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THE
HISTORY OF
FIVE
LITTLEPIGS



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AUNT MAVORS HISTORY OF FIVE LITTLE PIGS

Showing the Adventures

OF

ONE LITTLE PIG WHO WENT TO MARKET,
OF A SECOND LITTLE PIG WHO STAYED AT HOME,
OF A THIRD LITTLE PIG WHO GOT ROAST-BEEF,
OF A FOURTH LITTLE PIG WHO GOT NONE,
AND OF A FIFTH LITTLE PIG WHO CRIED, "WEE, WEE, WEE,"
ALL THE WAY HOME.



G. ROUTLEDGE & CO., LONDON AND NEW YORK.

FIRST PIG.



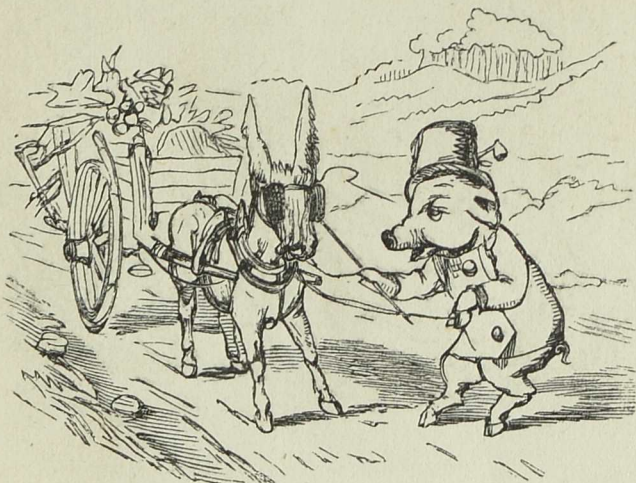
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

Aunt Mabor's

HISTORY OF FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

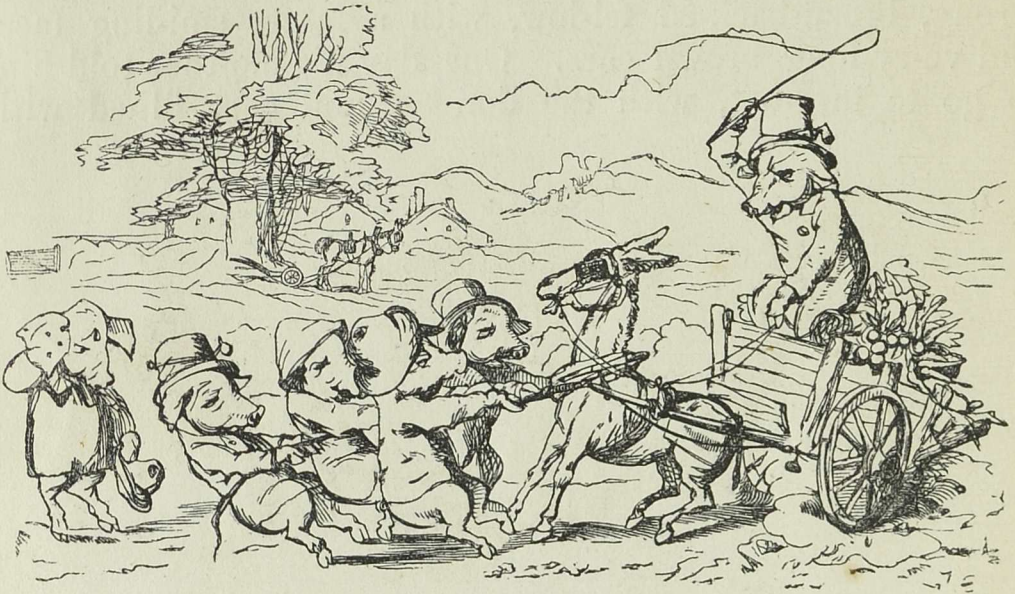
FIRST PIG.

THERE was once a fa-mi-ly of five lit-tle pigs, and Mrs. Pig, their mo-ther, lo-ved them all ve-ry dear-ly. Some of these lit-tle pigs were ve-ry good, and took a great deal of pains to please their mo-ther. But the best of all was the el-dest pig. He was so use-ful and ac-tive that his mo-ther and all his bro-thers call-ed him Mr. Pig. He was a fine, strong, broad-back-ed fel-low, with a large, smi-ling face, and ve-ry long brown ears. One day his mo-ther told him to go to mar-ket, with the don-key and cart fill-ed with



ve-ge-ta-bles. She told him to be ve-ry care-ful with Rus-ty —for that was the don-key's name—as he had a ve-ry bad

tem-per. The cart was soon fill-ed, and Rus-ty ha-ving been put in har-ness, a-way went Mr. Pig, to mar-ket, at a gal-lop. Rus-ty went on ve-ry well for a-bout a mile-and-a-half, but then his bad tem-per be-gan to show it-self. First he drew him-self up on his hind legs, then he fix-ed his fore-legs firm-ly in the ground, and be-gan kick-ing a-way at the front of the cart. When he had quite ti-red him-self out, he made a great noise with his mouth and nos-trils, and came to a stand-still. All the coax-ing and whip-ping that Mr. Pig gave him could not in-duce him to move a step. Mr. Pig saw a num-ber of lit-tle pigs play-ing in a field by the road-side, so he went up to them, and ask-ed them to as-sist him. A rope was ti-ed in front of

