

AUNT LOUISA'S



LONDON

PICTURE  
BOOK.

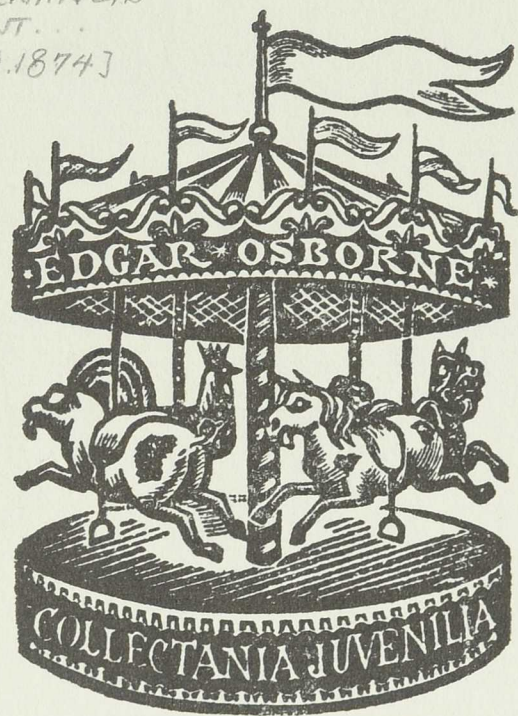
A. APPLE PIE  
NURSERY RHYMES

THE RAILWAY A.B.C.  
CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS



NR  
VALENTINE, L  
AUNT.  
[Eca. 1874]

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*Arthur Alder*  
*15<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1874*

AUNT LOUISA'S

# LONDON PICTURE BOOK.

COMPRISING

A. Apple Pie.

Nursery Rhymes.

The Railway A.B.C.

Childhood's Happy Hours.

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

Printed in Colours by Kronheim.



LONDON :

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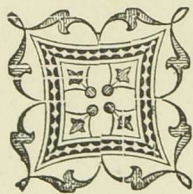




# Preface.

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WE find within this pretty Book  
Old Friends with faces new ;  
A. APPLE PIE, of old renown,  
Of NURSERY RHYMES a few ;  
A bright new RAILWAY, like the one  
That rushes up and down,  
And carries nearly every day  
Our dear Papa to town.  
How beautiful the Pictures are !  
Come, let us at them look :  
Of all my Toys I like the best  
Kind AUNT LOUISA'S PICTURE BOOK.









