

MAMMA'S
TALES.



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Children's Books







MAMMA'S TALES;

OR,

PLEASING STORIES OF CHILDHOOD,

ADAPTED TO

THE INFANT MIND.



BY MADAME LEINSTEIN,

AUTHOR OF

RUDIMENTS OF GRAMMAR IN VERSE; PUNCTUATION IN VERSE;
&c. &c.



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MAMMA'S TALES.



THE LITTLE LAMB.



LUCY was a very good girl, and seldom did any thing to vex her parents; but Jane would pout and scream for the least trifle. She never went into the fields, but a fly, or some other harmless insect, was sure to alarm her, and send her home crying in great terror. It was in vain that Lucy, from time to time, tried to convince Jane of the folly of being so timid; Jane grew worse every day.

One lovely morning in May, the weather proving fine, and the sun shining through a clear blue sky, these little girls were let out to play in the meadows, and, for an hour or more, pleased themselves by pluck-

ing daisies and cowslips, and such pretty flowers as abound in the green grass, when Jane, coming near a hedge, in order to gather a branch of whitethorn, started at the sound of a mournful sigh, which issued from beneath a tuft of brambles. In an instant she ran off towards the house, screaming, and hid herself behind the door, without giving a reason to any one for the cause of her terror.

In the meanwhile, Lucy, who also heard the sound beneath the brambles, felt that the voice of distress could not intend harm either to herself or her sister; and thus this charming little girl, led on by pity, drew nearer to the hedge, in order, if in her power, to perform an act of kindness.

She was somewhat startled at first, to observe that the boughs trembled, but presently a voice crying Ba! ba! ba! sounded so sadly, that she divided the branches with her hands, and found that a poor little lamb, which had lost its mother, had caught its leg in a string; set by some bad boy to catch birds, and had fallen to the



ground in great pain. Lucy, whose eyes were filled with tears at the sight, soon undid the captive, and seeing him very weak, placed him in her lap, and lifted him into the meadow, where mamma and the servant, followed by Jane at a distance, had come to enquire the reason of her absence and Jane's fear.

As soon as they saw the lamb and heard Lucy's story, every body praised her for a good child; and the shepherd, when he came to know of the matter, made Lucy a

present of the little lamb; and every morning she gave it a part of her bread and milk; and the lamb loved Lucy very much, and followed her about the house and fields, playing about her, and eating out of her hand; till at length, the people, who knew all about it, used to say, "There goes Lucy, the good girl, and her pretty innocent lamb;" and they gave her many presents; and on her birth-day, too, the lamb was dressed in a garland; and Lucy was glad that she had been less foolish than Jane; or the poor little lamb might have died, and she have been less happy.

WATER-CRESSES.



In a pleasant village near London, there was a small white cottage, which stood on the banks of a brook, in the clear water of which grew a great number of green and fresh water-cresses.

A poor old woman lived in that cottage, who from age was almost blind; and she had one little girl, her grand-daughter, named Susan, who waited upon her, and read the bible to her every evening; and Susan's grandmother was happy in having

so good a child to comfort and console her in her old days; for before Susan went abroad to sell the water-cresses, by which she gained a living for herself and her grandmother, she always took great care to make the bed, sweep up the hearth, and draw her grandmother's elbow chair into the warmth of the sun, that she might sit there in ease, till her return from the houses where she was in the habit of calling with her basket of water-cresses; and as Susan was known to be such a good girl, she did not want for friends, who were always glad to buy of her.

A lady, of the name of Meadows, had lately come to reside in the village, who had a little girl about Susan's age, a very pretty young lady, indeed, but without half Susan's merits; for instead of making every body happy about her, and trying to serve and oblige others, she was so idle that she would pout and stamp when the servant took her out of bed, and cry to be either dressed or washed. Mary Meadows was also very proud, and thought herself



much better than other people, merely because she was more finely dressed, and was also waited on: even her mamma was often uneasy at Mary's wayward temper, although she was so weak as to indulge her in all her whims.

One morning, while Mary was running in the garden, Susan came to the gate with her water-cresses; and although Susan was cleanly dressed, Mary pretended to take her for a beggar, because her clothes were darned and patched, and, shrieking out,

desired John the footman to set dog Tray upon her, and drive her from the gate; but John, who knew Susan, said he would not set the dog on any one, and much less on a little girl, who sold water-cresses to maintain her aged grandmother.

