

CHEAP TRACTS,

Calculated to promote the Interests of Religion, Virtue, and Humanity.

No. VIII.

Moral Tales:

CONTAINING,

The Unkind Daughter,

The Dutiful Daughter & Grand-Daughter,

The Complaining Husbands,

AND,

The Desponding Couple,

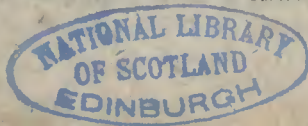
To which is added,

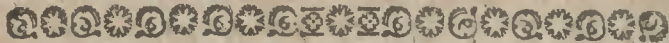
The Country Lass and her Milk-Pail.

DUNBAR :

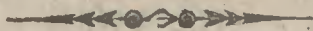
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.





MORAL TALES.



*May not the Sage, when other methods fail,
Convey the moral Counsel in a Tale.*



TALE I

THE UNKIND DAUGHTER.

AS Mrs. Andrews was one day taking her daily walk in search of objects of charity, she called in at a little cottage, in which she found a poor decrepit old woman, named Betty Parker, sitting shivering with cold, and wiping away the tears which ran down the furrows that age had made in her withered cheeks. Touched with these signs of distress, Mrs. Andrews kindly inquired into the cause of her uneasiness, on which the poor creature replied, that it was occasioned by an unkind daughter. I am so old, madam, said she, that I am past most of the enjoyments of this life, excepting what I could have in the love of my child. But I cannot make shift without food to eat. This, I thank God I am able to buy, for the gentry in the neighbourhood are very kind to me in sending me money; but, lack-a-day, I am lame, and cannot go out to purchase what I want, neither can I dress victuals for myself.

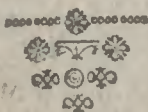
I have, from my youth, been accustomed to cleanliness, and it is quite a torment to me to be dirty; yet, here will my unnatural daughter let me sit for hours and hours famishing with hunger. If I ask her to make my bed, she murmurs, and bids me go into the workhouse. If she sweeps my room once in a week she thinks she does too much for me. When she washes my linen, which is very seldom, she grumbles the whole time. Now, my good lady, continued Betty Parker, these are hard things for a parent to bear; and I hope God will forgive my being grieved with them, for I cannot help thinking of what I have in former days done for my daughter. I can truly say, I have been a tender mother to her, and it is very hard to be used in this manner by one whom I have nourished at my breast. Many a night have I lain awake after a hard day's work to nurse and tend her. Many a day have I slaved and toiled from morning to night, to get clothes to cover her, and victuals for her to eat; nay, after her poor dear father died, I have often gone without a meal that I might be able to satisfy her hunger: and though I say it, she always went neat and clean. It is very hard, indeed, Madam Andrews, it is very hard to be used so in my old age. Mrs. Andrews comforted the poor woman, by reminding her, that as she had, according to her own

account, borne all the other evils of life with patience, she should not let her spirits sink now she was drawing near the end of her course; that she should try to raise her thoughts to God, and think of the happiness that is in store for the righteous in the other world. The good old woman's countenance cleared up immediately, and she said, that such thoughts were often her comfort in her hours of solitude, though sometimes she could not help grieving. To be sure, what she had to complain of, was not to be compared to the sufferings of her SAVIOUR; and the Testament told her, that every christian should take up their cross and follow him.

Mrs. Andrews said, she was very glad to hear that she could read, and seemed so well to understand the proper use of the Scriptures, and proposed to read a chapter to her; this kind offer the good old woman thankfully accepted, and Mrs. Andrews having finished it, had the pleasure to see that she had given consolation to a worthy heart. She promised not only to repeat her visit to Betty Parker, but to call on the old woman's daughter, and endeavour to prevail on her to be more attentive to her mother for the future. She accordingly did so, and found this unfeeling woman, whose name was Hannah Jenkinson, sitting at tea with two gossiping neighbours, who, however, got up and went away when

