

Cottage Tales.

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COTTAGE TALES
FOR
LITTLE PEOPLE;
OR, THE
AMUSING REPOSITORY,
FOR ALL
GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS.



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GLASGOW:
Published and Sold Wholesale,
BY LUMSDEN & SON,
[Price Twopence.]

ADDRESS.

Prithee, come here,
My little dear,
And read these stories o'er;
I dare to tell
You'll like them well,
And wish you had a score.

If so, my dear,
To me 'tis clear
You're like a child of sense;
Then why so shy,
Come in and buy,
The price is but Twopence.



THE LITTLE HOPPER.

LITTLE Elizabeth had four sisters, who were all older than herself. In a morning, whilst

they were engaged with their masters, she generally took a walk in Hyde-park with her maid Hannah, and then it was curious to see how she hopped along, first on one leg, then on the other. Madame Bonne, their governess, one day chanced to be out at the same time, and meeting little Elizabeth going along in this manner, told her not to walk foolishly, as it was more like a bird than a human creature. Little Elizabeth curtsied to Madame Bonne, nodded to each of her sisters, and then went on with her maid for a few minutes

very quietly ; but she soon forgot what she had just been told, and began to hop again as fast as ever. Madame Bonne, who had followed her at some distance, now called Hannah, and told her, that as her young lady did not know how to walk, it was better she should go home. Madame Bonne heard with pleasure, upon her return home, that little Elizabeth had left off the ugly trick, and had told Hannah that she never meant to hop any more.



THE WHITE CHICKEN.

POLLY was the only daughter of a poor man and his wife, who lived in a neat cottage near the gates of ——— park.

When she was six years old, her mother used to employ her in feeding a few chickens that she was bringing up for sale the next fair-day. Among these chickens there was one quite white, of which Polly was particularly fond. Indeed she had coaxed it so much, that the little thing would follow her about the green, and if Polly chanced to sit on the ground, it would climb up to her lap, and peck a grain or two out of her hand. But poor Polly's troubles were now approaching; her mother told her, that the fair was to be kept in the beginning of the

next week, and that then she must part with little Peck; for so she had named the chicken. This news almost broke her heart; she was too good a child to argue with her mother about it; but when she went to bed at night, she had but little sleep, and when she did close her eyes, she only dreamed of poor Peck.

The next day was Sunday, a day of rest for her father, who generally took a walk with his wife and child, as soon as church was over. This used to be a great pleasure to the little girl; but on this day she would rather have stayed at home to pass the last hours with her chicken. She

came home tired, and without any appetite for her dinner. As soon as it was over she went again to the white chicken, and sitting down before the cottage door took Peck in her lap, and kissed its little head, burst into tears: at this moment Mr. Turner's daughter and her governess passed by. "Pray look, Ma'am," said Miss Turner, "how that little girl is crying; may I ask her what is the matter?"--"By all means," replied Mrs. Burton; so the young lady ran up to Polly, and tenderly asked her what vexed her so much.

Little Polly getting up made

Miss Turner a low curtsy, and began her story, not without many sobs and tears. Her mother just then coming out, told Mrs. Burton that she was very sorry, for her little Polly's sake, to part with the white chicken, but that she was very poor, and could not afford to keep it at home, as it had cost her money to feed it.

Upon this Mrs. Burton gave her pupil leave to buy the chicken of Polly's mother, and allowed her a sum weekly for its support. Little Polly was overjoyed at this, and so was Miss Turner, who was a goodnatured girl, and loved to see every body happy.



CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE had a good heart, but at the same time she had a great many faults. She

hated work, though her mamma would often tell her how necessary an accomplishment it was for a little girl.

When Charlotte had read French and English, and learned her French Grammar, her mamma always desired her to work; and this is the way she used to obey her.

