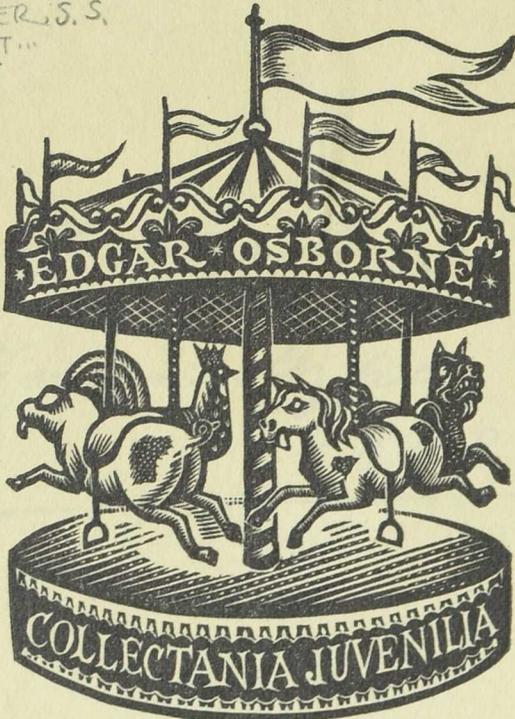


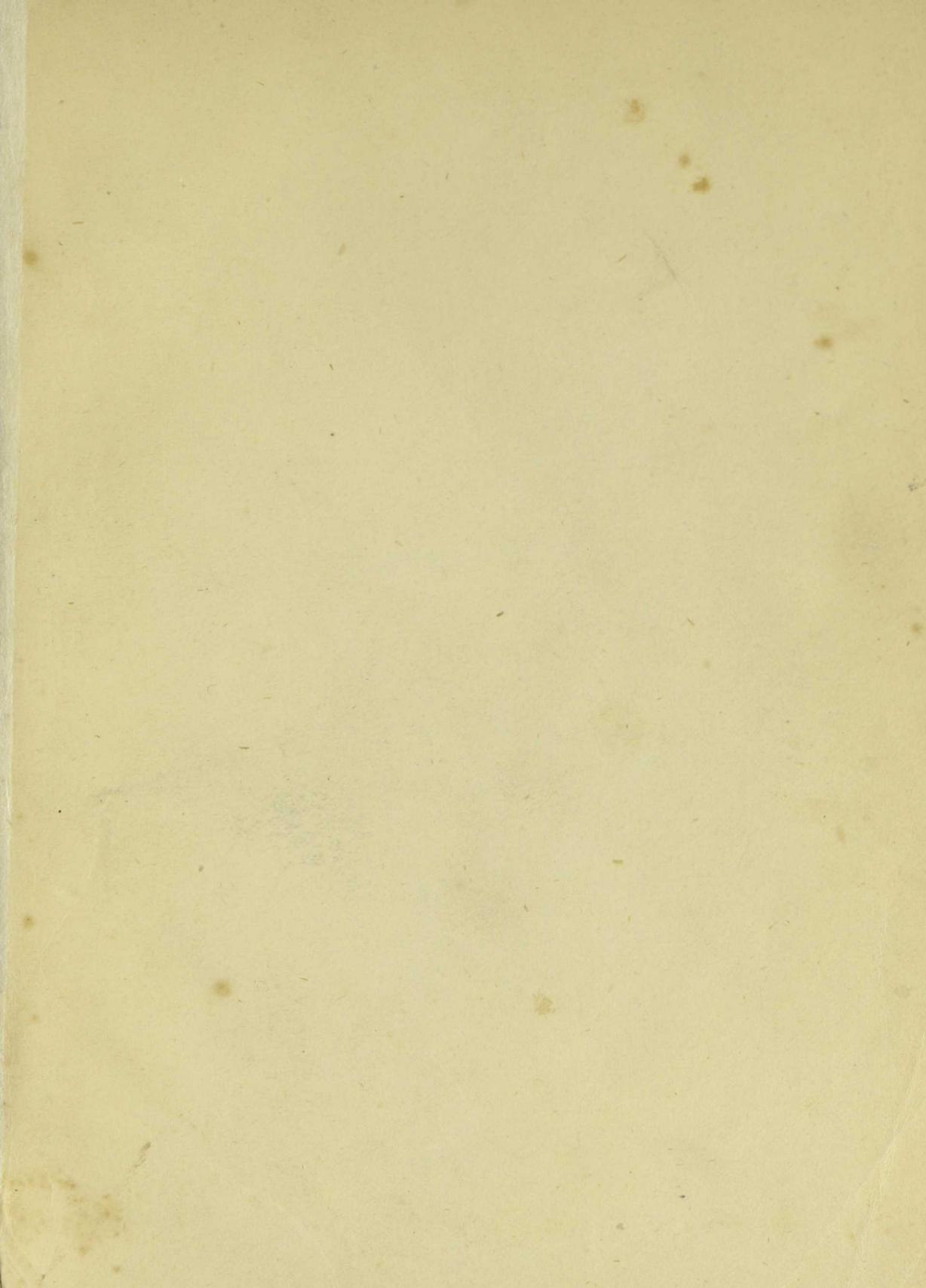
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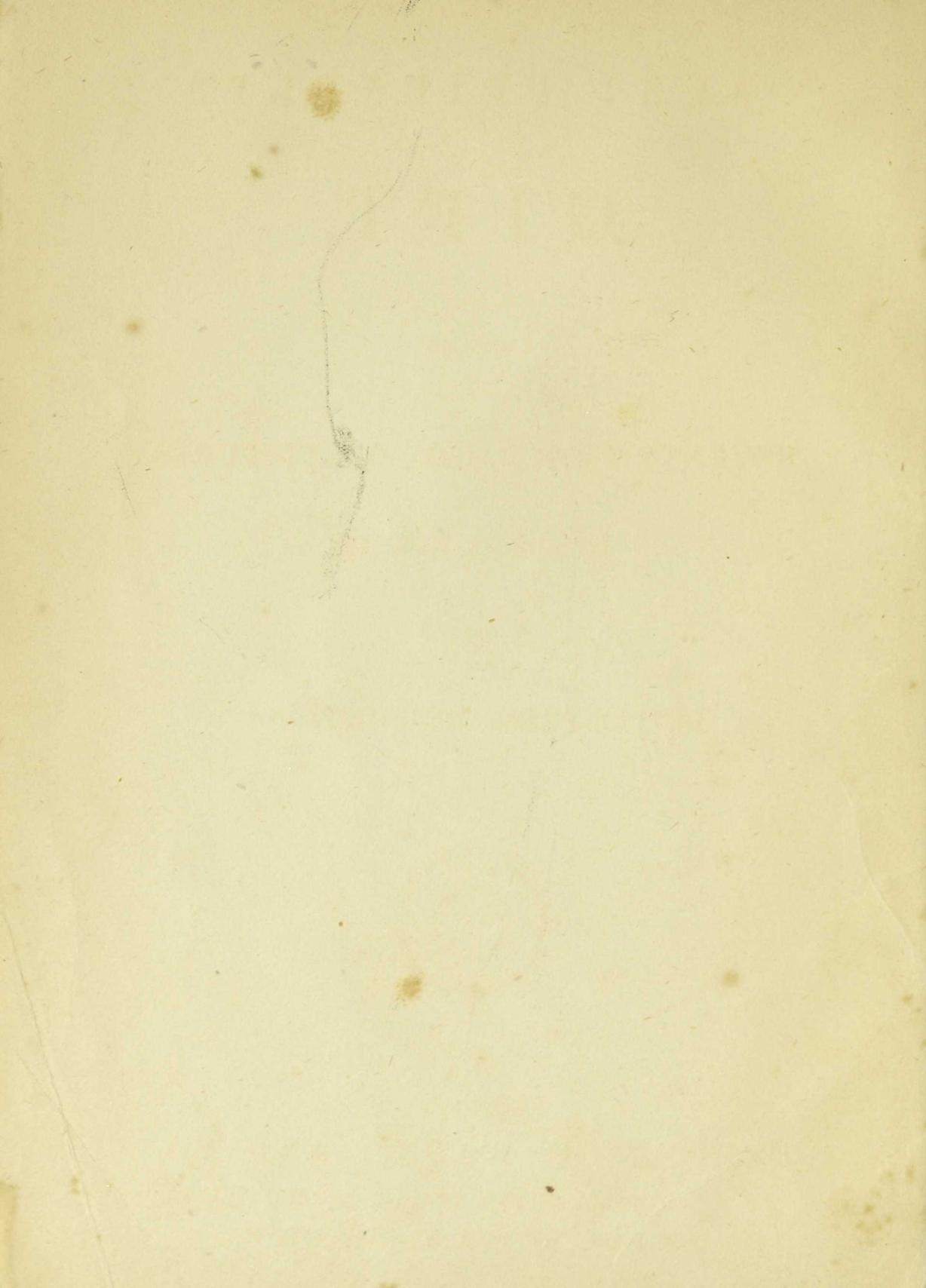


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MABEL OSBORNE





AUNT FRIENDLY'S
GIFT.

CONTAINING

SEVENTY-TWO PAGES OF PICTURES

Printed in Colours,

WITH

LETTER-PRESS DESCRIPTIONS.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

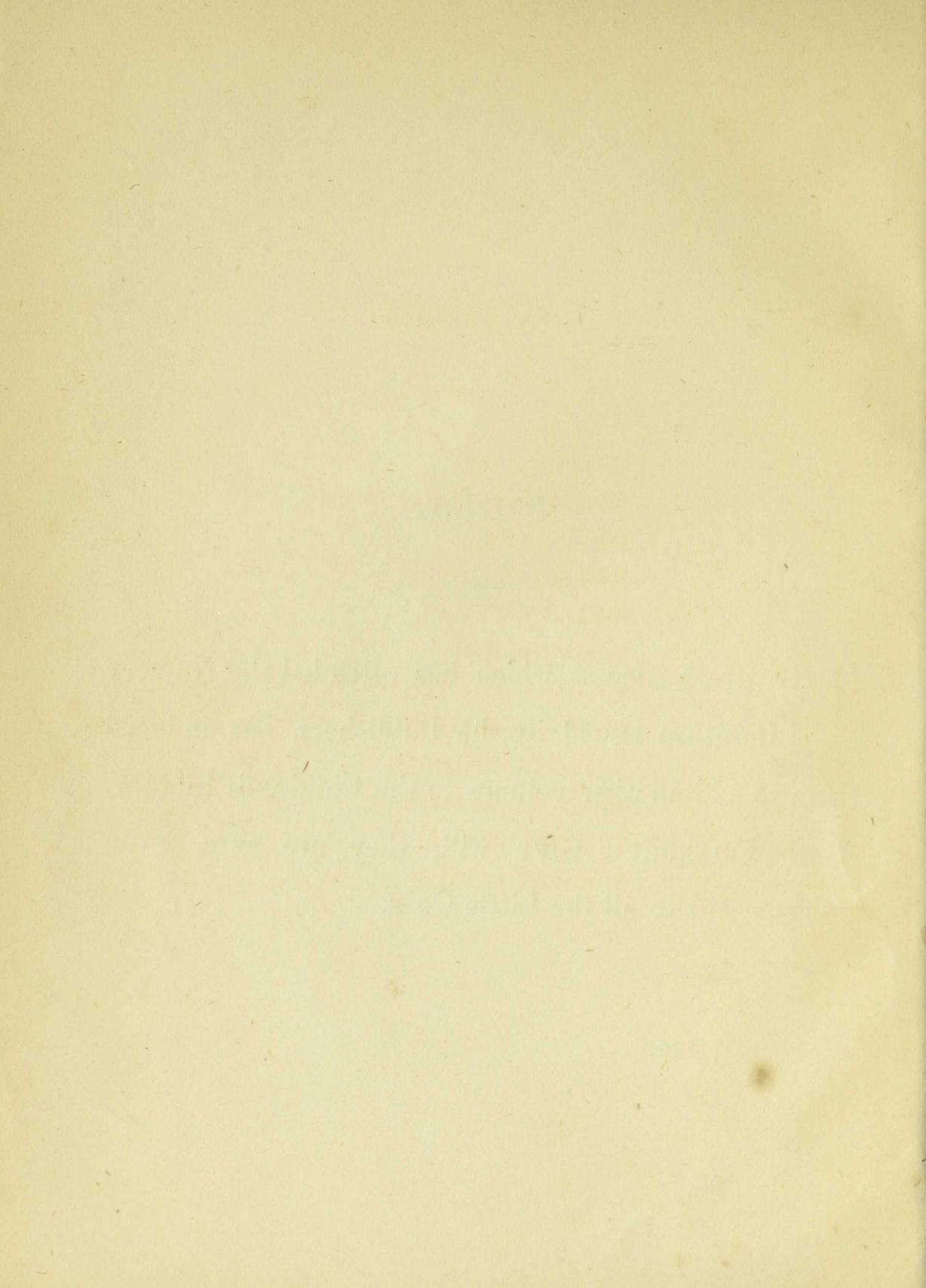
NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND CO.

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Preface.

THE great success which has attended the Nursery Literature issued by the Publishers, has induced them to add another volume to the Children's Library. AUNT FRIENDLY'S GIFT will, they are sure, be a welcome gift to all the Little Ones.

LONDON, 1867.



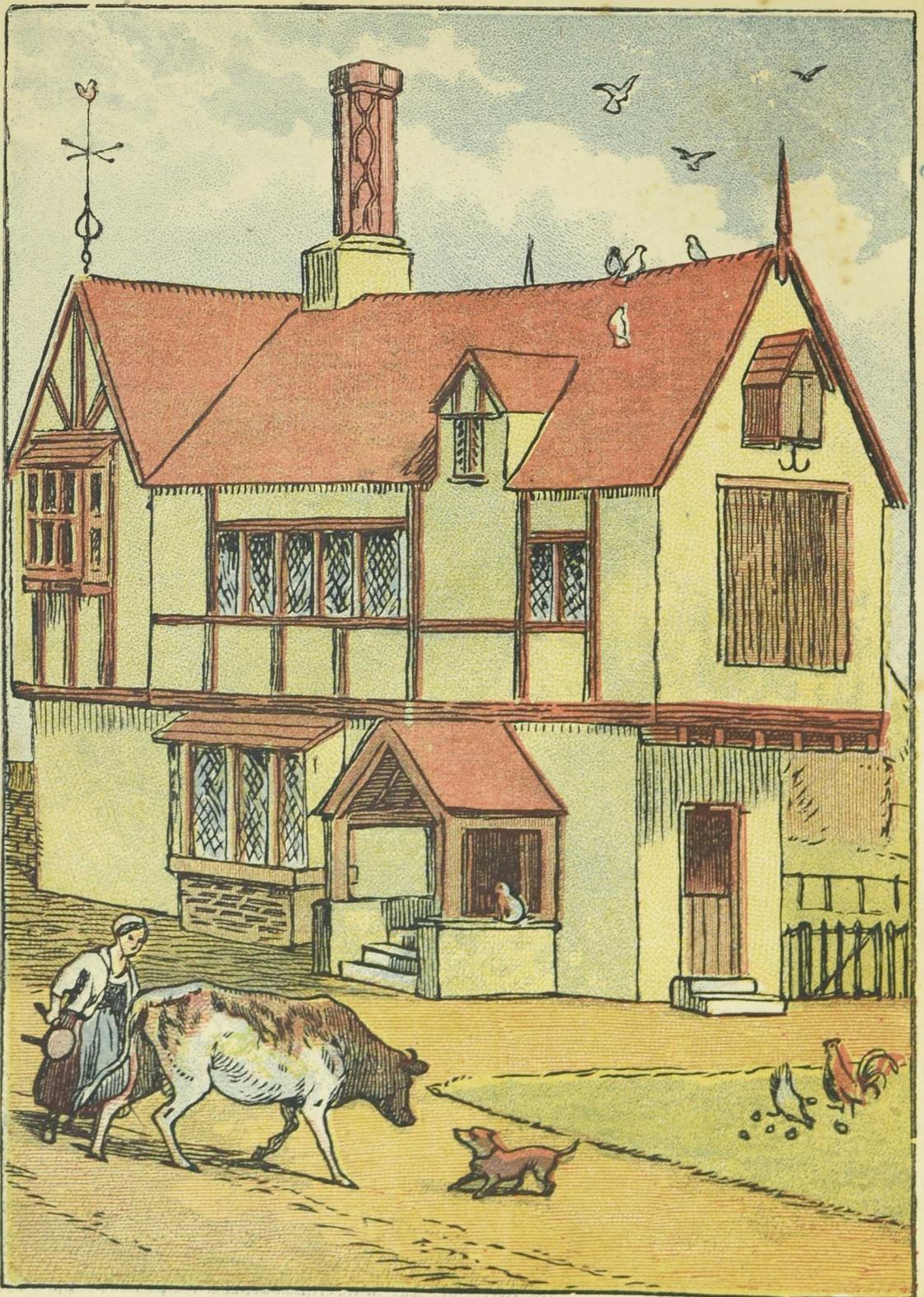
Contents.



A APPLE PIE.
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
COCK ROBIN.
RED RIDING HOOD.
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CINDERELLA.
ROYAL ALPHABET.
MOTHER HUBBARD.
DOMESTIC ANIMALS.
NURSERY RHYMES.
NURSERY SONGS.
NURSERY DITTIES.

THE

HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

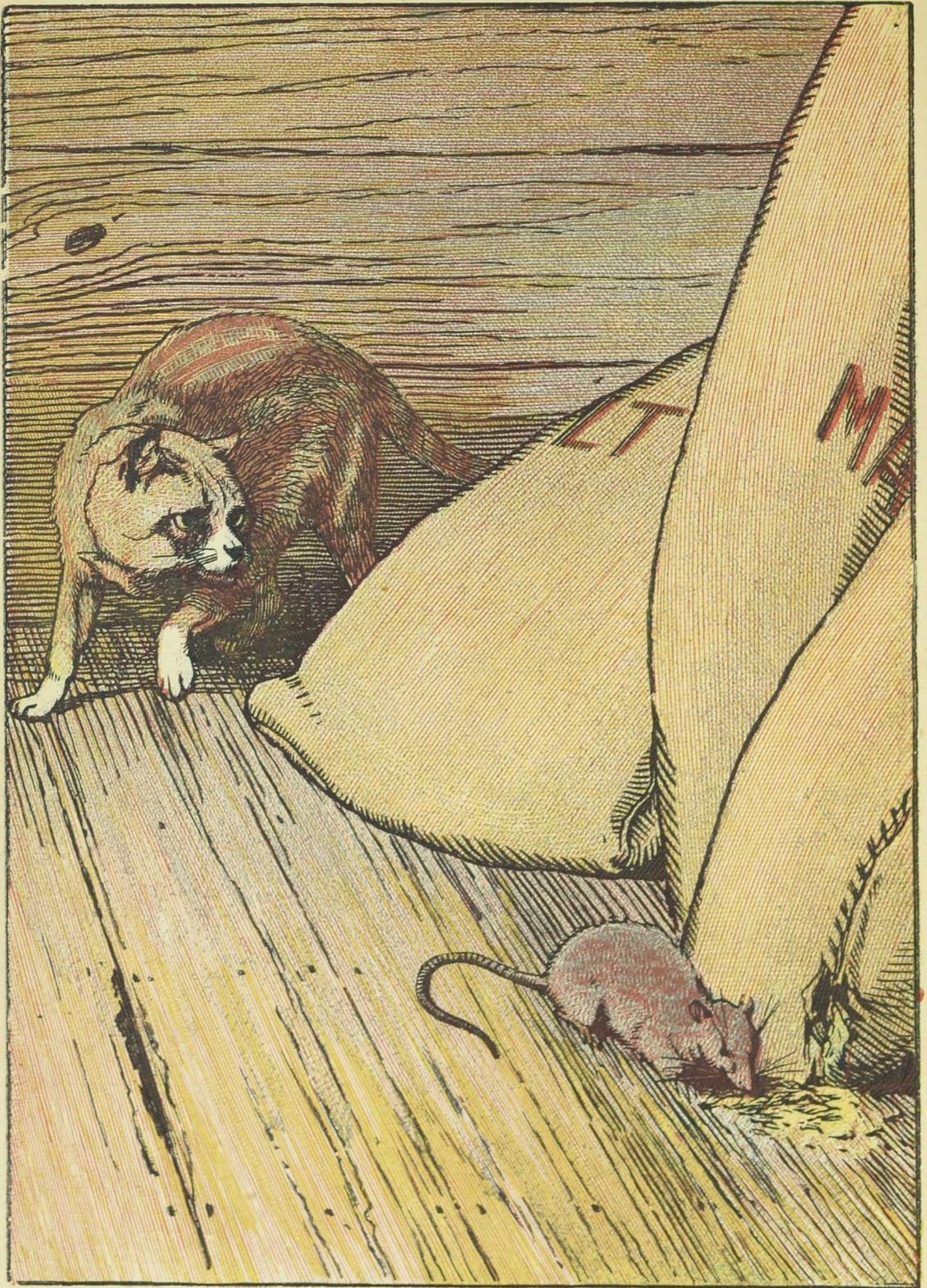
THIS is the House that Jack built.

