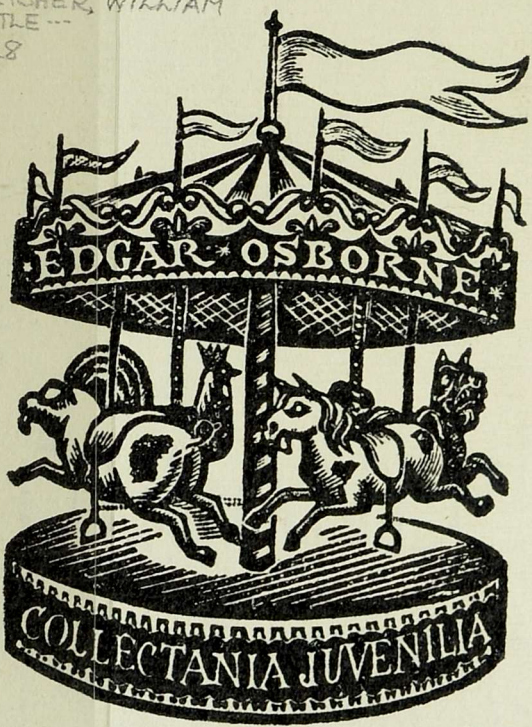
Emma Reed



page 23.

page 25.

Pub.d Aug.1 1828 by J. Harris corner of St.Pauls.

THE

LITTLE GRAMMARIAN;

OR,

AN EASY GUIDE TO THE

PARTS OF SPEECH,

AND FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING

Rules of Syntax:

IN A SERIES OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING TALES.

BY THE REV. W. FLETCHER,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1828.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,

Dorset-street, Fleet Street.

DEDICATED

TO

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,

WILLIAM MELLOR FLETCHER,

BY HIS

AFFECTIONATE FATHER,

THE AUTHOR.

Woodbridge Grammar School,
February, 1828.

PREFATORY EPISTLE.

WHEN I had last the pleasure of seeing you, if I mistake not, you were regretting that some one did not take it in hand to give such illustrations of the Parts of Speech as might tend to diminish the toil of those who had just begun their Grammars.

Turning the matter over in my mind a few weeks ago, after one of my little girls had convinced me

by her tears and entreaties to explain and remove some of those stumbling-blocks in her way to knowledge, that your regret was not merely ideal, I sedulously set about the work of preparing such a publication as might, in some measure, meet your views on the subject. Several plans suggested themselves to my mind, but none appeared so satisfactory as the one you recommended, — of bringing together under one head, or throwing together in one story, (which you will,) as many of these Parts of Speech individually, as possible, and printing such words in Italics, for the guidance and instruction of such little masters and misses as

might wish to be amused and instructed at the same time.

The plan I have pursued is, I am free to confess, far from original; the Abbé Gaultier having written a similar work, for the use of his little fellow-countrymen; but I do trust, that whatever may be wanted on the score of originality, will be counterbalanced by the interest which I have endeavoured to throw round a subject, naturally dry and tedious to beginners. The ground over which I have passed, though far from barren, is yet so little variegated, as to need a few flowers to set it off to advantage: these I have endeavoured to collect from the gardens of fancy, and plant for

the amusement of my little friends ; and heartily do I hope they may be found to yield fruit also, in their improvement, as a reward for their patient attention.

The skilful apothecary gilds his pill, and colours the otherwise nauseous draught ; you also, my good friend, strive to render the dullest path of study delightful, by consulting the taste and feelings of the young ; whilst I, no less desirous of innocently beguiling my little friends into a knowledge of matters, too uninteresting to please in their crude and undigested form, have done my best to remove some of the thorns, briers, and rugged obstacles from the path of

learning, that the tender feet of little ones may seldom have occasion to complain of the roughness of their way.

Trusting the approbation of such parents as think meet to lay my *petite* volume before their children, may go with *your* wishes to serve the best interests of the former, and *my* earnest desire to amuse instructively the latter,

I am,

Your's, faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE PUBLISHER.

THE LITTLE GRAMMARIAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

On a fine summer's morning, as Charles Pemberton, the eldest son of a private gentleman of good fortune (and one of the upper-form scholars of a large public school) was walking in the Abbey grounds of Naethorpe with his little brother and sister, and beguiling the time in asking them such simple questions as he thought

they might easily answer, the following conversation took place:—

Charles. I remember, Mary, when I was last at home, for the Christmas vacation, you told me you found great difficulty in deciding what Parts of Speech the different words were that you met with in reading; and that William, although a year older than you, could not inform you: am I right in supposing that you are still as ignorant as you were then? William, what do you say respecting the matter?

William. Why, to tell the truth, as I ought to do, although I may be ashamed to own my ignorance, I believe I am but very little wiser in the matter; for, al-

though our Governess tells me daily, that I am a very stupid fellow in not knowing an adjective from an adverb, or a noun from a pronoun, yet she does not explain them so nicely to me, as to give me hopes that I shall ever be a clever one.

Charles. And what do *you* say, Mary, in reply to my question?

Mary. Why, dear Charles, I think I do know a little more than William, though I know but little; for, would you believe, he cannot yet tell the difference between a *definite* and an *indefinite* article, though I can; but farther than this, I am sure, I do not understand.

Charles. Why, my dear brother and sister, you very much surprise

me, I must confess! Surely you must have been very idle, or very inattentive; for, I am sure, your Governess does not fail to use her endeavours to improve you.

William. Why, so she does, Charles; but, then, I cannot understand her, she talks so fast, and scolds so terribly! How I do wish, Charles, you would just take us in hand a little, and tell us how to *classify* (as our Governess says) every word we use.

Mary. Now do, dear Charles; it will be so kind of you! For you cannot tell the long tasks Willy and myself have had for our silly answers. Could not you just tell us some nice easy way how to find these awkward words out?—It would

be so kind of you! If you will, I will save up my money, and buy you a watch-ribbon; and, I am sure, brother Willy will give you one of his best rabbits with pleasure.

William. That I will; and my guinea pigs too, if you will accept of them.

Charles. My dear little brother and sister, I do not ask any other reward for my trouble than your love; and, to prove how much I wish to deserve it, I must tell you, that, during the last half-year, I have written some little tales in a nice clear hand, like print, to explain the Parts of Speech to you. In them, you will find the Part of Speech, under the head of which each tale stands, printed in Italics (that is, like this

word, *thus*) wherever it occurs; so that, at one glance, you may be able to tell substantives from adjectives, and verbs from adverbs, &c.

Mary. Oh, thank you! Dear Charles, how good you are! How we shall astonish our Governess, when she returns! What a nice easy way of learning them it will be!—Won't it, Willy?

William. Ay, that it will. I shall soon be a clever fellow now! No more thimble pies, raps of the knuckles, standing in corners, and poking my eyes out over a spelling-book for Parts of Speech!—Oh! what a capital fellow you are, Charles!

Charles. Don't make too sure of all this, my dear brother and sister;

for, I must tell you, unless you notice well what you read, and strive to learn, as well as to be amused, you will gain nothing from what I have done, and I shall have written for you in vain. But, I hope, when you think that I have spent many of my play-hours in writing, in order to improve and amuse you, that you, also, will do all in your power to render what I have done serviceable to you.

William. Why, so we ought, dear Charles; and, I am sure, Mary and myself will set about it in right good earnest; because we have every reason in the world to do so. How pleased Papa and Mamma will be to see us, dear

Mary, taking lessons from Charles! How I wish John and Catherine were living, to study with us!

Charles. Do not mention them, William; they are in a better world, where they have but one duty to perform,—to praise God; and are much happier than we are, who have so many things to trouble and afflict us.

Mary. I was but a very tiny child when they died of that cruel fever, and therefore cannot recollect them; but I often hear Papa and Mamma speak of them with tears in their eyes; so I never make any inquiries about them, for fear I should give them pain.

Charles. You are very right,

and very good, Mary, to consider their feelings: and the only duty we have to do, is, to strive, by our good conduct, and love of God, to follow them to that good place where the spirits of the just dwell for ever. But now to another subject: here is the little book I have written for you, which, if you read with care, I am sure you will understand with ease. At the head of each tale, is the explanation of that Part of Speech, which is printed in Italics throughout the whole of the lesson; so that you have nothing more to do than to understand what a noun or a pronoun, a verb or a preposition, may mean; and to trace it through the

lesson before you. This will give you such a clear idea of them, that I am sure, your time spent in perusing them will be well repaid by the knowledge you may gain. If you find, at any time, that you do not well understand what I mean, I shall feel great pleasure, my dear William and Mary, in giving you a still clearer idea of the matter, if possible.

Both. Thank you, dear, dear Charles: and now for a struggle with the Parts of Speech.

Charles. Before you attempt, my dear little ones, to read my explanatory tales, let me impress on your minds this first principle,—that all the words of our language, that

is to say, all the words we use in conversation, or find in a course of reading, are arranged, or classed, as grammarians say, under nine distinct heads. The names given to these several classes are, Articles, Nouns, or Substantives, Adjectives, Pronouns, Verbs, Adverbs, Prepositions, Conjunctions, and Interjections. To these I shall add another, for the sake of clearness, namely, the Participle. The more you examine these ten classes of words, or, as they may be called, Parts of Speech, the more you will be convinced, from their different uses, properties, powers, and natures, of the propriety of considering them as so many distinct kinds of words.

Thus, you may perceive at once, if I say, Nouns signify the names of things, and under that head place *pen*, *ink*, *paper*, *books*, which are really the names of things, I do right; but if to these I add *and*, *but*, *if*, *truly*, *write*, and *run*, which are certainly not names of things, I must, on the other hand, do wrong. Having given you this counsel, I shall now leave you to pursue the path which I have marked out for you; and, I feel but little doubt, by one week's common attention to the subject, you will be able to overcome all the difficulties which at present obstruct your advance in learning.

As the sky is dark and lower-

ing, we will now, if you please, return home; for Papa and Mamma will be anxious for our safety, as there is every appearance of a thunder-storm. So, now Willy and Mary, for a race up the avenue: a new book for the winner, and a ball for the loser.

William. I thank you, dear Charley, for all favours: and so, Mary, now for our race up the avenue; and when we reach home, we will have another race after these runaway Parts of Speech; and Charles shall reward us with kisses; and Papa and Mamma, with smiles and blessings.

Charles. That I will readily, my dear little brother and sister;

and, I am sure, I can answer for Papa and Mamma doing even more than you say; for I have mentioned the matter to them, and a nice new book is promised for each of you: so, now for the prize of industry, and the reward of attention!

CHAPTER II.

ARTICLES.

An Article (from the Latin word *articulus*, a joint,) is a word prefixed to substantives or nouns, to point them out, and to shew how far their signification extends, as

a garden, *an* eagle, *the* houses, *the* stars. There are but two articles in the English language, *a* and *the*: but when a noun begins with a vowel, as *a*nt, or a silent *h* as *h*our, the article *a* is changed into *an*, as *an* ant, *an* hour.

A or *an* is called the INDEFINITE article, because it does not exactly specify or define, like the DEFINITE article *the*, what particular thing is meant; as, for instance, if I say, Give me *a* book, I mean any book; but if I should say, Give me *the* book, I must of course mean some particular book.

A, or *an*, can only be used before nouns signifying one person or thing; as *a* man, *an* orange: *the*

may go before nouns expressive of many as well as of one; as *the* man, *the* men; *the* orange, *the* oranges.

A, an, or *the* is sometimes found before an adjective; as *an* ungodly man, *a* sour orange, *the* high houses, *the* lowly cottage. But in all such cases, the article is still to be considered as a prefix to the noun; the terms ungodly, sour, high, lowly, which are adjectives, being interposed, to express the quality of the noun, without any dependence upon the article.

THE ROBBER AND LITTLE ANN.

