

Old Proverbs

WITH

NEW

PICTURES

BY

LIZZIE LAWSON.

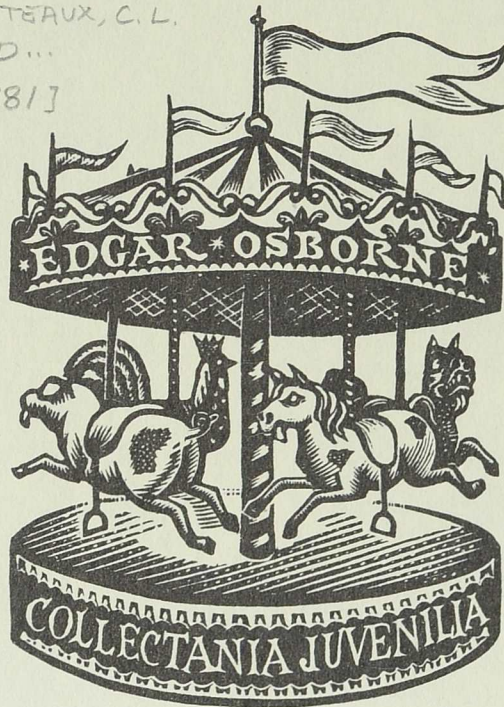


THE WISDOM OF MANY
THE WIT OF ONE.

CASELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

P
MATEAUX, C. L.
OLD...
[1881]



37131039919 824

II, 651

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Early Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by

MRS. EDNA MORDEN

140
2







"AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW PHASE."

Old Proverbs

WITH

NEW

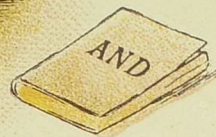
PICTURES

BY

LIZZIE LAWSON.



THE WISDOM OF MANY
THE WIT OF ONE.



RHYMES
BY C. L. MATEAUX.

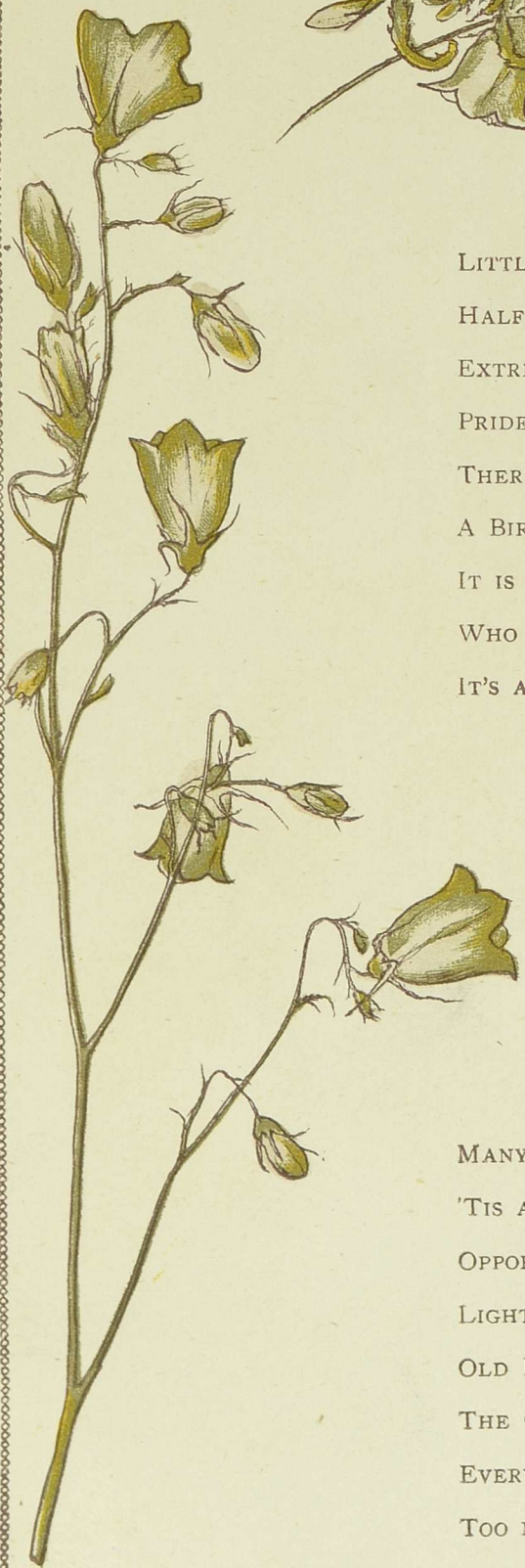
CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.



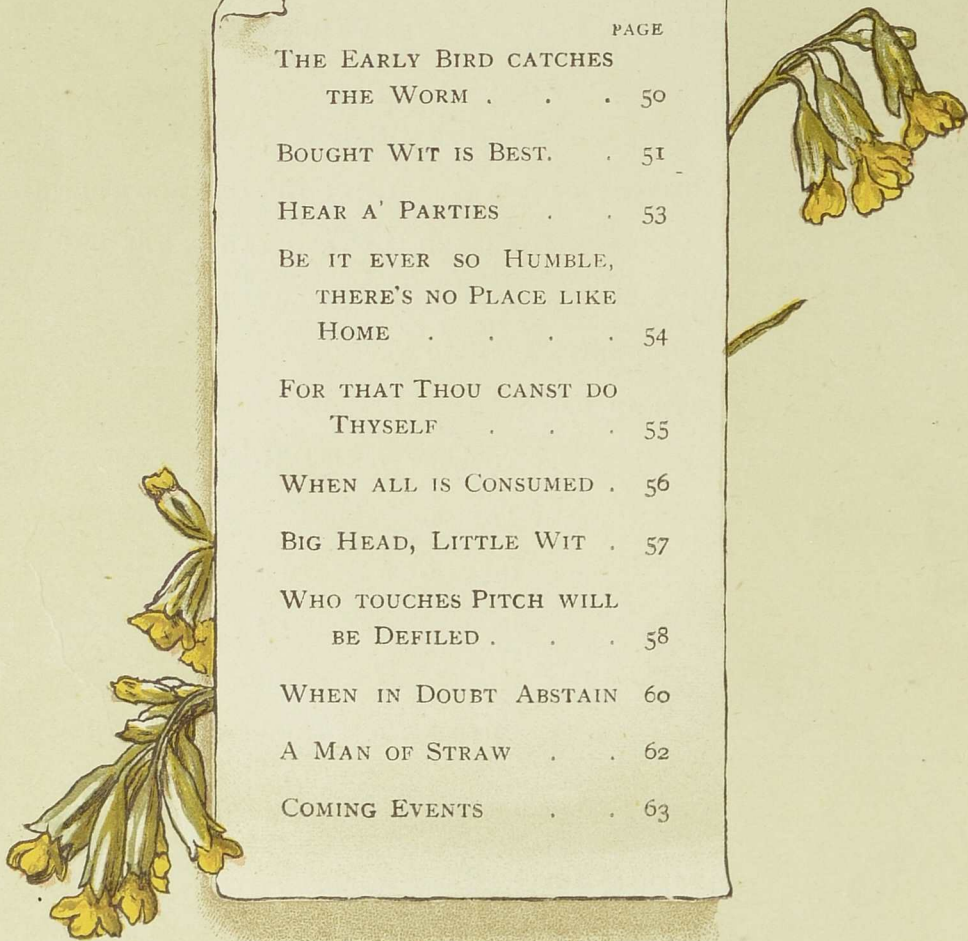


CONTENTS



	PAGE
LITTLE BOATS MUST KEEP NEAR SHORE	9
HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD	12
EXTREMES MEET	14
PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL	15
THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWINX THE CUP AND THE LIP	18
A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH	20
IT IS NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK	22
WHO NEVER CLIMBED NEVER FELL	23
IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD	24
YOU MAY TAKE A HORSE TO THE WATER	26
THE MORE HASTE, THE LESS SPEED	29
BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER	30
DESIRES ARE NOURISHED BY DELAYS	32
NEVER BUY A PIG IN A POKE	33
OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE	35
TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING IS GOOD FOR NOTHING	37
MANY A LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE	39
'TIS A POOR HEART THAT NEVER REJOICES.	41
OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF	42
LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO	43
OLD BIRDS ARE NOT TO BE CAUGHT BY CHAFF	44
THE GREATEST STROKES MAKE NOT THE SWEETEST MUSIC.	45
EVERY COUPLE IS NOT A PAIR	47
TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH	48

	PAGE
THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM	50
BOUGHT WIT IS BEST.	51
HEAR A' PARTIES	53
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME	54
FOR THAT THOU CANST DO THYSELF	55
WHEN ALL IS CONSUMED	56
BIG HEAD, LITTLE WIT	57
WHO TOUCHES PITCH WILL BE DEFILED	58
WHEN IN DOUBT ABSTAIN	60
A MAN OF STRAW	62
COMING EVENTS	63



LITTLE BOATS MUST
KEEP NEAR
SHORE

BIG
SHIPS

MAY

VENTURE

MORE



L.L.



HALF
A LOAF
IS BETTER
THAN
NO
BREAD





Boy and girl,
A humble pair,
Live contented
Up the stair.

