

AUNT LOUISA'S

HOLIDAY

GUEST



COLOURED
ILLUSTRATIONS

TLC (P) fol
VALENTINE
fol.



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Ernest
from
Sister

AUNT LOUISA'S
HOLIDAY GUEST.

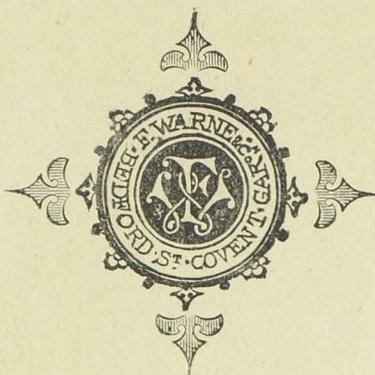
COMPRISING

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.		BRUIN THE BEAR.
GOOD CHILDREN.		HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

WITH

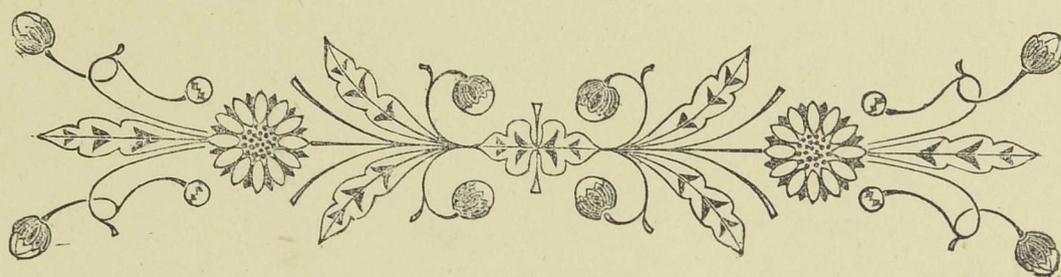
TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

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PREFACE.

AGAIN the Publishers offer a new Picture Book to their little friends. The story of Dame Trot and her Cat is revived with entertaining Pictures; and, in Good Children, kindness to the afflicted is the subject. Bruin the Bear shows his adventures from the Polar regions to the Zoological Gardens; and Home for the Holidays is what all good boys and girls hope for, in order that they may enjoy in quiet "Aunt Louisa's Holiday Guest."

Bedford Street Covent Garden, W.C.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.



DAME TROT once went down to a
neighbouring fair,
And what do you think that she
bought herself there?
A Pussy! the prettiest ever was seen;
No cat was so gentle, so clever, and
clean.



Each dear little paw was as black as
a sloe,
The rest of her fur was as white as
the snow;
Her eyes were bright green, and her
sweet little face
Was pretty and meek, full of inno-
cent grace.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

Dame Trot hurried home with this
beautiful cat;
Went upstairs to take off her cloak
and her hat;
And when she came down was as-
tonished to see
That Pussy was busy preparing the
tea.



“Oh, what a strange cat!” thought
poor little Dame Trot,
“She’ll break my best china and up-
set the pot!”
But no harm befell them: the velvety
paws
Were quite sure; the Dame for alarm
had no cause.



Next morning when little Dame Trot
came downstairs
To attend, as usual, to household
affairs,
She found that the kitchen was
swept up as clean
As if Puss a regular servant had been.







DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

Poor little Dame Trot had no money
to spare,
And only too often her cupboard was
bare;
Then kind Mrs. Pussy would catch
a nice fish,
And serve it for dinner upon a clean
dish



The rats and the mice, who wished
Pussy to please,
Were now never seen at the butter
or cheese;
The Dame daily found that their
numbers grew thinner,
For Puss ate a mouse every day for
her dinner.



If Puss had a weakness, I needs must
confess
'T was a Girl of the Period's fancy for
dress:
Her greatest desire a high chignon
and hat,
And a very short dress à la mode for a
cat.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

So one day when Dame Trot had gone
out to dine,
Puss dressed herself up, as she
thought, very fine,
And coaxed kind old Spot, who looked
at her with pride,
To play pony for her, and give her a
ride.



The Dame from her visit returning
home late,
Met this funny couple outside her
own gate,
And heartily laughed when she saw
her dear cat
Dressed up in a cloak and a chignon
and hat.



“You’re quite a grand lady, Miss
Pussy,” said she,
And Pussy affectedly answered, “Oui,
oui.”
She thought it beneath her to utter a
mew,
While wearing a dress of a fashion so
new.

