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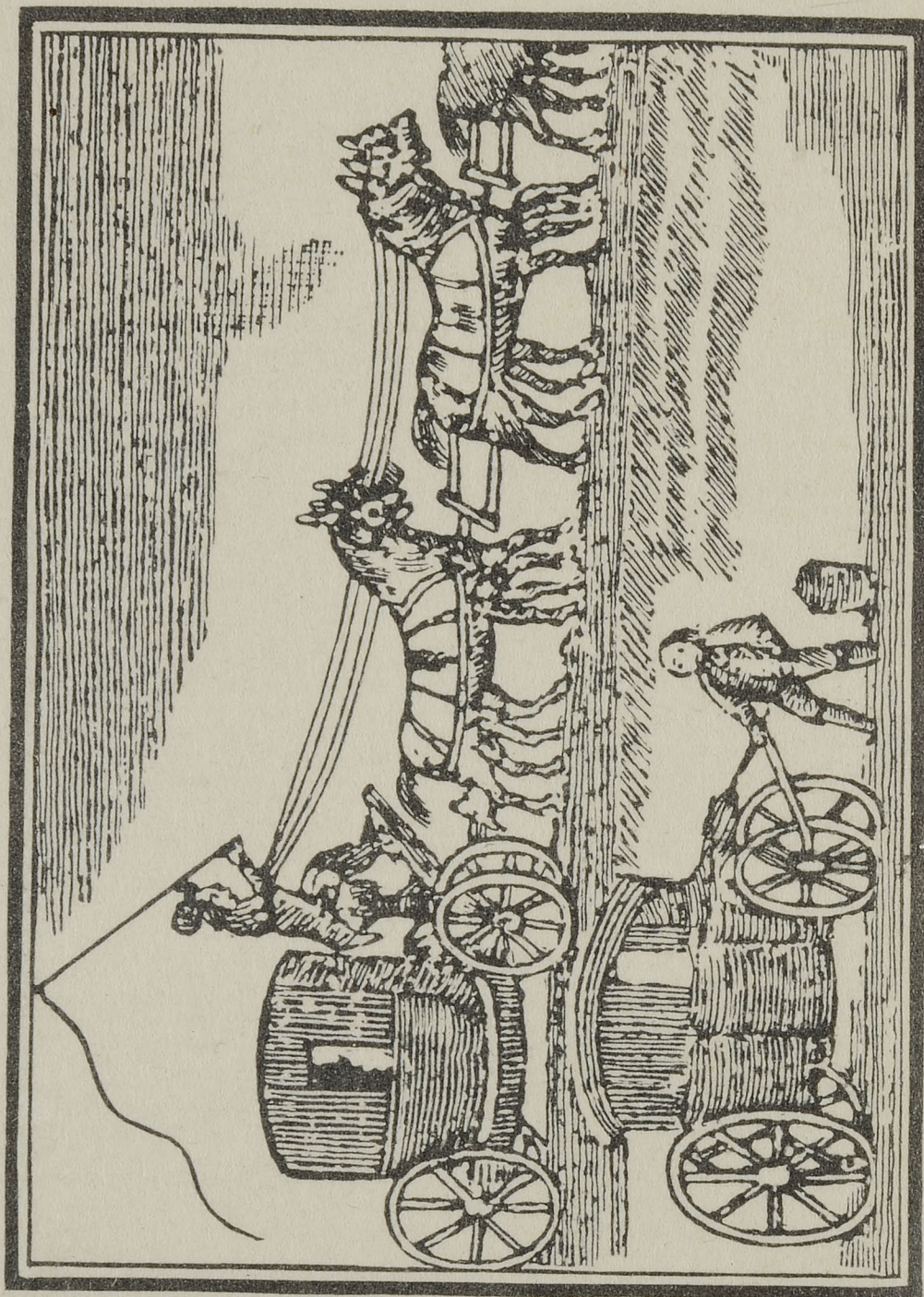
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