this lady came in. Mrs. Andrews inquired of Hannah how her mother did? on which she replied, that she did not justly know, for she had been too busy to call on her that day. Mrs. Andrews expressed her surprise at her pleading want of time, and began, relating in what condition she had found her mother; but the unkind daughter, instead of showing any concern on the occasion, answered, that her mother did not know what she would have; and pleaded her own family affairs as a reason for not doing more for her. Mrs. Andrews said, that had she found her engaged in them, she should have been ready to allow of her excuse; but surely, she, who had leisure to sit down at the tea-table, might find time to succour her poor ancient parent. She desired Hannah to consider what would have become of her if her poor mother had been as thoughtless and inattentive to her when she was a little helpless infant; and that she was setting a very bad example to her own children, who would very likely pay her in her own way. Hannah Jenkinson's own children were as yet little ones, and an evil which was at a distance she did not seem to dread. She endeavoured to throw the blame on her mother, by saying, that the old woman was so fretful and humourfome, there was no doing any thing to please to her. I am afraid, Mrs. Jenkinson, said the lady, that

you do not try; but even supposing that your poor mother is a little tiresome, do you not think it is your duty to bear with the infirmities of your aged parent? Consider, she has but a short time to live in the world; and it will surely fill your heart with remorse when she is dead and gone, to think that you helped to bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Mrs. Andrews used many other arguments, which at length had some effect, and Hannah Jenkinson promised to treat her mother with greater kindness for the time to come, which she accordingly did, and the good old woman ended her days in peace; and her daughter rejoiced as long as she lived, that she had altered her behaviour to her. This young woman had been taught to read, but being always of a gay turn, and left to herself a good deal while her poor mother went out to work, she got idle habits, and never could be persuaded to delight in reading the Scriptures, and that was the cause of her neglecting so material a duty; but it is to be hoped, that Sunday Schools and Schools of Industry, will be a mean of preventing such faults in many daughters whose parents cannot attend to them.



T A L E II.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER AND
GRAND-DAUGHTER.

AFTER Mrs. Andrews left Hannah Jenkinson, she called in at another cottage, where she beheld a very different scene. In a neat little room, and in an elbow chair, sat a venerable old woman, named Goody Bennet, totally blind, who was listening with great attention, while her grand-daughter, a young girl, about thirteen years old, was reading the Bible to her. As soon as Mrs. Andrews perceived in what manner they were engaged, she made signs to the girl to proceed, and took a seat, in which she sat silent till the chapter was ended, and then kindly asking the poor old woman how she did, gave her half a crown. This money was particularly welcome, as the last sixpence the poor creature had in the world was changed in the morning to buy a three-penny loaf; however, Goody Bennet had not given way to despondency, for she had been so accustomed to rely on the good providence of God, that she assured herself He would send her a fresh supply by some means or other.

This good woman was remarkable for her cheerful resignation to the will of God,—she

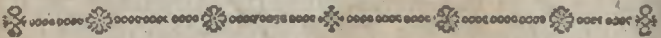
was thankful that her eye-sight had been spared while she had a family to toil for : the only thing that grieved her was, that she could no longer read the Bible ; for though she knew a vast deal of it by heart, and could recollect all the histories in it ; yet she used to say, it was such a book as a person might read an hundred and an hundred times, and always learn something new from it : but she was thankful that it had pleased the ALMIGHTY to spare her the sense of hearing, by which means she was still able frequently to enjoy the benefit of the Scriptures, as her daughter and grand-daughter were always ready to indulge her with reading them to her whenever they had time. To be sure, added the good woman, I have one of the best children in the world ; every thing that my dear daughter can do to comfort me she does ; not a day passes but she shows her tenderness to me one way or other : and I have reason to believe she often pinches herself to supply me. O, madam, I could talk for ever of her kindness ! and she brings up her girl to be as dutiful to me as herself ; so that I am attended like a lady, and very seldom want for any thing. At this instant Betty Loveit, her daughter, came in and brought a nice mess of broth, which having earned a shilling that day, she had made on purpose for her ; and giving a young infant, which she suck-

led, into the hands of the eldest girl, who has been mentioned before, she fed her thankful parent, who as soon as she had finished her meal, implored the Almighty to shed his blessing upon her dutiful daughter, and grant that her own children might grow up to be comforts to her; on which the eldest girl said, that she would follow the example of her good mother, if ever the same misfortune should befall her. Mrs. Andrews, was highly delighted with the behaviour of these worthy people, and greatly commended Betty Loveit, who replied, I should think myself very wicked, Madam, if I did not honour and succour my dear mother, as the catechism teaches me to do.