---

A. APPLE PIE.

---











**A** was an Apple Pie, juicy and  
sweet,  
For very good children, a very  
great treat.

**B** is young Bertie, who bit at  
the pie,  
And took care to do it when no  
one was by.

**C** stands for Charlie, who cut  
for the others,  
And handed it round to his sisters  
and brothers.

**D** Danced so gaily before the  
great Pie,  
And showed her delight by the  
glance of her eye.























**E** is eating her Pie, with the plate  
on her knees,  
Such a good little girl, and so easy  
to please.

**F** Fought for this largest and  
sweetest of Pies,  
With another rude boy nearly  
double his size.

**G** Got at the Pie, and then bore  
it away,  
To be laid on the shelf and be  
eaten next day.

**H** Hid the great Pie under  
grandmama's table,  
And thought that to find it she  
would not be able.



























J



K



L



M













N



O



P



Q













**N** Nodded her head when she  
stood on the chair,  
And shook all the curls of her  
pretty brown hair.

**O** Opened the Pie, just to see  
what was in it,  
And lifted the crust up in less  
than a minute.

**P** Peeped at the Pie, which she  
thought very nice,  
So she asked her Papa for a very  
large slice.

**Q** Quaked; for he thought that  
it looked rather small,  
And he feared there might not  
be enough for them all.

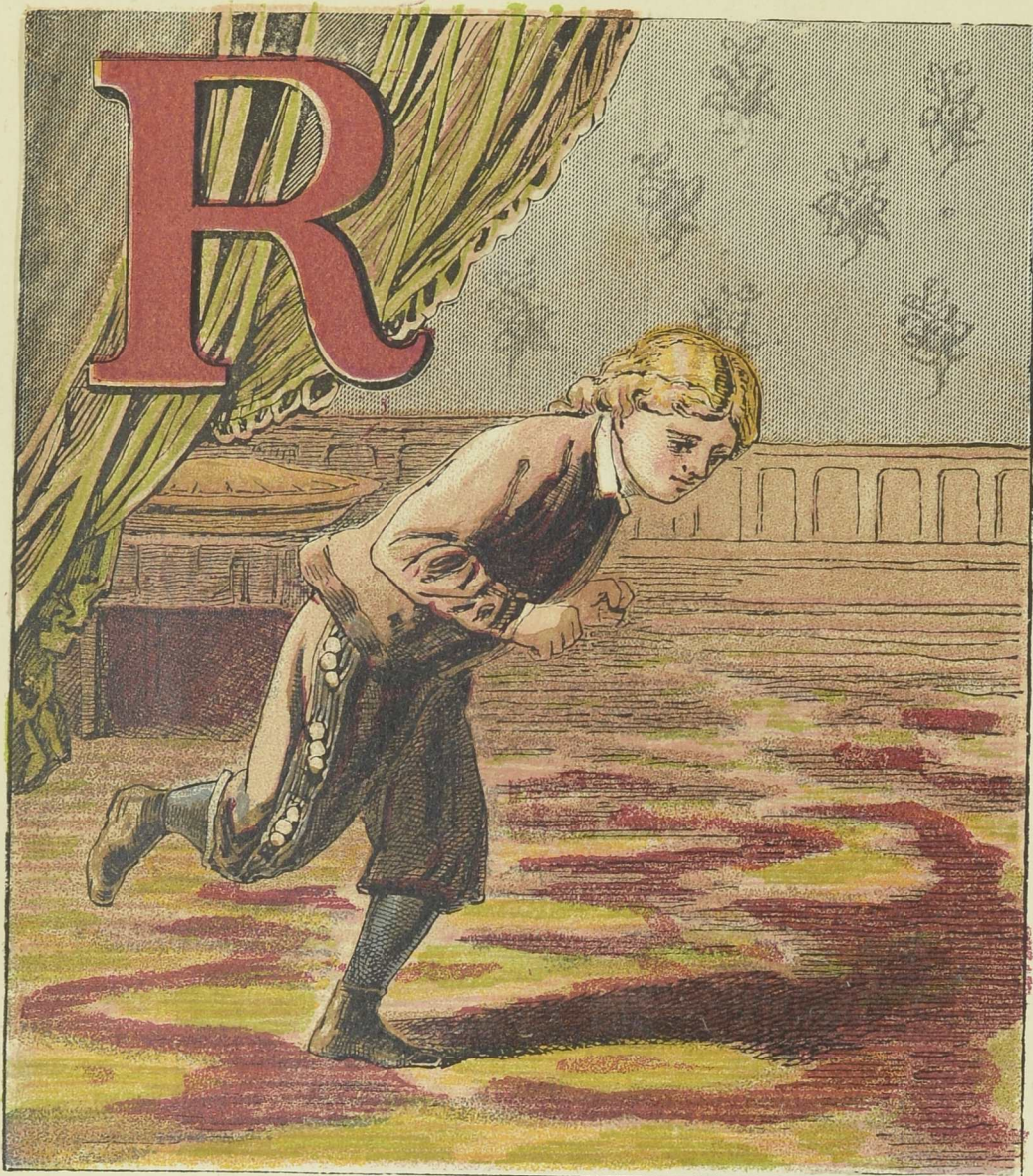






















**R** Ran for a knife, as he wanted  
to try

How much he could eat of this  
large Apple Pie.

**S** Stood by the table and picked  
at the crust;

You'll not be so sly or so greedy,  
I trust.

**T** Took up with pleasure so  
splendid a gift,

But found it too hot and too heavy  
to lift.