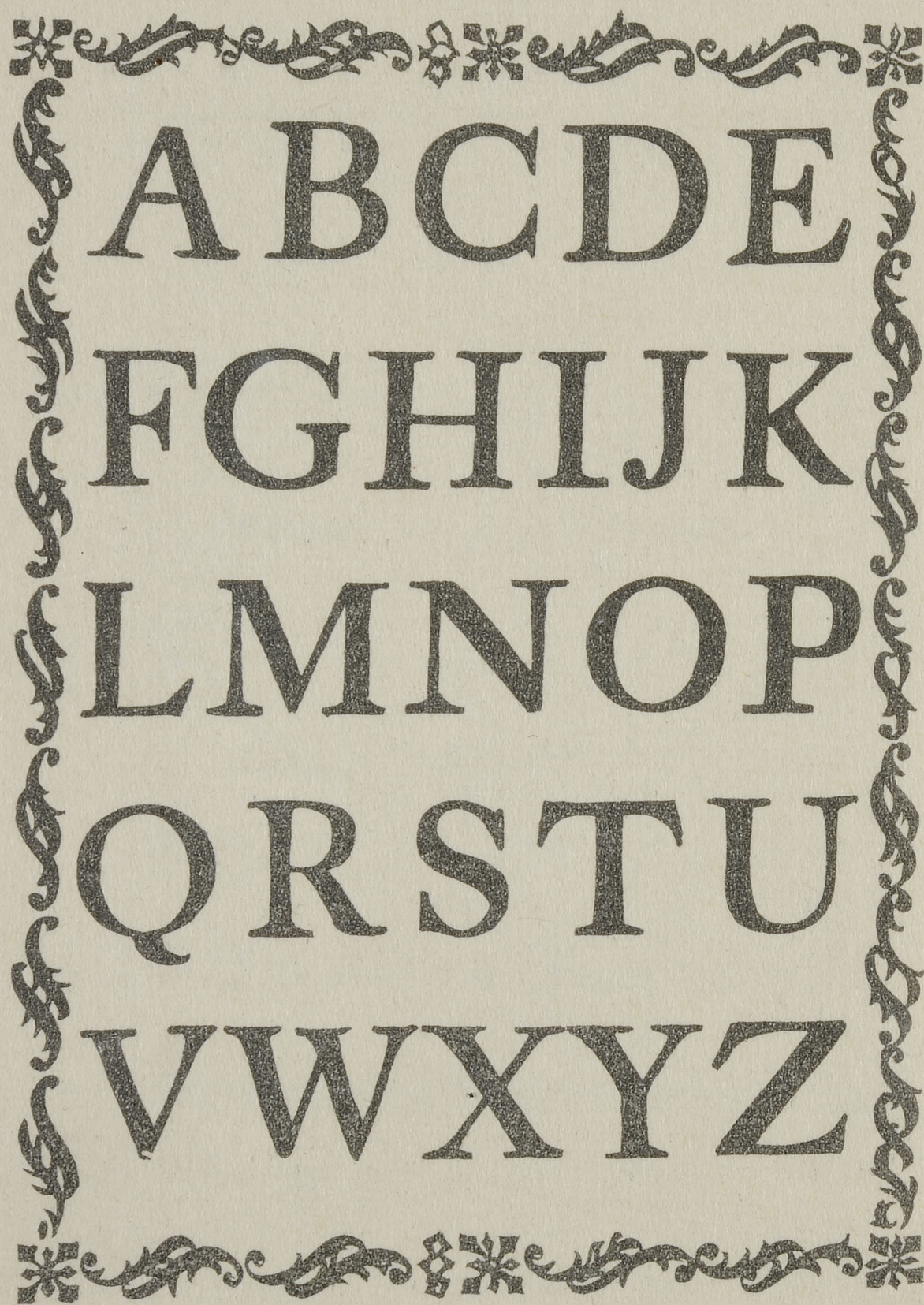
He who in Learning taketh Pride  
In Coach and Six may chance to ride  
While every Dunces's Life must be  
A Scene of servile Drudgery.

