Tom Trip to his Companions

Old Gingerbread, with Wisdom found,
Sells useful knowledge by the pound,
And feeds the little Folks, who're good,
At once with Learning and with Food.
What say you Friends—Shall we go buy?
Aye, Aye!—Who's first then, you or I?
And away they ran for a Book.
History

of

Giles Gingerbread

A Little Boy who lived upon Learning.

Price Two Coppers.

Boston:

Printed by MEIN and FLEEMING, and to be sold by JOHN MEIN at the LONDON BOOK-STORE, North-side of King-street, BOSTON, MDCCLXVIII.

which Place may be had, A great variety of Entertaining and Instructive Books for Children.
The PREFACE

The reader perhaps, may be so reasonable as to expect an account of the Birth, Parentage, and Country of our Hero. If he does I can assure him he will be disappointed: These are circumstances which he has no right to be informed of; for a good man may be born anywhere, of any parents, and in any country. He is a

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Whether you, gentle reader were born in my native Country, where the Frog sing like Nightingales, or at any other place, you may be as wise and as honest as I am.

If a man is a good man, and an honest man, it is no matter where he was born, and if those who have lately made so much noise about country and party, had been scholars to Gaffer Gingebread, he would have knocked their heads together for being such Boobies.
CHAP. I.

An adventure of Little Giles Gingerbread.

ONE day as Gaffer Gingerbread was coming from Work, he saw little Giles, who was as ragged as a Colt, getting up behind Sir Toby Thomson's Coach.
upon which he called to him: Here, Giles, come hither to me! I see, says the Father, you want to get up the Coach, but you are climbing at the wrong place, Giles; you should endeavour to get in at the Door. Ay Father, says the Boy, but that Place is not for poor Folks. Not for poor Folks replied the Father, yes, but it is. A poor Man; or a poor Boy may get a Coach, if he will endeavour to deserve it. Merit and Industry may intitle a Man to any Thing. Why Sir Toby was poor once, aye, as poor as thee, Giles. Don't be disheartened Boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper Manner, and at the right Place; and I will tell you how Toby managed it. But see, the Pig is got out of the Styke;
put him in first, and then I will tell you.

Giles ran as fast as he could to put in the pig; for he was learned to do as he was bid, or he would never have made either a good Boy or a great Man. There is no doing any Good for Boys and Girls who are obstinate, and will not take Advice, and do as they are bid. No, no! such Children never make great Men and Women; but are always neglected and despised.
CHAP. II.

An Episode: shewing, How Sir Toby Thomason became a great Man, and obtained so much Money, and such a fine Coach.

GILES came back puffing and blowing, now Father tell me, now Father tell me, says he, how I may get such a fine Coach as Sir Toby's. Ay, says the Father, that I will Giles. I will tell you how Sir Toby got his, and if you behave in the same Manner that Sir Toby did, you may get one also, and take up your poor Father to ride with you when he is grown old and weary.

Sir Toby Thompson, was the Son of Goody Thompson, and lived at this little Hut upon the Green.
His Mother was a poor widow, and had three Children. Toby was the eldest, and as she was obliged to go out every Day to Washing, Scouring, and such sort of Work, she left little Toby at home to take Care of his Brother and Sister, and lead them about as you may see,
It happened one Day that Goody Thompson, had no Victuals to leave the Children, and they were all crying at the Time when Mr. Goodwill, a rich London Tradesman, who had a House in this Country, was going by. Bless me says Mrs. Goodwill, who was with her Husband, what is the Matter with these poor Children, and stepping up to the little one, what do you cry for says she? I am hungry, answered the Child; and I want some
Bread, cryed the other.—And what do you cry for, says Mr. Goodwill to Toby? Because I have no Bread to give my Brother and Sister, says the Boy. This is a hard Case says Mrs. Goodwill, I pity the poor Children, let us take them Home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my Heart, says Mr. Goodwill. It is sad thing to want Bread. I pity both the Children and the Mother; and I like the biggest Boy much; for he who could forget his own Wants, and cry for those of his Brother and Sister, must have a good Heart. So, for all they were fine Folks, Mr. Goodwill took up one Child, and Mrs. Goodwill, the other, and carried them on, leaving little Toby to trot by as you may see.
When the Children had a Belly-full they no longer cried; but went to play till the Evening, when their Mother came crying for them, and told Mr. & Mrs. Goodwill her Case.
Mr. Goodwill gave her Money, and allowed her so much a Week, towards the Maintenance of her and the Children, and took little Toby, and sent him to School; where he behaved very well, and soon learned to read and to write. After some Time Mr. Goodwill took him Home to his House in London, to run of Errands, and do any other Business for the Servants and Clerks in his Shop and Counting-house.

