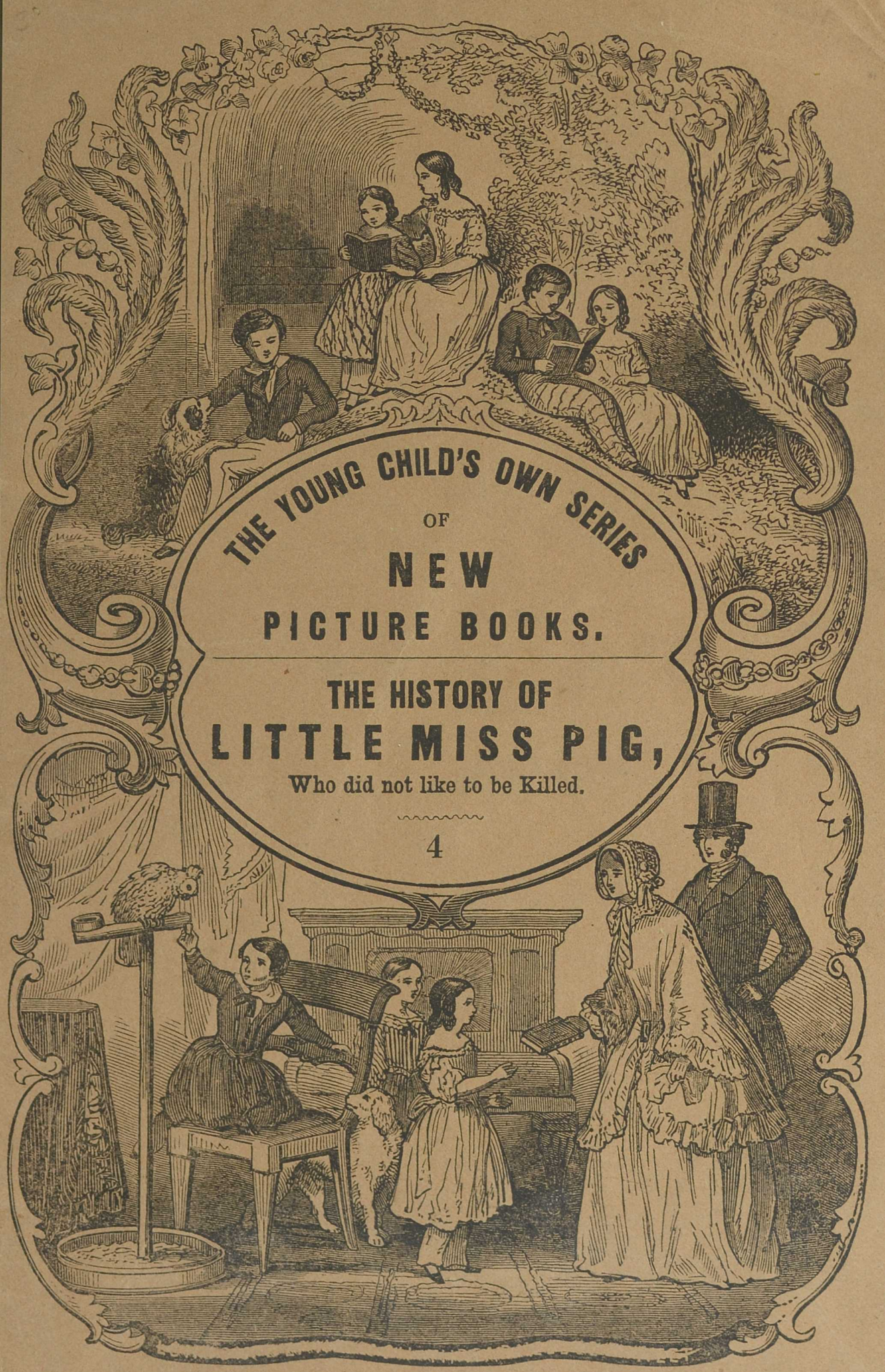


LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE-HILL.

THE AMUSING STORY OF

LITTLE MISS PIG.

WHO DID NOT LIKE TO BE KILLED.