THE  
Royal Alphabet,  
OR,  
*Child's Best Instructor*  
TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
THE HISTORY OF  
A  
LITTLE BOY  
FOUND UNDER A HAYCOCK

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BOSTON:

Printed and sold by SAMUEL HALL,  
in Cornhill.



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

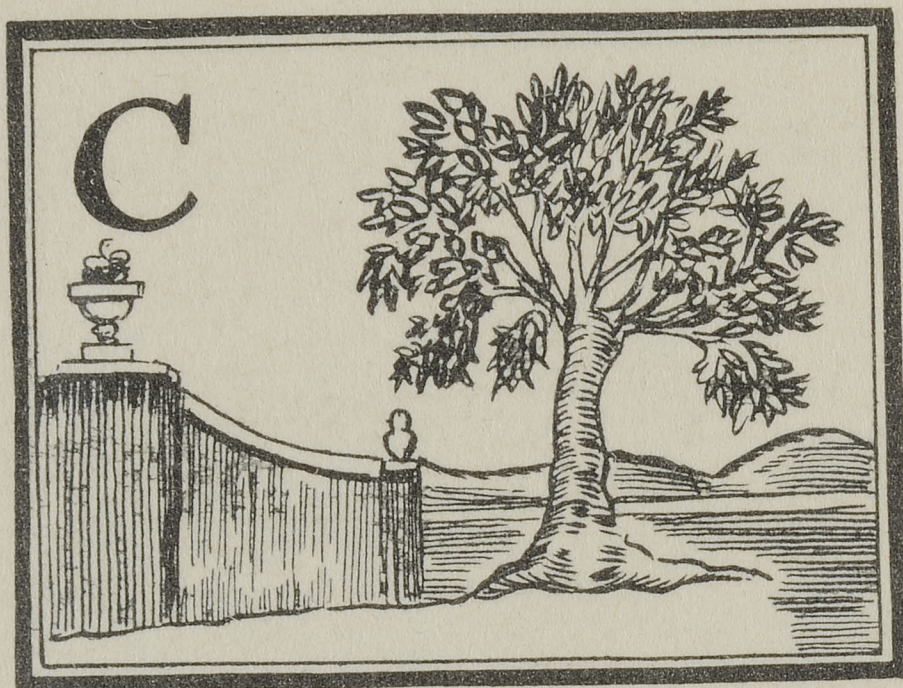




Was an Angler, and fish'd with a Hook.



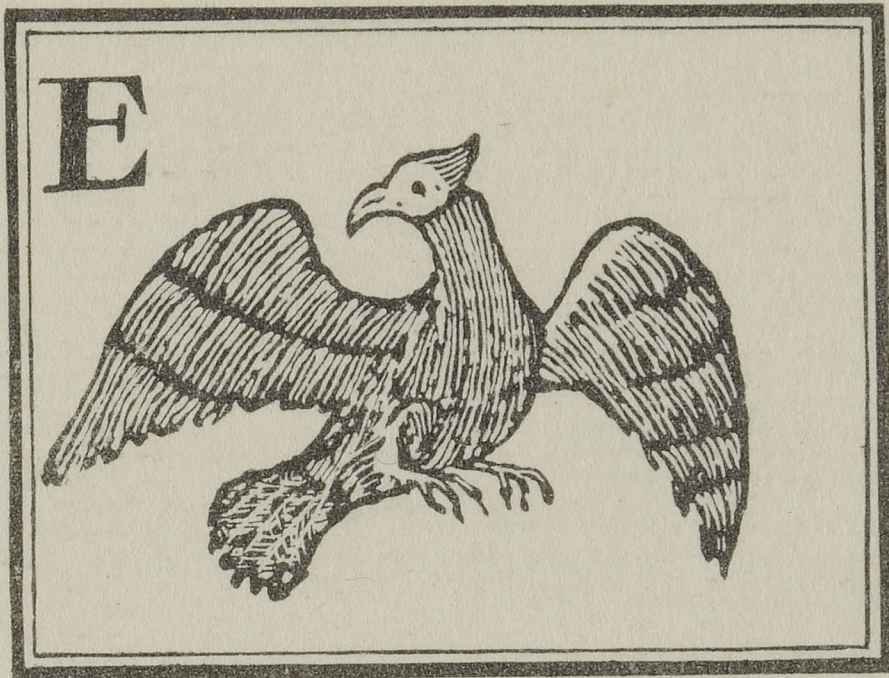
Was a Blockhead, and ne'er learn'd  
his Book.



Was a Cherry Tree, pleasing to View.