Now it happened, that tho' Mr. Goodwill was a very honest, charitable and good Man, yet he was not altogether so wise or prudent as one would expect a Man to be who lived in London, and knew the World; for he was very fond of Horses, continually went to Barnet, Epsom, and other Races, and kept two Race-Horses himself, which ran away with half
These are pretty Creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradesman. They were kept at great Expence, turned his Thoughts from Business, and led him into Schemes of Betting and Gaming, which were scandalous. At the Time that he was so taken up with his Horses, he had the Misfortune to have a Servant in his House who was not honest; which Toby discovered, and wrote to his Master about it, but in a disguised Hand, and without putting any
Name to the Letter. Enquiry was made, and Money and Goods were missing. Upon which all the Servants were examined except Toby; and as he was a Boy, and thought incapable of defending himself, the Thief laid the Robbery on him. Mr. Goodwill, without that Consideration which is necessary on these Occasions, ordered him immediately to pack up his Things, and go about his Business. Yes, Sir, says Toby crying, but first hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my Duty, as you was my Master, to inform you of it. I wrote you a Letter, Sir, in a feigned Hand and without a Name, when you was at Newmarket; but at the Corner of the Letter you will find a private Mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I should not have done this, had I been guilty
of the Robbery. No, Sir, you
have been a Father to me, and his
have been just and honest to you [I
but this Man has not, (pointing to
the Thief) for I saw him take
Goods privately out of the Ware-
house and carry them to the Pawn-
Brokers. The Master was astonish-
ed! He looked at the Letter,
found the Mark, and saw the Boyan
was innocent, and then searching
d the Pawn-Brokers, the Goods were
found.

Toby knew that it was his Duty
not only to be honest himself, but,
if possible, to make others so, and
you will presently see how God
Almighty blessed him for it, and
how he was rewarded for his Fide-

lity.

After this Mr. Goodwill placed
great Confidence in Toby, and his
Affairs so prospered, that he be-
came very rich. He then took in
Toby as a Partner with him, and at his Death left him the whole Trade, and a large Sum of Money, which is still increasing; and from being a little ragged Boy and living in that Hut, he now rides in this fine Coach. Think of this, my Dear Giles, and learn your Book, and say your Prayers, and go to Church, and be honest and good and industrious, that you may get a Coach also.

CHAP. III. How Little Giles first acquired his Learning.

As soon as Gaffer Gingerbread had finished this Story of Toby and his Coach, little Giles ran up to his Father, and begged that he would give him a Book and teach him to read, that he might be-
Gaffer Gingerbread, who was pretty good Scholar, pulled a Book out of his Pocket, and sitting down under a Tree with Giles in his Lap, now, says he, if you will be a good Boy and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, Giles, that all the Words in the World are spelt, or made up, of these twenty-four Marks or Letters, pulling out of...
his Pocket an Alphabet cut in Pieces, which he had made of Gingerbread, for he was by Trade a Gingerbread Baker. These he placed in this Manner,

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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
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All the Words in the World, said Giles, laughing; yes, Sirrah said the Father, what do you laugh at? I say all the Words in the World; all the Words that you, and all the People in the World can think on, may be spelt with these Letters differently placed. Then let me see you spell Top, said Giles. So you shall, says the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p,—and these placed together thus make Top. Ay, that is a little Word, says Giles, but you cannot spell Plumb-Pudding. Why yes I can, said the Father, see here is a...
The Renowned History of P, and an l, and an u, and an m, and a b, which placed thus make Plumb; and here is another P, and an u, and a d, and another d, and an i, and an n, and a g, which when placed thus make Pudding, and these two Words put together make Plumb-Pudding.