Two merry lively hungry chicks,
How joyously they laugh;
You see, they have a yard long loaf
Their own, to cut in half.

Singing together—

“You hold,”

“I’ll hold,”

“I’ll hold,”

“You hold—”

Together

Cut the bread.

“New bread is sweet,

New bread is new,

New bread is quite a treat,

To me and you!”

Perhaps they each could eat that loaf, but having half instead,
They thankful say that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Edward spoiled

By friends, a bear—

Velvet clad,

Lives down the stair.

“Oh dear! I feel so very faint,

It is a shame,” sighs Ned,

“I surely soon must take that cake,

In spite of what was said.

For I cannot,

Shall not,

Will not,

Will not,

Shall not,

I cannot

Eat dry bread.

Dry bread is hard,

Dry bread is dry,

Dry bread I’ll never like,

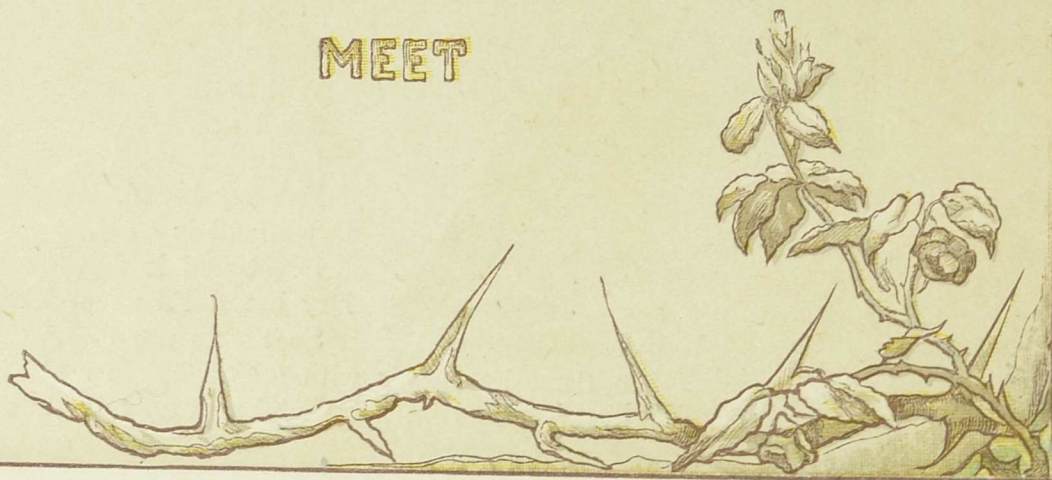
So ’tis no use to try.”

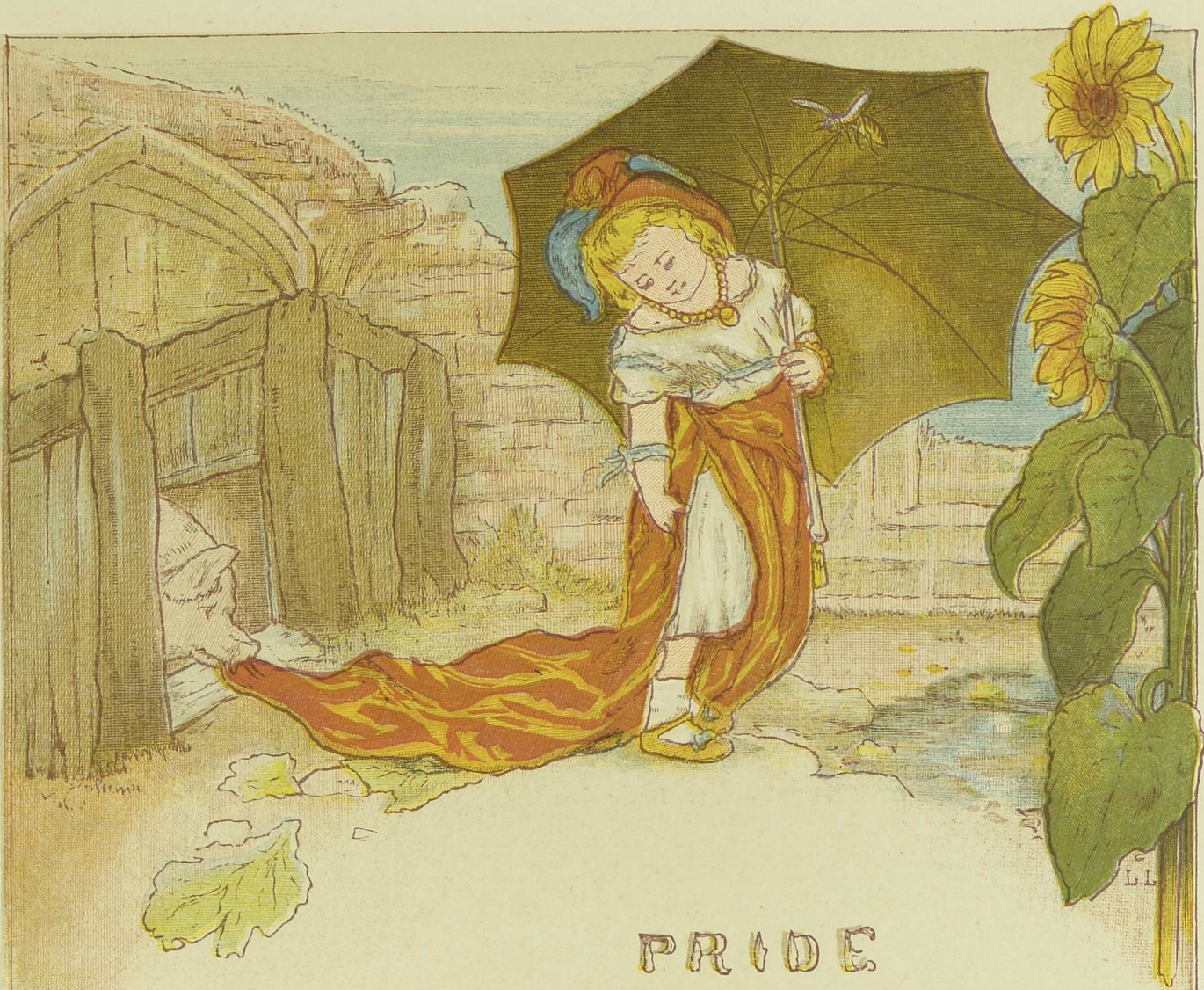
See, there he stands with folded hands and discontented air!
I’m very glad I’m not that boy who lives adown the stair.

EXTREMES



MEET

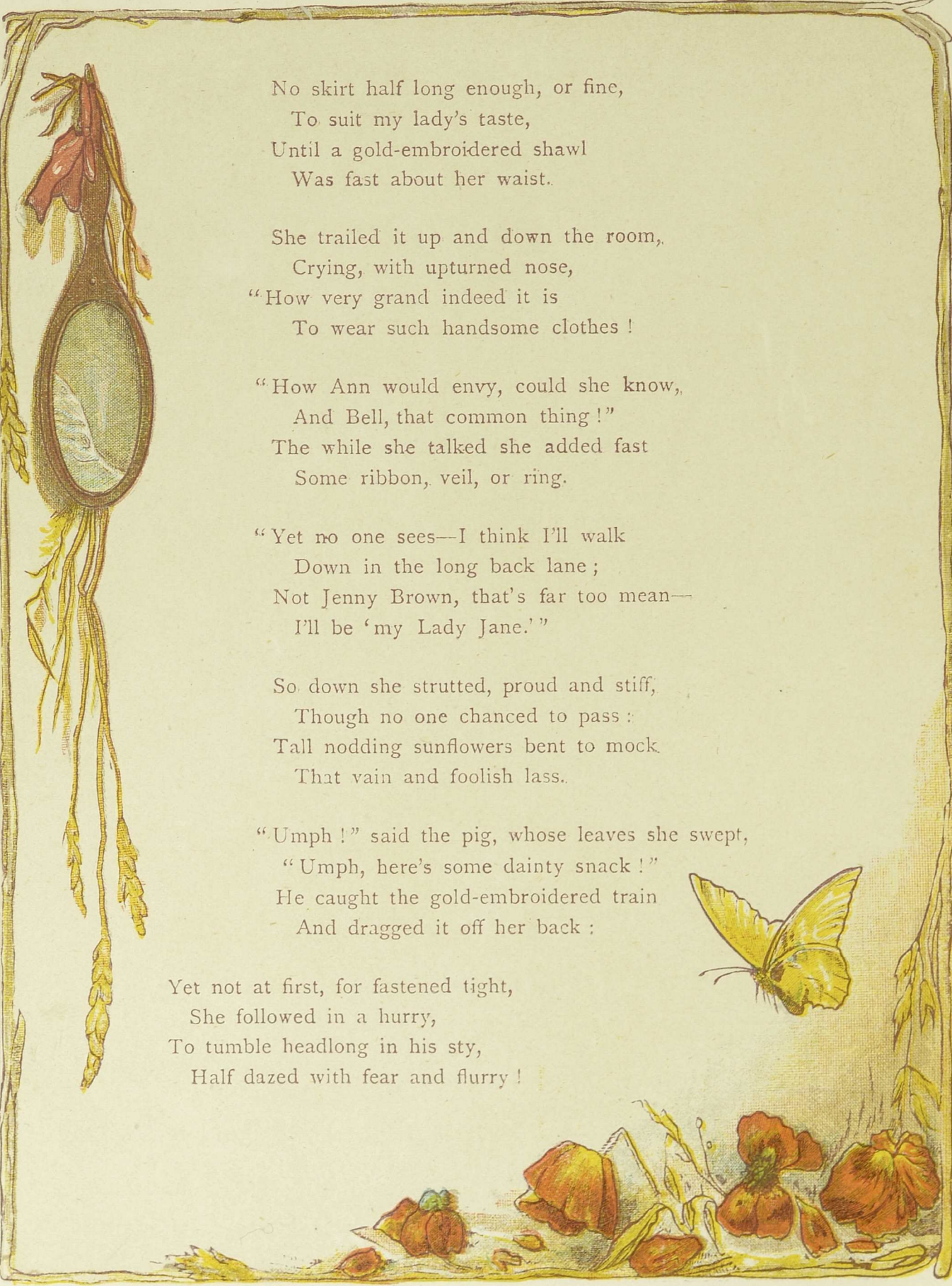




PRIDE
GOETH BEFORE
A FALL.

