



PICTURES AND STORIES  
OF  
NATURAL HISTORY

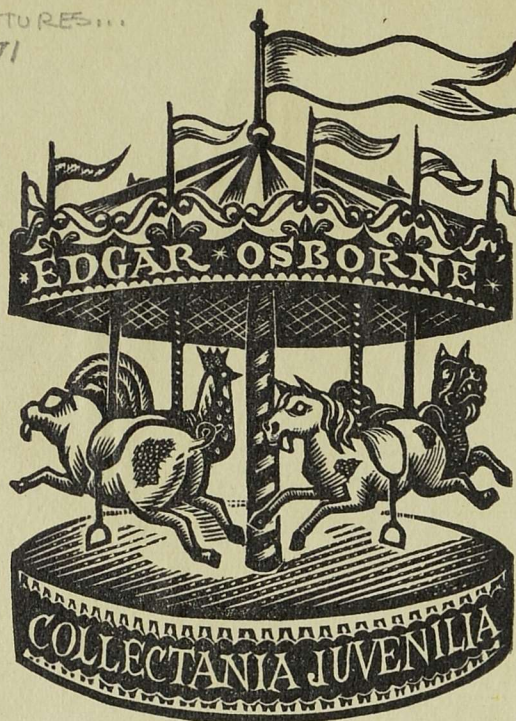
T. NELSON & SONS

LONDON & EDINBURGH



Love from  
Mary.

NS  
PICTURES...  
1871



37131009 559 527

II, 833

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

**MR. AND MRS. EDGAR OSBORNE**























PICTURES AND STORIES  
OF  
NATURAL HISTORY.



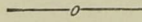
T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

1871.





## Contents.



THE POLAR BEAR.

THE NARWHAL.

THE WALRUS.

THE REINDEER.

THE STAG.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.








## THE POLAR BEAR.

---

 HAVE you ever seen a white bear? He does not live in England. If you look in the map, you will see the North Pole marked. In the country round the North Pole the white bear lives, and that is why he is called the Polar bear.

It is very cold where the white bear lives. The ground is covered with snow and the sea is blocked up with ice.

The bear does not mind the cold. See what a warm fur coat he has on! God has given it to him, so that he cannot feel the frost.

You and I could not walk upon the ice as he does. But the soles of his feet



have long hairs growing to them ; so that he treads as safely as if he had a pair of fur boots on.

The bear lives near the sea-coast, for he knows how to swim. He likes the water as well as the land. And in the water he can find plenty to eat.

You would not think it a pleasant sea to swim in. In the winter it is quite frozen over, and is as hard as iron. In the summer the ice does not go away. It floats about in great blocks like the one in the picture.

I must tell you about the bear in the picture, and how he came on the block of ice.

He is very fond of catching a seal for his dinner. The seal lives in the water, and has a funny round head, and a tail like a fish. Now and then the seal pops up its



head and looks about it. Sometimes it will come out of the water, and drag itself a little way, for it hardly knows how to walk. And then it will lie down on the ice, and go to sleep. But if any noise wakens it, up it jumps and dives down into the water. And the water is the safest place for it. Now the bear, when he wants his dinner, begins to look about for a seal. He prowls over the ice, smelling as he goes, until he gets to a hole where the ice is melted. Here he stops. He knows that this is a likely place for a seal to pop up its head. He has only to wait and have patience.

Sometimes he has not long to wait. Up will come the round head of a seal. And this is just what the bear wants. He drags the poor seal out of the water, tears it to pieces, and eats it.



But the bear does not always get his dinner so quickly. The seal is a very cunning creature, and is not always caught. Then the bear gets tired of waiting. He will jump into the water and swim about looking for something to eat. Nothing comes amiss to him. A bit of dead whale he thinks a great treat.

He swims a long way from home, and is glad to get upon a block of ice and rest himself. From one block of ice he goes to another. There is no knowing where he may not travel to. If he reaches the shore of some far off country, he is sure to get into trouble. The people who live there are not at all glad to see him. They will come down to the shore and kill him.

The bear in the picture has gone from one block of ice to another. At last he spies a boat with two men in it. He is so



hungry, he would not mind having one of the men for his dinner.