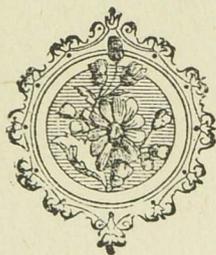


DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

Now Spot, who to welcome his mis-
tress desired,
And to "company manners" had
never aspired,
Jumped up to fawn on her,—and down
came the cat,
And crushed in her tumble her fea-
ther and hat!



"Oh, Puss!" said Dame Trot, "what a
very sad mess!
You'd best have remained in your
natural dress;
The graces which Nature so kindly
bestows,
Are more often hid than improved by
fine clothes."



THE GOOD CHILDREN.

THE
GOOD CHILDREN.



WEARY and faint the old man
came

Towards the cottage door;
He'd walked so far his feet were lame,
And his dog could run no more.

The sun was shining bright and clear,
But he could not see the sun;
The rich ripe grapes were hanging
near,

But he perceived not one.

Kind little Mary saw him come,
And so did John, her brother;
And quick into the house they ran,
To tell their loving mother.



THE GOOD CHILDREN.

And whilst she went for food in haste—

For her heart was warm and kind—

The children to the parlour raced,

Their dear Aunt Jane to find.

And cried, “There is an old blind man

Outside the cottage door.

Mother will give him all she can:

She always helps the poor.

“He’s sadly tired, Aunt, I’m afraid;

His dog can scarcely crawl.

May he sit down, please, where the

shade

Upon them both may fall?”





THE GOOD CHILDREN.

Aunt Jane at once a glad assent
Gave to the child's request;
And gladly little Mary went
To seat the aged guest.

And soon the little girl appeared
With a bowl of milk and bread,
And Rover's ears were both upreared
When he heard her gentle tread.

He watched the bowl with wistful
eyes;

And, plain as looks could speak,
He said his tongue was very dry,
And he had nought to eat.





THE GOOD CHILDREN.

Then John brought out some whole-
some food—

He was a generous boy,—
It really seemed to do him good
To see poor Rover's joy.

The blind old man was very glad
When his dog received his share;
Full fervently he blessed the lad,
And thanked kind Mary's care.

He sate and chatted of the past:
He had an only son,
Whose fate in distant lands was cast,
Where glory he had won.



THE GOOD CHILDREN.

Poor soldier lad! but since they met
Years their swift course had flown,
And whether he was living yet
Was to his sire unknown.

Just as he rose up to depart,
A soldier towards them came,
Whose bright red coat shone won-
drous smart
With the golden stars of fame.

He asked the children if they knew
Of one named Robert Dunne.
The blind man turned, he knew the
voice—

It was his long-lost son!



THE GOOD CHILDREN.

Oh, joy! he whom they mourned as
dead,

In countries far away,
Had now returned, of his old age
To be the prop and stay.

The children gazed with wond'ring
eyes,

Their poor blind friend to see:
His face was raised toward the skies,
While the soldier bent the knee.

A blessing on them all he prayed
Might be showered from above.

“And may you, kind, good children
feel

What a blissful thing is love.”



BRUIN THE BEAR.

BRUIN THE BEAR.



MY friends, as some of you might like
My history to hear,
The story of my whole past life
I'll tell you, said a Bear.

In future years you may, perchance
Your happy journey take
To the wild shore where Polar waves
Upon the ice-floes break.

'Tis Hudson's Bay—that region cold—
And truly, to my mind,
You might roam o'er the whole wide world,
And ne'er such fair land find.

'Tis thence I come. My kith and kin
Still roam about there wild:
I spent there many happy days
While I was yet a child.

I used to lie upon the ice,
And bask there in the sun;
There with my brothers, in the snow,
Oft have we races run.

Alas! those blissful days were short,
And destined soon to cease:
Why could not interfering men
Leave us poor bears in peace?



BRUIN THE BEAR.

My great delight was roving off
Alone, away from home.

My mother said I must take care
Never too far to roam.

She told me there were wicked men
Who lay in wait for bears.

But I, a giddy little cub,
But ill repaid her cares;

For I was young and foolish too,
And thought, "I'm much too small:
I'm pretty sure those silly men
Won't care for me at all."

But I was wrong; for traps were laid,
And I, alas! was caught.

Ah! then I wished my mother's words
Had not been said for nought.

I wondered what would happen next,
And what would be my fate.

I tried to get away again,—
Ah me! it was too late!

My captors placed me in a house
That swam upon the sea;
I heard them call the thing a ship;
—A prison 't was for me.



BRUIN THE BEAR.

Long had it sailed in Northern seas,
Where the bright icebergs stay,
Searching to find the great North Pole,
Through many a dangerous way.

Is it because I am a bear
That I can never see
If the North Pole were found at last,
What use it then would be?