Some few years back, *a* poor man, living on one of *the* moors

in *the* North of England, whilst busily employed in cutting turf, was cruelly beaten by *an* impious man, because he would not give him his watch and *the* little money he had in his pocket; indeed, so much was he injured, that he had only strength to crawl home on his hands and feet.

His little girl (about three years old) had been to visit him at his work as usual, and was asleep on *a* bed of heath at *the* time her father was first attacked; but his cries awoke her just in time to catch *a* sight of *the* barbarous thief, as he turned away from *the* mangled and almost lifeless body of her parent. Poor little Ann cried most

bitterly as she assisted her poor father in his efforts to reach home, which, after more than *an* hour's toil, he accomplished.

Now poor Ann's father was *an* honest industrious man, and much respected by his neighbours; therefore every one did all in his power to aid and assist him during his sickness. In *the* course of *a* month, he was able to limp from *the* bed to *the* fire-side, but he never recovered *the* entire use of his limbs, so cruelly he had been used by *the* wicked man on *the* moor. He could no longer carry *the* turf he cut; but *an* ass, given him by *a* friend, did that part of his toil for him, so that perhaps in *the* end, we

might say, he was not *a* very great loser by his misfortune.

Well, *a* year or two passed away, and *the* barbarous thief remained undiscovered, when it happened, that on little Ann's return, one evening, from *a* public house, where she had been to carry home some work that her mother had done for *the* mistress of *the* house, she rushed into her father's hut in great affright, and called out, as she swooned away, "I have seen *the* man :" more she could not say for tears and faintness. Her parents at first thought some man had frightened her on *the* road, as *the* evening was rather dark, and begged her to tell them who it was,

but still she could not speak for terror and alarm. At length, her mother said to her husband, "Did you not hear her say *the* man? Now by that she must mean some one in particular; if she had said *a* man, I should have thought some silly fellow or other had been playing tricks with *the* child. Surely, John, she has not seen *the* man who lamed and robbed you?" "I have, I have, mother," said little Ann, for her faintness was then nearly over; "and, if you run fast, you will see him at *the* Plough: he had just then paid his reckoning and was about to leave, when I ran home as fast as I could to tell you. Pray make haste, for I am sure you will be in time to take him."

The consequence was, that John hastened to *the* Plough as fast as his crippled limbs would enable him, and arrived there just in time to recognize and secure *the* man who had assaulted and robbed him, before he departed. *The* man was taken to prison; and in *a* few months received his trial, and was sent from England for life, to repent himself in toil in *a* distant land for *the* crimes he had wrought in his own. Now, had little Ann used *a* instead of *the* in her alarm; *the* thief would have escaped before she had been able to tell her parents what she really meant: hence learn the great difference between *a* or *an* and *the*.

CHAPTER III.

SUBSTANTIVES, OR NOUNS.

A SUBSTANTIVE (from *substantia*, a substance,) or NOUN (from *nomen*, a name,) is the name of any thing which exists, or of which we have any notion or idea: thus, *tree* is a noun, because it is the name of a thing which really exists; also the words *envy*, *malice*, are nouns, since they are the names of vices or imperfections, of which we form ideas or notions in our minds.

The names appropriated to individuals, places, countries, rivers, mountains, &c. are called PROPER

NOUNS, as *George, America, London, Thames, Olympus;* the rest may be classed under one head, and called COMMON NOUNS.

Substantives have two genders, MASCULINE and FEMININE, (the NEUTER, properly speaking, is not a gender;) also two numbers, SINGULAR and PLURAL, and three cases in each number.

THE DREAM.

"A few *evenings* back, as I was sitting in my easy *chair*," said my *grandfather*, "watching the changing *appearances* in the *fire* before me, and listening to the sleety *hailstorm* pattering against my *casement*, I

insensibly sank into a pleasing *kind* of *slumber*. In the midst of this *repose*, I, all at once, found myself sitting at the *entrance* of a plain and simple *temple*, dedicated, as I saw by an *inscription* over the *door*, to *Truth*.

" How it was that such a sudden *change* had passed over my *mind*, I could not imagine; a few *minutes* before, I was in a *state* of perfect *peace* and *quietude*, by my own *fire-side;* now I was a repining and disconsolate *mortal*, sitting in a *place* I knew *nothing* of, and surrounded by *fountains*, *woods*, *hills* and *groves*, I had never seen before. I felt that I was perfectly miserable, pennyless and friendless; and I

exclaimed in the *anguish* of my *heart*, 'Oh! that instead of these *rags*, I had *vestments* of the finest *texture*; instead of this *emptiness* of *pocket*, the vast *riches* of the *earth*; and in the *place* of this beggarly *condition* of mine, all that *wealth* could purchase, or even unlimited *power* command! I see *hundreds* around me, blessed with *abundance* and with every *gratification* of their *wishes* and *desires;* whilst I, equal to them in the *sight* of *God*, as *divines* say, carry *nothing* about me but *poverty*, *disease*, and *bitterness* of *spirit*. If I had *money*, what an excellent *use* I would make of it; if I had *power*, how I would befriend poor *miserables* like myself;

and if all my *wishes* could be gratified, what a *world* I would create around me!'

"'Then have thy *wishes* accomplished;' said a divine yet stern and awful *figure* (which I had not observed before) standing on the *threshold* of the *temple;* 'enter these holy *courts*, and behold the *gratification* of thy *will.* Thou art discontented, ambitious, selfish, and covetous; enter this *temple*, and there, if thou canst, exchange thy present petty and disgraceful *murmurs*, for *feelings* more honourable to thyself, and more pleasing to the *God* that made thee.'

"I could not do otherwise than follow the *footsteps* of this seem-

ingly divine *being;* therefore, I entered the vast *area* of the *temple.* No sooner had I cast my *gaze* around, than I beheld my *conductress* seated on a *throne*, at the *foot* of which lay two *heaps*, of very unequal *size*, formed of *materials* and *things* equally dissimilar also. These I will describe to you as nearly as I can, in order that you may judge whether your *conduct* would have been like mine. The first *heap* was composed of *vases* of *diamonds*, *rubies*, and all *kinds* of precious *stones*, huge *masses* of *gold* and *silver*, the finest *silks* of Persian *looms*, *shawls* from *Cashmere*, *damasks* and *brocades* from *Ispahan*, and *carpets* of the richest *hues* from

Turkey. Here lay the choicest *fruits* from the happiest *climes;* the rarest *productions* of the *East* and *West; bags* of *spice* from the *Laccadive* and *Maldive islands; tea* of the sweetest *flavour* from *China; coffee* of the most fragrant *smell* from *Mocha, Bencoolen* and *Java; wines* of the most exquisite *quality* from *Madeira, Oporto, Shiraz,* and the vine-covered *shores* of the *Mediterranean.* There too, were the *honey-drops* of the sweet *cane,* the *mango,* the juicy *pine,* the cooling *melon,* and the Tuscan *grape.* In short, the whole *earth* seemed to have been rifled of its *productions,* in order that my *eyes* might be gratified at once with the *spoils* of *nature.*

There were *riches* sufficient to satisfy the most greedy *miser; luxuries* enough to fill with *joy* the *eyes* of the greatest *glutton; wines* sufficient to drown all the *libertines* of the *earth* in *intemperance;* and *ornaments* enough to crown every *wish* of the *fop,* the silly and the vain, with a complete *fulfilment.* How unlike this was the other *heap!* On the former, my *eye* had dwelt with *pleasure;* on the latter it frowned in *disgust.* There, I saw *everything* to gratify and please; here, I beheld *nothing* but what excited a *feeling* of *contempt,* such as *implements* of *husbandry, ploughs, harrows, flails, forks,* and *barrows, tools* of the *artisan, bags* of various *seeds,*

baskets of common *fruits*, *roots* and *vegetables*. As I turned from this *heap* with a scornful *eye*, my *conductress* spake in nearly the following *words*: 'Repining and ambitious *mortal*, now choose for thyself: here,' pointing to the first *heap*, 'thou hast thy *wish*,—there,' touching the second, 'thou seest thy *aversion*: but first let me shew thee the *end* of both; for, when thy *choice* is once made, I have no *power* to mend thy *condition*, whatever it may be, whether of *pain* or *pleasure*.

"'My *name* is *Truth*; and with this *salve* I will anoint thine *eyes*: then shalt thou see *things* as they are, not as they seem to be. So saying,

she touched my *eyes* with an *ointment*, which she called *sincerity*; when, to my utter *amazement*, the *heaps* had disappeared; and in the *place* of the former appeared *disease*, *crime*, *debauchery*, *lust*, *unbelief*, *injustice*, *rapine*, *drunkenness*, *lying*, *envy*, *pride*, *vanity*, *cowardice*, *malice*, and all the *vices*, in mingled *fight* for *victory*. In the *place* of the latter, I saw *health*, *virtue*, *temperance*, *industry*, *kindness*, *love*, *charity*, *faith*, *hope*, *modesty*, *justice*, *moderation*, *innocence*, *competence*, *peace*, and all the *virtues*. Now, said my *attendant*, *Truth*, which wilt thou choose? On one *side*, thou seest every sensual *indulgence*, but the *end* of those *things* is *death*;

on the other, thou beholdest the *fruits* of a *life* spent in *industry*, *contentment*, and *piety*; a *course* of *existence* which hath not only the *promise* of the *life* which now is, but of that which is to come. Choose, therefore, for thyself.

I was about to declare my *refusal* of the first *heap*, and my *choice* of the latter, when a *log* of *wood*, falling from the *grate* on the *fender*, put an *end* to what I found was but a *dream*, in which much *truth* was mixed with harmless *fiction*. If I valued my *retirement*, my spare *meals*, my *life* of *industry*, and my own *fireside* before, how much did I value them afterwards, when I found that *riches* did

not form *happiness*, nor the *fulfilment* of *ambition peace!*

CHAPTER IV.

ADJECTIVES.

An Adjective (from *ad*, to, and *jacere*, to throw or fix,) is a word added to a substantive, to express its quality; as the word *good* added to "apple," gives the quality of the fruit. An adjective may be known by its taking the word "thing" after it; as a *good* thing, a *bad* thing. Adjectives do not vary on account of the gender, number, or case of the nouns they are joined to. They have two degrees of comparison, the

COMPARATIVE and SUPERLATIVE ; —the POSITIVE is merely the first state of the adjective.

THE IDIOT BOY.

In a *little* hamlet, on the *pleasant winding* banks of the river Trent, there lived, some *few* years ago, a *poor* boy, the *only* son of a *forlorn* widow, left in very *narrow* circumstances. Although this *only* comfort of her's was an *unfortunate* idiot, that is to say, a *human* being without mind, intellect, or, what you will perhaps understand better, *common* sense, or understanding, yet he so well knew his *good* and *kind* parent, and so truly felt her *devoted*

page 41.

page 46.

Pub.d Aug. 1 1828. by J. Harris corner of S.t Pauls.

tenderness towards him, that she, *poor* widow, really considered him, notwithstanding his imperfections, as a blessing unto her. If she wanted any thing, *poor* Jock was always at hand to render her the *desired* assistance; that is to say, as soon as he could understand what it was she required. If she went out to gather a *few* sticks, he was always by her side, to carry them; or, if she went to glean in the harvest-fields, Jock was there also, either to gather up a *few* ears of corn, or to keep watch over her gleanings. If she were *ill*, no rest had her *poor* idiot boy, by night or day: he could not weep, but the *dismal* moans and groans he

uttered were *enough* to bring tears in the eyes of all who saw and heard him.

