

THE
ILLUSTRATED PRIMER



SOLD BY
G. W. COTTRELL,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
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James Woodward



THE NEW BOOK.

THE
ILLUSTRATED PRIMER.



PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE W. HOBBS,
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1856.

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THE CAT AND THE RAT.

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ALICE LEARNING TO KNIT.

BA	BE	BI	BO	BU
CA	CE	CI	CO	CU
DA	DE	DI	DO	DU
FA	FE	FI	FO	FU
HA	HE	HI	HO	HU
LA	LE	LI	LO	LU
TA	TE	TI	TO	TU
SA	SE	SI	SO	SU

CAT	LEG	PAN	LAW
HAT	BEG	TAN	CAW
RAT	PEG	CAN	DAW
TOP	WAG	PUP	KIT
MOP	TAG	CUP	MIT
HOP	RAG	SUP	HIT



READING TO GRANDPA.

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	by
ca	ce	ci	co	cu	cy
da	de	di	do	du	dy
ga	ge	gi	go	gu	gy
ha	he	hi	ho	hu	hy
la	le	li	lo	lu	ly
pa	pe	pi	po	pu	py
ra	re	ri	ro	ru	ry

bad	wax	lap	boy
sad	tax	cap	toy
lad	lax	nap	joy
cut	fix	sum	men
put	six	hum	ten
rut	mix	rum	hen



I MUST PRAY EVERY DAY.

LITTLE RHYMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

I must not let
My tem-per fret.

Gentle ever,
Sel-fish never.

I must not tease,
But try to please.

I must not cry,
But try, try, try.

I must not get
Into a pet.

I ought to do
My duty, too.

I ought to seek
A tem-per meek.

I must not lie,
For God is nigh.

The child that tries
Will get more wise.

O guard my tongue
While I am young.

I must praise
All my days.

I must be mild:
A loving child.



GIRL AND GRANDMOTHER.

The dog ran at the ox.
He is a bad dog.
Let me see the new top.
Can you make it spin?

drop spot flat must
prop shot spat crust
crag blot slat dust
drag scot plat rust

See, the girl has done her work.
Do you think it is done well?
If it is, she will go to play.
She can have a run with her dog.
There is a tall clock in the room.
Can you tell the time by the clock?



RILDA AND HER BIBLE.

so ber
wa fer
ma ker
mi ser
ta per

spo ken
to ken
bro ker
po ker
soak er

spi der
gro cer
care ful
use ful
joy ful

Rilda has gone to her room. She is alone. She is reading a book. Do you know what book it is? It is called the best of books. It is the Bible. Rilda loves to read her Bible. Do you love to read yours? See what a fine vase of flowers she has placed on her table. She keeps her room very neat.



THE HEN AND HER CHICKS.

A NURSERY SONG.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if you
please,

But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on
their knees,

No! No! not though

The kittens could crow,

Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings! my sweet little things!
Come nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.



ARTHUR AND HIS DOG.

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See, the boys have come out to play. What a fine large dog they have got; his name is Rover; they love him dearly. Do you know what the boys are doing? They are making him speak, or bark, for the stick.

In the winter they tie him to their sled, and make him draw their little sister. Should you not like such a ride? Their mother is sitting on the piazza sewing; she is well pleased to see how merry the boys are. When Arthur was very small, he was playing beside the river, when he fell in, and would have been drowned, but for Rover, who jumped in and quickly drew him out. I do not wonder that Arthur loves his dog.



THE SPRING WALK.

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We had a pleasant walk to-day
Over the meadows and far away,
Across the bridge by the water-mill,
By the wood-side, and up the hill.

Amid a hedge where the first leaves
Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,
We saw four eggs within a nest,
And they were blue as a summer sky.

Where daisies opened to the sun
In a broad meadow green and white,
The lambs were racing eagerly ;
We never saw a prettier sight.

And many pretty birds we saw,
Which had come o'er the stormy main,
To build their nest, and rear their
young,
And sing in our old woods again.

