

**BEWICK
THOMAS**

THE HISTORY
OF LITTLE KING
PIPPIN

Thomas Bewick

The History of Little King Pippin

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The History of Little King Pippin With an Account of the Melancholy Death of Four Naughty Boys, Who were Devoured by Wild Beasts. And the Wonderful Delivery of Master Harry Harmless, by a Little White Horse

Peter Pippin was the son of Gaffer and Gammer Pippin,

Who liv'd at the Ivy-house under the hill,
And if they are not gone, they live there still.

This is the house, and a pretty little snug place it is, and there is Peter and his father and mother at the door. Daddy, says Peter, I wish I could have another pretty little Picture-Book, for I have read Mrs. Lovechild's Golden Present so often, that I can repeat it without book. I am very glad to hear it, Peter, says his father, and I wish I could afford to buy you books as fast as you can learn them. I have been saving a penny a week these five weeks, to buy the LADDER to LEARNING for you: well then, says Peter, I have got a penny, which was given me this morning by Miss Kitty Kindness, so that will make sixpence: O dear, I should like vastly to have the Ladder to Learning, and you shall see how fast I will climb up it; pray give me your fivepence, rather, and I will run to Farmer Giles with it directly, and desire him to bring it down for me, when he goes to Town next week; and away he ran to Farmer Giles, and gave him the money to buy the Ladder to Learning. You can't miss the shop, says Peter, it is just in the midst of the Town, the only place where all the pretty little books are sold: for, though Peter had never been in Town, he knew as well as could be, where his old friend the Publisher lived.

Now a great many silly boys would have spent that penny in apples or gingerbread, or some such trash, and when they had eaten it, what would they have been the better for it? Why nothing at all; but Peter did not lay out his money in such an idle manner; whenever he got a penny, he bought food for his mind, instead of his belly, and you will find he afterwards reaped the benefit of it.

Well, the next week Peter had his new book, and here he sits reading it under the hedge, where he was sent to keep away the crows from Farmer Giles's corn; and you see he neither neglected his book nor his work.

Away, Away, John Carrion Crow,
Your Master hath enow
Down in his Barley Mow.

See how he makes them fly, and as soon as they are gone, out he whips his little book, and reads till they come back again; for Gaffer Pippin, being but a poor labouring man, could not afford to keep Peter at school; so he was obliged to go out to work, though he was but six years old.

But good fortune is generally attendant on good and virtuous actions, and so it happened to Peter, who was certainly one of the best boys in the whole country; he always did what his father and mother bid him, not only without murmuring, but with pleasure in his countenance; he never went to bed, or got up in the morning, without kneeling down by his bed-side to say his prayers; nor was he ever known to tell a fib, or say a naughty word, or to quarrel with his play-fellows.

As he was coming home from work one evening, wishing for another new book, he could not help crying, because he had no money to buy one; so being met by Lady Bountiful, whose country seat was but a small distance from the little Ivy-house, she asked him what he cried for? Peter was afraid to tell at first, lest she should be angry with him; but her Ladyship insisted on knowing, and Peter was determined never to tell a fib, so out came the truth. Well, says she, Peter, you need not have been ashamed to tell me, there is no harm in it; dry up your tears. I know you are a good boy, very dutiful to your parents, and obliging to every one, and since I find you are so desirous of improving your mind, you shall not be deprived of the benefit of education because you are poor; so do you and your father come to me to-morrow morning, and I will see what I can do for you. Peter returned her Ladyship a great many thanks, made one of his best bows, and ran home whistling and singing as merry as a grig. As soon as he got within side the door, Good news, good news, says he, father; you and I are to go to Lady Bountiful's to-morrow-morning; I believe her Ladyship is going to put me to school: Peter's head was so full of it, that he scarce slept a wink all the night, and he got up the next morning at four o'clock, put on his Sunday clothes, washed his face and hands, combed out his hair, and looked as brisk as a bee; and about six o'clock, away his father and he trudged to Lady Bountiful's; as soon as they arrived, they were ordered into her Ladyship's parlour. Well, says she, Gaffer Pippin, since you cannot afford to put Peter to school, I will send him at my own expence: so carry this letter to Mr. Teachum the Schoolmaster, and he will be taken as much care of as if he were my own son. A thousand blessings on your Ladyship, says the old man, I hope God Almighty will reward you for your goodness to my poor boy. It is no more than Peter deserves, says her Ladyship, and as long as he continues such a good boy, he shall not want a friend; but make haste away with him, Gaffer Pippin, or you will not get there before it is dark, for they had near twenty miles to walk: so taking Peter in his hand, they set off towards the school; but they had not walked above a mile or two, before they were overtaken by a gentleman's coach, which stopped as soon as it came up with them, and the gentleman looking out, asked if that was not little Peter Pippin, whom he had heard was such a good boy? Yes, Sir, replied Gaffer Pippin, it is. Indeed, says the gentleman, I thought so, from that good nature so visible in his countenance: pray, how far are you going? To Mr. Teachum's School, Sir, replied Peter. A very fortunate meeting, says the gentleman, I am going to the very same place with my two sons, so you shall ride with them in my coach; you need not trouble yourself to go any farther, Gaffer Pippin; I will take care of your son: so thanking the gentleman for his kindness, and bestowing his blessing on Peter, the old man returned home to his work. As soon as Peter was seated in the coach, the gentleman informed him, he was going to a school where he would meet with kind usage and good entertainment: you live very well, says he to his son, don't you, Tommy? Yes, Sir, very well, replied Tommy, we have apple-pie two or three times a week; then I dare say, you know how to spell apple-pie, don't you, Tommy? O yes, Sir, ap-pel-pey. And how do you spell it, Billy? says he to his other son, ap-pel-pye. And how do you spell it, Peter? ap-ple-pie, Sir: that's right, you are a good boy, and there is a sixpence for you; and as for you two dunces, I will take care you shall neither of you have another bit of apple-pie, till you know how to spell it; and he was as good as his word; for though all the rest of the boys had apple-pie the next day for dinner, neither of them were suffered to eat a bit, because they had not learned to spell it; so they were obliged to sit and look at the rest, like two blockheads as they were.

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