

# LITTLE EMILY.

EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHT COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

DEAN AND MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET; AND  
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THE HISTORY  
OF  
**LITTLE EMILY:**

COMPRISING  
FIVE INTERESTING TALES.

BY J. BISHOP.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF  
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1848

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## *LITTLE EMILY.*

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### THE KITTEN.

EMILY WILSON would have been one of the best little girls in the village in which she lived, had not a thoughtless carelessness showed itself in all her actions, and proved a source of blame to herself, and uneasiness to her parents.

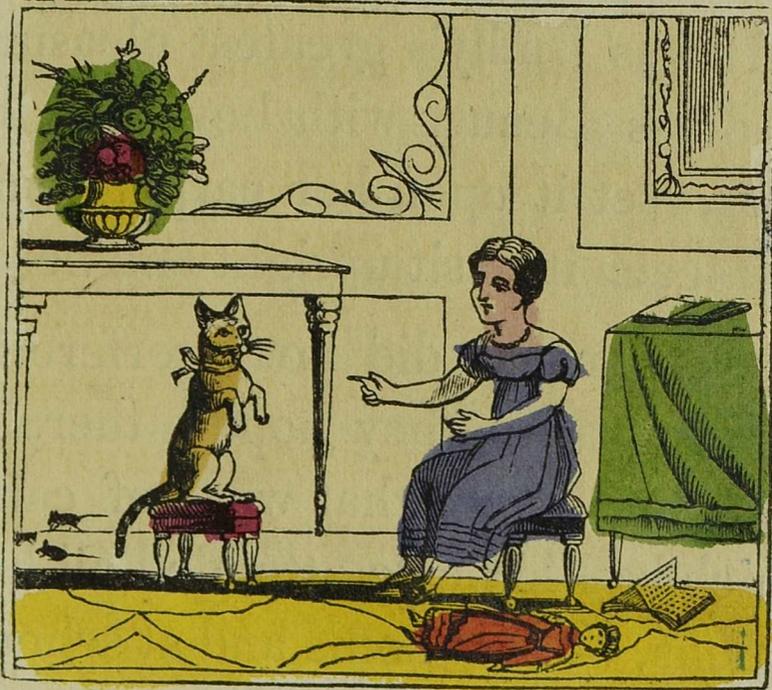
Her mamma would not suffer her

to nurse her baby sister, lest she should carelessly let it fall; for if she only held its food, she was sure to spill some on her clothes.

Whatever playthings were given to Emily, were objects of care only so long as they were objects of novelty; a new doll was caressed for a day, perhaps; on the morrow, it was to be seen on the floor, neglected and forgotten.

On the day Emily completed her seventh year, a neighbour gave

her a pretty kitten, which she called  
Beauty,



Her new little favourite seemed  
indeed to excite some feeling of

care and attention, and soon became a complete pet.

It was Emily's greatest pleasure to dress Beauty with bows of ribbons, set it upon her carpet-stool, and teach it to sit upright and beg.

Her parents did not interfere in this, because they hoped thereby to break her of that want of care, which had hitherto attended all her actions, both at home and at school.

The indulgence of her parents, however, produced another evil,

as bad as her previous want of application: Emily was now never happy but when playing with her kitten; her doll, her book, all were disregarded; from her leaving her bed in the morning till her return to it at night, Beauty was the only object of her care and attention.

There was but one way to cure this evil, and that was adopted: the kitten was given away, and Emily had to find another source of amusement.

## THE BIRD.

Emily cried sadly at the idea of parting with little Beauty; and to reconcile her to the loss, her mamma bought her a little bird, which she named Jewel.

Jewel was put in a very pretty cage in the parlour; he sang delightfully, and Emily thought herself happy in having such a very pretty canary bird.

It was her care to look to Jewel daily; to see that he had sufficient

seed in his box, and clear fresh water in his glass; with now and



then, by way of a treat, a piece of groundsel, or water-cress.

Emily went on in this manner for some weeks; and Jewel, her pretty Jewel, and she, became very intimate friends. 'As soon as she entered the room in the morning, he would show his pleasure by chirping and flapping his wings; she then cleaned his cage, and gave him fresh water and seed; in return for which, he testified his gratitude by a song.

Poor bird! he little thought that a few days only would seal his fate!

## THE MYRTLE.

About this period, Emily's father made a purchase of some very fine myrtles; among them was one Emily took a particular fancy to. She entreated her mamma to permit her to have it.

Willing to indulge her daughter in so reasonable a request, she complied, and the pretty myrtle became Emily's property.

All Emily's care was now bestowed on this new object of her

regard; her poor bird was neglected sadly; in vain did he endeavour by his usual song to draw his little mistress's attention; she paid no regard to him, and in less than a week he was found in his cage actually starved to death.