Was a Drummer, and beat a Tattoo



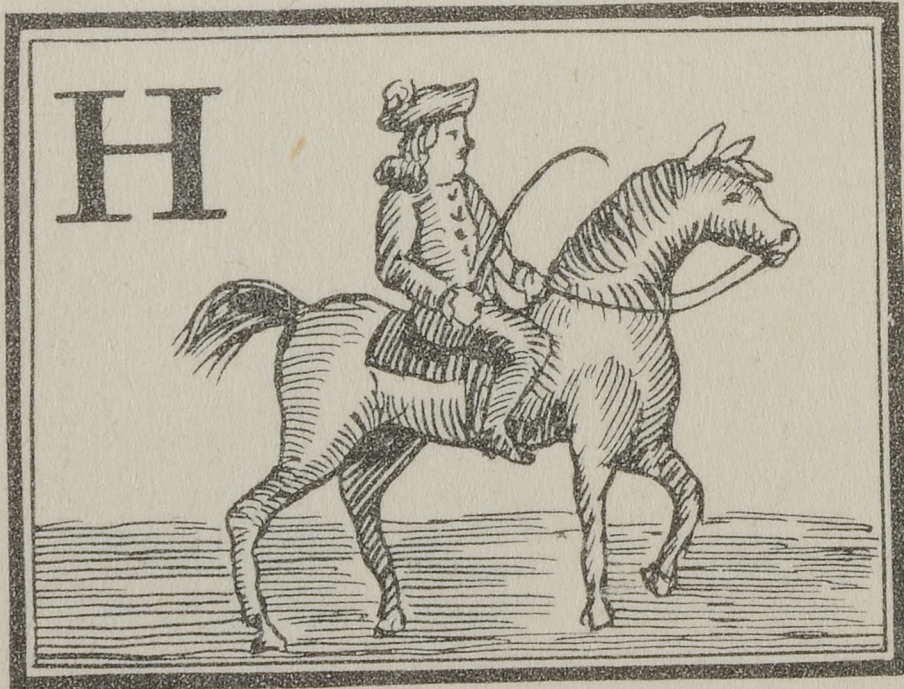
Was an Eagle, and soar'd to the Sky.



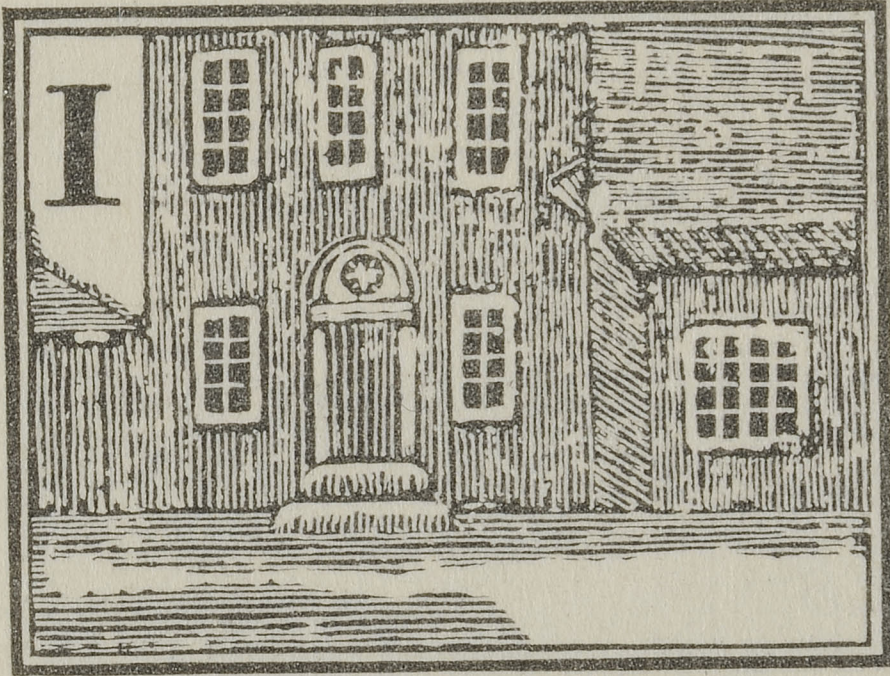
A fine Lady, with head near as high.