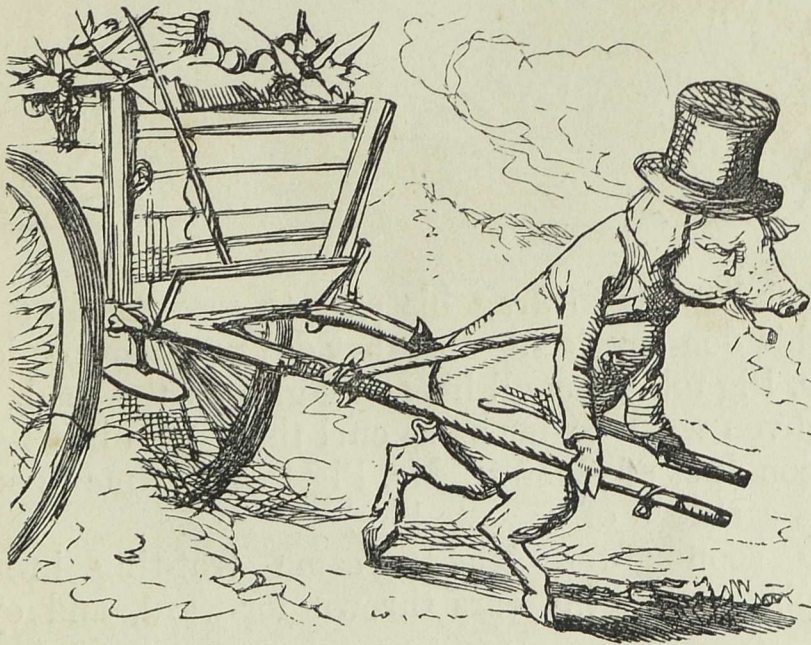


Rus-ty, and the lit-tle pigs drag-ged him and the cart a-long, while Mr. Pig gave Rus-ty a good whip-ping from be-hind. At last all the kind lit-tle pigs, who were so will-ing to

as-sist Mr. Pig, were ti-red out. One by one, they were for-ced to quit their hold of the rope, till at last poor Mr. Pig found him-self a-lone, and at a long dis-tance from the mar-ket.

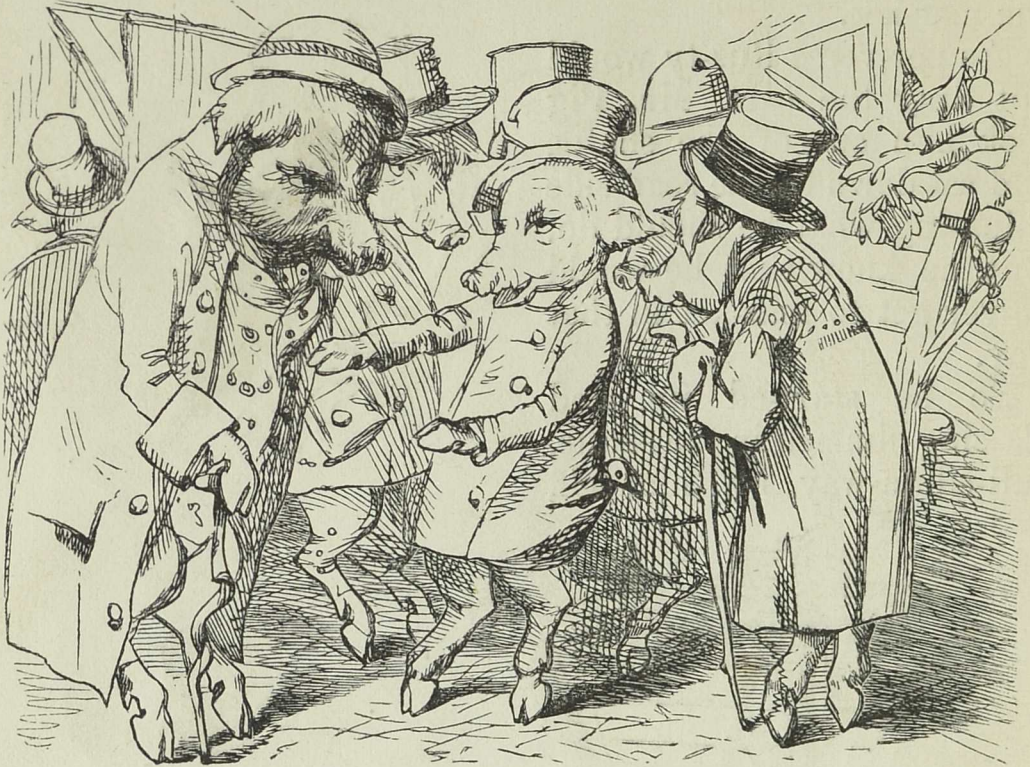
As per-verse Rus-ty would not drag the cart, Mr. Pig took him out of the shafts, and sat down by the road-side think-ing what he should do. But he knew that he would ne-ver get to mar-ket in that way.

So he start-ed up, and pla-cing him-self in the shafts, pull-ed a-way by him-self,



and be-ing a ve-ry strong and brave pig, he went a-long in this man-ner till with-in sight of the mar-ket-place.