Let me spell, Father, says Giles, and taking the Gingerbread Letters in his hand, what shall I spell, said he? Why the Name of any Thing you see, quoth the Father. Then I'll spell Goose, says the Boy; so saying, he took up a G, and a u, and an f, and an e, and placed them thus, Guf.e. You Blockhead, is that your Manner of Spelling, says the Father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this Instant Farmer Milton's Hog made at the Geese and Gollings that were before him. Run Giles, run, said the Father, and away he flew
to save the Goslings, which he did with the Assistance of a Gander, that laid hold of the Hog's Ear to keep him off.

See what affection all Creatures have for their Young, and what Care they take of them. What will not a Father and Mother do to preserve their Children; and Children ought to do the same for their Parents, but there are naughty Children who do not consider this, tho' God Almighty has promised long Life to those who do.
The Renowned History of Honour thy Father and thy Mother, that thy Days may be long in the Land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Giles came back crying (see here is) and told his Father that the

Geese hissed and laughed at him. Ay, that is because you cannot read, answered the Father. Come hither Giles, says he, you must learn to know all the Letters, and the Sound they have, alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell and read. In the Word
You attempted to spell, you have taken an f instead of an s, and a e instead of oo, for want of knowing the Letters and their sound. Here take up this A and look at him well; you see he is very different from all the rest. Upon this Giles took up the Letter and then read, A, A, A, says he, Ay, Mr. A, I shall know you again, Apple for that—B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B; I should be a Blockhead if I did not know you—C, C, C, I shall know you Mr. C indeed, and so will every Boy that loves Custard—D, D, D, Drum and Dumpling will make me know you Mr. D—E, E, E, Eggs and Eel Pye for ever—F, F, F, Fine Folks and Furmity for you, Mr. F—G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooseberry-fool, will always make me love you, Mr. G—H, H, H, Hogs-puddings and hot Cockles
24 The Renowned History of Jack Jones

Inkle weaver will put me in mind of you Mr. I—K, K, K, come Mr. K, you shall help me make a Khei.

—L, L, L, my little Lamb and my little Lark will help me to remember you Mr. L—M, M, M, Money for you, Mr. M, when I can get it and when I fool it away, you shall call me Monkey—N, N, N, Nun and Nonpareils for ever—O, Cal O, Oranges, one a Penny, two for Penny Oranges—P, P, P, Punch and the Puppet-show, huzza—Q, Q, Q, you stand for a Quail, Mr. Q, and I shall always think on you, when I see a Queer Fellow—R, R, R, you are a Raven, Mr. R, and a Rat-catcher, and a rum Duke—S, S, S, stands for Swan and for Swede, and for a silly Boy that can’t read—T, T, T, oh Mr. T, I shall know you by my Topee.
The Renowned History of

and my Trumpet, and Trap-ball—

U, U, Unicorn for that.

The Lion and the Unicorn fighting

for a Crown,

The Lion beat the Unicorn all a-

bout the town.

W, W, W, a wise man can never

forget you, Mr. W, when he has

wild Duck for Dinner—X, X, X,

and look so cross Mr. X, that I can

compare you to nothing, but I

call know you again by your dou-

ble Face—Y, Y, Y, you are like my

cellow Hammer, Mr. Y, young and

ly, but you may have more Wit

then you grow in Years.

Z, Z, Z is a Zany, and Zany's

a Fool,

Who don't love his Book, or his

Master, or School.

The Father finding that little

Jiles was inclined to be good, and

to learn, made him a book of Gin-

gerbread, which he was very fond
of, and learned it as fast as he could. In the evening when Gaffer Gingerbread came home, he found it that Giles had eat up one corner of his Book, at which he was not well pleased. Hey-dey, Giles, says he, what do you love Learning so well as to eat up your Book? Why Father, I am not the only Boy who has eat his words. No Boy loves his book better than I do, but I always learn it before I eat it. Say you so, quoth the Father, pray let me hear you say your Lesson. Ay, Father, says Giles, you shall hear me sing it, so up he struck, b-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi, and sung the whole Cuzzes Chorus, which the fly Rogue had got out of Mr. Mein's pretty Play-Thing. His Father, however, was wonderfully pleased to see the Boy so apt and ingenious, and therefore gave him another Book, on the learning of which,
The Renowned History of

He told him much of his Happiness
ould depend, and this was the little.

ow to be happy and go to Heaven,
and this was the Book, at least
ese are the Lessons contained
it.