Was a Greyhound , and follow'd a  
Hare,



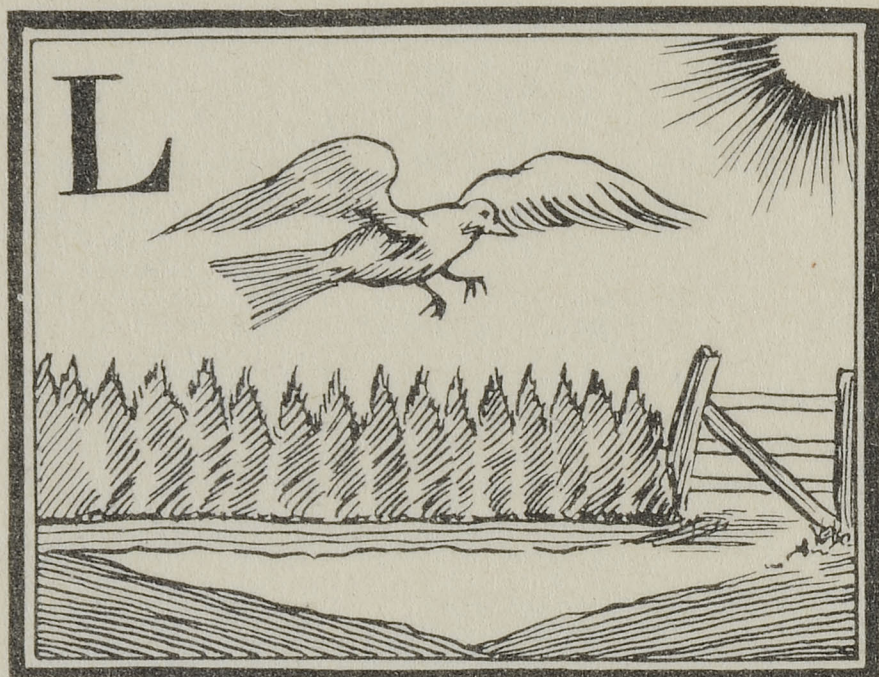
Was a Horseman, and rode to the Fair.



Was an Inn, and the best in the town,



Was a King, of great Fame and Re-  
nown.



Was a Lark, and rose early each Morn



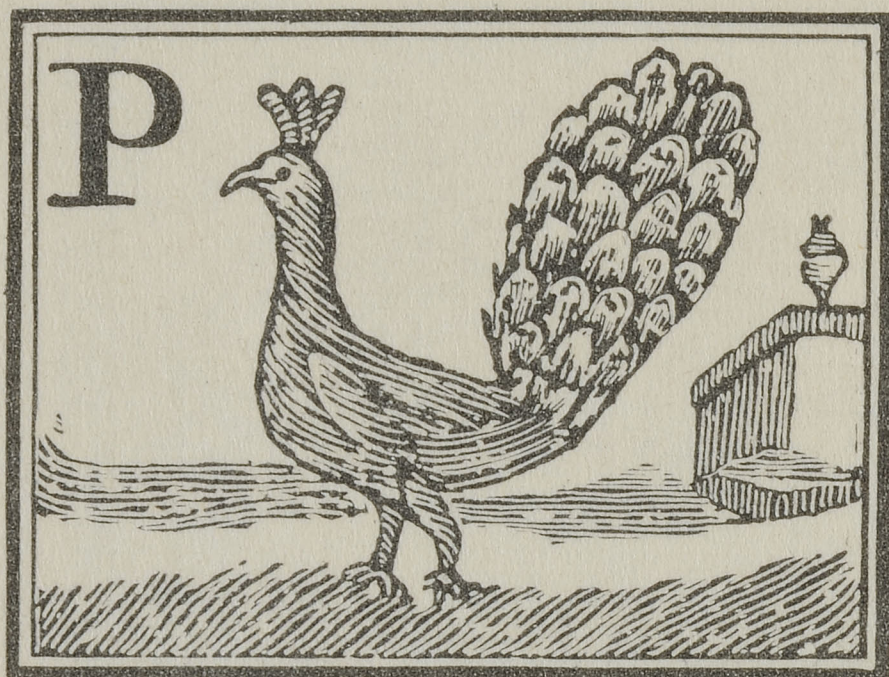
Was a Magpie, and perch'd on a Thorn



For the Navy, that floats on the Sea,



For the Orange, that grows on the Tree.