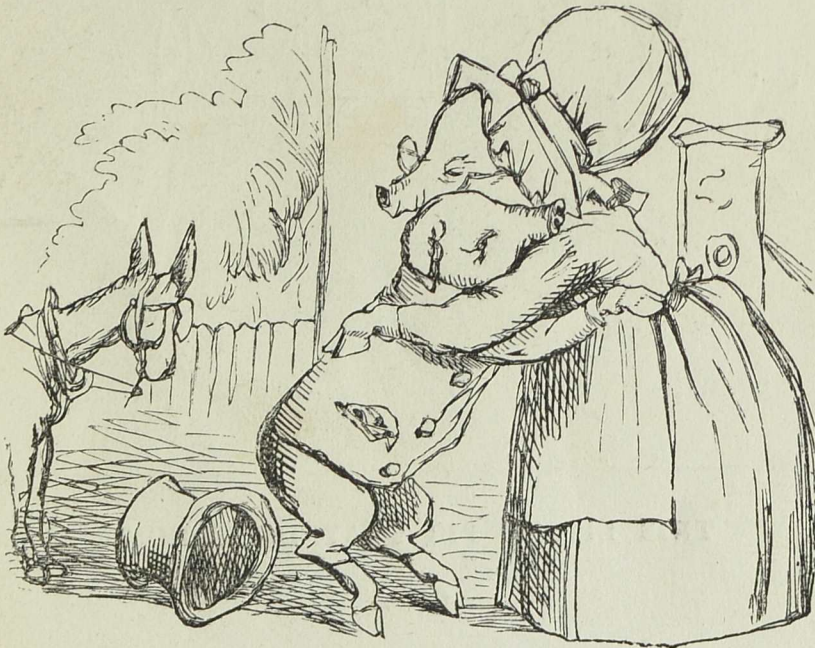
When he got there, all the big and lit-tle pigs be-gan to laugh. They call-ed Mr. Pig a great ma-ny names, say-ing



what a fool he was to drag his cart to mar-ket, in-stead of ma-king his don-key do so. But they did not laugh so loud-ly when Mr. Pig told them all his strug-gles on the road. Some of them e-ven went so far as to curl their tails in an-ger at the bad con-duct of Rus-ty. Mr. Pig lost no time in sell-ing off all his cart-load of ve-ge-ta-bles.

Ve-ry soon af-ter, Rus-ty came trot-ting in-to the mar-ket-place, with his ears thrown for-ward, and eye-ing

with a deal of seem-ing pleasure the emp-ty cart. Mr. Pig at first thought of giving la-zy Rus-ty a sound whip-ping. But he thought also, how much he was want-ed at home, and as Rus-ty seem-ed wil-ling to take his place in the cart, he thought it would be bet-ter to start for home with-out de-lay. When he got home, he told Mrs. Pig all his sto-ry, and she pat-ted him on the back, and call-ed him her best and most wor-thy son.



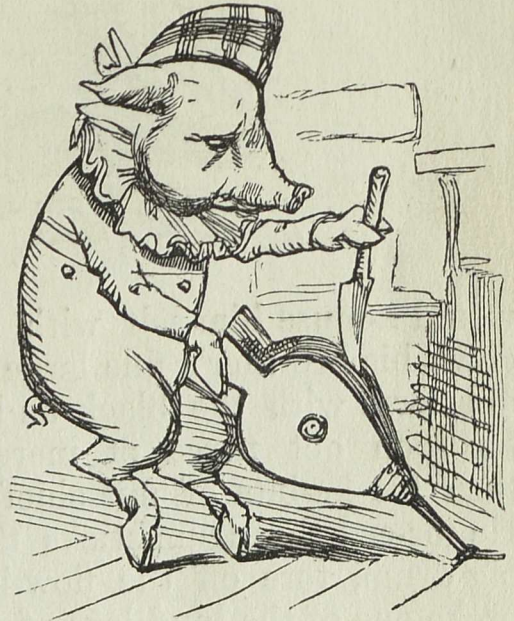
SECOND PIG.



THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED AT HOME.

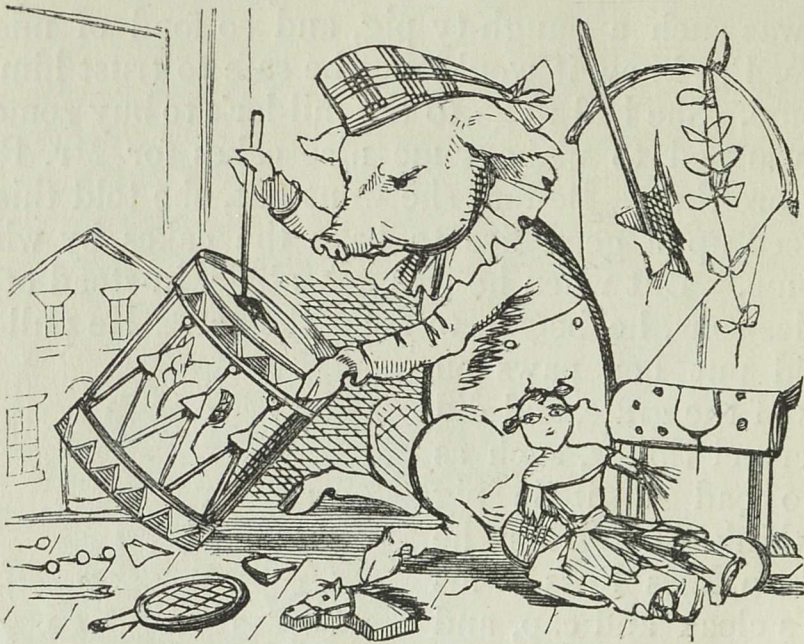
SECOND PIG.