“WHY should I wear a frock so short
Without a single pocket?
Why not big bracelets made of steel,
A trailing dress, and locket?”

“Mother is out, I’ll try for once
Her things, at least a few.”
So said, so done, up Jenny ran
To find old clothes and new.



No skirt half long enough, or fine,
To suit my lady's taste,
Until a gold-embroidered shawl
Was fast about her waist.

She trailed it up and down the room,
Crying, with upturned nose,
"How very grand indeed it is
To wear such handsome clothes !



"How Ann would envy, could she know,
And Bell, that common thing !"
The while she talked she added fast
Some ribbon, veil, or ring.

"Yet no one sees—I think I'll walk
Down in the long back lane ;
Not Jenny Brown, that's far too mean—
I'll be 'my Lady Jane.'"

So down she strutted, proud and stiff,
Though no one chanced to pass :
Tall nodding sunflowers bent to mock
That vain and foolish lass.

"Umph !" said the pig, whose leaves she swept,
"Umph, here's some dainty snack !"
He caught the gold-embroidered train
And dragged it off her back :

Yet not at first, for fastened tight,
She followed in a hurry,
To tumble headlong in his sty,
Half dazed with fear and flurry !



She sobbed,—but what cared he for that?
Piggie, at home and merry.
He rolled upon that shawl so grand,
Now black as black-heart cherry.

He tore the veil, he munched the beads,
He trod upon her toes,
He touzled all her fine array
And swallowed half her bows.

Poor “Lady Jane” at last crept forth,
Nor uttered shout or call;
“Umph!” sneered the pig, as though he knew
How pride had had a fall.



There's many



an



twixt

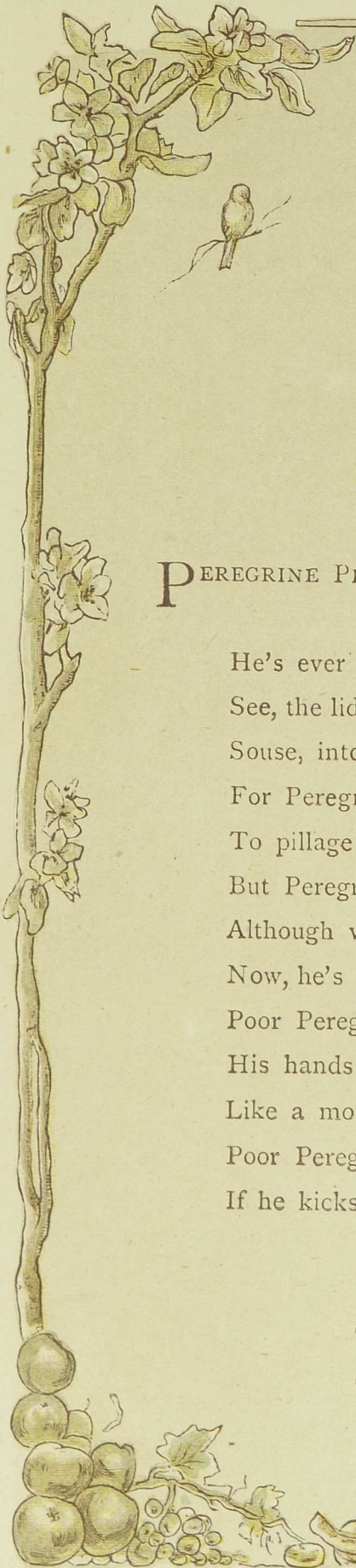
the

cup

and

the





PEREGRINE PICKLE'S

In trouble, that's plain,
He's ever in trouble for very small gain.
See, the lid has tipped out, and the lad has tipped in,
Souse, into the water, right up to his chin.
For Peregrine Pickle had clambered, you see,
To pillage the fruit of my best cherry-tree ;
But Peregrine Pickle made one sudden slip,
Although very near came the fruit to the lip.
Now, he's sticking quite fast, to be mocked at by Bet,
Poor Peregrine Pickle all cramped up and wet !
His hands and his arms and his elbows a-quiver,
Like a mouse in a trap, see the naughty boy shiver.
Poor Peregrine Pickle may struggle and bawl,
If he kicks there much longer he'll certainly fall.

Yet Peregrine Pickle no pity can crave,
For he only appears as a light-fingered knave ;
Too cunning for honesty's straightforward way,
Or this had not happened, one bright summer day.

A BIRD
IN
THE HAND



IS WORTH TWO
IN THE BUSH



ONE birdie in the hand,
Two birdies in the tree,
One birdie all mine own,
That's the little bird for me.





IT IS
NO USE CRYING OVER
SPILT MILK

Do not fret
For fretting ended,
Never bowl
Or platter mended,
Bind that finger,
Wipe that tear,
Next, more careful
Step, my dear.
And remember
What I say,
Milk, once spilt,
Is spilt for aye.