**V** Viewed the big Pie and ad-  
mired its figure,

For Grandmama's spectacles  
made it look bigger.







**W** Wished for some more, but  
was ready to cry

When she heard that the ser-  
vants had finished the Pie.

**X** expected his dear little sister  
would grieve,

So he brought her some pudding,  
her mind to relieve.

**Y** Yielded the point, and was  
cheerful about it,

Saying, "If the Pie's gone, we  
must all do without it."

**Z** Zealously tried little Winnie  
to cheer,

Like a good elder sister, so kind  
and sincere.








---

NURSERY RHYMES.


---




LITTLE Polly Flinders  
Sat 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.



OLD woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,  
O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky.  
Shall I go with you? Ay, by-and-by.



HOT Cross Buns!  
Hot Cross Buns!  
One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross Buns.  
Hot Cross Buns!  
Hot Cross Buns!  
If you have no daughters, give them to your sons.



IS John Smith within? Yes, that he is.  
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two;  
Here a nail, there a nail, tick, tack too.


























**B**A-A, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, Sir; yes, Sir, three bags full;  
One for my master, one for my dame,  
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.



**D**ING, dong, bell; Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.  
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.  
Oh! what a naughty boy was that,  
To drown poor little Pussy Cat!



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



**R**IDE a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross  
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;  
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.