Mrs. Meadows, from the window, heard the footman's words; and, instead of being angry, told him to open the gate, and conduct Susan into the parlour; which he did, without heeding Mary, who began to cry, and stamp with rage and vexation.

When Susan came in, she made a low curtsy to Mrs. Meadows, who asked her age, and several questions about her grandmother, all of which Susan answered so prettily and modestly, that Mrs. Meadows was both charmed and pleased; and desiring John to fill Susan's basket with cold meat and some fruit, she told her that she would call at the cottage in the afternoon, and sent her home with a glad heart.

As soon as Susan had gone, Mary came from behind her mamma, and said, "Will you call on that little beggar?"—"Yes,"



replied Mrs. Meadows, "and you shall go with me."

At this, Mary began to pout and cry, for she did not like to enter so mean a place; and Mrs. Meadows, who had been much struck by the contrast between her child and Susan, could not but observe how much better Susan knew how to conduct herself, although she was poor and humble.

When they had dined, Mrs. Meadows took Mary, and away they went in the chaise, to Susan's cottage.

Susan opened the door to them with a curtsy, and Mrs. Meadows beheld every thing in the cottage clean and neat. This, the old woman said, was entirely owing to Susan's care and industry; and then she showed them Susan's needlework, in her own clothes, and told Mrs. Meadows how well Susan read the bible, and desired her to read part of a chapter, which Susan did at once, as a good girl should.

Mrs. Meadows saw the deep blush which stole across Mary's cheek, for, although so proud, she could scarcely read a word.

At length Mary burst into tears, and cried, "O mamma? I have been a naughty girl, but I will be better in future; if you will but suffer Susan to come and see me often, I'll learn of her how to behave."

Mrs. Meadows wept for joy at these words, and from that day, she took great notice of Susan and her grandmother, so that they wanted for nothing which her bounty could supply. Susan and Mary soon began to love each other like sisters, and Mary learned of Susan, "that the only way to be happy is to be good."

TOM AND THE CAT.



TOM was a good boy, and he could not bear to see dumb animals ill used; but Sam was a bad boy, and he was fond of ill-treating every thing.

One day, Tom and Sam were at play in a field with several of their school-fellows, when some dogs hunted a poor cat into the place, and she ran up a high tree to save her life, and get out of the way.

No sooner did the boys see puss among the branches, than they began to pelt her with turf and stones, and Sam clapped the dogs, and cried out, "Seize her! seize her!" and the cat, as she sat on a bough and watched them, looked ready to fall with terror.

Tom could not refrain from tears at this, and telling Sam that it was a cruel thing to hunt cats, he took up a stick and drove away the dogs. Seeing what he was about, Sam and the other boys became angry, and called Tom a milksop, with many other silly names; but Tom did not care, and said, if they threw any more stones into the tree, he would run and inform their school-master. Seeing him in earnest, they left off at last; and Tom, climbing up the tree, caught puss in his arms, while they, thinking to have some more fun, came towards him as he brought her to the ground; but Tom held puss fast, and did not suffer her to escape, at which Sam tried to catch the timid animal by the tail, when she gave him a deep scratch, which made

his hand bleed, and pained him so, that he began to cry out loudly.

The school-master, who was hard by, drew near at this noise, and seeing the blood on Sam's hand, asked how it came there; and when the boys told him the whole affair, he was much pleased with Tom, and gave him half-a-crown to buy a new book, and bade him take the cat into the kitchen to the cook, who had lately said that the pantry was thronged with mice. Tom did as he was bid, when the cook gave him a nice plum-cake, which he shared with his playmates; and they were all very sorry that they had not been as good as him. In the mean time, Sam's hand grew worse; a surgeon was sent for to look at it, who at first said, he feared it must be cut off; and Sam was forced to wear it in a sling, and take a deal of bitter physic.

At last, the wound got well, and Sam loved Tom, and became a much better boy; for he could not forget how dreadful a thing it would have been had he lost his hand by doing a bad and cruel action.

LITTLE FANNY.



FANNY was a pretty little girl, and not of a bad temper, but Fanny was too fond of having her will in every respect. When Fanny played with other children of her own age, she was sure to dictate what game they should pursue, and if they did not do as she said, she would refuse to join their sport; and the more they were vexed, the more sulky she would be.

