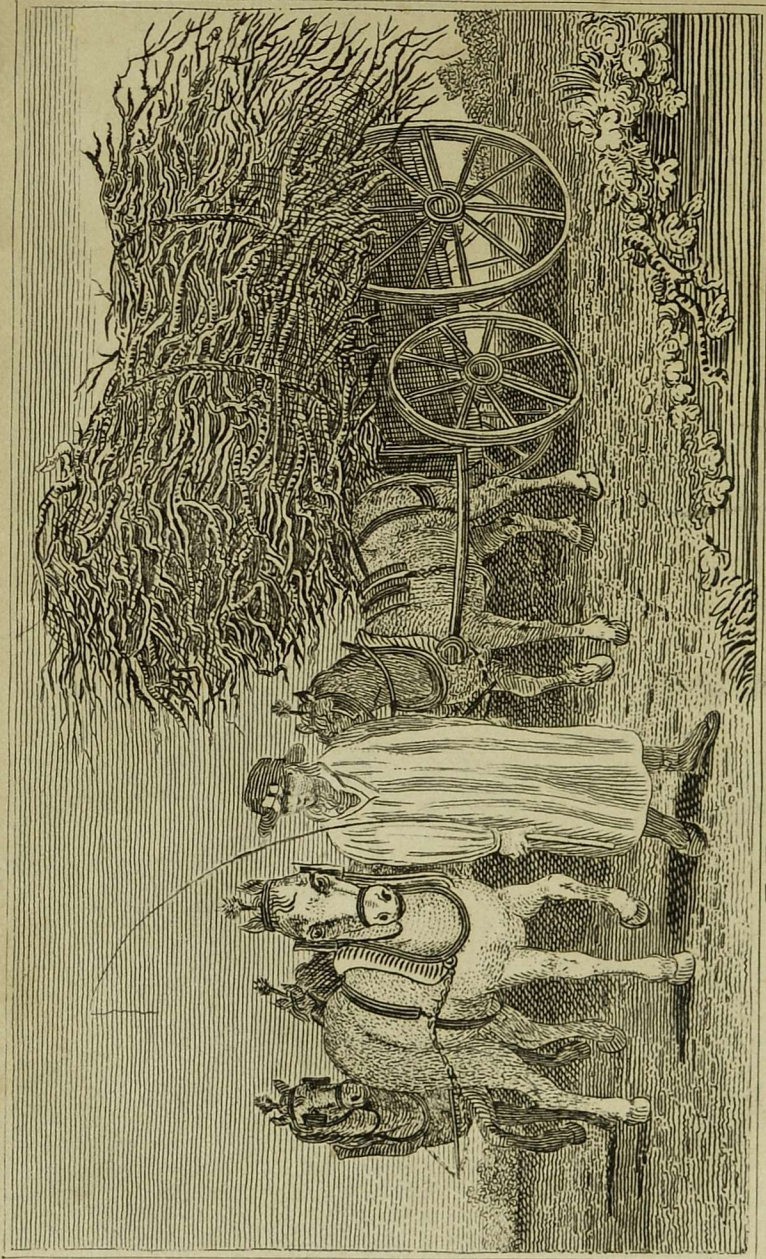
that moment he lost his balance, and fell headlong to the ground.

His leg was so badly broken, that he was lame ever after ; and the ladder, falling with him, broke his brother's arm. It soon got well, indeed, but he could not so soon forget the pain ; and, when he grew to be a man, often told the story as a warning to others.



WAGGONER AND TEAM.

Here is another waggoner with his team ; but he is not so heavily laden as our friend who was watering his horses at the inn.



You see this is not what is called a heavy waggon, covered over, to go long journeys; the load seems to be faggots, or branches of trees, either to burn as firing or make gates and slight fences.

In the country, one can scarcely take a step, but we see something going forward to assist and afford us comfort.

Do but admire the fine horses attached to the waggon! Our English working horses are admired by all foreigners, and many thousands of them have been sent abroad to other countries.

You may suppose the loss of so fine an animal must be very great to the

owner. There was a poor man, living near London, who last summer had his only horse drowned by slipping into a pond, where it went to drink. The master tried to save it, and held its head above water for many minutes; but he had not strength enough to sustain its weight until assistance came: he was obliged to let it go, and the poor creature sank to the bottom. Here was a sad case! the man had a family to maintain, and his cart was of no use without the horse. But I have been told, some neighbours had the goodness to subscribe a certain sum, which enabled him to purchase another: this was real charity, you will allow.

