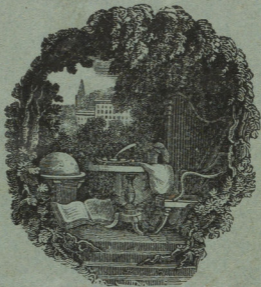


HAPPY
LITTLE GEORGE.



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL K. BAYLEY,
AND PUTNAM & HUNT.

.....
1829.

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Master A. J. White—

1st Jan. 1835

HAPPY

LITTLE GEORGE.

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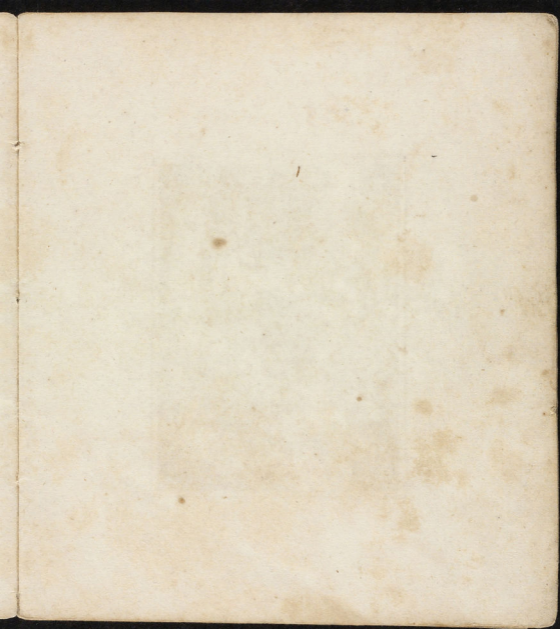
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PRESS OF PUTNAM & HUNT,
41, Washington Street.





HAPPY

LITTLE GEORGE.

LITTLE GEORGE was very fond of flowers ; and he was always saying, “ Mama, I do wish we lived in the country.” Every morning and evening, he used to walk on the common ; and as he ran along by his mother’s side, if he happened to

see a buttercup, or a white clover, he would jump to pull it up, and exclaim, "Oh mother what a beautiful flower!" People in Boston have not much ground to spare; but George's father gave him a little piece, about as big as his pocket-handkerchief, and there he would dig from morning till night. At first, he stuck down flowers all in blossom, and would cry because the hot

sun made them dry up ; but his mother bought him some sweet peas, and some lupine seeds, and shewed him how to plant them ; and she told him he must wait patiently till they came up, and not touch them at all. She told him it was very silly for little boys to keep in a fret, because things did not grow as fast as they wanted them to. She said he must not think of his garden for

a great many days. George was very good ; and one day his mother told him she would show him something as pretty as the prettiest flower. So little George took his mother's hand, and ran off to walk, wondering what he was going to see. They stopped at a house where he had never been before ; and the gentleman showed them a very handsome snuff box, with a sweet pretty

picture, all set round with pearls. While George was looking at it, the gentleman touched it, and the cover rose up. A beautiful bird flew out, and shook his wings, and turned his head, and began to sing. He was very small indeed—not bigger than a blue violet. His feathers were bright and shining, as the most beautiful butterfly; and his song was so loud and sweet—so like the birds

singing in the woods, that George thought it was a real bird. But it was not a real bird. It was made by a man in Switzerland. Little wheels and springs, inside the box, made the bird move and sing, just as clock-makers make the hands of a clock move round; and make it speak out loud, to tell what o'clock it is. George was not big enough to understand exactly how it was

done ; but he wanted to see it again and again. After the gentleman had showed it three or four times, he shut the box, and said he had not time to amuse him any more. George wished very much to see it again ; but he thought it was not polite to tease the gentleman, when he had been so very kind. So he thanked him and bade him good bye. The next morning, his father took him into the coun-

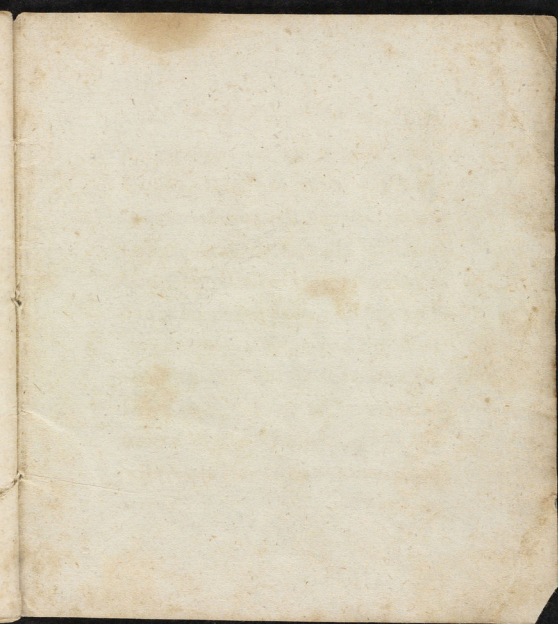
try ; and there he saw flowers in plenty. He saw two little rabbits, just the colour of a mouse ; and they lived in a great box, with windows in it ; and they ate clover, and jumped about, like little kittens. George laughed out loud, when he saw them shake their long, smooth ears ; and he wished very much that he had them for his own. Afterward, he saw a white hen, with a whole brood

of little chickens ; and she was scratching, as fast as she could make her feet fly, to find some worms for her little ones. One chicken was brown,—and all the rest were white. George thought the brown one had been out in the sun too much ; and he said, “ See, father, how that chicken is tanned. It will be a negro hen.” His father laughed, and told him, little boys and girls tanned

in the sun ; but chickens did not. George saw a thousand new things, and capered about, till he was tired. When he went home, he wanted to go to bed directly. The next morning, he went to look at his garden ; but he did not dig in it ; and he did not ask his mother, but twice, when she thought the seed would come up. He built cob-houses, and spelt words with his ivory letters, all day,

without troubling his mother at all. Every day he looked at his garden ; and he wished the flowers would make haste and come up, but he never teased about it. In a fortnight, he saw little, green things just above the ground, and he ran into the house to tell of it. Every body was glad to see him so pleased ; because he was such a good-natured boy. The next morning, when George went

out to look at his flowers, he saw a great box in the yard. He peeped into it, and saw the mouse-coloured rabbits. He clapped his hands, and shouted for joy. His father heard him, and he opened the window, and said, "Those rabbits are for you, my son, because you did not tease for them when you saw them ; and because you have been such a good boy, and made no trouble about your garden."



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