This is the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Dog,
That worried the Cat
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



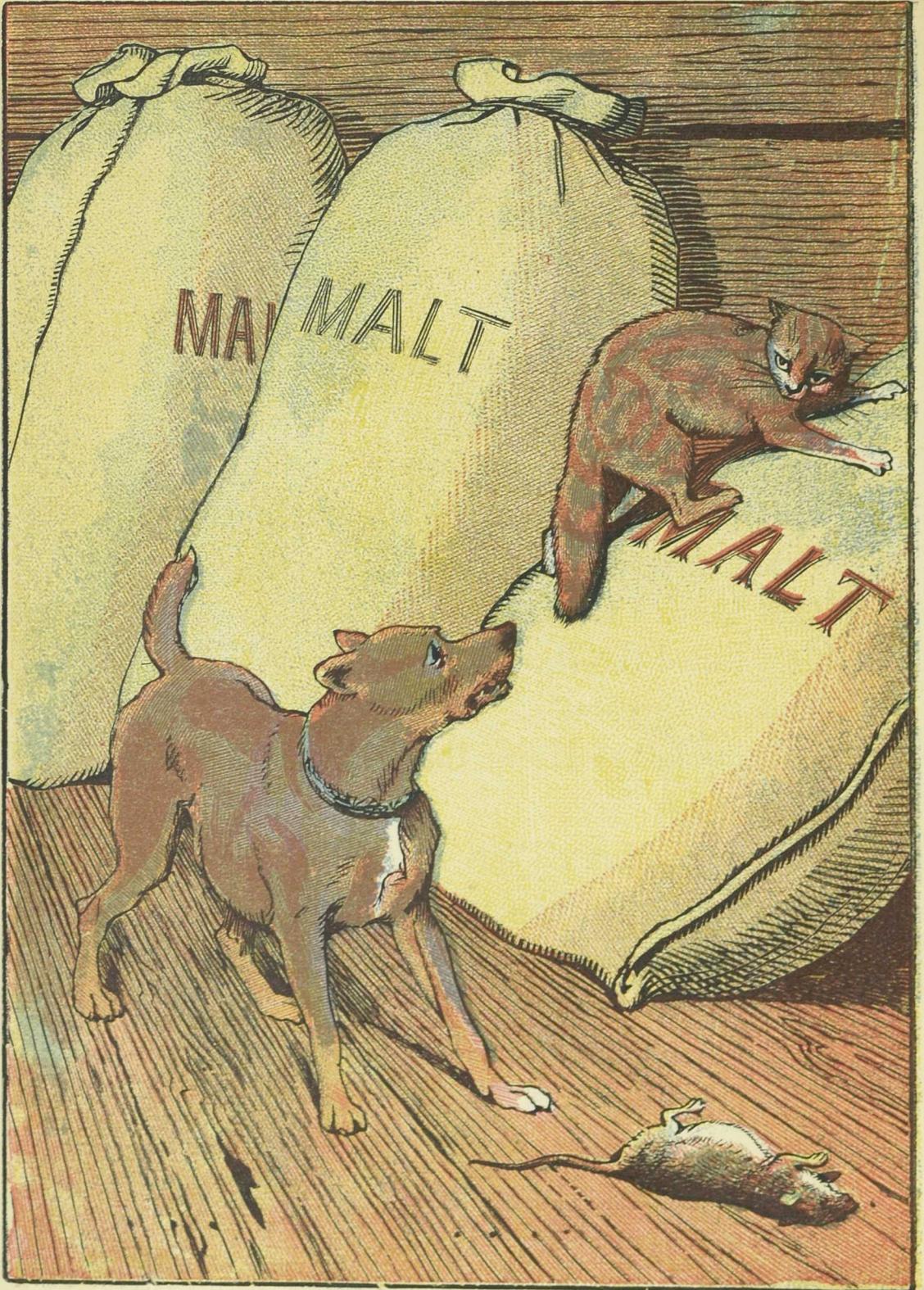
THE MALT, THE CAT, AND THE RAT.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

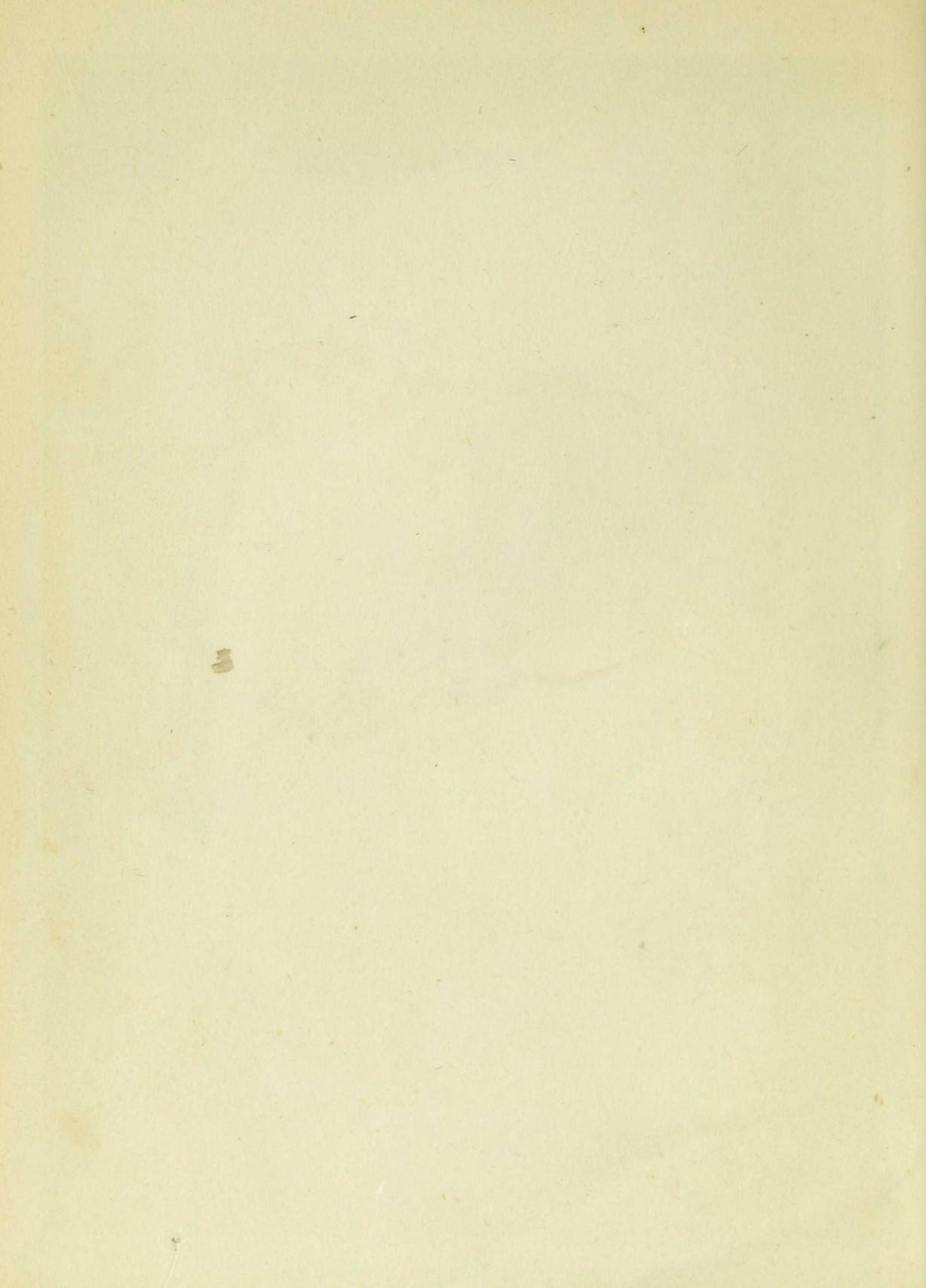
This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

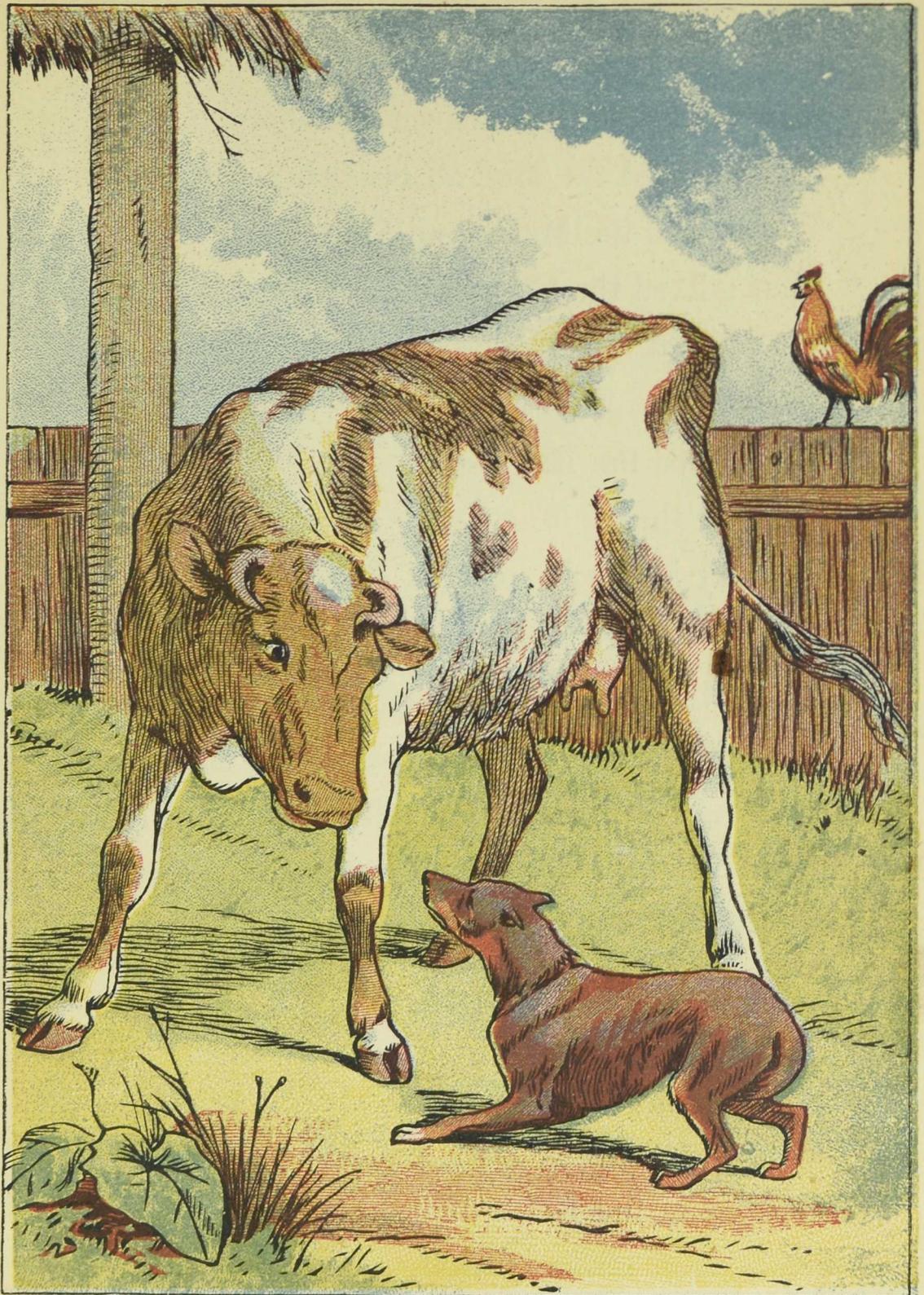
This is the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.



THE MALT, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE RAT.



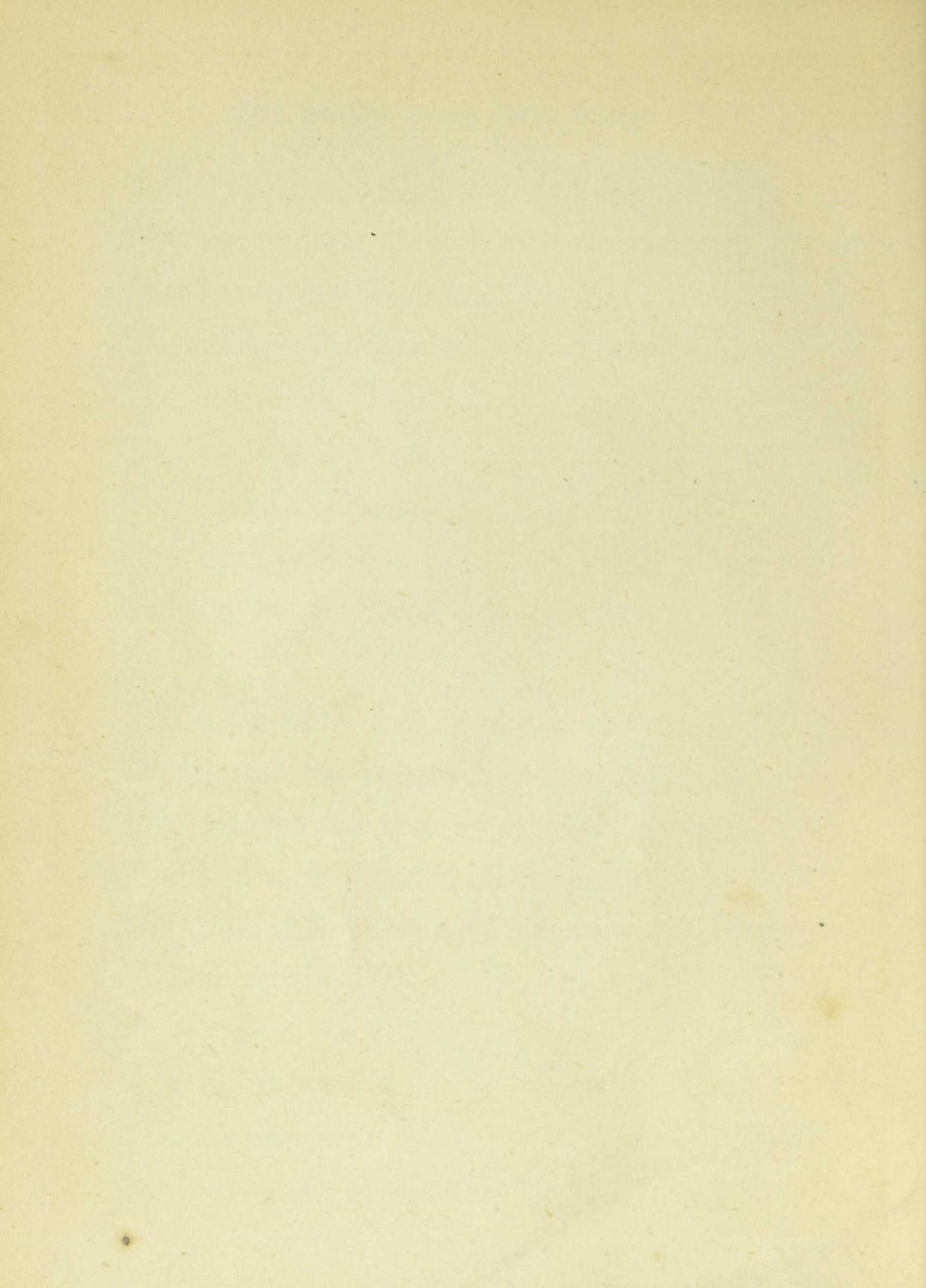


THE DOG, THE COW, AND THE COCK.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.

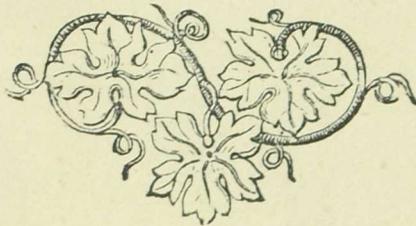




THE MAIDEN, THE MAN, AND THE COW.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

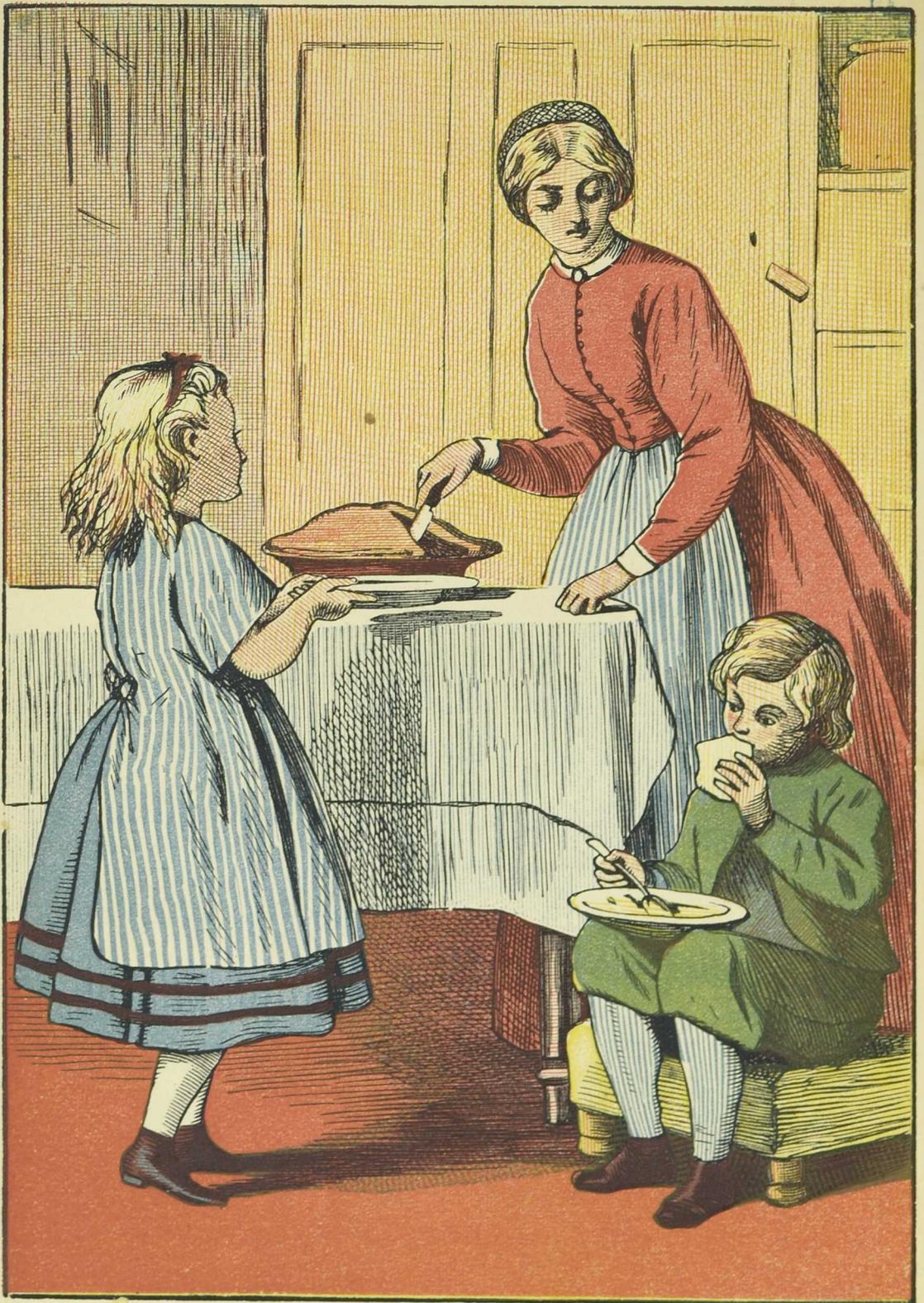
This is the Farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat
That ate the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built.





THE COCK AND THE PRIEST.

A. APPLE PIE.



A, APPLE PIE—A, B, C, D.

A. APPLE PIE.

A was an Apple Pie.

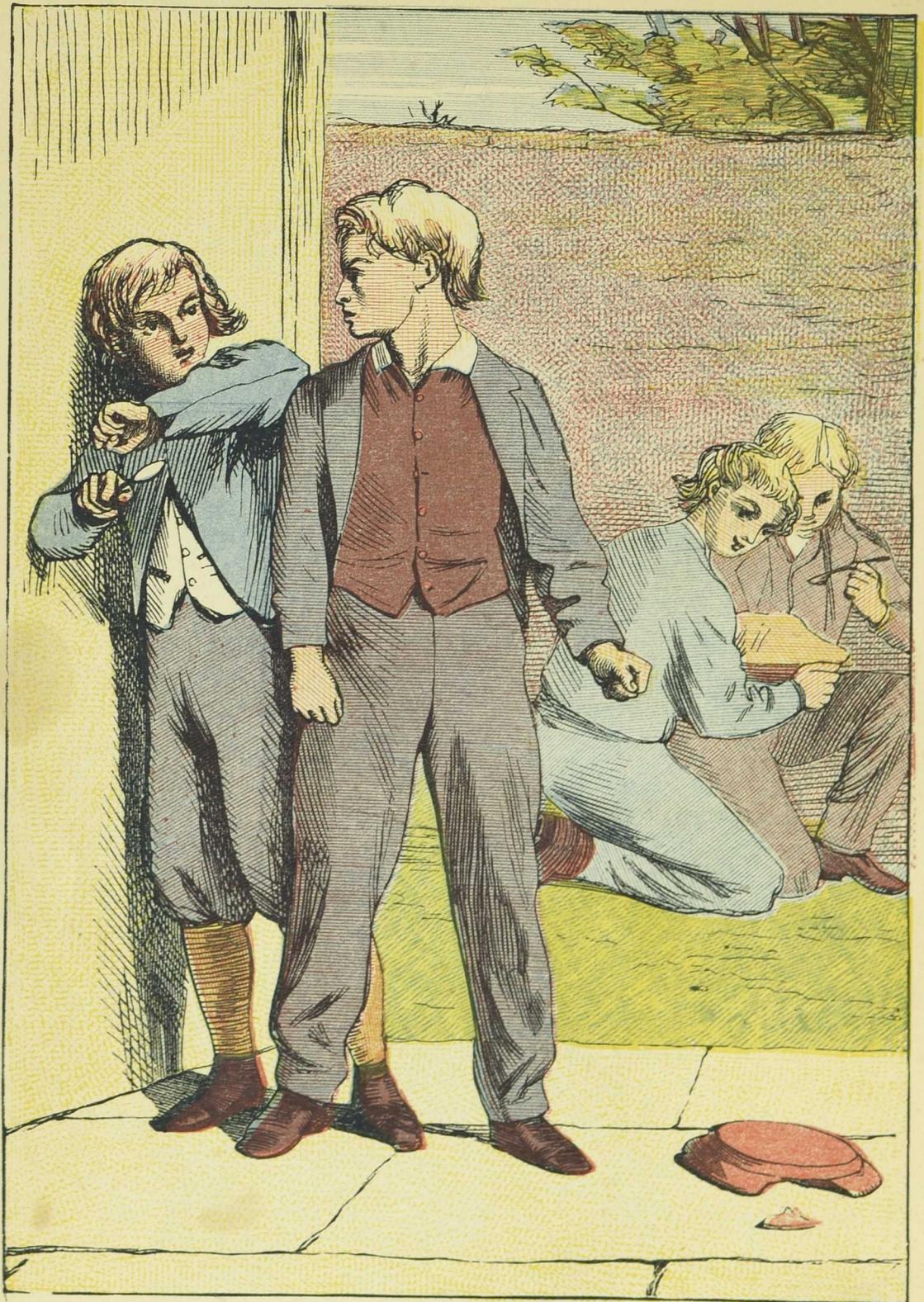
B bit it.