THIS lit-tle Pig want-ed very much to go with his el-dest bro-ther, the stea-dy Mr. Pig, to mar-ket, and be-cause his mo-ther would not al-low him to do so, he cri-ed ve-ry much. But he was such a naugh-ty pig, and so fond of mis-chief, that Mrs. Pig knew it would not be safe to trust him so far from home. She had to go to the mil-ler's to buy some flour, for she want-ed to make some nice cakes for Mr. Pig and his four bro-thers. Be-fore she went out, she told this lit-tle pig to keep up a good fire to bake the cakes by when she came home. But when he was left alone, in-stead of learn-ing his les-sons, he be-gan to tease the cat. He pull-ed her ears, and put her paws on the bars of the grate, and did ma-ny cru-el things, such as on-ly so bad a lit-tle pig would think of. Then he dress-ed up Miss Puss in his mo-ther's cloak and cap, and put a pipe in her mouth. Af-ter this, he found his mo-ther's birch, which he made Puss hold in her paw. When he was ti-red of thus play-ing, he got the bel-lows, which had for a ve-ry long time been a puz-zle to him. He could not tell



how it was that the wind came from the pipe, and also where the wind came from. So he thought he would see the in-side of the bel-lows, and judge for him-self. Up-on this he took a knife and cut through all the leath-ern por-tion, quite spoil-ing it.

When he had done so, he could not find out at all what he want-ed to know, so he be-gan to cry. He thought he



would a-muse him-self with his bro-ther's toys, so he took down his bro-ther's fine large kite, and big drum, and splen-did horse with the black and white spots on its back. But he soon got ti-red of mere-ly play-ing with them, and then his ha-bits of mis-chief be-gan to show them-selves. He for-ced the drum-sticks through the parch-ment of the big drum, tore off the flow-ing tail of the large kite, and broke one of the hind legs of the spot-ted horse, after which

he pull-ed off its head from its bo-dy.

This ve-ry naugh-ty pig af-ter this went to the cup-board, and find-ing out his mo-ther's jam-pots, half-emp-ti-ed most of them. He did not e-ven wait to look for a spoon, but for-cing his paws in-to the jam, ate it in that way. E-ven this was not e-nough mis-chief for him. Ta-king the po-ker, he made it red-hot, and with it burnt more than ten great holes in the hearth-rug, and al-so burnt holes in his mo-ther's fine new car-pet. When Mrs. Pig came home from the mil-ler's with the flour, she sat down by the fire, and be-ing ve-ry ti-red, she soon fell a-sleep. No soon-er had she done so, than this bad lit-tle pig, get-ting a long hand-ker-chief, ti-ed her in her chair. But it was not ve-ry long be-fore she a-woke. Ve-ry quick-ly she found out all the mis-chief that this lit-tle pig had been do-ing.





She soon saw all the damage he had done to his brother's play-things. Quick-ly, too, she brought out her thick-est and hea-vi-est birch. The naugh-ty lit-tle pig ran all round the room, and cri-ed and beg-ged of his mo-ther to for-give him.

But all this did not a-vail him in

the least, his mother took him by the ear, and applied the birch to his back and sides till they tingled and smarted in such a way that he did not forget for a long time.



THIRD PIG.



THIS LITTLE PIG HAD ROAST-BEEF.

THIRD PIG.

THIS lit-tle pig who had roast beef was a ve-ry good and care-ful lit-tle fel-low. He gave his mo-ther scarce-ly any trouble, and like his el-dest bro-ther, Mr. Pig, al-ways took a plea-sure in do-ing what she bade him. Here you see him sit-ting down, with a clean face, and well wash-ed hands, to some nice roast-beef. His bro-ther who was i-dle, and would



not learn his les-sons, is cry-ing on a stool in the cor-ner, with the Dunce's cap on. And this is the rea-son why the good

lit-tle pig had roast-beef, while his bro-ther the i-dle pig had none. He sat down qui-et-ly in the cor-ner while he learn-ed his les-son. Hav-ing gone o-ver it many times, say-ing one line after an-o-ther to him-self, he ask-ed his mo-ther to hear him re-peat it. And he did so from the first line to the ve-ry last, with-out a sin-gle mis-take. Mrs. Pig stro-ked him on the ears and fore-head, and call-ed him a good lit-tle pig. Af-ter this he ask-ed her to al-low him to as-sist in ma-king the tea. He brought e-ve-ry-thing she want-ed, and lift-ed off the ket-tle from the fire, with-out spill-ing a drop, ei-ther on his toes or the car-pet.