They have been looking at him as he lay on the ice. His white coat was so like the ice, they hardly knew what he was. But he has come quite close, and has put one paw on the edge of the boat. The men will have to fight for their lives.

One man has struck him with a spear; but the bear has got the spear between his teeth. It is a good thing that the other man has a hatchet in his hand. He will bring it down on the bear's head with all his might. Then the bear will let go the spear, and perhaps he will fall down and die.

When the bear is dead the men will take his nice warm fur, and make jackets and caps of it, like those in the picture.

I must tell you what happens to the



mother bear in the winter. She lies down behind a block of ice, or else she scratches a hole in the snow and gets into it. There she sleeps till the spring. When she comes out again she is very thin and very hungry.

She has two little cubs, no bigger than two little rabbits. She is a very good mother to her cubs. When she has caught a seal, she will divide it between them, and hardly keep a bit for herself. And if her little cubs get killed, the poor mother will lie down and die of grief.













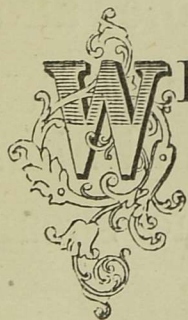






## THE NARWHAL.

---



HAT can that curious-looking creature be in the picture?

It is called the narwhal. It has its home in the seas where the great whale lives.

It is a kind of whale, only not so large or so clumsy. People have even called it the "white whale."

They like to hunt it when they can.

That long tusk which you see is ivory, like the tusk of the elephant.

And that is why the man in the boat wants to kill the poor narwhal.

It is not very easy to catch sight of the narwhal. It is so shy that it keeps quite out of reach of man.

The man in the boat has been hunting about for a long time.

Do you see what a funny little canoe it is ?

There is a round hole in the middle, and here the man sits and paddles himself along.

There is a great ball of rope behind him. One end of the rope is tied to the spear he has in his hand.

The spear is called a harpoon, and it is the weapon with which he is going to kill the narwhal.

You might fancy the narwhal was very fierce. It looks fierce with its great tusk. But it is really gentle and harmless. It plays about in the water with its companions, and does no harm to anything.

Its skin is very handsome, as you see, and has spots all over it. And the narwhal swims and glides about in a very graceful manner.



Will the man in the boat be able to kill the narwhal?

I think he will. He will strike it with his harpoon. Then it will dive down deep into the water, quite out of reach. But the harpoon will stick fast in its body. And the rope will keep tied to the end of the harpoon.

The rope on the ball will unwind very quickly indeed, as the narwhal keeps pulling at it. But the man has taken care to have plenty of rope. Before it has quite unwound itself, the narwhal is tired and stops.

Though it looks like a great fish, it does not breathe as the fishes do. It breathes the air, as you and I do. So that it has to come up to the top of the water, or it would die.

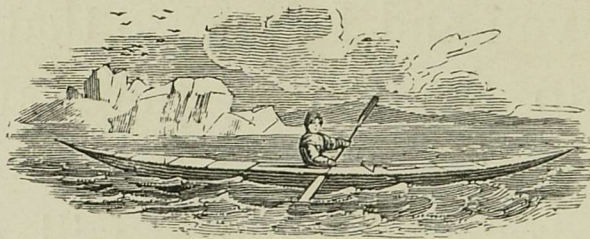
The man guesses where it will come up. He has the other end of the rope in his

hand ; so the narwhal has not got loose. He paddles along very fast, and soon comes up to the poor tired creature. Then he strikes it with a fresh harpoon.

Again the narwhal dives down. But this time it does not stay so long as before. When it comes up to breathe, its enemy is waiting for it. And so the hunt goes on, until the narwhal is killed.

Now and then a narwhal is found that has two tusks.


The narwhal in the picture is one of these rare creatures.





## THE WALRUS.

---

HE walrus lives in the cold seas of the north, where there are great blocks of ice floating about in the water. The whale lives in these seas too, and the walrus is almost as big as the whale.

The picture will show you what a curious creature the walrus is. He has a funny round head like a seal, and two long tusks that look as if they could do a great deal of mischief.

It is not pleasant to be in a boat when a walrus is trying to upset it. He will knock a hole in the side of the boat with his tusks, so that the water can get in. His eyes look very bright and fierce while he is doing it. But he is not really fierce. He

is gentle enough when he is let alone, and he only attacks the boat because a harpoon has been thrown at him. He does not attempt to hurt the sailors, though he has knocked their boat to pieces.