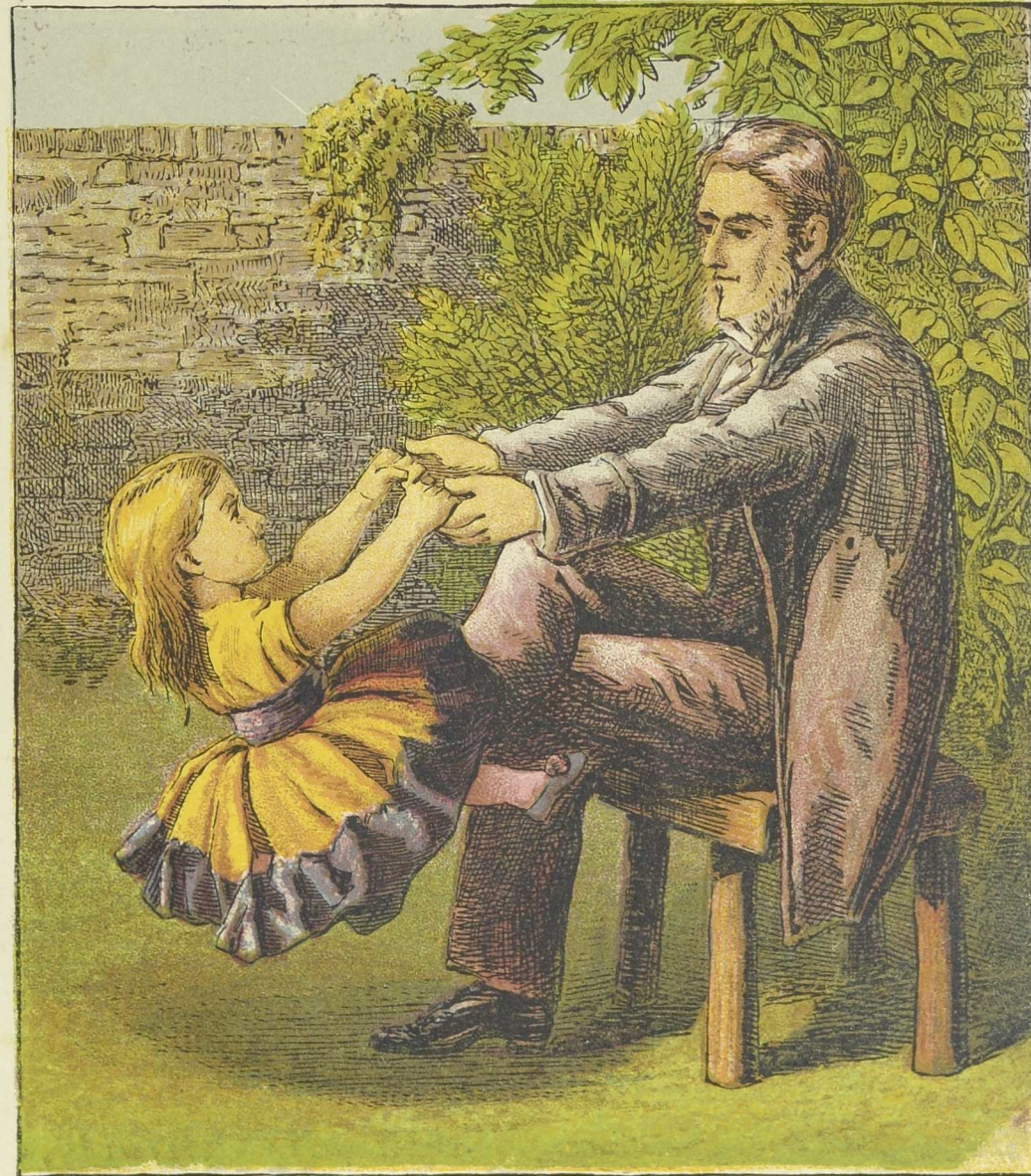


















W  
THERE are you going to my pretty maid?  
I'm going a-milking, Sir, she said.  
May I go with you, my pretty maid?  
You're kindly welcome, Sir, she said.

L  
ITTLE Jack Flower sat in the corner  
Having a Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb and he took out a plum.  
And said, What a good boy am I!

L  
ITTLE Tommy Tucker sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat? white bread and butter.  
How shall he eat it without a knife?  
How will he marry without a wife?

S  
ING a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of pence,  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,  
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,  
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the King?



























MARY had a pretty bird,  
With feathers bright and yellow,  
Slender legs—upon my word  
He was a pretty fellow.  
The sweetest notes he always sung  
Which much delighted Mary;  
And near the cage stood ever at  
To hear her own Canary.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

WILLIAM little Fred went to bed,  
He always said his prayers;  
He kissed mamma and then papa,  
And snugly went up stairs.

PUM pudding hot, when pudding cold,  
Pum pudding in the pot, nine days old;  
Some like it hot some like it cold,  
Some like it in the pot nine days old.



















TOM, Tom, the Piper's son,  
He learned to play when he was young,  
But the only tune 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.



WILLY, boy, Willy, boy, where are you going?  
I will go with you, if I may.  
I am going to the meadows to see them mowing,  
I am going to see them make the hay.

