

Fanny Aunt

Aunt Fanny's Story-Book for Little Boys and Girls



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TO THE LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS

Once on a time, there lived a little bit of a lady who had a great many nephews and nieces. She was very little indeed, so all the children loved her, and said she was the best little auntie in the world, and exactly the right size to play with them and tell them stories. Sometimes she told them *interesting* stories about George Washington, and other great and good men; sometimes funny stories, about Frizzlefits and Monsieur Pop, and sometimes she would make them nearly die laughing with stories about the Dutchman, Hansansvanansvananderdansvaniedeneidendiesandean.

At last, one day, one of her nieces said to her, "Dear Auntie, do write some stories, and put them in a book for us to read, and keep, as long as we live."

The little Aunt thought this was a very good plan, and *here* are the stories, dear little children, for all of you. If you like them, just let me know, and you shall have some more next year from

Aunt Fanny.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Percy had seven grandchildren, all very pretty and very good. These children did not all have the same father and mother, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Percy's eldest son had three children, whose names were Mary, and Carry, and Thomas; and one of their daughters was married, and had three children; their names were Willy, and Bella, and Fanny; and their youngest son was married and had one child. Her name was Sarah. She was the youngest of the children, and they all loved her very much, and her Grandma made a great pet of her.

The children and their parents had been invited to eat a Christmas dinner with their Grandma, and they had been promised a little dance in the evening. Even little Sarah was to go, and stay to the Ball, as she called it. They were glad; for they liked to go to their dear Grandma's very much.

At last Christmas came. It was a bright, frosty day; the icicles that hung from the iron railing sparkled as the sun shone upon them, and the little boys in the streets made sliding ponds of the gutters, and did not mind a bit when they came down on their backs, but jumped up and tried it again; and a great many people were hurrying along with large turkeys to cook for their Christmas dinner, and every body looked very happy indeed.

After these children, about whom I am telling you, came back from church, they were dressed very nicely, and although they

lived in three different houses, they all got to their Grandma's very nearly at the same time. The first thing they did was to run up to their Grandma, and wish her a merry Christmas, and kiss her, and say that they hoped she felt quite well. Then they did the same to their Grandpa and Aunties, for they had two dear, kind aunts who lived with their Grandparents. Then they all hugged and kissed each other, and jumped about so much, that some kissed noses and some kissed chins, and little Sarah was almost crazy with delight, for she had never been to so large a party before.

"Grandma," said Willy, "I hung up my stocking last night, and what do you thing I got in it?"

His Grandma guessed that he got a birch rod.

"No," said Willy, laughing, "I got a doughnut in the shape of a monkey with a long tail. I eat the monkey for my breakfast, and it was very good indeed."

The children all laughed at this, and Bella, Willy's sister, who was the oldest of all the children, said she thought Willy had a monkey *look* about him. So he went by the name of the monkey-eater for the rest of the day.

Soon the bell rang for dinner, and they all went down stairs; for the children and grown people were to dine together. It was now quite dark, and the gas chandelier that hung over the table was lighted, the curtains were drawn close, the fire burnt brightly, and the table-cloth was so white and fine that it looked like satin.

The happy party sat down at a large round table, and the

children's eyes looked so bright and their cheeks so rosy, that it was the pleasantest sight in the world to see. Little Sarah could not help having a great many little laughs all to herself. She could not keep them in. She was only four years old, so you may suppose she could not look very grave and stiff on such a delightful occasion.

When Willy saw his little cousin Sarah trying to hide her sparkling eyes, and her funny little laugh behind her mother's arm, he felt just as if somebody was tickling him. So he pinched his lips together very tight indeed, and cast his eyes up to the ceiling, and tried to look as grave as a judge. But it would not do; he burst out into such a fit of laughing, that every body else laughed too, and it was a long time before they could get their faces straight enough to eat their dinner.

Would you like to know what they had for dinner? Well, I will tell you. After their Grandpa had asked a blessing, they had some very nice soup. The children did not care for soup. Then they had a fish stuffed with all sorts of things, and stewed, and the grown people said the fish was very nice; but the little ones did not care for that either. Then they had some roast beef and a boiled turkey with oysters. The children all took turkey; Willy asked for a drum-stick, and his cousin Mary said he wanted it to beat the monkey he eat in the morning. Bella chose a merry-thought; little Sarah liked a hug-me-fast; Carry took a wishing-bone; Thomas said he would have the other drum-stick to help beat the monkey, and Fanny thanked her Grandma for a wing,

so that she could fly away when the beating of the monkey took place.