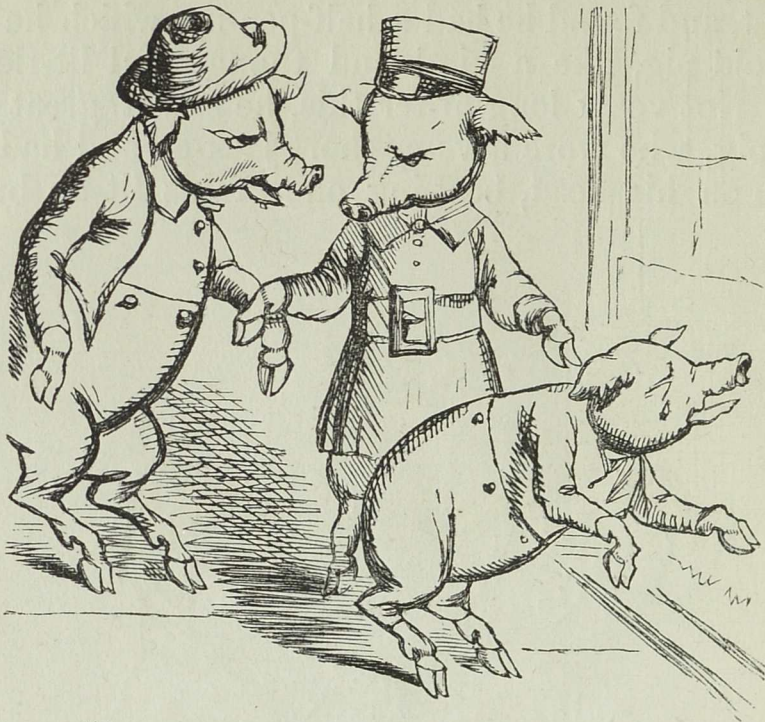


By-and-bye he went out, af-ter ask-ing his mo-ther, to play with his hoop. He had not gone far, when he saw an old blind pig, who, with his hat in hand, was cry-ing at the loss of his dog. That naugh-ty dog had bro-ken the string by which his mas-ter held him, and had run a-way. He felt in

his poc-ket, and found he had a half-pen-ny, which he gave to the poor old pig, like a kind and thought-ful lit-tle pig as he was. Not ve-ry long af-ter this, he saw a great strong, spite-ful pig, who wore a ve-ry short jack-et, and had a large green cap on his head, beat-ing one of his lit-tle bro-thers.

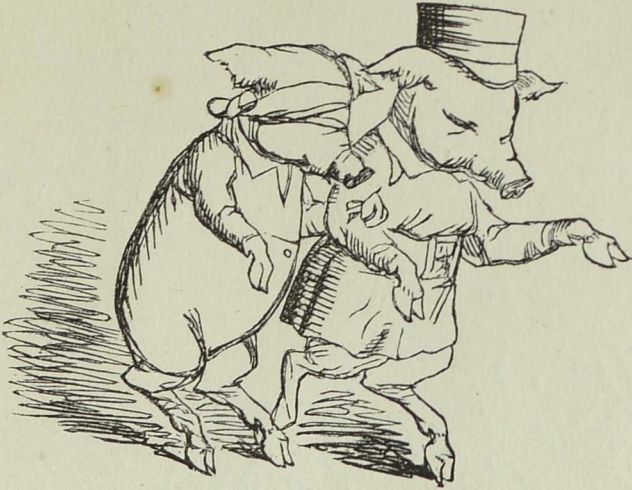


Go-ing up to the big pig, he told him what a shame it was that he should so ill-treat a poor lit-tle pig so much small-er than him-self, and who had done him no harm. The great stu-pid pig did not seem quite a-ble to make out what this wise pig said to him, but he ran off. His poor lit-tle bro-

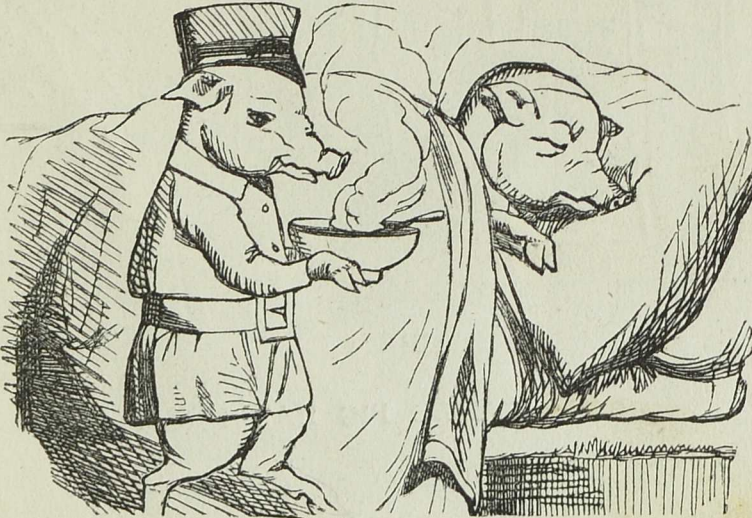


ther had been knock-ed down, and bruise-d, and one of his eyes was red and swol-len. So he took out his hand-ker-chief, and tie-d it o-ver his bro-ther's face. Then he, in the most care-ful and ten-der man-ner, led the beat-en lit-tle pig home to his mo-ther's house. He pla-ced one of his paws under his own arm, and so they went a-long. They were a long time get-ting home, for the poor pig who had been so sad-ly treat-ed

was lame, and cri-ed a great deal with the pain his eyes caus-ed him.



But when they got home, the care-ful lit-tle pig made him some nice hot mut-ton broth, and took it up to his bed for him to sip it. It was for such good, kind, thought-ful con-duct as this that his mo-ther al-most ev-e-ry week gave this lit-tle pig roast-beef.