How can I pray that I may live happily in this world, or go to heaven hereafter, if I do not obey the comand of the GREAT GOD who made me, and sent me into the world to do all the good in my power?—For my part, if God pleases to give me strength, I do not mind how hard I work, to help to maintain my mother, she shall never want for any thing I can earn for her.

Then I fear, said Mrs. Andrews, I shall rob you of a pleasure if I provide for your mother myself; but I really must take this business out of your hands, so pray come or send to my house every day, and fetch whatever she wants.

This kind offer of Mrs. Andrews came very seasonably; for though Betty Loveit was willing, she was not very able to support her mother, and she had put herself to great straits to do what she had done, and therefore received this kind offer with grateful thanks. Mrs. Andrews then took her leave, and the poor blind woman, and her daughter, and grand-daughter, returned thanks to God for his great goodness in raising them up such a friend.



T A L E III.

THE COMPLAINING HUSBANDS.

WHEN Mr. Andrews first came to live in the village where his estate was, he was told that the poor men in general were great frequenters of the ale-house; this he was very sorry to hear, because it was a proof that they did not live happily with their families; however, as it was a rule with him, not to condemn any person unheard, he resolved to go among them, and inquire what they had to say in excuse for themselves; and having occasion to employ a great many labourers to improve his estate, he made that a pretence for calling in at the George, to ask the landlord whether he knew of any good, strong, active, sober men out of work?

The landlord replied, that he had several in his house at that time who had no employment. It was then no more than eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and Mr. Andrews thought it had a very bad appearance for men to be at a public house at that early hour.

What he said to the landlord was overheard by Timothy Sparks, who cried out, Sober men ! What do you mean by that ? here are sober men enow in the village to work for twenty squires : then staggering up to Mr. Andrews, and rudely seizing him by the coat, he said, Come along Squire, and see a set of sober fellows fit to work for a Lord. Mr. Andrews wished much to have some conversation with these men, and with this view followed Timothy Sparks into the kitchen, where this drunken fellow flung himself into a chair, and soon fell asleep ; the rest of the men were sober, and made many excuses to Mr. Andrews for the rudeness of their companion, and all declared their readiness to go to work if they could get any to do. Mr. Andrews said, that if there were any unemployed from that day for months to come, it would be their own fault ; but from finding them in that place, and in a morning too, he was fearful their families would not be much the better for their earnings : and added, that he should make it his business to inquire who were the best husbands, and distinguish them by some rewards.

I am sure, cried Thomas Wilkinson, that it is Bet's fault and not mine that I come to the alehouse, I do not love strong drink, indeed I do not, Sir, but I love peace and good-humour, and these Bet has turned out of doors, so I thought it best to follow after. I cannot say but that she is a notable bustling woman as ever lived, and knows how to turn a penny; but she is so plaguy nice that I am afraid to set my foot in my own house: for she scolds like a fury if I make the least dirt in the world. She wears herself out almost with rubbing and scrubbing; and would treat me like a slave.—I must scrape my shoes every time I come in, if it were twenty times a day—I must pull them off to go up stairs, if ever so tired—I must not smoke a pipe—I must not stir the fire for fear I should spoil the bright poker: in short, there are so many fiddle faddles that I am quite tired out. I hate to be met with a mop and a pail, and followed with a sieve, every time I leave the print of a foot in the sand, and therefore I come here, Sir, where I can do as I please.

Henry Perkins said, that he had no reason to find fault with his wife for being over nice, on the contrary, she fairly stunk him out of doors. He added, that he had always been used to a clean house in his first wife's time, but had never had one since he married the second. It was his folly, he said to

chuse a girl who had lived servant in a family, where the maids dressed like ladies, and were always frolicking; and she had such a taste for dressing and gossiping, that let him carry home ever so much money he was not a bit the forwarder; and she was such a flattern and dawdle, that he could never get a bit of meat dressed fit to eat, nor sit down comfortably to enjoy a meal: and as for his little children they were never fit to touch, nor could Nancy, his first wife's daughter, be tidy if she would; so that with one thing or other he was really driven from home.

