A PRESENT

FOR MY DARLING

Hilma Carola Wengberg d. 24/12 1872

A

PRESENT FOR MY DARLING,

CONTAINING

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

NURSERY TALES.

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

WITH

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THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

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 began 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 plac-ing 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

LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

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 plea-sure the emp-ty cart. Mr. Pig at first thought of giv-ing 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 will-ing 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 lit-tle Pig want-ed ve-ry 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.

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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 dam-age he had done to his bro-ther'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 mo-ther took him by the ear, and ap-pli-ed the birch to his back and sides till they tin-gled and smart-ed in such a way that he did not for-get for a long time.

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 trou-ble, 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

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qui-et-ly in the cor-ner while he learn-ed his les-son. Hav-ing gone o-ver it ma-ny 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 mak-ing 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-by 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 pock-et, 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 bruis-ed, and one of his eyes was red and swol-len. So he took out his hand-ker-chief, and ti-ed 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 almost ev-e-ry week gave this lit-tle pig roast-beef.

FOURTH PIG.

UNLIKE 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

LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

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 in-to 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 a-bout 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 al-so 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 book. And this is why he had no roast beef gi-ven to him.

FIFTH PIG.

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

LEIGHTON, BROTHERS.

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-pey'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-pey'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-ried 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

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

A POOR woman, who lived in a little cottage in the country, had an only son. His name was Jack, and though he was rather idle and fond of play, he was a kind, good-tempered boy. They were so poor that as Jack could only earn a little money now and then by frightening birds away from the corn or by picking up stones and weeds out of the fields, the poor woman was forced to sell her cow, and sent her son with it to market, where he met a butcher, who offered him a hat full of beautiful coloured beans for it. Jack was so pleased with this bargain that he went dancing home to show his mother the beans, and she was so angry that she threw them out of the window, and after sending the boy to bed without his supper, sat down to cry. Early in the morning, when Jack looked out of window, he saw that the beans had taken root, and that a great beanstalk had grown in the night so high that he could not see the top of it. He was out of bed in a minute, and began to climb the beanstalk; but it took him a long time to get to the top, where he met an old woman, who told him that a giant lived in a great house not far from where they were, near the mountains, and that if he would be careful and had the courage to go to the house, he might get back the wealth of which that very giant had robbed his father.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

Jack went up to the great gate of the house, and there saw the Giant's wife, of whom he begged a little food and a night's lodging. The woman told him that she dared not let him in, for her husband ate human flesh, and had already killed two or three travellers; but Jack begged so hard that at last she took him in, fed him, and hid him in the oven. When the Giant came home he roared out, "Wife, I smell fresh meat;" but the woman said it was only a cat that had caught a bird. After supper the Giant called for his hen, and Jack peeping out of the oven saw that whenever her master said, "lay," the hen laid a golden egg. Presently, when the Giant fell asleep and shook the room with his snoring, Jack came out softly, and escaped with the hen. His mother was delighted to see him; but Jack was impatient to be up the beanstalk again; and the second time, after a great deal of trouble, he persuaded the Giant's wife (who had forgotten him) to hide him in a closet. After supper, the Giant amused himself with counting two great bags of money; and Jack contrived to take these away, although a little dog barked so loudly that he was afraid the Giant would awake. On his third visit Jack, who was disguised, hid in the copper, and saw the Giant's fairy harp, which would play by itself. It played the Giant to sleep, and Jack ran off with it; but not before the Giant was after him. Before he was half down the bean-stalk Jack was at the bottom, and cutting the roots with a hatchet let the Giant to the ground, where he was killed with the fall.

LEIGHTON, BROS

JACK HORNER'S STORIES.

WHEN little Jack Horner, who sat in the corner,
Had eaten his Christmas pie,
He looked up and said, "Before I go to bed,
A story to tell you I'll try,
About Jack and Jill, who, their bucket to fill,
Went up the steep path to the well,
Till Jack tumbled down and almost cracked his crown,
While Jill quickly after him fell.
Then there's a nice story about Jack-a-nory,
Who met with the old Goosey Gander;
As well as another about Jack's own brother,
Who couldn't tell which way to wander;
Or about the old woman, who lived in a shoe,
And had forty children—so what could she do
But give them some gruel without any bread,
With a nice rod in pickle, to whip them to bed?

