

THE
HOLIDAY SPY;
BEING THE
OBSERVATIONS

OF
Little Tommy Thoughtful,
ON THE
DIFFERENT TEMPERS, GENIUS,
AND MANNERS,

OF THE
YOUNG MASTERS & MISSES

IN THE
Several Families which he visited, during his last
Breaking-up.

TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY,

For the Entertainment of his School Fellows.

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THE
HOLIDAY SPY;
FOR
Little Masters and Misses.

INTRODUCTION.

WHILE great and high learned gentlemen are employed in writing huge and big volumes upon subjects we little ones know nothing of, I see no reason, why I may not commence an Author likewise, and write something for the amusement of all my little acquaintances, without regarding what the great writers may say of me; for, should they say they cannot understand my Works, I can just say the same of their's;

Henry Gray of

Wilton his Book

and if they should say, that there is nothing entertaining in my book, I have long ago said just the same thing of their's. What is it to me, whether there is a man in the moon, with a bundle of sticks at his back, or, as some of these learned gentlemen insist, that the moon itself is absolutely a green cheese? This I know for fact, that it is a fine bright body, which gives a glorious light to the inhabitants of this earth, and was undoubtedly placed there by the hand of that Almighty God, to whom I constantly pray night and morning, ask his permission before I eat, and constantly thank him after every meal. Now I will appeal to all my little acquaintances, whether this pretty picture of a moon-light night does not please them better than any thing which all the huge

volumes



volumes of all the learned contain. It however seems necessary, that I should tell my little readers how I came to commence author; for I certainly would not have done so without my Papa and Mamma's consent. My Papa, being with me one day in town, took me to the great warehouse for little books at

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the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard. A lady, who happened to be in the shop, handed me several, and I made so prudent a choice of them, that the lady highly commended me.

“Pray, little Master, (said the lady, smiling) may I beg the favour of your name?”—“Tommy Thoughtful, Madam,” said I.—“Pray how old are you, little Gentleman?”—“I am in my seventh year, Madam.”

—The lady then conducted me and my Papa into a little parlour, where she very courteously gave me a piece of plum cake and a kiss. After I had eaten my cake, and drank half a glass of wine and water, my spirits were considerably raised, and I entered into a familiar discourse with the lady, when I acquainted her, that, it being Whitsuntide Holidays, I was come up to London to pay my

respects to my several little acquaintances, but more particularly to the happiness of receiving useful monitions from the lips of my d Papa and Mamma.

“Little Gentleman (said the lady) then you love your Papa and Mamma.”—“That I do, most heart Madam, (said I) and to convince you of it, here are their pictures which I always carry about me, and next to God, pay my sincerest respects to them.” I here shewed the lady pictures; and, for the satisfaction of my little readers, who may not be the happiness of being acquainted with the pictures, I have caused my Papa and Mamma, I have with the following print of them to be engraven by the most capital artist which this kingdom produces.



“Well, Master Tommy, (said the lady) with your Papa’s permission, I have a proposition to make to you, which is this: I find you are going to pay visits to all your little acquaintances during these Whitsuntide Holidays: now, as I make no doubt but you can write”—Here I perhaps ill-mannerly interrupted

interrupted the lady, by saying, “O yes, Madam, there is not a boy in the school, though twice my age, who can write a better hand than I can.” Here my Papa looked at me, and, as I thought, not very well pleased with me. I soon imagined that he thought I was speaking too much in my own commendation. I held down my head, and began to be ashamed of myself; for the lady’s cakes and wine, as my Papa afterwards told me, had raised my vanity.

The lady, though she perceived my confusion, appeared to take no notice of it, and only gave my Papa a smile, and then proceeded in her discourse. “As you will now have an opportunity, Master Tommy, of mixing in the company of many little Masters and Misses, if you will be
so

so obliging as to make minutes of the good and bad behaviour of the different children you may be in company with, and send me your account of them before Christmas, I promise you, on Twelfth-day, to make you a present of the best cake my pastry-cook can make, and likewise of a complete set of Mrs. Newbery's little gilt books."