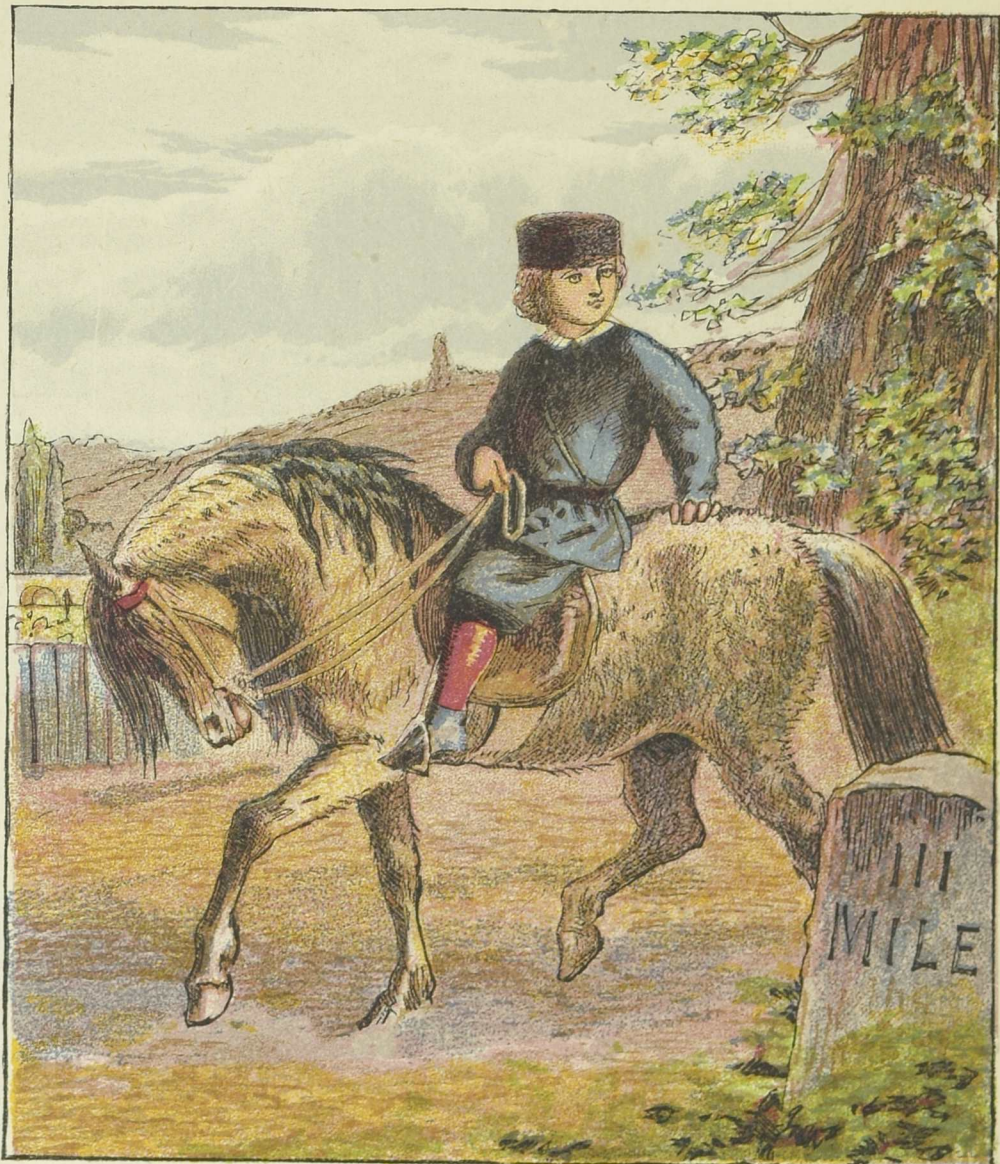

























LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep;  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.



GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander, whither shall I wander?  
Up stairs and down stairs and in my Lady's chamber,  
There I met an old man who would not say his prayers,  
I took him by the left leg and threw him down stairs.



THERE was a jolly Miller,  
Lived on the River Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night,  
No lark so blithe as he.  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever used to be,  
"I care for nobody—no, not I,  
Since nobody cares for me."



I HAD a little Pony,  
His name was Dapple Grey,  
I lent him to a lady,  
To ride a mile away;  
She whipped him, she slashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I would not lend my pony now  
For all the lady's hire.







---

THE RAILWAY A.B.C.

---



---

THE RAILWAY A.B.O.

