



NEW
FAVOURITE

PICTURE BOOK FOR THE NURSERY

W. NELSON & SONS, LONDON & EDINBURGH

P. 100

fol



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FAVOURITE PICTURE BOOK

FOR

THE NURSERY.

COMPRISING

1. PICTURES FOR PETS, WITH RAMBLING RHYMES.
2. ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS FOR THE NURSERY.
3. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESSES OF DOLLY LAND.
4. NEW SCENES OF MONKEY LIFE.

WITH

SIXTEEN PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,
Printed in Oil Colours.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1871.

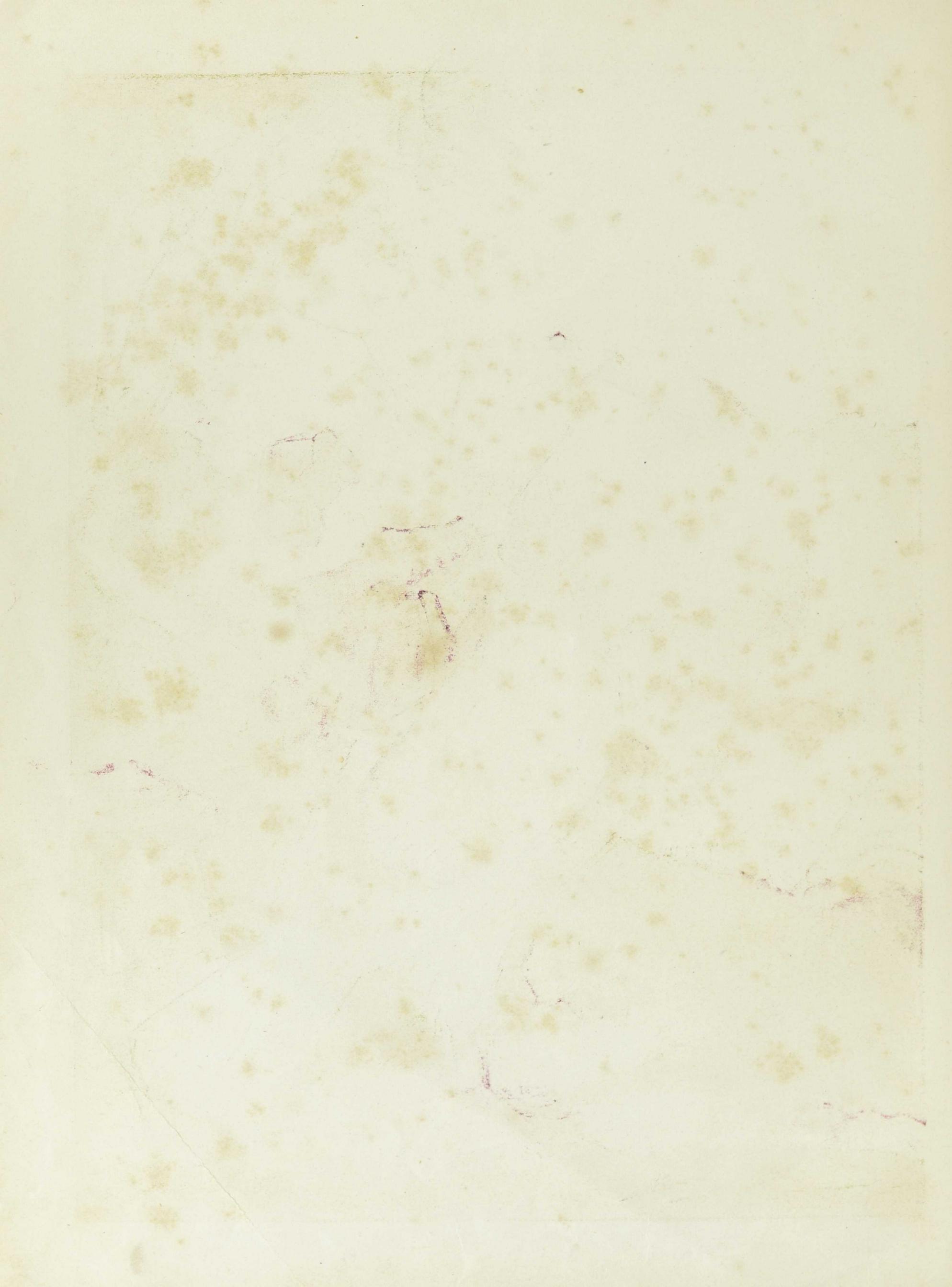
PICTURES FOR PETS, WITH RAMBLING RHYMES.

MORE HASTE, WORSE SPEED.

