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William and Emma,

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S COT.

EIGHTH EDITION.

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YOUTHFUL GAMES.

William and Emma;

OR THE

SHEPHERD'S COT.

A RURAL TALE FOR YOUTH.



ELEVENTH EDITION.

London :

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WILLIAM AND EMMA.



WILLIAM was a youth, whose beauty and sweetness of disposition

Description of the Cottage.

made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. He seemed to be of a superior race of beings to the rest of the inhabitants of the village. His dutiful behaviour frequently drew tears of joy from his affectionate parents, while, with fond delight, they viewed him and his sister sporting with their playmates on the green.

His parents, who were worthy honest people, dwelt in a humble cottage, rather detached from the rest of the village. It was situated on the side of a hill, adorned with a fine hanging wood, where a variety of birds, pouring forth the melody of their little throats, charmed the



Taking an Airing.



Printed in London

Rural Life.

ear with a most beautiful concert, while a clear stream, gliding in murmurs by the bottom of the hill, completed the most romantic pleasing scene. On the other side of the brook were fertile meadows, whose rich pasturage furnished the lowing herds with milk, and fattened the innocent sheep. In such a situation resided this amiable pair, who seldom strayed from this happy abode, unless in their chaise-cart, with their little William and Emma, they visited a neighbouring fair, and partook of the innocent mirth that was there to be met with.

When each of the rural inhabitants of this happy village had fi-

Employment of the Villagers.

nished the labours of the day, the old people sat down on their grassy seats, over which hung, in sweet irregularity, a flaunting woodbine, to listen to the melody that echoed through the woods; while the village maids amused themselves with cultivating their little gardens, and attending to the flowers that beautified and perfumed their little spot. After which, having eat their homely meal, which the labour of the day made them relish, they gratefully praised their Great Author and Preserver, and retired to rest.

So passed the time of this virtuous pair and their amiable children, but their recluse way of life



Watering the Garden.

Emma leaves her parents.

did not secure them from afflictions. No; they had them, and severe ones too. They lost, when at an engaging age, their charming Emma.

Attracted by a bird's nest, which one of the villagers had found, she said to her mother, who was busily employed, I will go to my brother, and hear him play upon his pipe while he keeps his sheep, and perhaps we may find a pretty little bird as we come home. "Do," said the affectionate mother; "William will take care of you." Away tripped the charming Emma, all mirth and gaiety, and her unsuspecting parent continued her employment. William returned in the evening, and as

Family Distress

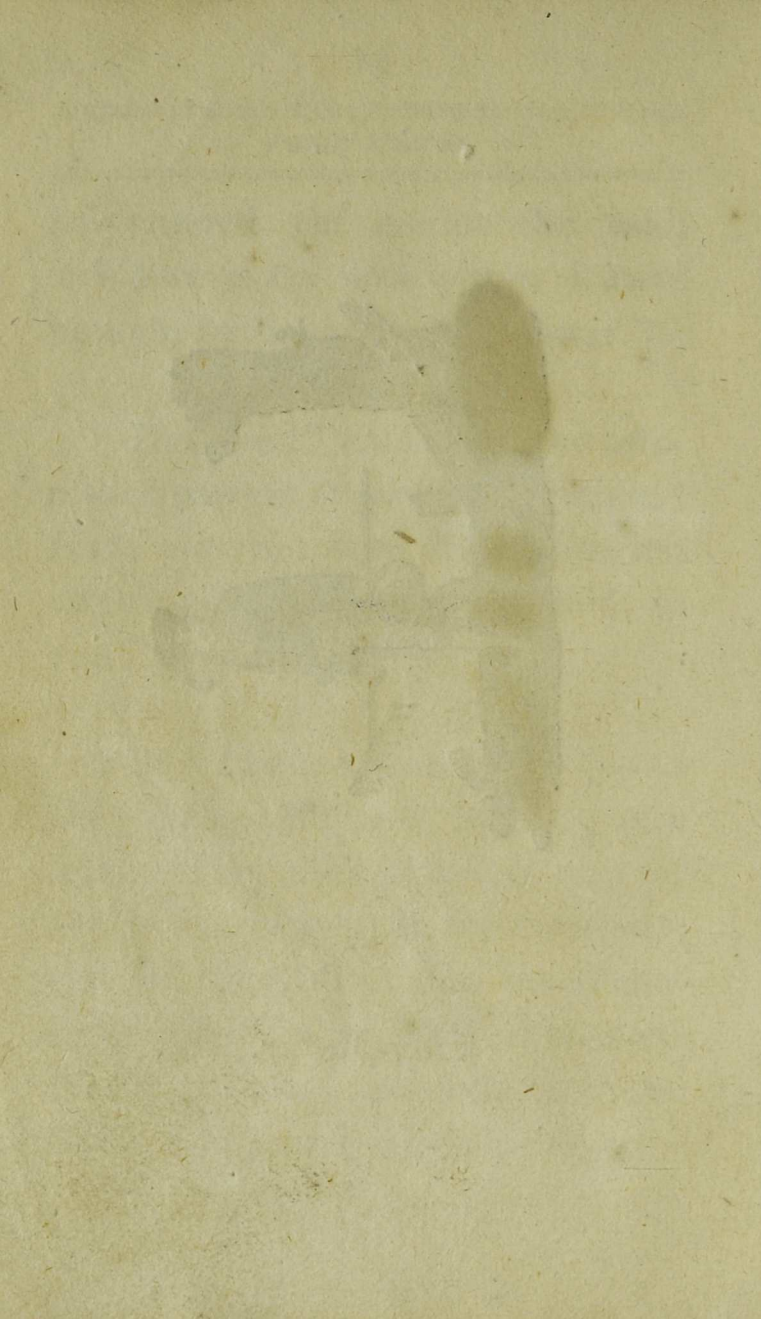
he entered the garden he said,
“Where is my little sister, I have
brought her a pretty wild flower.”