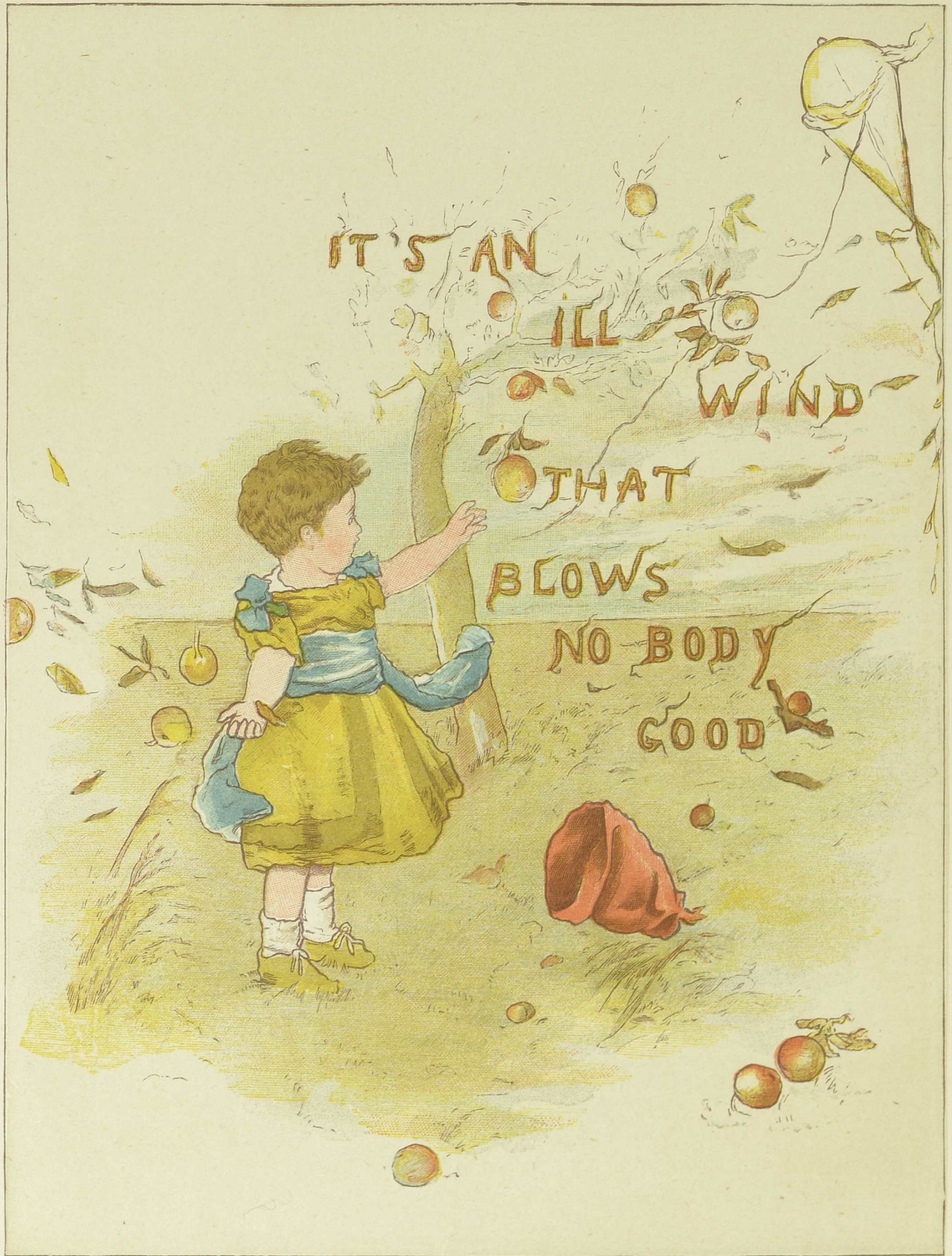
WHO NEVER CLIMBED

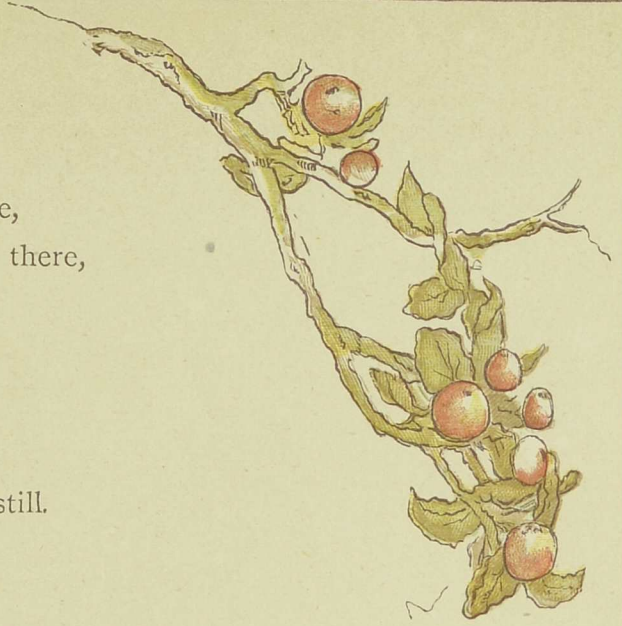
NEVER FELL

ALL through life you'll find, dear
If your aim be high,
Earth is easy reaching,
Far off is the sky.

Weeds and thorns are near us,
Stars shine far above,
Low, most things that harm us,
High, most things to love.

When your aim is noble,
Climb, nor stop for pain :
Climb, and if you're hinder'd,
Rise, and climb again.





ONWARD we come, we come,
Dashing now here, now there,
Flying where'er we will,
In frolic wild and rare,
The mightiest king
On all the earth,
Cannot hold us strong winds still.

The forest leaves scatter as we come by,
The tall queen lily bends down to sigh,
While daisies and violets curtsy so low
We scarcely can reach where the wee things grow,
Yet we carry their scent over hamlet and wood ;



"'Tis a very ill wind that blows nobody good."

Dear child, though we hurried your kite away,
We but bore it aloft in a game of play ;
What though we fluttered the roses fair ?
'Twas to paint your cheeks with their crimson rare ;
What though we tore the ripe fruit from the tree ?
'Twas to please you, not tease you, my darling, you see !

We go, we come, we go,
We fly where'er we will,
Though angered we seldom do harm,
But rather good than ill.

As village lore says of our changeful mood,

"'Tis a very ill wind that blows nobody good."





YOU MAY
LEAD
A
HORSE TO THE WATER
BUT
YOU CANNOT
MAKE
HIM DRINK

“WHAT can we do on this bright summer’s day,
And what may our frolic be?
Shall we play at wild outlaws by Robin Hood led,
Just baby, and Bertie, and me?
Or stay, here’s old Dobbin—why, children, you know
We must gallop him off to the pond below.”

Rattle and scamper—hurrah for the fun!—
Three merry youngsters, see how they run!
Fast go their heels, round go the wheels,
Old Dobbin says nothing of all that he feels;
Yet in his one eye lurks a mischievous wink,
And brought to the water, old Dobbin *won't* drink.



Sir Toadie lies low by yon mossy grey stone—
A worshipful toad is he!—
Of what does that solemn Sir Toadie dream?
Hark, he croaks to a passing bee
Watching the scene—the scolding and petting
A very queer steed on the bank is getting,
Now ordered, now asked, now begged, “just one drop
Next pushed all a hurry, it tumbles in—flop!
Nidding and nodding his wise old head,
These are the words that the toad has said:
“Many may lead to the fair river’s brink,
But a horse must *will*, ere they make him drink.”



The more
Haste



“SUCH a price we will ask for the turnips,
The parsley, and apples, and beans,
When we bring her a bag full of money,
Gran will wonder what all of it means!”

But time and intentions are wasted,
Because they ne'er stop to take heed,
Forgetting that proverb reminding
It is often “more haste and less speed.”



BIRDS

O WOODLAND birdie,
Tell me, sweet,
Why do you fly
To Ella's feet?

OF

Why gladly haste,
With fond caress,
Gainst her pure cheek's
Soft bloom to press?
By what strange charm,
Oh radiant dove,
May you divine
And trust my love?
"The magic hers,"
Coos woodland bird
In gentlest notes
One ever heard:
"A tender touch,
A smile as true
As scent of blossoms
Tipped with dew;
A modest grace,
All wiles above—
These are her spells:
Her charm is—Love!



FEATHER

FLOCK TOGETHER

DESIRES

ARE

NOURISHED

BY

DELAYS



How first we long for springtide sweet,
And next for rosy June;
How then we wish for harvest ripe,
When all the world's a-tune;

Joyous we greet the winter months,
Though cold the Ice-King blows,
And sternly chills to silent fear
Each brooklet as it flows;

Fair sight to see 'em while we seek
For snowdrop buds with their promise meek.
So well may ancient wisdom say,
"Desires are nourished by delay."



“BUY a pig! a big pig,
A pig a perfect model!
Well worth a prize for size and weight,
In fact can scarcely waddle.
I will sell him cheap, just a silver crown
Buys the pig and the poke, if the money's down.
But he is so heavy, so busy am I,
Really I will not the bag untie,
'Hey-day,' two little folks say,
'Shall we spend our crown in this promising way.'”

They give him their crown, that country
cheat,
Who laughs as he tumbles the bag at
their feet,
While lookers on cry, “Tis a very poor
joke,
But you never should purchase ‘a pig
in a poke.’”