Benjamin Philips knew not what excuse to make for himself, and only said, that when he got into work he would stay at home of evenings as he used to do; but now he had no money he did not like to go home, for Mary did nothing but take on about having no victuals and cloaths for the three little children.

Mr. Andrews replied, that a husband ought to comfort his wife under such circumstances instead of forsaking her; and that if they joined their prayers together, God would send them relief; but no blessing could be expected from going to alehouses.

James Kingsman said, that no man was more disposed to love home than he was; and as he had had learning at a free school, he could divert himself and his wife too of even-

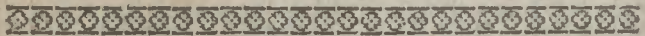
ings ; but she was so touchy there was no living with her. Sometimes when he went home it would be nothing but my dear and my love, and she would have a nice supper ready for him, and you would think they were the happiest couple in the world, when, all of a sudden, she would bring up old grievances, and talk of former quarrels which he had forgot, till a new one sprung up, entirely through her aggravating ways, which generally ended in fighting. Then she had, he said, another provoking custom, which was coming to fetch him from the alehouse ; this, he added, he never would bear. Mr. Andrews replied, that, to be sure, it was very wrong for a woman to do so, because it was acting as if she had authority over her husband, instead of her husband over her ; but at the same time, the good gentleman observed, that he thought the best way for Tom Kingsman, was to tell his mind to his wife in private, and in a good-humoured kind way, and that when she found he would not go home with her, and that she made herself ridiculous, she would doubtless give up the point.

Will Hudson said, he had a wife who would provoke a saint ; for she was always taking jealous fancies into her head. All the world could not persuade her that he did not give his company to other women, and yet he was certain he had not given her

the smallest reason for thinking so, and therefore he thought it was very hard to be suspected; nor would he stay at home to be lectured by the hour together, and see her fling herself into fits and passions. It was enough, he said, to plague a man's heart out, especially when he had no work to do, and wanted to read his book.

Mr. Andrews answered, that he was inclined to think Hudson's wife had a great affection for her husband, or she would not be so desirous of securing his. He added, that it was very unfortunate for families, where this unhappy temper prevailed; either on the man's or woman's side; but he advised Hudson to be good-humoured, and soothing to his wife; and said, that perhaps in time she might get the better of her jealousy. Other men were beginning to make excuses for themselves, but Mr. Andrews stopped them by saying, Well, my lads, I have heard a number of complaints from many of you; I am heartily sorry to find that such disagreements subsist between you and your wives; but I hope, now you have a prospect of better times, you will go home in good-humour, and it is my opinion that you will soon find things there better than you expect. To-morrow morning all of you who desire it shall be set to work. And if you have any big boys I will employ them also, only I must insist on your sending them

to the Sunday School. All this the poor men promised to do, and thanked Mr. Andrews a thousand times for his kindness, who took his leave, saying, Well, my lads, come to your business to-morrow with clear heads and cheerful hearts. When he returned home he gave an account of what had passed to Mrs. Andrews, who resolved to go and visit the women, in order to try what her influence would do in setting them to rights. Mr. Andrews had found, upon inquiry, that several of the men, not contented with drinking a great deal too much beer, were addicted to dram drinking, he therefore purchased a number of Dr. Stephen Hale's Admonition to the Drinkers of Spirituous Liquors, in order to give away among them.



T A L E IV.

THE DESPONDING COUPLE.