C cut it.

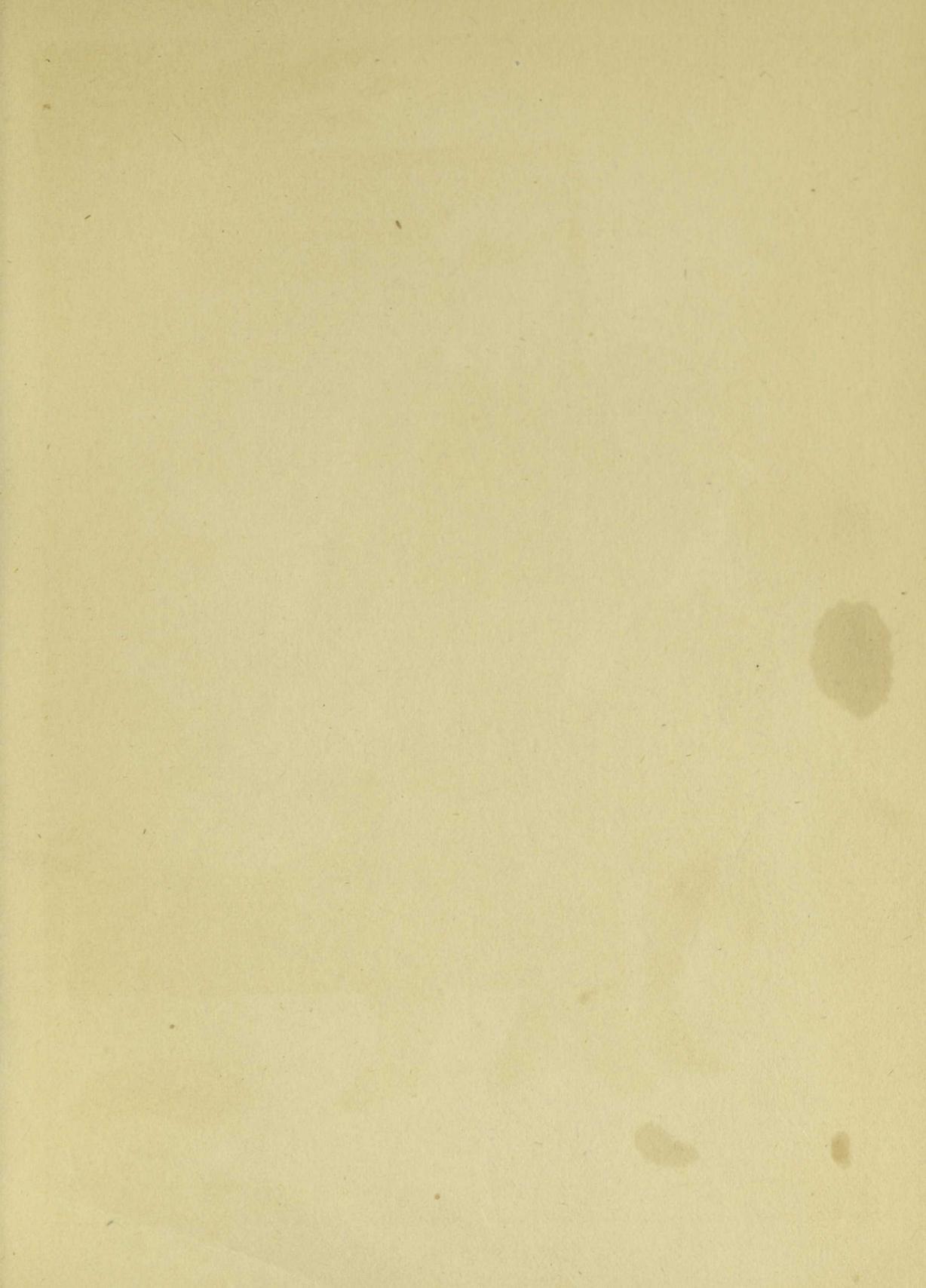
D danced for it.

E eat it.

F fought for it.



A, APPLE PIE—E, F, G, H.



A. APPLE PIE.

G got it.

H had it.

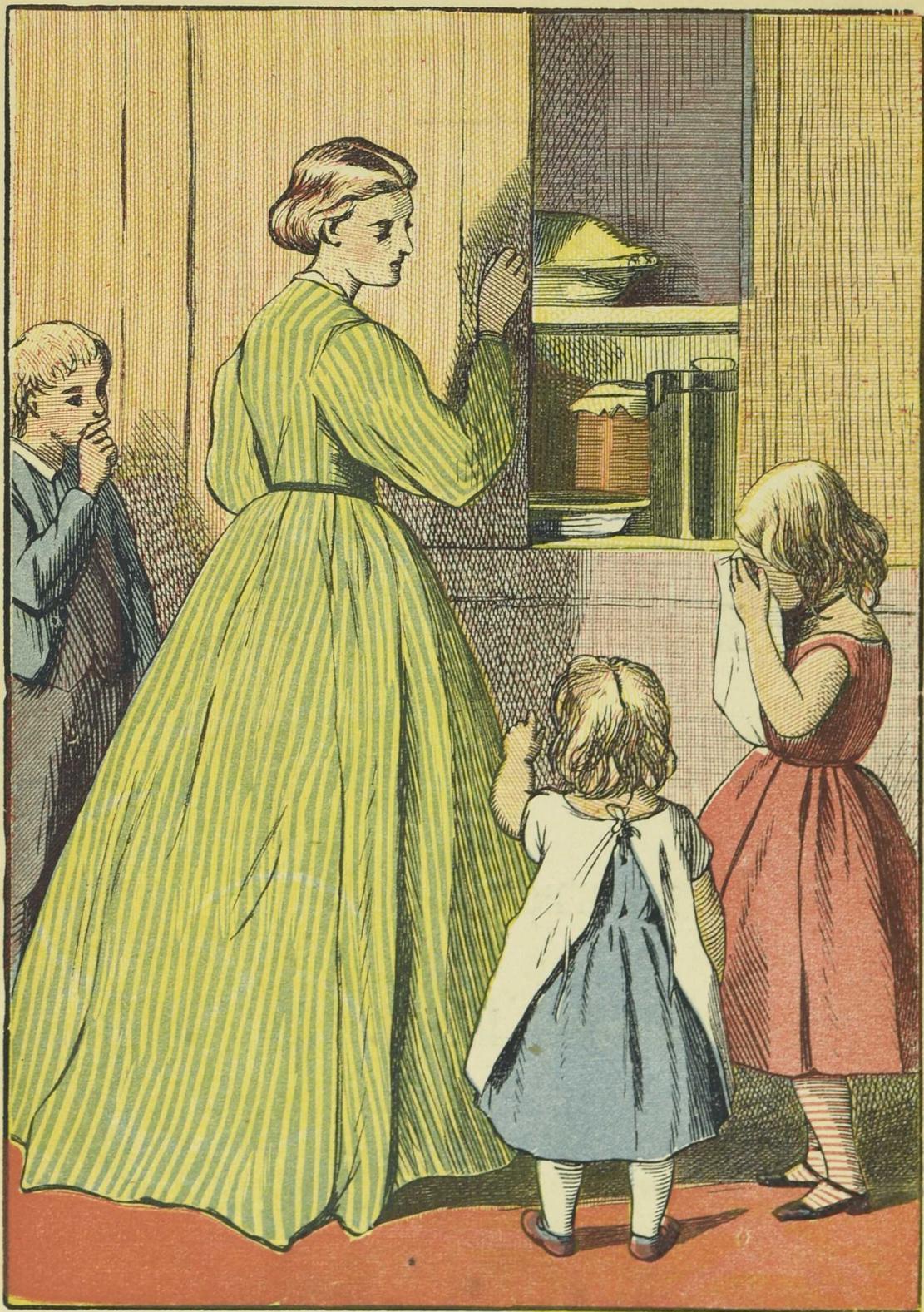
J jumped for it.

K kept it.

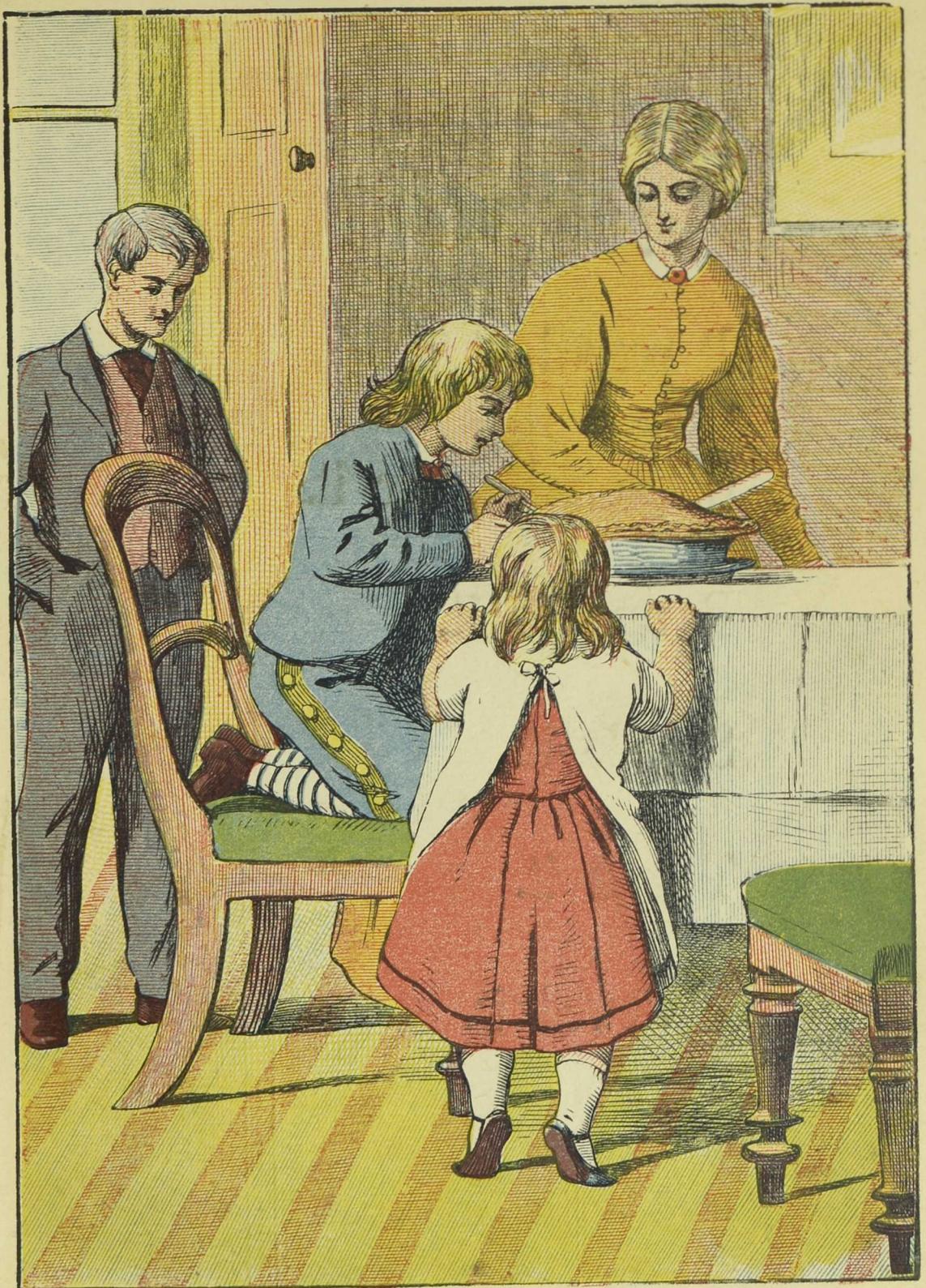
L longed for it.

M mourned for it.

N nodded for it.



A. APPLE PIE—J, K, L, M.



A, APPLE PIE—N, O, P, Q.

A. APPLE PIE.

O opened it.

P peeped at it.

Q quarrelled for it.

R ran for it.

S stole it.

T took it.

V viewed it.



A, APPLE PIE—R, S, T, V.

A. APPLE PIE.

W wanted it.

X expected it.

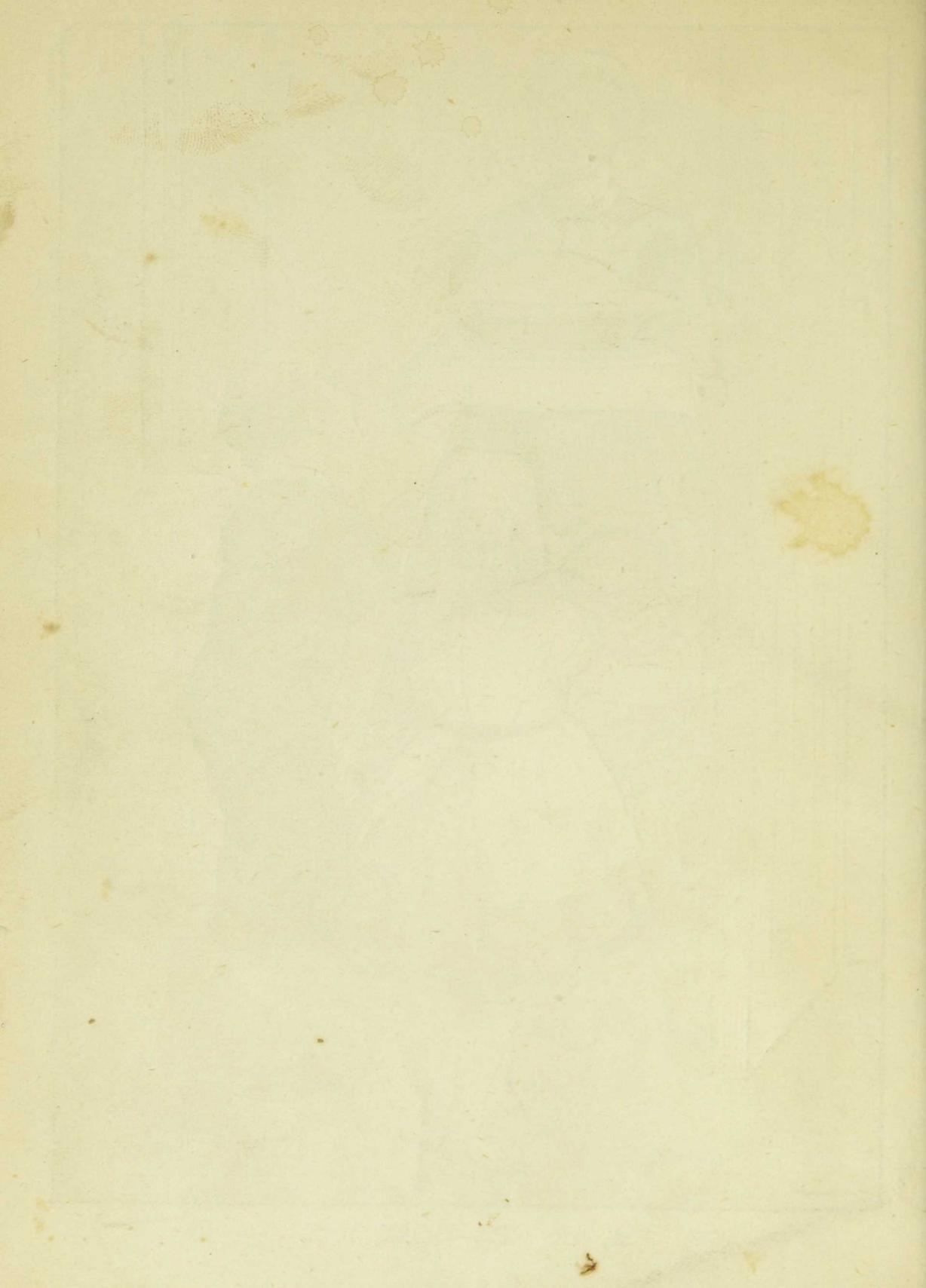
Y yielded it.

Z and & each wished for
a piece in his hand.





A, APPLE PIE—W, X, Y, Z.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.



Little Red Riding Hood preparing for her Journey.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a dear little girl, whose mother made her a scarlet cloak, with a hood to tie over her pretty head; so people called her (as a pet name) "Little Red Riding-Hood." One day her mother tied on her cloak and hood, and said,

"I wish you to go to-day, my darling, to see your grandmamma, and take her a present of some butter, fresh eggs, a pot of honey, and a little cake, with my love."

Little Red Riding-Hood loved her grandmother, and was very glad to go. So she ran gaily through the wood, gathering the wild flowers and gambolling among the ferns as she went; and the birds all sang their sweetest songs to her, and the bluebells nodded their pretty heads, for everything loved the gentle child.

By and bye a great hungry Wolf came up to her. He wished to eat her up, but as he heard the wood-



The Wolf follows Little Red Riding Hood.

man Hugh's axe at work close by, he was afraid to touch her, for fear she should cry out and he should get killed. So he only asked her where she was going. Little Red Riding-Hood innocently told him (for she did not know he was a wicked Wolf) that she was going to visit her grandmother, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the wood. Then the Wolf made haste, and ran through the wood, and came to the cottage of which the child had told him. He tapped at the door.

“Who's there?” asked the old woman, who lay sick in bed.

“It is Little Red Riding-Hood, Grandmamma,” answered the Wolf in a squeaky tone, to imitate the voice of her grandchild.

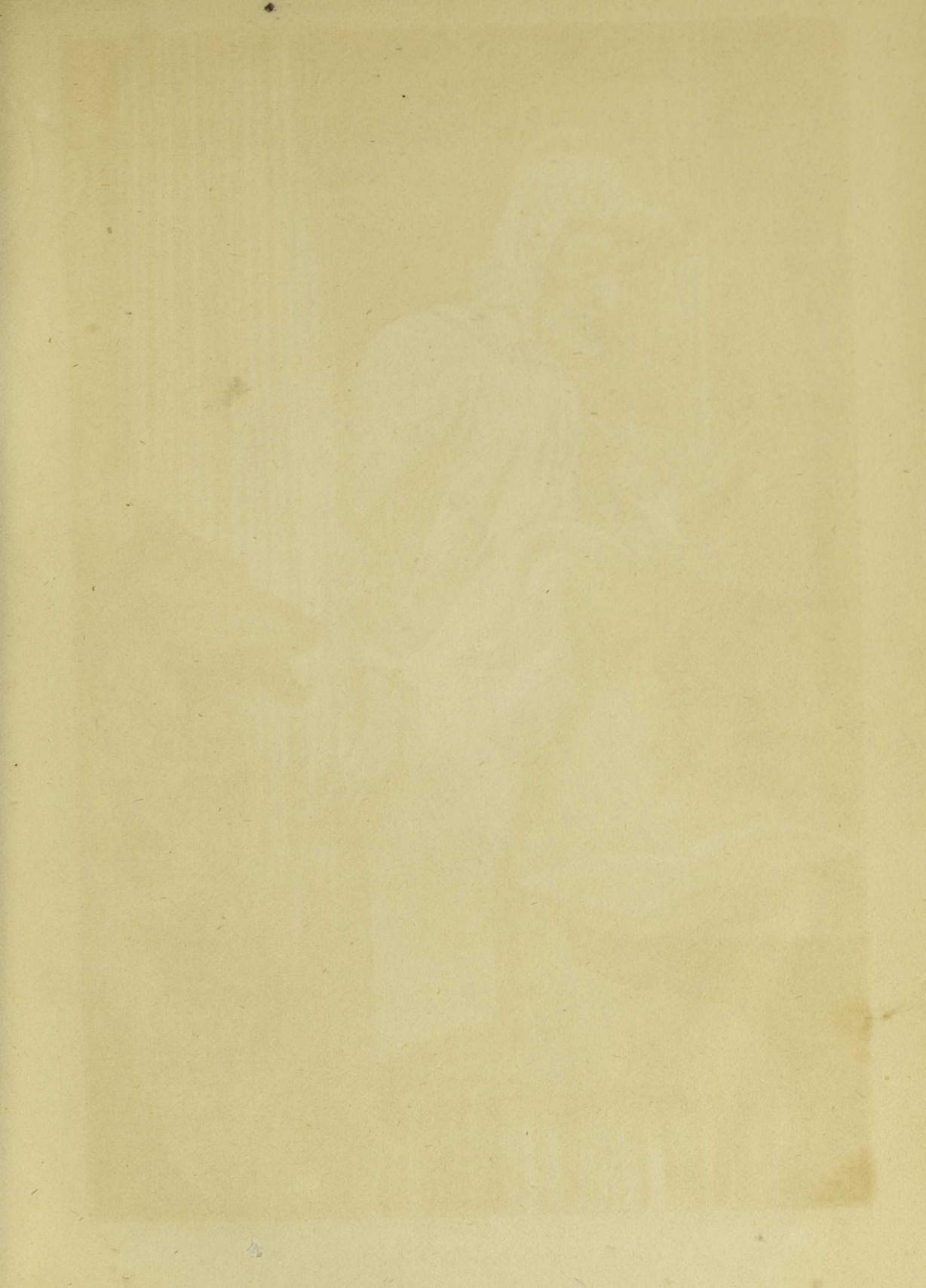
“Pull the string, and the latch will come up,” said the old lady, “for I am ill, and cannot open the door.”