But this was not half the good things, for they afterwards had some delicious game, such as partridges, and woodcocks, and some fried oysters. All this pleased the grown people most. The children saved their appetites for the dessert. Well, after this the cloth was taken off, and under that was another table-cloth just as white and fine as the first.

Then came something that was quite astonishing. What do you think it was? It was a great plum-pudding all on fire! it blazed away terribly, and Willy thought they had better send for the fire-engines to put it out; but it was blown out very easily, and the children each had a very small piece, because it was too rich to eat much of, and their parents did not wish them to get sick.

After that there came ice-cream, and jellies, and sweetmeats, that were perfectly delicious; and then the other white cloth was taken off, and under that was a beautiful red one. Then the servants put on the table what the children liked best of all, and that was a dish of fine mottoes, and oranges and grapes and other nice fine fruits.

The children sent the mottoes to each other, and had a great deal of sport. Some one sent Willy this:

"Oh William, William, 'tis quite plain to see
That all your life, you will a monkey be."

He thought his cousin Mary had sent it, because he saw that she was trying very hard to look grave – so he sent this to her:

"Dear Mary, you are too severe,
You are too bad, I do declare;
Your motto has upset me quite,
I shan't get over it to-night."

Mary laughed when she read it, and said she had been just as cruel to Thomas, for she had sent him this —

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
The grass is green and so are you."

They had a good laugh at Thomas, but as he laughed as hard as any one, it did no harm. Little Sarah had a great many mottoes. Her Mamma read them to her, and it pleased her very much. She said it was a very nice play, but she was tired with sitting such a long time at table, so her Mother let her slip down from her chair.

Very soon all the rest got up, and went up stairs in the parlor. But what was that in the middle of the room? It seemed to be a large table covered all over with a cloth. What could it be? Willy said, "Grandma, that table looks as if something was on it;" and little Sarah said, "Grandma, I guess Santa Claus has been here."

"Yes, dear children," said their Grandma, "Santa Claus has been here, and this time he looked very much like your Grandpa. He will be up soon, and then we will see what is on the table."

Oh how the children did wish to peep! They could not look at any thing else; they danced and jumped round the table, and were in a great hurry for their Grandpa. In a few minutes he came into the room, and all the children ran up to him and said, "Dear Grandpa, do let us see what you have got on the table."

He smiled, and went to the table and took the cloth off. The children were so astonished that they could not say a single word; the table was covered with beautiful things, and under it was something that looked like a little red-brick house.

"Well," said their kind Grandpa, "my dear children, you did not think you were going to be treated to such a fine show as this; you may go up to the table, and see if you can find out who they are for." The children gathered round the table, and Willy took from the top a fine brig with all her sails set, and colors flying. His eyes sparkled when he saw written on a slip of paper which lay on the deck, these words; "For my dear Willy." The children clapped their hands, and nothing was heard, but "How beautiful!" "What a fine ship!" "It is a brig of war," said Willy: "only look at the little brass guns on her deck! thank you, dear Grandpa; it will shoot all the enemies of America! What is the name of my ship?"

"Her name is painted on her stern," said his Grandpa. Willy looked and saw that she was called the "Louisa." He blushed, and looked very funny, and the other children laughed, for Willy knew a very pretty little girl, whose name was Louisa, and he liked her very much; and that was what made them laugh when

they heard the name.

After they had all admired the brig, they went back to the table, and there were two beautiful books, full of engravings or pictures, one for Bella and one for Mary; and next to these was a large wax doll for Carry and another for Fanny. Carry's doll was dressed in blue satin, with a white satin hat and a lace veil, and Fanny's doll was dressed in pink satin with a black velvet hat and feathers – their eyes opened and shut, and they had beautiful faces.

How delighted the little girls were! They hugged their dolls to their little breasts, and then ran to hug and kiss their Grandpa. Carry said, "My dolly's name shall be Rose;" and Fanny said, "My dolly's name shall be Christmas, because I got her on Christmas day."

Well I must hurry and tell you the rest, for I am afraid my story is getting too long. Thomas found for him a splendid menagerie, and all the animals made noises like real animals. There were roaring lions, and yelling tigers, and laughing hyenas, and braying asses, and chattering monkeys, and growling bears, and many other wild beasts. Oh how pleased Thomas was, and all the children!

Little Sarah did nothing but jump up and down and say, "So many things! So many things! I never saw so many things!"