NCE little Tom Touter
Had such a fine pouter—
Determined to ride him was he.
One very fine day
He mounted, they say,
And away flew the bird to the sea!

But poor Tommy Touter
Was sick of the pouter,
As he thought of his toast and his tea.
At last he came back,
When Tommy, good lack!
Was as thankful as thankful could be.





NOT WANT NOT WANT NOT

THEY ARE NOT

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

OUNG Mousy Mouse

Has made a house

Out of the farmer's cheese,

And eats away

With friends each day,

As jolly as you please.

But Mousy Mouse

Don't see her house

Soon swallowed up must be.

And with that house

Goes that poor mouse,

As sure as sure can be.





—
IDLE HANDS MAKE SAD HEARTS.

YOU little bee,
Come play with me,
The sunshine's warm and clear ;
You need not fear
The cold severe,
The winter is not near.

My little maid,
I can't be stayed,
I must not lose to-day.
For time, you see,
Won't wait for me,
But sweeps the flowers away.





EARLY TO BED, AND EARLY TO RISE.

“**Y**OU naughty bird, I want to know
Why you so early rise ;
And wake me, when you know that I
Have hardly closed my eyes ?”

“ Why, really dear,” said Cocky Crow,
“ I hear you with surprise ;
You go to bed with other lambs,
And quickly shut your eyes.

“ So when I sound my morning call,
Be quick, my pet, and rise ;
For that’s the way to healthy be,
And wealthy, love, and wise.”

ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS FOR THE NURSERY

THE LITTLE MAN AND HIS GUN.



HERE was a little man, and he had a gun,

And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;

He went unto the brook, and he shot a little duck,

And hit her right through the head, head, head.

Then he went home unto his little wife Joan,

And bade her a good fire make, make, make,

To roast the little duck he had shot at the brook,

Whilst he went and shot the drake, drake, drake.





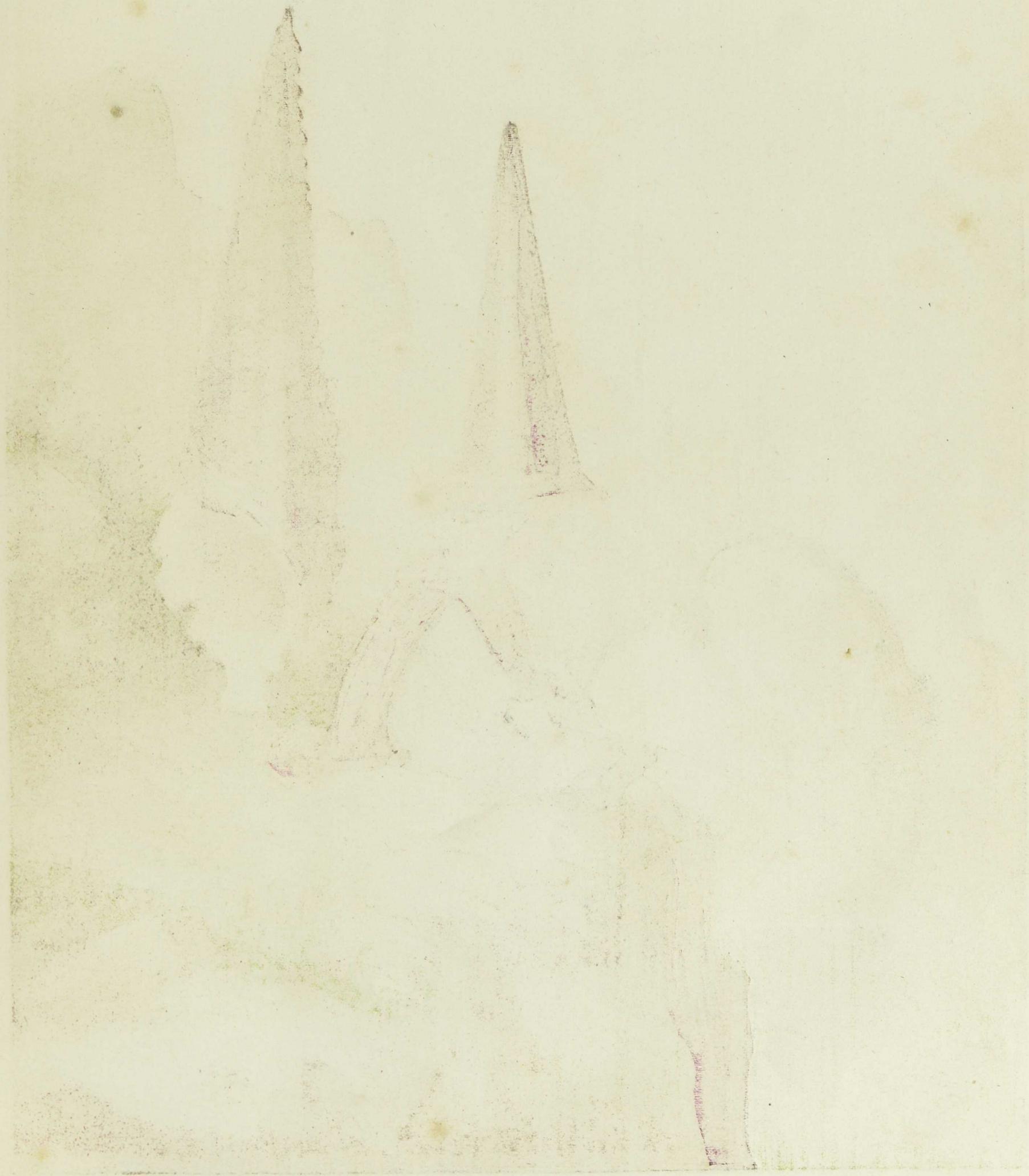
A CAPITAL CURE FOR RATS.



