EASY AND INSTRUCTIVE

Lessons for Children.

ALSO,

The Ladder to Learning;

OR, A

SELECTION OF FABLES,

CONSISTING OF WORDS OF

ONLY ONE SYLLABLE,

BEING

An easy Introduction to the useful Art of Reading.

BOSTON:

Printed by MANNING & LORING,

FOR EZEKIEL GOODALE,

Bookseller, *Hallowell.*—1804.

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Lessons for Children.

LESSON I.

CAT. Dog. Cow. Horse.
Sheep. Pig. Bird. Fly.
Man. Boy. Girl. Child.
Head. Hair. Face. Nose. Mouth.
Chin. Neck. Arms. Hand. Leg.
Foot. Back. Breast.
House. Wall. Field. Street.
Stone. Grass.
Bed. Chair. Door. Pot. Spoon.
Knife. Fork. Plate. Cup. Box.
Bag. Bell.
Tree. Leaf. Stick. Whip. Cart.
Coach.
Frock. Hat. Coat. Shoes. Shift.
Cap.
Bread. Milk. Tea. Meat. Drink.
Cake.

LESSON II.

COME. Walk. Run. Go.
Jump. Dance. Ride. Sit. Stand.
Play. Hold. Shake. Speak. Sing.
Cry. Laugh. Call. Fall.
Day. Night. Sun. Moon. Light.
Dark. Sleep. Wake.
Wash. Dress. Kiss. Comb.
Fire. Hot. Burn. Wind. Rain.
Cold.
Hurt. Tear. Break. Spill.
Book. See. Look.
Sweet. Good. Clean.
Gone. Lost. Hide. Keep. Give.
Take.
One. Two. Three. Four. Five.
Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.
White. Black. Red. Blue.
Green. Brown.

LESSON III.

STROKE the cat. Play with the dog. Eat the bread. Drink the milk. Hold the cup. Lay down the knife.

Look at the fly. See the horse. Shut the door. Bring the chair. Ring the bell. Get your book.

Hide your face. Wipe your nose. Wash your hands. Dirty hands. Why do you cry? A clean mouth. Shake hands. I love you. Kiss me now. Good girl.

The bird sings. The fire burns. The cat jumps. The dog runs. The bird flies. The cow lies down. The man laughs. The child cries.

LESSON IV.

LET me comb your head. Ask Betty to wash your face. Go and see for some bread. Drink milk, if you are dry. Play on the floor with the ball. Do not touch the ink; you will black your hands.

What do you want to say to me? Speak slow, not so fast. Did you fall? You will not cry, not you; the baby cries. Will you walk in the fields?

LESSON V.

COME to me, my little girl. Are you tired of playing? Yes. Sit down and rest yourself, while I talk to you.

Have you seen the baby? Poor little thing. O here it comes. Look at him. How helpless he is. Four years ago you were as feeble as this very little boy.

See, he cannot hold up his head. He is forced to lie on his back. If his mamma do not turn him to the right or left side, he will soon begin to cry. He cries to tell her, that he is tired with lying on his back.

LESSON VI.

PERHAPS he is hungry. What shall we give him to eat? Poor fellow, he cannot eat. Look in his mouth, he has no teeth.

How did you do when you were a baby like him? You cannot tell. Do you want to know? Look then

at the dog, with her pretty puppy. You could not help yourself as well as the puppy. You could only open your mouth, when you were lying, like William, on my knee. So I put you to my breast, and you sucked, as the puppy sucks now, for there was milk enough for you.

LESSON VII.

WHEN you were hungry, you began to cry, because you could not speak. You were seven months without teeth, always sucking. But after you got one, you began to gnaw a crust of bread. It was not long before another came pop. At ten months you had four pretty white teeth, and you used to bite me. Poor mamma! Still I did not cry,

becauſe I am not a child, but you hurt me very much. So I ſaid to papa, it is time the little girl ſhould eat. She is not naughty, yet ſhe hurts me. I have given her a cruſt of bread, and I muſt look for ſome other milk.

The cow has got plenty, and her jumping calf eats graſs very well. He has got more teeth than my little girl. Yes, ſays papa, and he tapped you on the cheek, you are old enough to learn to eat? Come to me, and I will teach you, my little dear, for you muſt not hurt poor mamma, who has given you her milk, when you could not take any thing elſe.