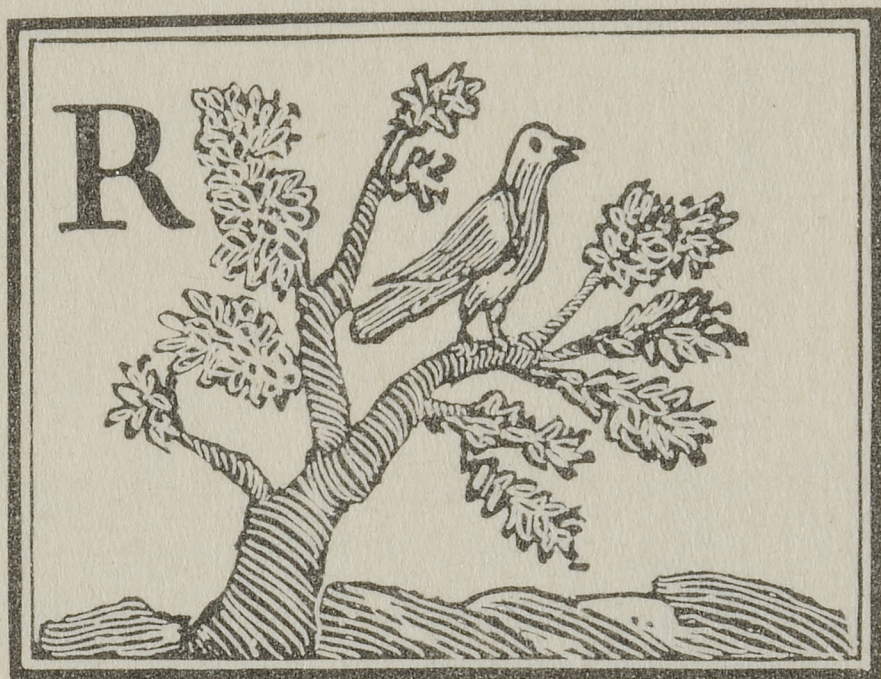


For the Peacock with Plumage so gay.



For the Queen, that we saw at the Play





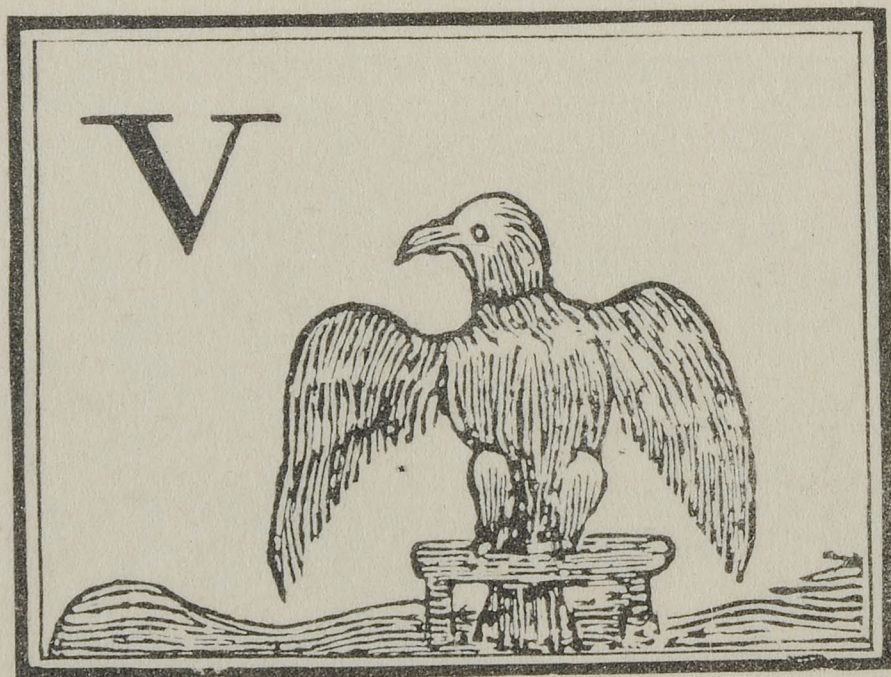
For the Robin, that sung on the Spray.



For the Sluggard, who slept all the Day.