It is no wonder, if such a promise as this made me consider the lady as my most intimate acquaintance; for the promise of a twelfth-cake, and such a number of little books was enough to turn the head of an old man. I flew to the lady, kissed her, and then instantly turned to my Papa, in order to judge from his looks, what he thought of the proposal; for I am certain that we little ones are more cunning than the generality

lity of people imagine us to be. My Papa, so far from being angry with me, laughed heartily, which was a sufficient encouragement for me to accept the offer. I promised the lady to do my best, and, after having made one of my most accomplished bows, we departed.

It was in consequence of this accident, that I determined to make minutes of whatever I should observe, with respect to the good or bad behaviour of those of my little acquaintances, into whose company I should happen to fall during my short stay in London. If what I shall now attempt shall meet with the approbation of my little readers, I shall probably trouble them with something more hereafter; but, if they should think it not worth their perusal, I will give over writing, and return to marbles, cricket, and trap-ball.

Visit the First.

MY first visit was to Lady Thoroughgood's, whose little family consists of Master Tommy, and the Misses Charlotte and Deborah; and sweet little pretty creatures they are; but there was a something in Miss Charlotte that exceeds my description. Her brother and sister are, to be sure, pretty and good-natured children, but Miss Charlotte is a little angel. She is as yet no more than six years of age, but has all the discretion of one of twenty. She indeed sometimes likes play as well as other little maidens; but her principal delight is in reading her little gilt books, of which she has a very large collection, and keeps them very neat in a little elegant mahogany book-case.

case. Miss Charlotte presented me with the following picture, of her own drawing; and I think I cannot more effectually hand it down to posterity, than by giving a copy of it in this work. It represents Minerva, the imaginary goddess of Wisdom, teaching a little Master and Miss the first rudiments of the sciences.



Lady Thoroughgood teaches her pretty little children to be perfectly obedient to her will, and polite, affable, and agreeable to the meanest stranger. This brings to my remembrance, what my Papa has often told me: My dear child, of all things in the world, avoid pride and obstinacy, for they are the fore-runners of every evil. As to pride, what have we to be proud of in this world, since the beggar and the emperor equally fall into the silent grave, and both are equally forgotten? Accustom yourself, my dear child, to hear and listen to children, whether their parents may be rich or poor, with equal attention. A rich man's child may have an education, which a poor man's child cannot have; but you may, nevertheless, often find, under the veil of poverty, a genius superior to any thing

thing riches can bestow. As to obstinacy, it is the parent of all evil, and the most dangerous enemy a little Master or Miss can have. It is an ill weed that thrives apace, and, unless plucked up while it is yet young, will increase so abundantly as to spoil and choak every thing and it. Of all things, my dear Tommy, avoid pride and obstinacy.

I was so delighted in this family, and in particular with my pretty little Charlotte, that had not the cakes and books been strong in my mind, I believe I should have spent all the leisure time of my holidays at Lady Thoroughgood's; but I most certainly will call there again.

Visit the Second.

MY second visit was to the house of Lady Fanciful, who had an only daughter of about twelve years of age; but so unlike my pretty little Charlotte, that I could not endure the comparison. This young lady was indeed very pretty and genteel; but all her time was spent in the outward embellishments of her person, without paying any attention to the improvement of her mind. I found her in the parlour, sitting opposite to her glass; and so attentive was she in surveying her own pretty person, that I was a minute or two in the room before she perceived me. What think you of this posture for a lady constantly to sit in?

I en-



I endeavoured to talk with this young lady on the subject of many pretty little books; but I found she could talk of nothing but the prevailing fashions, what head-dress was in mode, and what the gentlemen most admired. She hardly ever looked at me, but kept constantly admiring herself in her glass, sometimes

times smiling, then frowning, and at other times showing her ivory teeth. In short, all her gestures and behaviour contributed to make me think very little of her.

All of a sudden, she started up, flew out of the room, and presently returned with a huge doll, almost as big as herself, of the elegance of which she asked my opinion. To see a young lady of twelve years of age play with a doll, appeared to me so odd, that I soon formed an excuse to retire, and take my leave of this young lady, whose company was very displeasing.