LEIGHTON BROS

LEIGHTON, BROS.

LITTLE BO PEEP.

THIS is Little Bo Peep, who lost her sheep,
And couldn't tell where to find them;
Till she sat herself down and went to sleep,
A great deal too tired to mind them.

While little Bo Peep was fast asleep,
She dreamed that she heard a bleating;
But when she jumped up those naughty sheep,
Were all of them still retreating.

So little Bo Peep ran after her sheep,
But, alas! she couldn't find them;
Till they'd all through a thorn bush tried to leap,
And left their tails behind them.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

CINDERELLA

AND

THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

POOR Cinderella had to light the fires and do all the work of the house, while her two sisters-in-law took their pleasure. One night they went to a ball at the King's palace, and after she had helped them to dress in their fine clothes, Cinderella sat down to cry. A little old woman came in and said, "I am a fairy, and you shall go to the ball, for you are a good girl." The old woman told her to go into the garden and fetch a pumpkin, and behind the pumpkin were two shining green lizards. When she came back six rats came out of a hole in the floor. Then the fairy waved her crutch stick over them all and turned the pumpkin into a fine coach, the two lizards into green coated footmen, and the six rats into beautiful horses. After this she gave Cinderella a rich dress, and a pair of charming little glass slippers which just fitted her. "Mind you don't stay after the clock strikes twelve," said the old fairy, "or all these things will change again." Cinderella went to the ball where nobody knew her, though everybody admired her beauty, and the young Prince fell in love with her. While she was talking the clock began to strike twelve, and she was obliged to run away so fast that she left one of her slippers on the steps of the palace. The next day the Prince sent everywhere to find the owner of the little glass slipper, but it would fit nobody but Cinderella, and so the Prince himself came to see her. They were married soon after, and the good, gentle girl became a kind and beautiful Queen.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

THE THREE BEARS.

THERE was once a little girl who was called Silverlocks because her hair was so bright and shiny, and though she was a pretty child, she was always in mischief and meddling with what did not belong to her; till the neighbours said she was more trouble than she was worth. One day she went into a wood a long way from home and saw a little cottage with the door left open. In she went directly, hoping to be able to play some pranks there. Now the cottage belonged to two Bears, named Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, and to their little Bear whose name was Tiny, and they had all three gone for a walk leaving some soup on the table to cool. As soon as Silverlocks smelt the soup, she took the little pipkin that had been placed for Tiny, and being hungry very soon emptied it; then she sat down on a nice little chair and began to rock backwards and forwards till she broke it; and at last went upstairs and lay down on a soft little white bed that she found there. She was fast asleep when the Bears came home, and did not hear them growling and crying, "Who has been at my soup? Who has sat on my chair?" It was only when the Tiny Bear was just going to spring on to the bed, that she woke and managed to jump out of window. She had a sad tumble, but she was quite cured of meddling.

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

A was an Archer, who shot at a frog
While taking an airing close to his
bog.

B was a Butcher, who always gave
weight,
And was civil to small as well as to
great.

C was a Captain, who never said
"Go!"
But always said "Come!" as he rush'd
on the foe.

D was a Drummer, who so bang'd
at his drum,
People wish'd themselves deaf, or the
instrument dumb.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

E an Esquire, whose strut seem'd to say,
With Crusoe, "I'm monarch of all I survey."

F was a Farm-boy, who on a stile sat,
With ankle-jacks, smock-frock, and billycock hat.

G was a Gambler ruin'd by play,
The winner, you see, sweeps his money away.

H was a Hunter, who follow'd the chase—
Tantivy, tantivy—at a neck-breaking pace.

LEIGHTON, BROS.

