

**ARCHY  
SOMERVILLE: AND  
OTHER STORIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649408887

Archy Somerville: And Other Stories by H.C. Peck & Theo. Bliss

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**H.C. PECK & THEO. BLISS**

**ARCHY  
SOMERVILLE: AND  
OTHER STORIES**





**STOP AND THINK.**

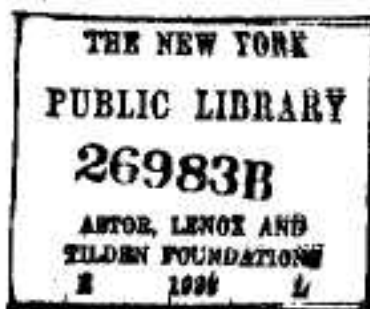
**2**

ARCHY SOMERVILLE  
AND  
OTHER STORIES.



PHILADELPHIA.  
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.  
1856.

EA 3



---

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855,

BY H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern  
District of Pennsylvania.

---

## Stories.

### ARCHY SOMMERVILLE.

ARCHY SOMERVILLE was about four years old. A merry laughing golden haired boy, who loved every body, and who in return was loved by all.

Archy was a very good little boy, but he was naughty about one thing. I will tell you what that was.

Archy's mother lived in a large house in the country. In front of this house there was a wide gravel walk



6      LITTLE ARCHY SOMMERVILLE.

and carriage drive, and beyond these a gate, which led out into the fields. Mrs. Sommerville allowed her little boy to play on the gravel and the drive; but she did not like him to go out side of the gate.

Archy loved the green fields, the trees and the little brook, that were beyond the gate; and sometimes he forgot what his mother said and went out. I don't think he meant to disobey his mother, but he forgot.

One day, Archy's brother, George, made him a stick-horse. It was a funny looking animal, as you see in the picture.

L I T T L E  
A R C H Y  
S O M M E R V I L L E

---



ARCHY AND HIS STICK HORSE.

Archy was delighted with his new toy, and went to ask his mother if he might go out of doors to play with it.

His mother gave him permission to go. "But remember, Archy" said she, "you must not open the gate."

Away went our boy, as happy as

a king, and I think much happier than some kings. He played on the gravel walk for some time, and then, feeling tired, he threw down his horse and went to the gate, only meaning to look over and see the birds and flowers beyond.

While he was looking at the forbidden pleasures, he saw a Quail in the grass. A "Quail! A real live Quail," thought Archy. "Oh, how I should like to catch it." His mother's command was forgotten. The gate was thrown open and Archy was in the fields. Naughty boy!

The Quail was too nimble for him