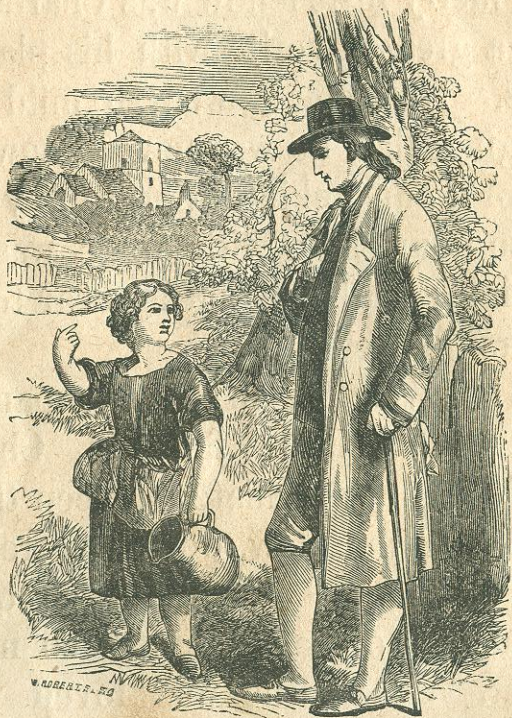


THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

A merry little fellow was Charlie H., and a great favorite with his playfellows. His temper was so mild and obliging, that he was never known to say or do an unkind thing to any one. As to quarrelling with him, it was impossible; neither could he bear to see others quarrel.

Whenever any of his companions were disposed to fall out, Charlie would at once mediate between them, saying, Come, now, don't quarrel; it is such a pity. You mustn't quarrel, now; do make up, it is so much better. So Charlie was loved very much; and every little boy and girl who tries to imitate Charlie will be loved too.



SISTER'S IN HEAVEN.

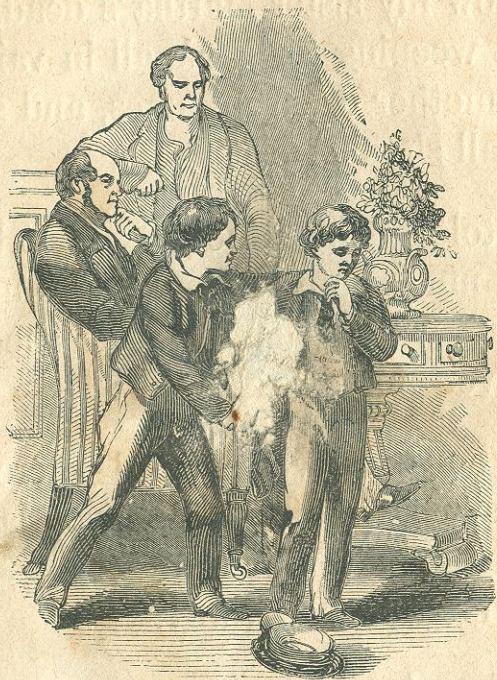
SISTER MARTHA IN HEAVEN.

I know my sister Martha's dead,
That weeping for her's all in vain;
For mother dried my eyes, and said
We all should meet again.

She told me how the grave but led
To a much happier land than ours;
A land where summer never shed
Its ever-blooming flowers;

That sorrow never entered where
The star-paved floor of heaven lay;
But angels ever waited there
To wipe our tears away.

I will no longer weep and sigh,
But night and morning bend my knee,
And pray to God that when I die
I may an angel be.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.



LIZZIE GRAY AND HER HAT.

LIZZIE GRAY AND HER HAT.

Lizzie Gray wanted a new hat; and when told that she must make her old one do, she went about muttering "I will have one, any way!"

One day she took her hat, and hid it behind the wood-house; and when asked where it was, said it had blown off while she was on the bridge, and gone sailing down the stream.

It so happened that her father thought he would take the children to ride, that day, and Lizzie was very anxious to go; but, then, she had no hat. At last her sister lent her one; but, just as they were getting ready, who should appear but Rover, capering, and shaking the lost hat. Lizzie did not go to ride, that day; she was locked in her room alone, there to weep for her wickedness.





THE FLY.

What a sharp little fellow is Mister Fly!
He goes where he pleases, low or high,
And can walk on the wall with his feet to the sky.
He eats the sugar, and goes away,
Nor ever once asks what there is to pay,
And sometimes he crosses the tea-pot's steam,
And comes and plunges his head in the cream;
Then on the edge of the jug he stands,
And cleans his wings with his feet and hands,
Then gives a buzz, as if to say,
"At present I haven't a minute to stay."

Then away he'll fly
Where the sunbeams lie,
And neither stop to shake hands
Nor bid you good-by.

Such a strange little fellow is Mister Fly,
Who goes where he pleases, low or high,
And can walk on the ceiling
Without ever feeling
A fear of tumbling down "sky-high."





THE CAT AND THE RAT.