For the Tyger, the Dread of the Herds,



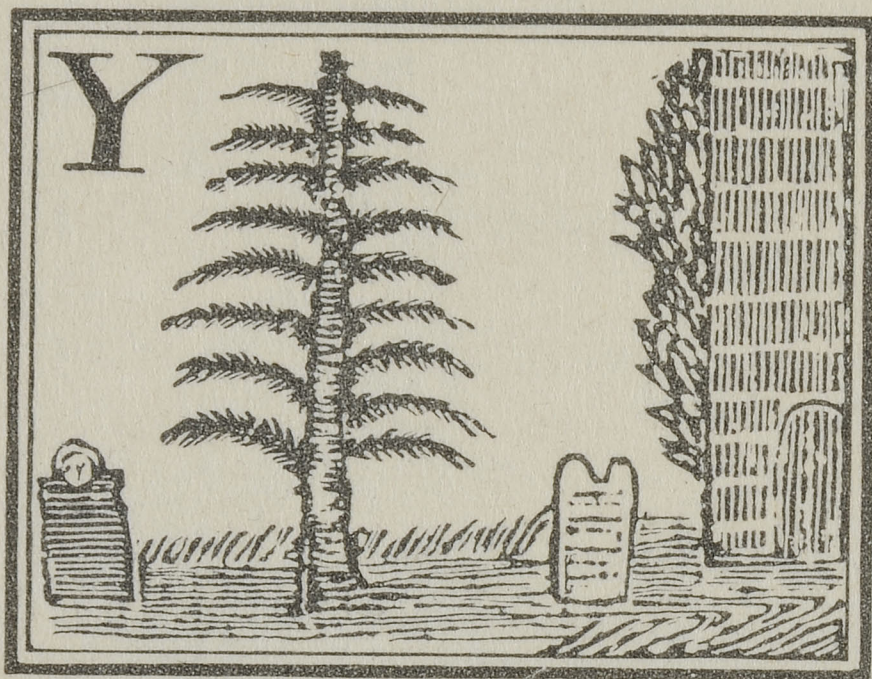
For the Vulture, the fiercest of Birds



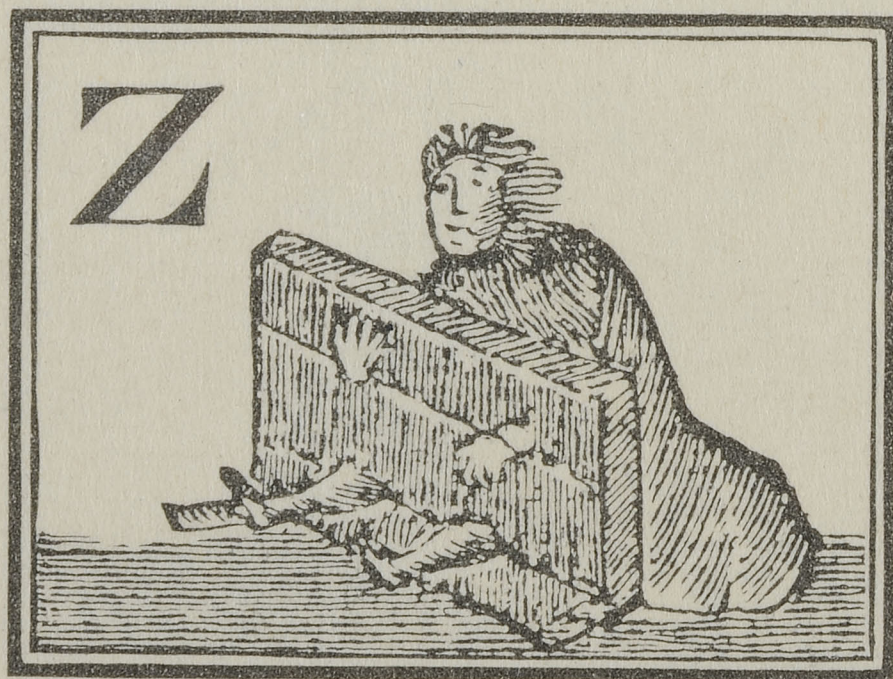
Was a Warrior, and look'd very bold.



Was Xantippe, a famous old Scold.



Was a Yew-tree, and grew near a Church.



A poor Zany, was left in the Lurch



THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF A  
L I T T L E B O Y  
FOUND UNDER A  
H A Y C O C K.

---

**A**S Miss *Mildmay* and her Sister were taking a Walk one Summer afternoon, in a Meadow adjoining to their Papa's Country House, they heard the Cries of a poor little Infant in Distress, and going to the

Place from whence the Voice came, they found a sweet little Boy laying under a Haycock quite naked. Oh, my Mam ! my



Mam ! was all they could get out of the poor little Creature for some Time. But, Miss *Mildmay* taking him up in her

Arms, covered him with her Cloak, and carried him home, and dressed him in some of her Brother Billy's old Clothes, and after soothing him all in her Power, and giving him some Sweetmeats, she asked him how he came naked under the Haycock, *Mammy left Harry asleep,* lisp'd the poor little Boy, and then burst again into such a Flood of Tears—crying, O my Mam ! my Mam ! as made every one's Heart ache who heard

him.—Consider, my dear little Readers, the dreadful Situation of this helpless Innocent, left naked to the wide World, no Brother, no Sister, no Friend, to cherish, or protect him, and learn from hence to place a proper Value upon the Tenderneſs and affection of your Parents, leſt you ſhould be *deſervedly* forſaken by them, in the ſame Manner as poor *Harry Haycock* was, who did not deſerve it ; for notwithstanding this cruel