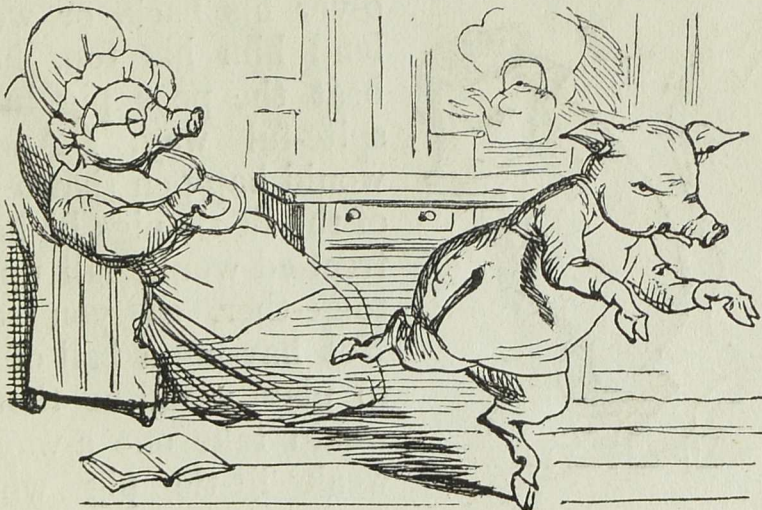
FOURTH FIG.



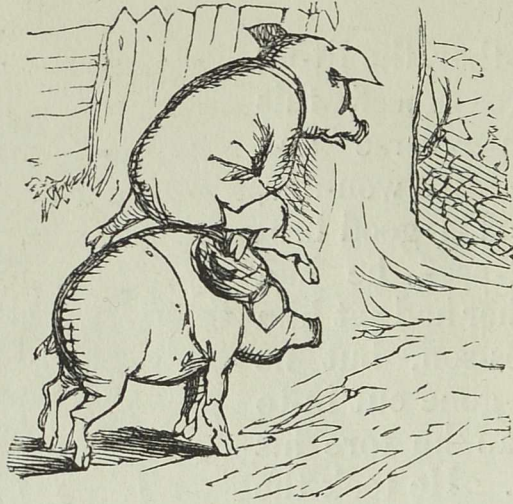
THIS LITTLE PIG HAD NONE.

FOURTH PIG.

UN-LIKE his bro-ther, the lit-tle pig who had roast-beef, this was a most per-verse and wil-ful lit-tle pig. No won-der, then, that while his good bro-ther had roast-beef, he had none. His mo-ther had set him to learn his les-son, but no soon-er had she gone out in-to the gar-den, than he tore his book into pieces. He took the po-ker and for-ced the leaves through the bars of the grate, and held the po-ker in his hand till they were all burnt, laugh-ing all the time. When his



mo-ther came back he did not let her know what he had done. But when she had fall-en a-sleep, he ran off in-to the

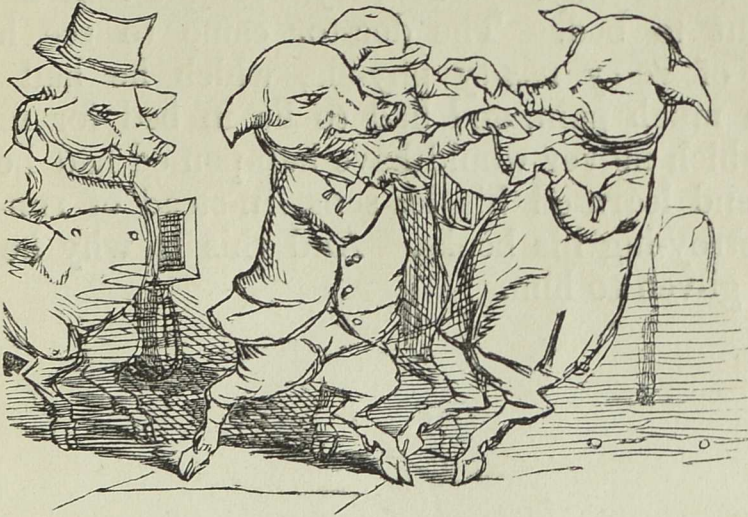


streets to play with o-ther i-dle lit-tle pigs such as him-self.



He was ve-ry fond of jump-ing o-ver the backs of lit-tle pigs. Some-times when an-o-ther lit-tle pig would re-fuse to al-low him to jump o-ver his back, or would not lend him his top, he would beat the poor pig in a ve-ry spite-ful way. And so it would hap-pen that a num-ber of the lit-tle pigs he had so ill-treat-ed would fall up-on him to-ge-ther, as you see here. Not hav-ing a ball of his own to play with, he thought he would take one a-way from a weak lit-tle pig who could

not re-sist. But ve-ry short-ly two of the big-ger bro-thers of the lit-tle pig he had so rob-bed came up and gave him



a sound beat-ing. When they had done so they ran off, and left him cry-ing. He felt quite sor-ry, now that it was too late, that he had not stay-ed at home and read o-ver and learn-ed his les-sons. He was a-fraid to go home, too, though he felt ve-ry ti-red and hun-gry. So he stray-ed about till it was quite dark and cold, and hav-ing lost his cap, he caught a cold in his head. Mrs. Pig at home was quite an-gry at first at his run-ning a-way. So she went in search of him, as did also Mr. Pig and an-o-ther of his bro-thers. It



was ve-ry late in-deed when they found him, and at a great dis-tance from home, for, in his ter-ror and fright, he had lost his way. But they brought him home, and he was put to bed. The doc-tor came to see him, and left a lot of ve-ry nas-ty phy-sic, which he had to take. He was in much pain, and had to lie in bed for more than a week, which ne-ver would have hap-pen-ed had he stay-ed at home and learn-ed his les-sons, in-stead of run-ning off af-ter de-stroy-ing his books. And this is why he had no roast-beef gi-ven to him.