In the winter of a *certain* year, the frost set in with *uncommon* severity; the snow covered the ground to a very *great* depth, and the *broadest* rivers were locked up with *thick-ribbed* ice. The *poor little* birds absolutely died on the *leafless* sprays, and many a *woe-worn* traveller, lost amid the snow-wreaths of his *native* spot, died from the *severe* inclemency of the weather. *One* day, the *poor* widow, who supported herself and *idiot* boy, by knitting *yarn* stockings and gloves, was compelled to go to a town about *ten* miles from her *lonely* cot, to take home

the produce of her labours; she left Jock at home, *first* of all making him understand where she was going, and how necessary it was for him to stay by the *warm* fireside, rather than expose himself to the *bitter* cold, and *piercing* winds. *Poor* Jock amused himself, as well as he could, by humming, in his *usual* way, about the *solitary* cottage, the *whole livelong* day, and cutting *little* pieces of stick into all manner of *strange* figures. Towards evening, however, the *poor* boy, who had not tasted a morsel of bread since his mother left home, from *mere* unwillingness to eat even a *hard* crust without her taking a part also, began to feel very *uneasy*. He for-

got to hum, and began to moan and wail about, as though he had lost her. At length, however, a *dismal* night set in, and Jock could no longer bear the *dreary* silence of home, and the *unusual* absence of his *poor* mother; so, without *more* ado, he set out in search of her.

Over hedge, ditch, and row, on he went, in the direction which his mother took in the morning. It was quite *dark:* snow began to whirl about his head; and a *long* and *fearful* journey was before him. Poor Jock shook with cold; still there was an *inward* warmth of affection, that kept this *poor forlorn* boy alive amid all the horrors of that night. At *one* time, he was

floundering over head and ears in snow wreaths; at *another*, he was scrambling over hedges covered with snow, or flouncing through ditches, where it lay *many* feet *deep*. Still, on he went, moaning, and calling out, "Mother, mother!" as well as he could; but no mother could he hear or see.

After walking, it is supposed, nearly *six* miles, he, at last, found out the *main* road, at the *very* part where his mother's track across the fields ended. Arrived there, Jock stood awhile to consider, as well as he could, the *best* way to pursue; when a *deep* groan from a ditch *near* by caught his ear. "Mother, mother!" shouted he, "Jock's a

good boy!" This was the *only* sentence he could utter; and his *common* expression when he was pleased. A *long feeble* moan answered this; when dash at once went Jock through snow, briars, and thorns, into the ditch, where he began to search about for his parent. At length he drew near the spot where she lay almost *lifeless;* and, without the power of uttering a syllable, he caught her up in his arms, pulled off his jacket, threw it over her shoulders, and took his *own* handkerchief from his neck, and put it round her's.

Being extricated from the ditch into which she had fallen in the dark, and in which she had wearied herself with *fruitless* efforts to get

out, she kissed and embraced her *poor* Jock, whilst he hung over and patted her *poor cold* face, and told her "Jock was a *good* boy."— "*Good*, indeed," said the *poor* widow, as she recovered; "and *good* is that *divine* Being, who has been my Guardian and Friend in this *fearful* hour, to lead my *poor*, *poor idiot* boy to the side of his mother in her distress! How shall I be *grateful* enough to Him; for He has been *merciful* indeed to me! In the *dark* hour, He has been my light; and in the depths of *human* woe, my Safeguard and Protector! And thanks be to thee, my *poor darling* boy; for, *senseless* as thou art to the world, all thy love, thy affection, and thy

feelings, are fully and freely bestowed on me; thy *poor*, *grateful*, and *loving* mother!"

The rest is shortly told: the widow, by Jock's aid, reached her home; where a *brisk* fire soon warmed them; a *comfortable* supper strengthened their *exhausted* limbs; and a *sound* repose refreshed their *wearied* bodies.

Little ones, when you read this, pity *poor* Jock's affliction; yet learn to love your parents, as he loved his *poor* and *distressed* mother.

When our *little* friends had read thus far in their brother's work, a *trifling* altercation between them led them to consult Charles as to which was *right*.

Charles, said *little* Mary, we have read your book as far as the adjectives, and like it very much; but we cannot get any farther, because we do not agree about the degrees of comparison. William says, if I have *two* apples, one *better* than the other, I ought to say, that *one* apple is *riper*, not the *ripest* of the *two*.

Charles. And so you ought, Mary; for *ripest* is the *superlative* degree, and must not be used when there is only a comparison of *two* things. For, if I have *three great* marbles, yet of *different* sizes, the *first* is a *great* marble, the *second* a *greater*, but the *third* is the *greatest*; therefore, you see, if you compare *two* things *only*, you must put

one in the *positive*, and the other in the *comparative*; thus, this marble is *greater* than that, not *greatest* than that; this man is the *wiser* of the *two*, not the *wisest*.

Do you understand the difference, *dear* Mary? Yes, my *dear* brother; and *many* thanks to you for your explanation.

CHAPTER V.

PRONOUNS.

A PRONOUN (from *pro*, for, and *nomen*, a name,) is a word used instead of a noun, to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same word; as, the

man is happy, *he* is benevolent, *he* is useful: now, were there no pronoun to supply the place of *man*, the sentence would read thus: the man is happy, the man is benevolent, the man is useful. There are three kinds of Pronouns; the PERSONAL, RELATIVE, and ADJECTIVE.

THE ORPHAN BOY AND HIS DOG.

It is now many years ago, said *my* great uncle to *us* one day, since a little orphan boy was found in a ditch near a village some twenty miles from town. At that time *my* residence was very near the spot; and, being the only medical man in the parish, the poor little fellow was

brought to *me*. *I* instantly saw the poor boy was too weak to give any account of *himself*; *I* therefore ordered the servants to give *him* a nice warm supper and put *him* to bed.

In the morning, *he* and a little dog were shewn into *my* room, and a most interesting couple *they* were. *He* appeared a nice little well-built fellow, though rather wan from poverty and privation, and *his* dog was a handsome fine-coated spaniel, though something out of condition also; in fact, both appeared to have seen better days. After *I* had looked for some few minutes at the two friends, *I* spoke to the little fellow, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well *my* little man," said *I*, "how happens *it that you* are so destitute as to be found lying in the ditch, where no *one* knows any thing about *you?*"—"Sir," replied *he*, "*I* am a poor orphan boy, without money, home, or even friends, except *this* little dog by *my* side. *I* am forced to be a beggar, for *I* have no house to shelter *me*, nor have *I* a single morsel of bread to eat, unless *some* kind person or *other* will be so good as to give *me* a crust or so."—"Well, *my* boy," said *I*, "and how came *you* to be reduced to *this* shocking state? For *I* at once saw, from *his* manner, *that he* had moved in a very different path of life. "*I* have but a very faint remembrance,"

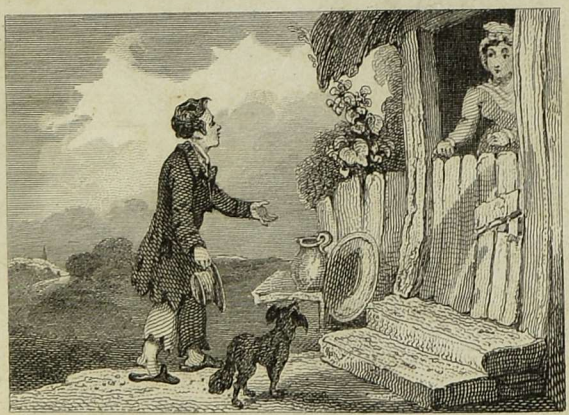
said *he*, " of *my* father, *who* left *this* country for India when *I* was but a very, very little boy. *He* was a doctor; and, on the death of *my* mother, left *me* with *my* poor grandmother, and went to the country *I* just told you of; and for the last five years *we* have never heard a word about *him*. About a month ago, *my* grandmother was taken in a fit, and died; and as *we* had lived by *ourselves*, for the neighbours never troubled *themselves* about *us*, *I* knew no *one* to make a friend of, when *I* lost *her*. *She* had been supported by the parish for three years; and as *she* was always afraid that the parish officers would take *me* away from *her*, and put *me* into the workhouse, if *they* knew of *my* living with *her*,

she took great care to keep *me* from *their* notice. *She* had but little indeed to live upon, but *she* divided *it* well; for Trim and *I* always had enough, though not of such things as *we* had when *my* father first left *us*. Well, Sir," said *he*, "as the tears trickled down *his* pale thin cheeks, when *she* died, *I* did not know *what* to do, for *she* never spoke to *any* one about *me* after *she* fell sick; and as *I* was afraid of being taken by *those* cruel men to the workhouse, *I* did not dare to stay in the house; so *I* took a little book, *which my* father had given *me* when *he* went away, and left *my* home and *my* poor dead grandmother, to become a beggar!

I went from house to house, and from shop to shop, asking for a few

half-pence or broken victuals *all* the day; and at night slept among the stalls in Covent Garden or Fleet-market. Every day, however, *I* went to see the house where *I* had lived in such comfort; and, one morning, upon going there, *I* saw *them* carry *my* poor dear grandmother to the burying-ground; so *I* went also, and would have cried if *I* had dared, for *I* was still afraid of being taken away by *those* parish officers *she* had always given *me* such a dread of. Whilst *I* stood there, *our* poor dog Trim, *which* had followed the body to the ground, came up to *me*, and began to leap and whine about *me*, as if *it* were crazed with joy. *I* was very glad

page 56.



page 58.

Pub.d Aug. 1. 1828. by J. Harris corner of St. Pauls.

to have Trim for a companion; though *I* did not know how to get bread for *myself*, much less for *our* two *selves*. Tired with the thumps and blows *I* received in London, and ignorant where *I* could find a friend; for *I* knew no *one* well enough to speak to about *my* father, or to make any inquiries concerning *him*; *I* wandered about the country with poor Trim, sometimes with a full belly of plain food, and sometimes with a very empty one.

"Last night, *I* came to *this* village, and the first person *I* asked for food, called *me* a little vagabond, and told *me I* should go to the parish officers or the constable, if *I*

did not *that* instant quit the place. *Who this* man was, *I* do not know; but the threats *which he* uttered were so terrible, *that I* at once ran away from *him*, to hide *my* head where *I* could. *Which* way to pursue, *I* knew not; so *I* wandered into the fields, and fell asleep in *that* ditch in *which I* was found. Poor Trim lay across *my* breast, and, *I* think, kept *me* alive by *his* warmth; for when the kind person *who* brought *me* here, found *me*, *I* think *I* must have been nearly dead; for *I* did not seem to know *whose* hands raised *me* up, or by *whom I* was carried from the ditch where *I* lay. *Such* is *my* story, kind Sir; and, if *mine* be a case de-

serving *your* notice, pray do tell *me*, how *I* may earn *my* living by work; for *I* cannot endure to go begging from door to door, in *this* way. Do *this* for *me*, dear kind Sir; and Trim and *I* shall be grateful to *you*, as long as *we* live."

"*My* poor unfortunate child!" said *I*, "*thy* lot, indeed, has been a cruel one: but take heart, *my* boy; a deliverance may be near at hand; for oftentimes, when we fancy *that* God and the world have deserted *us*, *we* find abundance of strength from the one, and comfort in the other. *Their's* must be a bad case, indeed, *which* time and patience cannot improve."

"*What* was *your* father's name?"

—" See here," said the poor boy, as *he* handed a book to *me* ; " *this* is *my* father's name ; *that* is *his* writing. Here also is *my* mother's name, for the book was *her's* once : and *that* is all *which I* have to prove *I* am *what I* say *I* am."

On looking at the book, *I* was indeed surprised to find the name and handwriting of a brother of *mine, who,* in *his* early years, had acted most unwisely and indiscreetly, by running away from *his* friends, and marrying an amiable young woman, without a penny.

This gave me a clear view of the matter at once. *I* saw *my* nephew a beggar before *me;* and then learned, for the first time, that *he* was in

India; for *we* had understood *that*, on *his* marriage, *he* had gone to America, and settled there. *I* received the surprised and dear boy into *my* arms, and had the satisfaction of presenting *him* afterwards to *his* father, *who* returned from India, with an immense fortune.—*That* father, *my* children, was *your* grandfather; and *that* poor orphan, *your* worthy father, and *my* nephew.

