

A VISIT TO
GRANDPAPA

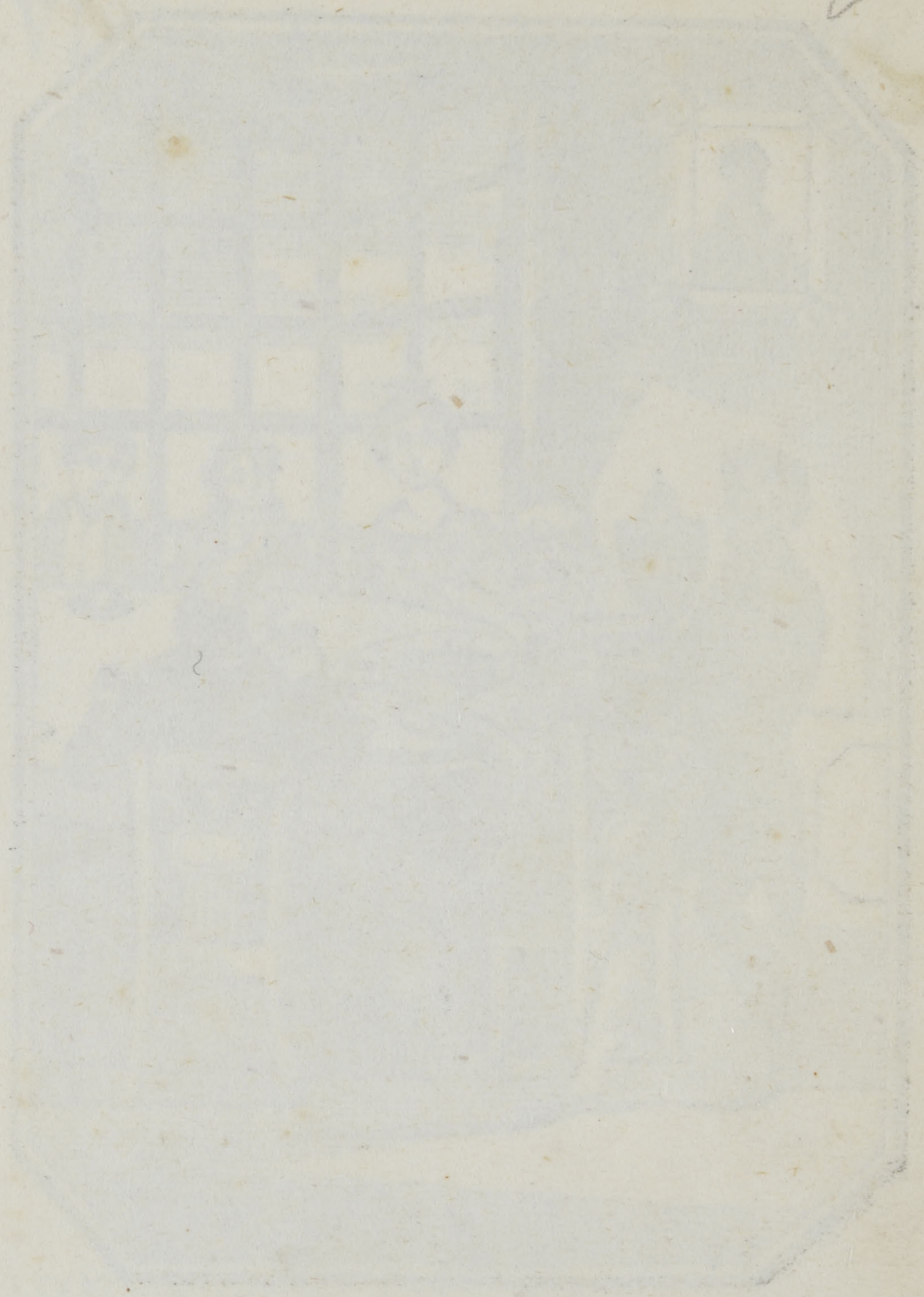
BY
MRS. SHERWOOD.