---







**A** is the Arch; underneath are  
the rails,  
To carry the passengers, baggage,  
and mails.

**B** is the Bell, which rings loudly  
and clear,  
And tells that the train which we  
wait for is near.

**C** is the Carriage, where William  
must stand  
With your coat on his arm and  
your bag in his hand.

**D** is the Driver, just starting the  
train,  
He cares not for cold, nor for  
wind, nor for rain.



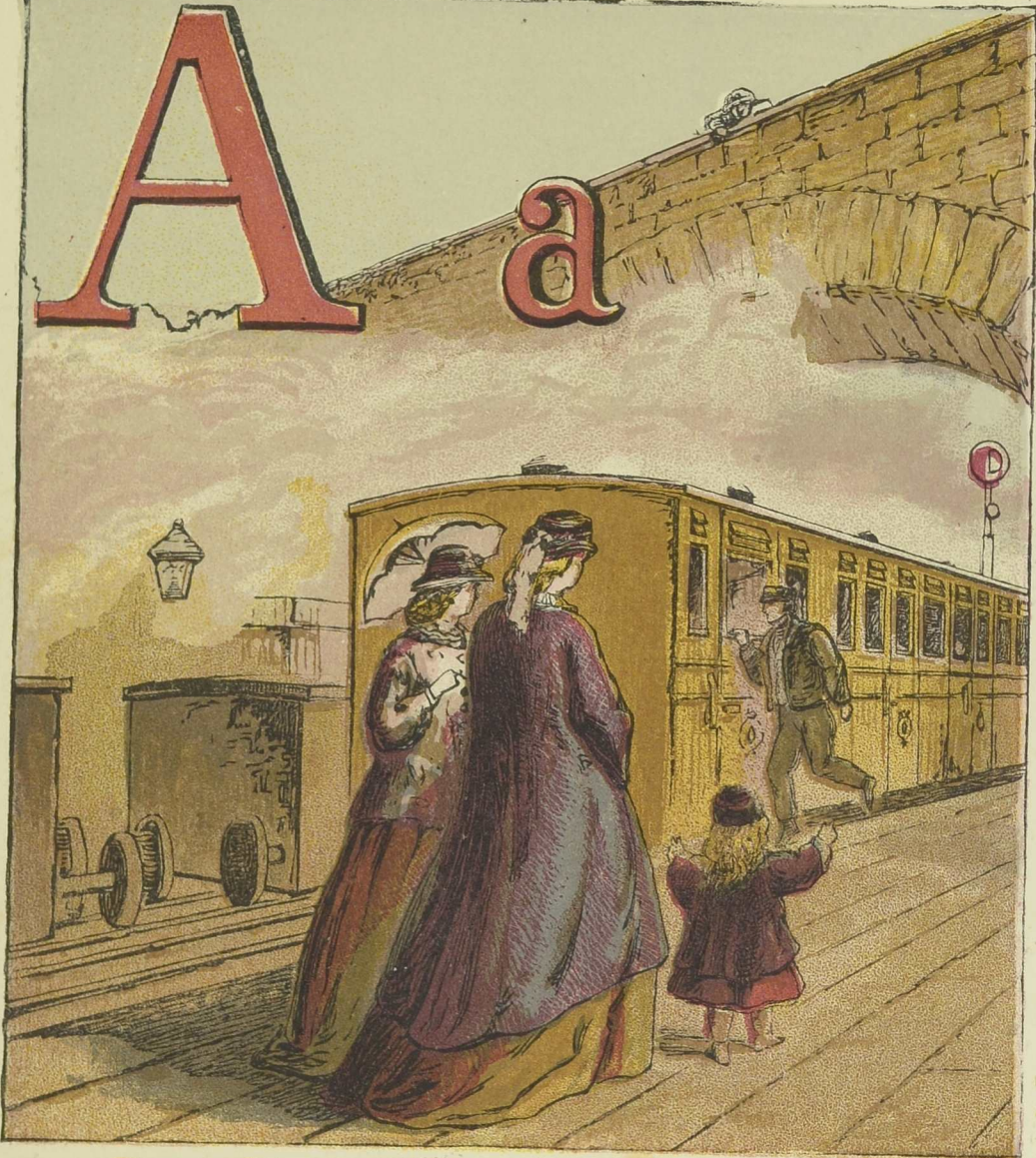