LESSON VIII.

YOU were then on the carpet, for you could not walk well. So when you were in a hurry, you used to run quick, quick, quick, on your hands and feet, like the dog.

Away you ran to papa, and putting both your arms round his leg, for your hands were not big enough, you looked up at him, and laughed. What did this laugh say, when you could not speak? Cannot you guess by what you now say to papa?—Ah! it was, play with me, papa!—play with me!

Papa began to smile, and you knew that the smile was always—Yes. So you got a ball, and papa threw it along the floor—Roll—roll—roll; and you ran after it again—

and again. How pleased you were. Look at William, he smiles; but you could laugh loud—Ha! ha! ha!—Papa laughed louder than the little girl, and rolled the ball still faster.

Then he put the ball on a chair, and you were forced to take hold of the back, and stand up to reach it. At last you reached too far, and down you fell: not indeed on your face, because you put out your hands. You were not much hurt; but the palms of your hands smarted with the pain, and you began to cry, like a little child.

It is only very little children who cry when they are hurt; and it is to tell their mamma, that something is the matter with them. Now you can come to me, and say, Mamma,

I have hurt myself. Pray rub my hand: it smarts. Put something on it, to make it well. A piece of rag, to stop the blood. You are not afraid of a little blood—not you. You scratched your arm with a pin: it bled a little; but it did you no harm. See, the skin is grown over it again.

LESSON IX.

TAKE care not to put pins in your mouth, because they will stick in your throat, and give you pain. Oh! you cannot think what pain a pin would give you in your throat, should it remain there: but, if you by chance swallow it, I should be obliged to give you, every morning, something bitter to drink. You never tasted any

thing so bitter! and you would grow very sick. I never put pins in my mouth; but I am older than you, and know how to take care of myself.

My mamma took care of me, when I was a little girl, like you. She bade me never put any thing in my mouth, without asking her what it was.

When you were a baby, with no more sense than William, you put every thing in your mouth to gnaw, to help your teeth to cut through the skin. Look at the puppy, how he bites that piece of wood. William presses his gums against my finger. Poor boy! he is so young, he does not know what he is doing. When you bite any thing, it is because you are hungry.

LESSON X.

SEE how much taller you are than William. In four years you have learned to eat, to walk, to talk. Why do you ſmile? You can do much more, you think: you can waſh your hands and face. Very well. I ſhould never kiſs a dirty face. And you can comb your head with the pretty comb you always put by in your own drawer. To be ſure, you do all this, to be ready to take a walk with me. You would be obliged to ſtay at home, if you could not comb your own hair. Betty is buſy getting the dinner ready, and only bruſhes William's hair, becauſe he cannot do it for himſelf.

Betty is making an apple-pye. You love an apple-pye; but I do

not bid you make one. Your hands are not strong enough to mix the butter and flour together; and you must not try to pare the apples, because you cannot manage a great knife.

Never touch the large knives; they are very sharp, and you might cut your finger to the bone. You are a little girl, and ought to have a little knife. When you are as tall as I am, you shall have a knife as large as mine; and when you are as strong as I am, and have learned to manage it, you will not hurt yourself.

You can trundle a hoop, you say; and jump over a stick. O, I forgot! —and march like the men in the red coats, when papa plays a pretty tune on the fiddle.

LESSON XI.

WHAT, you think that you shall soon be able to dress yourself entirely? I am glad of it: I have something else to do. You may go, and look for your frock in the drawer; but I will tie it, till you are stronger. Betty will tie it, when I am busy.

I button my gown myself: I do not want a maid to assist me, when I am dressing. But you have not yet got sense enough to do it properly, and must beg somebody to help you, till you are older.

Children grow older and wiser at the same time. William is not able to take a piece of meat, because he has not got the sense which would make him think that, without teeth, meat would do him harm. He cannot tell what is good for him.

The sense of children grows with them. You know much more than William, now you walk alone, and talk; but you do not know as much as the boys and girls you see playing yonder, who are half as tall again as you; and they do not know half as much as their fathers and mothers, who are men and women grown. Papa and I were children, like you; and men and women took care of us. I carry William, because he is too weak to walk. I lift you over a stile, and over the gutter, when you cannot jump over it.