But who was to have the little house under the table, I wonder? There was a little piece of paper sticking out of the chimney, and Sarah pulled it out and carried it to her Grandpa. He took her up

in his arms and read it to her. What was written on it was, "A baby-house for my little darling Sarah."

"Why, I guess this must be for you," said he.

"Yes, it is for me," said the little girl; "my name is Sarah, and it must be for me."

Her Grandpa put her down, and led her to the table. He drew the little house out, and opened it. The whole front of the house opened, and there, inside, were two rooms; one was a parlor, and one a bed-room. The children all cried out, "What a fine baby-house! Look at the centre-table, and the red velvet chairs; and only see the elegant curtains! Oh dear! how beautiful it is!"

Little Sarah did not say a word. She stood before the baby-house with her hands stretched out, and jumped up and down, her eyes shining like diamonds. She was too much pleased to speak. She looked so funny jumping up and down all the time, that she made Willy laugh again, and then every body laughed.

At last she said, "There is a young lady sitting in the chair with a red sash on. I think she wants to come out."

"Well, you may take her out," said her Grandpa. So Sarah took the young lady out, and then took up the chairs and sofa, one by one, and smoothed the velvet, and looked at the little clock on the mantelpiece, and opened the little drawers of the bureau; and then putting them down, she began to jump again.

There was never such a happy party before. The children hardly wished to dance, they were so busy looking at their presents. But after a little while they had a very nice dance. One

of their aunts played for them; she played so well, and kept such nice time, that it was quite a pleasure to hear her.

It was now quite late, and little Sarah had fallen fast asleep on the sofa, with the young lady out of the baby-house clasped tight to her little bosom. So they wrapped her up, doll and all, in a great shawl, and the rest put on their nice warm coats and cloaks; and after a great deal of hugging and kissing, they got into the carriages with their parents, and went home happy and delighted.

Thus ended this joyful Christmas day.

THE SPIDER

Little Harry was afraid of spiders. He would scream and run to get into his Mother's lap, if he saw the least spider in the world.

The reason he was so afraid was, that his nurse, when he was a very little fellow, had told him very often, that if he did not go to sleep, she would catch a spider and put it on him. Now this was very wicked indeed in the nurse, and when his Mother found out that she had been telling Harry this, she was very angry, and sent her directly out of the house.

Harry's Mother had tried very hard to cure him of his foolish fears about spiders; but he did not get over them, and they often made him miserable.

One day Harry went with his Mother to visit a friend. This lady had a little daughter about two years old, a very pretty and good-humored child. She was sitting on the carpet when Harry came in, playing with a little woolly dog and making it bark. She knew Harry, for he had been there before with his Mother. So she held the dog out to him and said, "Tum here, Henny." She could not speak plain, and what she said sounded very funny.

Harry sat down on the carpet by her, and took the dog, and made it say, "bow wow wow!"

Little Mary laughed and clapped her hands, and said, "Do it aden, Henny."

So Harry pressed the spring again, and made the dog say, "bow

wow wow," when just as he was going to give it back to little Mary, she stooped down, and cried, "Look, look, Henny, what a pretty little 'pider, only see the little 'pider."

Harry threw down the dog, and began to scream with all his might. He ran to his Mother and hid his face on her shoulder, and cried, "Take it away! Oh take it away!"

All this time little Mary had been looking at him with surprise. She did not cry, for she was not afraid of the poor spider. It was of the kind that children call a 'daddy long-legs,' and Mary thought it was very funny to see it straddling over the carpet, trying to get away as fast as it could.

"Oh Harry! for shame," said his Mother; "why, which is the biggest – the spider or you? Only see – little Mary is laughing at you."

Henry raised his head from his Mother's shoulder, and looked at Mary. He stopped crying, and began to feel ashamed. He saw the spider crawling over little Mary's frock, and she sat quite still, and let it go just where it wanted to go. His Mother said to him, "Go, Harry, and count the long legs of the spider, and see if you can find his mouth – it cannot hurt you."

But Harry trembled, and said he did not want to go near it, he would not touch it for any thing. His Mother was not angry with him, for she knew he had tried to overcome his fears, and he could not help them; she knew it was the fault of the wicked nurse, who had made him suffer all this pain. So she took his hand and wiped the tears from his cheeks, and went home with

him.

As Harry grew older, he was not so much afraid of spiders, but he never could bear to see one near him; even when he was a great boy of fourteen or fifteen years, he would get away from a spider as fast as he could. He knew it was foolish, and tried to overcome his fears, but he never got entirely over them.