He is very fond of his friends, the other walruses, who are swimming about in the sea. If one of them gets struck with a harpoon, he will dive down and fetch a whole crowd of walruses and help to rescue him, so that the sailors have often to get away as fast as they can.

As for the mother walrus, there is nothing she will not do to protect her little one from danger. When she is hurt by the harpoon, her great fear is lest her little one should be hurt too. She will hide it under her body and try to cover it with her fins. No matter how badly she is hurt, if only her little one can be safe.

















The little walrus is just as fond of its mother, and will keep as close to her as it can. Not long ago some sailors, who were out in those seas looking for whales, killed a mother walrus; she was one of a great herd, and her little one was with her. The sailors tied the body of the mother walrus to the boat, and dragged it along towards the ship. The little one went after it, and kept as close as it could. It kept diving and swimming round and round, and would not go away. At last the sailors threw a noose made of rope over its head and its two paws, and caught it. Then it was lifted on deck, and made fast to a ring so that it could not get away.

At first the little walrus would not eat anything. But by-and-by it began to pick up the bits of pork given it by the sailors. It would have liked shrimps and mussels



better, and as soon as the ship came to land the sailors got plenty of shrimps for it to eat.

The little walrus was put in a box with holes in it for it to breathe through, and sent to one of the public gardens in London.

The two great tusks that you see growing from the mouth of the walrus, are very long and heavy.

I will tell you what use they are to him. He can scrape the shrimps and shell-fish out of the sand with them. And he can use them to help him to climb up the blocks of ice. Sometimes, when he wants to go to sleep, he sticks them into the ice, and rests upon them. But this is not always safe. It may happen that the tide goes out, and leaves the poor walrus hanging by his tusks to the rock. If he



cannot get loose he is in danger of hanging there till he dies.

People try to kill the walrus for the sake of his tusks and of his skin. His skin is very thick, and makes good strong leather. And the fat of his great body is made into oil. So that it is quite worth while to go out to hunt the walrus as well as the whale.

The walrus greatly enjoys himself in the water. He blows up the water through holes in his head as the whale does, and makes a loud noise that can be heard a long way off.

It is not so easy to kill him with the harpoon as it is to kill the whale. His skin is so thick and tough, that the spear will not always go through it. But when the walrus is on shore, it is more easy to kill him.

The walrus likes to spend part of his time on land. Many hundred walruses often



lie stretched on shore, or on the blocks of ice, taking their naps. The sailors have to be very quick indeed, or the whole herd will wake, and in a few moments pop into the water.

I will tell you how the sailors do. They steal round till they get to the last row of walruses; I mean those which lie close to the water's edge. If the walrus can once get into the sea he is safe; but the sailors do not mean that he should. They fire off their guns, and shoot as many of the herd as they can. The poor walruses who are shot lie dead at the water's edge. Then the other walruses who have been roused up by the noise of the shooting, begin to be in a great fright. They make at once for the sea. But it is not very easy to get there. They cannot walk well, for their hind feet are joined like a fin, and they




shuffle along rather than walk. Besides, there are the dead bodies of their friends lying in the way, and it takes some time to get over them. They are in a great hurry, as you may think, and jostle and push against each other, and hurt each other very much with their tusks. But with all their efforts they cannot make their escape. Some of them are wounded, and many more are killed.

When the walrus finds there is no way of getting back to the sea, he will sometimes turn on the man who is trying to kill him. Then he strikes out with his great finny paws, and is as fierce as at other times he is gentle. But he is so clumsy on the land, that, in spite of his courage, he has often the worst of it. And the fight ends by his falling a victim to the weapons of his enemy.

## THE REINDEER.

---

APLAND is a very cold country to live in, and the Laplander would be badly off if it were not for the reindeer.

If he wants to go from one place to another, he can harness his reindeer to a sledge, and drive over the snow, as you see him doing in the picture. The reindeer whirls the sledge along at a great rate, and can go many miles without stopping.