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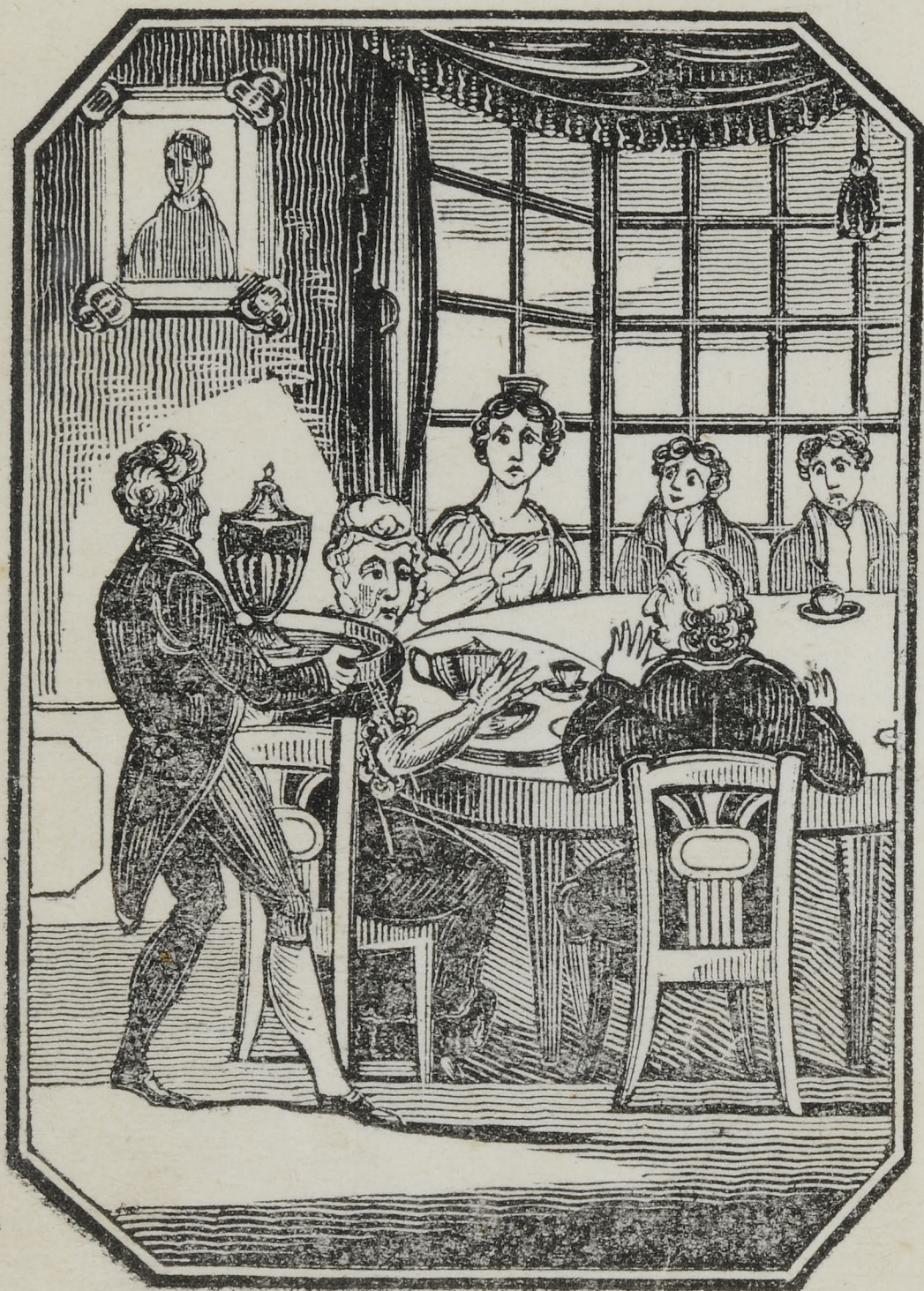
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VISIT TO GRANDPAPA.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE HENRY AND HIS BEARER,"
ETC. ETC.



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A VISIT
TO
Grandpapa.

IT was in the month of June, when the strawberries were ripe, and the birds sang, that a letter came from grandpapa to invite Robert and Joseph, the two little sons of Mr. Seward, to spend a day at Westfield, where the old gentleman lived with his good wife in a very neat and beautiful house.

There was a stage-coach which

passed every morning, at six o'clock, by Mr. Seward's house, and returned again at nine at night. This coach travelled in an hour between Mr. Seward's and Westfield; and the time of its going and coming served quite as well as if it had been set up only to carry Robert and Joseph to and fro from their papa's house to their grand-papa's.

When the day came which had been fixed by the old gentleman, Mr. Seward got up early and went with his little boys to the place where they expected to meet the coach; and there they sat down under an elm tree by



the way-side, for the coach was not yet come.

