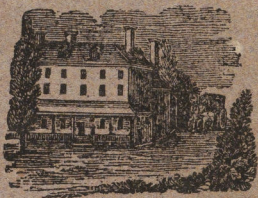


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**STORY**

OF

**William and Ellen.**



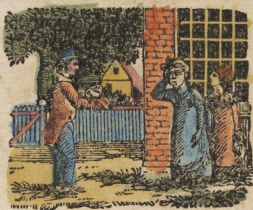
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PRICE THREE CENTS.

Let this remind you  
of your friend

Mr. Musgrave

**STORY**  
OF  
**William and Ellen.**



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J. METCALF...PRINTER.  
WENDELL, MASS.  
1825.

A B C D E F G H I  
J K L M N O P Q R  
S T U V W X Y Z.



a b c d e f g h i j k l m  
n o p q r s t u v w x y z.



*A B C D E F G H I  
J K L M N O P Q R  
S T U V W X Y Z.*



*a b c d e f g h i j k l m  
n o p q r s t u v w x y z.*



## WILLIAM & ELLEN.



William and Ellen were the children of Mrs. Stanley, who resided in a small village in the country. In the same village lived John Newman, a boy of about twelve years of age, son of a poor widow lady, who minded not the good instruction of his mother, but instead of going to school and minding his book, would saunter about, robbing orchards and melon beds. But what he most delighted in, was to frighten the little children of the place, with

stories of wolves, bears, apparitions, &c.



These stories had so terrified little William and Ellen, that they fancied every shadow, or thing, which came suddenly upon them, was something of that kind. One day as Ellen was walking abroad, a dog came running behind her, and she, supposing it must be a bear or wolf, would not turn to see what it really was, but



threw a beautiful doll, which her mother had just bought for her, into the mud, and ran so fast that she narrowly escaped bruising her face against the corner of the fence. The servant was immediately dispatched after the doll, which the innocent dog had taken in his mouth and carried to his master a few rods distant.

Mrs. Stanley, one evening, sent William after a fine pot of flowers, which a neighbouring lady had kindly offered her,



and as he was returning with them in his arms, a gate hard by was accidentally shut against a cat: the poor creature suddenly yelled out, and William thinking it must be one of the



things described by Newman, without turning his head to see from what it proceeded, threw down his pot which was dashed to pieces, and ran home as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving the flowers to be trodden under foot.

At another time, William was sent to buy a pitcher of milk, to make him and his little sister a pudding. Just as he was about descending the

stairs, a pigeon, which had accidentally flown in at the window by the head of the stairs, came directly upon his back. The noise of its wings in passing through the air, so frightened him, for he did not turn to see what it was, that he pitched headlong down the stairs, broke the pitcher, and cut his hands most terribly.



Now John was sensible that he should be debarred the privilege of associating with the good little children of the village, should his wicked and false stories come to the ears of their parents. He therefore extorted a promise from each of them, that they would not repeat to their parents any stories of that kind, which he might tell them. But the wicked do not always go unpunished.

Ellen by permission of her mother, had one afternoon joined a party of her little friends, to which she had been invited; and at evening when she was



returning home, John, who was lounging about, seeking for mischief as usual, by chance espied her. Thinking this a favourable opportunity to gratify his wicked disposition, he ran forward and placed himself within the curb of an old well, and just as Ellen was passing the place, raised his head a lit-



tle above the curb, and began making the most frightful noises he could invent. The stone on which he stood being loose, slipped, and down he fell with the stone to the bottom of the well. Ellen was so terrified, that she ran, pitched upon her mother's steps, and bruised her head most sadly. John was taken from the well, with a fractured skull and broken thigh, and for some time his life was despaired of. He had now full time to reflect upon the wickedness and impropriety of his past conduct, and could not refrain from sending for Mrs. Stanley, who came ac-

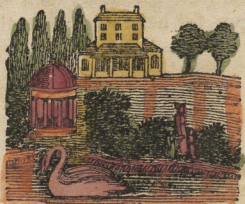
accompanied by William and Ellen. With tears in his eyes, he informed her that he had been the means of the numerous accidents which had lately befallen her children, sincerely asked her forgiveness, and said that in future he was resolved to tell no more false tales.



STORY OF  
EMMA THOMPSON.

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Mr. Thompson, a gentleman of respectability, who resided at his seat in a village on the



banks of the river Thames, had a daughter whose name was Emma. Now this little girl

never paid attention to what was said to her, and would frequently act in opposition to the commands of her parents, which all good children must know, is very wicked indeed.

Emma's father had a large garden, and she had always as much fruit given her as it was proper for her to eat; but that did not satisfy her, for although she was forbidden ever to touch the fruit in the garden, without asking liberty, no sooner was she out of the sight of her parents, than she began to devour it in the most greedy manner.

One day, after eating as much in the house, as any reasonable good child would wish

for, she stole into the garden, unperceived, and after devouring several different kinds, until she could scarcely move, she espied a beautiful peach, hanging just within her reach. She



hastily plucked it; but just as she had put it into her mouth, she was stung in the most dreadful manner, by a bee that

had settled unperceived by her, on the other side. She immediately ran screaming into the house; but, instead of meeting any pity from her offended parents, her father told her that, did he not think she was sufficiently punished, he would correct her severely.

On the following day, besides suffering from the sting, she was taken sick from the quantity of fruit she had eaten, and was confined to her bed, under the doctor's care, for a long time.