First, she would open her work-bag, and hunt it over three or four times; then cry out, “Oh dear! I left my scissors up stairs this morning.”—“Why did you so?” her mamma would answer; “the proper place for the scissars is in

your work-bag; but as you have chose to forget that, go now up stairs, find them, and return immediately." Away goes Charlotte, and in about twenty minutes her mamma sees her come down without them. "What have you been about Charlotte?"—Nothing, mamma."—"Where are your scissars?"—"Oh dear! I put them down on the window seat when I drew on my gloves, and I forgot to bring them down with me." Charlotte is sent again to fetch her scissars, but happens to drop her thimble on the stair-case; the thimble rolls down, and Charlotte trips after

it, till it comes to the landing place, where it gets out of her reach, under a flower-stand: but, as she can't work without a thimble, she must find her mamma's maid to pick it up for her; and as Mrs. Mary is not at present up stairs, she must wait till she comes. All this while her mamma is wondering what her daughter can be about, and going up into the nursery, finds her dressing dolls. The consequence is that Miss Charlotte has a double quantity of work to do, and when the hour of play comes, she has to practise on the harpsichord.

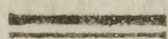


THE SLY CHILD.

THERE was once a little girl, who had a trick of pocking down her head so low,

that her chin would rest upon her stays. Her mamma often told her of it; but she only minded her when she was in her sight: her mamma having discovered this, ordered her a steel collar. But this little girl was of a sly temper, and the moment her mamma left the room she would slip the collar on one side. The consequence of doing this often was, that her neck grew quite crooked, and she was forced to wear irons round her head, and fastened to her stays for two long years.

THE UNTIDY GIRLS.



FOUR little girls, whose names I could mention, are not so tidy as they ought to be. Their papa has given to each of them a nice Morocco huz-ziff, with scissars, silver bod-kin, and thimble. Their mam-ma has likewise been so kind as to furnish them with pretty pincushions and work-bags. With all these indulgences, who will believe me when I say that these little girls have never any thing at hand? If you

ask for a pin : “ Oh ! the pin-cushion string came undone, and so it was dropped when out a walking ; ” or if the pin-cushion is produced, it has not a single pin stuck in it. It is an unpleasant thing to see the manner in which the room is always littered where they have been at work. On one chair lies a housewife spread open, on another a handful of thread, all entangled ; one work-bag on the ground, two more tossed among the music-books on the harpsichord : gloves, thimbles, and scissars, are to be seen in every corner of the room.

If these little girls were mine, I will tell you how I would serve them. Whenever I found their things lying, I would pin them to their shoulders, and tell them who saw them dressed out in this manner the reason; for if little girls will not do things to oblige their friends, they no longer deserve indulgence, and ought to be treated with severity.



THE GOOD CHILD.

LUCY Edmonds had been a very good girl for three months. In all that time no-

body had once occasion to say, "Do not so, Miss Lucy." She had made three shirts for her brother, read the first volume of M. Berquin's *L'Ami des Enfants*, and ——— History of England.

Though little girls should behave well because it is their duty, yet it sometimes happens that their kind parents will give them a reward, and this was Lucy's case. Mrs. Edmonds, knowing she was without a doll, gave her five shillings to buy one, and permitted her to go with her maid into the streets to the toy-shop.

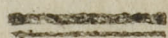
Little Lucy was quite overjoyed with the thoughts of her doll, and on her way settled what clothes were to be made for it. I think it was to have a muslin frock, one dimity and one flannel petticoat, two caps, one shift, one pair of stockings and shoes, a hat and cloak, and a nice pair of stays, that Mary, who loved her young lady much, promised to cut out for her.

In turning the corner of Bond-Street they saw a great crowd of people running very fast, and just before them an overdrove ox that was making

its way towards the place where the little girl and her maid stood. Quite frightened, they turned quick into a public house, and by this means escaped its fury. Unluckily for a poor man who was opening oysters before this public house, the animal ran against his stand, and overturned it upon him; the oyster shells cut his face very much, and by the fall he put his shoulder out. The rabble were so intent upon following the ox, that the poor man's disaster was unnoticed by all but Lucy and her maid, who immediately cal-

led the people of the house to his assistance. Lucy now walked on, but before she had passed many doors, it came into her head, how much better she should dispose of her money in giving it to the poor man than in buying herself a doll, and though she was then close to the toy-shop door, begged Mary to turn back with her. How much more pleasure did she receive from a sight of the poor man's joy, and a consciousness of having acted right, than she could possibly have derived from dressing or undressing a hundred dolls!

THE DAIRY MAID.



DOLLY Primrose, a pretty young girl that lived as dairy maid at a farm house, had heard much talk of London, and took it into her silly head that go she would, and get a place of service in town;—
“And who knows,” says the foolish girl, “but I may return a fine lady.”