And look how the Laplander is wrapped up, to keep him from the cold ! For all his warm clothes he has to thank the reindeer. His coat and his cap are made of the skin, that has all the thick soft hair left upon it. And besides his coat and his cap, his boots

















and his gloves are made of it as well. And at night, though it freezes so sharp, he lies warm and snug. His bed and his blankets are both made of the deer skin.

The horse could not live in Lapland through the winter. The cold would soon kill it. And it would have nothing to eat. There are no grassy meadows, or corn fields, as there are in England.

I dare say you wonder how the reindeer gets a living. But God provides food for all the creatures He has made. And so the reindeer finds plenty to eat even in Lapland. A little plant grows all over the ground, and on the trunks of the trees. It is not pretty to look at, but God has placed it there for the reindeer to eat. It is called the reindeer moss.

In the winter, when the snow covers the ground, the reindeer have to root about



with their noses to find the moss. But if the hard ice covers the ground, then the reindeer cannot get at the moss. The Laplander has no other food for them, so he cuts down some of the trees, and lets the deer peel off the moss that grows upon them. But he is glad when the ice on the ground begins to thaw. If it lasted a very long time, the reindeer would die of hunger.

The Laplander is a rich man when he has a herd of reindeer. They are so hardy he need not have any stables or sheds to keep them in. He need only drive them to the mountains in summer, and bring them down to the plains in winter.

You will see that the reindeer is as good as a horse to the Laplander. And now I am going to tell you that it is of the same use to him as the cow is to us. The milk



of the reindeer is very nice and sweet ; and the herd are driven up every day to be milked.

When the reindeer are being milked the women have to light a fire, that the smoke may drive the gnats away, or else the deer would not stand still.

There are a great many more gnats in Lapland than there are in England. They fill the air like a cloud of dust, and if you were to open your mouth it would be full of gnats in a minute !

The deer are very much afraid of the gnats, and would run any where to get away from them. They run up to the tops of the mountains, where it is too cold for the gnats to live. There is no food for them on the mountains ; but they would rather go without eating than be bitten by the gnats.

The Laplander does not want them to get thin and weak. He wants them to feed on the moss which is growing on the plains below. So he and his dogs go after them to drive them back again.

There is a great deal of noise and running about before the deer are made to come down. When they have been brought back, the Laplander and his dogs stay with them all day, to keep them in the place where their food is to be found.


He may well wish them to get fat. All the long winter, he and his wife and children live on the dried flesh of the reindeer.

The reindeer are killed as cows and sheep are with us. And the Laplander wants no other meat. The tongue is thought the best bit, and is often sent to England.



## THE STAG.

---

N the days of old, when the Norman kings sat upon the throne, there were forests in England. The trees grew thick, and met overhead.

Here the stags used to run wild. And the kings were so fond of hunting, that they did not wish the trees to be cut down, or the land to be sown with corn. They liked better to ride with their men through the glades and deep dells, looking for the deer. And because the forests were not large enough, they caused the villages to be burned, and the land laid waste, to make more room for the deer.

Those days are gone by. The forests have long ago been cut down, and the land

is made to yield crops of grass and corn. There are but few places left where the stag runs wild.

In England, he lives in the grounds or park of some rich man.

When he is hunted, he is driven out of the park into the open country. The hunters and the dogs ride after him in full cry. But they do not mean to kill him. When the dogs come up to him, they take hold of him without hurting him. They have been taught to do so. For the stag will be taken back into the park, and perhaps hunted a second time.

But in Scotland, where the stag runs wild, he meets with a much worse fate.

He is driven out of his native thicket by the cry of the hounds. He is fleet almost as the wind, and soon leaves them behind. Then he stops and listens. There is no



