NATURAL HISTORY; OR, UNCLE PHILIP'S CONVERSATIONS WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT TOOLS AND TRADES AMONG INFERIOR ANIMALS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649146208

Natural history; or, Uncle Philip's conversations with the children about tools and trades among inferior animals by Lambert Lilly

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

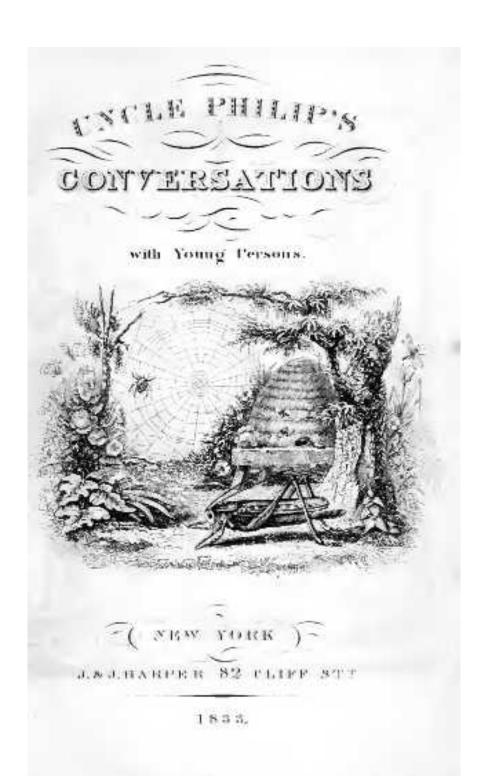
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LAMBERT LILLY

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Trieste





NATURAL HISTORY;

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ABOUT

TOOLS AND TRADES

AMONG

INFERIOR ANIMALS.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835, By HARPER & BROTHERS, In the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WE must tell our little readers something about this number of their Library. It was sent to us by a very kind old uncle of ours, who, when we were young, was so much from home, visiting various places in the world, that we do not remember seeing him very often at that period. At last, the old man, finding that he could not bear fatigue as he had done when young, determined to come home; and we had heard so much about him that we were quite anxious to see him. He came to our house one evening, and appeared rather odd to us; but he was so good-natured, and told us so many curious things, that we soon forgot his odd appearance.

The old gentleman brought home with him a very large number of books, and a great many strange things which he had gathered in his travels, such as stones, and dried insects, and leaves, and flowers, and stuffed birds, and animals. He did not stay with us long, but went to the village where he was

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born, and built a small house to which he carried all his books and curiosities, and said that he should spend the rest of his days there.

We sometimes pay him a visit. The last time we were there, we found him talking to several children around him. In the beginning of the book there is a picture of the old gentleman. After you have looked at it, you may read the letter which he sent us, and learn how he came to write this book.

Your friends,

THE PUBLISHERS.

UNCLE PHILIP'S LETTER.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS,

I was very much pleased to receive the numbers of your Library for Boys and Girls which you sent You know I am now an old man. and have to me. travelled a great deal, and seen a great many strange things in the course of my life. I am too old to travel any more, and so I am quietly living in the cottage I built by the side of that pleasant and shady little stream where I played when I was a boy. I read my books, and especially that best of all of them, my Bible; and so am patiently waiting till my Heavenly Father shall call me to take my last journey; when I hope, for the sake of the blessed Saviour, to go to Him. Sometimes I walk out into the village, and meet the children and have a long talk with them. They all know me; and very often, some of them will come to my house, and ask me to tell them about things which I have seen in my travels or read of in books : and so I spend many happy hours with the little creatures; for you