The cruel Wolf did so, and jumping on the bed, ate the poor grandmother up.

Then he put on her nightcap and got into her



The Wolf at the Grandmother's Cottage





Little Red Riding Hood at her Grandmother's Door.

bed. By and bye Little Red Riding-Hood, who had lingered gathering flowers as she came along, and so was much later than the Wolf, knocked at the door.

“Who’s there?” asked the Wolf, mimicking her grandmother’s voice.

“It is Little Red Riding-Hood, dear Grandmamma,” said the child.

“Pull the string, and the latch will come up,” said the Wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood came in, and the Wolf told her to put down her basket, and come and sit on the bed. When Little Red Riding-Hood drew back the curtain and saw the Wolf, she began to be rather frightened, and said,

“Dear Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!”

“All the better to see with, my dear,” said the Wolf, who liked a grim joke.

“And what a large nose you have, Grandmamma!” cried the child.

“All the better to smell with, my dear.”



Little Red Riding Hood discovers the Wolf.

“And, oh! Grandmamma, what long white teeth you have!”

Alas! she reminded the greedy Wolf of eating!

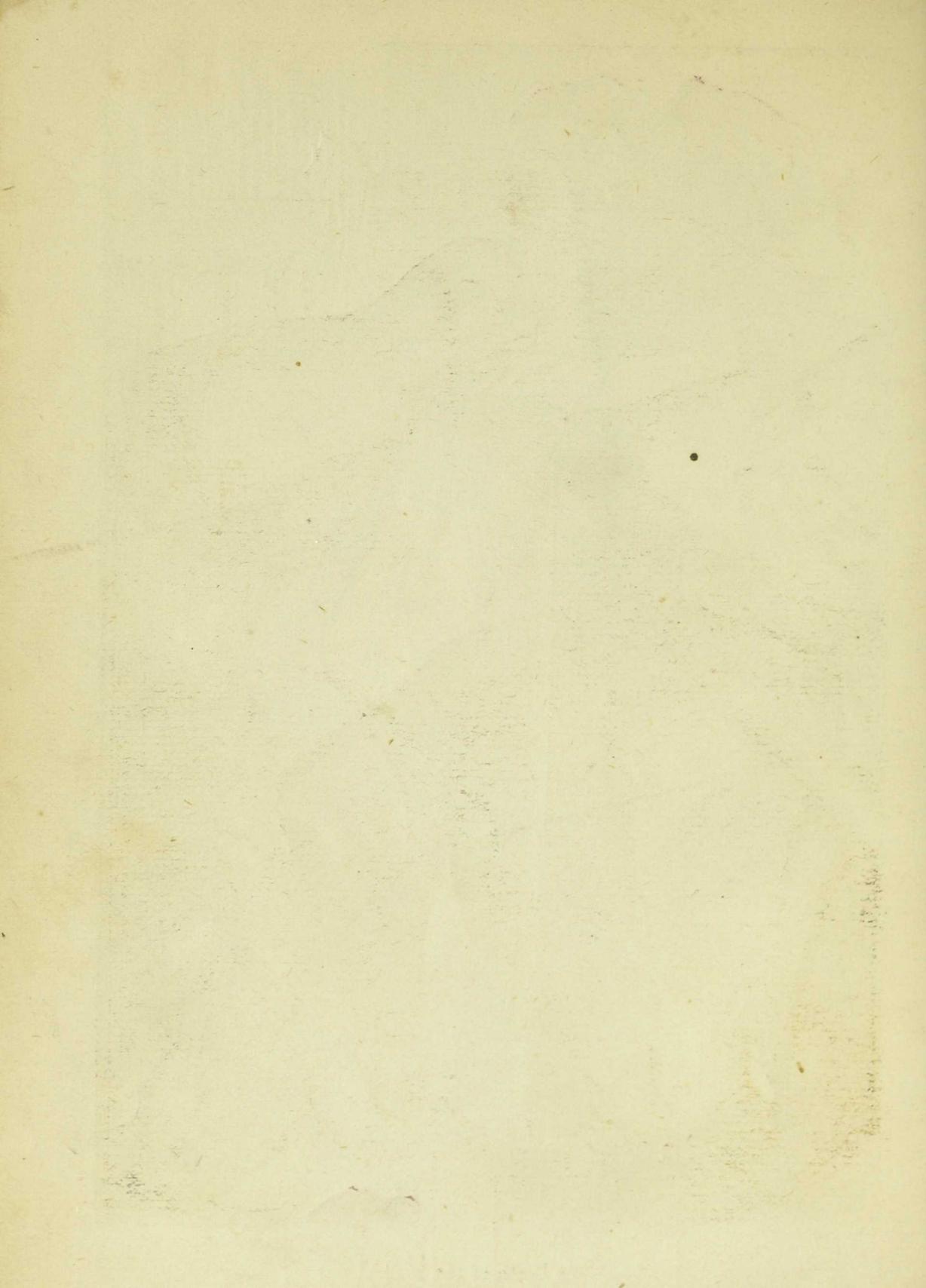
“All the better to eat you with!” he growled, and, jumping out of bed, sprang at Red Riding-Hood.

But just at that moment Hugh the woodman, who had seen the sweet child go by, and had followed her, because he knew there was a Wolf prowling about the forest, burst the door open, and killed the wicked animal with his good axe. Little Red Riding-Hood clung round his neck, and thanked him, and cried for joy; and Hugh took her home to her mother; and after that she was never allowed to walk in the greenwood by herself.

It was said at first that the Wolf had eaten the child, but that was not the case; and everybody was glad to hear that the first report was not correct, and that the Wolf had not really killed Little Red Riding-Hood.



The Death of the Wolf



COCK ROBIN.



THE SPARROW, COCK ROBIN, AND THE FISH.

COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin ?

I, said the Sparrow ;

With my bow and arrow

I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die ?

I, said the Fly ;

With my little eye

I saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?

I, said the Fish ;

With my little dish

I caught his blood.



THE OWL, THE BEETLE, AND COCK ROBIN.

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll make his shroud ?

I, said the Beetle ;

With my thread and needle
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave ?

I, said the Owl ;

With my spade and shovel
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

I, said the Kite ;

If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.



THE KITE AND COCK ROBIN.



THE LINNET, THE DOVE, THE THRUSH, AND COCK ROBIN.

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet;

I'll fetch it in a minute;

I'll carry the link.

Who'll be the Parson?

I, said the Rook;

With my little book,

I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said the Lark;

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the Clerk.



THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said the Dove;

For I mourn for my love;

I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, said the Thrush,

As she sat in a bush;

I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull;

So, Cock Robin, farewell.

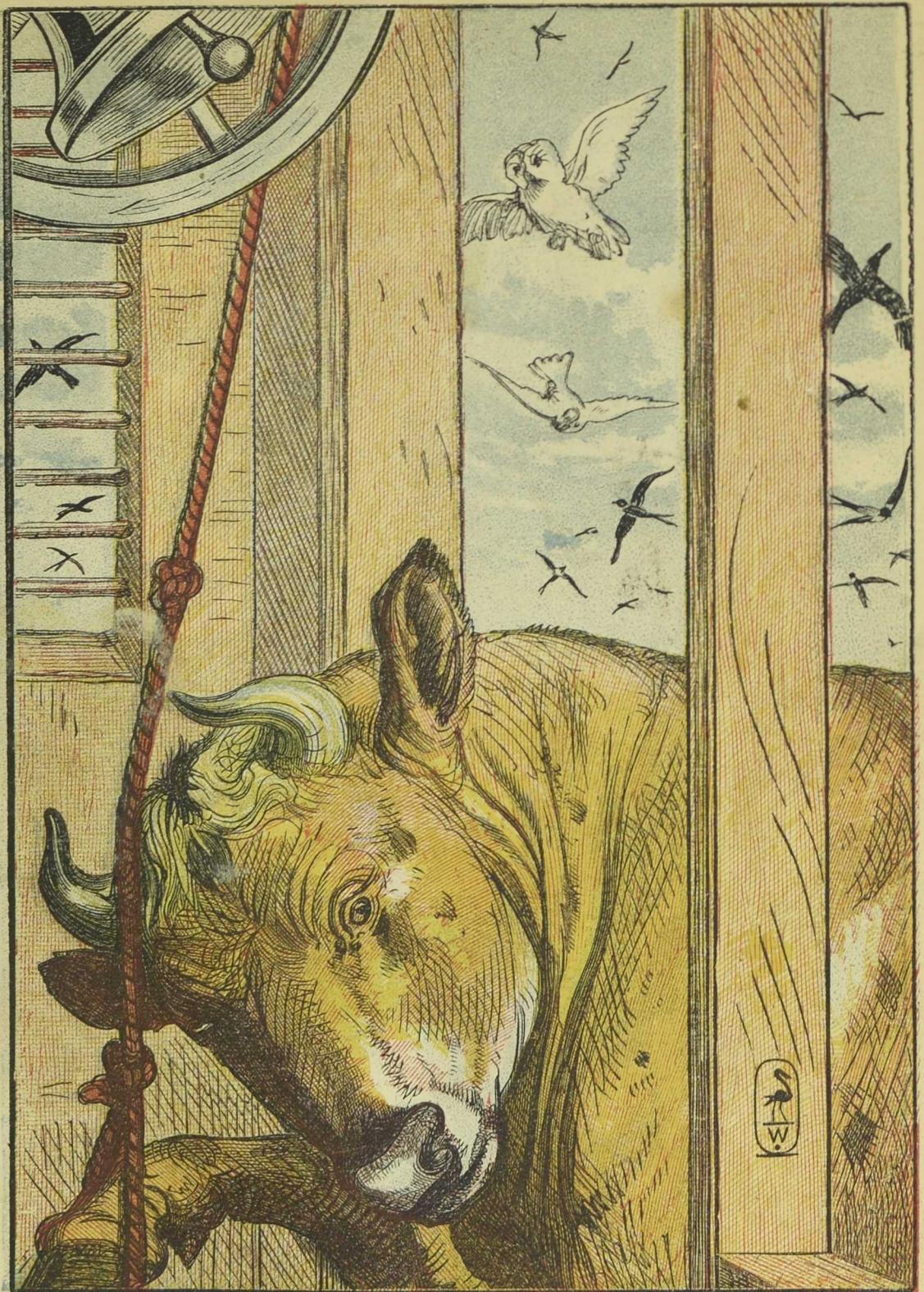
All the birds of the air

Fell a-sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.





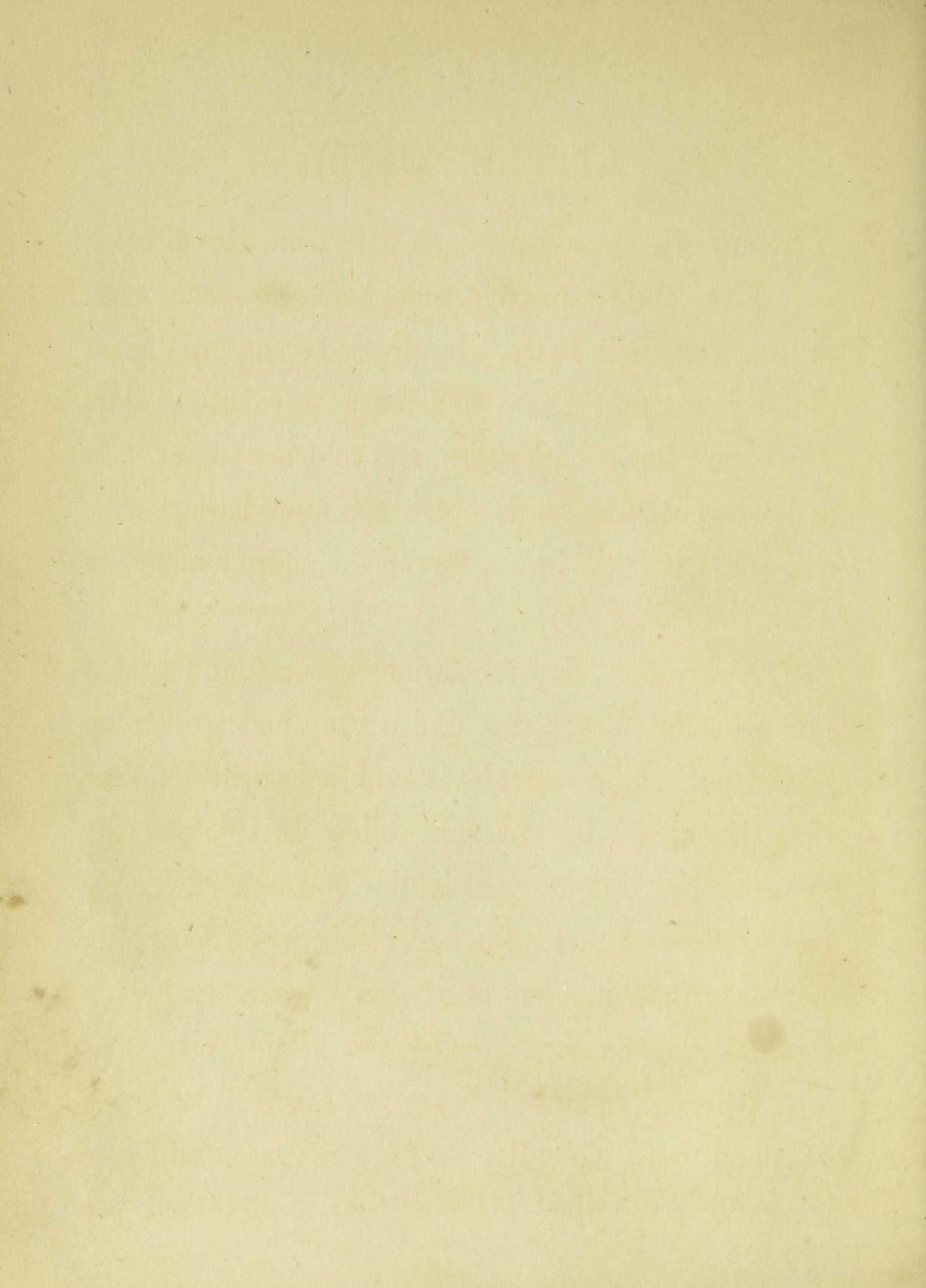
THE BULL TOLLING THE BELL.

LITTLE TOTTY.



The Farmer's Wife and the disguised Fairy





LITTLE TOTTY.

THERE was once a farmer's wife who wished for a very little child—smaller than had ever been seen. So she went to a Fairy, who dressed sometimes as an old woman, and asked her for a tiny baby. The Fairy gave her a barleycorn, and told her to put it in a flower-pot (for it was not a common barleycorn), and when it grew into a flower she should have her wish.

The very next day the farmer's wife found that a tall beautiful flower just like a tulip had grown up in the pot. She thought it such a beautiful flower that she kissed its red and yellow leaves, and the moment her lips touched it the bud opened with a *pop!* It was a real tulip, and inside it she found the smallest little maiden ever seen—scarcely half a thumb's length; so she called her Little Totty.

A polished walnut-shell served Little Totty for a bedstead, with violet leaves for a mattress and rose leaves for a coverlet. Her mother used to put her



The Farmer's Wife kissing the Flower.

on the table to play, and gave her a plate full of water, with a wreath of flowers round it, and a tulip leaf, on which Totty rowed about, with two white horse-hairs for oars. Then she looked pretty indeed!

Little Totty never grew any bigger; but when she was old enough to be married, a wicked old Toad, who thought she would make a nice wife for her son, stole her from her tender mother, and carried her out into the middle of a pond, where she seated her on a water-lily, and made her weave rushes for household linen to use when she should be married to her ugly son.

But the Fish, pitying poor Little Totty, bit the stem of the lily through, and she floated away upon the leaf, drawn by a beautiful white Butterfly, and did not marry the Toad after all. A big Cockchafer saw her, and fell in love with her, and clasped her round the waist, and flew away with her, intending to marry her. But the other cockchafers made fun of her because she was not like themselves, and then the Cockchafer did not care for her any more, and



Little Totty on the Water-lily Leaf.



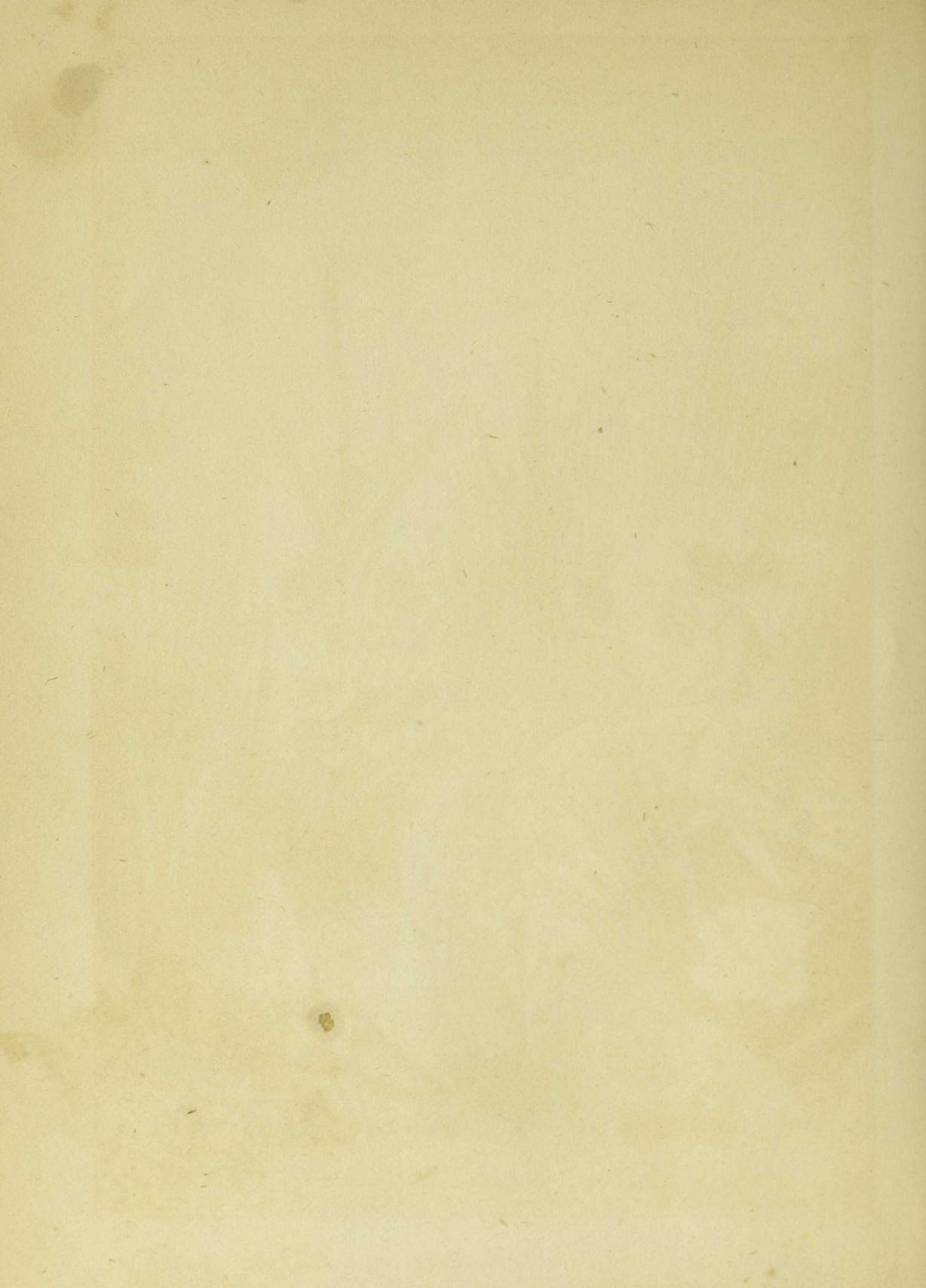
Little Totty begging for some Barleycorn.

left her all alone. She lived in the woods all the summer, where the birds used to sing to her ; but when winter came she was cold and hungry, and she knocked at the door of the Field Mouse, and asked for some barleycorns.

The Field Mouse took her in and was very kind to her ; but she wanted to make Little Totty marry an ugly old Mole, who used to come to visit her, and the poor little maiden was very unhappy, because she did not like the Mole.

One day, just before she was to be married to the Mole, she went out into the fields to bid the bright sun good bye (for the sun does not shine into moles' houses), when she saw a little Swallow whose life she had saved, and to whom she had been very kind ; and she told him all her trouble. Then the kind bird invited Little Totty to seat herself on his back, which she gladly did, and he flew away to the warm lands where it is always sunshiny, except at night.