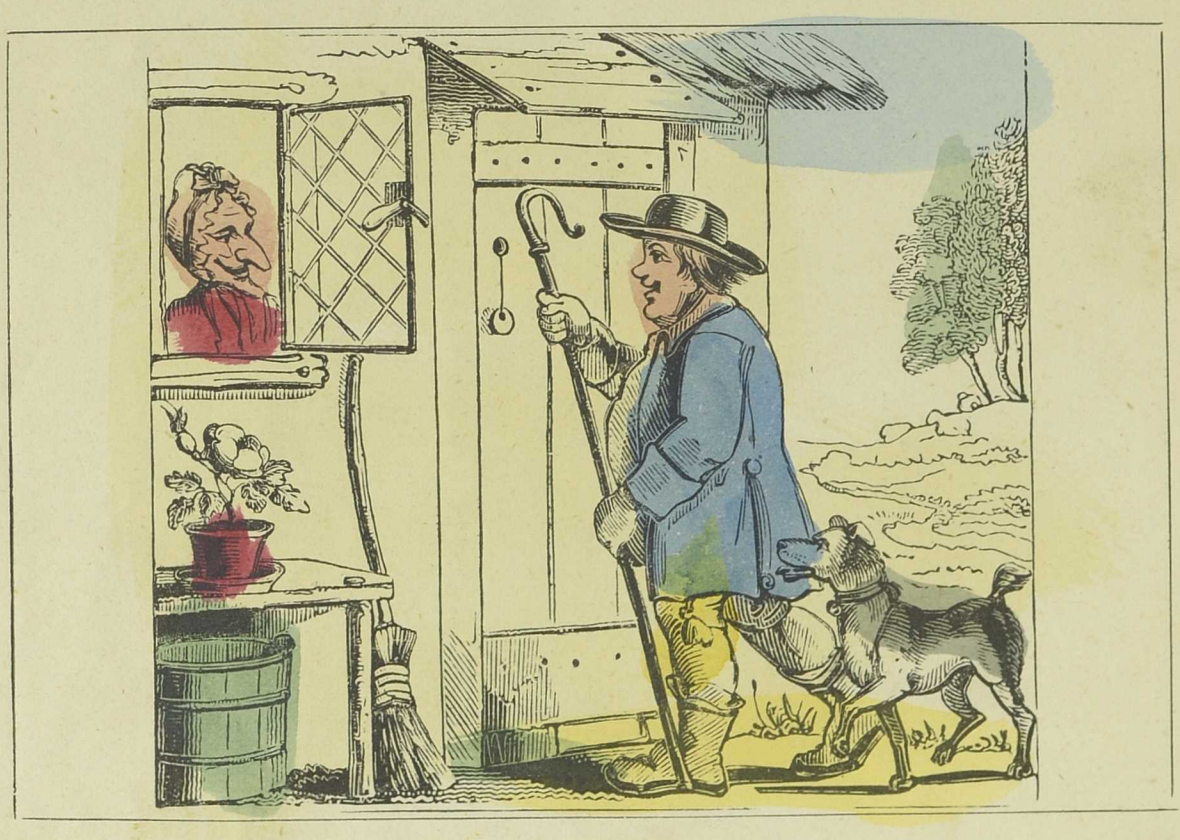
DEAN AND SON, 65, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

THE AMUSING STORY OF LITTLE MISS PIG.

IN a certain Farm-yard, not a hundred miles off,
Some Pigs were enjoying themselves at a trough:
They were having their dinner; or, perhaps 'twas too soon,
So it might be their breakfast,—for it scarce was noon,
And being pigs of fashion, their ears we might shock,
To talk about dining before twelve o'clock.

37131 062 364 641

Well, let us suppose it was breakfast, and they
With their delicate noses were grubbing away;
When up came the master, whose looks, to my thinking,
Betokened a love of good eating and drinking;
And 'tis not unlikely the pigs thought so too,
For they never so much as said "How do you do?"
But in sullen silence went on with their feeding,
Which certainly was no great proof of good breeding.