OUT OF

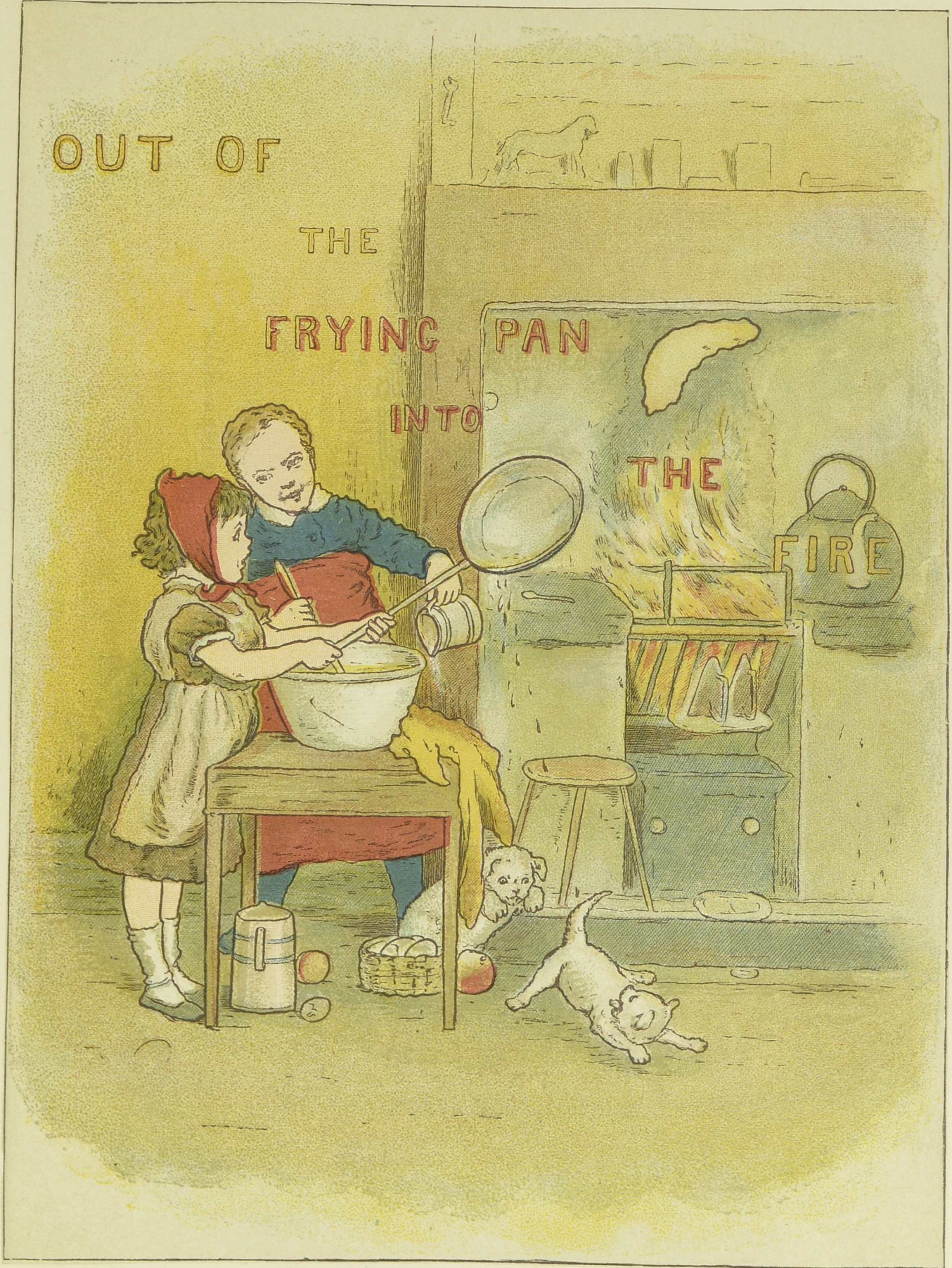
THE

FRYING PAN

INTO

THE

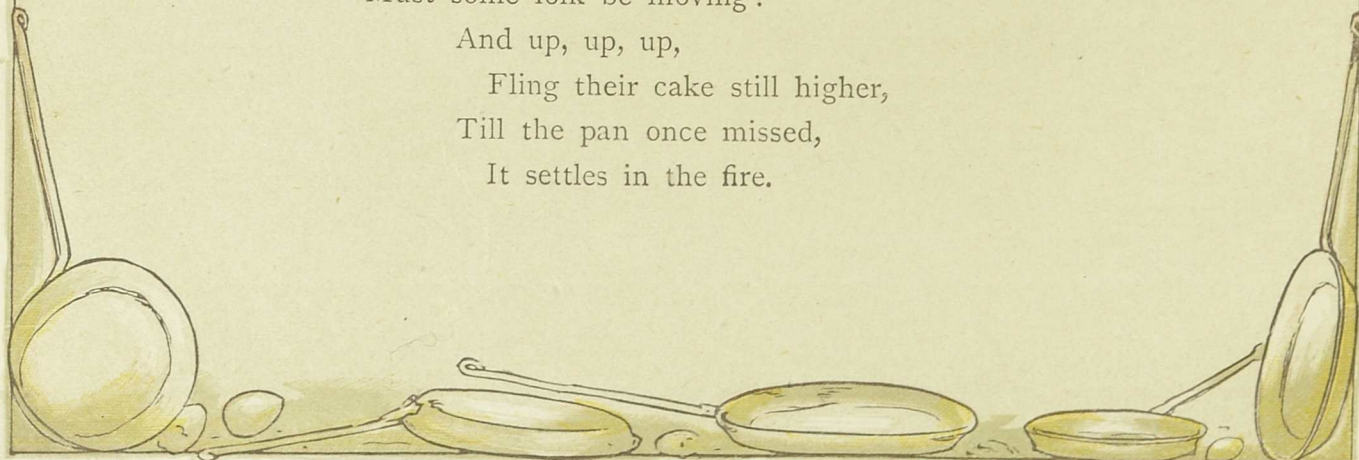
FIRE



I CAN mix the batter,
You may stir the cake,
I can put in milk,
You, give the whole a shake,
Then up, up, up,
Toss the pancake higher,
Up, up, up,
Oh dear, it's in the fire!

Out tumbles puppy Flo,
Off tears Kitty Clover,
Shrieking as they go,
That the drops run over.
For down, down, down,
The hot cake falls unsteady,
Down, down, down,
A cinder 'tis already.

Oh, why, when things are good
Should they be improving?
Why, when all is well,
Must some folk be moving?
And up, up, up,
Fling their cake still higher,
Till the pan once missed,
It settles in the fire.



TOO
MUCH
OF
A GOOD THING
IS
GOOD FOR
NOTHING.



ONE summer's day, a shining sun,
One daisy near, a love of fun,
One open door, a tempting peep,
One stool anigh, a cat asleep.

One tiny girl, a pan of cream,
One sudden fall, a noisy scream.
One bump so hard, a poor bruised head,
One brother near, kind loving Fred.

One pan pushed by,
A stream of milk,
One frock all spoiled,
A best blue silk.
One gasping sob,
A tender kiss,
One very sorry—
Naughty miss.

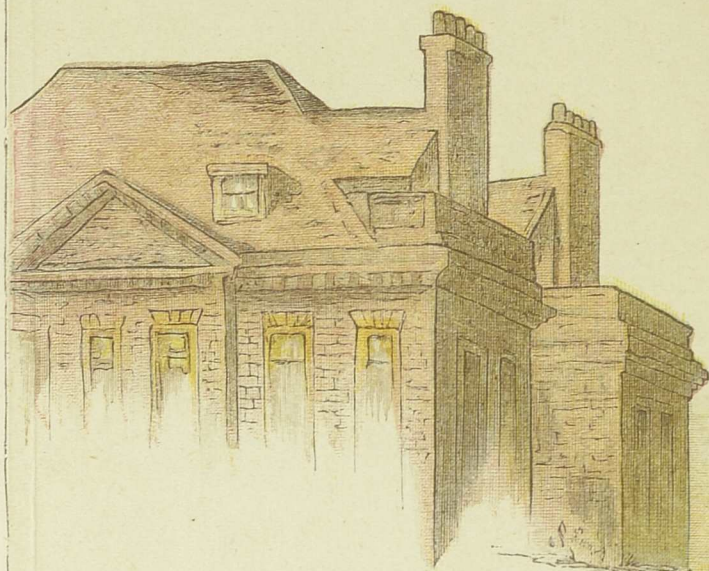
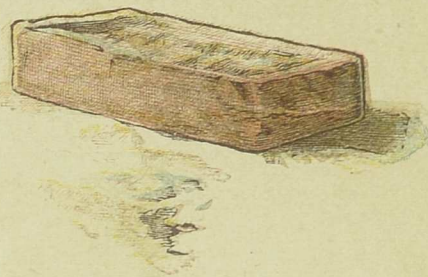
One close big hug,
A laughing scold,
One smile to cheer,
A promise bold,
One proverb true,
A listening ear,
"Too much of aught
Is naught," my dear.



MANY A
LITTLE MAKES
A
MICKLE



EACH merry lightsome downy flake,
So small that few can see,
May join to form a rolling mound
Bigger than you or me.



Yon little brick a child may toss
As useless from his way,
When piled with others forms a wall
To keep the foe away.

Old Grandam Fortune may be blind,
And spare us but a little,
Yet little stored and added to
Will surely make a mickle.

Tis

A

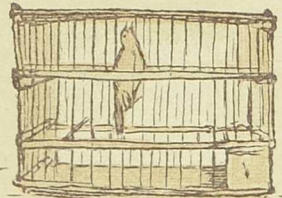
POOR



HEART

THAT NEVER

REJOICES

SUCH a lovely sight!
Such a tree to-night!
Holly and dolly and candle-light!





Opportunity makes
the
thief.



A CHIRP, a chick, a chee,
I would not steal a pea—
Not me—nor me—nor me,
A chick, a chirp, a chee,”
Cry dickies in a tree
Where no green peas can be,
And honest birds so free,
Sing opportuni-tee.

But Molly, careless-lass,
Chancing quite near to pass,
Puts down her bowl awry,
And runs to Tom hard by.
“ We see—we see—we see—
All may pick up a pea,
And honest birds still be,
Sing opportuni-tee.”

LIGHTLY COME

LIGHTLY GO

GONE, gone, gone !
See it floating so fair and free ;
Light come, light go—oh ! my pretty toy,
Will it never return to me ?

Gone, gone, gone !
Up in the skies so far ;
What will happen to yonder ball,
Should it chance to be caught in a star ?

Gone, gone, gone !
Perhaps to the man in the moon ;
What will he fancy the earth has sent
Through the clouds of a summer noon ?

Gone, gone, gone !
Flown for ever and aye ;
Who shall follow its lightsome track,
Or tell of its onward way ?



OLD BIRDS

ARE NOT

TO BE
CAUGHT

BY
CHAFF

“IF I could meet a pretty bird, I have a tale to tell,
A tale I know he'd love to hear, I've conn'd it over well.”
“Here is a bird—two simple birds—so linger on your way,
What would you have us listen to on this bright summer's day?”

“I know a house all built of gold, and piled with seed so sweet,
It only waits those lucky birds to flutter in and eat.”
“We've seen a house—just such a house—t'was called by some 'a cage,'
'Tis not the sort of nesting-place that we would fain engage.”

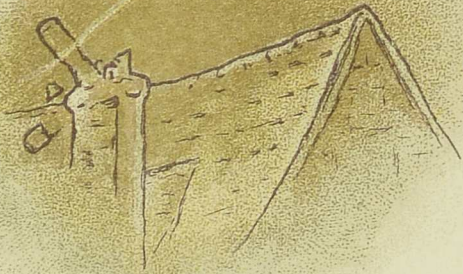
“I'd take those birds, those pretty birds, and show them to the King ;
And Queen and courtiers would attend to hear those birdies sing.”
“We don't believe—she don't believe—my darling mate nor I,
That King or Queen would get a chance—you'd bake us in a pie.”