N old woman troubled with rats,
Who couldn't depend upon cats—
They all ran away from the rats—
Had a fine large extinguisher made,
Then in her barn quietly laid ;—
“ I'll catch all the tyrants,” she said.
At the very first sight of a rat,
She popped the extinguisher pat,
Which caught him as well as a cat.
And so she went on every day,
Till she frightened the rats all away,
Which made the extinguisher pay.







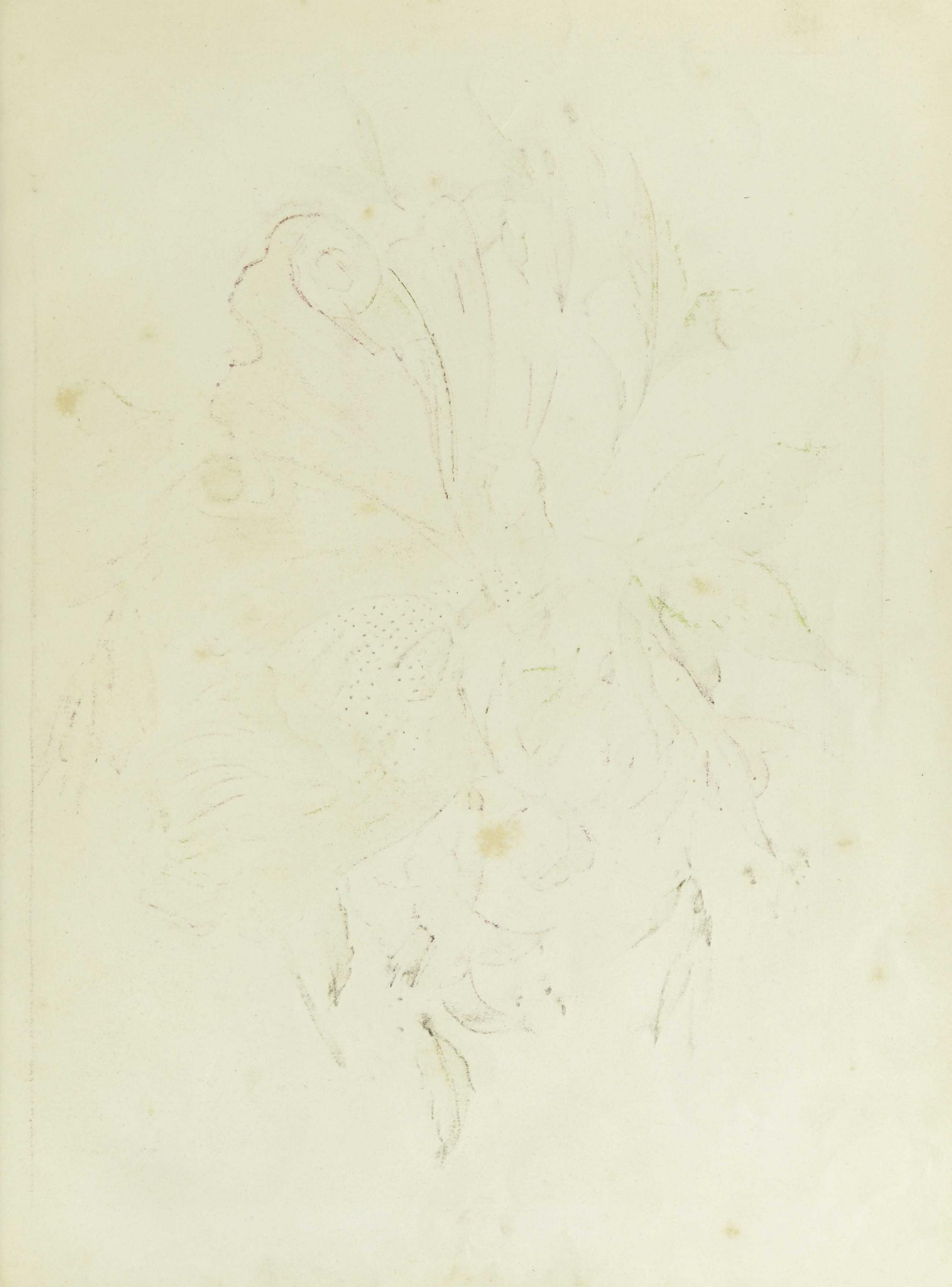


A SHELL-FISH OLD WOMAN.



LITTLE old woman, as I've heard tell,
Lived near the sea, in a nice little shell ;
She was well off if she wanted her tea—
She'd plenty of water from out of the sea.

Then if for her dinner she had the least wish,
Of course she had nothing to do but to fish ;
So, really, this little old woman did well,
As she didn't pay rent for the use of the shell.





HOW LADY BUTTERFLY SPENT THE DAY.

PRETTY Lady Butterfly, where have you been ?

Why, all the day long you have hardly been seen ;

The sunlight was charming, then where did you hide ?

I've looked for your pretty wings both far and wide."

" I've been, Lady Prettyface, peeping at you

From flowers in your garden, both red, white, and blue ;

At last it was tiring, this game at bo-peep,

So I crept in a blossom and fell fast asleep."

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESSES OF DOLLY LAND.

THE PRINCESS CLARABELLE.

HE little Princess Clarabelle
Is often ill—but soon gets well,
For in her bath a cure she gains
For all her little aches and pains.

Then in her pretty cot she lies,
And never once wakes up and cries ;
When she has had enough of rest,
She very quietly is dressed.

The little girls who on her wait,
Attend on her with pleasure great ;