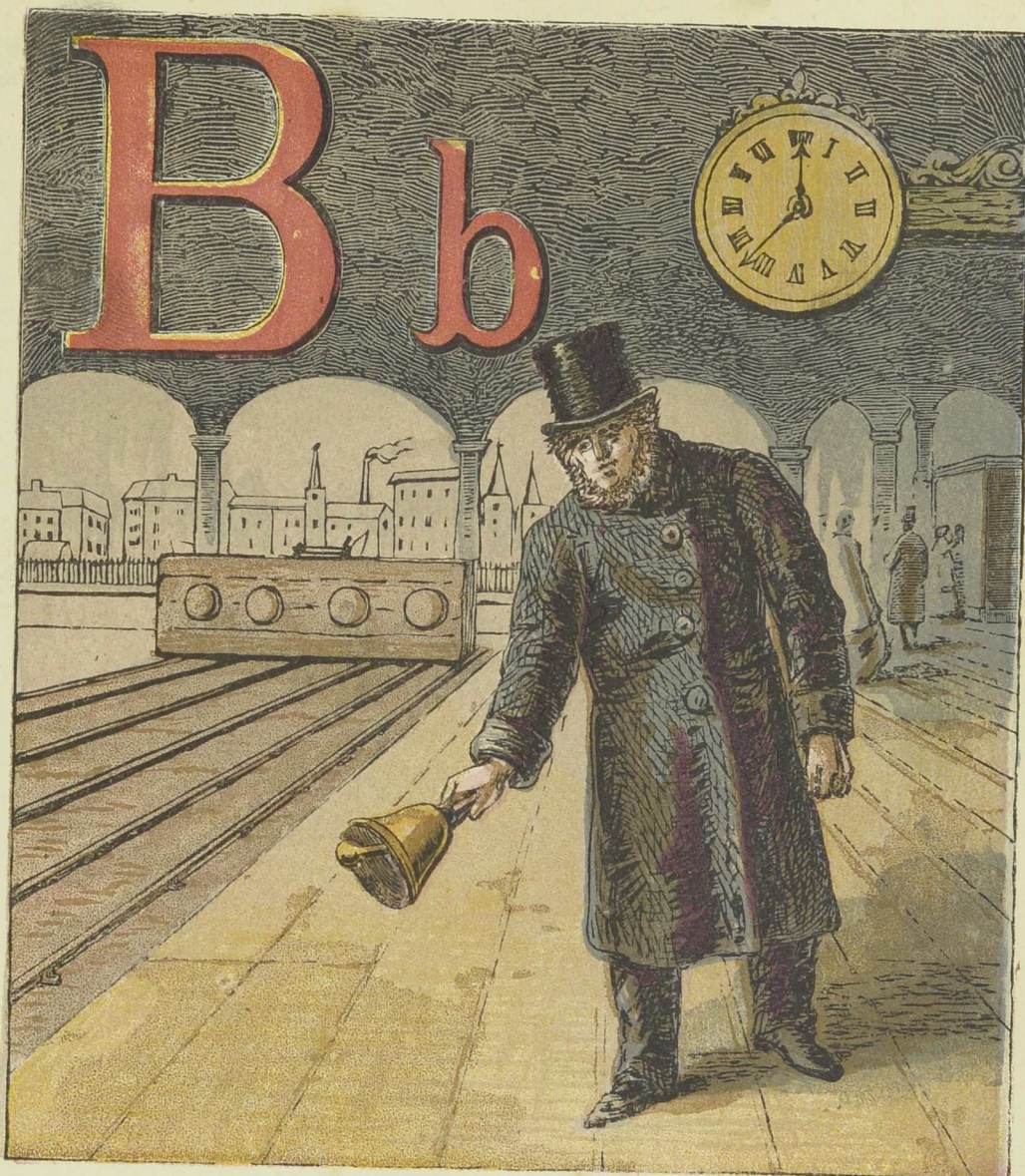




Aa



Bb



Cc



Dd













**E** is the Engine, that wondrous  
machine,

So prettily painted with scarlet  
and green.

**F** is the Fire; just look at the  
stoker,

He is stirring the coals with a  
long iron poker.

**G** is the Guard, all in silver and  
blue,

Telling his mate that the next  
train is due.

**H** is the Horse-box, a neat little  
room,

Where the pony may travel with  
Harry his groom.