Treatment of his Parents, I assure you, *Harry* was not a naughty Boy, and therefore found a Friend where all good little Boys and Girls always will—God Almighty, who will be a Father to the Fatherless, if they are good Children, (and he can judge not from Words and Actions only, he knows every wicked Thought also) and was therefore no stranger to the Goodness of little *Harry's* heart, and did not forsake him, though

his Parents did, but raised him up a Friend, and a kind one too, in Miss *Mildmay's* Papa, who did not send *Harry* to the Parish as most poor Foundlings are but brought him up at his own expence, for which *Harry* was not ungrateful, but endeavoured by Diligence and Assiduity to make every return in his Power. Mr. *Mildmay* farmed a large estate of his own, and little *Harry* lent him all the Assistance he could in the Manage-

ment of it : He rose in a Morning with the Lark, and as soon as he had said his Prayers, and washed his Face and Hands, out he goes into the Yard, with a Measure of Corn in his Hand, and calls all the Fowls, Ducks, Turkeys, and Geese about him, *Cock, Cock, Cockatoo*, says the Cock ; *Quack, Quack*, says the Duck ; *Lubber, Lubber*, says the Turkey-cock.—See them in the next Page.



As soon as *Harry* has done with the Poultry, he takes his Stick in his Hand, and away he marches over the Ground, to see that the Sheep and Bullocks are all in their proper places — Hey day, says he,

*Little Boy BLUE blow your Horn,  
The Cows in the Meadow, the  
Sheep in the Corn,  
What this is the Way you mind  
the Sheep,  
Under the Haycock fast asleep ?*

Ah ! you lazy Rogue, I will cure you of going to Sleep, and neglecting your Business ; with that he gave him such a Twinge by the Ear, and then whipped behind the Haycock, leaving *Little Blue* to wonder from whence it came—

See how he stares.



In this Manner would *Harry* go from one end of his Master's Estate to the other, before Breakfast, taking Care to return in Time, to be one of the first in School, and while he was there, no Boy paid more Atten-

tion to his Book than he did. He did not idle away his Time like *Ned Noodle*, and get a good Rap on the Shoulders two or three Times a Day—No, No, he stuck close to his Book, as well as his Business while he was at it ; but when that was over, he was as fond of a little innocent Amusement as any of them, and would not sit hovering over the Fire on a fine Moon-light Evening, but you might hear him call all the good Boys in the

Village together.

*Billy Bright come out to Play,  
The Moon doth shine as bright as  
Day,*

*Pray quick attend your Playmate's  
Call,*

*But come with a good Will, or  
not at all.*

Well, what shall we divert ourselves at for an Hour, says *Frank Fearnought*? Suppose we play at Soldiers—I cannot say I am fond of playing at Soldiers, replies *Harry*; for however ne-



cessary such Men may be, it is an Employment of too fatal a Tendency in itself, to be admired as a Diversion—look at poor *Tom Miles*, (who was hobbling towards them on his Crutches) what a wretched Existence he is obliged to drag about ! He lost both his Legs in the Battle of ——. God bless you ! young Gentleman, says the poor Fellow, taking off his Hat with an Air of decent Humility, bestow your Charity on

an old Soldier. Don't trouble us with your Importunities, Friend cries *Frank Flint*, go to the *Castle*, and get Relief there. For Shame, Master *Flint*, says little *Harry*, thus to insult an unfortunate old Man, whose best Blood has been spilt in Defence of his Country, rather let us contribute some Trifle towards lessening his Miseries ; and putting his Hand in his Pocket, he gave him the only Penny of which he was Master.





THE  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H I S  
L I T T L E . B O O K

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**T**HE HISTORY OF A LITTLE BOY FOUND UNDER A HAYCOCK was first published in London in the late 1780's. In those days practically all of the books read by American children originated in England, many of them in John Newbery's Shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, and later found their way to America where American printers freely adapted them to American needs.

When, in 1942, the J. B. Lippincott Company conceived the plan of celebrating its 150th Anniversary by publishing a facsimile edition of a

children's book of 1792, search was made in vain for a copy of THE HISTORY OF A LITTLE BOY FOUND UNDER A HAYCOCK, known to have been printed by Francis Bailey in Philadelphia in that year. Evidently it had been loved to extinction many years before. However, in the belief that this book would prove more attractive to American children than a longer and more pious tale of the period, it was decided to reproduce another edition of the same story which had been somewhat shortened and combined with "A Royal Alphabet," and printed in Boston.

The copy from which this facsimile was made was used through the courtesy of the Boston Public Library. The J. B. Lippincott Company is indebted for the cover design, frequently used on books of the period, to Walter Schatzki of New York.

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