CHAPTER VI.

VERBS AND PARTICIPLES.

A VERB (from *verbum*, a word) is a word which signifies to *be*, to

do, or to *suffer*; as, I *am*, I *rule*, I am *ruled*. Verbs are of three kinds; ACTIVE, PASSIVE, and NEUTER.

To Verbs belong Number, Person, Mood, and Tense.

The PARTICIPLE is a certain form of the Verb, and derives its name from its *participating* not only the properties of a Verb, but also those of an Adjective; as, *admired*, and *applauded*, he became vain.

Participles are either PRESENT or PASSIVE: the Present Participle ends in *ing*, as, loving; the Past ends in *ed*, as loved.

DAVIE THE PEDLAR.

In the winter of a certain year, the northern parts of Scotland *were*

visited with one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever *witnessed* by the oldest peasant of the country. In one night, thousands of sheep *were lost;* and the number of travellers who *died* from the severity of the weather, and from *being swallowed* up in snow-drifts, *was* incredible. Among many who *were exposed* to this storm, *was* one Davie Macallan, an aged pedlar, who *had travelled,* for the last thirty years, over heath, mountain, hill, and dale, with his pack of linens, silks, laces, handkerchiefs, books, and all the little matters, which *rendered* him a welcome visitor to the houses of such as *had* need of his articles.

The day *preceding* the storm *had* been unusually calm; and Davie *had taken* advantage of it for *making* a pass over one of those chains of mountains, which *separate* the highlands from the lowlands of that country. The evening *set* in early, rather too early indeed for Davie to be able to *reach* the abode of one of his old customers by daylight. Davie *had* just *cleared*, as he *thought*, the worst pass of the mountains, when he *found* the sun *setting* behind a *rising* bank of clouds; so much sooner than he *expected*, that he then, for the first time, *began* to *read* the face of the sky, and to *infer* from thence, from past experience, that a storm *was gathering*

in the north-west, which *must, do* what he *would, overtake* him before he *had reached* a place of safety.

He *rested* for a moment on his staff, and *looked* around; there *was* no place of shelter near, not a single curl of smoke from any hut *could* he *discern*, not a plaid *was* to *be seen* of mountain-shepherd, or home-going peasant; he *had* no companion save one, his dog,—and for once Davie *felt* himself alone, on the side of a mountain, with a pathless country before him, and the roar of the tempest behind him. He *drew* his plaid nearer to his body, *belted* his pack closer to his back, *clenched* his staff firmer in his hand, and, *calling* to Crab, his dog, *pursued* his way,

with no lack of speed, towards the place of his destination. Scarcely, however, *had* he *reached* a mile, before the storm *commenced* in good earnest; and Davie *began* to *think* within himself that there *was* but little chance of *avoiding* that death now which, many times before, under less *threatening* circumstances, he *had escaped* scot-free.

"Now, my man Crab," *said* he to his dog, "there's a fearful strife before us; and I *canna* weel *tell* whether we twa *shall* ever *see* the sight of the *blessed* sun agen. We have *wandered* together, for the last twelve years, from shire to shire; from the northernmost parts of bonnie Scotland, to nearly the mid-

page 66.

page 69.

Pubd Aug. 1. 1828. by J. Harris corner of S.t Paul's.

dle of ould England; and now, it *appears*, we *are* to *end* our pilgrimage together in one of the most dreadful storms that eyes ever *saw*, and on a spot of earth nae prudent man *would choose* for his last bed. But, *cheer* up, my old friend! Six miles more, and ye *shall have* as gude a bed as ye *desire*, and a safe shelter from the storm, in the snug cabin of Sandie Mucklegear, my honest customer, of the heather-glen of Dimmailen." Crab *looked* up to his master, and *gave* a kind of cheerless whine; as much as to *say*, "Your *cheering* up, my master, *is* all very well; but I *am* just now *doing* any thing but *dreaming* of Sandie Mucklegear, his cabin, or his flesh-pots."

The storm, which *had been* so thick behind them, now *spread* over the whole face of the country; and the wind *began* to *roar* so dreadfully, and the snow to *fall* in such clouds, as to *shut* out from the eyes of the pedlar and his dog all signs by which they *might*, even in a dusky night, *trace* out their way to the valleys below. The storm *swept* along the side of the mountain, on which these two unfortunates *were* now *bewildered;* and the only plan *left* to Davie *was*, to *go* on *descending*, as well as he *could*, *led* by the nose and experience of poor Crab.

Well, on they *went*, *floundering* through snow-drifts, *stumbling* over huge stones, and now and then *roll-*

ing down the steep side of a rock into snow-wreaths below. At length, after *roaming* about, nearly two hours, in this way, Davie, *rolling* with his pack, over a precipice of some eight or ten feet, *found* himself in a hollow, where but little snow *fell;* and, on *groping* about, *discovered* that there *was* a part of the rock *scooped* out sufficiently large to *shelter* him, his pack, and Crab from the fury of the storm, and the danger of instant death. Before this last fall, his limbs *were* so much *stiffened* by the cold, that he *could* scarcely *crawl*; and, now that he had *fallen*, "Heaven knew how far," as he *said*, he *had* so many aches, and pains, and bruises to *bear* with, that he at

first *felt disposed* to *murmur;* but when he *called* to mind the storm *howling* over his head, and the numbers that *must perish* in the storm, whilst he was *sheltered,* most marvellously *protected,* from its fury, he *fell* on his knees, and *poured* out every grateful feeling of his heart to his divine and merciful Father.

Scarcely *had* he *put* up his prayers and praises to God, when a snarl, as of some animal at the extremity of the cave, (for he *had* not *examined* how far it *extended,*) at once *set* every hair on his head *bristling* with terror and dismay. The dread of some wild animal *having found* shelter there as well as himself—perhaps a wolf—it *might be* so—now

filled him with dread and apprehension. Crab, a bit of a coward too, *hid* himself under the pedlar's plaid, who *lay* on a bed of thorns, where he *might have lain* in comfort, under other circumstances, even though the ground *was* as hard as a stone, from the frost. In this state of mind, he *passed* the night, occasionally *slumbering*, as he *said*, with the fear of death before his eyes, and *waking* at the snore and snort of the strange bedfellow ill fortune *had given* him. Towards morning, he *thought* he *heard* voices at the mouth of the cave, and shovels at work *removing* the snow, as he *thought*. In any other situation, the sound of a human voice *would have given* him

joy; now, however, it *filled* him with horror; for the idea *struck* him at once, that some of the mountain hunters had *tracked* this unknown animal to his den, and were *clearing* the snow away, to *pour* a volley of shot upon him in his retreat. Now, *thought* he, death *is* still more certain than before; for, there *is* no doubt, the very instant these men *have made* an opening, they will *open* a brisk fire upon us; and then, woe *be* to me! for chance there *will be* none of *escaping*. He *was* afraid to *speak*, lest the animal, who still *lay snoring* in his slumbers, *might awake*, and *seize* upon him as his prey; so he *prayed* to God for deliverance, and was silent.

At length, however, the bank of snow, at the entrance, *gave* way; and Davie *called* out, as he *saw* a pole *poked* through the opening, which he *took* for a gun, "Gude friends, *dinna* fire, for a Christian man *is* in peril of his life on all sides."—"Heaven *preserve* us!" said the man without; "if that *be* not the voice of pedlar Davie, I *am* not in my senses."—"*Is* that ye, Mucklegear?" *said* Davie.—"By my faith, it *is*, man! But how *came* you into my pigsty?"

The truth *was* now out. Davie, *led* by his dog, *had stumbled* upon the abode of his friend, and *taken* up his rest with his pig. The laugh *was* sadly against Davie,

who never *forgot*, to the day of his death, the January storm, and the pleasure of *slumbering* in a pigsty.

CHAPTER VII.

ADVERBS.

An Adverb (from *ad*, to, and *verbum*, a word,) is a part of speech joined to a verb, an adjective, and sometimes to another adverb, to express some quality or circumstance respecting it; as, He reads *well;* A *truly* good man; He writes *very correctly*.

page 75.

page 80.

Pub.d Aug.t 1828 by J. Harris corner of St.t Pauls.

Some adverbs are compared; as, *often, oftener, oftenest; wisely, more wisely, most wisely.*

THE POOR NEGRO MAN.

Walking, some years *ago*, in the vicinity of Ipswich, I met with a poor fellow, an African, who was *evidently* without work or food, and, I might *almost* say, without clothes. He was resting himself on a bank, in a retired lane. And, *as* I felt *more than* common interest in the distress of one *so far apart* from his friends, I could *not* refrain from addressing him; *when* the following conversation took place:—

"*Well*, my good fellow, *why* are

you idling about *here, when* you see all the world *so* busy about you?" —"For one good reason, Massa; *because* I can *neither* find *any thing* to do, *nor any body* to assist me."— "*Truly*, my friend, you seem to be in a *very* pitiable situation. But *how* came you to be *thus* reduced? Was it from idleness on your part, or ill treatment on the part of your employer?"—"*Neither* one *nor* the other, Massa," said he; "but from illness. I fell sick, and was sent to an hospital; and *when* I was better, I went to my old Massa's house; but he had gone to the West Indies, leaving no word about poor Sancho —*so* Housekeeper said: but Housekeeper no friend of mine, Massa.

And *so* Sancho was without friend, home, *or* victuals."—" But *why* did you *not* go to the parish-officer, the overseer, for work or support ?"

Of Number.—" I did, Massa. I went *once, twice,* and *thrice ;* but he gave me nothing but a scolding, and called me an idle fellow."—" But what," said I, " did you say to him ? perhaps you spoke improperly to him ?"

Of Order.—"No, Massa. I asked him *first,* if he would give me work to do? Then he said, 'No; you are no working fellow, I see, but a vagabond.' Then I asked him, *secondly,* to give me a morsel of bread; but he would not. And *lastly,* or, as the minister says, *finally,* when I beg-

ged him to put me into the work-house, he took me by the shoulders, and pushed me out of his house. Then, what could poor Sancho do?"

"*How* did you proceed *then*, my friend?" said I to him. For his story, and somewhat odd way of telling it, interested and amused me *much*.

Of Place.—"Why, Massa, I thought of servants, *here* and *there*, that I once knew; and went to them, to ask for a little bread. But they did not know Sancho in his shabby clothes; and told me to go *whence* I came; and if I wanted bread, to go *elsewhere* for it; but I had *nowhere* to go, although I would have gone *anywhere*, even for a common crust,

or a pair of old shoes. But *somewhere* I must go; so, I went to my old Massa's house, where I had a right to be; and, with tears in my eyes, begged a night's lodging. But the housekeeper would not let me go *therein*, but told me to go *whither* I pleased, or *whithersoever* my bad fortune might lead me. So, all that night I walked *upward* and *downward*, *backward* and *forward*, *hither* and *thither*, to keep myself warm till morning came; when I left town, to beg for a livelihood in the country."

Of Time.—"*Now*, I have *already* walked *to-day* twenty miles, without food: *yesterday*, I walked thirty, with only a little broken victuals; and the day *before*, I scarcely touched a morsel. I have *long*

since spent my last penny; and hither I am come, with little hopes of getting farther. If you will assist me, my good Massa, I hope, *to-morrow*, to get work on board some ship at Ipswich; for I shall go *straightways* to some captain, and beg for employment. If I do not get it at *first*, I shall *by* and *by*; for I can *presently* shew them how well I know what a sailor's duty is. When I came over with my Massa, from Jamaica, I *often* went on deck, to help the men, and *seldom* pulled the wrong rope; so that *sometimes* the men would say: 'Sancho, you will *soon* make a capital sailor: if you go on improving thus *daily* and *weekly*, we shall *henceforth* see you a captain.'—'*When* I am,' said I,

'*then* you shall *never* see me *again*, though I shall always remember you, my good fellows, and *ofttimes* think of my good Massa; for I will *immediately* take ship, and go to the land I *heretofore* dwelt in."