I was an Italian Boy, with a white mouse,

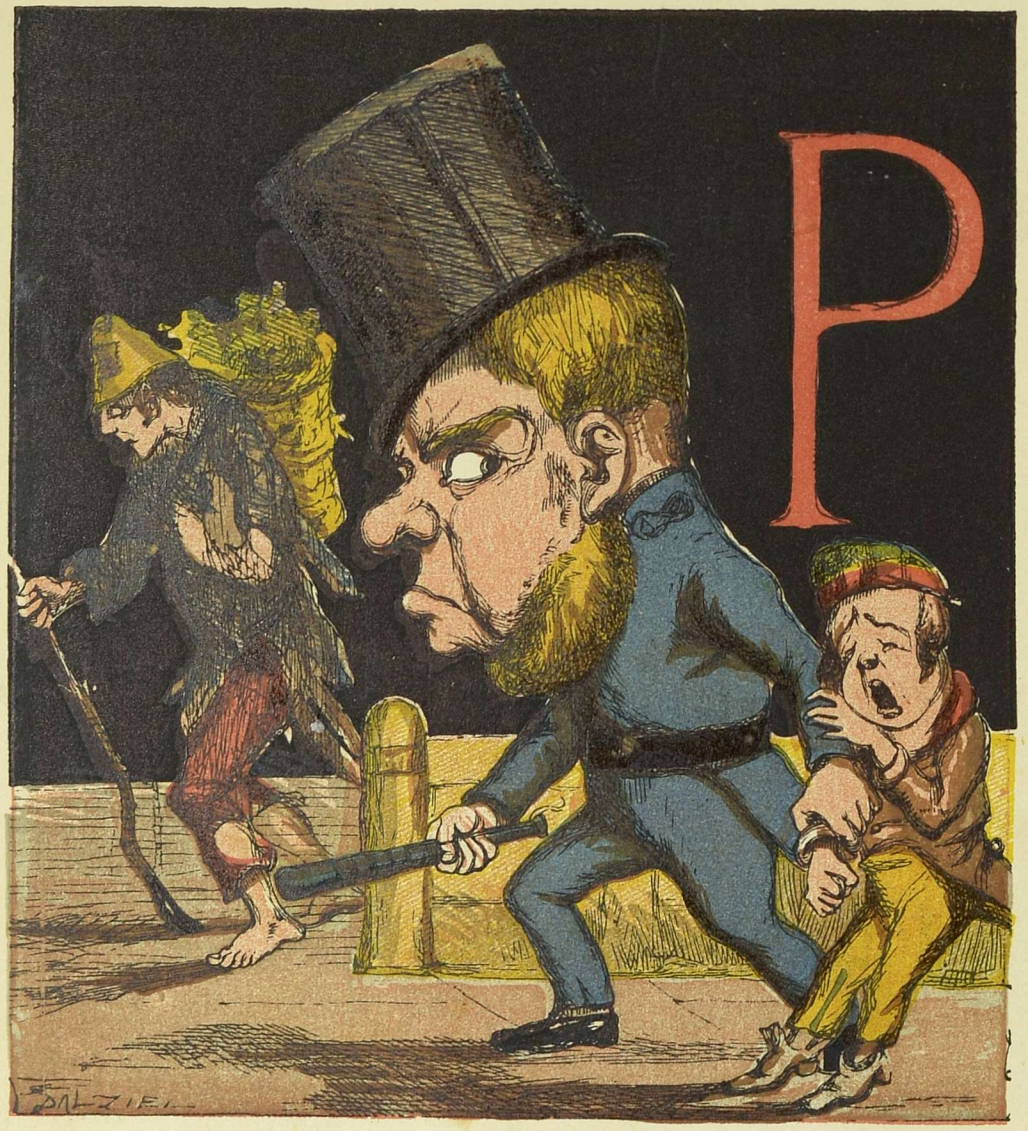
Whom J, John the footman, drove from the house.

K was a King, with sceptre in hand,
And crown on his head—the lord of the land.

L was a Lady, whose Lover so bland,
Seal'd his love with a kiss on her lily-white hand.

M was a Miser, who counted his gold,
Over and over, till his days were all told.

LEIGHTON, BROS.



LEIGHTON, BROS.

N was a Nobleman courteous to all,
See how he bows to the belle of the ball.

O was an Organ-boy, smiling and gay,
Merrily playing throughout the long day.

P a Policeman, stern guardian of law,
Of whom bad men and boys stand much in awe.

Q was a Quaker, very plain in his dress,
And rather austere, but good none the less.