“I hope that you will be wise boys, my little ones,” said Mr. Seward, “and that you will try to learn all that is good, whatever company you may fall into; and, also, that you will shut your ears against every thing that is bad. No one can travel far in this or

any other country without seeing and hearing something which is wrong; but, when you go abroad, you must learn to pick up what is good and useful, and then I shall not be afraid to trust you another time."

While Mr. Seward was speaking, they heard the sound of the coach-wheels at a distance; and in less than five minutes after that time Robert and Joseph were on the top of the coach, travelling as fast as four horses could carry them. There was no room for them in the front, so they sat at the back; and there were three men and one woman with them: and these people

were talking. An old man, and a young one who sat opposite to him, both seemed very vulgar people; I do not mean poor people, nor people in low rank, but people who talked vulgarly, and used bad words. They were cruel people, also, and talked of fighting-cocks, and such sort of things: and they said that they were going to see a badger baited that morning at Westfield, in a pool which Joseph knew to be not very far from his grandfather's house; for I am sorry to say, that Joseph listened with all his ears to these men, quite forgetting the promise he had just made to his papa. But

Robert did not attend to these people, for the first words he heard from them being bad, he turned away from them as much as he could, towards the woman, who was telling the old man a very useful thing. It was this.— She had slept the night before at an inn; and was supping in a kitchen where a little child pulled down on its arm a dish of scalding tea; and, while the child was screaming with pain, some one present took the dredger from the wall where it was hanging, and well floured the baby's arm: “And do you know, Sir,” said the woman at the top of the coach, “that the baby ceased to cry in

a few moments; and the person told its mother, that if she would leave the flour there till it fell off of itself when the arm was well, she would have no more trouble with it. Now, Sir," said the woman, "I call that a very useful piece of knowledge, and one that it was worth taking a journey to learn."

"And so it is, Madam," replied the man, "and I shall tell my wife of it as soon as I get home."

Now Robert and Joseph had only six miles to go, so they were very soon at the end of their journey. The coachman knew old Mr. Seward's house very



well, so that they had not even the trouble to call upon him to stop when they arrived at the garden-gate.

Grandpapa and grandmamma were just come down into the breakfast-room, when Robert and Joseph came in; and it was quite pleasant to see how much joy there was on both sides.

The little boys were very hungry; and grandpapa laughed at the large slices of white bread which they contrived to swallow.

After breakfast, grandpapa, as was his custom, had family prayer, and then he told the little boys that they might amuse themselves till two o'clock; but he bade them not to go beyond the sound of the great bell which hung at one end of the house. "And when you hear that bell ring," he said, "you must come back with all speed."

Robert and Joseph loved nothing so well as a complete day of play at Westfield, because the country was so very pleasant,

and there were so many things to see. In the first place, there was a thick wood, in which were several hollow trees; then there was an old stone-quarry, in which was a cave, not half a mile from their grandpapa's house; and there was a carpenter's shop, too, within sound of the bell, and the carpenter himself was a very civil useful man, and had known the boys from babies; and there was a round hill covered with heath, and at the top of it a grove of firs, in which the wind whistled curiously; with many other things which delighted the little boys, and which they always made a

rule of visiting whenever they had opportunity.

So they went first to the stone-quarry, and then to the carpenter's shop, and from one place to another till they came to their favourite hollow tree in the wood; and they got into this tree, and sat down in the bottom of it, and began to talk to each other.

“How very old this tree must be!” said Robert, “for grandpapa says that he remembers it when he was a little child, and it looked as old then as it does now; and grandpapa says it may stand here many years yet.”

While Robert was speaking, a distant sound was heard of dogs



barking, and men shouting, and Joseph said, "Hark! do you hear that?"

Robert listened—"I do," he replied, "but the noise is a great way off."

"It is the people at the badger hunt, I dare say," said Joseph, scrambling out of the tree.

“What badger hunt?” asked Robert.

“Why,” said Joseph, “did you not hear those men at the top of the coach?—Did not you hear them say where they were going?”

“No,” replied Robert.

“Why, you never hear any thing, Robert,” said Joseph. “You are deaf, I think.—Why, they said they were going to the badger hunt, at the pool below:—I should like to see the hunt.”

“We must not go so far as the pool, Joseph,” said Robert, “it is beyond the wood; and if we go there, the hill will be between us and grandpapa’s, and we shall never hear the bell.”

“But I should like to have a peep at them,” rejoined Joseph, “just a peep; I won’t go very near them:” and so saying, he began to move towards that side of the wood from which the sound came, and Robert followed him.

At length, the two little boys came to a place where they saw below them a deep valley with trees on each side, and, in the bottom, a brook running along with a murmuring sound.