THE door of the cottage stood open, and as Mrs. Andrews was entering she beheld a very neat, decent looking young woman with a spinning wheel standing by her, which she had been obliged to stop, having a young infant sucking, and two other small children hanging at her knees,

crying for a bit of bread, which she had not
 to give them. The afflicted mother put her
 arm round them, and pressed them to her
 heart, and, with a look of extreme anguish,
 lifted up her eyes to heaven, and cried out,
 Lord have mercy on my dear babes! Mrs.
 Andrews was greatly afflicted at the sight;
 and immediately dispatched a neighbour's
 child after the baker, who was in sight, and
 he soon returned with a loaf, in the mean
 time she stepped into the house, and eagerly
 asked the poor woman whether she had lost
 her husband? He is not dead, Madam, re-
 plied she, but he is as bad as lost to me, for
 he has been out of work some time, and has
 been enticed away by some idle fellows,
 who have tempted him to spend what little
 he saved last harvest, and now he is running
 up a score at the alehouse, while I and my
 children are starving at home; for I can-
 not do much towards getting a livelihood
 with so many little children, nor will the
 parish relieve me while my husband goes on
 as he does. How comes it about, said the
 lady, that he is not at work? I understood
 Mr. Andrews that he offered to employ all
 the men whom he found the other day at
 the George, and I suppose your husband
 was one of them? On hearing this the poor
 woman's countenance looked more cheerful,
 and she said, that he had indeed told her
 that he was going to work for the squire,

but she was afraid he had only said so to pacify her, and that since his departure the baker had called upon her to desire to be paid for several loaves she had lately had, and refused to trust her any longer, which threw her into the state of despair in which Mrs. Andrews had found her.

The good lady, who felt the sincerest pity for this poor woman, immediately gave some bread to the children, and then took out her purse, and gave her half a crown, comforting her with an assurance, that Mr. Andrews would readily employ her husband if he would work; on which the woman said that she never knew him idle when he could get work to do; and as for his temper, there was not a better in the world than his before he met with crosses; but she had reason to think the old saying true, *When Poverty comes in at the Door, Love flies out at the Window.* Let us hope then, said the lady, that when *Industry has driven Poverty out of doors Love will soon return back again;* but, at all events, let me advise you, not to give way to sorrow and despondency. Your husband, you say, is good-natured; if so, his tenderness must be hurt at seeing you in affliction and tears; and I am inclined to think he is the very man who told Mr. Andrews, that he went to the public house for no other reason, but because he could not bear to see his wife take on; therefore

let me persuade you to summon up a good resolution, and to put on a cheerful countenance when he returns home at noon—Get a bit of dinner ready for him, and let him enjoy comfort in his own house, and I will venture to say he will not go abroad in search of happiness; for nothing seems wanting here but a little money to clear off old scores, and buy necessaries; and in respect to the first, I will set your heart at ease, the other your husband's wages will accomplish.

The good woman was quite cheered with the lady's kindness, who inquired into the state of her debts, which amounted only to a few shillings to the baker and at the chandler's shop; these Mrs. Andrews promised to pay as she returned home. So you see, said she, Mrs. Philips, that your case is not so bad as you thought it was: I observed as I entered, added the lady, that you prayed to God to have mercy upon your children. He who knows all things, past, present, and to come, knew that you would do so, and his providence guided my steps to your house, and made me the instrument of relieving your distress, which has given me great pleasure, I assure you. It is very wonderful, continued the lady, to observe the ways of Providence, and how faithfully the Almighty fulfils his promises of never forsaking those who love and fear him, when they call upon

him in the day of trouble. But people like you, Mrs. Philips, who are, as I apprehend, rather inclined to be low spirited, are apt to forget these promises, especially if they do not go to church, which perhaps is the case with you. The woman replied, that with three little children she could not go to church. Well, replied the lady, I wish every poor woman had as good an excuse to offer for absenting themselves from divine worship; but I hope you find leisure to read your Bible; The woman replied, that she had been in too much grief to read lately, but now she was happier she would certainly do so.

I no longer wonder, said Mrs Andrews, at your great dejection of spirits, when I hear that you throw aside the only cordial that can support the mind under the trials you have lately met with: let me persuade you for the future, to have immediate recourse to the Scriptures whenever you are in any kind of affliction. I do not mean to recommend to you to spend so much time in reading as shall break in on your family employments, it will be sufficient to read a small portion of them at once. Many of the Psalms of David are particularly calculated to afford comfort, and are in general very easy to understand; and so are some of our Saviour's discourses. You may also read in the Scriptures, of both the Old and

New Testament, how wonderfully God's faithful servants were often delivered out of trouble, or supported under it. But above all you would, by reading the Scriptures, learn to look forwards to a world of everlasting happiness; and the hope of immortal joys would strengthen your mind to endure with patience all the evils of a life which will be ended in a few short years.