Then he put her down on a beautiful large white flower like a convolvulus, only prettier, and to her



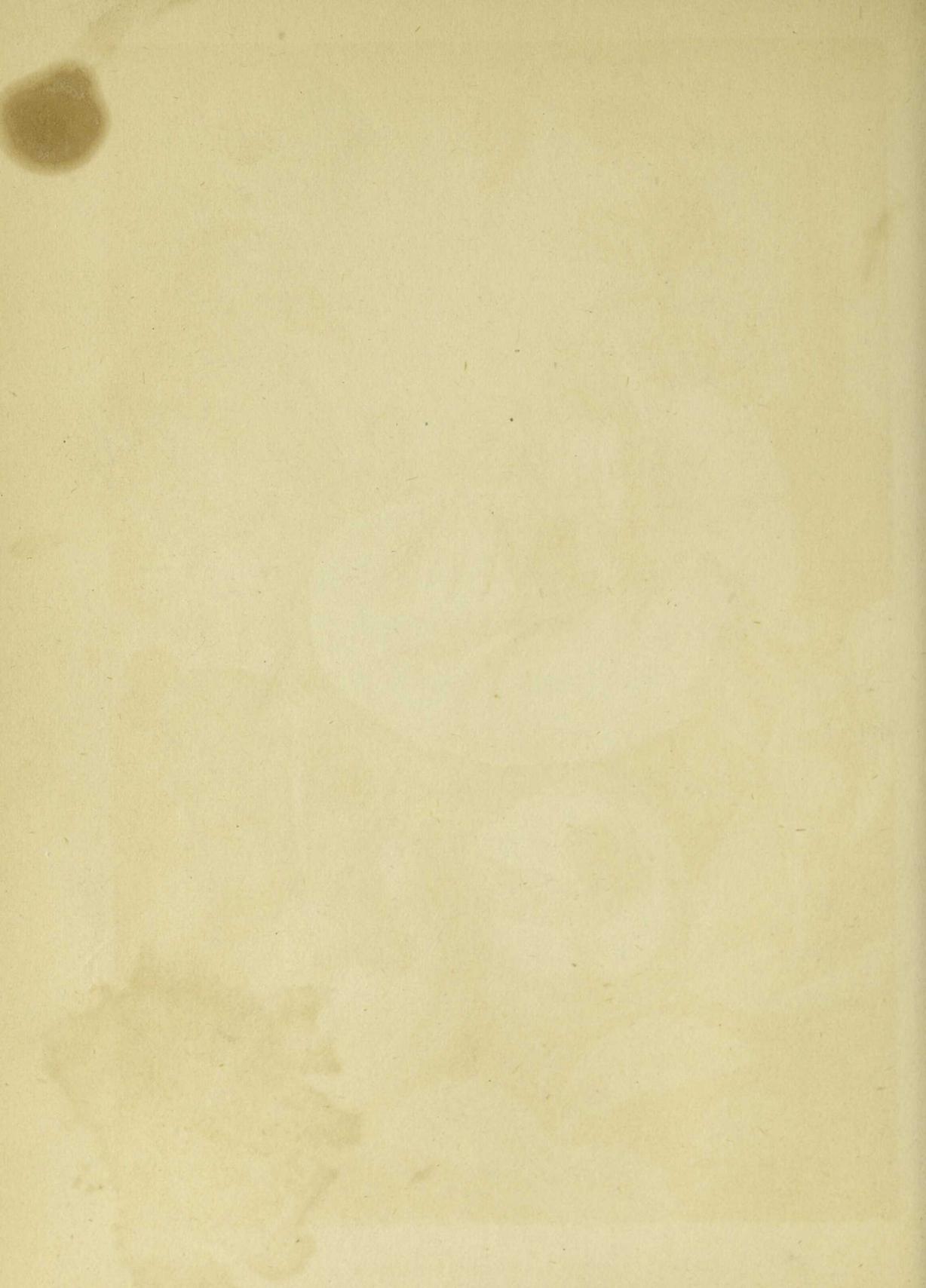


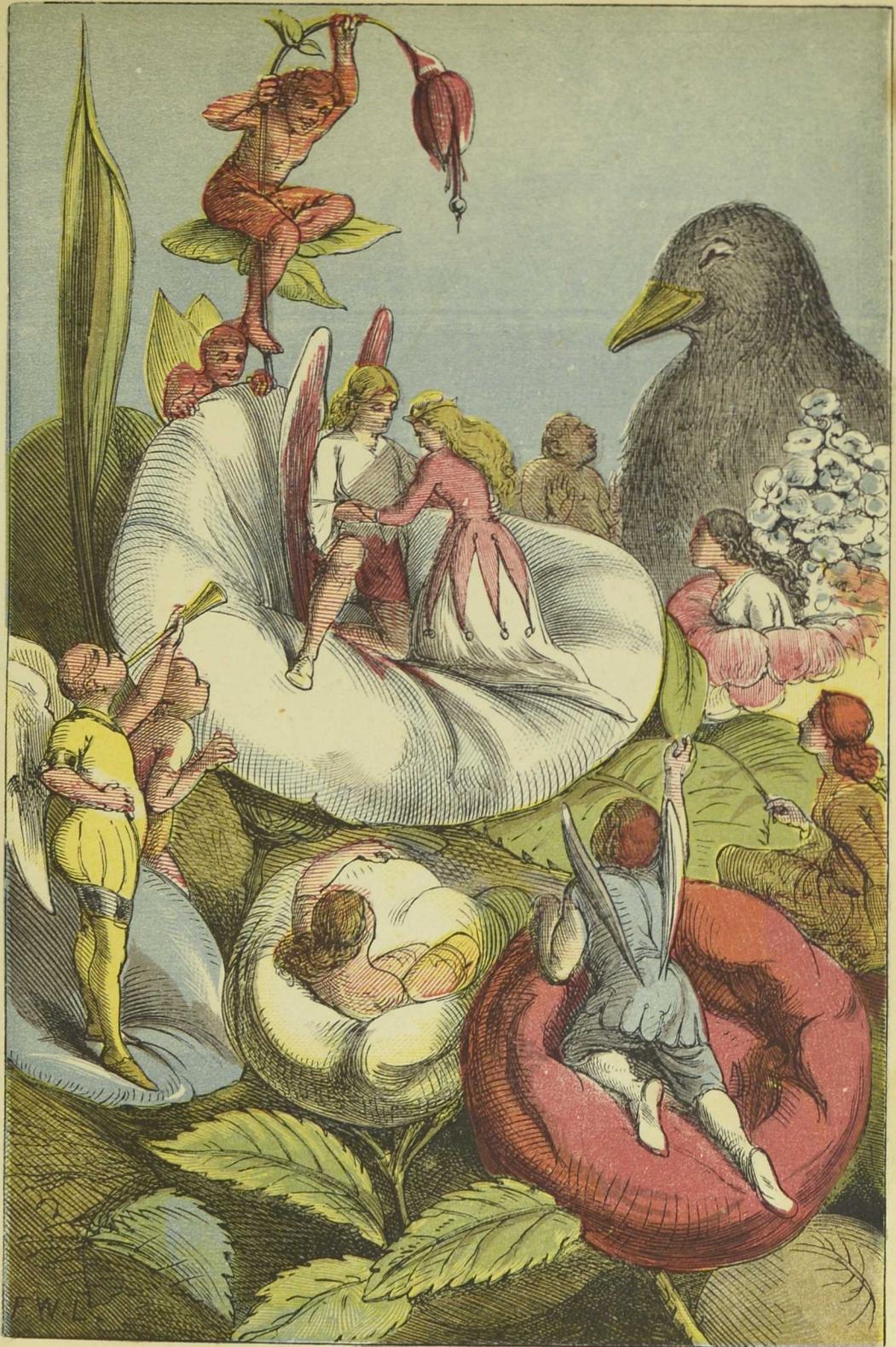
The Swallow invites Little Totty to come with him

great surprise there sat a little man as transparent as glass, with wings, and a golden crown on his head; and he was no bigger than herself!

This was the King of the Flowers. In every flower in that part of the world dwelt a little man; but this one was King of them all.

When he saw the Swallow he was frightened, for he was quite a gigantic bird to the little King; but he was very glad to see Little Totty. He asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she would be Queen of the Flowers; and when she said "yes," (for he was much nicer than the Toad or the Mole) he took his golden crown off, and put it on her head. And every flower sent forth its little Fairy, who brought her a present; but the best gift of all was a pair of beautiful wings, which they fastened to Little Totty's back, so that she could fly from flower to flower. So the tiny maiden married the Flower Fairy, and lives in a lily-bell, which is quite as big a house as is required by Queen Totty.





Little Totty marries the King of the Flower Angels.

CINDERELLA.



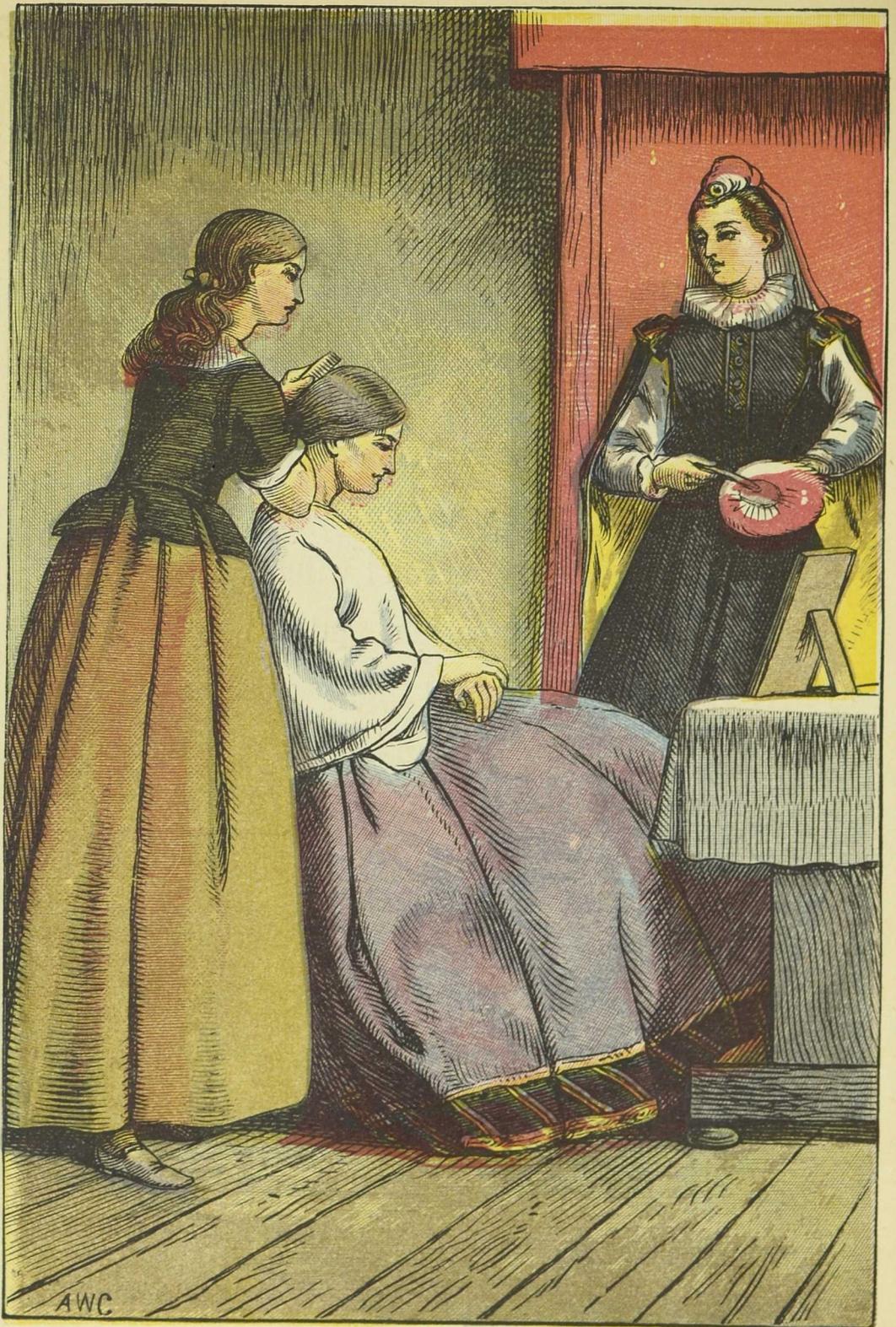
Cinderella left without a Mother

CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA's mother died while she was a very little child, leaving her to the care of her father and her step-sisters, who were very much older than herself; for Cinderella's father had been twice married, and her mother was his second wife. Now, Cinderella's sisters did not love her, and were very unkind to her. As she grew older they made her work as a servant, and even sift the cinders; on which account they used to call her in mockery "Cinderella." It was not her real name, but she became afterwards so well known by it that her proper one has been forgotten.

She was a very sweet-tempered, good girl, however, and everybody except her cruel sisters loved her.

It happened when Cinderella was about seventeen years old, that the King of that country gave a ball, to which all ladies of the land, and among the rest the young girl's sisters, were invited. So they made



Cinderella dressing her Sisters.

her dress them for this ball, but never thought of allowing her to go there.

“I wish you would take me to the ball with you, sisters,” said Cinderella, meekly.

“Take you, indeed!” answered the elder sister, with a sneer; “it is no place for a cinder-sifter: stay at home and do your work.”

When they were gone, Cinderella, whose heart was very sad, sat down and cried bitterly; but as she sat sorrowful, thinking of the unkindness of her sisters, a voice called to her from the garden, and she went out to see who was there. It was her god-mother, a good old Fairy.

“Do not cry, Cinderella,” she said; “you also shall go to the ball, because you are a kind, good girl. Bring me a large pumpkin.”

Cinderella obeyed, and the Fairy, touching it with her wand, turned it into a grand coach. Then she turned a rat into a coachman, and some mice into footmen; and touching Cinderella with her wand, the poor girl’s rags became a rich dress trimmed with



The King's Son welcomes Cinderella.



Cinderella leaving the Ball.

costly lace and jewels, and her old shoes became a charming pair of glass slippers, which looked like diamond. The Fairy told her to go to the ball and enjoy herself, but to be sure to leave the ball-room before the clock struck eleven.

“If you do not,” she said, “your fine clothes will all turn to rags again.”

So Cinderella got into the coach, and drove off with her six footmen behind, very splendid to behold, and arrived at the King’s Court, where she was received with delight. She was the most beautiful young lady at the ball, and the Prince would dance with no one else. But she made haste to leave a little before the hour fixed, and had time to undress before her sisters came home. They told her a beautiful Princess had been at the ball, with whom the Prince was delighted. They did not know it was Cinderella herself.

Three times Cinderella went to royal balls in this manner, but the third time she forgot the Fairy’s command, and heard eleven o’clock strike. She

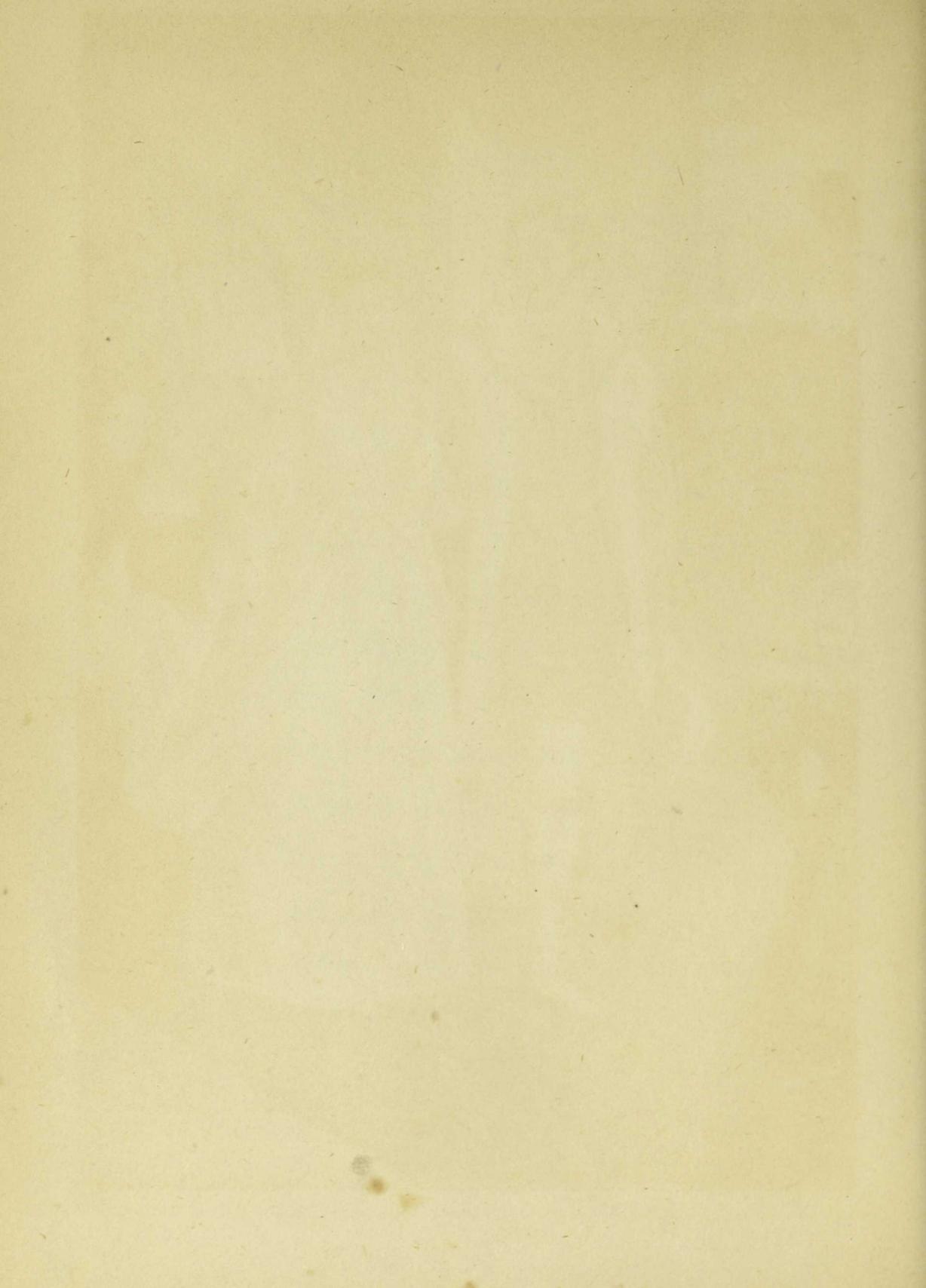


A W C.

Cinderella tries the Slipper.

darted out of the ball-room and ran down stairs in a great hurry. But her dress all turned to rags before she left the palace, and she lost one of her glass slippers. The Prince sought for her everywhere, but the guard said no one had passed the gate but a poor beggar girl. However, the Prince found the slipper, and in order to discover where Cinderella was gone, he had it proclaimed that he would marry the lady who could put on the glass slipper. All the ladies tried to wear the slipper in vain, Cinderella's sisters also; but when their young sister begged to be allowed to try it also, it was found to fit her exactly; and, to the Prince's delight, she drew the fellow slipper from her pocket, and he knew at once that she was his beautiful partner at the ball. So she was married to the Prince, and children strewed roses in their path as they came out of church.

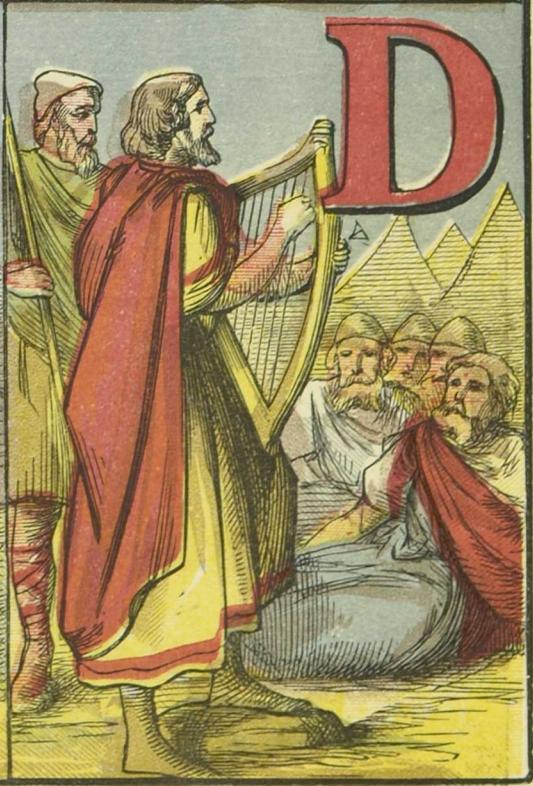
Cinderella forgave her sisters, and was so kind to them, that she made them truly sorry for their past cruelty and injustice.





The Marriage of Cinderella

THE ROYAL ALPHABET.



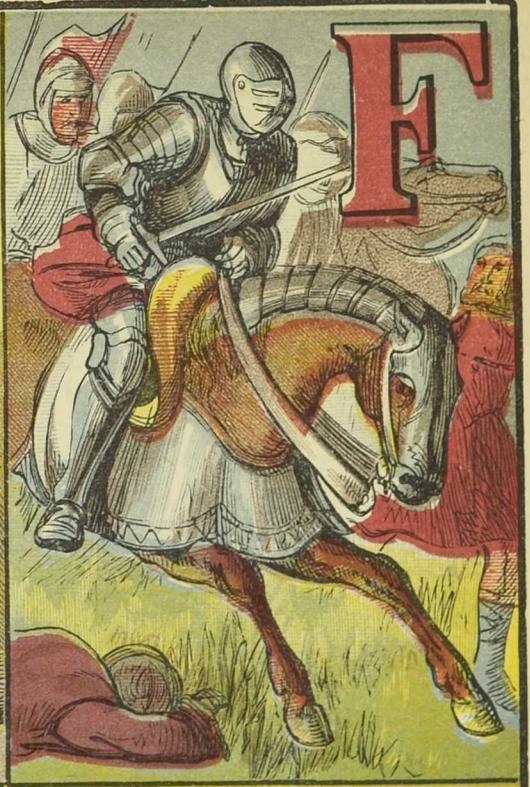
The Royal Alphabet A B C D.