Of Quantity.—"Your resolution," said I to him, "is very praiseworthy. But how came it to pass, Sancho, that you did not save money *enough* from your wages, to provide for you *sufficiently*, when you were turned out?"—"Oh, Massa," said he, "I was not paid *much:* I had but *little* wages."—"*How much*," said I? "*How great* wages," said he, "Massa? Why *only* one pound a year. Surely, Massa, you will not say Sancho was paid very *abundantly*."

Of Manner, or Quality.—

"Why, Sancho," said I, "this master of your's has *neither* acted *justly* nor *wisely* by you, but *badly—cruelly*, I may say; for, whether you served him *ably* or *miserably*, *quickly* or *slowly*, *cheerfully* or *grumblingly*, I must say, he ought to have enabled you to save something, for the future, from your hard earnings."

Of Doubt.—"*Perhaps*, he might be kind to you in other ways; for, *perchance*, he gave you his clothes to sell, or *possibly* he made you presents at various times?"

Of Affirmation.—"*No, no*, Massa," said he, "*truly*, he did *not;* for *certainly*, I can *indeed* say, I *never* had a shilling given me by him at *any one* time in my life. *Surely* I do remember, *though*, he *once* gave me

half-a-crown; yes, *doubtless*, he did, and that was to make up for a beating he gave me, when he broke one of my fingers. *Yet*, I must say, he was a good massa, after all; for he *never* let me know what want was."

Of Negation.—"*No, no;* he would *not* let Sancho want; for he would say, 'By *no means*, Sancho, live as you did in Jamaica: eat and drink all you want; but, in *no wise* make waste: and when I die, Sancho, I shall take care, you shall *not at all* want, all the days of your life.'"

Of Interrogation.—"But *why* leave London?" said I: "For, *how* is it possible he could go from home, without leaving directions about you? *Why*, or *wherefore*, should he thus give you up? Now, Sancho,

give me your master's address. I am going to town in a few days: during my absence, you shall live under my roof; and I will do all I can to serve you."

"Thank you, thank you, Massa! Oh! Massa! I cannot tell how happy you have made me! Ah! God has heard the poor black man! For, *last* night, I prayed, and prayed to Him, *till* I forgot *even* my hunger; and, blessed be His holy name for *ever!* He has this day heard, and promised to bless me."

Of Comparison.—I was *excessively* affected by the poor fellow's gratitude; and liked him the *more*, for his appeal to God, who was *alone*

able to save him. *Most* grateful was he for my offered service; and, though *almost* lamed with fatigue, and dead with hunger, he leaped upon his feet, seemingly little worse for his sad condition, and danced for joy.

On reaching town, I found his story but *too* true: and, on waiting on a friend of his master, I discovered, the worst feelings had existed in the bosom of the housekeeper against him; and that, *instead* of leaving *no* word about him, he had given express directions for his good treatment. The woman fled, *when* she found her baseness exposed; and Sancho was restored to a family he delighted to serve, better and wiser than he was before.

Adversity had taught him an useful lesson, and convinced him that *there* is *indeed* a God, who heareth prayer.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPOSITIONS.

A PREPOSITION (from *præ*, before, and *positus*, placed,) serves to connect words with one another, and to shew the relation between them.

Prepositions are, for the most part, put before nouns and pronouns; as, He went *from* London *to* York; She is *above* disguise; They are instructed *by* him.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

"Blessed are the Peace-makers."

It is now *about* ten years ago, said my uncle, as I was walking *from* Nottingham *to* Mansfield, *by* the way *of* Sherwood Forest, so well known as the scene *of* the pranks *of* Robin Hood and his men, that I saw a poor little fellow reposing *on* the ground, *by* the road side, *with* his head *upon* his drum. He was evidently very tired, *with* carrying his knapsack; and, through fatigue, had perhaps, suffered the party, *to* which he belonged, to go on *before*, *without* him.

It was rather a singular sight to behold, *on* a heath producing only gorse, furze and broom, *for* many miles around, *with*, here and there, a few sheep wandering *up* and *down* among the stunted bushes, a poor little drummer, *in* his gaudy jacket, resting, *amid* the silence of nature, *with* his noisy instrument *of* war *beneath* his head. He appeared to enjoy his nap very much; and, as I thought it would be a pity to disturb him, seeing him sleep so soundly, I was *on* the point *of* leaving him *in* his slumbers, when, turning *away from* him, I struck my foot *against* a stump, *near* his drum, and, *by* the noise I made, unintentionally broke his repose.

page 87

page 91

Publd Aug. 1 1828 by J. Harris corner of St Pauls.

Seeing a stranger *near* him, the poor little fellow rubbed his eyes *for* a moment; and then, starting up, slung his drum *over* his shoulder, tucked his knapsack *under* his arm, and, bowing *to* me, begged me to inform him, whether I could put him *into* the nearest road *to* Mansfield; *for*, unless he reached it *within* an hour *of* noon, he should certainly be flogged *by* the drum-major.

"An hour *before* noon," said I, "my little fellow! why, it is more than an hour *after* noon, even now; and, *by* the time you reach Mansfield, it will certainly be *beyond* five *in* the evening."—"Oh!" cried he, "how cruel it was to leave me *behind!* How shall I be able to get *off!*

For, I am sure, I shall have *above* fifty lashes *on* my bare back, *besides* confinement *in* the black-hole *for* days. Oh! what shall I do?" And here tears began to flow so thick, as to clearly prove his sorrow was not feigned to deceive me.

"Cheer up, my little fellow," said I; "for, *between* us, I see, *by* your uniform, that an old friend *of* mine is captain *in* your regiment; and, as the head-quarters are *at* Mansfield, *to* which I am going, I will take care to intercede *for* you, if you can convince me that you do not deserve punishment."—"Oh! Sir," said he, "how glad you make me! *For*, indeed, I do not wish to offend any one; nor is it my fault that I am now on this

heath, when I ought to be at Mansfield.

"The whole truth, Sir, is, that I walked *with* the men, as far as my legs could carry me; when my comrades, seeing me unable to walk, told me, I had better rest till the baggage waggon *below* should come *up*, when, they had no doubt, that the driver would let me get *up behind*, and so reach Mansfield, *in* time for muster. So, I sat *down*, till it came *up;* when, would you believe it, Sir? the driver said, he had no room *for* such little scamps; and the lazy corporal, *in* the waggon, told me also, if I did not budge *on*, and be at headquarters *by* noon, *at* the farthest, he would take care that I should

have a taste *of* the cat *of* nine tails, *for* my laziness. So, I dare not say any more; but walked *by* the side *of* the waggon, complaining, *at* every step, till I reached this place, where, I suppose, I fell asleep, and slept till now. But I now feel so much better *for* my sleep, that, I am sure, I can walk the rest *of* the way, especially *after* what you have told me; that you will try to get me *off* for staying *behind*, when I could not help it."

Well, *after* this, I felt so certain of his innocence, that I determined *upon* accompanying him *to* Mansfield, where I had the satisfaction *of* so stating the case *to* my friend,

as to get him *off* clear, and his cruel corporal well reprimanded *for* his want *of* feeling: and never did I feel more pleasure than *in* obtaining pardon *for* my grateful and deserving companion, the little drummer-boy.

CHAPTER IX.

CONJUNCTIONS, &c.

A CONJUNCTION (from *con*, with, and *junctus*, joined,) is a part of speech that is chiefly used to join or connect sentences; so as, out of two or more sentences, to make but one. It sometimes connects only

words; as, He *and* his brother reside in London; You are happy, *because* you are good; They came with her, *but* went away without her. There are two kinds; the COPULATIVE, and DISJUNCTIVE.

CHARLES PEMBERTON'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS TO HIS BROTHER AND SISTER.

COPULATIVE CONJUNCTIONS.—Now, my dear brother *and* sister, having brought my little work to a close, I shall be happy, indeed, *if* I find, *that*, whilst I have endeavoured, *both* to improve *and* amuse you, you yourselves have not been idle; *since*, without application on your part,

nothing is to be done. *For*, however I may have striven to benefit you, *if* you have failed to observe, in each lesson, the examples I have given you of the different Parts of Speech, I have *then* laboured in vain, *because* you have learned nothing from what I have done.

Therefore, my dear little ones, *if* you have read the foregoing pages, without gaining instruction, you have no one to blame *but* yourselves; *for*, *wherefore* should I have taken the pains *that* I have done, in writing such amusing *and* instructive little lessons for you, had I not had your improvement in view: *therefore*, to have read them merely *for* the sake of reading, *and* to have

gained nothing by your reading, is surely not only very unkind to me, *but* dishonourable to yourselves.

DISJUNCTIVE CONJUNCTIONS.—I remembered, when at school, how miserable you must be, every day, *lest* your parsing exercises should be wrong; and that *neither* of you knew *either* a Verb from an Adverb, *or* a Noun from an Adjective, *or* I certainly should not have written what I have; *but*, I do hope, my dear little brother and sister, *notwithstanding* all my fears on the subject, that you will *not* suffer a brother's advice, *nor* a brother's labour, for your sakes, to be lost. *Unless* you think *as* well *as* read, *though* your abilities be naturally

good; *yet, after* all your reading, you will be more ignorant *than* many who read less, *but* who think more.

MIXED CONJUNCTIONS.—I could tell you an instance of a very clever boy, who, *notwithstanding* his abilities, was always at the bottom of his class; *and* the reason was this: *because* he only skimmed over his lessons, and trusted more to his mind *than* his application. Give him some light, trifling, *and* silly book, *and* you could not please him more; *for* he would run through it, as *though* he devoured it. *But,* ask him to peruse something *that* required thought *and* reflection, *and* he would turn up his nose, *and*

sneer at it, as fit only for "big-wigs *and* pedants," as he called men who loved study.

Now, do not, I pray you, follow his example; *for* I have heard *of* one who, being like him when a boy, became a ruined man early in life. His want of thought soon led him into trouble, *and* his disregard of sober, pious, *and* good books, only left him a relish for such trash as made him almost a deist; *that* is, one who denies the truth of the Bible. He fell, from one step to another, down the descent of vice, and finished his days, a victim to light reading, want of reflection, *and* contempt of God *and* His Commandments!

But I will now finish my little Work, and leave you to reap *that* instruction from it, which I have endeavoured to communicate.

INTERJECTIONS.

I SHOULD have written a separate piece on the *Interjections*: but, as they are only such words as express some passion, or emotion, of the mind, as MURRAY says; such as, *Alas! Oh! Lo! Behold! Welcome! Heigh! Really! Hush! Fie! Away!* &c. I could not well string them into a tale; so, I hope, your own natural good sense will supply the deficiency, if their omission be considered one.

And now, my dear little ones, I make my best bow ; and conclude, with a thousand good wishes for your victory over the Parts of Speech.—And so, dear William and Mary, farewel!

CHARLES PEMBERTON.

EASY AND FAMILIAR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING RULES OF SYNTAX.

PREVIOUS to our young friend's leaving home, for school, he was encouraged, by the improvement of his little brother and sister, to attempt to simplify some of the leading RULES of SYNTAX, in order that he might spare them many wearisome, and, perhaps, profitless, hours of study. I shall, therefore, trouble you, my little readers, to peruse with me the fruits of Charles Pemberton's industry and kind concern

for the improvement of his brother and sister; expressing a hope, at the same time, that the task will be as profitable to you, as it will be agreeable to me.

CHAPTER I.