Looking at this load of faggots, puts me in mind of a story I once heard ; it was as follows : A farmer's servant missed a silver buckle which he wore in his shirt at holiday time and on Sundays ; every place was searched in vain, and Robin was obliged to content himself without it. Shortly after he lost a small leathern purse, which contained his savings of many years ; and now he lost all patience, and, being rather of a suspicious nature, he began to think he had been robbed ; nay, even fixed upon the thief, and accused his fellow-servant, a cow-boy. The poor fellow, in the simplest language, denied the charge ;

though he owned having often seen Robin counting his money in the barn, and wishing himself were half as rich.

Their master, an honest and shrewd man, although he could not prove Robin was wrong, did not wish to believe him right, and begged he would wait awhile, before he condemned a lad who had ever been diligent and well-disposed. Robin grumbled, but waited.

Poor Hodge looked sad, but not guilty, and did every thing in his power to regain his companion's good word; but Robin suspected him, and therefore could not be gracious.

About a month from this time, as Betty, the dairy-maid, was mending her

apron, a tame magpie, who was a great favourite with all the family, came hopping in at the window, and carried her scissars away in his mouth. Betty ran after him, but Mag was too quick for her, and, flying across the garden, took shelter in the wood-yard, amongst the faggots. Robin was at work near at hand, and came to assist the angry Betty. After much coaxing and threatening, he tempted the sly bird from its hole, though without the prize. He then took a stick, and drew from the place of retreat, not the scissars, but a stocking. This tempted him to a further search; when, to their great sur-

prise, not only did they find a number of articles belonging to all persons in the house, but Robin's buckle and leather purse. Here was triumph for poor Hodge; and how truly sorry was Robin for his former hasty judgment, and how many times did he ask pardon of his honest fellow servant. The magpie received a good thrashing, as it well deserved; and Hodge never passed through the wood-yard, without thinking of his own escape from disgrace.



FEEDING PIGS.

We should not always form our judgment upon the first view of things. To



Feeding Pigs.

look at the picture before us, we should call it a natural and pretty scene; yet few objects are in reality more unpleasant to behold than a pig-stye; and certainly the animal itself is not very handsome. But we all know their use, and most of us like their flesh; yet how very coarse, and even dirty, their food: we do not think of this, when eating a nice joint of pork. The man, in the picture, seems to be feeding them with care. Much may depend on their selling well: perhaps he reckons on the money to pay his rent, or purchase some necessary for his family: so we will wish him success when he takes them to market.

I have seen a young tame pig look pretty and funny enough, running about the house; but they soon get dirty in their habits, and grunt when they are touched; so that they cannot pet them long.

Pigs are very quarrelsome amongst themselves, and will bite and grunt at each other when they want the largest share of a meal.

A FABLE.

“ Two little pigs were born in one day;
 One was very sedate, but the other was gay:
 Miss Gravity wonder'd why pigs were so
 rough,
 And was shock'd when she saw how they
 ran to the trough.

She scolded her brother for feeding so fast,
 And on piggish breeding much censure she
 past,

Declaring she never intruded her mouth
 In the trough, till she saw all the others
 were out.

Little Greedy, ashamed, often promis'd to
 mend,

And assur'd her it was not his wish to offend;
 But no sooner fresh victuals was brought to
 the stye,

Than he quickly forgot his good sister's
 “O, fie!”

And thus it went on, till Miss Gravity found
 That her flesh was not firm, though her
 doctrine was sound;

So she ventur'd at last to be piggish and
 rough,

And popp'd in her snout with the rest in the
 trough.

“ Ah! sister,” cried Greedy, “ I call this
good sense ;

For us to be stylish is all a pretence :

The humble, if prudent, will never look big,
And, in spite of all pride, still a pig is a pig.



SWARMING THE BEES.

This pretty damsel is busy in calling,
or what is termed swarming, the bees :
that is, when they want to collect them
for a new hive, after taking from them
the old one with the honey. It should
seem these insects are fond of noise,
and prefer the music of the key and
warming-pan ; for, you perceive these
are the means used to attract them. I
don't think we should find harmony in



Swarming the Bees.

such uncouth and harsh sounds. There is another young person in the background, who is tilting the hive intended for the home of the scattered bees. Sometimes they are long in fixing, and do not enter the hive until the patience of their owners is pretty well tired; but, again I have seen them settle with very little trouble. Honey is a nice thing, and wholesome when eaten moderately; but too much is not good for us; and all sweets are cloying.

