

THE  
ENTERTAINING STORY  
OF  
*LITTLE*  
**RED RIDING HOOD.**

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
*TOM THUMB'S TOY.*

~~~~~  
ADORNED WITH CUTS.  
~~~~~

YORK:  
Printed by J. Kendrew. Colliergate.

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05/19  
CHAPBOOK  
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FRONTISPIECE.



This man has got dainty fine cakes,  
Which he will give away :  
To those who learn to read and write,  
And mind their Prayers to say.

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*Roman Alphabet.*

A B C D E F G H I J K L  
M N O P Q R S T U  
V W X Y Z Æ Æ

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p  
q r s t u v w x y z.

*Italian Alphabet.*

A B C D E F G H I J K L  
M N O P Q R S T  
U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q  
r s t u v w x y z.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

THE ENTERTAINING STORY OF

*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.*

THERE lived in a certain village a little girl, who was the prettiest creature that ever was seen, loved and admired by all who knew her. Her mother was extremely fond of her, and her grand-mother doted on her because she was so good-natured, of so sweet a temper, and always ready to oblige. Besides she never missed saying her prayers night and morning, for her mamma, grand-mamma, all her relations and friends, and every body else she could think of. This girl constantly went to school.



with her face and hands washed clean, her hair combed, and her clothes so clean and pinned on so neat, that she was taken notice of by all who saw her ; and it being very cold and rainy weather, her grand-mother made her a little red riding hood to keep her warm, which made her look so pretty that she soon gained the name of Little Red Riding Hood.

The grand-mother (who lived at some little distance in a neighbouring village,) being very ill, the mother among other little dainties made some custards, and calling little Biddy, (for this was the name of this little lady,) said to her, my dear you shall go and see your grand-mother, and take with you some custards and cheesecakes, and this little pot of butter. Accordingly the little red riding hood was

soon put on, and away she went to see her grand-mother.—See here she comes with her little red riding hood and pot of butter.



Having got to the farther end of the wood, this pretty little damsel was met by Gaffer Wolf, who, being a very cruel creature, had a mind to



eat her up, but he durst not, on account of some faggot-makers at work hard by in the forest. This cunning creature tried another way to destroy her, and, like a treacherous knave, asked her where she was going so



early? This little innocent child, who thought no harm herself; and did not know the artful tricks of the

Wolf, said to him, I am going to my grand-mamma, who is not well, with a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma.—Does she live far off? said the Wolf. Oh! said Little Red Riding Hood, it is a little beyond



the mill, at the first house in the village. Well, said the sly Wolf, I will go and see her too, I will go

this way, and do you go that, and we shall see who will be there the soonest.

So Little Red Riding Hood went the farthest way about plucking cowslips and daisies, (as you see her in the preceding page,) and pleasing herself with gathering nuts, and running after butterflies; but the Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and going much faster than the child, was not long before he got to the old woman's house. The Wolf knocked at the door, tap, tap. Who is there? said the old woman. It is your grand-child Little Red Riding Hood, answered the Wolf, (imitating the girl's voice as much as he could,) I have brought you a custard and a little pot of butter, which mamma has sent you.

The grand-mother, who was very ill in bed, cried out, pull the bobbin,



and the latch will go up. The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, when he went into the room, jumped upon the bed, fell upon the old woman, and with his great teeth eat her up in a moment. After he had eaten up the grand-mother, he, like a cunning creature as he was, thought how he might deceive Little



Red Riding Hood, and devour her also. He then shut the door very close again, and rolled himself up in the grand-mother's bed, because he was sure Little Red Riding Hood would soon be there.