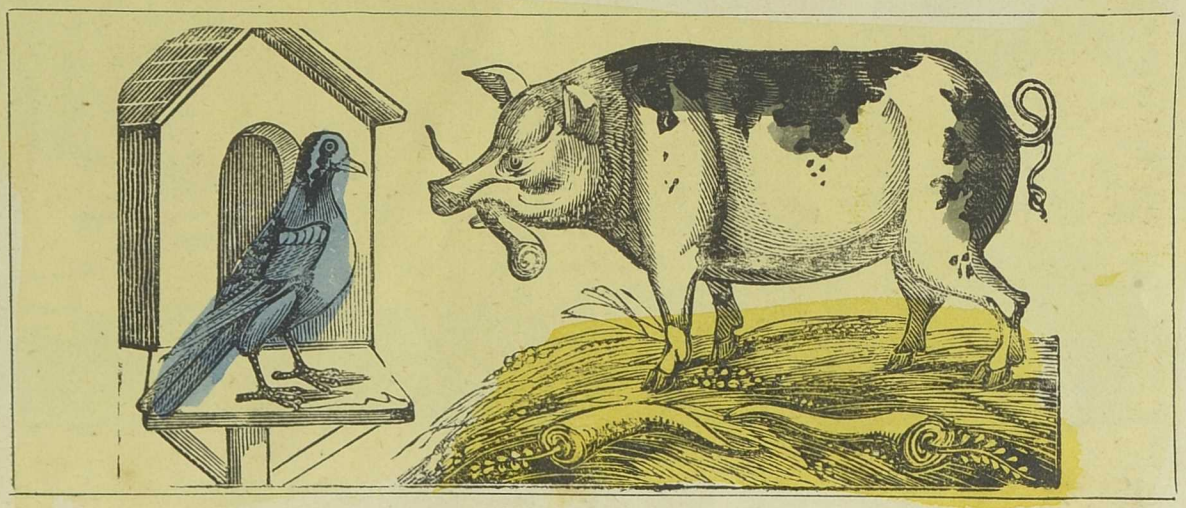
However, the master looked on at his leisure,
And seemed to regard them with infinite pleasure,
And no ill-intent,—'till he happened to see
One fat little lady-pig, white as could be;
Then his mouth fairly watered, as he thought how nice,
With sage, onion, and apple-sauce, would be a slice

Of that dainty creature;—so, calling to Joe,
Who also was fond of roast pig, you must know,—
Said—"Joe, you had better that little pig kill
Before she gets bigger." Said Joe, "Sir, I will."

Miss Pig heard this order with great consternation,
And grunted quite clearly her disapprobation;
But master and man took no heed of her sorrow,
And she was to die the day after the morrow.
The pigs, who were all in her fate interested,
Now offered such comfort as pity suggested:
"They won't hurt you much," simpered one tender swain,
"I've heard that this killing is not any pain;

Pray take some more wash, and this cabbage-stalk bite."
"No, thank you," said Piggy, "I've no appetite."

At night, when she laid herself down in her sty,
In vain she attempted to shut up her eye;
Not a wink could she get through the whole of the night,
And wept till she made herself look like a fright;
She turned first on one side, and then on the other,
And two or three times thought of waking her mother;
But that was not easy, for pigs are sound sleepers,
And not very willing to open their peepers.



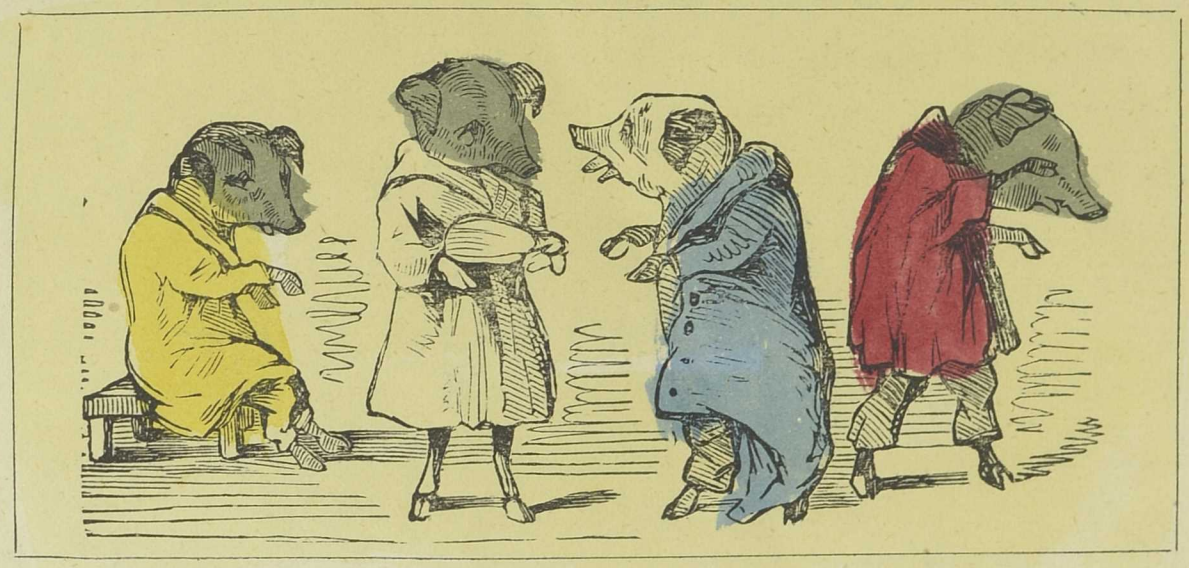
At last, morning came, and mamma then awoke,
When thus her dear daughter, with much spirit spoke:—
"Dear Mother," she said, "I'm sure 'tis a pity
To kill me while I am so young and so pretty;
But if they're such Goths that they do mean to do it,
I really don't see why I should submit to it;
No one in their senses, I think, would remain,
When they know they were soon to be cruelly slain.

