

THE  
**Cottage Garden,**  
OR  
*Infant Tutor.*



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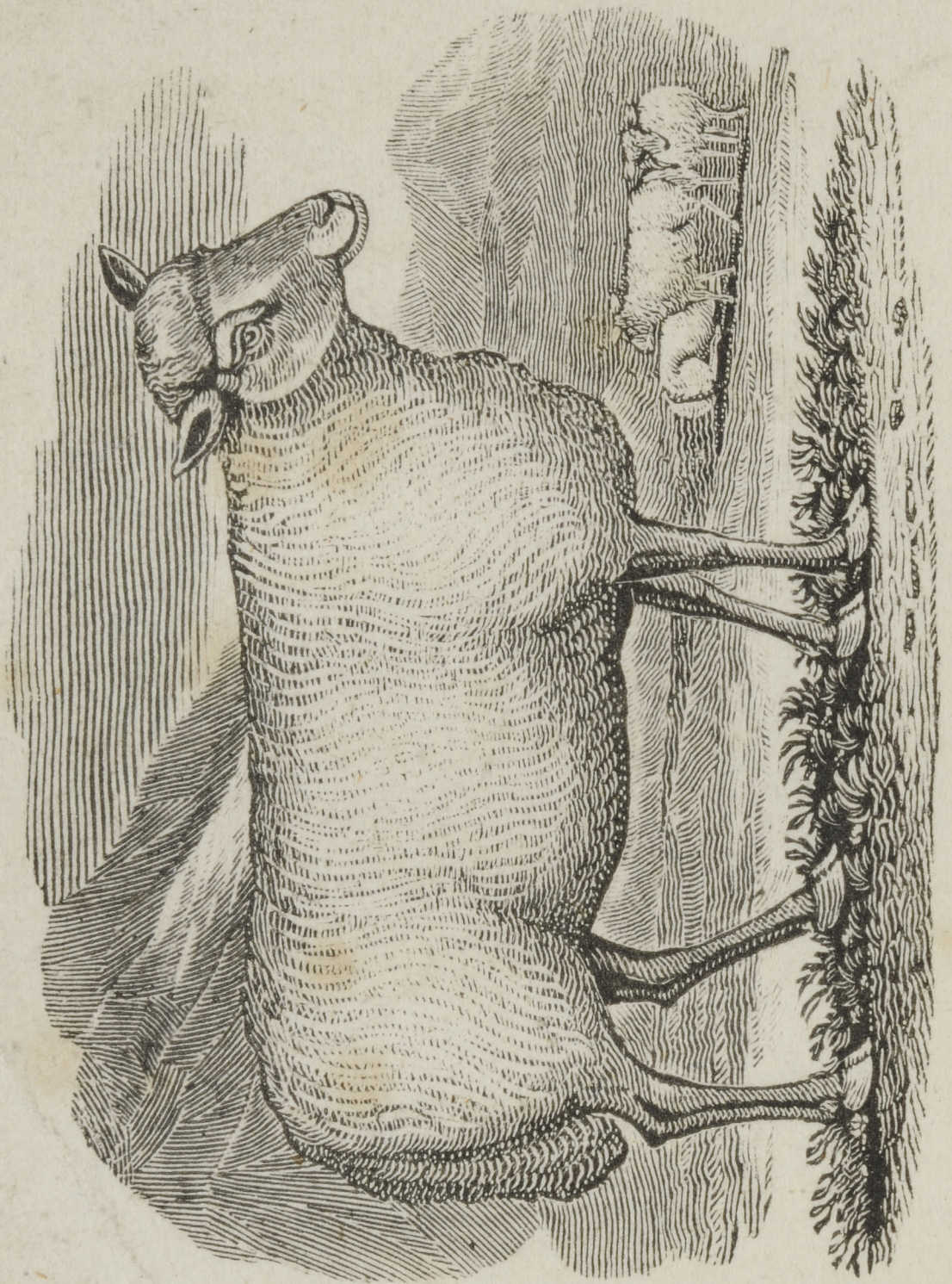
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*Behold, when shear'd, and of its robe bereft,*

*How meek, how patient, the mild creature stands!*



THE  
COTTAGE GARDEN;  
OR THE  
*INFANT TUTOR.*



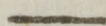
A MORAL AND ENTERTAINING  
TALE,  
FOR CHILDREN.



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THE

COTTAGE GARDEN;

OR THE

ARTS AND MYSTERY.



BY

THE

REV. FATHER

OF

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AND





### *The Cottage Garden.*

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IN a small village, far remote from the busy city of London, lived an honest homely pair, who earned their bread by daily toil. They had three children, two boys and one girl, Charles, Joseph, and Maria; they all went to a small day school, that was kept by a poor, but worthy widow woman, near the cottage where their parents resided.