KNOWING, from experience, my dear brother and sister, how difficult the first steps in Grammar are; and gratified, as I am, with the instruction and delight my previous labours have afforded you, I shall endeavour to assist you still farther in your studies, by giving a few Explanations of such Rules in the Syntax of Murray's Grammar, as may

seem difficult to you to comprehend. These I shall leave with you, when I go to school; and, I trust, when I return, I shall find that *you* have not read, nor *I* written, them in vain.

Before I enter upon the Rules, I will give you some explanation of the force and meaning of the term *Syntax*. MURRAY, in his excellent Grammar, tells you, that "Syntax treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence;" but, to be more clear, I should say, it teaches us, by certain rules, to speak and write in a correct and proper manner; avoiding all vulgarisms on the one hand, and all affected or pedantic perversion of language on the other. Thus, if

following the vulgarity of the uneducated, I should say, "I does not know nothing about it," common sense, as well as Grammar, would tell me, that I had made one error, in using two negative expressions, *not* and *nothing*; and my Syntax would also shew, that I had made a false agreement, in having said, "I does;" for *I* is the first person of the pronoun, and *does*, the third person of the verb; consequently, I should offend against the Rule, which tells me that the verb agrees with the nominative case, in number and person. Thus corrected, I should say, "I do not know *any thing* about it;" and, by so doing, neither offend the ears of the learned and polite, nor render

myself unintelligible to the person addressed.

Syntax consists of two parts; CONCORD, and GOVERNMENT.

CONCORD is that agreement which one word has with another, in gender, number, or case. Thus, if I say "He read well," I certainly speak ill; because I make a false concord or agreement: for *He* is the third person singular; and *read* is either the first person in the singular, or any person in the plural.

GOVERNMENT is that power which one part of speech has over another, in directing its mood, tense, or case. Now, if I say, "He loves men's," I speak incorrectly, for *men's* is in the genitive case;

and an active verb, like *to love*, I find, requires the noun following to be in the accusative or objective case; consequently, I have made a false government.

Having thus cleared the way for the proper consideration of the first and most important rule in SYNTAX, I will pass on to it, without delay.

RULE I.

A verb must agree with its nominative case, in number and person; as, "I learn;" "Thou art taught;" "The men run." A verb, as I have told you before, is the chief word of a sentence; and the nominative case of a verb is the first case, or

state, of that word which goes before the verb, or renders the use of the verb necessary. Indeed, the nominative is that word, or sentence, which may precede, or go before, the verb, in every mood, tense, or person of its conjugation; and may be discovered, by asking the question "Who?" or "What?" with the verb. Thus, if I say, "Honours change manners," I find the nominative to the verb *change*, by saying, "What changes manners?" The sentence answers for itself, "*Honours.*" Also, in the sentence, "To be good, is a part of wisdom," if I ask the question, "What is a part of wisdom?" The answer, "To be good," is the nominative case to the verb *is:* a

sentence, or part of a sentence, being rendered a nominative by the word *it*, being understood: thus, with *it* expressed, it would read, "To be good, *it* is a part of wisdom."

From this, you will perceive, my dear brother and sister, that, whatever number and person the nominative case may be in, the verb following must be put in the same, or there can be no grammatical agreement. If the nominative be plural, the verb must not be in the singular. Also, if the nominative be in the first person singular, the verb must not be put in the first person plural.

Having explained this First Rule to the best of my ability, I shall now give you some little exercises upon

it in the following story; I have put the verbs in *italics:* therefore, by asking the question "Who?" or "What?" with each verb, you will at once find out the corresponding nominative; and be able, of yourselves, to discover whether I have written correctly or not.

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

In a village, *bordering* on the Bristol channel, a poor blind man *lived,* who *obtained* his livelihood by *going* to fairs, and village wakes, as a strolling musician. He *was* a thin, spare, old man, with a stoop in his gait, and usually *wore* a hodden grey cloak, which *covered* apparel, re-

markable only for the variety of differently coloured patches, which the ingenuity of the old woman, who *kept* his house, *had embellished* it with. In this garb, with his violin in a green baize bag, under his arm, the poor old man *might be seen*, on high days and holy days, slowly *travelling* on his way to some festive meeting. A rough terrier dog *led* him along; and, occasionally, a little child *went* with him, when the roads *were* at all dangerous, from the rivers *overflowing* the low grounds, in the vicinity of the place where he *lived*.

It so *happened*, one evening in the autumn, that he *was sent* for, to attend a dance, at a small farmer's, some six or eight miles from

his home. Well, although the evening *was* rather threatening, as soon as our fiddler *had got* his little leader (a grandson of his, about seven years of age, a fine chubby-faced little fellow,) to consent to accompany him, by the promise of a silver sixpence, off the pair *set* to the place of their destination. Scarcely *had* they *reached* half their journey, when night *closed* around them, so suddenly, as to portend something more than a shower; and the wind *began* to roar so loud, through the almost leafless trees, that little John, the poor fiddler's companion, *was* half-frightened to death, lest he *should lose* his way, from the darkness of the sky; or

be whirled into some of the streams they *were compelled* to pass, by the means of very frail wooden bridges, *made* for the convenience of foot passengers only. The young people at the farm-house *were* now *expecting* the blind fiddler every moment; for, although the night *was* most forbidding, still, they *knew* poor Isaac (the fiddler's name) *had* such a regard for a dance, and the sixpences he *would gain* by it, that nothing short of an accident *would keep* him from being present. First one, and then another, *had looked* out to see, as each gust of wind *shook* the door, whether their musical friend *had not arrived;* but in vain! And, the storm *increasing* every

moment, at length a general dread *seized* upon them, lest poor Isaac *should be drowned* in some of those mountain torrents, which *rush* so suddenly along the vales, at these tempestuous seasons.

Some of the young men *volunteered* to go in search of him, rough as the weather was; but they *were* soon *obliged* to return; for the waters *were* out on all sides, and the whole of the low grounds *appeared* to lie many feet under the flood. Of course, the party *broke* up, and *went* home with heavy hearts, *sorrowing* most of all, that poor Isaac and his little boy *were supposed* to be drowned.

When morning *broke*, a sad sight

presented itself to all those who *had* any interest in the life of poor Isaac and his little page; as also to such as *had lost* perhaps the whole of their property from the storm. As early as possible, a boat, manned by four brave young men, *pushed* off in quest of them, over the face of the flood, which *lay*, for many miles, like a still and peaceful lake around them; for the wind *was hushed*, and the sun *shone* as bright as ever, to every eye undimmed by sorrow. Well, on they *went*, in their charitable voyage; yet, nothing *could be seen* of their poor friends. At length, however, one of the rowers *fancied* he *heard* the tones of a violin across the

waters, which *appeared* to proceed from an old barn, nearly half-buried in water. To this place, therefore, they *directed* their course; and, as they *drew* near, they distinctly *heard* the well-known sound of Isaac's fiddle.

At length they *reached* the barn; and, as the great doors *had been burst* open by the flood, into it they *rowed;* when, to the mutual joy of both parties, the fiddler and his little man *were* both *found* safely seated on some wheat which *had been stacked* in the barn, during the last harvest. Little John, it *appeared, had lost* his way; and, as he *had stumbled* on the barn, by great good fortune, which, although old,

was very strongly *built,* Isaac *had determined* upon making it their abode for the night. At first, they *had lain* down upon the floor, (having got in at a window casually left open) till, the water reaching them, they *were compelled* to seek a higher place of refuge, even the corn rick; and there, through the mercy of a great and good God, whose eye *is* over His creatures for good, as much in the darkest night, as in the brightest day, *were* these two infirm creatures *preserved* from the storm and tempest which *had* nearly *sent* them to destruction.

The young men *returned,* with their favourites, in triumph; and merry *was* the fireside of old Isaac

the blind fiddler, as the anniversary of his deliverance *came* regularly round. He *has been* dead many years; but Isaac's barn still *stands*, an open refuge to such as *need* protection from the storm, and safety from the flood.

EXERCISES ON THE PRECEDING RULE.

Having found out the nominatives to the verbs, in the above story, oblige me now, by correcting the following sentences, where the nominatives and the verbs do not agree.

He run well.
The dog bark.
Thou sings.
I goes home.
We has a dog.
He don't know.

Charles have fallen.
The sun shine.
The flowers grows.
I has slept.
I sings.
The tide rise.
We reads.
Thou runs.
Pigs squeaks.
Rivers flows.
She have a cat.
Locusts flies.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING explained to you, in the preceding chapter, the agreement between the verb and the substantive, or pronoun, going before it, I shall, in the present one, attempt to explain in what manner the noun

and pronoun are affected, when the verb goes before them.

The rule for this government is as follows :—

RULE II.

Active verbs govern the objective (or accusative) case ; as, Truth ennobled *her*. She comforts *me*.

In the Latin language, where the nouns and pronouns have six cases, or variations, in each number, this government of the verb is much more apparent than in our's ; but, as our pronouns in declension admit of somewhat similar changes, I think I shall be able to convince you of the use and necessity of this rule,

by introducing some of them to your notice in the following story, where the accusatives are put in *italics*.

At the same time, let me caution you, never to put the accusative after any part of the verb *To be*, since that verb takes the same case after as before it. For instance, if I say, "It is her,"—"You are him," —"It was them," I err, by placing objective cases of the pronouns *after* parts of the verb *To be*, when nominative cases go *before* them.

Verbs neuter and passive only affect the nouns following them, as connecting them with the preceding nouns, with which the latter ones agree; as, "*Milton* was called

a *poet.*" You will have no occasion to notice any other verbs in the following lesson, or story, except the active ones.

Sometimes the objective case comes before the verb; as, for instance, when a question is asked; as, "*Whom* did you see?"

And now, having made these observations, I shall pass on to my story; leaving you to find out in it the accusatives to my verbs in *italics.* And so, dear Willy and Mary, set your wits to work, and do your best to please me, and benefit yourselves.

The accusative or objective case may be found, by asking the question, "Whom?" or "What?" with

the verb ; as, *He loves him,* " Whom loves he?" *Him.* Therefore, *him* is the accusative, or objective case.

THE GOOD PASTOR.

Our dear grandfather, as you know, was a clergyman ; and, as you have not *heard* him spoken of, perhaps, by our parents, I will *give* some little account of him myself, that he may be an example for you to follow, as well as me.

He was the rector of a small parish in the Wolds of Yorkshire ; and though his income was but small, still he contrived, by prudent economy, to do a great deal of good with the little he had. He met with many afflictions, but he *over-*

came them all, having his confidence placed in that Divine Being, whose arm is ever ready to succour and *save* them in whom His soul delighteth, even the pious and the faithful.

Such as wandered from the right path, he *called* back by words of kindness, and friendly counsel; and those who wavered in their hearts, and trembled in their souls, he *encouraged* to fresh exertions, by cheering smiles, and doctrine full of heavenly hope and Christian experience. No one *feared*, but all *loved* and *venerated* him: even the very worst *respected* him; for they well knew how worthy he was, and how much he strove to do them good.

Many a time *have* I *known* him

go out on a bitter winter's night to visit a workhouse, nearly two miles from his residence, to administer advice and comfort to the afflicted. One evening, I was permitted to go with him; and, though very young at the time, I was so much delighted with what I then *heard* and *saw*, that the remembrance of it continues fresh, even to this day. The person he then *visited*, was a poor old sailor; who, after spending many a year on the wide ocean, and shedding his best blood for his country, returned to the village in which he first drew breath, to seek retirement, and die.

We *entered* the room where he lay: it was small, but neat; having

a window, overhung with woodbine, looking over the face of a placid lake, where the sun *was shedding* his last bright beams of day. There, on a plain, but comfortable bed, *lay* the dying seaman, with the furniture of his cabin around him. On one side of his bed, was the frame of his hammock ; on the other, an old tattered flag (which he had taken from the enemy, and bound round the bleeding stump of his arm, in the hour of victory,) hung suspended from the wall ; whilst his old sea-chest stood at the foot of his bed, the record of by-gone days ; and pictures of the various ships he had served in, hung round his room. As our grandfather *met* his eye, it

seemed to light up with a smile; and, I think, I never *saw* a face more calm and placid, than that which the poor old sailor *wore*.