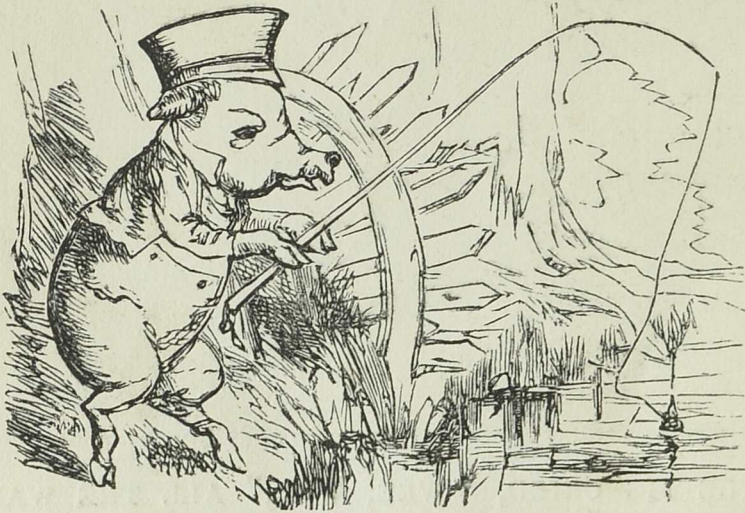
FIFTH PIG.



THIS LITTLE PIG CRIED, "WEE, WEE," ALL THE WAY HOME.

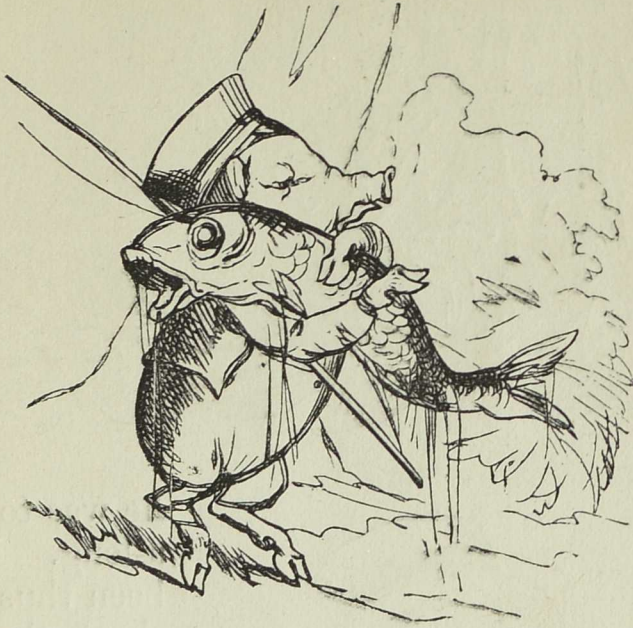
ONE day, in the sum-mer time, Mrs. Pig told all her sons, the five lit-tle pigs, that they might go out in-to the coun-try for a whole day. Mr. Pig, the el-dest son, ask-ed his bro-

thers whe-ther they would ra-ther spend the day with him, than en-joy it a-lone, each one by him-self. They all a-greed to go with him. All but one at least, this lit-tle pig that you see cry-ing “Wee! wee!” all the way home. This lit-tle pig had bought a new fish-ing rod and tac-kle, and he was anx-i-ous to try to fish for the first time. He had made up his mind to fish in a stream that was close by, and so he said he would spend his ho-li-day by him-self. “Ve-ry well,” said Mrs. Pig, “but you must not go in-to Far-mer Grum-pek’s grounds, for he is a ve-ry se-vere man, and he car-ries a great hea-vy whip.” The lit-tle pig told his mo-ther that he did not in-tend to fish in this far-mer’s part of the ri-ver. A-way he went, but he told his mo-ther a sto-ry; he *did* in-tend to go in-to Far-mer Grum-pek’s grounds. When