At length, the school children did not care to play with one who wanted to rule them; and when Fanny wished to mix in their games, they were cool to her, because they knew she would be sure to oppose their wishes, and spoil their mirth; till Fanny, wanting always to do just as she liked, had no longer a single friend in the whole school.

One day, Mrs. Mansell, the governess, on coming into the garden, where the children were always sent to enjoy themselves, after school hours, found miss Fanny seated on a stool in an arbour, by herself, shedding tears; and wishing to know what ailed her, was told, in reply, that she could procure no one to play with.

Mrs. Mansell was hurt at this news, and begged to hear why the young ladies would not permit Fanny to partake of their pastime; on which they said it was not their fault, but Fanny's, who wanted to govern in every thing.

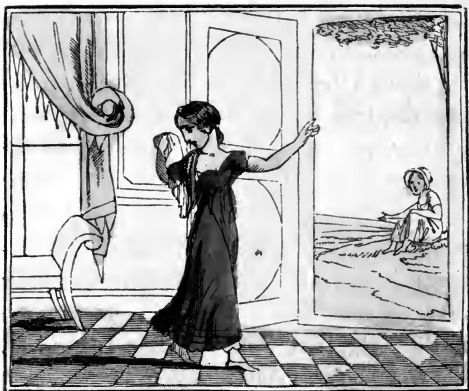
Mrs. Mansell took Fanny aside, when she had learned the cause of her grief, and

told her the ill effects of a stubborn temper, and a perverse mind, which are sure to excite dislike.

Fanny felt the truth of all this, in the neglect which she now had brought upon herself, from her companions, and promised to be more humble in future. Mrs. Mansell now took Fanny by the hand, and kissing away her tears, led her again into the garden, and desired, that the children would receive her as before, which they did gladly, when they came to see how sorry she was for her past conduct; and Fanny soon found "that the way to be obliged one's self, is to study how we may oblige others.



CARELESS JANE.



JANE was so careless, that her things were always out of order; her books, toys, clothes, and work-box, were never to be met with twice in the same place. When she had leave to walk out with her brothers and sisters, she was sure to come home with her frock torn, or her hands all over dirt; or when every body else was ready to go out, Jane had always her gloves or her tippet to search for.

One evening, Jane's brothers and sisters

were going with her, to see a pretty peep-show; but when they were all dressed, as usual, Jane's hat was nowhere to be seen, nor could Jane tell what she had done with it, though her mamma had given each of the children a neat wardrobe, fitted with drawers and pegs, in which they were bid to keep their clothes.

At length it was time for the show to commence, and all Jane's sisters and brothers began to feel very sad, till their mamma sent Betty, the maid, with them to the sight, and Jane's bonnet being lost, she was made to stay at home.

They had scarcely been gone more than ten minutes, before the hat was found lying under the bed, where Jane had thrown it, the ribands torn and dirtied by the cat, who had taken them to play with, so that Jane had no hat fit to put on.

When the children came home, they were all in such glee at what they had seen, and laughed so much at the thoughts of Punch and his wife, that Jane could not help crying.



her brother Henry made a drawing of Mr. Punch and his wife, and the little dog, Toby, biting poor Mr. Punch's nose; and showed her, by his gestures, how they danced about, she could no longer refrain from joining in the laugh. In future, she said, she would be more careful, both of her books and her clothes, lest the same mischance should again occur, and she not share in the pleasures of her brothers and sisters, when they went either to a show or to a fair.

THE BIRD'S NEST.



TOM was not a bad boy on the whole, although he had some faults: his papa had always told him what a wicked thing it was to hurt dumb creatures, yet Tom would throw stones at the swallows, when he was not seen; and one day, having found a bird's nest, he climbed up into the tree, and was going to steal it, not heeding the moans of the two parent birds, who seeing

themselves going to be robbed of their young, were fluttering about in the greatest distress, when a large snake, which had also crawled up the branches, began to put out its forked tongue, and hiss in a dreadful manner.

No sooner did Tom see the snake, than he was so overcome by terror, as to let go his hold, and fall to the ground, where he lay very much hurt and crying, till his papa, hearing him, came to his assistance.