Little Red Riding Hood came and knocked at the door, tap, tap. Who is there? said the Wolf. Little Red

Riding Hood hearing the gruff voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but knowing her grand-mother had got a very severe cold, thought it was her being extremely hoarse that might make her speak so, answered, Why, grand-mamma, it is your Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter, which my mamma has sent me with to you. The Wolf then called out, in as soft voice as he could, pull the bobbin and the latch will go up. Little Red Riding Hood immediately pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and going to the bed-side, the treacherous Wolf hiding his frightful head under the clothes, and speaking with a very low voice, said to her, put the custard and the pot of butter on the stool, my dear little girl, and



come into bed to me, for I am very cold. Little Red Riding Hood, being a very good child, and always wishing to oblige her grand-mamma by doing what she desired, was not long before she obeyed the commands of her grand-mother, as she thought it was, and immediately began to undress herself, and went into bed: but this little girl was no sooner got into bed than she was sadly frightened at the strange alteration there seemed in her grand-mother; and particularly at her long ears which stuck out so far from her night-cap: And on feeling her arms, and finding them so very large and hairy, she said, Dear me, grand-mamma, what great arms you have got! To which the Wolf made answer, they are the better to hug thee, my

little dear child. Grand-mamma, what great legs you have got? They are the better to run on. Grand-mamma, what great ears you have got! They become better to hear, my child? Grand-mamma, what great eyes you have got! They are to see the better, my dear. Grand-mamma, what long teeth you have got! With



those I will eat thee up. And as soon as he had said these words, this wicked Wolf flew upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, and eat her all up. Now, my little readers, you here are made acquainted with the deceitfulness and treachery which the Wolf made use of to destroy Little Red Riding Hood; You find after he had



been first prevented by the faggot-makers being in the way, he found

out, by his cunning artful ways, where the little damsel was going, that he might find a way to destroy her, which he did, and the grand-mother also. It is therefore hoped that the fate of Little Red Riding Hood will always be a lesson to you; as there are amongst men as well as wolves who will mislead you, and seek your destruction; let it then be your constant practice not to listen to every idle and vain story, or answer every inquisitive person, who may want to know your concerns at the very time he is neglecting his own, thereby finding an opportunity to do you an injury.

following account  
There lived at a farm-house a boy  
who was so wicked to be guilty of  
the bad habit of telling lies. At the



LITTLE

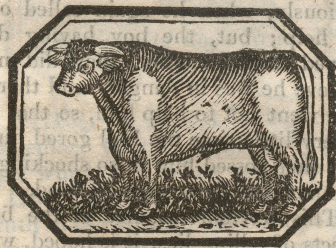
TOM THUMB'S TOY.

*The bad Effects of telling Lies.*

IT is a common saying, "When you play with a Bull take care of his horns." This saying all little boys would do well to remember: for by that means they may escape the fate of the boy which is related in the following account.

There lived at a farm-house, a boy who was so wicked as to be guilty of the bad fault of telling lies. At the

same farm-house there was kept an unlucky bull, that often ran at people who were passing by.



The naughty boy, in order to make the servants of the house, and other people in the neighbourhood, come to his assistance. Would frequently call out, "The bull, the bull, oh! the bull;" and when they had come to him, in consequence of his crying

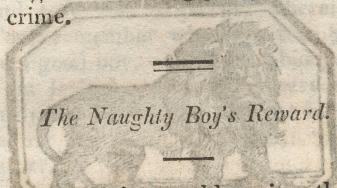


out, he used to set up a loud laugh at them.

But it so happened, that one day the bull really ran at the boy very furiously, when he again called out for help; but, the boy having deceived them so often, they did not believe he was in danger, and therefore went not to help him, so that in a very little time the bull gored him, and then tossed him in so shocking a manner that he was almost dead.

This terrible instance of the bad effects of telling lies, it is hoped, will be a warning to all little children, how shocking therefore is such a practice. The liar's complaints will never be believed. Let me therefore hope that shame, and the fear of the bad consequences which may be caused thereby, will always prevent little boys

and girls from being guilty of so great a crime.



*The Naughty Boy's Reward.*

THERE is an old saying that I remember to have heard many years ago, which is "When you play with a Lion, take care of his paws." The truth of the proverb has been pointed out in a variety of ways, but it is extremely clear in the following little story.