“Heavens!” exclaimed the astonished parents, “protect my child! Have you not seen her? She left us this morning to go, she said, to you!”

“Oh! I have not seen her!” said the afflicted William, bursting into tears. They then looked in vain for her in the wood, in the meadows, and in the village, but no Emma could they find. They then concluded she must have fallen into the brook, and have been drowned.



Hay-Maker.



Emma and Matilda.

The afflicted parents refused all consolation, till the lenient hand of time, and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High alleviated their griefs.

William was now eighteen: benevolence beamed in his fine blue eyes, and the rose and lily decked his cheeks, while his fine flaxen hair hung negligently down his back in the most graceful ringlets. He was one afternoon going through the wood in search of a lamb that had left his flock, and he heard the voice of two females, who seemed as if they had lost their way. He returned and saw two of the most beautiful ladies eyes ever beheld.

Matilda approaches William.

A native grace sat fair proportioned on their polished limbs. Their dresses were white muslin, loose and flowing, but tied up on the sides with pink ribbons. They wore on their heads wreaths of flowers, and straw hats carelessly stuck on one side. The elegant simplicity of their dress, and the sweetness that appeared in their countenances, could not fail to fill the young shepherd with surprise and admiration; nor were the two females less surprised at seeing the beautiful William.

One of the lasses, who seemed to be the eldest, approached William, and said,



The Gardeners.



William invites the Ladies to his father's Cot.

“Young shepherd, the sweetness of your looks has dissipated the uneasiness I should otherwise have felt at thus addressing a stranger: That young lady and myself strolled out to enjoy the sweetness of the evening, leaving my brother and his friend assisting the gardener in planting, and coming too far into this wood, we have lost our way, and may we hope you will shew us into a path that will conduct us home? My father lives at a mansion-house, about, I believe, two miles from this place, and he will, I am sure, reward your care and civility.”

“I shall think myself sufficiently rewarded in relieving you, ladies,

Conducts them to the Cottage.

from your uneasiness," said William, "but I fear it is now too late, and you are too much tired to think of returning home to-night. My father and mother live in a cottage at the bottom of this hill, and there you will, I am sure, be welcome to the very best bed and repast our homely condition will afford.

By this time the other young lady had reached them. William looked at her with attention; he felt unusual delight, and his bosom glowed with the most pleasing sensations. He conducted them to the cottage, where they were received by the old man and woman with the greatest

Emma reveals herself to her Parents.

hospitality. They were much delighted with the situation of the place.

“I could with pleasure leave the gay world,” said one of the young ladies, “and retire to this cottage. I think one could not fail to be happy.”

“Alas!” said the old man, “you are yet too young to know the misfortunes that attend this life.”

“True,” replied the young lady, “out in this peaceful habitation, and with such a son as your’s, your days must pass serene and unclouded.”—William bowed.

Family Joy.