Parents cannot be too watchful or careful about their nurses, for sometimes a thoughtless or wicked nurse, will do worse things to a child than Harry's nurse did to him. If parents would forbid nurses when they are first employed from saying or doing the least thing to frighten their children, many a poor little victim would be saved a great deal of present and future misery.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS

"Horace, come up stairs with, me into Uncle James's room," said Edward one day to his brother.

Horace took hold of Edward's hand, and they ran up stairs together. When they got into their Uncle's room, they shut the door. There was nobody in the room but the two little boys; so Edward thought it was a fine chance to do some mischief. He began to open all the drawers, and look at the things that were in them; he took out a bottle that was full of cologne water, and calling Horace to him, he poured it all out, some of it on his brother's hair and some on his own. Their hair was all wet with the cologne, and it ran down their faces.

After he had done this, he saw a pair of scissors in the same drawer.

"Sit down, Horace," said he, "and I will cut your hair for you: it wants cutting very much."

Horace was a little fellow; he was only three years old; but Edward was six years old, and knew better than to be doing all this mischief.

Horace sat down and Edward cut his hair all over. He cut bunches out in different parts, close to his head, and made it look frightful, but he said, "Dear me! how nice you look! now *you* cut *my* hair."

So Horace cut Edward's hair, and almost cut off his ears, and

hardly left any hair on his head.

After that, this naughty boy Edward took his Uncle's best coat out of the drawer and put it on. The tails of the coat dragged on the ground, and it made Horace laugh very much to see his brother marching round, with the tails of the coat dragging on the ground.

When he was tired of wearing the coat, he took it off. He did not put it back in the drawer, but threw it on the floor, where all the hair was, that he and his brother had cut.

Presently he ran to the wash-stand. He lifted the pitcher. It was full of water, and very heavy, and he spilled some of the water on the carpet. Then he poured out the water into the slop-jar, which stood by the side of the wash-stand, and in doing it, he spilled the water all round the outside of the slop-jar and wet the carpet.

Did you ever hear of such a naughty boy before? But this is not half as bad as what I am now going to tell you.

Little Horace had done just as he saw his brother do – for little boys will always follow the example of their older brothers. If any little boy reads this, that has a brother younger than himself, I hope he will remember this, and try to set his little brother a good example.

Well, as I was telling you, Horace opened the drawer of the wash-stand, and took out a box of tooth-powder, and then he got a glove out of another drawer, and then he wet the glove and dipped it in the tooth-powder. Some of the powder stuck to the glove, and with this he began to rub the brass tops of the tongs

and poker.

"Only see, Edward," cried he, "how nice this cleans the brass! I am rubbing it, just as I saw Jenny do, and I am making it look so clean and bright! don't it make it bright, Edward?"

"Oh yes! very bright," said Edward, "but only look here, what I have found! a beautiful razor! oh my! how sharp it is! Uncle James shaves with it every morning. I'll tell you a first-rate play, Horace. I will be a barber, and you shall come to me to be shaved. You know I will only make believe; I won't *really* shave you."

"Oh that will be fine," said Horace, throwing down the tooth-powder, "that will be fine! Put some soap on my face, brother."

"Yes," said Edward, "I will make a great lot of soap-suds, and put it all over your face. Oh! won't it be nice? won't it be a grand play?"

So saying, he got out the shaving-brush, and dipped it into the water that was in the slop-jar, and rubbed it on the soap, till he had made a great lather. He called it soap-suds, and then he put it all over Horace's face with the brush, and made him look like a fright.

Then this naughty boy took the sharp and shining razor, and began to shave the soap off his face. At first he only took the soap off, but the next time he took off a piece of the skin from Horace's face.

The little boy said, "Oh, Edward! you hurt me. I don't want to be shaved any more! It isn't a good play at all!"

"Don't be a coward," said Edward; "it always hurts to be

shaved; come, let me do it once more."

Horace was not afraid of a little pain, and he did not like to be called a coward. He believed what his brother told him. So he held up his face, and Edward began again to scrape off the lather; but this time Horace moved just as he put the razor on his face, and it took the skin all off of his cheek.

It began to bleed terribly, and smarted so much, that Horace screamed, and ran out of the room, and down stairs into the kitchen where his Mother was.

She was very much frightened when she saw the little boy with his face covered with blood and lather, and cried,

"What is the matter with you, my child? What have you been doing?"

"Oh, Mamma!" said he, crying bitterly, "Edward has been shaving me, and I am all cut to pieces – Oh! how it hurts me – will it kill me, Mamma?"