These poor people found it a very hard task to spare the money to pay the school-mistress for the care of the chil-



dren, yet they justly thought it to be their duty to have them taught to read and write, and whatever was necessary for their making their way in the world in an honest reputable manner; for it surely is a great service to be able to write your letters, and keep accounts, and read good books. Learning may properly be called a fortune, and I hope my little readers may set a just value on what I say, and think they can never learn too much, and that it is better to spend your hours in the attainment of useful improvements, than in rude games of play, or running about the street, as too frequently is the case. Not but it is proper for children to have their hours of exercise and amusement, but it ought to be in moderation; for, as it says in the holy scriptures, there is a time and a season for every thing under heaven.

To return to the story of our cottage family, with whom I dare say my young





readers are eager to make acquaintance, Charles was seven years of age, Joseph four, and their sister Maria only two.

The eldest boy thought it enough, and indeed sometimes too much, to go to school twice a day, and learn the lessons set for him by his kind tutoress; on the contrary, Joseph considered he could never learn too much, so that there was a striking difference between the brothers.

Their father, John Grant, was a sober man, and one of those that agreed with the proverb of idleness being the root of all evil; when his labour for those that employed him was done for the day, he



hastened home, and busied himself in repairing his dwelling, or working in his neat little garden, which was the admiration of many of his poor neighbours, some of whom were wicked enough to envy him, though they each might have had one as good, had not they been too idle to follow his example.

*From cheerful labor pleasure springs,  
Because it health and plenty brings.*

John Grant was happy in a wife of the same industrious temper as himself; she could wash, iron, brew, and bake, in the best manner, and was therefore often in the employ of her richer neighbours; thus this honest pair were able to provide for themselves and children, in a decent and becoming manner, without being a burthen to any one.

They loved their children, treating them all in the same manner with respect to food and raiment, and those pleasing





attentions that are shewn by fond parents, yet little Joseph was their pride; he took much delight in his book, he could say all his letters, and repeat the prayers his good mother taught him, while yet in infant age, improving daily, and still thirsting after knowledge.

All the half-pence that were given to Charles were spent the next moment in cakes, sugar-plums, and foolish toys; it was very rare his brother ever indulged in such things, if he had to purchase them himself; no, he saved up his half-pence till it came to a certain sum, and bought books with the money, and a



slate, with pencils, and several other articles of a nature highly useful to a boy who made learning his delight.

His father was so kind as to make him a little trunk, and had a lock and key for it, that he might keep those things together, which he did in the most tidy manner that was possible.

Charles was not of a temper to join in the same pursuits as his brother, yet he was not a bad boy; for though a little wild and unruly at play, he hated vice, told truth, and obeyed his parents.

Joseph was one of those who have a heart to feel for the wants of others, and not think only of pleasing themselves; he saw many children, belonging to the village, who did not know one letter from another; not that they were dunces, but their parents could not afford to send them to school, and it was such a remote place that they had not the blessing of a charity, nor even a sunday-school among





them: and Joseph's first wish was to be their tutor, and relieve them as much as lay in his power from such a dreadful state of ignorance.

Joseph thought, and wisely too, that before he could teach others, he must learn himself; he therefore applied most diligently to his books, and often, when he met with any hard word, or sentence, he could not comprehend, when he was reading at home, he would carefully mark the place, and when he went the next day to school, politely ask his governess to explain its meaning, which



she kindly did, and was much pleased with her little scholar, and often rewarded his attention to learning with a nice book or pleasing picture, for which he was always truly grateful, and strove to deserve a continuance of her favors.

Thus past three years, and Joseph was entering on his seventh year, when he began to carry his favorite plan into execution. It was now the beginning of a very fine spring, and Joseph chose the arbour of the cottage garden to assemble his pupils in, as he might not litter or dirty his mother's rooms; he invited several of his little play-fellows to spend their leisure hours with him, and amuse themselves in a manner that might do good. "Nothing can be better," said the good boy, "than to play at school-keeping; I will be the master, and teach you to read, but mind me, you must behave the same as if you was at a real school, and not make a mock of what I say, for it is





very wicked to jeer those who try to do you good, and to give up their time for your benefit.”

Among the village children were seven who heard Joseph’s kind proposition with joy, and promised to mind all he said to them.

They met at half-past five every evening, and spent two hours at their books; they then played on the green till eight o’clock, at which time they regularly returned to their own homes, and eat their homely meal; after this, according to the advice of their tutor, they sang the



evening hymn, then kneeling down, said their prayers, kissed their fond parents, and retired to bed, to enjoy the peaceful slumbers that await on innocence and piety.

Charles and his play-fellows were often so rude as to make game of Joseph and his little party, and try to make them leave their quiet and useful way of passing their time, but their efforts were vain: and such was the credit Joseph's free-school obtained, that he had a great increase of little visitors, who were all eager to learn what he was able to teach; and he was now, in reality, become very clever, for by his laudable endeavors to improve others, he improved himself, and impressed on his mind every useful lesson by frequent repetition.

