

# **GRANDMAMA'S NURSERY STORIES**

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Grandmama's nursery stories by E. G.

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**E. G.**

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GRANDMAMA'S

NURSERY STORIES.

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*E. G.*

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WHITFIELD, GREEN & SON, 178, STRAND.

1867.

*250. e. 41.*



TO YOU, MY DEAR CHILD,

AND TO YOUR CHILDREN,

I Dedicate this little Book.

THE AMUSEMENT IT MAY AFFORD TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

IS THE ONLY OBJECT I HAVE IN VIEW;

AND IF IN THIS I PROVE SUCCESSFUL, MY UTMOST WISHES WILL

BE GRATIFIED.

YOUR EVER AFFECTIONATE MOTHER,

E. G.

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## GRANDMAMA'S NURSERY STORIES.

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### A TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse was one day caught in a trap. Mice are not useful in a house, but get into cupboards, and nibble the cheese and other good things. So, where a cat is not kept, people set traps with a piece of something good in them, to tempt the little creatures to enter; and when once in they cannot escape, and are generally killed. When, however, the cook on this morning saw the poor trembling wee thing peeping through the bars of its prison, she could not make up her mind to kill it. So she took it, trap and all, to her mistress. The lady also felt unwilling to have it killed, but thought she should like to try and tame it, and make of it a little pet. The poor mouse was very cold, and very much frightened at first, when taken out of the trap; but after the lady had warmed it in her

hand for some time, little mousey began to look happy, and to eat the sop of bread and milk offered to it. In a few days it got so bold, that it would sit upright on the breakfast-table, like a squirrel, eating crumbs of bread from its paws. But I suppose that bread and milk was not the right kind of food for a mouse to eat, for in a few days it died. Little children would be made very ill, and perhaps die too, if they had not kind parents and friends to give them proper food to eat. The kind lady was not a mouse, and therefore did not know what was best for a mouse to feed upon.

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## WINTER.

SEE, winter is come, with its frost and its snow ;  
Only look at the beautiful sight ;  
There is ice on the pond, and wherever you go  
All is wrapped in a mantle of white.

See, the boys and the men, as they slide to and fro,  
Or skate round and round in our sight ;  
They don't care the least for their tumbles—O no !  
But go on again, with delight.