What dainty food these insects enjoy; all the sweets from the beautiful and blooming flowers we prize in our gardens, and which, to us, afford only pleasure by their colors and fragrance.

I imagine we should soon starve on such light food as this.

Some parts of England and Ireland produce good honey; but the kind most esteemed is from Narbonne, a city of France; and this honey is much dearer than that of our own country.

THE GLASS HIVE.

As Harry and George stood watching a hive,
 And wishing to taste of its store,
 George ask'd, if they could not some method
 contrive
 To get a small bit, if no more.

Yes, Harry replied, we might do such a
 thing,
 And no doubt we should shortly repent,

For, remember, good brother, the bee has a
sting ;

Thus saying, away Harry went.

But George, as he linger'd, kept wishing the
more,

And at last was determin'd to try ;

So he ventur'd his finger just in at the door,

When no busy inmate seem'd nigh.

But a sly Mr. Drone, soon gave the alarm,

When they muster'd in threat'ning bands,

And George was beset by the angry swarm,

Who stung both his face and his hands.

Tho' screams and resistance were equally
vain,

It now was too late to grow wise ;

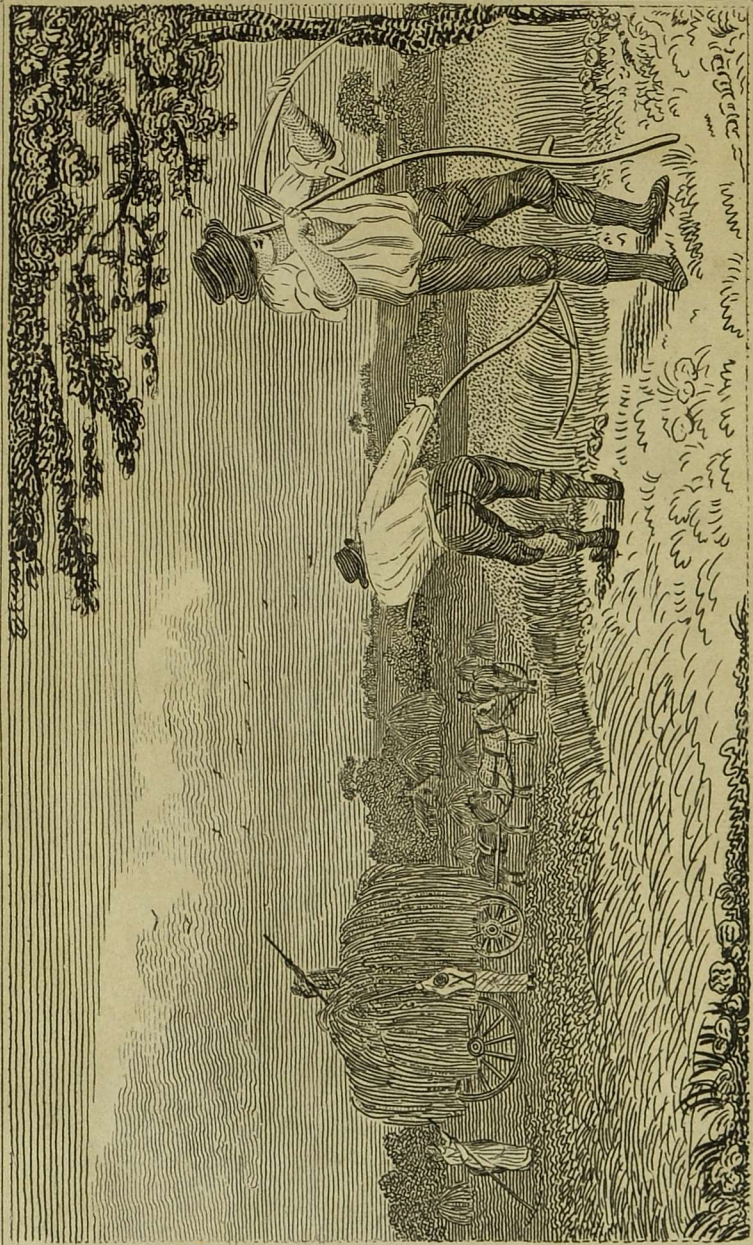
And for many long weeks he suffer'd much

pain,

He could hardly see out of his eyes,

THE HAY FIELD.

