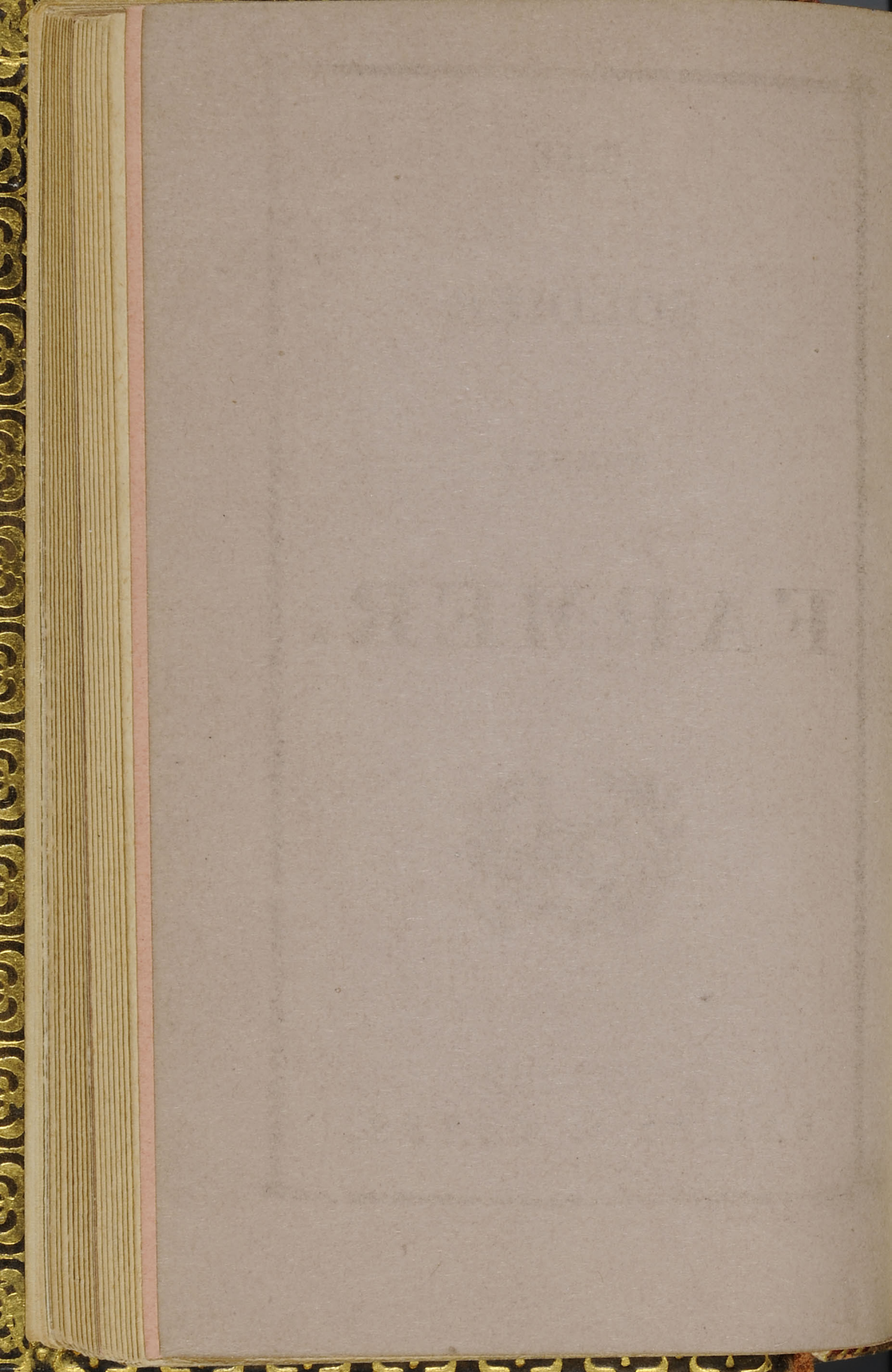


3

THE
SOLDIER
TURNED
FARMER.



PORTLAND.
BAILEY & NOYES



THE
SOLDIER
TURNED
FARMER.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.

A B C D E F

G H I J K L

M N O P Q R

S T U V W X

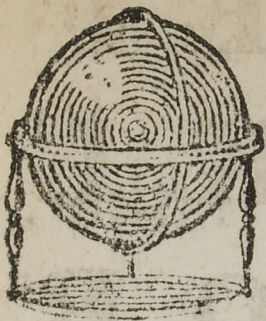
Y Z &

a b c d e f g

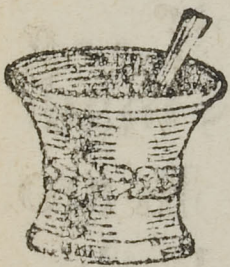
h i j k l m n o

p q r s t u v w

x y z

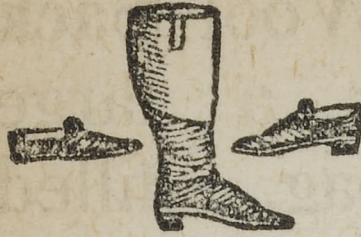


This Globe you see is almost round, as the earth on which you live, and like the stars that shine above you every night.



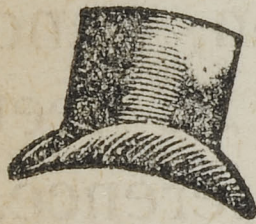
A Mortar.

This is made of iron, or of wood, or of stone, and is used to pound spice in for puddings.



Boot and
Shoes for
my father.

When you
grow a gentleman, you
shall have white-top
boots and silk strings in
your shoes.