When Mrs. Wilson was informed of this circumstance, she reprimanded her daughter severely for her cruelty and want of attention to her poor bird: the self-condemned girl, with tears in her eyes,

confessed her fault, and promised faithfully to amend her conduct.



Emily had now only her myrtle to attend to, and as long as she

remembered the fate of poor Jewel, so long did she keep her promise, and attend to her elegant plant.

Alas! all Emily's resolutions were but too soon forgotten; she intended, it is true, to do as she said, but she was not yet convinced of the necessity of keeping her promise: she did not yet know the value of habits of carefulness, adopted in early life.



## THE LAMB.

One day, Emily was walking in an adjoining field, with her cousin Jane, when she heard a lamb bleat as if in pain; they went immediately to the spot, and there saw a lamb with its leg broken, by a jump it had taken, in getting from the next field.

The poor little thing was in evident pain, and Emily hastened to give it all the relief in her power. She had it removed into an out-

house, and made it a nice soft bed of hay and straw; and then sent



for the shepherd, who soon set the limb in its proper position, and bound it up.

Tenderly nursed and carefully attended to, it was no wonder that the lamb soon got well, and perfectly recovered the use of its leg. It followed Emily wherever she went, would eat out of her hand, and play and fondle, and do all in its power to testify its gratitude.

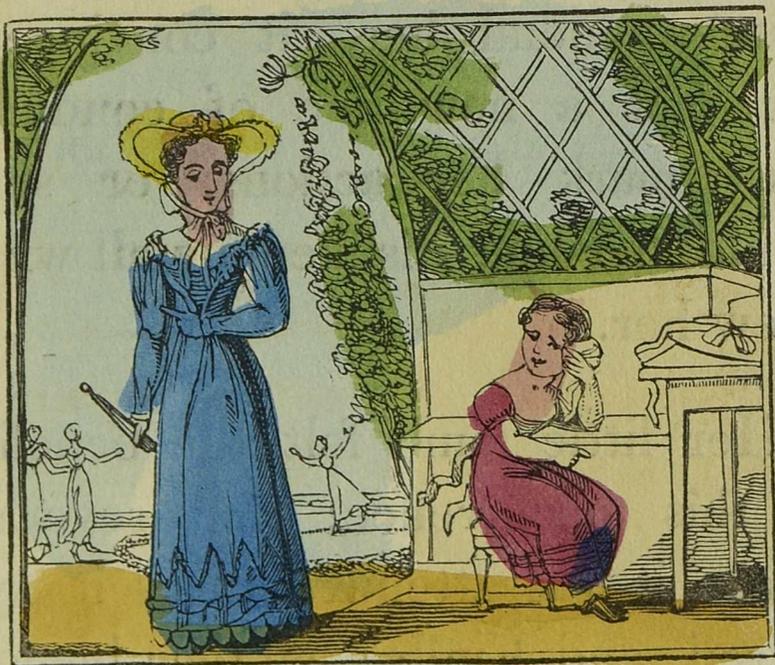
But where was Emily's myrtle all this time? had she learned to divide her attention, and bestow a little care on more things than one at the same time? Oh! no, Emily had soon to be convinced of this

truth, for her mamma called her into the green-house one day, and showed her the myrtle, neglected and completely withered.

“Emily,” said her mother, “do you recollect your promise when your inattention caused the death of poor Jewel? I am indeed pained that you so soon suffer yourself to fall into a similar error. But go, thoughtless, cruel girl, as you are, nor ever expect that I shall again rely on your promise.

Emily was too conscious of the

justness of this reproof to plead any thing in her defence; and she



left her mamma's presence, self-condemned, and ashamed.

This severe lesson was, however, useful to Emily: if it did not completely amend her, it convinced her that a new line of conduct must mark her actions, or she would become disliked by all who knew her.

Her little lamb felt the benefit of this occurrence; for several weeks it was attended to as it required, and Emily's mother began to hope that amendment was beginning to manifest itself.

## THE BOAT.

Emily's eighth birth day was now drawing near: this was a period she had long been looking forward to, as it was on this day she was permitted to have a party of young friends, and to amuse themselves on the lawn.

The wished-for day arrived, and Emily had the pleasure of welcoming three of her cousins, as well as several of her school-fellows, on the joyous occasion.

They played and gambolled about for some time; but at length Emily and her cousins very rudely left the other part of her company, and strolled about in the adjoining fields.

A river bounded one of these fields, and by the edge of the river a boat was tied to a tree.

Little Emily, at the sight of the boat, called out, "Oh, dear me, what a pretty boat! do let us have a ride!"

Her thoughtless cousins, heedless as herself, were pleased at the



idea, and without reflection, got into the frail vessel. They then

untied the rope, and away they drifted with the current.

For a few minutes, all went on very well; and the little venture-some party were in the highest glee and spirits. After some time, however, the boat, carried by the eddy, struck against the bank; and dreadful to relate! Emily and one of her cousins were thrown into the stream!