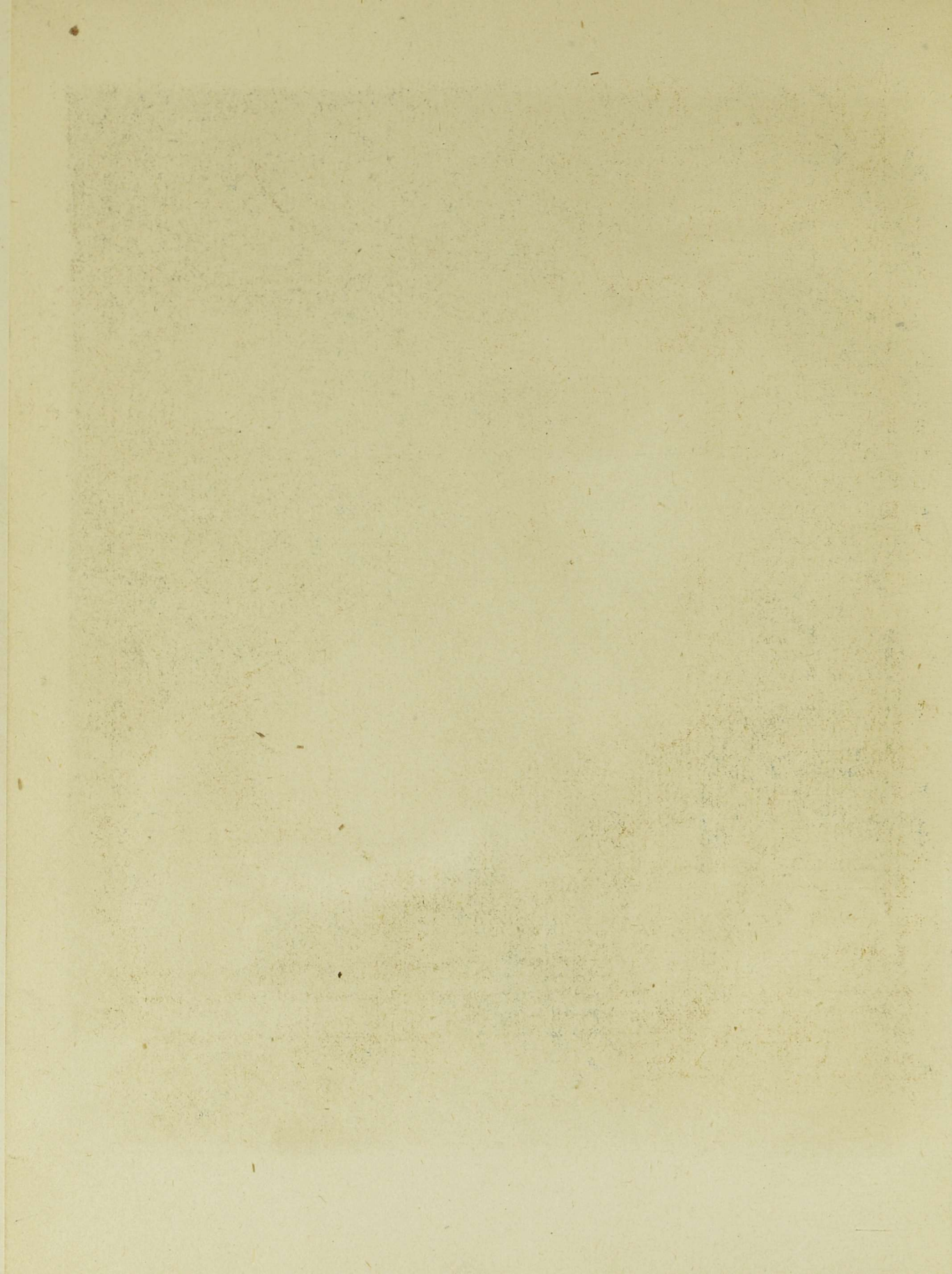














sound either of the dogs or of the men. He is too far off to hear them. You may see him, in the picture, standing with his head erect and his ears on the stretch. He soon forgets the danger he has been in, and thinks himself secure.

But again he hears the sound of the hunters. They have found him out, and are coming in the distance. Off he runs at full speed. But he stops sooner than he did before.

Again he listens, and again he hears the dogs. He is getting spent, and cannot run so long a distance. The dogs are gaining upon him, and there is no escape.

His last resource is to jump into a stream or river, and swim across it. He will even be so cunning as to keep under water, and let nothing be seen but the tip of his nose!

At length the poor stag is run down. He



turns and faces the dogs, and strikes at them with his horns. He is said then to "stand at bay."

In these days, when people are so fond of guns, they go out to shoot at the stag on the hills and moors of Scotland. This is called "deer-stalking."