I have since learned, that this young lady can hardly read, because she did not like it. Her Mamma would never allow her to be taught accounts, because she said she could never want it; she was not suffered

to

to learn to write, for fear it should make her stoop; nor to work at her needle, for fear it should spoil her fine eyes. So that she is now a very pretty sort of a young lady indeed!

As my visit was here very short, I went and passed the rest of the evening with my pretty Charlotte, to whom I told what I have here observed; but this amiable little maiden gave me an additional proof of her good sense, in saying nothing, rather than to speak ill of her acquaintance.

Visit

Visit the Third.

MY third visit was to Master Peter Playful, who is a very lively and active little gentleman, much about my own age, and also exceedingly good-natured. There is no such thing as being idle in his company; for he is constantly finding out some new sport or other. He has the greatest stock of marbles of any little gentleman in the neighbourhood, and he has not his equal for the beauty and variety of his dumps, the moulds he has made with his own hands, and struck the dies on them, having often sold them for sixpence each, and his dumps at one penny a dozen. I have taken the following draft from one of his most beautiful dies; and I assure my little readers must own, that it is the most striking likeness they ever saw of their present Majesties.

He



He is one of the first artists in the kingdom at making a kite; and the beautiful stars he puts thereon, ornamented with the most shining colours, exceed every thing that ever was attempted by the greatest artists of antiquity. He has a great variety of whipping-tops, gigs, and spinning-tops, from one acorn to ten. If you should

should wish to know in what a graceful manner he whips his gig, you must be contented with the following representation of it, for it exceeds all verbal description.



I was mentioning all these wonderful abilities to my Papa, when he stopped me short by saying, "You have told me many wonders of this young gentleman, concerning his ingenuity

at sports and pastimes, but you have not said a word how he loves his book. I am much afraid that this little boy spends too much of his time in acquiring these useless perfections, while the only solid advantages he would derive from his books are little thought of." I am very certain, that what my Papa said is too true; for every one says he is a dunce. I will therefore learn to excel in learning, and not in empty and idle play.

Visit the Fourth.

MY next visit was to pretty Miss Betsy Goodchild, who excelled in every accomplishment that became a little Miss. She read to admiration, and she showed me some of her fine pieces of needle-work, which almost equalled painting. She never contradicted any one in conversation, and

and would only say, when she thought those she was conversing with were in the wrong; "Is it not so?" or, "was it not in this or that manner?"

I did not observe in this house what I have too often seen in many others, violent disputes between mothers and daughters. I have seen many a pretty little Miss crying for half an hour together, and her Mama talking to her in high words, threatening to whip her, or put her in the coal-hole, if she was not quiet, and at last let her little Miss have what she wanted. No, it was very different at this house; for if Miss Betsy had a particular mind to any thing, she would ask for it in the most humble and submissive manner. If her Mama smiled, it meant *Yes*; if she frowned or shook her head, it was

as good a *No*, as if she had said a thousand words; for Miss Betsy never asked for one thing twice, nor ever entered into any altercations, in hopes of getting what she wanted, as she had always been taught to consider, that nothing would be denied her which was proper for her, and she had too much good sense to persist in endeavouring to obtain what might be hurtful to her.

I cannot help repeating, before I quit my account of this day's visit, what I have heard my Papa and Mama say, when they have been seriously talking together, and not thinking of the way it should go, and when it should it will not depart from it. The great number of obstinate old people we meet with, is owing to their not having been properly checked in their early

early age. Bad habits of long standing are hard to be cured. Let us therefore teach our child to be obedient and pliant in his present age, as the only means to make him respectable when a man."

But I had like to have forgotten to give you a drawing, taken from one of her finest pieces of needle-work: it is a very pretty landscape.



Wife



EGG.

Imprison'd in the shell,
 The chick securely lies;
 But when deliver'd from its cell,
 Abroad for food it cries.



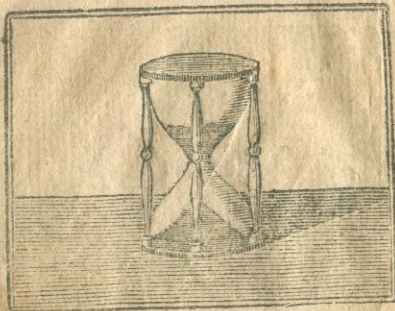
FOX.