THE ROYAL ALPHABET.

A ALFRED THE GREAT baking cakes for the herdsman's wife, in whose hut he was hiding from the Danes. The King let the cakes burn, which made the old dame so angry that she boxed his ears. Just at that moment, some of his faithful nobles came to the cottage, and greeted Alfred as their King. The old woman was very much frightened then, for she did not know who her servant Alfred was before; but the King bade her not be afraid, forgave her the blow, and took kind care of her ever afterwards. Perhaps he felt that he, too, had been in fault; for the Bible tells us, and told him, "*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

B BOADICEA, a brave British Queen, who, long before Alfred's time, fought with the Romans for the liberty of her native land.

C CANUTE commanding the sea to retire, that he might show his courtiers how silly their flattery was.



The Royal Alphabet. E F G H.

D The DANES, listening to a harper playing in the camp, as King Alfred once did. They were a cruel people, but they loved music.

E EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE waiting on his royal prisoner, King John of France.

F FLODDEN FIELD: a battle fought between the Scots and English, in which James IV. of Scotland and nearly all his nobles fell.

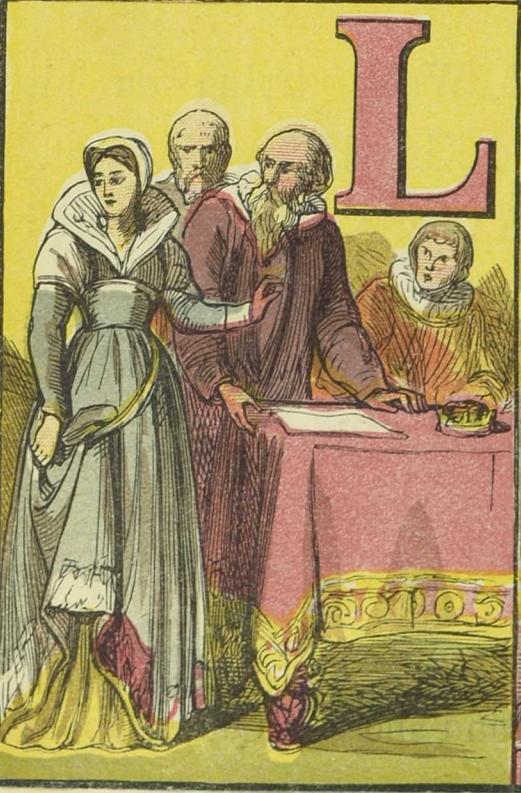
G GEORGES: four Kings of that name reigned over England.

H HENRY, Prince of Wales, trying on his father's crown while the old King Henry IV. slept.

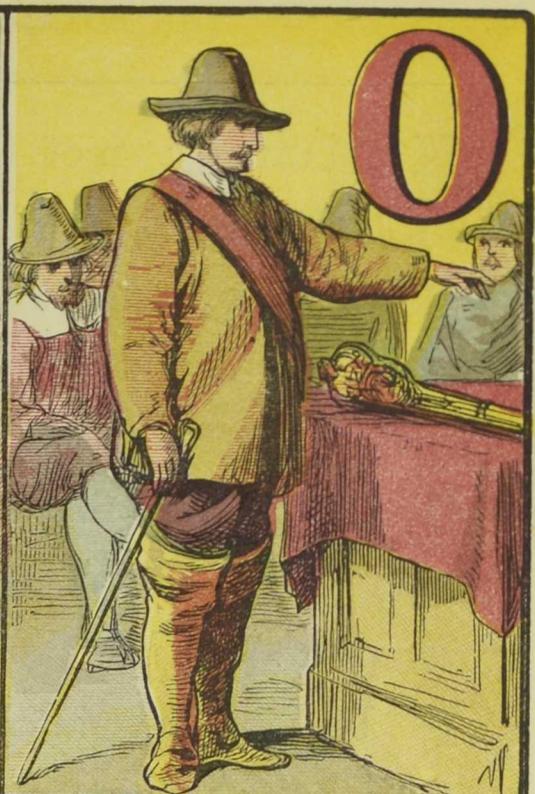
I JOHN signing Magna Charta. The great deed or charter that made Englishmen free.

K KING HENRY VI. crowned on his mother's lap, as an infant. He was called the baby King of England.

L LADY JANE GREY refusing the crown of England, to which she had no right. Her father persuaded her to accept it, and she was Queen about ten days.



The Royal Alphabet. I K L M.



M MARY, Queen of England, who ordered poor Lady Jane Grey to have her head cut off.

N NASEBY FIELD, where King Charles I. and his Cavaliers fought against the army of the Parliament and were defeated.

O OLIVER CROMWELL sending away the Members of the House of Commons, and seizing the government.

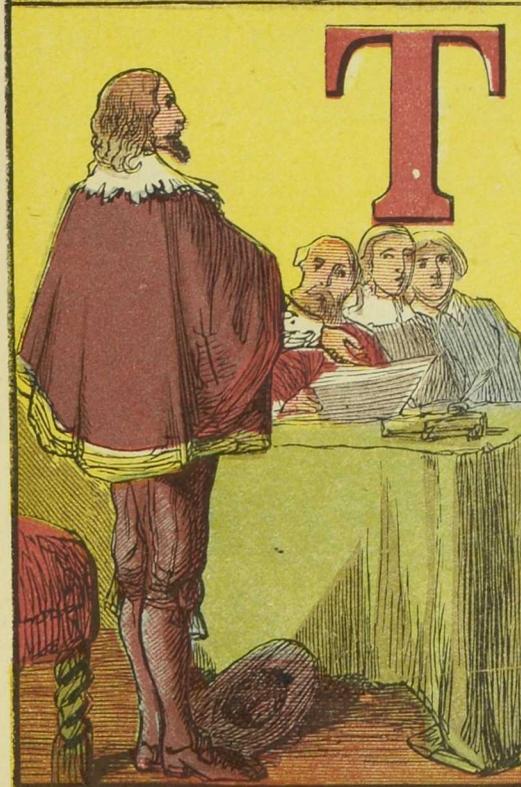
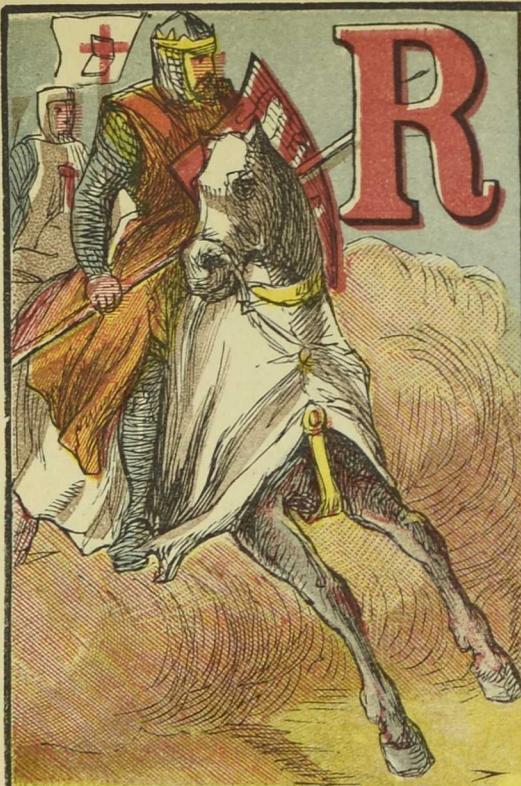
P PHILIPPA begging her husband, Edward III., to forgive the brave men of Calais, who had fought to save their native town.

Q QUEEN ELIZABETH riding into London, to begin her glorious reign.

R RICHARD the Lion-hearted going to fight the Saracens in the Holy Land. He lived four hundred years before Queen Elizabeth.

S STRAFFORD asking the Archbishop's blessing before they cut off his head for being faithful to his King.

T TRIAL of King Charles by the Rebels, who condemned him to death.



The Royal Alphabet. R S T V.

V VICTORIA crowned in her happy youth. God save the Queen!

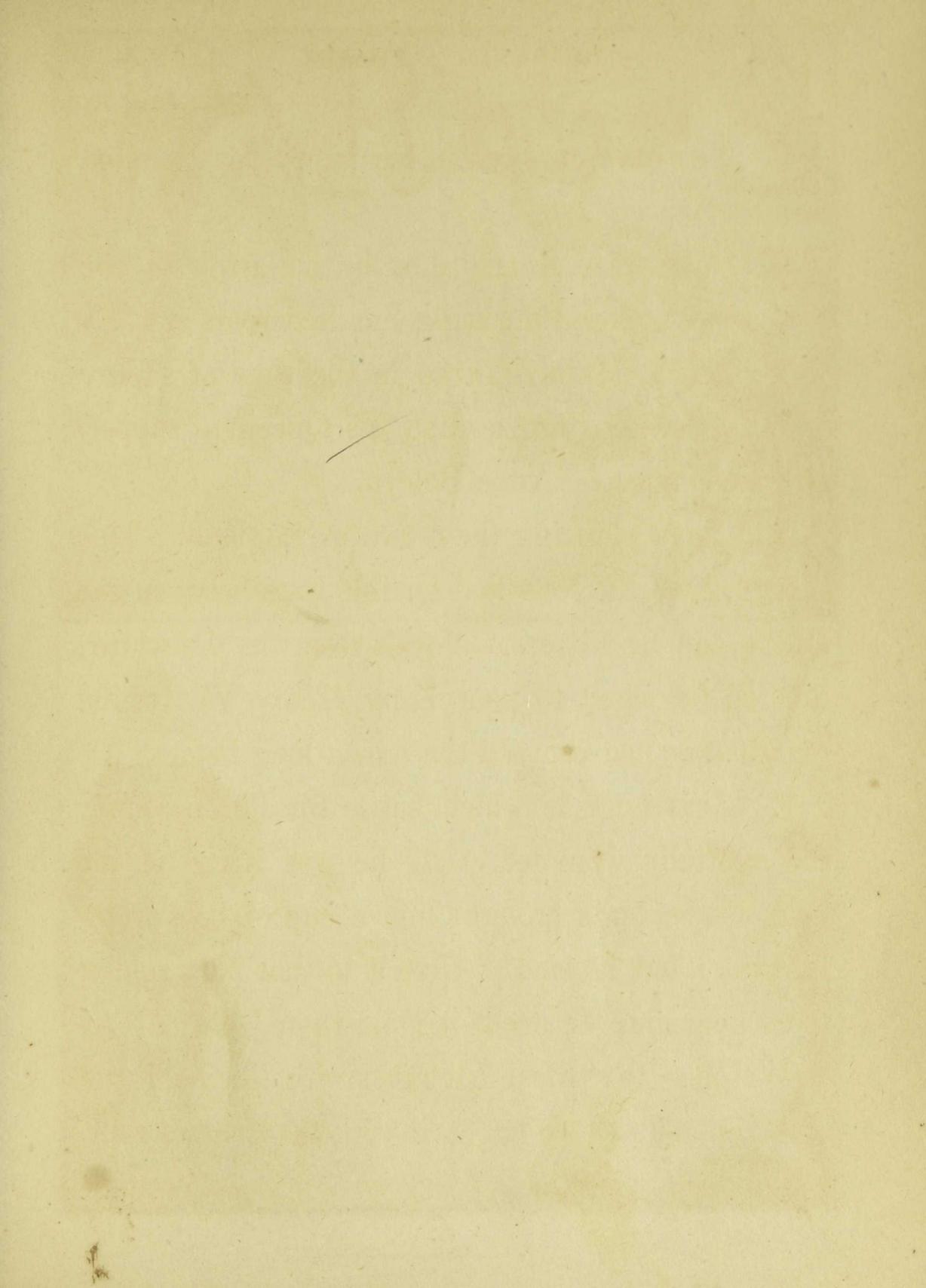
W WILLIAM RUFUS shot by an arrow in the New Forest, more than eight hundred years ago.

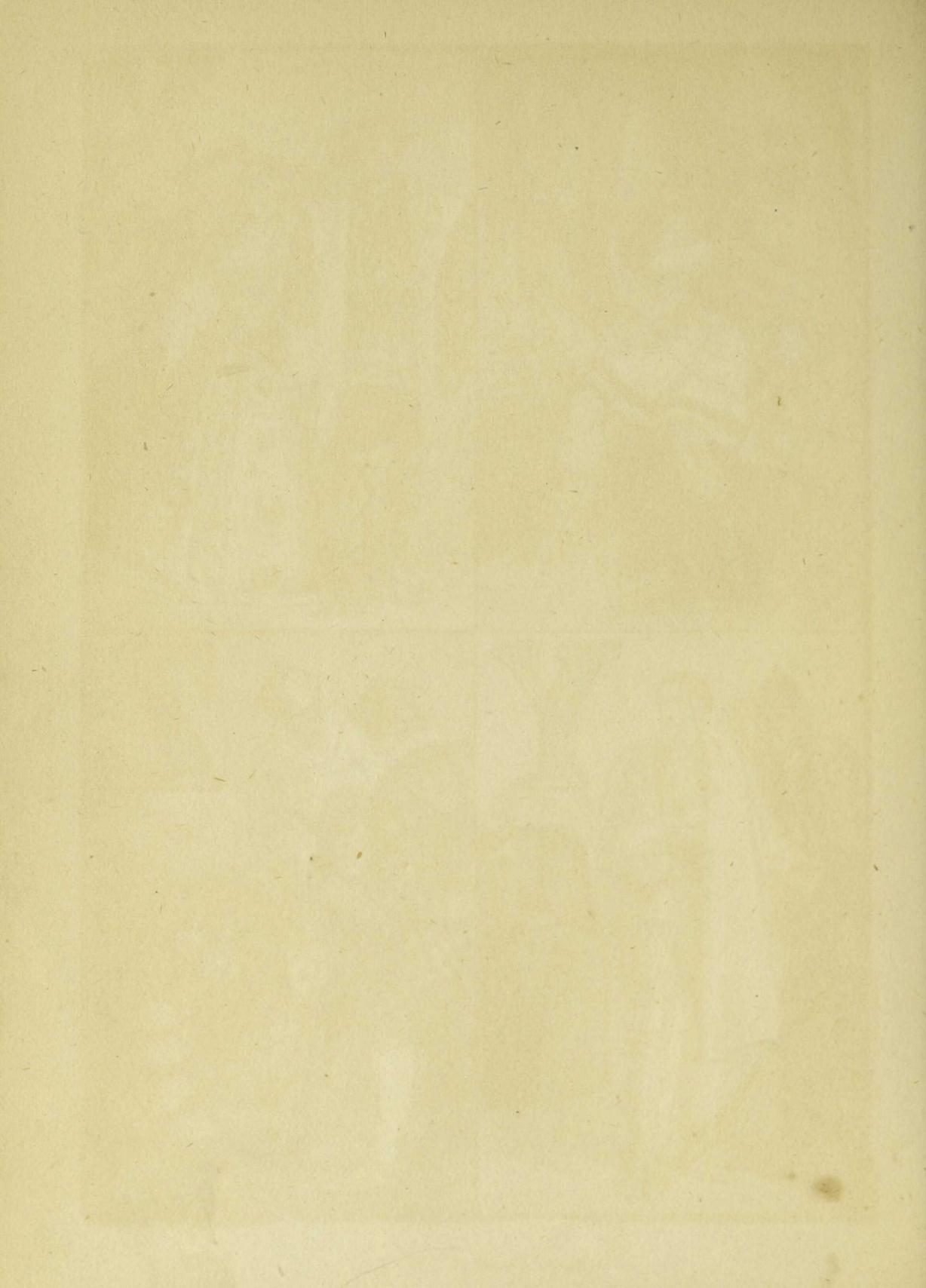
X XMAS. MERRYMAKING in the time of Henry VIII. You see him leading his Queen to supper. I think it must be Anne Boleyn.

Y YORK claiming the crown of England. This claim caused the long and terrible wars between the White and Red Roses. York's rose was the white; the red belonged to poor King Henry VI., whose grandfather had usurped the crown long before.

Z ZUTPHEN: in which battle Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded. As he was lying on the field, his servants brought him a cup of cold water to drink; but he said, "Give it to that poor soldier lying near me; he needs it more than I do."

We close the Royal Alphabet with this noble act of self-denial, as we began it with the generous forgiveness and gratitude of our great King Alfred.







The Royal Alphabet. W X Y Z.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor Dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor Dog had none.

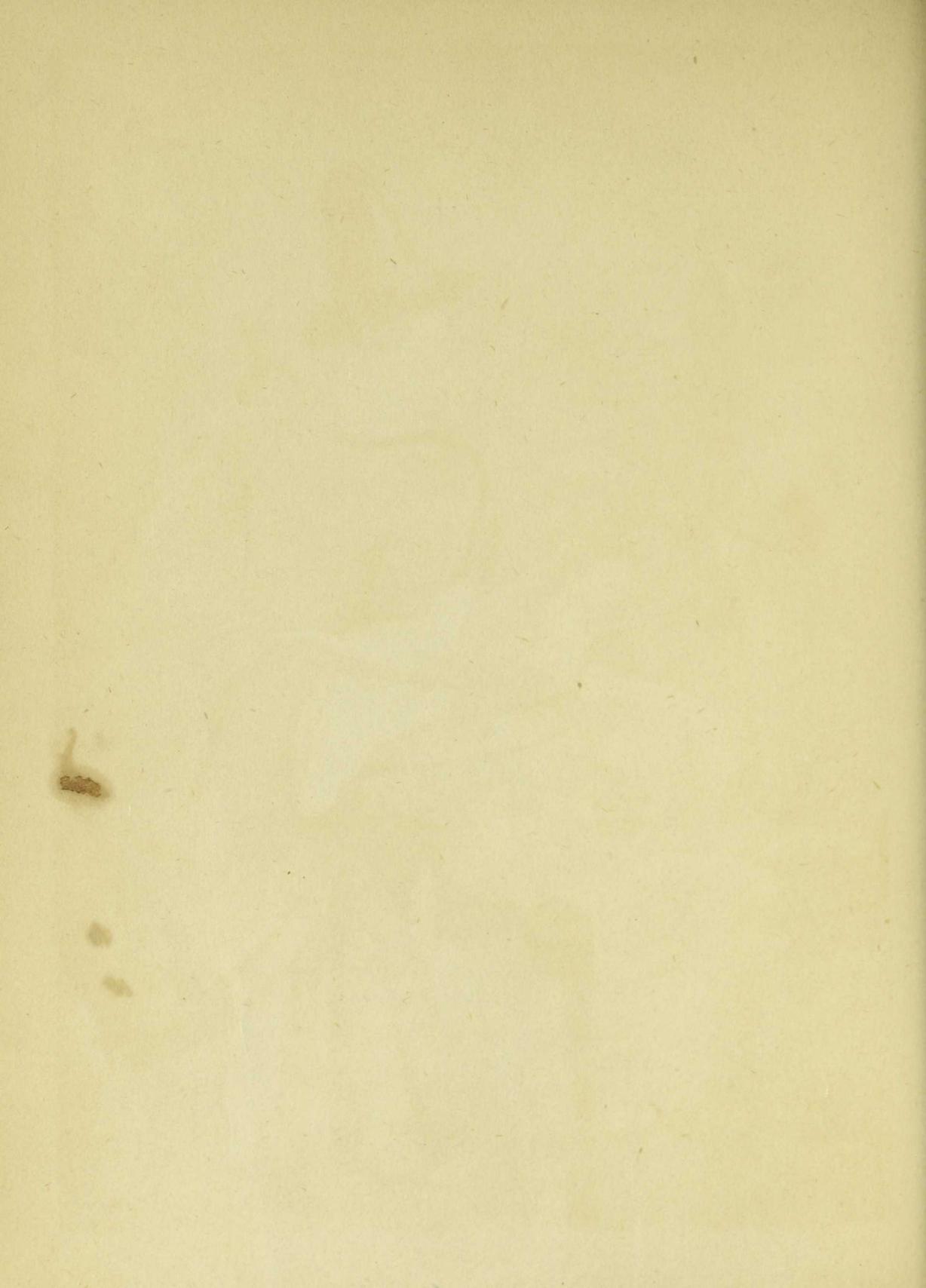
She went to the baker's,
 To buy him some bread,
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog looked dead.

She went to the joiner's,
 To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish,
 To get him some tripe,
But when she came back,
 He was smoking a pipe.



THE DOG LOOKING DEAD.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

She went to the ale-house,
To get him some beer,
But when she came back,
The Dog sat in a chair.