Can there be a more pleasing scene than a field just ready to cut for hay. The bright yellow butter-cup, the pink and white daisy, mixed with the fresh spring grass, all mingling together—it should seem almost a pity to cut down such a pretty mixture; but no, a moment's thought will tell us a better story. These flowers, pretty as they are, only form a spring nosegay, or are picked to fill the little boys' wheelbarrow, without doing us any real service; but when cut and dry, they become hay; and I believe I need not add, how useful, nay, valuable, an article hay is, to all who keep



cattle. What would our horses and cows do without it; besides other purposes to which it is applied.

To walk in the hay field is really a treat, the smell is so refreshing; and it is fine sport to tumble in the hay-mounds, though children should not wantonly disperse the heaps, for it causes much trouble to the hay-makers, and we none of us like to labour in vain.

Do you not always feel sorry when the rain falls before the hay is stacked; it sometimes rots the dry grass, and if the damp hay be made into ricks too soon, it is apt to take fire, which is a great loss.

Look at this picture; one man is cutting the grass with a scythe; another is sharpening his for the same purpose; at a distance you see them carting the grass that has been dried to hay.

In a short time the field will be clear, and we shall miss nature's green carpet; no matter, she will soon furnish us with a new one, and we ought not to grudge her first present to the brute creation.

Come, Edward and Mary, both one and the other,

Do you bring your sister, and Mary her brother;

Here is sport for us all, if we haste to the scene,

Where the grass lies in heaps, which so lately was green.

Are you sorry to lose the flowers so, say,
 That, like little Mary, were all born in May;
 Well, only have patience, when Spring
 comes again,
 She will bring all our butter-cup friends in
 her train.

Go tumble the hay-cock, see what a nice
 bed
 Young Edward has made for his own curly
 head;
 And now on his sister a heap he has thrown;
 We may do as we like, for the field is our
 own.