Sly Reynard the Fox,
 Will certainly slay,
 Your hens and your cocks,
 If they come in his way.



GRAPES.

See here are the grapes,
 Which Reynard did want ;
 Tho' nimbly he leaps,
 Yet catch them he can't.



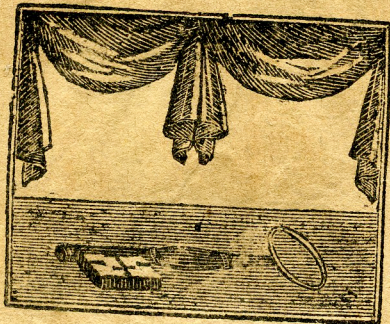
HOURLASS.

Mortals behold the hour-glass,
And leave your worldly care :
It shews how swift our minutes pass,
And bids us all for death prepare.



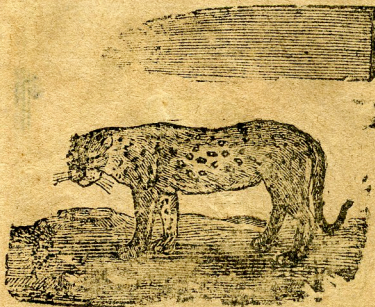
IDOL.

The ancient heathens we are told,
Worshipp'd an idol made of gold,
Our misers still, as heretofore,
The precious Idol do adore.



KEY.

To keep the golden glit'ring store,
 A smith the key invented ;
 Many their are who thirst for more,
 Scarce on that is contented.



LEOPARD.

With native beauty see how fine,
 This fierce but noble beast doth
 shine ;
 Nature here has far outdone,
 All that art has ever known.



MONKEY.

See the Monkey frisk and play,
 See him all his tricks display ;
 Ev'ry thing but speak he can,
 In all but speech a little man.



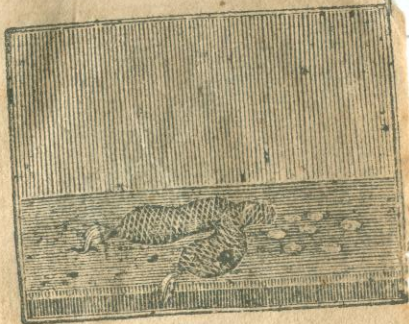
NIGHTINGALE.

Night and morn, on a thorn,
 The Nightingale doth sing ;
 Sweet the note, soft the throat,
 Whence these sonnets spring.



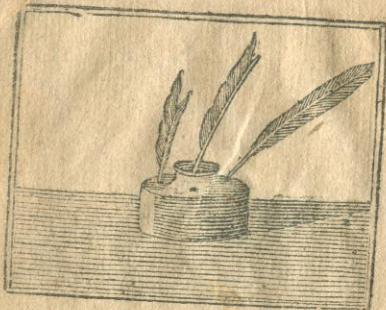
OAK.

Of all the noble trees,
That grace the forest wide,
The royal oak for bulk and strength
Has never been outv'd



PURSE.

Here you behold a purse of gold,
All rich and dazzling to the sight,
Yet let not vice your minds entice
To take in gold too much delight



QUILL.

What matchless skill is in the quill,
 Pluck'd from a goose's wing ;
 By this the wise their maxims teach
 By this the poets sing.



ROSE.

Of ev'ry flower the beauteous rose
 Sweetest smells and fairest blows,
 Yet even roses soon decay,
 Wither, fade, and die away.



SERPENT.

Bred in cunning, form'd in guile,

See the shining Serpent rise !

Skill'd in each deceitful wile,

Hapless victims to surprize.



TEMPLE.

Holy temples were design'd,

For each pure and humble mind,

To pray and praise the Lord most
high,

Who all their wants can satisfy.



VIZARDS.

Vizards but conceal the face,
Hypocrisy the heart:
Many put on a show of grace,
To act a knavish part.



WIND-MILL.

Agitated by the wind,
The flying fans go round,
And sets the mill to work we find,
By which the corn is ground.



XERXES.

Xerxes in all his pomp and state,
Did like an infant cry,
To think his host so vast, so great,
In one poor age must die.