“Come down, and do not chirp such things, but think I mean you well,
Small birds have been to court before, as nursery legends tell.”
“Not wee brown birds, mere tiny things, unlike the twenty-four
That once before his majesty—sang out a merry score.”

“Come down, my sweets, come down, my dears,
Your feathers I would see ;
I'll treat you both with something nice—
I have it here with me.”
“We may be sweets, we may be dears,
But we're too old by half
To listen to your flattering tale,
Or to be caught by chaff.”







RUB-A-DUB-DUB on kettle and pan ;
Rub-a-dub-dub, make music who can.
Our gay little party all sing out of tune :
Tom of puss in the corner, and Ned of sweet June,
While on the pail, drumming, Joe strikes with a will,
Loud chanting the story of Jack and of Jill.

Music you call it ! I hear but a noise ;
But noise is sweet music to small girls and boys.
Patience, grown people, remember the day
When you were but children, and rattled away
With a rub-a-dub-dub on kettle and pan,
Rub-a-dub-dub, making music who can.

EVERY

COUPLE IS

NOT

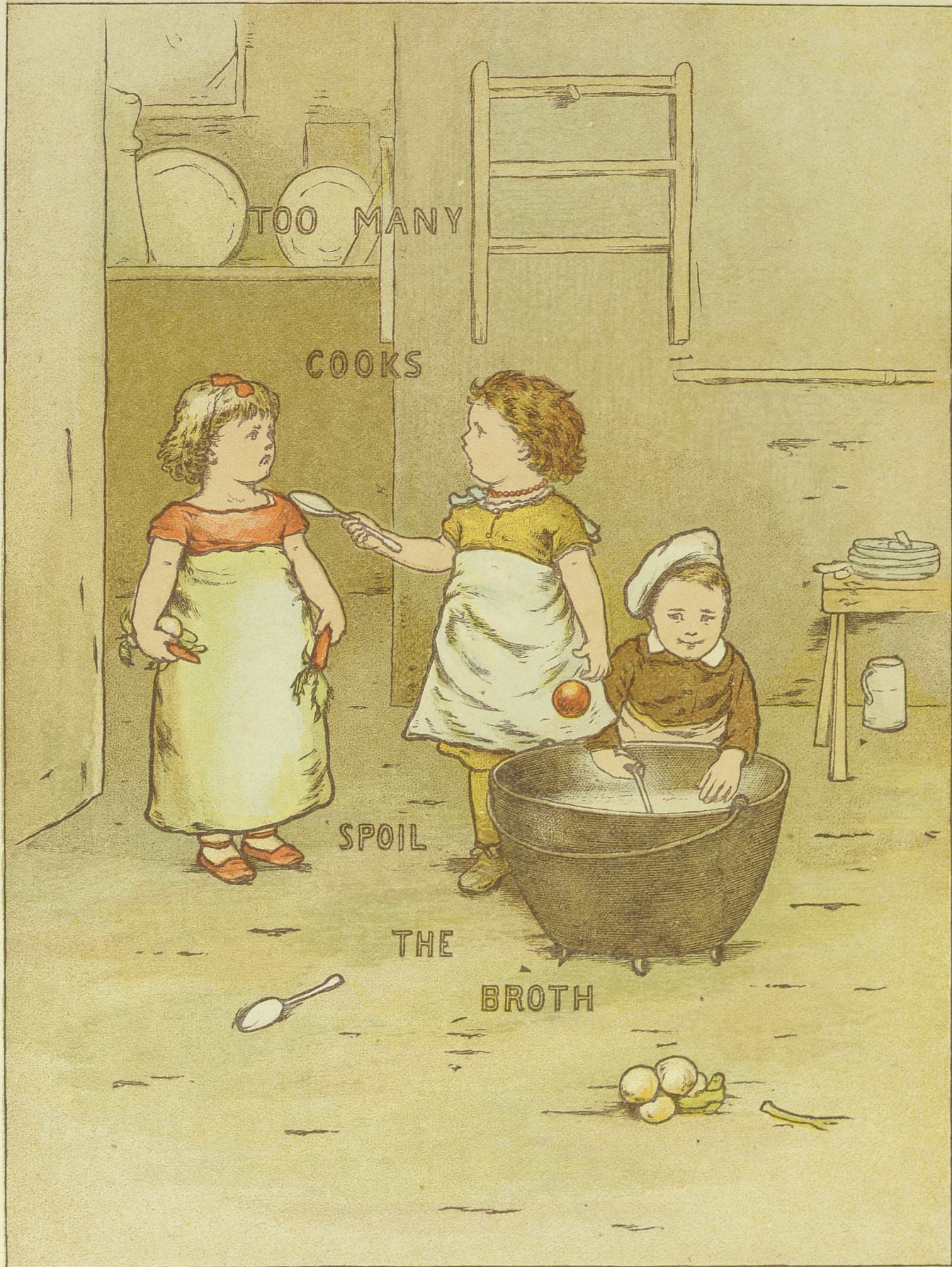
A PAIR

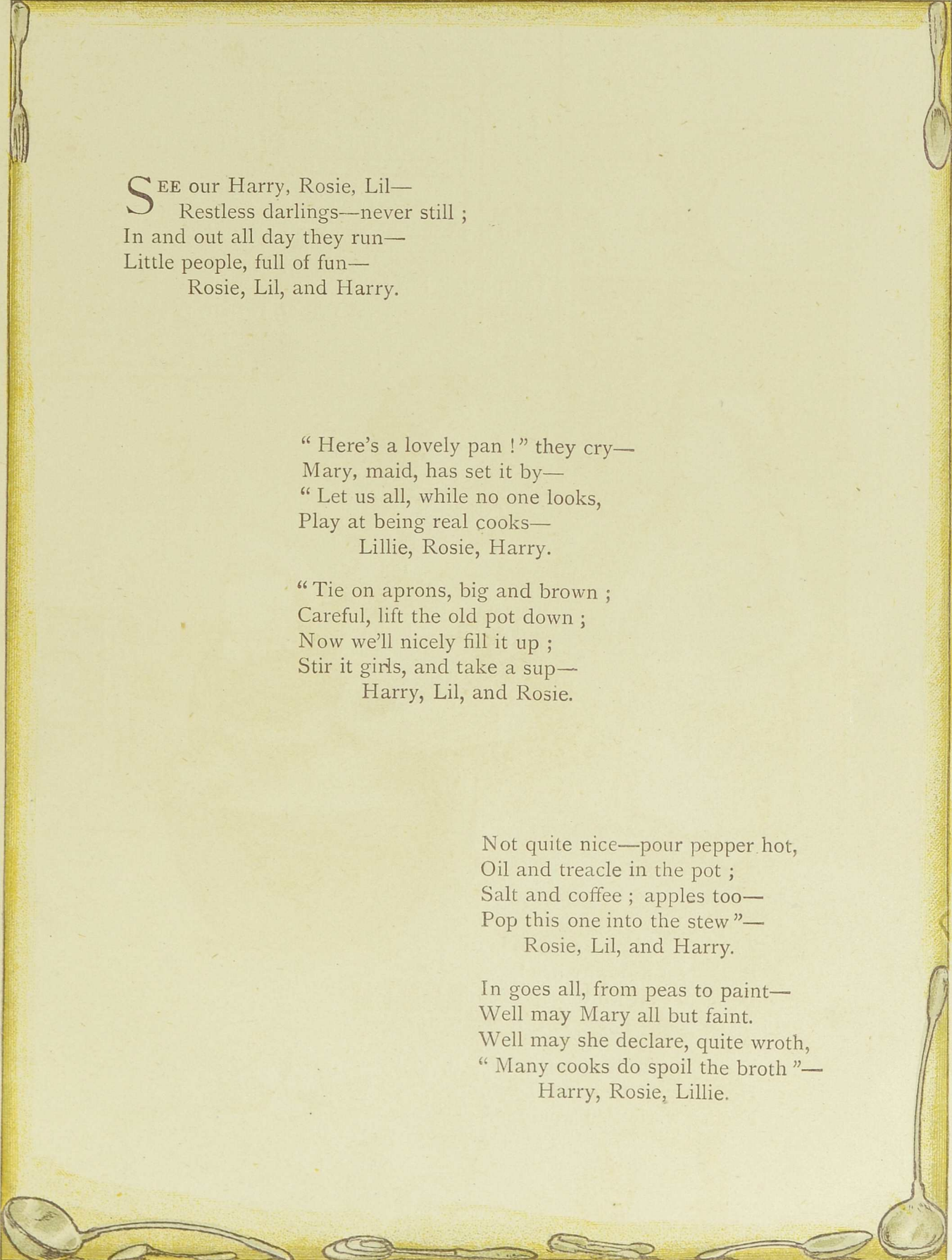
TWO ;—

A sturdy boot, and a wee, wee shoe—
Soft wonder of wool, just as light and sweet
As its baby wearer's pinky feet ;
It moves in a world of infant blisses,
Treads light on a path bestrewn with kisses.
Careless and aimless, yet eager to stand,
Dear little foot on this new-found land.