We sailed for home. I really thought
The journey ne'er would end!
Yet still I had the happiness
On board to make a friend.

One of the sailors often used
Kindness to me to show:
That all men need not cruel be
I learnt through him to know.

He taught me many funny tricks.
Sometimes the sailors came,
And ran with me about the deck,—
We had a merry game.

At length our journey reached its close,
In England we arrived.
Ah me! it was so hard to be
Of liberty deprived!

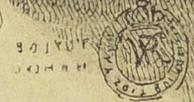




RICHARDSON

REFRESHMENTS

M. TURNER & CO ENTIRE



BRUIN THE BEAR.

For I was sold. And soon I found
That I was forced to learn
To jump about and to perform,
My master's bread to earn.

Thanks to my lessons, I became
A most accomplished bear;
And then well pleased my master was
To take me to a fair.

It was a most enchanting sight
That met my wond'ring eyes:
The splendid booths, the gaudy shows,
All filled me with surprise.

They made me dance, they made me jump,
And many people came
To stare at all my wondrous feats,
And thus I gained much fame.

To several other splendid fairs
I with my master went;
There I performed to gaping crowds:
Thus many months we spent.

But very oft a yearning thought
I sent to my old home;
I hated this captivity,—
—Longed once more free to roam.



BRUIN THE BEAR.

Our journeys brought us to a town
Where we remained one night;
'T was here that from my hated life
I contemplated flight.

One moment I was left alone,
Safe from my master's eye:
The opportunity I seized,—
At once I turned to fly.

I ran along through one whole street:
Where'er I took my way
The people did not stop my flight,
But turned to run away.

I hardly knew what road to take,
So on I wildly tore:
The people stared as though they ne'er
Had seen a bear before.

Alas for me! I was pursued!
I heard the people cry,
"He went that way!" and soon I saw
My master coming nigh.

Then I was caught and taken back,
My flight was no avail;
My angry master said that he
Should put me up for sale.



BRUIN THE BEAR.

He did not want to keep a bear
Who tried to run away.

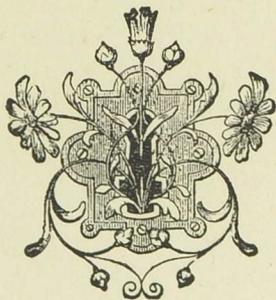
He sought to find a purchaser
Who a good price would pay.

At length my fate was fixed, that I
To London was to go.

Within a cage, in Regent's Park,
I was put up for show.

'Tis there I live, and there, no doubt,
That I my life shall spend:
Good bye,—I've kept you long enough;
My story's at an end.

Yet one word more before I cease:
Take warning by my fate,
And profit by your mother's words
Before it is too late.



BRUIN THE BEAR.

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My history to hear,
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I'll tell you, said a Bear.

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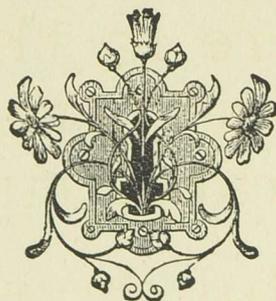
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Before it is too late.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



HOME for the Holidays, here we go;
Bless me, the train is exceedingly
slow!

Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
And let us be off with a puff and a
scream!

We have two long hours to travel,
you say;

Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away!

Two hours more! why, the sun will
be down

Before we reach dear old London
town!

And then, what a number of fathers
and mothers,

And uncles and aunts, and sisters and
brothers,

Will be there to meet us—oh! do make
haste,

For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no
time to waste!