You know already, that potatoes will not do you any harm: but I must pluck the fruit for you, till you are wise enough to know the ripe apples and pears. The hard ones would make you sick, and then you must

take physic. You do not love physic: I do not love it any more than you. But I have more sense than you; therefore I take care not to eat unripe fruit, or any thing else that would make my stomach ache, or bring out ugly red spots on my face.

When I was a child, my mamma chose the fruit for me, to prevent my making myself sick. I was just like you; I used to ask for what I saw, without knowing whether it was good or bad. Now I have lived a long time, I know what is good; I do not want any body to tell me.

LESSON XII.

LOOK at those two dogs. The old one brings the ball to me in a

moment; the young one does not know how. He must be taught.

I can cut your shift in a proper shape. You would not know how to begin. You would spoil it; but you will learn.

John digs in the garden, and knows when to put the seed in the ground. You cannot tell whether it should be in the winter or summer. Try to find it out. When do the trees put out their leaves? In the spring, you say, after the cold weather. Fruit would not grow ripe without very warm weather. Now I am sure you can guess why the summer is the season for fruit.

Papa knows that peas and beans are good for us to eat with our meat. You are glad when you see them; but if he did not think for you, and have the seed put in the ground, we should have no peas or beans.

LESSON XIII.

POOR child, she cannot do much for herself. When I let her do any thing for me, it is to please her: for I could do it better myself.

Oh! the poor puppy has tumbled off the stool. Run and stroke him. Put a little milk in a saucer to comfort him. You have more sense than he. You can pour the milk into the saucer without spilling it. He would cry for a day with hunger, without being able to get it. You are wiser than the dog, you must help him. The dog will love you for it, and run after you. I feed you and take care of you: you love me and follow me for it.

When the book fell down on your foot, it gave you great pain. The poor dog felt the same pain just now.

Take care not to hurt him, when you play with him. And every morning leave a little milk in your bason for him. Do not forget to put the bason in a corner, lest somebody should fall over it.

When the snow covers the ground, save the crumbs of bread for the birds. In the summer they find seed enough, and do not want you to think about them.

I make broth for the poor man who is sick. A sick man is like a child, he cannot help himself.

LESSON XIV.

WHEN I caught cold some time ago, I had such a pain in my head, I could scarcely hold it up. Papa opened the door very softly, because he loves me. You love me, yet you made a noise. You had not the sense to know that it made my head worse, till papa told you.

Papa had a pain in the stomach, and he would not eat the fine cherries or grapes on the table. When I brought him a cup of camomile tea, he drank it without saying a word, or making an ugly face. He knows that I love him, and that I would not give him any thing to drink that has a bad taste, if it were not to do him good.

You asked me for some apples when your stomach ached; but I was not angry with you. If you had been as wise as papa, you would have said, I will not eat the apples to-day, I must take some camomile tea.

You say that you do not know how to think. Yes; you do a little. The other day papa was tired; he had been walking about all the morning. After dinner he fell asleep on the sopha. I did not bid you be quiet; but you thought of what papa said to you, when my head ached. This made you think that you ought not to make a noise, when papa was resting himself. So you came to me, and said to me, very softly, Pray reach me my ball, and I will go and play in the garden, till papa wakes.

You were going out; but thinking again, you came back to me on your tip-toes. Whisper—whisper. Pray, mamma, call me, when papa wakes; for I shall be afraid to open the door to see, lest I should disturb him.

Away you went—creep—creep—and shut the door as softly as I could have done myself.

That was thinking. When a child does wrong at first, she does not know any better. But, after she has been told that she must not disturb mamma, when poor mamma is unwell, she thinks herself, that she must not wake papa when he is tired.

Another day we will see if you can think about any thing else.

END OF THE FIRST VOL.

The Ladder to Learning;

OR, A

SELECTION OF FABLES.

CONSISTING OF WORDS OF

ONLY ONE SYLLABLE,

BEING

An eafy Introduction to the uſeful Art of Reading.