“ My son, is, indeed, a blessing,” said the old man, “ but we had once a daughter !” “ And where is she ?” interrupted the young lady. He then described his daughter, and the fatal accident that they thought had deprived them of her ; and added, “ I shall never see my Emma more !” “ Forbid it heaven !” said the young lady, who had listened with great attention, springing up, and throwing her arms around his neck, “ in me behold your Emma—your child—your ever-dutiful daughter !”

Words cannot paint the joy of this truly happy family. William now accounted for the sensations he

Benevolence.

felt at seeing her ; but far different were those he felt for the charming Matilda !

After the first effusions of joy were over, they begged to know by what accident they had met with her.

“ A neighbouring peasant’s son,” said Matilda, “ met her crying in the wood, and the tears that trickled down her infant cheeks excited both their pity and attention, and they brought her to my father and me, as we were taking our evening walk. My father, ever kind and compassionate, enquired what she cried for ; she replied, that she could not find her way home. We then

Emma recites her Story.

asked who was her father and mother; she said she could not tell. Finding she was not likely to inform us where we might return her to her parents, my father resolved to take her home, and as I have no sisters we have been educated together, and loved each other as such; and while we were charmed with the rural scenery that surrounded us, we have often, with the neighbouring villagers, watered the flowers that decorated the garden of the tenderest of parents. The old man and woman were much rejoiced at this account; and after partaking of a rural repast, the cottagers and their guests retired to rest.



The Misfortune.



William's love for Matilda.

William, for the first time in his life, was prevented from sleeping, by the impression the beautiful Matilda had made upon his young mind. Nor was Matilda less pleased with William. The next morning the young ladies and their guide William walked to the mansion, where they were received with no small pleasure by Matilda's father and her brother Edmund. They were both surprised and rejoiced at the adventure of the preceding evening, and begged William would make some stay with them.

During William's visit, Matilda's charms still more powerfully fasci-

Mutual Love.

nated the young shepherd, and he ventured to tell her the place she held in his heart, and was happy to find that Matilda was not less his than he was hers.

As soon as she had an opportunity she flew to Emma, who was noticing two boys that had just taken a bird's nest, which called to her remembrance the object that induced her to leave her father's cottage, to tell her of William's love; but how surprised was she to find her brother Edmund had been telling the same tender tale to Emma, who listened to it with equal attention and pleasure. Edmund then mentioned the affair to his father, who,



The Bird's Nest.

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Happiness of the Cottager's Family.

far from making objections to William and Emma's want of fortune, said, "Their virtue is sufficient riches, and they are indeed worthy my Edmund and Matilda."

He proposed that they should live in his mansion, to which they readily agreed. After this he made the old man and woman a present, which enabled them to pass the rest of their days without labour. Some time after the young couples were united, who "flourished long in tender bliss, and raised a numerous offspring, lovely, like themselves; and good, the grace of all the country round."

Innocence.

They little knew that wealth had pow'r
To make the constant rove ;
They little knew that splendid dow'r
Could add a bliss to love.

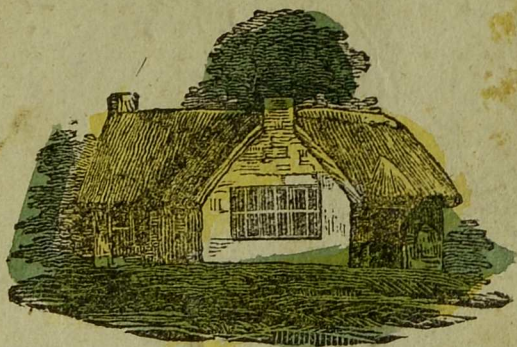
They little knew the human breast
Could pant for sordid ore ;
Or, of a faithful heart possess'd,
Could ever wish for more.

And tho' her peerless beauty warms
His heart to love inclin'd,
Not less he felt the lasting charms—
The beauties of her mind.

Not less his gentle soul approv'd
The virtues glowing there ;
For surely virtue, to be lov'd,
Needs only to appear.

The sweets of dear domestic bliss
Each circling hour beguil'd ;
And meek-ey'd hope and inward peace
On the lone mansion smil'd.

Humility.



The weeping mother's trembling knees
Her lisping infants clasp;
Their much-imploing look she sees;
She feels their tender grasp.

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,
And much her tear avails
To soothe the mourner's tender heart,
Where feeble utt'rance fails.

If greater plenty to impart
She e'er would Heav'n implore,
Twas only that her ample heart
Still panted to do more.

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