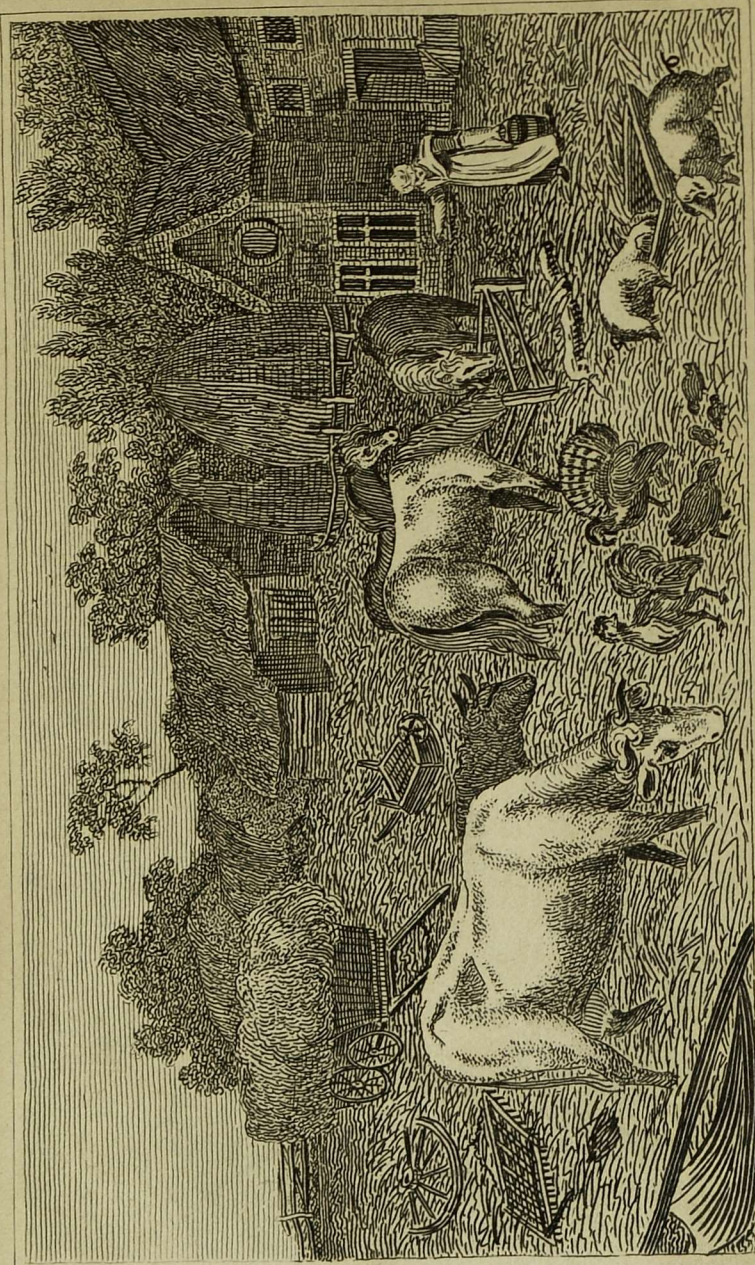


FARM YARD.

Here is something of all sorts; horses,
 cattle, pigs, and poultry; the plough,
 harrow, hay-cart, and all that consti-
 tutes a snug farm.

The farmer's is a most active and useful life, and well deserves success: it is true, he employs labourers to plough, reap, and sow, but then he must attend to all these things himself, and sustain all the losses of bad crops, and every failure in the farming concern.

The business of a farmer is quite a lesson to those who only see its produce when ready for their own use; and are, therefore, not aware of the great toil and trouble endured, before it reaches them. Our late venerable and beloved Monarch, King George the Third, whose recent death has created the most lively regret in every bosom, was himself a good judge of farming,



and took much interest in the pursuits of the English farmer, who is, perhaps, the happiest landholder in the world.

There is a pretty little book entitled "A Visit to a Farm House," which well and simply explains all the concerns of the farm; and I would advise all my young friends to peruse it with care, convinced it will amuse and instruct them.

To sloth the farmer never yields,
 But rising with the peep of Sun,
 Away he hastens to his fields,
 To see that labour's rightly done.

The plough he tracks with careful eye,
 And when the seed shoots up its blade,
 The earth may be too moist, or dry,
 The sun want power to give its aid:

Cattle may die, the turnips rot,
 The rains may spoil his new mown hay ;
 Such evils are the farmers' lot,
 And bring his substance to decay.

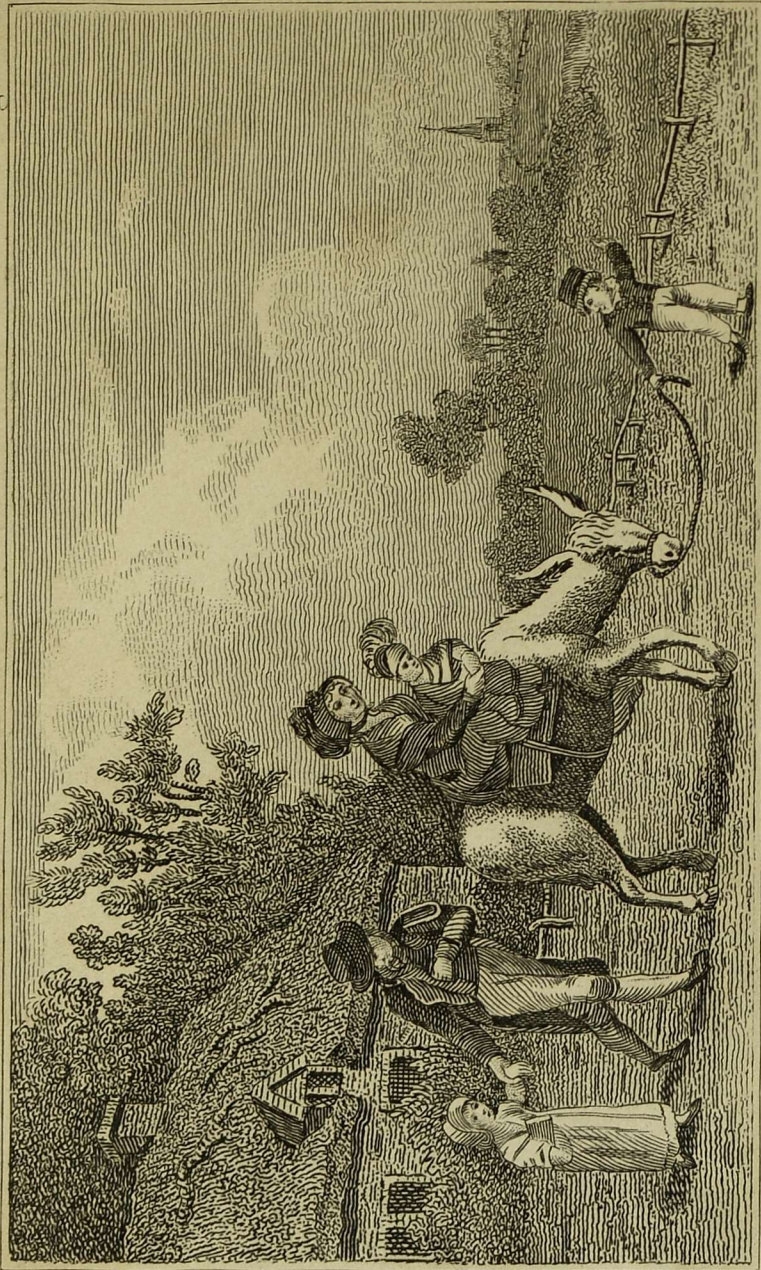
Then let us wish that gentle rains
 May moisten all the farmer sows,
 And sunshine ripen Autumn's grain
 With all that mother Earth bestows.