A NEW

STORY-BOOK:

Containing FABLES, conſiſting of Words of One Syllable.

FABLE I.

The WOLF *and the* LAMB.

ONE hot day, a Wolf and a Lamb came juſt at the ſame time to quench their thirſt in the ſtream of a clear brook. The Wolf ſtood where the ground was high, and the Lamb ſtood down the ſtream, not far from him. But as the Wolf had a mind to a bit of ſoft fleſh, he would fain fall out with the Lamb. Fool, ſays he, what is it you mean, that you ſtir up the mud ſo, and ſpoil the ſtream

where I drink? You must be quite wrong, to be sure, Sir, said the poor Lamb; for the stream runs down from you to me, and not from me to you. Be that as it will, said the Wolf, you are a pert young rogue, and spoke a great deal of ill of me, more than half a year since. Sir, says the Lamb, that could not be; for I was not born at the time you speak of. No! said the Wolf; then I am sure it was that vile old knave your dad; and it is no more than just that his son should pay for it. With that he flew on the poor Lamb, and tore him limb from limb in a trice.

MORAL.

Rogues will be rogues, say what they may to be free from blame.

FABLE II.

The WOLF and the CRANE.

THIS vile rogue of a Wolf was in ſuch haſte to eat up the poor Lamb, that one of the ſmall bones ſtuck faſt in his throat. Bleſs me! how this made him roar and howl! he vow'd and ſwore, by all that was good, that he would not kill a Lamb once more for the whole world. He ran firſt to this beaſt, and then to that; but as not one of them had the leaſt love for him, they would not give him the leaſt help. So at laſt he comes to the Crane, calls her a fine bird, and ſays he would give I know not what, if ſhe would but take the bone from his throat. On this ſhe put her long

neck down his throat, and pulled out the bone at once. But when she told him of the pay which he had said he would give her for the cure; Fool, says he, you may think it well that I did not bite off your head; how then come you to think of pay?

MORAL.

If you help a rogue out of a scrape, you may think you are well off, if he does not cut your throat for your pains.

FABLE III.

The Wolf and the Sick Ass.

ONCE on a time, when an old Ass was sick, the fame of it spread far and near; some did not stick to say that

he would die the next night. Our sly rogue of a Wolf had the luck to hear of it; and so up he comes to the young Ass (the son of the old one) with a how do you do, my dear? Ah, poor child! adds he, I grieve for you as much as I can. They tell me your good old Dam is at the point of death. Is it true? pray, how does she do now, poor soul? Do? said the young Ass: why she is not so bad yet by a great deal as you would have her be; and if you wait for her dead corpse to make a meal of, you will wait, I hope, till your guts are as light as a cork, and your neck as long as my tail.

MORAL.

Some deeds, which make a great show of love, are found in truth to come from

the same view as those of the Wolf: When he went to see the sick Ass, he did not want to hear of her health, but to taste of her flesh: so true it is that all is not gold that shines, nor all love that speaks you fair. Be wise, then, and trust not too much to fine words which this or that man may give you.

FABLE IV.

The WOLF in SHEEP'S Clothes.

THERE are few rogues who do not come to a bad end at laſt. This was the caſe with our Wolf; for though he had put off more ſly tricks by far than I have told you, yet at laſt he was caught in the ſnare. For one day, thinks he, if I put on the ſkin of a Sheep, I may then mix with the flock, and ſuck my fill of their ſweet blood, and yet not be found out. But as the Man who took care of the ſheep had the luck to find out the trick, he came up to the Wolf when he leaſt thought of it, and put a ſtrong cord round his neck. What! ſaid the thief, will you hang one of your poor Sheep who bring forth

Lambs to feed you, and good ſoft Wool to make warm clothes for you? No, you rogue, ſaid the man; but when I catch a Wolf, I ſpare him not, though like you he may wear the garb of a ſheep and look like a ſaint. And with that he tucks him up in a trice, and leaves him to ſwing on the next tree.

MORAL.

There is no art which can hide rogues. Let thoſe do no wrong who cannot bear that it ſhould be known to their ſhame.

FABLE V.

The Fox and the GOAT.