A man having bought a lion to show with other wild beasts about the country, brought him home, and chained him up in a cage, to prevent his doing any mischief.



This man had a son, who was a rude little boy, and did not always mind to do as he was bid, as is often the way with naughty boys; and the father fearing his son might not be so careful as he might, called him and gave him a strict caution: "Tom, (said he.) I charge you not to come nigh this place where the lion is, upon any account whatever; for if

you do the beast will get hold of you, and tear you in pieces: Therefore, Tom, remember what I say to you, be a good boy, and do as I bid you." Tom looked at his father very seriously, and, listening to what he was saying to him, answered, "Yes, father."

Now who would have thought that any child would have been so wicked as not to have done as he was bid, when his father had given him such particular orders so to do. But this was the case with Tom, for he, like other undutiful children, did not do as he had promised his father, but watched him; and before his father had gone far from the lion's den, Tom went again and began peeping, and went stroking the lion's back, and wanting to play with him. The lion



all this while was lying down in one corner, as if he was asleep, regardless of what he was doing to him; but on a sudden he jumped up, caught hold of Tom with his paw, chopped off his head at one bite, and tore his body in a most shocking manner.

My young readers, you here see the Naughty Boy's Reward, which, I hope, will deter all little boys and girls from ever being obstinate, and disobeying their parents. Let this example be a warning. Had this boy obeyed his father, and done as he was bid, he might perhaps have been living and well at this time.

*Honesty is the best Policy.*

WHAT disgrace and shame many people bring upon themselves by covetousness, as it too often leads them on to acts of dishonesty, to attain what otherwise they could not get at.

There was a Lady, who having a fine garden with a variety of fruit trees in it, used frequently to take the little good boys and girls in the village and the neighbourhood, and indulge them by letting them pick the ripe fruit, and fill their bellies.

It happened that one little lady, who was exceeding covetous, could not wait till she was invited by the





lady, but would take opportunities when the gate was open of slyly getting into the garden without being seen, as she thought, by any body, and gather and pilfer the fruit.

The time came when her ladyship sent for the children, to treat them with fruit and other little dainties, and among the rest came this little

damsel who had been guilty of the naughty trick before mentioned, but the gardener happening to be at the gate, who had seen her at this shameful business, then took an opportunity of telling her of the terrible crime before the lady, and the little good girls who were there, saying, "My lady, this is the little girl that steals things out of the garden, I hope you will not admit a thief into the house." No, to be sure, answered the lady, send her away home, for a naughty child she is, and there let her learn that honesty is the best policy.

The visit was no sooner over, and the little ladies returned home, than they each told their play-fellows of the little girl who was sent away for having stolen the fruit; the consequence was, they ever after despised

her, and would not suffer her to play with them, or partake of any of their amusements.

Let this be a warning to all little boys and girls not to be guilty of dishonesty; for, however sly they may be, they will be found out by some means, as was the case of this little girl by the gardener, which will expose them to shame as long as they live in this world, and must expect to be punished for it in the next.

When Tales are round the country  
flown,

That any girl don't know her own;  
The people to preserve their store,  
Thrust out the thief and shut the door.



### MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?

My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,  
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,  
And rock'd me that I should not cry?

My mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My mother.



When pain and sickness made me cry,  
 Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
 And wept for fear that I should die?

My mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,  
 And taught me pretty how to play,  
 And minded all I had to say?

My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
 To love God's holy book and day,  
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?

My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
 And would some pretty story tell,  
 Or kiss the place to make it well?

My mother.

And can I ever cease to be,  
 Affectionate and kind to thee,  
 Who was so very kind to me?

My mother.

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,  
 And if God please my life to spare,  
 I hope I shall reward thy care,

My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,  
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
 And I will sooth thy pains away,

My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,  
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
 If I should ever dare despise,

My mother.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.



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