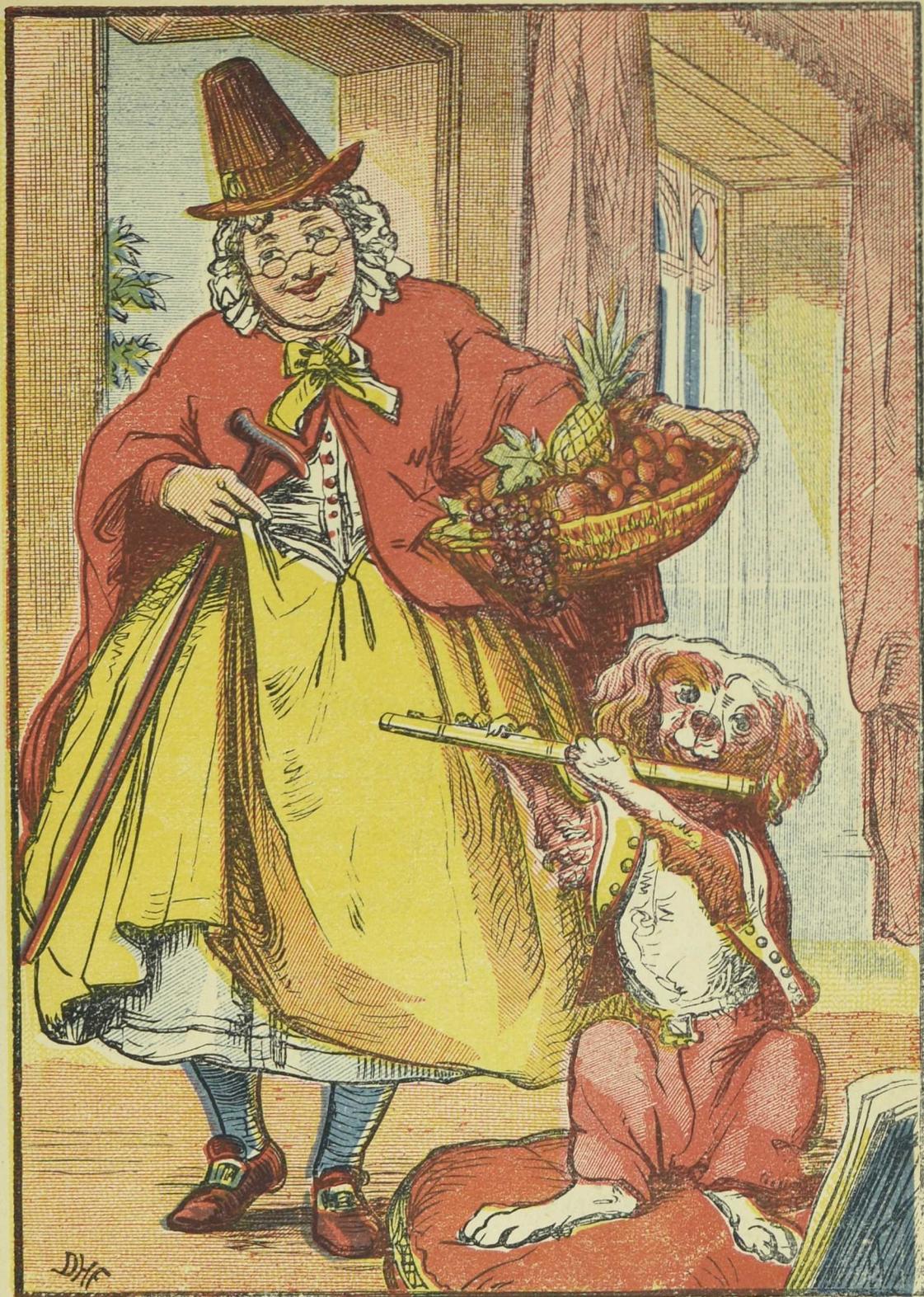
She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red,
But when she came back,
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's,
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's,
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.



THE DOG SMOKING A PIPE.



THE DOG PLAYING THE FLUTE.

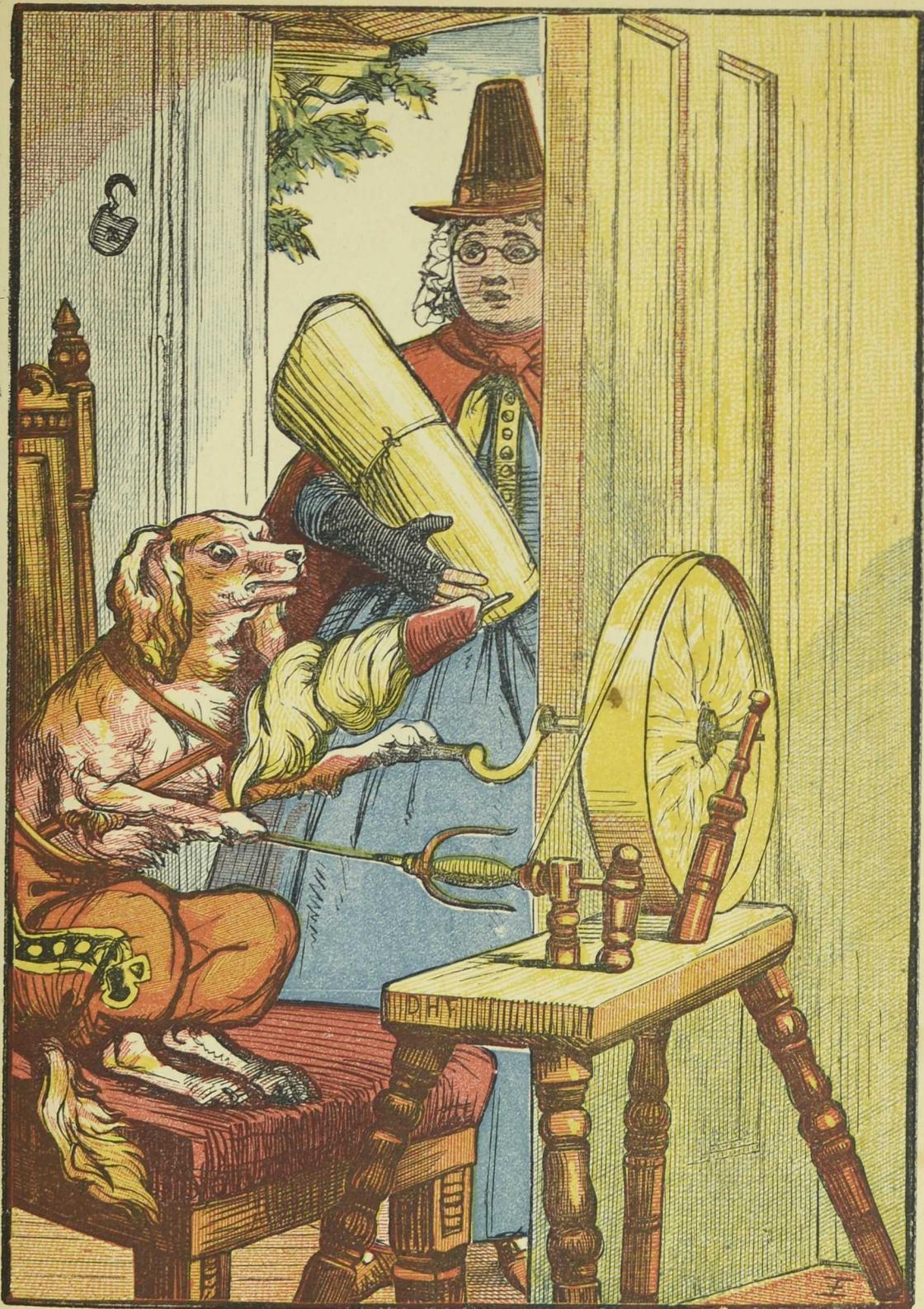
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

She went to the fruiterer's,
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's,
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the sempstress,
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.



THE DOG SPINNING.

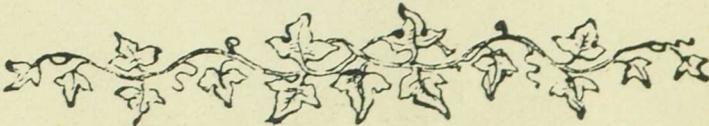
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

She went to the cobbler's,
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

The Dame made a curtsy,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant;"
The Dog said, "Bow-wow!"

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

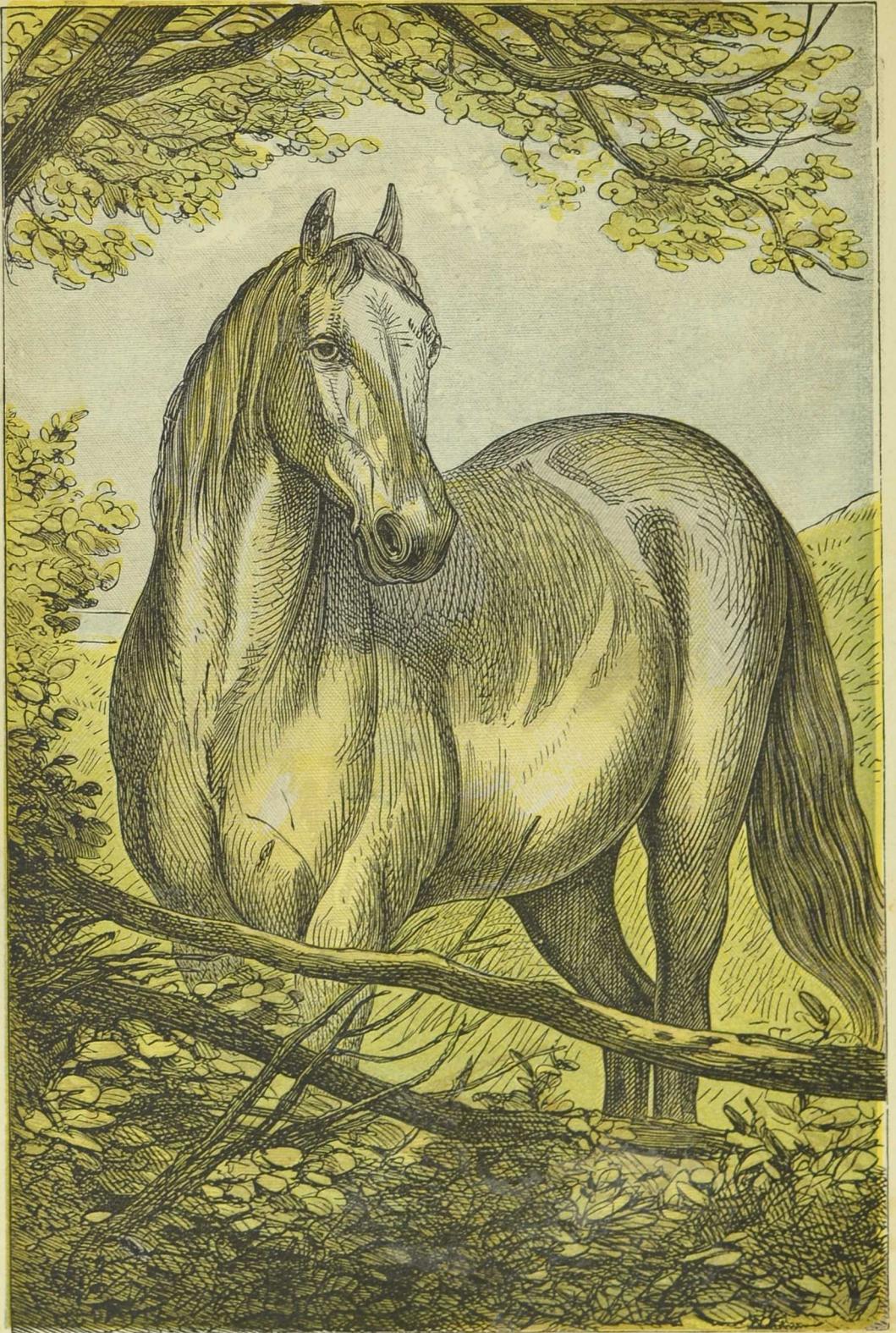
So she gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.





THE DOG READING THE NEWS.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.



The Horse.

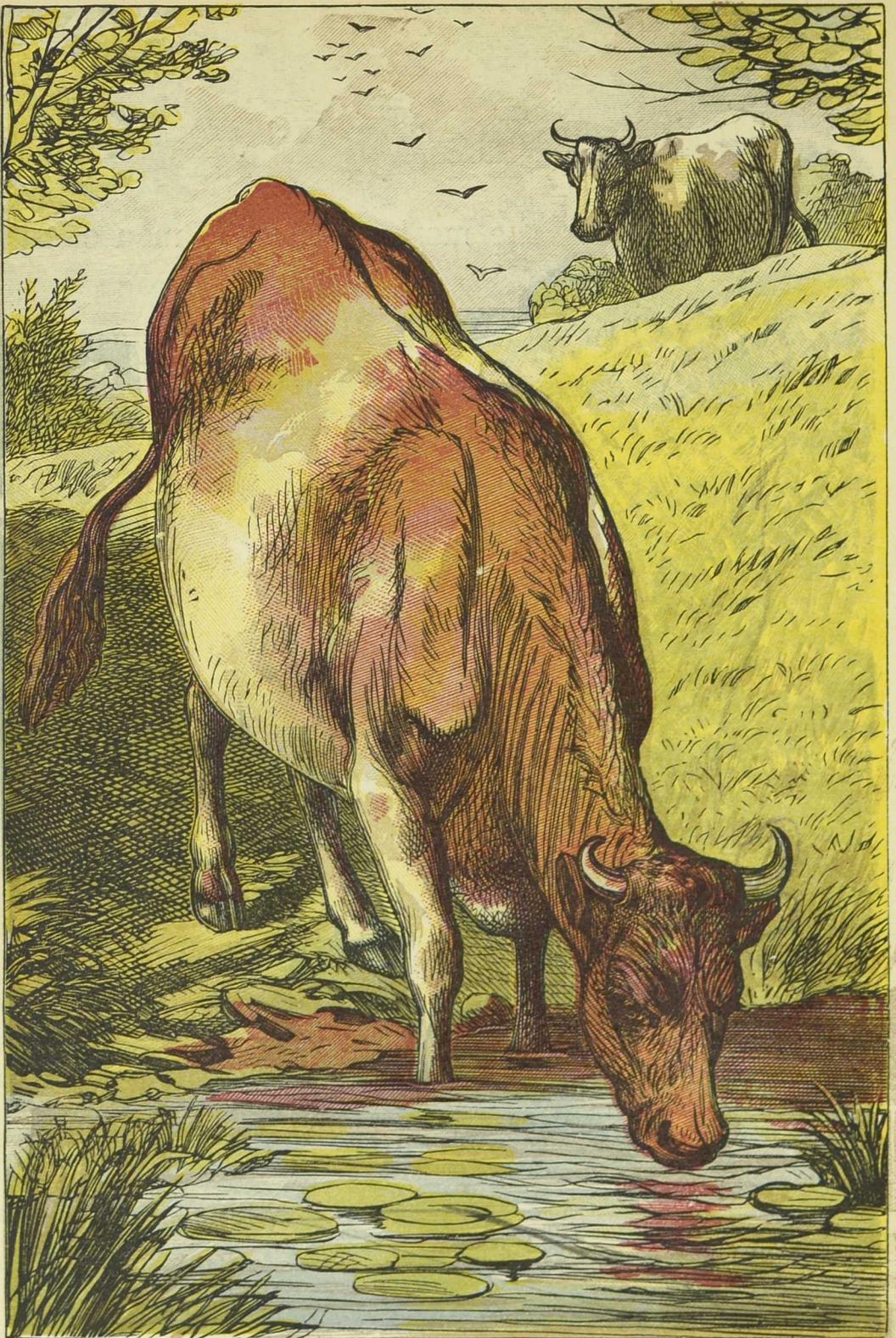
THE HORSE

Is a noble animal, the most attached to man of all creatures except the Dog. The Arabs bring up their horses with their children in their own tents; and the steed thus reared is very sensible and gentle. An Arab will not sell his favourite horse for any sum, however large: it is as dear to him as his children.

A Horse has a good memory, and never forgets the way to a place when he has been once taken to it.

THE COW

Is a very valuable animal; indeed, I do not know what we should do without her. She gives us milk and butter, cheese and cream; her skin is of great use, and her flesh is often eaten as beef. Cows grow fond of those who are kind to them. A young lady once brought up a calf and made a pet of it, but when it became a heifer it was sold, and she did not know what became of it. One day, as she was walking down a country lane, she met some cows; one of them came up to her, lowing with pleasure.



The Cow.

It was the calf she had nursed, who had not forgotten her! She patted the poor animal, which then went back to the herd.

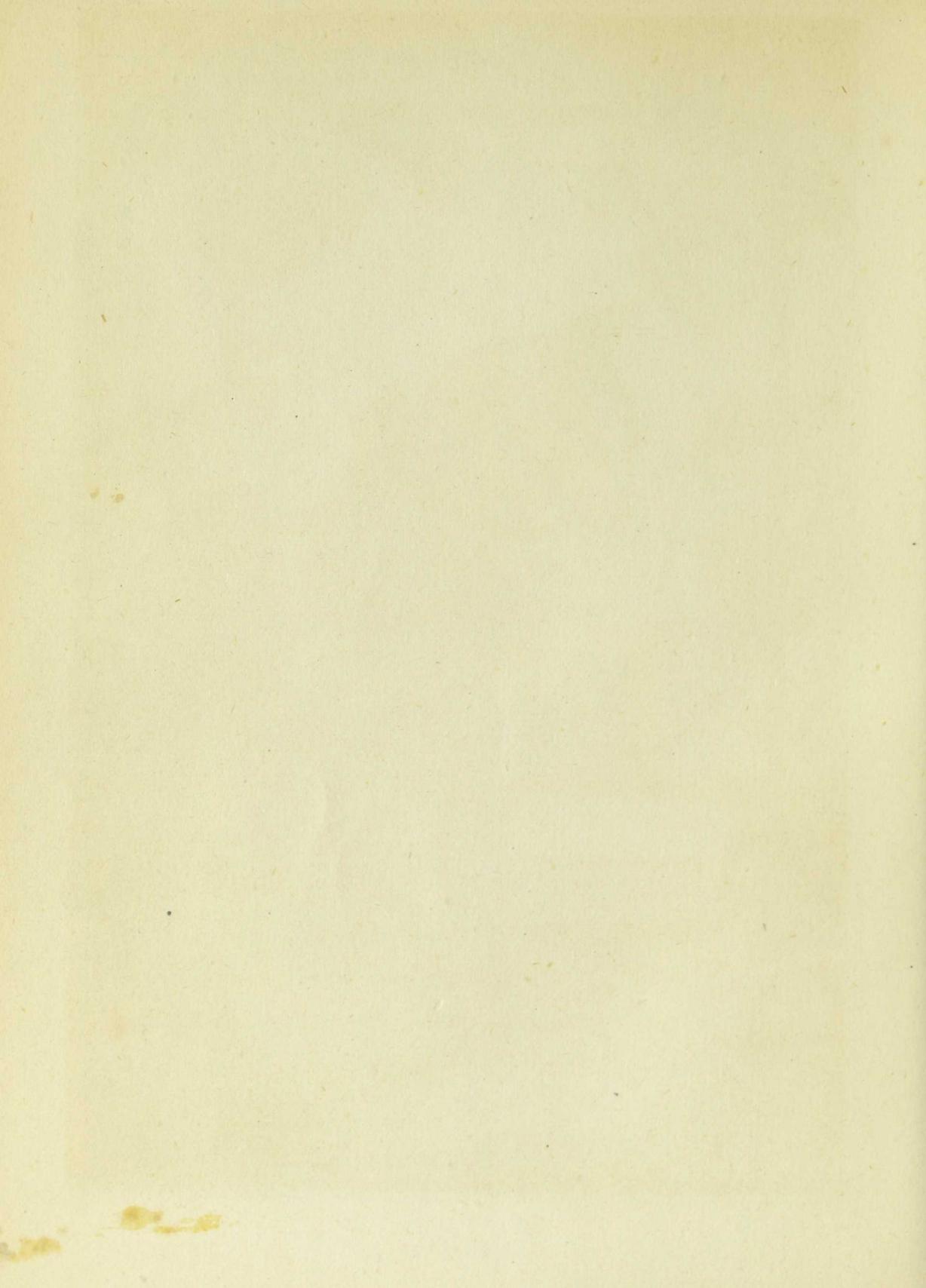
THE DOG.

THE Dog is the friend and companion of man. He guards our houses, loves us faithfully, and is capable of great self-denial for the sake of his master. There are many pretty stories of Dogs: we select one to show of what kindness they are capable. Some gentlemen were once travelling across the Andes—high mountains in South America. They lost their way, and after wandering about for a long time, saw a hut not far off. As they came near it, two dogs rushed out, barking loudly, and would not allow them to go in; and the travellers were obliged to drive them away with stones. Then a voice was heard from the hut, begging them, in Spanish, not to hurt the dogs.

On going into it, they found a very feeble old man there. He told them that he should have been starved to death long ago, if it had not been for the poor dogs, who went out hunting constantly, and always brought him part of the game they caught, on which he lived.



The Dog.





The Cat

He was a slave, who had run away from a cruel master and hidden himself on the mountains, having no friends save his faithful dogs.

The Dog in the picture must, we think, be the spaniel who so cleverly brought Cowper the water-lilies from the Ouse.

THE CAT.

“Pussy” is a member of most families : she looks very meek and pretty, sitting up with her smart ribbon round her neck, but she can scratch very hard when she pleases. She loves milk and fish, and cannot bear wetting her feet. She is of great use to us in keeping rats and mice away. Cats are said to care more for the place they live in than for their masters, but this is not always the case, as may be seen in the following instance :—

It is recorded that when the Duke of Norfolk was a prisoner in the Tower, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, his favourite cat made her way to his prison by getting down the chimney. A dog could not have done more to prove his affection than this poor cat.



The Sheep.

THE SHEEP

Is quite as valuable as the Cow. Its wool, which is sheared off once a year, gives us our warm woollen clothes—flannels, linseys, &c.

The Sheep is a very gentle animal; it knows and will follow the voice of the shepherd, who, in Eastern countries, goes before his sheep, and leads them by his call and his crook. The wool which Sheep sometimes leave on hedges or brambles serves the birds as a lining for their nests.

RABBITS

Are the favourite pets of boys. They are merry little creatures, and it is an amusing sight to watch them running over the green turf about their warren when they are free. They have many enemies, however—dogs, foxes, weasels. The fox does not go into a rabbit-warren; he would have to make it bigger by digging under ground if he did. He follows the scent till he comes to the end where they lie, and then, scratching up the earth, rushes down on them, and eats them up. But in spite of their enemies, Rabbits live a merry life together.