ONE day, as our Fox went to peep at a hen rooſt, he had the bad

luck to fall into a well, where he ſwam firſt to this ſide, and then to that ſide, but could not get out in ſpite of all his pains. At laſt, a poor Goat came to the ſame place to ſeek ſome drink. So ho! friend Fox, ſaid he, you quaff it off there at a great rate; I hope by this time you have quench'd your thirſt. Thirſt! ſaid the ſly rogue; what I have found here to drink is ſo clear and ſo ſweet, that I cannot take my fill of it: do pray come down, my dear, and have a taſte of it. With that, in leaps the Goat, as he bid him: but as ſoon as he was down, the Fox mounts on his horns, and leaps out of the well in a trice; and as he went off, Good b'ye, Sir Lack-wit, ſaid he; if you had as much brains as you have beard, I

ſhould have been in the well ſtill, and you might have ſtood on the brink of it to laugh at me, as I now do at you.

MORAL.

When a rogue gets in a ſcrape, he will give up the beſt friend he has to get out of it: ſo that you ought to know what a man is firſt, and then you may judge how far you ought to truſt to what he ſays.

FABLE VI.

The Fox and the WOLF.

A WOLF, who had once laid in a great ſtock of good things to eat, kept cloſe at home. Our Fox, whoſe eyes were quick to find out what was none of his own, had a mind, as they

ſay, to go ſnacks with him; that is, to take all that he could get at: ſo off he trots poſt haſte to a man that kept ſheep, and tells him where the cave of the Wolf was. When the man heard of it, he takes a large club, and goes and knocks the poor Wolf on the head. But in a ſhort time, as he went the ſame way, he found the Fox in the ſame cave, and as he knew him to be as vile a thief as the Wolf had been, he fell on him too, and broke one of his legs for him. The ſight of a bear, who came in view juſt in the nick of time, made the man ſheer off. But as the Bear had heard of the trick which the Fox had put on the Wolf, he cries out to him, as he ſaw him limp off, Harm watch, harm catch; you now go ſnacks

with the Wolf in a way you did not dream of.

MORAL.

Think nothing gain that is ill got; and be ſure, that he who hurts will be hurt.

FABLE VII.

The Boy and the THIEF.

AS a Boy ſat and cried on the ſide of a well, a Thief, who came by juſt at the ſame time, aſked him why he wept. The boy ſtill ſighs and ſobs, and tells him that his ſtring was broke, ſo that a cup of gold, which hung at the end of it, had dropp'd down in the well. On this, the poor fool of a thief pulls off his clothes, and ſlides down that he might go and

look for it, for, thinks he, if I can but find it, it will be no hard thing for me to keep it, and a brave find it will be. But when he had groped, and poked, and felt a long while, but all in vain, up he comes as vexed as he could be; when, to his no ſmall grief and ſhame, he found, that for the cup of gold, which he thought to have made his own, the arch rogue of a boy had run off with his clothes, and left him to walk home in his bare ſkin.

MORAL.

Set a thief to catch a thief. We may learn too, that though a thief will ſteal from all he can, he does not like to be uſed in the ſame way; which proves that he well knows that his own thefts are bad deeds, and that he ought to ſmart for them, if he had his due.

FABLE VIII.

The MAN and his GOOSE.

A POOR fool of a Man once had a Gooſe which laid eggs of gold; and this made the young rogue as proud as a horſe. Come, come, ſaid he, I may now hold up my head with the beſt of them all. Cheer up, my lad, for in a ſhort time you may have a coach to ride in, and make the duſt fly like ſmoke. But why did I ſay in a ſhort time? Bleſs me! what a ſtrange fool I am! It is but to rip up the Gooſe, and then I ſhall be as rich as King George at once. So to work he went, and ript up the Gooſe the ſame day. But he was a great fool for his pains; for when the poor gooſe was dead, he found nought but a few ſeeds, from which, it is true,

more eggs might have been bred, if he had been so wise as to wait for them; but as there was no life and warmth in the Goose, to make them grow, they were of no more worth to him than the eggs of a wren.

MORAL. *All grasp, all lose.*

FABLE IX.

The Old Man who called for Death.