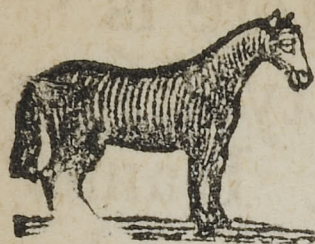
A Black Hat
which is made
of wool and
fur, and then
worn by men and boys.
We will go to the hat-
ter's, and buy one.



Wool Sack
 is a large
 bag, filled
 with wool from the back
 of the Sheep that have
 already come from the
 pasture to be sheared

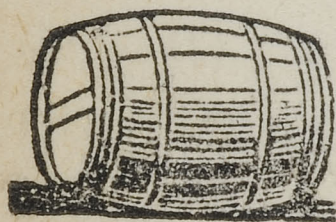


This great Tree
 stands in the
 Common, and
 is 65 feet high, 22 feet
 girth or circumference,
 7 feet through, and 83
 feet across the branches
 or about 250 feet round.
 and covering 7289 sq. ft.



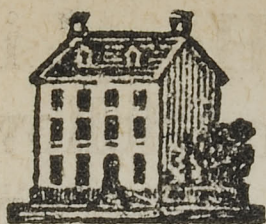
A Horse is
a fine fellow
to ride on.

Horses are of all colours,
bay and black, grey and
white, and chesnut and
sorrel.

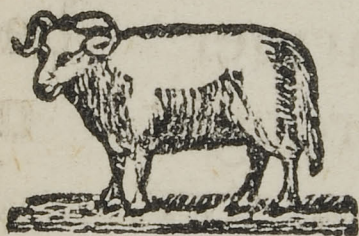


A Barrel of
cider that the
farmer has
brought us

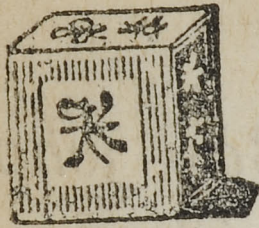
from the country. I
hope the barrel was sweet
and clean before he put
the cider in it.



Here is a
pretty House
that Daniel's
father built, and where
he now lives with all his
little boys. It has trees
before it, and the chil-
dren are playing in the
parlour.



This Sheep
is one of the
flock, who is
going home because he
has eaten grass enough
to-day.



Chest of Tea from the Chinese. Little boys and girls must not have tea, because milk, which you can have from this cow is much better



This Cow belongs to the farmer whose history I am now going to tell you, and who brings milk here every day

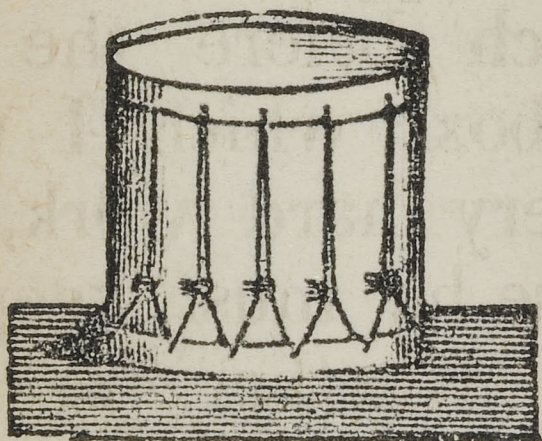
*Story of the Boy who
would be a Soldier.*

There was a little boy
who was just four years
old when I knew him,
and he lived in this house,



and when he grew up
he did not wish to be

a scholar, and learn the letters, but wanted to be a Soldier and follow the drum. Here you can see one, pretty



enough to look at, but of a very noisy sound. Well, this boy would become a soldier, and he

was drest in a suit of fine clothes every day, and he strutted about, but if he did any thing wrong, he was sure to be whipped. See him march before the sentry-box, which I think is very hard work, because he must keep going, whether it rains hard or shines hot. In his hand is a heavy gun, on his back a knapsack, and on his head a great cocked hat. Look at

him, and see besides
the tents or huts in
which a soldier sleeps.



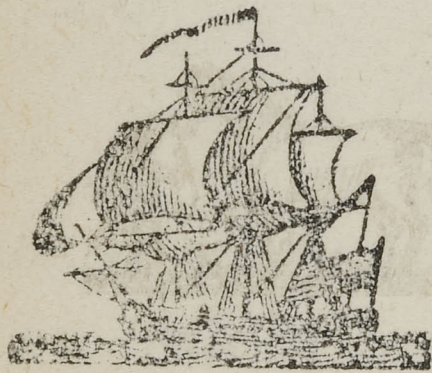
Well, after a little
time he had to go to
a great distance from
home, into another part
of the world, and one
night while he was ly-

ing under the tent on his straw bed, he was very much startled by hearing this Lion roar,

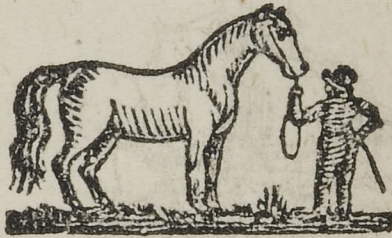


for he was in that part of the globe where lions live, and he was so frightened that he said he would not be a

soldier any longer, but
get to his home again
as fast as he could. So
in the very first ship
that sailed for his own
country he came home.
Here is the ship.



When he left off his coloured clothes, and his gun and belts, he wore a round hat, and went to be a farmer, and he soon bought him a bay horse, and here he has him by the bridle. If



you are a good child to-day, he will put him in

a chaise and give you a pleasant ride.

I think it much better for him to be a farmer, and to keeps pigs, and sheep, and cows, and horses, than to be shooting men with his black powder and leaden balls, and I wish him success in his new labour