COTTAGE FAMILY GOING TO CHURCH.

Can there be a more pleasing and grateful scene than the one before us ; what a pretty neat cottage ; what a delightful country around it ; and see the village church at a distance.

The little boy who leads the donkey seems pointing to the church ; the mo-



The Cottage family going to Church.

ther and youngest child ride, because, I suppose, they have a mile or two to go. The father and his girl are walking hand in hand, she carrying her prayer-book under her arm ; no doubt she can read its contents ; thanks to her parents for having her taught.

These good people set us a good example ; they have been toiling all the week, and Sunday is their only day of rest, but they will not sit idle at home ; they know their duty too well, and go with delight to return thanks to the kind Providence who has prospered their weekly labours, and to implore his aid in their future undertakings. Do they not look very happy. One may well

wish to join them in their walk, and their prayers likewise.

What a blessing, to be able to understand the Scriptures: this alone would make one wish for learning.

The rustic garb, the healthful cheek,
The simple cottager bespeak ;
Six days he toils, with worldly care,
The seventh is set apart for prayer.

Now in his Sunday's neat array,
He and family bend their way,
To where the village spire is seen,
Cover'd o'er with ivy green.

See William with the rosy face
Urge the donkey's lagging pace,
Lest he leave them in the lurch,
And they, for once, be last in church.

The happy father smiles to see
How eager William seems to be,
And prays, whatever be his fate,
His love for church may be as great.



GOING TO MARKET.

This donkey is pretty well loaded. I wish this smiling market-woman may sell all her stock; there seems plenty of it; chickens and fowls, and I dare say some nice fine eggs into the bargain. See the little dog trotting by her side. I suppose both he and his mistress come from the farm-house we may observe in the back-ground. Well, they have

had a pleasant walk ; but if they have much further to go, they will be pretty well tired before they get home again. I hope the good dame will sell all she takes to market.

What a bustling scene is a country market, and to strangers a very amusing one : how fresh and tempting the butter looks : how plump the fowls, and green the vegetables : then, the clean old women in their flat hats and mittens ; the young and rosy lass with her fine ripe fruit and blooming flowers, all so different to what we see in town.

It is well for the rich, who have money to buy what is brought to market ;



Going to Market.

and it is likewise well for the sellers, for did they not meet with purchasers, it would be of little use to feed their poultry, churn butter, or rear garden stuff. Children, whose friends have the power to procure for them all that is necessary, should be grateful and dutiful, and ever feel disposed to assist those, who, with the same wants, are destitute of means to satisfy them.

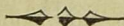
Goody to market trips along,
Light her step, and gay her song,
Her panniers stor'd with all that's good,
For those who buy such dainty food.

Chickens plump, and white as snow,
Pats of butter in a row,

Barn-door fowls, and eggs fresh laid,
With these she carries on her trade.
At market she is known full well,
No dame can richer butter sell;
Her fowls are noted far and near;
Her eggs are always fresh and clear.
And yet her prices are not high;
Her profits, low, her wants supply;
For Goody says, "she craves no more
Than keeps the wolf just from her door."

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