“That is the brook which fills the pool, Robert,” said Joseph, “and if we go down the bank, and follow the brook a little way, then we shall come to the pool,

and we shall see the badger hunt.”

Now by this time there was no more noise of men and dogs; all was quiet in the wood; and there was no sound but of birds and bees, and creatures of that kind; but Joseph would have it that the badger hunt was going on: and he was so set upon seeing it, that he ran down the side of the dingle as fast as he could; and, being come near the bottom, his foot caught in a bent, and he fell forward with his face in the brook, and his foot entangled in the bent. He could not stir nor even utter a cry, for when he opened his mouth the water and



mud came running into it, and if his brother had not been near, to drag him out by the feet, he would most likely have been drowned. And this is what he would have got for listening to these bad people.

What an object was poor Joseph, when Robert dragged him out of the water half stifled with

mud and mire! It was well for his coat that his grandmamma had made him put on a pinafore before he went out; but, as it was, his hair, and his face, and his whole body, were daubed with mud; and it was some time before he could get it out of his mouth and eyes.

While Robert was trying to wipe his face as well as he could, the dinner-bell rang, and the boys were obliged to return to their grandpapa. But Oh, how ashamed was Joseph, when he saw a lady and a gentleman standing with his grandpapa and grandmamma, looking out of the parlour-window, as he came up



the gravel walk; and he was more ashamed, after he had told how he came to be in such a plight, to hear his grandpapa say, "Poor Joseph! it is well that the dogs did not come up while you were in the water, for they would certainly have taken you for the badger: but, go, child, you must be washed and get into bed while

your clothes are cleaned and dried, and we will send you your dinner; and I trust, that while you are alone, you will think of the offence you have committed—first in disobeying your father, and secondly in giving way to that low and disgraceful inclination of listening to what is not profitable. Go and pray for forgiveness, and ask God to give you strength to do better in future, for I trust that you have not forgotten what has been so often told you, that without the help of the Holy Spirit you can do nothing well.”

Poor Joseph went away holding down his head, and Robert

would have followed him, but his grandpapa called him back, and made him sit down to dinner with the company.

When he had dined, Robert went to his brother, and helped him to get up, the maid having cleaned his clothes; and by this time tea was ready.

There was a lofty bow-window in grandmamma's drawing-room, and it was a very pleasant window; it opened out upon the grassplot. The tea-table was set in the window, and the company sat round the table. Robert and Joseph sat with their backs to the window, because the old people were afraid of the draught.

Now it happened, (for that, you will say, was rather an unlucky day,) that, as the footman was bringing in the tea-urn, he held it unsteadily, and managed to throw a quantity of boiling water upon grandmamma's arm: the water was scalding hot, and the old lady's arm was bare; for she was one of those who wore short sleeves and treble ruffles, such as you have seen in old pictures. The arm was blistered in a moment, from the elbow to the wrist, and the old lady grew faint with pain, though she did not forget to say to the footman, "Don't be uneasy, Richard, I am sure you did not mean it; it was

altogether an accident; you could not help it."

But what was best to be done? One said scraped potatoes were best; some said cold water; some said sweet oil; for every person in the house was called: and one ran one way and one another, and grandpapa coughed, and fidgetted, and trembled, and could think of nothing.

Now while all this bustle was going forwards, Robert had jumped out of the window, ran round the house, got into the kitchen, seized the dredger, which luckily happened to be full of fine flour, and the next minute was at his grandmother's side raising such a



dust as made those who were near her jump back in astonishment.

“Never mind, grandmamma, never mind,” said the little man: “you will soon find ease; it will soon cure you; let me cover your arm well, and make a paste upon it. And you must not wash it off; it will fall off, when your arm gets

well. Now don't you find it easier already?"

"I do, my dear boy, indeed, I do," said the old lady, "really I do; the burning heat and smart are already abated. But, bless you, my child, who put this in your head, my darling boy?"

"A woman at the top of the coach, grandmamma," replied little Robert. "I heard her talk about it; and I am so glad that I did. Do you still feel easier, dear grandmamma?"

I cannot tell you how many kisses were bestowed on little Robert; and, as his grandmamma's arm was become perfectly easy before it was time for the

coach to pass by, his grandpapa presented him with a beautiful new Bible, in the beginning of which was written this passage—
“ Take heed how you hear.”

And now, my little readers, please to tell your mamma the moral of this story, for I am quite sure that you know what it is.

FINIS.

RICHARD CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

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