Just look at them, and you can tell
They're fond of Princess Clarabelle.



PRINCESS LAURA.

POOOR Princess Laura's cold got worse,
And all the money in her purse
For lozenges she spent ;
The queen her mother, wiser still,
Wishing to try a doctor's skill,
For Doctor Bolus sent

Said he, " Her Highness is of wood,
A bath, I think, will do her good ;
Be very careful, please,
To let no water touch her eyes ;
The water in the bath should rise
No higher than her knees."





PRINCESS PEGGY.

HE noble Princess Peggy
Has not been very well,
She caught a cold when riding out
With Princess Clarabelle.

But clever Doctor Bolus
Says all will soon be right :
Her friends must not be noisy,
Her food must all be light.

The gentlemen and ladies
Who on the princess wait,
Advise her not to talk too much,
Nor yet to sit up late.





THE QUEEN OF DOLLYLAND.

HE QUEEN OF DOLLYLAND you see,
As grand as such a queen can be ;
A stately carriage, and, of course,
A living driver on her horse.

THE QUEEN OF DOLLYLAND ! make way !
The queen is driving out to-day
With maids of honour, much ado,
And trumpeter and drummer too !

THE QUEEN OF DOLLYLAND in state !
But though the noise we make is great,
'Tis certain a more quiet queen
In Dollyland was never seen.

NEW SCENES OF MONKEY LIFE.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.



THE lady sits with easy grace
To have her portrait taken,
Her husband says her pretty face
Can never be mistaken.

“ A speaking likeness 'tis ! ” he cries :
“ How highly I shall prize it !
She has such charming lips and eyes—
No friend of mine denies it .”

The clever artist, pleased to find
His work so much admired,
Declares the lady, to his mind,
Most tastefully attired.