"Well, Frank," said the good pastor, "am I right, in hoping from your really improved look, that you are better, both in soul and body, than when I last *left* you?"—"Why, as to my body," said he, with a faint voice, raising himself a little in the bed; "'tis but a poor creaking concern, my good Sir; for all the strength of its timbers is giving way; but, I thank God, I *can bear* all its aches and pains now; for, the weaker I am in the body, the stronger I feel in the spirit. I once thought affliction was, indeed, griev-

ous to bear, but now I *find* it wholesome to my soul; for I *know* whom I have trusted, and that He will not *forsake* us, when we have need of His helping hand, to *steer* us through the shoals of tribulation and sorrow. Many thanks be to you, my dear reverend Sir!—And may the blessings of God be upon you!—For, truly, you *taught* the poor man to cry unto God, and He *heard* him.

"It *rejoices* me much," said the good man, "to find you thus strengthened in the hour of your trial; and may God be with you to the last, and in all your pain *preserve* your patience and your soul! For, truly, Frank, by that hectic flush on your cheek, this burning

hand, and throbbing pulse, I *know* that your hours are numbered, and are few. But, *take* heart, my good friend; for God will not *desert* thee, nor *suffer* them who *trust* on Him, to want the aid they *need.* In your severest pains, look to your Saviour dying on the cross for you; and let the sense of His sufferings *stifle* your's: for He suffered as never man yet did; still He *opened* not His mouth, except for pardon to His murderers. But I *weary* you, I see, my friend Frank: therefore, once more, farewel!" The poor sailor, whilst a tear silently stole down his weather-beaten cheek, murmured out a faint "Good bye," as he *pressed* my grandfather's hand; and, as

we left the room, I could *hear* him say, "God *bless* you! God *bless* you! I was dead, but am alive again; I was lost, but am found. Amen."

The next morning, he was removed to another and a better world; and our grandfather felt comforted that he had died the death of the righteous; and fervently did he pray, that his last end might be like his.

Such were the scenes through which he every day *passed;* and whenever he passed one day without doing some good and charitable deed, like the good Emperor Titus, he would exclaim, "I have *lost* a day." May you, my dear brother and sister, be like-minded,

and grow up to be worthy followers of him, even as he was of his Saviour.

EXERCISES ON THE PRECEDING RULE.

At your leisure, be pleased to correct the following instances of false government :—

He loved they.	I love thou.
He hit she.	Jane struck we.
John beat I.	You hate he.
It was him.	He likes she.
No, 'twas her.	It was me.
I shall have he.	You knew they.
Thou art her.	I see he.

Relieve I.

CHAPTER III.

THE next rule to which I shall call your attention, my dear little William and Mary, is one which is very often violated or abused in common conversation. Many even of our best writers have failed to observe it; although, if once duly considered, surely nothing can be more necessary or clear than it is. The rule is in MURRAY as follows:

RULE III.

Two or more nouns, in the singular number, joined together

by a copulative (or joining) conjunction, expressed or understood, must have verbs, nouns, and pronouns agreeing with them in the plural number; as, Socrates and Plato *were* wise; *they* were the most eminent philosophers of Greece."

How often do we hear such ungrammatical sentences as the following:—"*Is* your brother and sister at home?" "*Was* James and his uncle there?" "John and Joseph *was* in the field." "The cat and dog *was* sitting by the fire." Now, the verbs in these sentences are all in the singular; when, in point of grammatical propriety, they ought to have been in the plural.

Observe, when the conjunction between singular nouns, &c. is a disjunctive one, (that is, a disjoining one,) the verb must be in the singular also; as, for instance, when I say, "Joseph, or John, or Betsy, or Ann, are not at home," I commit an error; because I mean that *one* only is at home; and, therefore, I might as well say, *one* of them *are* at home, and thereby break the very first rule in Grammar, the agreement of the nominative case with the verb. Therefore, be very careful, in writing or speaking, that you first of all determine, in your mind, whether the conjunction be a copulative or a disjunctive one; or you may have

reason to blush for your ignorance, before those, whose ears you would be sorry to offend, by such glaring specimens of bad Grammar.

Having thus far explained the force and propriety of this rule, I shall now mark, by *italics*, such conjunctions in the following story, as may connect or disjoin certain nouns, &c. leaving you to discover the verbs affected by them, as an exercise of your ingenuity and attention.

THE DILATORY STUDENT.

Augustus Iners was the son of a gentleman of good fortune, living on the borders of Wales. At an

early age, he discovered talents of no mean or common order; and was, in consequence, sent to a large public school, where industry *and* good conduct were sure of obtaining their reward. There, idleness *and* heedlessness were his every-day faults; and tasks, reproaches, *and* punishments, his no less regular sorrows; for, with all his abilities, Augustus was inveterately idle. No sooner was he free from one imposition, than another, still worse than the former, was inflicted, to cure him, if possible, of this shocking habit—but all in vain: he persisted in being idle, whatever the consequences might be. His lesson *and* theme were uniformly performed in

a slovenly way; and, at an age when other boys were elected from the school, to be sent to college, or returned, good scholars, to their parents, Augustus was sent home, a thoughtless, ignorant, and idle young man.

His father *and* mother were shocked at his conduct, and reasoned with him upon the necessity of being industrious; of setting his brother *and* sister, who were younger than himself, a good example; and of endeavouring to make up the time he had lost at school, by redoubled diligence at home. For a time, he appeared to amend; but his old habits were so deeply rooted in him, that they

soon regained their former power; and, at length, fully triumphed over all his resolves. At twenty years of age, he was a smatterer in many things, but a dunce at bottom in all; and, at that age, when young men usually begin to lay the foundation of their future fortunes, Augustus Iners was as unfit to enter into business, or venture into the busy scenes of life, as the most unlettered ploughboy on his father's estate.

But the scene changed. He lost his father; his mother married again; the property was squandered away; his brother *and* sister were each abroad upon the world; and he was compelled to think himself

happy in obtaining a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. Here he continued but a few months; for, having injured his employer, to a considerable amount, by suffering several orders to be neglected, he was sent away in disgrace. Without a home to flee to, or a friend to receive him, he wandered about, a few days, in hopeless indigence; and, at length, was driven, by distress, to the commission of crime, by forging the name of his last employer, for a considerable sum, the penalty of which was death.

Thus ended the career of an idle, thoughtless, and self-willed young man; who might have been an ornament to society, and the glory and support of his family,

had he made proper use of the talents he possessed.

Now, my dear brother and sister, let this story be a warning to you; and, from this unhappy man's fate, learn the sin of idleness and self-will. Make the best use of every opportunity; for, remember, time *and* tide wait for no one. The respect of the world, the esteem of your friends, *and* the good opinion of those around you, are only to be gained by a regular course of good conduct.

Industry *and* application raise their followers to honour; whilst idleness *and* vice do but plunge their victims into misery. Learning, piety, *and* virtue, are the fruits of hours spent in honourable toil

and study ; therefore, dedicate every moment you have, to the search after such attainments.

Idleness *and* ignorance are the parents of many vices; therefore, shun them as you would persons infected with a disease, whose touch was death. Be steady, also, in your studies, and do not let your minds be continually attracted by this or that trifle ; for, people who dip into every thing are but smatterers.

All knowledge is desirable ; but do not sacrifice the sound substance for the mere tinsel, which lies upon its surface. A shallow brook, *or* a scanty rill, makes much noise ; while the deepest stream *and* the gentlest river steal silently along their path-way to the sea.

EXERCISES.

Having examined the few passages in the above story, where the conjunctions are marked, as connecting different nouns, &c. correct, at your leisure, the following erroneous sentences :—

James and he was there.

He and she writes well.

I and John likes home.

Mary and Anna reads.

The man, woman, and child, has no bread.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic, is a necessary part of learning; whilst dancing, music, and drawing, is but an accomplishment.

John and his neighbour has so many quarrels, that they are called a parish pest.

He and his wife has lost his cause.

I and you was there.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next rule I purpose to explain to you, is one which, I dare say, you feel to be difficult to comprehend; it is that which runs thus:—

1. Pronouns must always agree with their antecedents, and the nouns for which they stand, in gender and number; as, "This is the

friend *whom* I love;" "*That* is the vice *which* I hate."

2. The relative is of the same person as the antecedent, and the verb agrees with it accordingly; as, "*Thou* who *lovest* wisdom;" "*I who* speak from experience." In the sentence, "The boy is wise *who* loves to learn," *boy* is the antecedent to the relative *who*, and the verb agrees with it also. If I say, "This is the *book who* I admire," I commit an error, because the antecedent, *book*, is a neutral noun, and I use a pronoun which is applied to persons only. Also, if I say, "The *lady* has a ring on *its* hand," I offend against propriety; for *lady* is feminine, and *its* is neu-

ter; consequently, there can be no agreement. Were these rules to be disregarded, we should have the strangest confusion of language you can possibly conceive; for, as the pronoun is merely a word used to prevent the too frequent recurrence of the same noun, we ought to be particularly careful, that the word used in the place of another, should so far agree with it, as to become its proper representative.

There are many people who are so careless in conversation, as to use the objective case of the personal pronouns, instead of *these* and *those*; an error, I trust, you will carefully avoid; for, what can appear worse than such ungrammatical

and vulgar expressions as these:— "Give me *them* apples," instead of *those;* "See *them* boys," instead of *those;* "He gave me *they* marbles," instead of *those.* Sometimes, also, *what* is most improperly used for *that;* as, for instance, "This is the stick *what* I cut;" "That is the horse *what* ran away."

Trusting you will observe and shun these glaring errors, I shall now request you to pick out the pronouns and their agreements, in the following little tale.

THE BENEVOLENT FRIEND.

I dare say you do not need to be informed by me, my dear brother

and sister, that there are certain religious people in the world, who are called Friends, or Quakers. Some few years back, a gentleman, who belonged to this sect, lived in a small retired village, not many miles from hence, and was the blessing of the country round. There was scarcely a charitable institution in the land, in which his name did not appear as a subscriber; and so liberal was he with his purse, and so kind to such as sought him for advice, that he was more generally known by the appellation of "The Benevolent Friend," than by his own name, Samuel Jones.

Some few years back, a party of our school-boys, strolling about the country one fine holyday afternoon,

chanced to perceive some very tempting apples in a poor person's garden; and, as some thoughtless boys rush into imprudence and crime without previous reflection, or consideration of the consequences, so these boys at once determined upon attaining this fruit, "Come what would," as they said. So through the hedge they burst, and commenced their attack upon the fruit, fearless of the result, and heedless of the injury they were doing the poor owner of the tree.

Now it so happened that they were seen by our Benevolent Friend, who was at that time in the owner's cottage, on an errand of Christian charity and kindness. He, without

mentioning a word of the matter to the inmates of the cottage, at once appeared at the foot of the tree, where our youngsters were rioting on their ill-gotten booty. As soon as they saw the good man, they desisted from their sport, and one by one descended the tree in silence, where Samuel Jones waited to give them a word of seasonable advice and warning. The boys knew him well, by person and report; and as they were all too clearly seen by him to effect their escape without being recognised again, they made no effort to leave the spot, but seemed rather to court *his* correction than run the risk of receiving a much severer one at school, where they

had no doubt he would, in his love for justice, appear as their accuser. When they had all reached the ground, he desired them to wait a few minutes, having a little to say to them, which if duly weighed, might prevent them committing such an offence again, and save them much pain and many sorrows.