Tom now threw himself on his knees, and said that it had been his intention to steal the young birds, when that fierce-looking snake nearly bit his hand, and made him fall from the tree.

“Let this warn you, Tom,” observed his father, “never to commit a crime out of my sight, any more than you would in it; for you now find, although you thought yourself unseen, that God perceives all our deeds, and can punish the wicked whenever he thinks best.”

THE YOUNG ROBIN.



IN a pretty garden, where no bad boys ever came, built of soft moss and grass, and in the middle of a sweet rose bush, stood a robin's nest, in which a young bird was carefully watched by its parents, who brought him food every half hour, and sang to him from morn till night; and when night came, they covered him with their wings to keep him warm; but the young Robin could not be content with all

this kindness, for he wanted to quit his nest, although his wings were not plumed, and fly about in the air, as his parents did.

One morning, the two old robins having left the garden at the same time, to seek crumbs for their darling, this silly bird, finding himself alone, hopped into the rose bush, and mounting a lofty spray, thought to soar above the trees, when a sudden gale of wind gave him such a shake, that he fell over the hedge into a field, almost bereft of life, where he was forced to remain.

At night, it rained in torrents, and the little robin had no wings to cover him, as usual, so that he almost died with cold, and to increase his despair he heard a large rat searching about among the bushes; at length, when it was light, his parents found him, and after they had given him some food, they built him a nest on a bank, but it was not half so safe as the one in the rose bush, which his own folly had made him desert, for it was not so secure from hawks and such animals as feed on small birds: and Robin wished in his heart that he had done as his parents had bid him.

THE COTTAGE.



CHARLES and **William**, though brothers, were quite unlike in their minds: **William** was idle and careless, but **Charles** was active and careful. **William's** books were always torn, dog's-eared, and dirty, but those of **Charles** were always clean and neatly covered over.

Their papa, to amuse them, had given to **Charles** and **William** a small piece of garden ground, with some boards, nails, a hammer, and a spade; and while **William**

wasted his mornings idly in bed, Charles rose betimes, planned a pretty garden, planted it with flowers, and built a neat little cottage in the middle, in which he sat to study his lessons.

As the spring advanced, Charles's plants began to blossom, and the honeysuckles covered the roof of his cottage. In the mean time, William's garden was filled with weeds; and their papa was very angry with William, but bought Charles a handsome white poney to ride on.

When William saw the difference their papa made, he was much hurt, and begged Charles to call him every morning when he got up. This he very kindly did.

At first, William was loth to rise, but Charles reminded him of the little poney, and papa's anger, till at last William quite got the better of his idleness, and dug his garden, and built a cottage also, in which he took such delight, that by the time his papa gave him a poney, he wondered how he could ever waste so many hours in bed, which it would have been so great a pleasure to have spent in healthful pastime.

THE IDIOT GIRL.



HENRY and his mamma were taking their evening walk through the village, when several boys ran past them, laughing at a poor girl who wished to avoid their pursuit, and no sooner did Henry observe what they were about, than he also began to share in their mirth, and cried, "Look, mamma! this is silly Mary, whom the boys laugh at so;—see how she grinds her teeth,

and what droll faces she is making at all of us."

Mrs. Belmont did notice the girl, and found that she was an idiot; at which, bidding the boys begone, in rather an angry tone, or that she would go and inform the school-master of their bad conduct, they ran away, while Mary sat down on a stile, and continued to make queer faces.

"You see, mamma," observed Henry, "she mocks even you." That is because she is an *idiot*, Henry," answered Mrs. Belmont, with a sigh.

"And what is an ideot, mamma?" asked Henry. "An ideot, my dear child, is a person, whom misfortune has deprived of his right senses," replied the lady; "and the faces which this poor girl makes, are not, as you suppose them, the effects of a droll mind, but of a weak and nervous system, both of mind and body; therefore, since it has pleased God to give you health and sense, how doubly great must be your crime in laughing at this child of sorrow,

like whom, Heaven could in an instant render both you and yonder wicked boys."

Tears started into Henry's eyes, at these words; and kissing his mamma's hand, he promised never more to laugh at Mary, but in future to defend her from insult; and Mrs. Belmont was so pleased with her son's conduct, that she granted him leave to carry a trifle every week to poor Mary's mother, in order to soften the poverty and grief which it was her lot to endure.

THE END.



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