The screams of the other two children brought some haymakers to their assistance. One of them,

a youth, plunged into the river, and happily succeeded in rescuing the two unfortunate disobedients from a watery grave. He then took the other two tremblers from the boat.

The haymakers bore Emily and her cousin, both of whom were perfectly senseless, to her house. The astonishment and grief of Mrs. Wilson at the dreadful sight, can hardly be conceived.

The two children were put into bed, and surgical assistance was

sent for. The doctor arrived, but notwithstanding all his exertions, Emily's cousin never recovered.

Emily did survive; but it was some weeks before she could leave her room. During the many days that she lay, fatigued and weak, on her bed, she had ample time for reflection; and the lesson this dreadful event imprinted on her mind was never effaced.

But amidst all these scenes of trouble and confusion, how fared Emily's pet lamb? I grieve to tell

the tale: it was quite forgotten, and from Emily's first enquiry after her



return to reason, she found that the poor little thing had, like her bird, been starved to death!

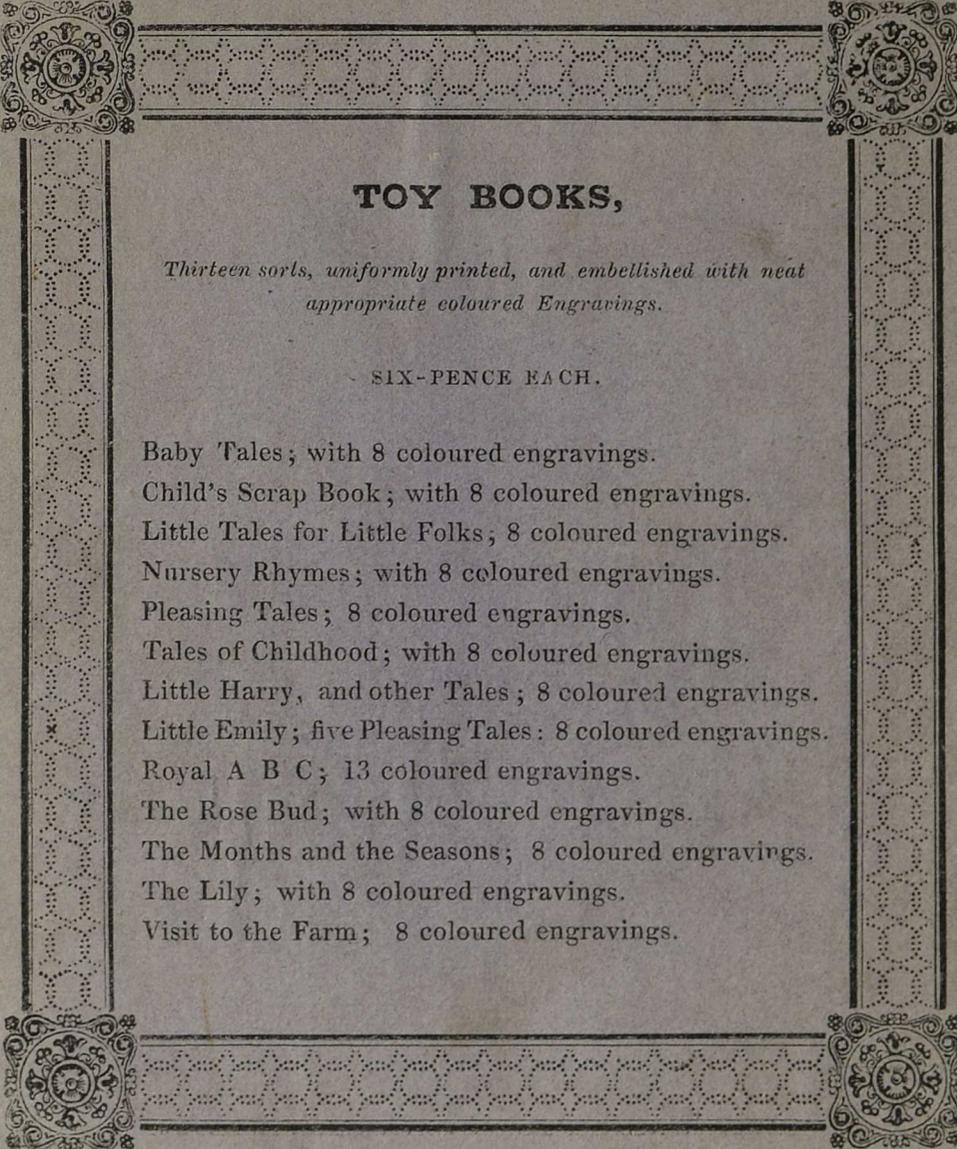
Emily lived many years after these events, and became an ornament and pattern to society: but, to the latest moment of her existence, she bore in mind the celebration of her eighth birth-day, and every action of her life proved that the terrible events that characterized that day, had left an indelible impression on her mind.

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