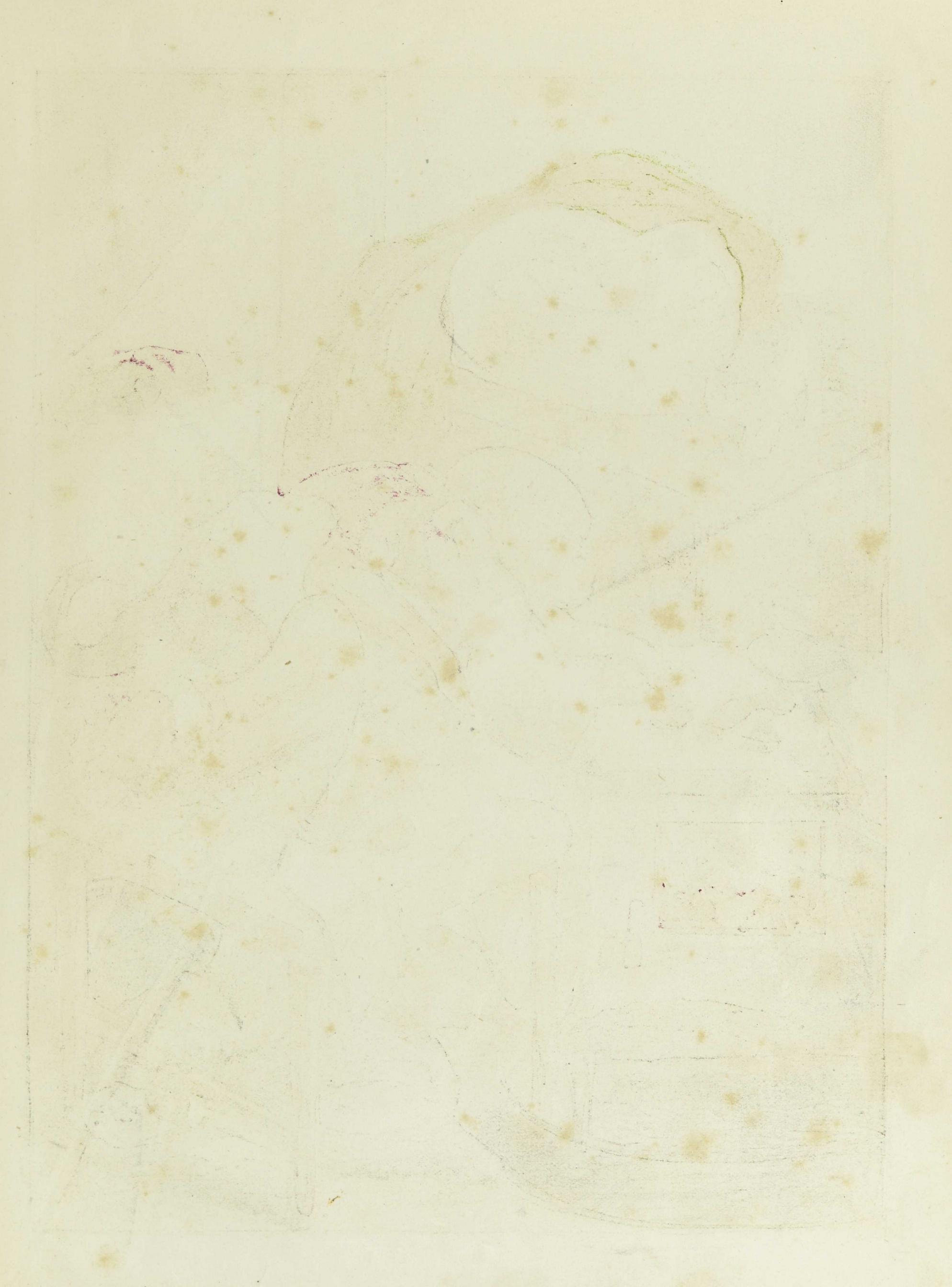
THE CONCEITED MONKEY.

THE monkey, so proud of the liv'ry he wears,
For once in a way condescends,
Though not without many ridiculous airs,
To visit relations and friends.

He thought to astonish them—thought to be praised,
And to be very grand in their sight ;
But, soon as they saw him, with monkey hands raised,
They called out, “ Look there ! what a fright ! ”

One old lady monkey his shoulder-knot took
And examined with care and with doubt ;
“ Do they use these,” she said, as each limb of her shook—
“ Do they use these to lead you about ? ”







THE CAT'S-PAW.

“**C**OME here, friend Puss!” the monkey said,
“ Those roasted chestnuts see ;
What’s good for Betty and for Fred,
Is good for you and me.”

Puss heard—consented—left her kits—
Repentance came too late ;
The kitties almost lost their wits—
They saw their mother’s fate.

For she—how hapless was her lot!—
Found all resistance vain ;
The monkey all the chestnuts got,
Poor Puss had all the pain.



THE PHYSICIAN.

“THE truth I must tell,
Miss Pugg is not well,
She is pale, and her pulse is too slow;
She had better be led
At once to her bed,
And if she gets worse, let me know.”

Papa and mamma
Look sad, and cry “ Ah ! ”
When they hear the wise doctor thus speak,
And say, “ Unripe fruit
Young folks does not suit,
It is that that has made her so weak.”

with the plates painted in
oil colours

original cloth
with pictorial cover

