

TALES IN PROSE: FOR THE YOUNG

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649717750

Tales in Prose: For the Young by Mary Howitt

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARY HOWITT

**TALES IN PROSE:
FOR THE YOUNG**

TALES IN PROSE:

FOR THE YOUNG.

BY

(Batham)
MARY A. HOWITT



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
33 CLIFF STREET.

1847.

P

P R E F A C E

VERY little need be said by way of Preface to this volume of "Tales in Prose," except what is in grateful courtesy due to my friendly critics, who have so cordially and handsomely received its predecessor, "The Tales in Verse;" and through whom it has at once obtained so extensive a circulation. To my reviewers, therefore, I am extremely obliged; and, while I tender my thanks, I will take this opportunity of explaining an omission in my last Preface, of which some of them have reminded me. I had no desire to conceal the fact of several of the pieces contained in these volumes having been published before; and it was my intention to have stated the circumstance.

It will, however, be enough to say, that that Preface was written in great haste, on the very last day of my residence at Nottingham, and in the hurry of the time was omitted. I myself was very sorry for the omission when I first saw the Preface in its printed form.

West-end Cottage.



CONTENTS.

	Page.
NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.....	9
MRS. BRIDGET AND HER WARD.....	19
CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.....	35
MATTHEW NOGGIN'S LETTER TO HIS COUSIN	53
THE THREE WISHES.....	58
BAREILLAI BUNKER AND THE THIEF.....	69
THE GRANDMOTHER.....	74
THE TWO FRIENDS.....	78
FIRE-SIDE PHILOSOPHY.....	86
THE TWO BOYS OF FLORENCE.....	89
CONSTANTINE AND GIOVANNI.....	108
MARTHA AND MARY.	129

A NIGHT-SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

It was in the middle of winter, on the night of the twenty-third of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad. It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire, which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in a wooden cradle on one corner of the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled an iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal, — a few potatoes to each, — and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

“May I stir the fire?” asked David, the eldest boy.

“No, no,” replied the mother; “it burns away too fast if it is stirred.”

"I wish we had a good fire!" sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me!" said the mother, "it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grundy and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all!"

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Bessy; "may I have some, mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied; "I put the salt in the pot."

"O dear!" cried out little Joey, "my feet are so bad! They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother, "I wish you had better shoes."

"There's a pair," said Joey, briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's, for fourteen pence."

"Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother; "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence."

"Mat. Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey, experimentally.

"We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it—but let me see the shoes;" and Joey put up one of his miserably frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee. "Bless thee! my poor lad," said the mother; "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she, "but I have a whole loaf yet."