1 Lesson. Always rejoice at the Happiness of others, that you may be happy yourself; for he that is pleased at another Man’s prosperity, enjoys a part of his good Fortune.

2 Lesson. Every Man is always as happy or as miserable as he thinks himself; therefore think yourself happy, my dear Giles that you may be so.

3 Lesson. Love the Lord with all your Heart, with all your Soul, and with all your Strength, for you cannot love God half so well as he loves you.

4 Lesson. Love your neighbour as
well as you love yourself; that is love him most heartily Giles, and be kind to him, and promote his Welfare, that he may promote yours.

5 Lesson. Love and pray for your Enemies, Giles, that your enemies may become Friends, and love and pray for you.

6 Lesson. And my dear Giles, say your Prayers Night and morning, and go to Church constantly; and be honest and just in your Dealings; and be charitable and good to all People in Distress; and God Almighty will love you, and bless you, and you will be happy here, and go to Heaven hereafter.

His Father then gave him another Book of Lessons, and here they are.
When you play with a Lion take care of his Paw.

A Man who had bought a Lion for a Show, and put him into a Hutch, bid his Son come to him. Tom, says he, I charge you not to go near this Place, for if you do this Beast will kill you; so be a good Boy, Tom, and do as I bid you.

Yes, Papa, said the Boy; but did not do as he was bid, for soon as his Father was gone.
Giles Gingerbread

went to the Hutch to see the Lion,
and to play with him, when the Beast caught hold of him with his Paw, and chop'd his Head off.

Now this little Boy might have been living and well if he had obeyed his Father, and done as he was bid. What sad thing it is to be obstinate and disobeys our Parents?

The Horse Lesson.

hen you play with a Horse, take care of his Heels.

A Boy who was at School, ran to catch a Horse that was in the
The Renowned History of Field; upon which one of Friends who was older and w., than he, told him not to go near the Horse, for he would kick. Sam was above taking his Friend's Advice; and the Horse, when came within Reach of his Head, gave him such a Kick, that he taken up for dead.

What a silly Boy was this, not to take a Friend's Advice? Had he served what was said to him, and at a Distance, he would not have mangled in this Manner.

The B U L L Lesson. Care

Dog, at the head at such a always when-

Chaff the A
When you play with a Bull, take Care of his Horns.

A wicked Boy who used to tell lies lived in a Farm House where was an unlucky Bull, that would run at People who were going by. This the naughty Boy Advantage of, and frequently did out the Bull, the Bull, oh the Bull, in order to make the Servant run to his Assistance, that he might then laugh at them. One time the Bull really made at the Boy, and he called out for Help. He had told so many Lies before the People did not believe Danger, and therefore needed his Assistance, but left him to be tossed by the Bull till he lost dead.

The Consequence of telling Lies is, he believes a Liar even when the Truth, because they can happen;
The Renowned History of therefore the Liars Complaints are never regarded.

The Dog Lesson.

When you play with a Dog, take Care of his Teeth.

A little Girl had a little Dog, which she was very fond of, but the was fury, and often snaped at Fingers. Yet Jockey was such a write, that she would always him at her Heels, and when he went out, called Jockey, Jockey, to bear her Company. Jockey, who was never ve-
y came ran mad; and bit poor Sally in such a Manner that she died.

How dreadful is this! Dogs are very faithful useful Animals, and should be regarded; but every Dog should have his Place and not lie in the Lap, but under the Table. Had the Dog been kept in his Place, little Sally had been alive and well.

Giles was fond of his Book, and his father gave him new ones every day, all which he eat up; so that may be truly said, he lived upon Learning. At last Sir Toby heard what a good Boy he was, and calling one day at Gaffer Gingerbread's, he took Giles up in his fine Coach, and carried him to London, since which we have heard nothing of him; but his Father says, that he is sure Giles will behave so well as to get a Coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certain
See here's little Giles,
With his Gingerbread Book,
For which he doth long,
And at which he doth look;
Till by longing and looking,
He gets it by Heart,
And then eats it up,
As we eat up a Tart.

Tom Taog.
John Mei
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