The other ;—ah, me ! in the by-and-by
Its wearer may glance at that shoe with a sigh,
To think of the time when its faded hue
Bloom'd, fresh from the hands of the tried and true ;
To think how a mother's safe finger led
O'er the path that has grown all so hard to tread :
Then, baby unwitting was never afraid ;
Now, baby grown man knows how much he needs aid.







SEE our Harry, Rosie, Lil—
Restless darlings—never still ;
In and out all day they run—
Little people, full of fun—
Rosie, Lil, and Harry.

“ Here’s a lovely pan !” they cry—
Mary, maid, has set it by—
“ Let us all, while no one looks,
Play at being real cooks—
Lillie, Rosie, Harry.

“ Tie on aprons, big and brown ;
Careful, lift the old pot down ;
Now we’ll nicely fill it up ;
Stir it girls, and take a sup—
Harry, Lil, and Rosie.

Not quite nice—pour pepper hot,
Oil and treacle in the pot ;
Salt and coffee ; apples too—
Pop this one into the stew”—
Rosie, Lil, and Harry.

In goes all, from peas to paint—
Well may Mary all but faint.
Well may she declare, quite wroth,
“ Many cooks do spoil the broth”—
Harry, Rosie, Lillie.

FAST asleep in their cradles white,
Packed up snug and safe and tight,
Three chicksies slept at dawning—
A twitter, twitter, twee.

Soon the younglings woke—but lo!
Out not one of them could go,
Chirping, “I’m so hungry, brothers—
A twitter, twitter, twee.”



The
Early Bird
catches the
Worm.

“I shall peck my way,” one said,
Poking far a downy head,
Through that white wall crashing—
A twitter, twitter, twee.

Fluttering forth with will so firm,
He it was that caught the worm,
Foolish worm that would not rest—
A twitter, twitter, twee.



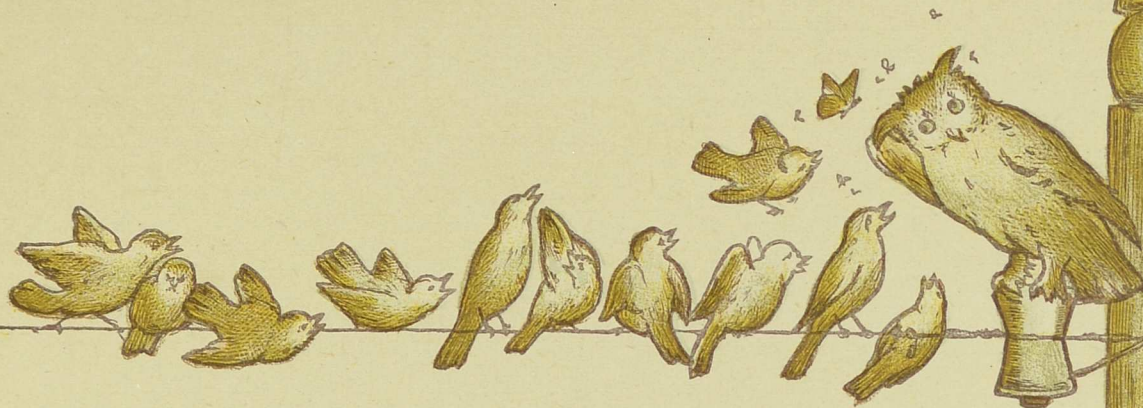
Bought wit
is Best.

COME here, my boy, with fingers torn
By startled crab this summer's morn.
What need to poke, what need to pry
In every hole as you came by?
A nip like that is no nice jest ;
But it may teach, " Bought wit is best."

Old Hermit hides in many a shell ;
Full strange the wonders he could tell
Of wind and wave, of land and sea,
Of tangles rare, of sunshine free.
He wanders off from east to west,
By perils taught, " Bought wit is best."

He finds a house whelk calls her own,
One moment left, that she might roam ;
He's on the watch—that traveller bold—
And she, poor thing ! out in the cold ;
For Hermit quick pops in with zest—
" Your lodging's mine—' Bought wit is best."





Hear a' Parties.

“**W**HA's the matter ?
Wha's the clatter ?
Why sic angry host ?
Wha's a' the affront, my hearties ?
I'll be judge an' hear a' parties,”

Hoots the owl.

In a minute Madam Linnet shrill cries she,
With a tittle, tattle, tee,
“To chirp such things of me, me, me !
I that never, never gossip—no ;
Though, of course, things I *do* know—
See such flying to and fro
In nests near mine, and pluming, oh !
But there, my chitter, chatter, chee !”
Wisely nodded she. All the birdies pressing round,
Shriek, “Titter, tatter, tee !
It is really shameful, horrid !
Such conduct in our tree !
Not that we care one feather
For scandal.” “Sae I see,” quoth the owl—

Wise old fowl.

Be it ever so humble

there's

No

place

like

Home.

AS THRILLS yon little woodland bird,
In notes of thankful, happy glee,
Charming the air with music soft,
Far echoing o'er the lea,



He does but sing an old, old song,
He does but tell an old, old story,
Yet one for ever fondly heard
Of love's true glory.
Sweet love, that bides in humblest nest,
And makes that lowly home the best.



FOR THAT THOU
CANST
DO
THYSELF
RELY NOT
UPON ANOTHER.

A PROVERB sad,
And yet too true—
'Tis meant for me,
'Tis meant for you.
It warns us, try
To live our best,
If in the end
We would have rest.
It bids each wisely
Rule his fate,
Nor let repentance
Come too late.



BIG HEAD

Little
Wit



“BIG head—little wit,”
Adage true for one of wood.
“Little head—never a bit,”
That’s another just as good.

Who Touches Pitch
will be
defiled.



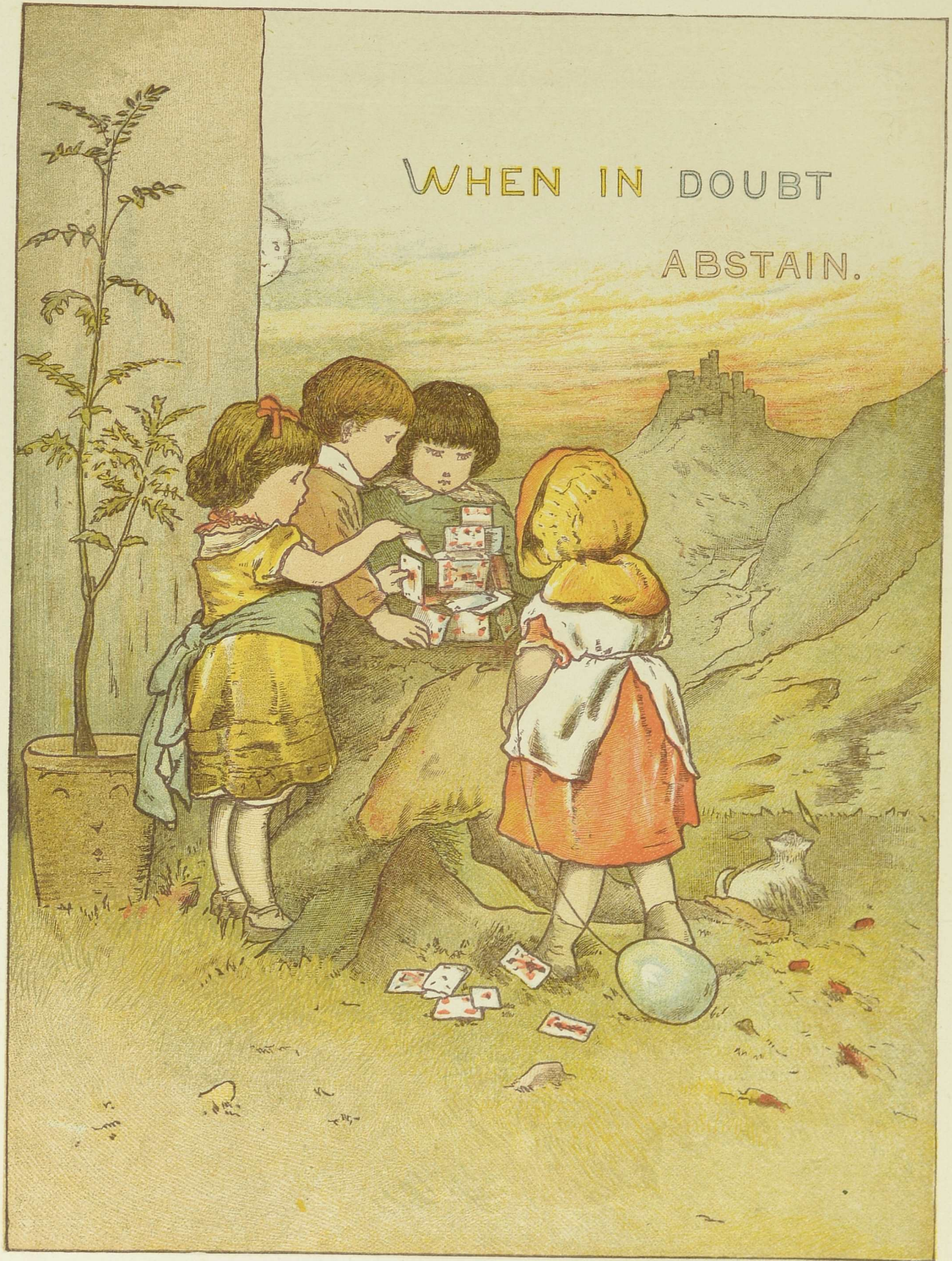
As fresh as a rose
To school Ned goes,
Dress'd in the best
Of his week-day clothes.
E'en the butterflies say, as he passes by,
"What a trim-wing'd laddie is walking nigh!"