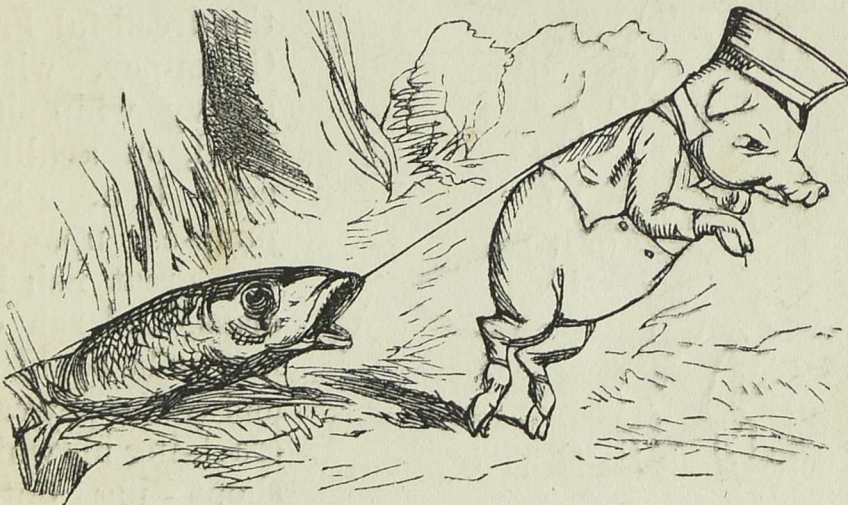


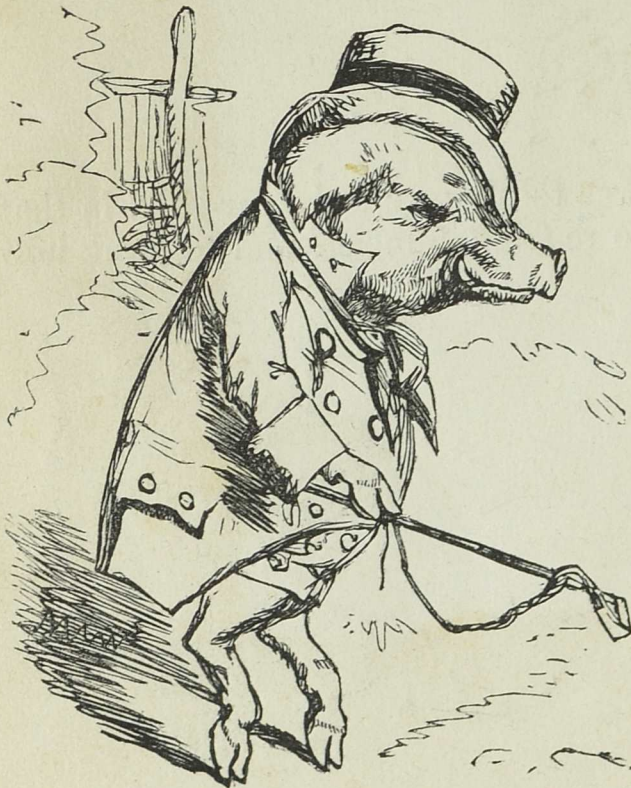
he got there he threw his line in-to the wa-ter, and watch-ed the float for a long time. Af-ter a while he saw the float bob-bing a-bout un-der the wa-ter, and ve-ry soon af-ter he drag-ged an im-mense fish to land. Pig-gy took him up

in-to his arms, and start-ed to-wards home with him. But

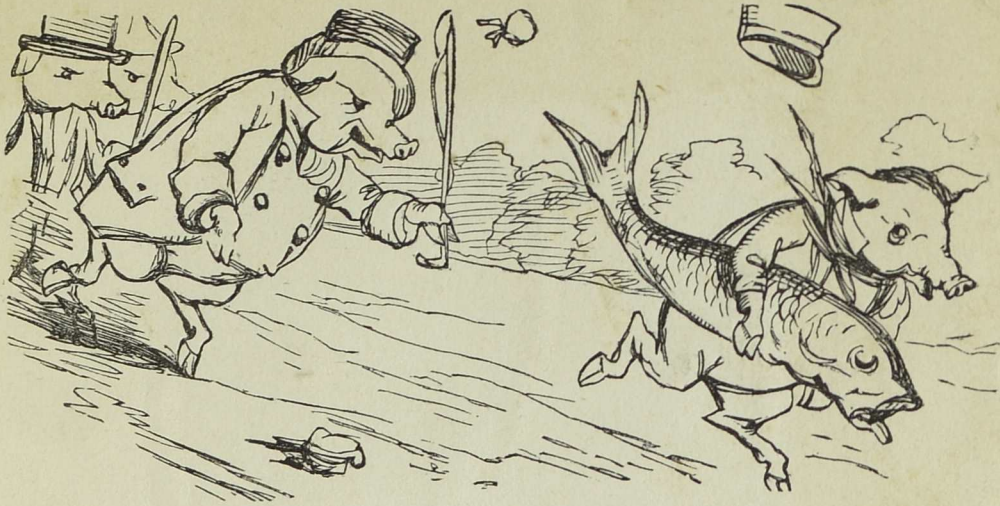


he soon found the fish was too hea-vy to be car-ri-ed in that way So he sat down to re-fresh him-self and to think how





he was to get the fish a-long. He had on-ly been thus think-ing a short time, when he heard a great gruff voice shout-ing out, and soon af-ter he saw the dread-ful Far-mer Grum-pey, with his hea-vy whip in his hand, on a hill ve-ry near him. So he jump-ed up, caught the great fish in his arms, and ran off as fast as he could. Far-mer Grum-pey ran too, crack-ing his whip and shout - ing out, fol-



low-ed by one of his men. Pig-gy found that they were over-ta-king him, so he drop-ped his fish, and ran fast-er. But it was no use, poor Pig-gy was caught by the strong and rough far-mer, who said he would cut his back for fish - ing in his grounds with-out his consent. So he laid his strong whip over Pig-gy's back for some time, af-ter which this poor Pig-gy ran off, cry-ing out in great pain, "Wee! wee!! wee!!!" all the way home.



THE END.

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