The parents of the children did not suppose, from the early age of Joseph, that their little ones could receive much benefit from his instructions, but they





let them meet together, for they thought it a good way of spending their time, and keeping them out of mischief, which often occurs from rude play, and they kept their clothes clean and tidy; but when they heard them sing their hymns, say their prayers, and read their little books, they were truly delighted, and their kind instructor often received a present of fruit, cakes, and things of a similar nature, when these poor people could spare them, as a tribute of their love and thanks to the infant tutor of their dear children, many of whom were much older than himself.



Autumn now was passed away, and cold winter presided; Joseph grew dull, and tears were often seen to roll down his youthful cheeks.

His parents tenderly enquired the cause, and the little boy, who always spoke truth, and gave frank answers, when asked a question, said he was sorry to be deprived of the very pleasing manner in which himself and his young friends had, for so many months, spent their evenings, as it was not possible for them to continue their meetings in the harbour, now the weather was so cold.

“To be sure you cannot,” said his father, “for if the weather was not against you, the dark nights would prevent you receiving any benefit from your books and slates, (for the latter had been lately added to their evening studies) but, as you are so good and dutiful a child, your mother and myself have agreed to let your young friends come to the cottage





for an hour every evening, during the working days of the week, and on the holy sabbath, we will allow you three hours for reading the scriptures, prayers, and hymns; for we should be very sorry to hinder you from going on in the good path you have chosen." Joseph was truly grateful for this kindness, and gave both his parents a tender kiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant had seen with regret that Charles never joined in the meetings of Joseph and his good little friends, but too often made rude remarks on the manner in which they passed their



time; not considering that there was no one among them, but were far better at their learning than himself, for they wisely employed themselves many an hour, while Charles and his companions were at hoop, peg-top, or trap and ball, with a set of rude boys.

When the weather did not allow him to go out, he still refused to join in the pursuits of his brother; and would sit silent and sullen in a corner, till the children were gone, when he would begin some kind of play or other, as Joseph would then join with him cheerfully, for he never was against innocent diversion at proper times, and he reckoned that to be when he had done the duties required of him.

As Joseph grew in years he grew in grace and good works, and his good parents still allowed him the liberty of having his young friends there in the evening; in the arbour, during the sum





mer months, and the rest of the year round their cheerful cottage fire.

Charles, in his fourteenth year was bound apprentice to a shoe-maker: for his careful parents being willing to give each of their children a trade, a blessing of which they themselves had known the want, had, by putting by small sums, saved up sufficient to give the required fee, which, happily for them, was but small. He proved an honest faithful servant, but the little attention he had paid to learning, prevented him from being so serviceable to his master, as he might



otherwise have been, and hindered himself from getting forward in the world; and he often regretted he had not followed the example of his brother, as Maria had done, and was now a very clever little girl.

The good Joseph met with his reward. It chanced one Sunday evening, as he was reading to his little friends a chapter in the bible, and his own parents and several of the neighbours were assembled, hearing him, (for these were good people, who loved to spend their sabbath piously, and delighted in seeing the early piety of their children) the squire, whose name was Belford, and his lady, came to the door, and having staid some time unperceived, they entered the cottage.

“Bless me, John Grant,” said Mr. Belford, “do you keep a sunday-school here?”—“No, your honor, though our meetings are not much unlike one.”

This produced more questions; and





John Grant related to Mr. Belford the history of his son's progress in, and his great desire of learning, and also how he had delighted in teaching the poorer sort of children what he knew, even from early infancy. This account pleased and surprised the squire and his lady: chance had brought them to the cottage, for the night was dark, and Mrs. Belford was afraid of going up the lane that leads to the manor-house, without a light.

John Grant worked in the grounds, and they came to ask him to walk before them with a lantern and candle—a very lucky



event for Joseph: for they took such a fancy to him, that they were at the expence of giving him an excellent education, and maintaining him till he was old enough to be usher in a school, where he behaved so well, that his master, dying, left him the whole concern; and he now lives in great repute. His sister Maria keeps his house; and he also allows his aged parents a handsome sum every year, to make their latter days happy; to Mr. and Mrs. Belford he is the most grateful of human beings, and they love him almost as well as if he was their own son.

They also made his parents a present of a cow, and two very fine sheep, with liberty to feed them in their park (for it was not filled with useless game) as long as they lived, as a reward for their diligence, virtue, sobriety, and honesty; and the sheep being of a particular valuable breed (see the frontispiece) the produce of them alone, after the first





two or three years, were equal to the whole of their labour.—Thus, my little readers, is the proverb of Solomon verified, that—“A good son is a crown of glory, to his parents.”

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