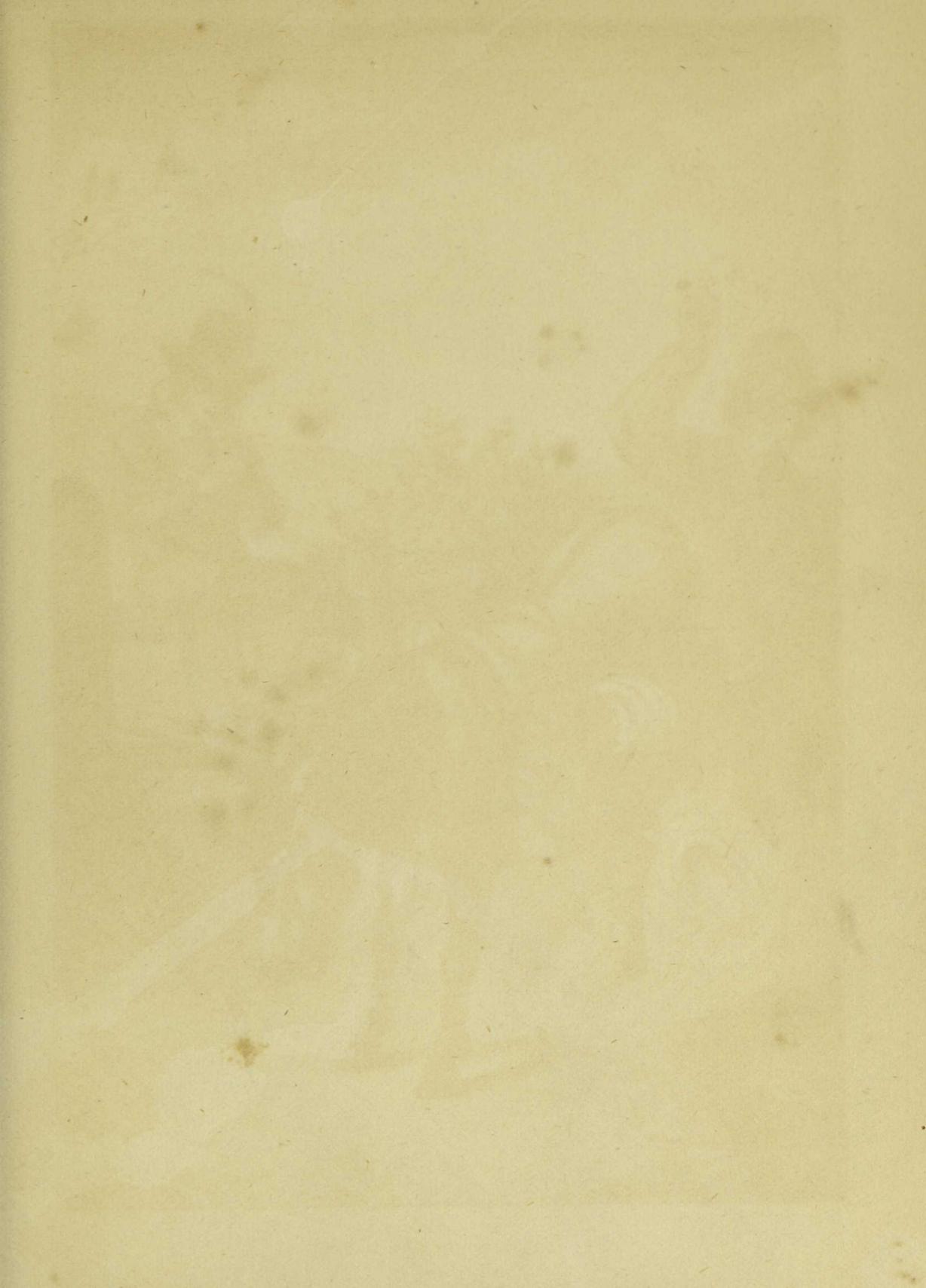


The Rabbit.

NURSERY RHYMES.



Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son.



TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still :
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play,
So Doll and the cow danced the "Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,—
He used his pipe, and she used her legs ;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke :
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

He saw a cross fellow who was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass ;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And columbines all of a row.

MARY HAD A PRETTY BIRD.

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.



Mary had a pretty Bird



Eaa, baa, black Sheep.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary ;
And near the cage she 'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool ?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full :
One for my master,
One for my dame ;
But none for the little girl
That cries in the lane.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not set Humpty Dumpty up again.



Hunpty Dumpty.

SIMPLE SIMON.

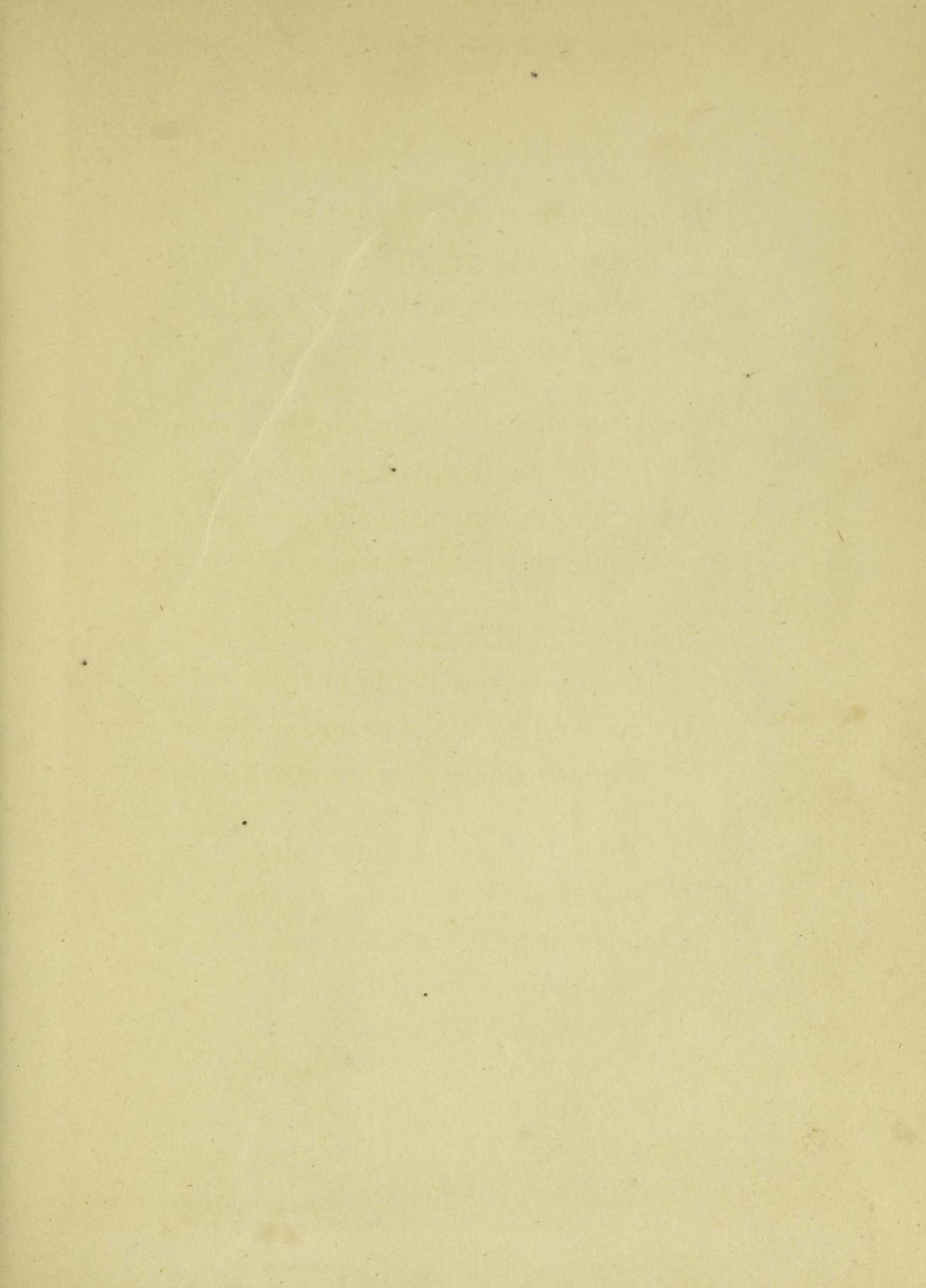
Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman unto Simple Simon,
“ Show me first your penny.”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail ;
Because he 'd got a little salt
To put upon his tail.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away.
Says Simon, “ I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay.”





Simple Simon.

NURSERY SONGS.



THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE, &c.

NURSERY SONGS.

HEY, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been.
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.



LITTLE MISS MUFFETT.

NURSERY SONGS.

Little Miss Muffet

She sat on a tuffet,

Eating of curds and whey ;

There came a great spider,

Who sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Polly Flinders

Sate among the cinders,

Warming her pretty little toes ;

Her mother came and caught her,

And scolded her little daughter,

For spoiling her nice new clothes.



LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS.



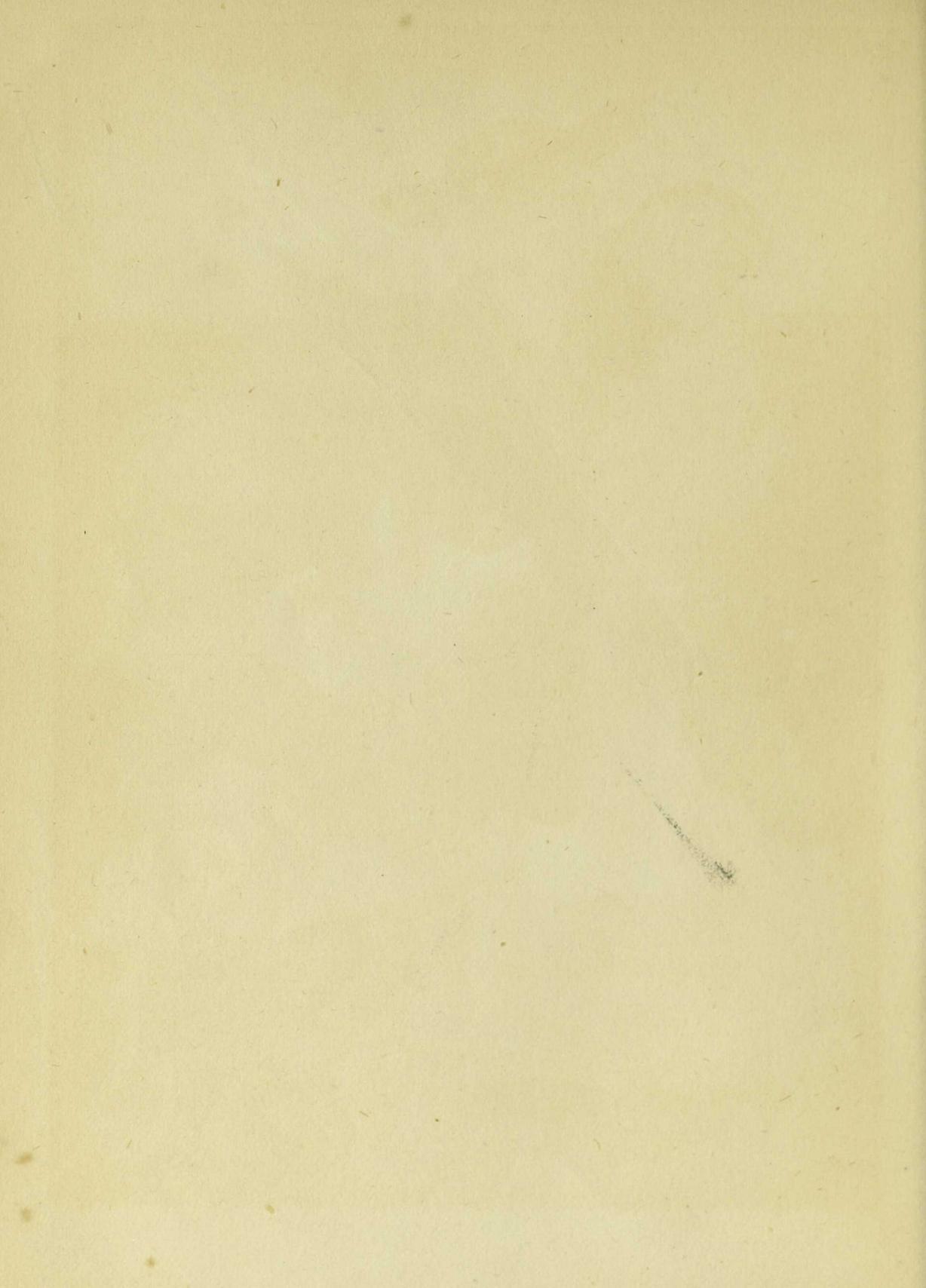
LITTLE BO-PEEP, &c.

NURSERY SONGS.

Little Bo-Peep has lost his sheep
And cannot tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt he heard them bleating.
When he awoke, he found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up he took his little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
He found them indeed, but it made his heart
bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.





TO MARKET, TO MARKET, &c.

NURSERY SONGS.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig ;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog ;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn.

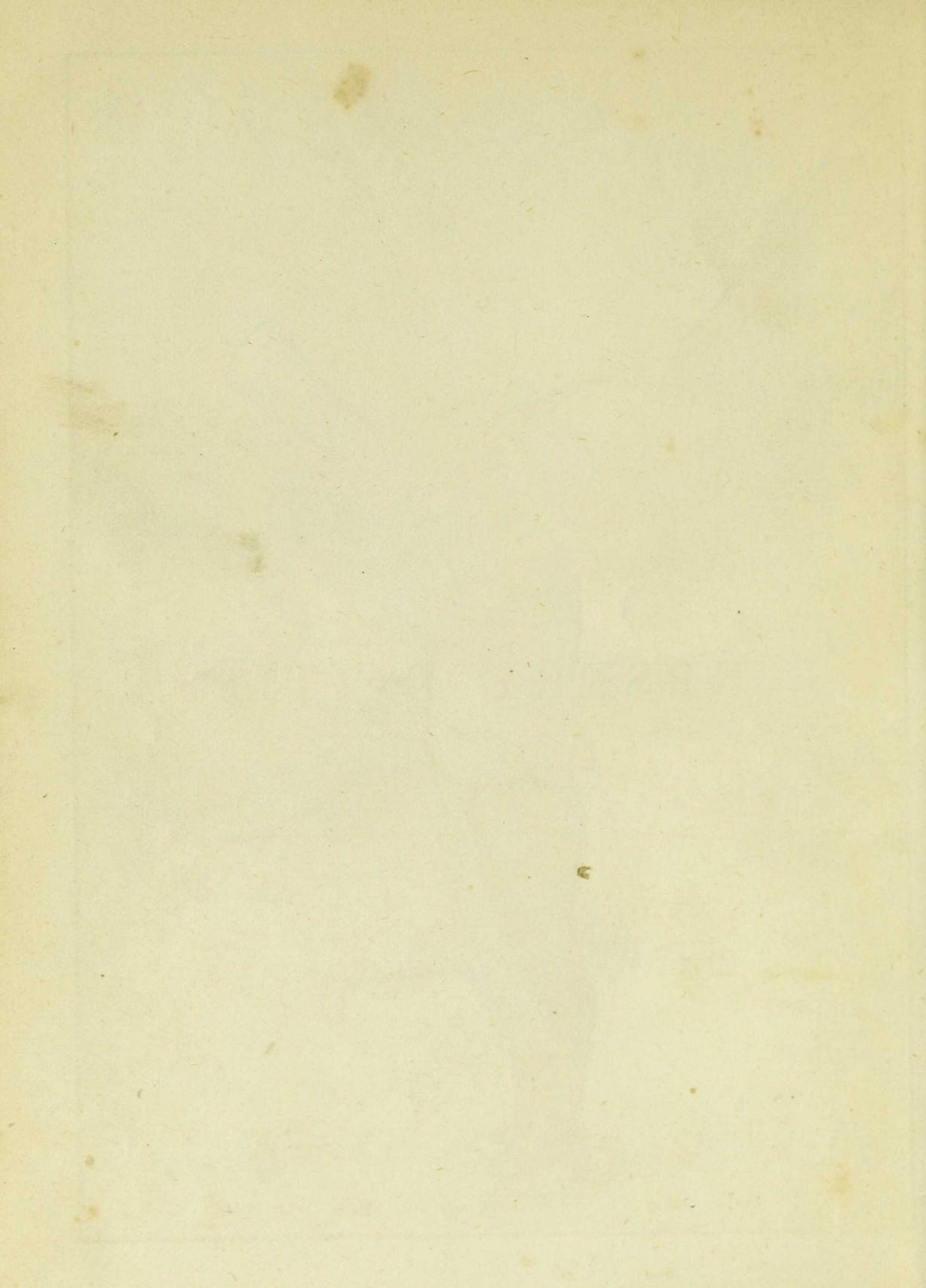
Where's the little boy that looks after the
sheep?

He is under the hay-cock fast asleep.





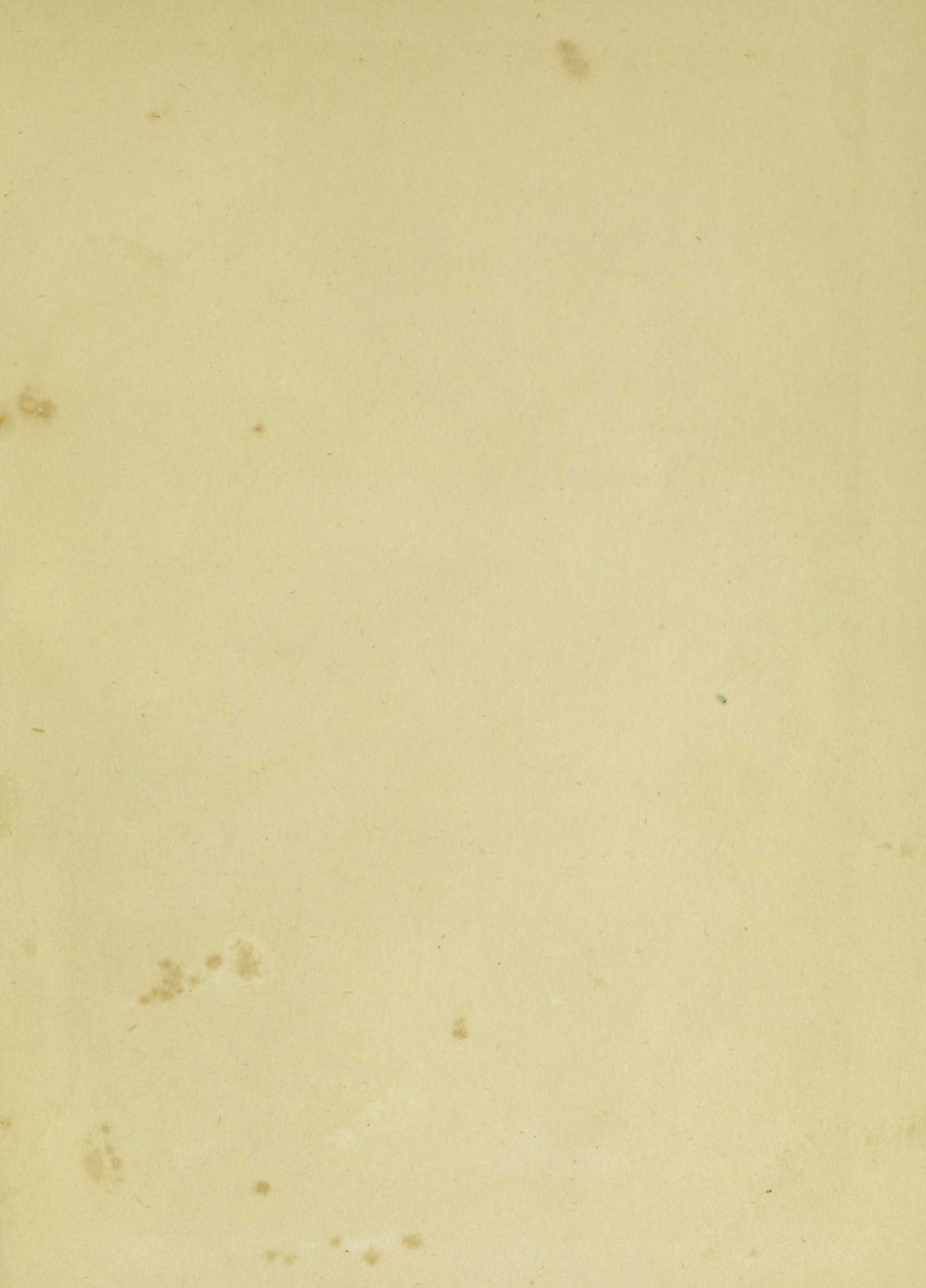
LITTLE BOY BLUE.



NURSERY DITTIES.



SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW.



NURSERY DITTIES.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,

Jenny shall have a new master ;
She shall have only a penny a day,
Because she can work no faster.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
Silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



JACK AND JILL, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Little Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper.
What shall he sing for?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it,
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry,
Without e'er a wife?



LITTLE TOM TUCKER, &c.



LITTLE JACK HORNER, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,

Eating his Christmas pie ;

He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,

And said, " What a good boy am I ! "

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,

To see an old lady upon a white horse ;

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,

And so she makes music wherever she goes.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE, &c.

NURSERY DITTIES.

Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake, baker's man,
Make me a cake as fast as you can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And send it home for Tommy and me.

Little Betty Blue lost her holiday shoe ;
What can little Betty do ?
Give her another to match the other,
And then she may walk in two.





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