'Tis a tempting post
Hides a very black pot,
Till our unlucky Ned
Rolls it over—all hot.

Then butterflies whisper, 'mid flutter and scare,
"Oh, what a specklety laddie sits there!"

WHEN IN DOUBT
ABSTAIN.





ONE more,
Another floor—
Watch our castle rising ;
See how tall and firm it stands,
Isn't that surprising ?

One more
On these four,
Yes or no—place it so—
Shall I ?—tell me—can it stand ?
Dear, I scarcely know.

One more—
Down they pour,
Wall and tower ; plain,
There is truth in that old saw,
“ When in doubt, abstain.”

FINCH and Goldie,
Redpole fine,
In the cornfield
Came to dine.

“Oh! what is that?”
They startled cry
All in a flutter
Rushing by.

“Look, silly birds,
And you will know
It cannot hurt,”
Cawed Father Crow.

“’Tis but a thing
’Gainst nature’s law,
Only a sham—
‘A man of straw.’”



COMING

EVENTS



CAST
THEIR SHADOWS

BEFORE



Printers { MESSRS. J. M. KRONHEIM & CO., Pages 1 to 8 and 41 to 64.
 " CLAY, SON & TAYLOR " 9 to 40.

A SELECTION OF
Illustrated Volumes for Children and Young People,

Published by CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.

Happy Little People. By OLIVE PATCH. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges. Price 5s.

Old Proverbs with New Pictures. With 64 Fac-simile Coloured Plates from Original Designs by LIZZIE LAWSON. The Text by C. L. MATÉAUX. Crown 4to, handsomely bound, 6s.

"My Diary." By a New Artist. With 12 Coloured Plates and 366 Small Woodcuts specially executed for the Work; together with Blank Space for Every Day in the Year for Small Memos, by Small Writers. Elegantly bound, 2s. 6d.; or roan gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

The Wonderland of Work. Being the "How and Why" of many interesting things to be found therein. By C. L. MATÉAUX, Author of "Home Chat," &c. With numerous Original Illustrations. Extra crown 4to, 320 pp., 7s. 6d.

Peter Parley's Annual for 1882. 41st Issue, containing a Series of Original Stories relating the Adventures of Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Rich Man, Poor Man, Ploughboy, and Thief. Illustrated with Nine Coloured Plates, printed in Oil, and Twelve full-page Engravings. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

Three Wise Old Couples. A Laughable Book of Ludicrous Rhymes. With 16 Original Coloured Plates. Crown 4to, 5s.

Wild Adventures in Wild Places. By Dr. GORDON STABLES, Author of "Jungle, Peak, and Plain." Illustrated throughout. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, price 5s.

Little Folks' Half-Yearly Volume. Containing nearly 500 Pictures, and full of Stories and interesting Reading, Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 5s. each. *** Also published in Monthly Parts, 6d.

The Little Folks' Album of Music. Containing a charming Collection of Music with Words. Illustrated. Crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

The "Little Folks" Illuminating Book. Containing a Series of Texts in Outline, with COLOURED COPIES for the Guidance of Competitors, together with Hymns and Poems for Sunday Reading. Price 1s., or in cloth gilt, 2s.

Pictures to Paint. With numerous Original Coloured Plates by KATE GREENAWAY, M. E. EDWARDS, &c. &c., with accompanying Outline Engravings intended for Water-Colour Painting. Price 1s., or in cloth gilt, 2s.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.: London, Paris & New York.

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE—*Continued.*

- The "Little Folks" Nature Painting Book. *With numerous Illustrations intended for Water-Colour Painting, consisting of well-known British Flowers, Butterflies, Birds, and Animals. Price 1s., or in cloth gilt, 2s.*
-
- The "Little Folks" Black and White Painting Book. *Consisting of a Series of Drawings in Black and White, with Blank Pages for Illustration, and Amusing Verses. Price 1s., or in cloth gilt, 2s.*
-
- The "Little Folks" Painting Book. *A Series of Outline Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, intended for Water-Colour Painting, with Amusing Letterpress descriptive of the Pictures. Price 1s., or in cloth gilt, 2s.*
-
- Peeps Abroad for Folks at Home. *By C. L. MATÉAUX. Profusely Illustrated. Cheap Edition. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Home Chat with our Young Folks. *By C. L. MATÉAUX. With 200 Engravings. Cheap Edition. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Sunday Chats with our Young Folks. *By C. L. MATÉAUX. Profusely Illustrated. Cheap Edition. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Half-Hours with Early Explorers. *By T. FROST. Profusely Illustrated. Fcap. 4to. Cheap Edition. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Around and About Old England. *By C. L. MATÉAUX. With numerous Illustrations. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Stories about Animals. *By the Rev. T. JACKSON, M.A. Profusely Illustrated. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Stories about Birds. *By M. and E. KIRBY. Profusely Illustrated. Extra fcap. 4to, cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*
-
- Paws and Claws. *Being True Stories of Clever Creatures, Tame and Wild. Illustrated. Coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth bevelled, gilt edges, 5s.*

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE—*Continued.*

Familiar Friends. *By* OLIVE PATCH. *Illustrated throughout.* 168 pages, crown 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

Tim Trumble's "Little Mother." *A New Story for Young Folks.* *By* C. L. MATÉAUX. *With 18 Illustrations by* GIACOMELLI. *Fcap.* 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

The Favorite Album of Fun and Fancy. *Illustrated throughout by* ERNEST GRISET. *Crown* 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

Decisive Events in History. *By* THOMAS ARCHER. *With 16 Full-page Original Illustrations.* *Sixth Thousand, extra fcap.* 4to, coloured boards, 3s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 5s.

The Little Folks' Holiday Album. *Illustrated throughout.* *Crown* 4to, 3s. 6d.

Living Pages from Many Ages. *With upwards of 50 Full-page Illustrations.* *Crown* 4to, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

Little Hinges. *By* MADELINE BONA VIA HUNT. *Illustrated by* M. E. EDWARDS. *Cloth* gilt, 3s. 6d.

Odd Folks at Home. *By* C. L. MATÉAUX. *With nearly 150 Illustrations.* *Extra fcap.* 4to, cloth gilt, 5s.

Field Friends and Forest Foes. *Profusely Illustrated.* *Extra fcap.* 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

Silver Wings and Golden Scales. *Illustrated throughout.* *Extra fcap.* 4to, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

Stories of Girlhood; or, The Brook and the River. *A Book for Girls.* *By* SARAH DOUDNEY. *Illustrated,* *Cloth* gilt, 5s.

Jungle, Peak, and Plain. *By* DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N. *Illustrated.* *Cloth* gilt, 5s.

ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE—*Continued.*

- Oberon's Horn. *A Book of Fairy Tales.* By Professor HENRY MORLEY. *With Illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. Being a New and Cheaper Edition of "The Chicken Market."* By Professor HENRY MORLEY. *Cloth, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.*
- Woodland Romances ; or, Fables and Fancies. By C. L. MATÉAUX. *Illustrated throughout. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.*
- Tiny Houses and their Builders. *By the Author of "Poems Written for a Child."* *Profusely Illustrated. Cloth gilt, 5s.*
- The Children's Album. *Containing nearly 200 Engravings, with Short Stories. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.*
- The Children's Sunday Album. *With upwards of 150 Engravings, with Simple Stories. 3s. 6d.*
- Little Empress Joan. By MADELINE BONAVIA HUNT, *Author of "Little Hinges," &c.* *Illustrated throughout. 2s. 6d.*
- Wonders of Common Things. By ANNIE CAREY. *Being a New Edition in One Volume of "Autobiography of a Lump of Coal," &c., and "Threads of Knowledge." With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.*
- Golden Days. *An English Girl's School Life in Germany.* By JEANIE HERING. *Illustrated. 2s. 6d.*
- Notable Shipwrecks. By UNCLE HARDY. *New Edition. Illustrated. 2s. 6d.*
- At the South Pole. *By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. With 40 Engravings. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.*
- The Story of Captain Cook. *With numerous Illustrations. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.*
- The Old Fairy Tales. *With numerous Original Illustrations. New Edition. Price 1s.; or cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.*

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE, containing a List of *Several Hundred Volumes*, including *Bibles and Religious Works, Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Handbooks and Guides, Science, Travels, &c. &c.*, together with a Synopsis of their numerous *Illustrated Serial Publications*, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO., Ludgate Hill, London.

Old Proverbs

WITH

NEW

PICTURES

BY

LIZZIE LAWSON.



THE WISDOM OF MANY
THE WIT OF ONE.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.