Mrs. Philips thanked the lady for her good advice, and said she would certainly follow it in every respect. Mrs. Andrews then left her, in order to perform the promise she had made of paying her debts.

The good woman's spirits were quite revived by the kindness of the lady, and she lifted up her heart in thankfulness to God for sending her such seasonable relief, and resolved to trust in his mercy for the future; she then laid her little infant into the cradle, and leaving the eldest to rock it, with a strict injunction not to leave it till she returned, she stept with all possible haste to the butcher's and bought a bit of mutton, which she put in the saucepan for her husband's dinner.

Benjamin Philips, who knew nothing of the lady's visit, left his work with a heavy heart: he had as yet received no wages, and not having a single penny in his pocket, he dreaded to see his wife, yet he dared not to go to the alehouse, because he was afraid

of offending the squire, who had made it one condition of his setting the men to work, that all who were near enough, should go home to their families at noon. As he drew nearer the house his heart failed him, and he flung himself down on a bench which was before his door; but was soon roused by his eldest child, who ran out and cried, Daddy! Daddy! come to dinner, it is smoking hot on the table. Astonished at these words the father started up, and hastily entered his house, where he beheld a sight that filled his heart with joy.—A table, spread with neatness and plenty, to which he had long been a stranger, and his wife with a happy countenance inviting him to partake of the welcome repast.

He eagerly asked, by what means she had procured it? which she related, and they then sat down to enjoy it, which he had but little time to do, as part of his dinner hour had been wasted on the bench, and he soon heard the bell ring to summon the workmen to their several employments.

Instead of dreading the return of evening Philips now impatiently longed for it, nor were his pleasing expectations disappointed—he found his dear Bet cheerful and happy, his little ones playful and quiet, and passed a most comfortable evening; his wife repeated what the good lady had said to her, and her husband agreed to join with her in the course of life which Mrs. Andrews had recommended.

From that time the husband and wife went to church once every Sunday if they possibly could, and the man managed to look after the little ones while his wife was at church in the afternoon, and in the summer time they used to take a walk in the fields together, and after the elder children were in bed it was his custom to sit and read to his wife, while she nursed the little one to sleep. In the course of a few years they had several children, but they brought them up to do something or other, as soon as ever they were able, and in consequence of their honesty, industry and cleanliness, the family was greatly noticed by the gentry in the neighbourhood, who frequently assisted them with their bounty in one way or other, so that they never after were in very great distress, but lived on the whole cheerful & happy.

The Country Lass and her Milk Pail.

IT happen'd on a summer's day,
 A country lass, as fresh as May,
 Clad in a wholesome ruffet gown,
 Was going to the market town;
 So blythe her looks, so simply clean,
 You'd take her for a May-day queen;
 Gave stead of garland, says the tale,
 Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail.

As on her way she pass'd along,
 She humm'd the fragments of a song;
 She did not hum for want of thought,

Quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought
 And reckon'd, by her own account,
 When all was sold the whole amount.

Thus, she, in time, this little ware,
 Will turn to great account with care;
 My milk being sold for—so and so,
 I'll buy some eggs as market go,
 And set them—at the time I fix,

These eggs will bring as many chicks.
 I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast profit when they sell;
 With this I'll buy a little pig,

And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it to my neighbour Howe,
 And with the money buy a cow.

This cow will surely have a calf,
 And there's the profit, half and half;
 Besides, there's butter, milk, and cheese
 To keep the market when I please,

All which I'll sell and buy a farm,
 Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.

Oh! then for ribbons, gloves, and rings,
 Ay! more than twenty pretty things.

One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have—I scarce know what.

Fir'd with the thought, she gave a bound,
 And down came milk-pail on the ground;
 Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah, well a-day!)
 Cow, calf, and farm—all swam away.

Be warn'd by this, ye British fair,
 And build no castles in the air.

F I N I S