A POOR Old Man, who was forced to go to the wood to pick up

ſome ſticks and ſtumps, to make up a fire to dreſs his food and warm his hands, was ſo much ſpent with his load, that he threw it down at the foot of a large tree, and cried out for Death to come and put an end to his life. As ſoon as he had ſaid the word, up came the tall grim King, with his dart and ſcythe in his hand; and each ſtep he took, his bones (for he is all bones you know) made as much noiſe as the clack of a mill. Well, ſaid Death, (with a wide grin) and what do you want of me, my friend? No harm, I hope, ſweet Sir, ſaid the Old Man, in a great fright; but I muſt beg of you to help me up with my load, that I may get home in time. Death went his way, and the Old Man took up the load, which he thought too great to bear, without

his help, and went home full of joy at his good luck.

MORAL.

We are too apt to think our lot too hard to bear: those who do so, may be taught to think it a good one, by him who can send worse.

FABLE X.

The Frog and the Ox.

A PROUD Frog, who fed in the same field with a fat Ox, had a mind to try if she could swell up her hide, till she was as big as he was. Now for it, said she, let me see what I can do. But her Son, who saw what she would be at, begged hard of her to leave off and try no more; for, as he

told her, if ſhe were to try her heart out, it would all be in vain, and do her more harm than ſhe thought of. Harm! you young fool, ſaid ſhe; why you know not what I can do, if I ſtrive for it.

Do but look at me now, and ſee how faſt I grow? And with that ſhe puffs and blows, and ſtrains and ſwells, till ſhe burſt her ſkin, and fell dead on the ground.

MORAL.

It is beſt to keep a due mean in all our ſchemes, and not ſpend our time in ſuch things as are too hard and too high for us: For, if we aim at more than we have ſtrength to go through with, we may well look to loſe our pains; and, it may be, break our backs or our necks ere we leave off.

CONTRACTIONS.

CASE I. When there are cyphers at the right hand of the divisor, cut them off; likewise cut off the same number of digits from the right hand of the dividend; then divide as usual, and to the remainder annex the digits cut off from the dividend.

EXAMPLES.

1.

342,00)6792,16(19
342
3372
3078
29416 Remainder.

2.

135,000)27619,413(204
270
619
540
79413 Rem.

CASE II. If the divisor be a product of two or more numbers, divide continually by those numbers instead of the whole at once.

EXAMPLES.

1.

Divide 7621460 by 16

4)7621460

2.

4792161 by 48

6)4792161

PRACTICAL QUESTIONS under the PRECEDING RULES.

1. Add fourteen thousand, five hundred and nine ; one thousand, nine hundred and twenty one ; six hundred and twenty thousand, three hundred and forty-seven ; and five million, twenty-three thousand, and nineteen, together.

Ans. 5659896 sum.

2. What is the sum of 76129+54216+39127+62357+514026 ?

Ans. 745855.

3. What is the difference between four million two hundred and ten thousand and twelve ; and six hundred and fifty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven ?

Ans. 3550215.

4. Take nine hundred and one thousand and fifteen from one million, one thousand, one hundred and one.

Ans. 100086.

5. A farm of 460 acres is let for 2 dollars per acre ; how much does the rent amount to ? Ans. 920 Dollars.

24012964

6. If a man's income be 6 dollars a day, how much does it amount to in a year, allowing 365 days in a year ?

8. 64 men have 17280 dollars divided equally among them ; what is each man's part ? Ans. 135 Dollars.

9. Multiply three hundred and seventy-eight thousand, five hundred, by thirty-four. Ans. 12869000 Product.

10. What is the third part of 3669 ? Ans. 1229.

11. Divide 6764 by 19. Ans. 356 Quotient.

12. What number must be added to 764 to make it 1256 ? Ans. 492.

13. By what number must I multiply 67, that the product may be 871 ? Ans. 13.

14. There are two numbers whose difference is 796, the greater number is 4320 ; I demand the less. Ans. 3524.

15. Supposing a man to have been born in the year 1762 ; how old was he in 1806 ? Ans. 44.

16. Suppose a man to have been 78 years old in the year 1806 ; in what year was he born ? Ans. 1728.

17. What will 12 tons of hay come to at 27 dollars per ton ? Ans. 324 Dollars.