There are more sties than this in the world, I dare say,
So I'll make up my mind, and at once run away."

"Alas! my dear child," said her mother, "I fear
You may as well make up your mind to stay here,
For, most likely, the very first person who met you,
Would carry you off, and then kill you, and eat you;
Wherever you go, there is just the same danger,
You'd better be killed by a friend than a stranger.
To tell you the truth, I begin to reflect
That this is the end every Pig must expect;
Else why should man lodge us, and feed us so well?—
But that he may eat us,—so older Pigs tell.

The thought is not pleasant,—yet what we can't cure,
As the old proverb says,—"We must learn to endure."

As she finished, a pig of respectable age,
Who had long been considered remarkably sage,
Said—"Ladies, allow me to offer a word,
Respecting the order we yesterday heard.



"It seems that young Miss don't approve of the plan,
Proposed by our master to Joseph, his man;
Though 'tis what we all come to, at one time or other,
Last week they laid violent hands on my brother;
And next week, perhaps, I myself may be taken,
For this is the season for making their bacon.
However, as Miss Pig objects thus to be
Cut off in her youth and we all must agree
It is very unpleasant, there can be no doubt of it—
I've thought of a way by which she may get out of it.
Now, if she had not been so young, and good-looking,
They would not have fancied her ready for cooking;

So if she gets rid of these charms, I am thinking,
By living awhile without eating and drinking,
And hides in the loft, amongst all the hay,
They'll think that somebody has stolen her away;
And when she comes back, looking older and thinner,
Depend on't, they'll no longer want her for dinner."

Mamma thought this scheme was uncommonly clever,
But Miss Pig indignantly answered,—"No, never;—
What lose all my beauty? I'd much sooner die for it;
If that's my last chance, I'am sure I shan't try for it.
To be called old and ugly, I never could bear,—
The thought makes me nervous, I vow and declare;
I should be quite neglected, and not have one lover,
I'd rather be killed half a dozen times over;
'Tis a comfort to know, since my life I'm not able
To save,—I shall look very well on the table!"

So Piggy was killed on the very next day,
And those who'd the pleasure of eating her, say,
"Such a beauty she was, they should never forget her,
The Queen and the Princes could not have a better."

2d. Plain. 3d. Coloured.

THE ADVENTURES OF ALL THE **ALPHABET.**

WITH **COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.**

THE NEW **HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.**

PEEP INTO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE HISTORY OF **LITTLE MISS PIG.**

LITTLE RHYMES FOR **LITTLE READERS.**

LITTLE TALES, IN VERSE, FOR **LITTLE FOLKS.**

MAMMA'S PRETTY **PENCE TABLE,** IN VERSE.

FARMER BOY'S OWN **ALPHABET.**

THE **FAVOURITE DOG.**

COCK ROBIN'S CONCERT AND **JENNY WREN'S MUSICAL PARTY.**

THE CHILD'S OWN **PICTURE BOOK,** OF FAMILIAR THINGS.

HAPPY CHANGE, OR, STORY OF JOHN, PAUL, & DAVID.

THIRTEEN SORTS.

THE STORY OF **CHARLES CANDID,** PETER POLISH, AND BEN. BEE.

DEAN AND SON, LONDON.

1,000 8 64