So to London she went in the waggon, but had soon reason to repent her folly; for, as she stood gaping about with

her bundle under her arm, wondering at every thing she saw, a very smart gentleman came up to her, and asked her kindly what she was looking for, and if he could be of any service to her? "Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the simple girl, "it is the very thing I want; I came to London to seek a place of service, mayhap you can tell me of one." "That I can, my pretty maid," says he, "come with me, I will take care of you."

Away they went together, through bye alleys and dark Streets, till poor Dolly began

to get tired, which the gentleman perceived, very kindly took the bundle, and said he would carry it for her, but all at once, at the corner of a dark passage, the good gentleman and bundle disappeared. Dolly made a great noise in the Street, and raised a mob about her at which she was more frightened. By great good chance for Doll, the waggoner that brought her to London happened to pass that way on some business, knew her, and went to her relief. Poor Doll went back the next day into the country, and got laugh-

ed at for her folly, besides the loss of all her clothes and money.—Had Doll been contented, and staid at home, like a good and sober girl, she would not have been made the scoff and jest of all the country round.

Many simple people believe, if they can get to London, their fortunes are made, not considering the many bad folks that make it their business to lead astray the ignorant and unwary, and indeed it is a sad, but a known truth, that many live by such bad practices.

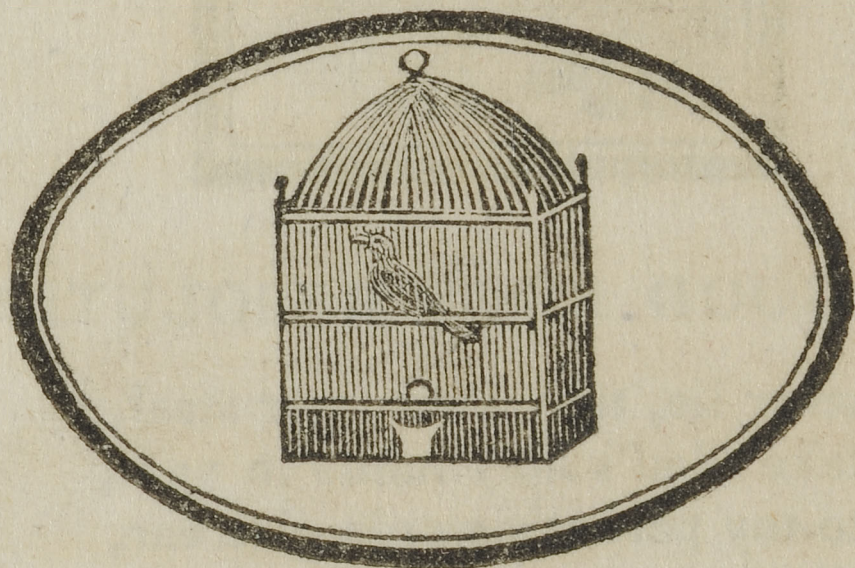


WILL THE GROOM;
Or, The little Orphan Boy.

WILL was of poor but honest parents, who had they lived, would probably have brought him up decently, and given him some education, but he, alas, poor boy! was early deprived of their protection when he was very young, and without a friend to help him; but being

of an active turn, tho' young, he thought he might be able to get a living by attending the stables of a neighbouring 'squire, who had often noticed him while playing about the cottage of his father. With this determination, he applied, and was immediately engaged, and by always attending to the orders given him by his superiors, and endeavouring to execute them to their satisfaction, he soon got promoted to the highest birth in the stables, where he lives comfortably, and in his station, is much respected. Notwithstanding all this, he often feels the want of edu-

cation, and with tears in his eyes, laments the loss of his parents, who would, no doubt, have sent him to some school, by which he might have been fitted for a better situation in life.



THE BIRD AND CAGE.

The pretty bird from day to day,
 Still cheers us with a song,
 And tho' imprison'd in a cage,
 Ne'er thinks its minutes long.
 But sure 'tis cruel to confine
 In cage, a harmless bird,
 That never did one wicked act,
 Or spoke one evil word.



THE GOOD BOY'S RESOLUTION.

I'll never lie, nor swear, nor steal,
 Nor take God's holy name in vain,
 But to my parent's words give ear,
 And shun the boys that are prophane.
 I'll early rise and pray to God,
 To keep me from all sin,
 And then I'll read his sacred word,
 And thus each day begin.

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