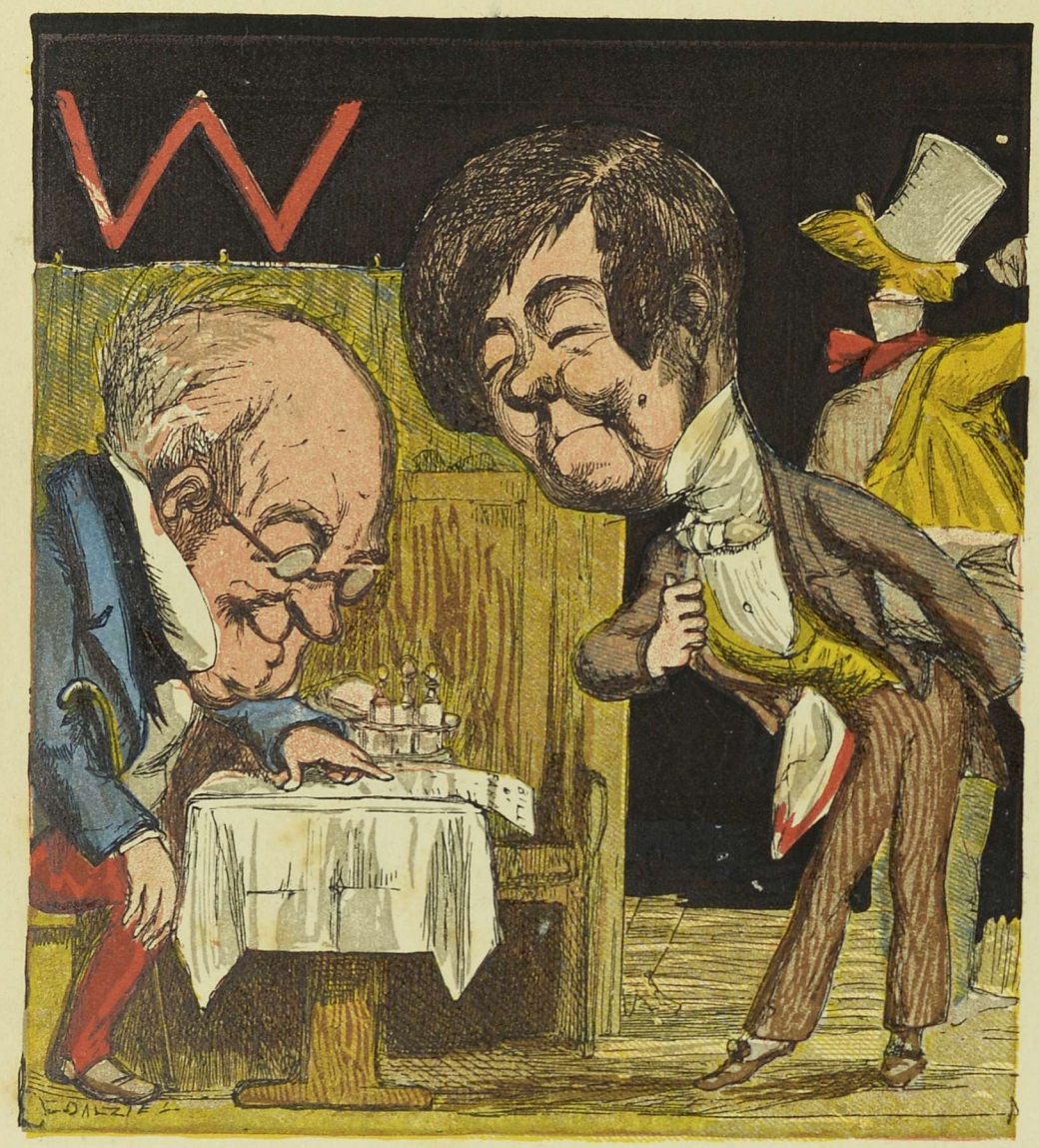
LEIGHTON, BROS.

R was a Robber, a wicked young thief,
Whose pilferings gave honest poor folks much grief.

S was a Sailor, a jolly Jack Tar,
Always good-temper'd, in peace or in war.

T is a Tinker, who his trade understands,
Making old kettles sound as they pass through his hands.

U was an Uncle, and for Veteran stands V,
A veteran uncle surely was he.



LEIGHTON. BROS.

W was a Waiter, with good things in store,
Roast beef, apple-pudding, and how many more?

X was 'Xpensive, he ate and he drank,
Till he spent all the money he had in the bank.

Y was a Youth who did not like school,
And so often was stood, like a dunce, on a stool.

Z a great Zany, hugg'd a donkey as friend,
And now, boys and girls, we have come to the end!