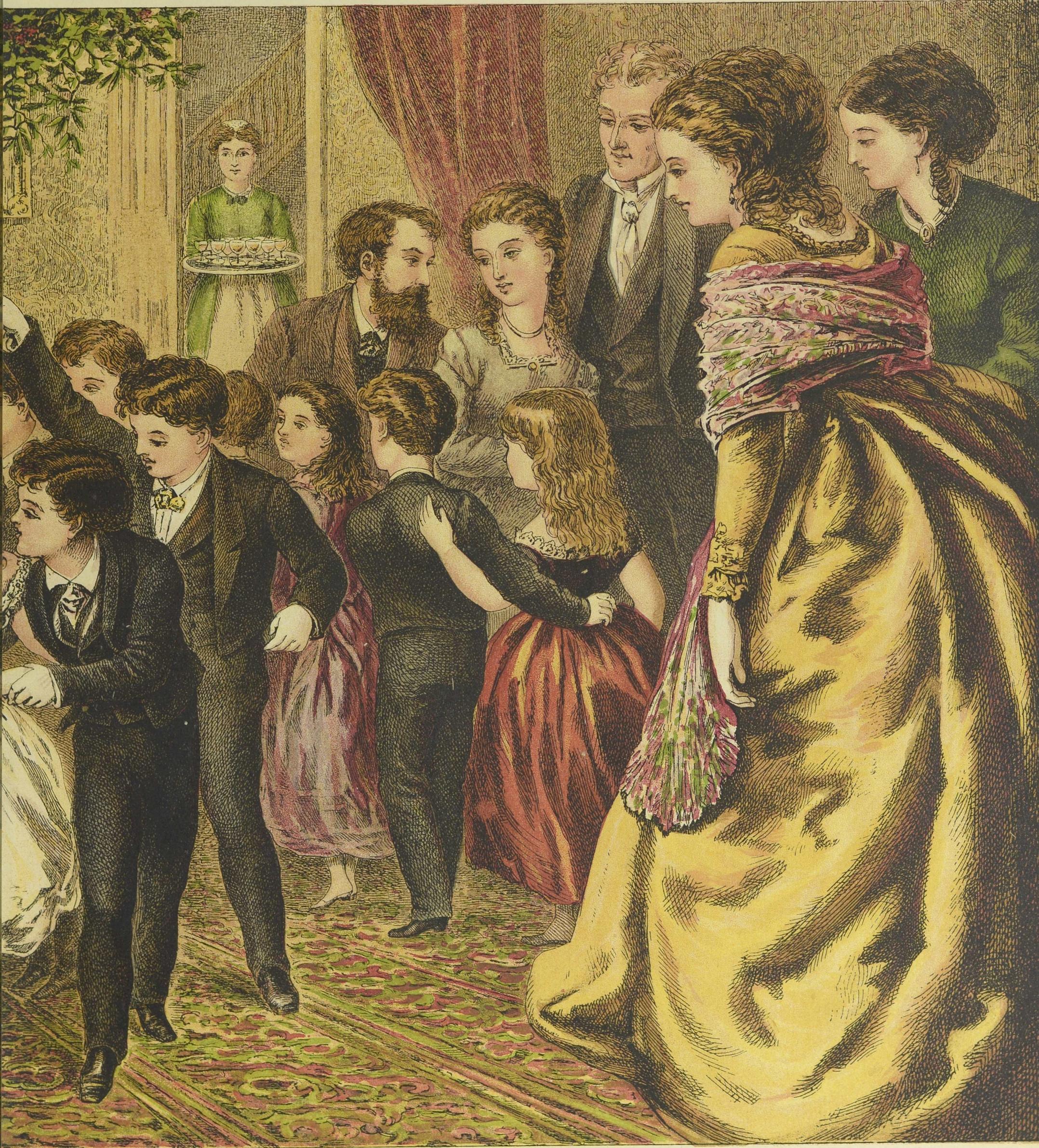


HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We'll crown the plum-pudding with
bunches of bay,
And roast all the chestnuts that come
in our way;
And when Twelfth Night falls, we'll
have such a cake
That as we stand round it the table
shall quake.
We'll draw "King and Queen," and be
happy together,
And dance old "Sir Roger" with hearts
like a feather.
Home for the Holidays, here we go!
But this Fast train is really exceed-
ingly slow!

And we'll go and see Harlequin's won-
derful feats,
Changing by magic whatever he
meets;
And Columbine too, with her beautiful
tripping;
And Clown, with his tumbling, and
jumping, and slipping;





HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

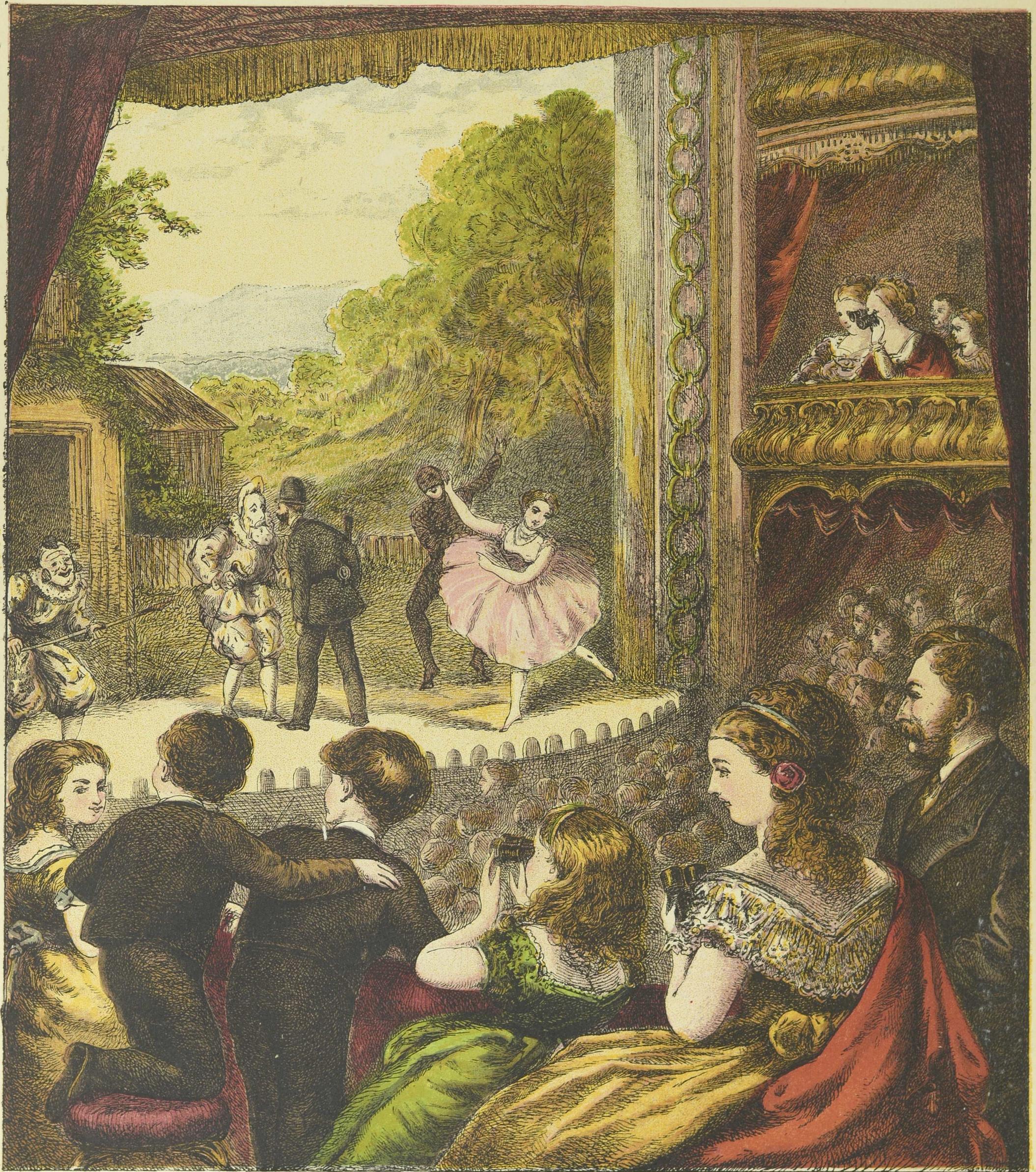
Cramming all things in his pocket so
big,
And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's
wig.

The horses that danced, too, last year
in the ring ;
We remember the tune, it was sweet
"Tink a Ting ;"
And their tails and their manes, and
their sleek coats so bright ;
Some cream and some piebald, some
black and some white ;
And how Mr. Merryman made us all
shout
When he fell from the horse and went
rolling about.
We'll be sure to go there—'t is such
capital fun,
And we won't stir an inch till 't is every
bit done.

Mr. Punch, we'll have him too, our
famous old friend ;
One might see him for ever and laugh
till the end :

With his little dog Toby, so clever and
wise,
And poor Mrs. Judy, with tears in her
eyes;
With the Constable taking him off to
the bar,
And the gentleman, talking his
“Shalla-balla;”
With the flourishing stick that
knocks all of them down,
For Punch’s delight is in breaking a
crown.

Home for the Holidays! here we go.
But really this train is exceedingly
slow;
Yet stay! I declare here is London at
last;
The Park is right over the tunnel just
past.
Huzza, huzza! I can see my papa!
I can see George’s uncle and Edward’s
mamma!



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

And, Fred, there's your brother! look!
look! there he stands!

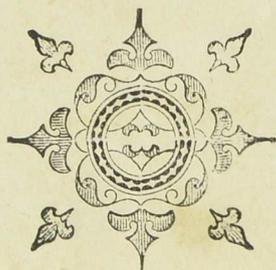
They see us! they see us! they're wav-
ing their hands!

Why don't the train stop? what are
they about?

Now, now, it is steady,—oh! pray let
us out!

A cheer for old London, a kiss for
mamma,

We're home for the holidays. Now,
Huzza!



Wm. H. Stevens