His Mother got some water quickly and washed his face. She saw that he was very much cut. She was very sorry indeed, and tied up his face, and did every thing she could think of, to relieve the pain. But it hurt him very much all that day and the next.

When Edward came down stairs, he was afraid to come where his Mother was, because he knew he had been a very naughty boy, and he was sure she would punish him. So he went and hid himself under the bed.

His Mother called, "Edward! Edward!" but he was afraid to come. So she had to hunt for him, and found him all curled up

as small as possible under the bed.

"Come out instantly," said his Mother.

Edward crept out and began to cry, and beg his Mother not to punish him, but his Mother said:

"Edward, you knew you were doing wrong when you got your uncle's razors to play with, and if I do not punish you, you will always be doing mischief, and grow up to be a very bad man."

So his Mother took a birch-rod out of the closet, and gave Edward a very severe whipping; so severe that he remembered it for a long time, and although after a great while he forgot, and sometimes was tempted to do wrong, he never wanted to play barber again, or make believe shave any body with a razor.

THE BROTHERS

One day Henry came bounding home from school, his face beaming with joy. He was head of his class, and he held fast in his hand a fine silver medal, which had been awarded to him for good behavior.

"Oh!" said he to himself as he ran along, "how happy this will make my dear Mother. I know she will kiss me; perhaps she will kiss me five or six times, and call me her dear, dear boy. Oh! how I love my Mother."

He ran up the steps of the house where he lived as he said this, and pulled the bell very hard, for he was in a great hurry. His Father opened the door. "Hush! Henry," said he, "come in very softly, your Mother is very sick."

"My Mother! Dear Father, what is the matter with her? May I go in to her if I will step very softly?"

"No," said his Father, "you must not see her now; you must be very still indeed. I see, my dear boy, that you have been rewarded for good conduct in school; I am glad that I have so good a son. And now, Henry, I know you love your Mother so much, that you will promise me to be very still, and wait patiently until she is able to see you." As he said this, he drew Henry close to him, and smoothed down his long curling hair, and kissed his cheek.

Henry threw his arms around his Father's neck, and promised him, and then putting away his medal, he went softly on tiptoe up

to his play-room, and shutting the door, began to work on a sloop that he was rigging. He did not get on very fast, for he could not help thinking of his dear Mother, and wishing he could see her. She had hemmed all the sails of the sloop for him, and he was going to name it the "Eliza," after her.

The next morning, Susan, the old nurse, knocked very early at the door of the room where Henry slept. "Master Henry," said she, "what do you think happened last night?"

"What did?" said Henry, sitting up in the bed; "is my Mother better?"

"Yes, she is better," replied Susan, "but do guess what has come. Something that you have wished for very often. Something you can play with, and take care of, and love more than you love your dog Hector."

"Is it alive?" said Henry.

"Yes," replied Susan, "it is alive, and in your mother's room."

"Can it be a brother, a real live brother?" cried Henry, jumping out of bed, and running up to Susan.

"Yes, it is a brother, a real live brother," said Susan, laughing.

"I've got a brother, I've got a brother, a real brother!" shouted Henry, running up and down the room, clapping his hands, jumping over the chairs, and making a terrible noise, for in his joy he hardly knew what he was about.

"Oh hush, Master Henry!" said Susan. "What a crazy little fellow! Your Mother is still very ill. Now dress yourself quickly and quietly, and you shall see your little brother."

Henry trembled with joy, and in his haste he put his feet into the arms of his jacket, and his arms into the legs of his trousers; but after a while he managed to get them on right, and though he washed his face and hands in a minute, and brushed his hair with the back of the brush, yet he did not look so bad as you might suppose.

He went very softly into his Mother's room. It was darkened, and he could not see very well. He went up to the side of the bed. His Mother smiled and said, "Come here, my son." Her face was pale, but it had a very happy look, for in her arms, sweetly sleeping, was the little brother that Henry had longed for. He had a sister, who was nearly his own age, but he had always wished for a brother, and the brother had come at last.

"Dear Mother, may I help you take care of my little brother?" said Henry; "you know I am strong enough to hold him. I would not let him fall for the world."

"Yes, dear boy," replied his Mother, "when he is a little older, I shall have a great deal of comfort in trusting this dear little brother with you. It is more necessary now than ever, my son, that you should try always to be good, and to set a good example before your brother. He will be sure to do just as you do. If you are a good boy, you will be a good man; and how happy you will be, when you are grown up, to think that your good example will have made your brother a good boy, and a good man too. Now kiss me, and go get your breakfast."

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