"My young friends," said the good man, "I am distressed to see such doings in a Christian land, and especially at the hands of those who ought from birth and education to know and act better. And *thou*, my friend, (speaking to the leader, who was a great boy,) who oughtest to have set thy younger brethren a better example, in leading these little

ones into sin, hast no excuse, for extreme youth will not justify thy folly. If thou hadst considered but for one moment the condition of her whom thou hast thus injured, even the poor widow, whom the Lord hath promised to protect, thou wouldst surely have refrained from doing her harm, and kept thy young friends, who have some excuse in their youth and inexperience, from the commission of crime. The fruit which thou with thy companions hast stolen, was all the poor sick widow had to depend on for the payment of her rent, and now she hath not wherewithal in the world to meet her landlord's claim; for I perceive the greater part of it hath

been beaten from the trees, and rendered almost unsaleable, from the bruises received in falling. Go with me into that humble cottage, and see the poor invalid, weak, pale, and suffering, with her six helpless babes crying around her for food, and then return, if thou canst, to this spot, and finish the shameful deed thou hast begun.

"It is well; I see thy tears, and from them I judge thou art sufficiently abased in thy own estimation, and too well convinced of thy fault, to need farther reproof from me; and as for thy companions, from their downcast eyes and sorrowful countenances, I conceive they also have become sensible of their

transgressions. I will therefore leave thee and them to adjust the matter with the widow, and spare farther reproaches and rebukes."

The young depredators were so truly ashamed of the dirty action they had committed, so truly vexed within themselves at the injury they had thoughtlessly done, and so well convinced of the sound justice of the friendly reproof they had received; that, without delay, they confessed their error, and raised such a subscription among them, as would amply repay the poor widow the injury they had done. This they put into the good man's hand, and begged him to solicit her forgive-

ness, and tender her the whole produce of their pockets as a small atonement for their crime. This, with a kind, approving smile, he promised them to do, and so the matter ended.

Some few months after, the leader of the gang of young robbers waited upon the Benevolent Friend, with his father, and put such a sum into his care for the widow's use, as raised her above her troubles, and enabled her to provide for her fatherless little ones with ease and comfort.

Such was one act of our good Quaker friend; may you never stand in need of reproof for such a transgression of all law, both human and

divine! Or, if you unfortunately do, may you receive it from lips gentle and guileless as his!

EXERCISES.

THE following sentences are erroneous, therefore be pleased to correct them at pleasure.

Every man loves itself. This is he whom have done it. Henry, he was good. I want them books. Him here boy was lazy. That there dog is mine. Good men are they who we should love. Them who hide can find. He can hate who he pleases. I am him whom you seek. I respect thee and him because thou art virtuous. James and

thou may say his lessons. They who I love. A man what I admire. A knife what I lost. A dog who I found. A man what had.

CHAPTER V.

BEING very sensible, my dear brother and sister, of the difficulties attending the proper expression of the possessive or genitive case, I shall make it the subject of the present chapter. The rule in MURRAY runs thus:—

RULE.

One substantive governs another,

signifying a different thing, in the possessive or genitive case; as, "My father's house," "Man's happiness."

If two or more nouns denoting the same thing come together, of course they must be put in the same case; as, "Milton the poet and statesman." The possessive case is used when the latter noun appears to be the property of the former; as, for instance, "a bird's nest:" here *nest* is the property of the bird: instead, therefore, of saying the bird *its* nest, or "the nest of the bird," we merely place an *s* after the word bird, with a comma (') or an apostrophe before it, and write it thus, "a bird's nest." Indeed, in some old authors, the possessive case is seldom or never

used; because, where we should say "the man's son," they would have said, "the man *his* son;" therefore it may be supposed, that the *s* used to denote this case in the present day, is nothing more than the pronoun denoting possession in an abbreviated form; indeed the apostrophe, or comma (') used, might denote this abbreviation; as, for instance, in the word *earn'd*, the apostrophe denotes the shortening of the word by the omission of a syllable.

Observe, in the formation of this case, when the plural ends in *s*, the possessive sign *s* is omitted; as the apostrophe, or comma, retained serves to denote the plural possessive; as "the boys' hats." When the sin-

gular terminates in *ss*, the possessive *s* is not added, the apostrophe only being retained to signify the case, as " for goodness' sake."

Remember also, that the personal pronouns take no possessive sign after them ; therefore to write, " The house is our's," " A snail's shell is it's house," would be wrong; because *ours* and *its*, being pronouns, take no sign of the kind after them. Having explained the rule thus far, I shall now exemplify its use in the following tale, putting all possessives in *italics*.

THE LIAR.

Perhaps there is not a more despicable or dangerous character in the world than a liar; and well would it be for every little boy and girl to be careful of the first advances towards that impious offence. A liar's progress in vice is of a very decisive character: he first commits an offence, which he dreads owning, and then renders it worse by telling a falsehood to conceal it; finding all secure, he goes a step farther in sin, and has recourse to the same dirty expedient to hide his guilt; till, at length, being emboldened by past impunity, he madly plunges into

the depths of vice! Such was Job Potter's progress in crime, for no one could take Job's word for the merest trifle; every one scorned his company, and feared to mention a syllable after him.

He was the servant to a country farmer, and might have been respected, had he acted and spoken properly; but the boy's faults became the man's crimes, for his vices seemed to "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength." He at first abused his master's confidence, defamed his fellow-servants' characters, and for a time appeared a very trusty lad; but he was soon discovered, for vice cannot long conceal itself.

One winter's evening, his master and mistress chanced to go out, leaving no one at home but two servant-men, a maid, and himself. Now Job knew where his master's money was deposited, and as he had long kept his eye upon the place, he determined to steal the cash, and leave such traces behind as might make it appear the head ploughman's act, against whom he had an old grudge. So, when all was still and quiet in the house, he went to John Martin the ploughman's room, and, taking his knife from the poor fellow's pocket, retired as softly as possible to the cupboard where the money was concealed. With this implement he

removed the lock, and, having opened the door, he took from the old money-bag some of the Bank of England's notes and gold to the amount of 20*l.* Having done this, he put the lock in its place, and closed the door, leaving his injured friend's knife behind him.

In the course of the following day, being a Saturday, the master had occasion to go into the parlour to fetch some cash to pay the workmen's wages with, when what was his dismay to find his money gone, and the ploughman's knife lying on the shelf by the side of the empty bag!

Consternation spread through the whole house; the poor fellow, the

knife's owner, was called in and handcuffed; the constable was sent for, to convey him to the magistrate's house; and Job Potter's face was all glee to see his victim's disgrace. But his glee was of short duration; for, whilst the astonished ploughman was waiting for the constable's coming, the farmer's son came running in, with an old stocking in his hand, calling out, with all his might, "I have found some money! I have found some money, in one of Job Potter's blue stockings, stuffed in a rat's hole!" Job endeavoured to slink out; but the master ordered the doors to be closed, and, the constable coming in, a thorough investigation took place.

It then came out, that the boy had been hunting rats, and by chance had laid his hand upon the criminal's ill-gotten booty; and, farther, it appeared that Job had been seen near the spot in the morning: his box was searched, and the odd stocking was found; and the tables were thus turned in a moment against him. The ploughman's hands were released, and Job's were put into his fellow-servant's late fetters. At length, seeing that it was in vain to conceal his guilt, and that his master was determined to take him to the magistrate, he fell down on his knees, crying out, "Oh, for good*ness*' sake, good mas-

ter, spare me! For I stole it but only in fun; I took John's knife when he was asleep, and only meant to play him and you a trick!" "And a very pretty trick too," said his master, "a trick that will send you out of this land, my friend, I trust; for as you shewed no mercy to your fellow-creature, so no mercy shall be shewn to you."

To be brief, he was taken to prison, amid his poor parents' tears and lamentations, tried and transported; and his country's shores will never again be seen by Job Potter. Such was the fate of this really bad man, whose FIRST crimes were lies, and whose LAST — robbery: happy was

it for him that he was found out before he had added murder to his foul offences' list.

Let me then caution you, my little friends, to abstain even from lying in jest; for it is a habit that will so grow upon a person, that at length he who was a liar only in jest, will become a criminal in earnest.

EXERCISES.

The womens' gowns.
The kings' crown.
Truths' reward.
The mouses' nest.
Georges' donkey.
The childs' cradle.

The boys hats.
Johns' apples.
Virtues' prize.
The cats' kitten's tails.
The fiddlers house.
The childrens' toys.

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING explained some of the leading rules to you, I shall now conclude my little work, by making a few general observations on such of the remaining rules as may require a little light to be thrown upon them.

How often do we hear persons using two negatives in conversation, which destroy one another, or become equivalent to an affirmative (see MURRAY'S GRAMMAR, Rule 16th); as, for instance: "He never does nothing;" "I never injured nobody." Now, if you examine these sentences, they are really pure nonsense: but write them, "He never does any thing," "I never injured any body," and the sense is clear. Suppose you, William, were to ask Mary to give you one of her favourite kittens, and she were to answer, "I cannot, by *no* means;" you might reply, "then you can by *some* means, and so I thank you for your kindness, Mary." In-

deed the abuse of this rule is so general amongst the ignorant, that it may be looked upon as a token of vulgarity to be found offending against it.

Very frequently also do we hear people say, "He writes *beautiful*;" "You read *proper*;" "He learns *quick*;" "He was very *neat* dressed:" now, these are all erroneous expressions, because abverbs ought to be joined to verbs, and not *adjectives* (see MURRAY'S GRAMMAR, Rule 15th); therefore, the above adjectives ought to have been the adverbs, *beautifully*, *properly*, *quickly*, and *neatly*. If I were to say, "You acted very *proper* in listening to my advice," I should be set down for an igno-

rant person myself, in using *proper* in the place of *properly*. Let me caution you, therefore, to be very particular in the application of this rule, since much of the elegance and propriety of your language depends upon it.

One more observation, my dear little friends, and then farewel.

I dare say, you frequently hear young people say, "If I *was* a man, I should ride a horse;" "If he *has* a task, he will cry;" "If thou *hast* one marble, I have ten;" now these are all ungrammatical expressions; for MURRAY says, in Rule 19th, when something *doubtful* is implied, the subjunctive mood ought to be used,

as *it* implies a *doubt.* If you look at the conjugation of the subjunctive mood, you will find, "If I *were*," not *was.* "If he *have*," not *has.* "If thou *have*," not *hast;* consequently, there are three errors in as many sentences.

I shall now wind up my little work, by leaving you some sentences to correct during my absence; and as you will find them all under some of the preceding rules, I hope you will not fail to let me see them nicely corrected on my return, when I shall feel great pleasure in bestowing such presents upon you, my dear William and Mary, as your industry and atten-

tion may deserve: and so good-bye, till I have the pleasure of seeing you again.

SENTENCES FOR CORRECTION.

I has a boat.

You and he is idle.

Every leaf, every twig, every drop of water, are full of living creatures.

James and him are there.

Did you see Jane and I?

It was me.

It must have been him.

Who do you want?

We should not hurt no creature.

How sweet the birds sing.

He does not know nothing.

He run fast.

You pushed he.

John likes she.

Neither him nor she were there.

The mens hands was against he.

Thou will be punished.

John and Betsy has a ball.

I must teach they.

I will take these loaf.

This two hours has passed.

Sound travels quick.

You behaved foolish.

Good children never tell no lies.

Don't say nothing not to nobody.

You must stand beside she.

The book is her's.

I took it to be they.

That is not him.

It was not us.

Here are my wifes' books.

Anger and impatience is unreasonable.

They I know well.

You speak true.

The late Bishop's of London's sermons are excellent.

A tree is known by his fruit.

One may deceive themselves.

John were very eager to go.

He always behave well.

The dog who I bought is better than the one whom you sold.

I has done my best to please and to instruct; if I has not pleased in my attempt, I has no better apology to make than my regret.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

Emma a. [illegible] the rest

Mary Boydon