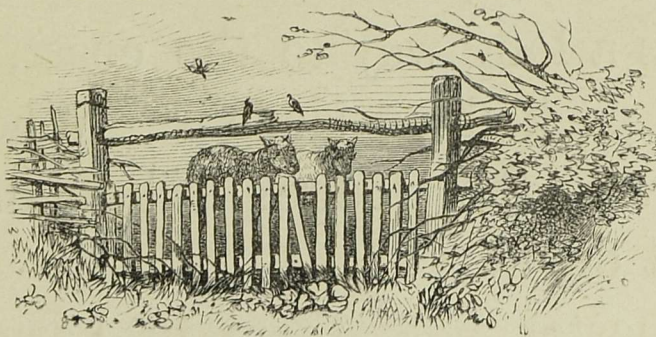
The hunter has to climb the mountains, and run stooping along, for fear the herd should see him. He will lie hidden behind some rock or stone for hours at a time, watching for a pair of horns moving among the fern. Then he will creep as near to the stag as he can, and fire his gun. If the stag is not killed he will gallop away, and the dogs after him.

Once a year the great spreading horns of the stag drop off. For a little while he is without any horns at all. Then he hides himself in the thicket, and never comes out




except at night. But in ten days the new horns begin to grow ; and in three months' time they are as handsome as they were before.

The little fawn lives in the deepest part of the thicket, and keeps close by the side of its mother. The mother is called a hind. She is a very timid creature, and will run away at the rustling of a leaf. But when her fawn is in danger, she becomes bold in its defence. If she hears the cry of the hunters, she will run before them, and lead them away from the place where her little one lies hidden.



## THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

---

HE Newfoundland dog gets his long name from the Island of Newfoundland. That is his native place, and if you look on the map of North America you will find out where it is.

He is very useful in his own country. He is so large and strong that he can work like a pony.

The people there cut down the trees, and send them to the sea coast. The wood is sold for timber, and taken away in ships. But it is a long way to the coast, and the trees are packed on sledges. Who do you think draws the sledge? Three or four of the great dogs!

The master puts them in harness, and



sends them off with the wood. They know the way quite well, and do not want any one to go with them. When they come to the sea coast, they know where to stop. And when they have got rid of the load of wood, they trot home again with the empty sledge.

Besides drawing the sledge, this dog can do a great many other things. He carries a basket in his mouth, if his master tells him. He never lets it drop or leaves it behind. If any one tried to steal it from him, he would be very angry, and most likely bite. But he does not often bite. He is the most gentle of all the dogs. He will let his master's children play with him, and pull his ears, and ride on his back, and do what they like with him.

I dare say you have seen one of these great dogs swim about in the water. He



likes the water, and is as much at home there as he is on the land. If you threw in a stick and told him to fetch it out, he would wag his tail, and be very pleased. He would jump in and swim after the stick, and soon bring it back again.

The dog in the picture has been into the water. He has a rope in his mouth, and he is bringing it to his master. His master is standing on the shore, waiting for him.

There has been a great storm, and a ship has been driven on the sands. The sailors cannot get her off again, and she will soon be broken in pieces by the waves. The sailors are in danger of being drowned; for no boat can get near them, and the people on shore cannot do anything to help them.

A little time ago the dog's master came down to the beach, to see what was the matter. He was very sorry for the poor

















men in the ship, and he thought he would make his dog do something to help them. He put his stick in Ponto's mouth (for Ponto was the name of the dog), and told him to carry it out to the ship.

The dog knew what he meant, and jumped into the water. He had hard work to swim, for the sea was so rough it drove him back. But he tried again, and at last got very near to the ship with the stick in his mouth.

The sailors were very glad to see him. They knew he was come to help them, and they got a long rope, and threw one end to him. Ponto dropped the stick and laid hold of the rope. Then he turned round, and began to swim back to the shore. He wanted to take the rope to his master.

This was just what his master had sent him for. He knew that the sailors would make their end of the rope fast to the ship. And



the men on shore would make their end fast. And there would be a kind of bridge made by the rope for the sailors to get along to the shore.

In the picture, the good dog has just brought the end of the rope to his master. Very soon all the poor sailors in the ship will be safe on land. They will owe their lives to the courage of the dog.

I will tell you why this kind of dog can swim so well. His toes are joined one to the other, a little like the toes of the duck. The duck's feet are called *webbed* feet. The dog's feet are half webbed, because the toes join only half way up.