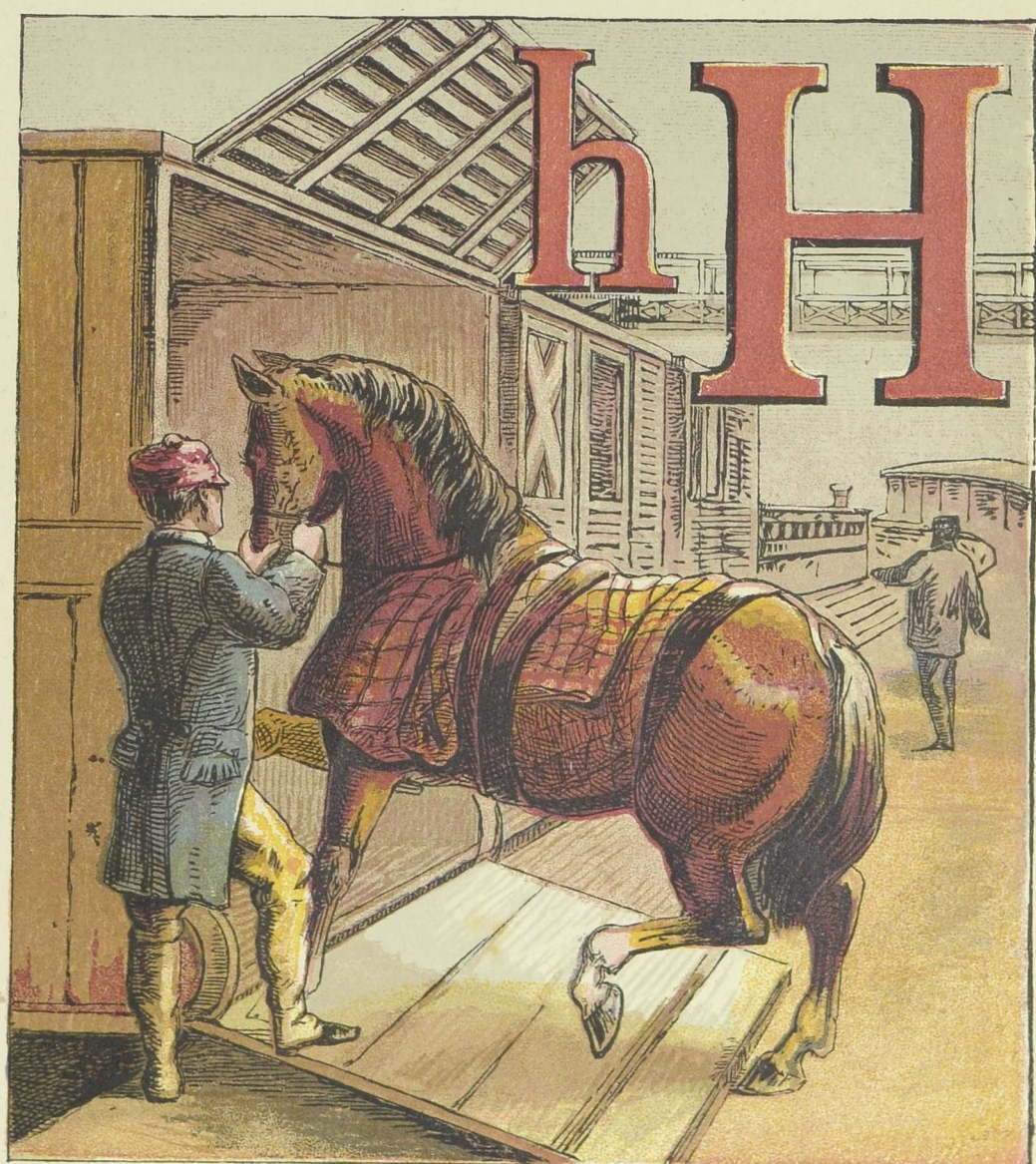
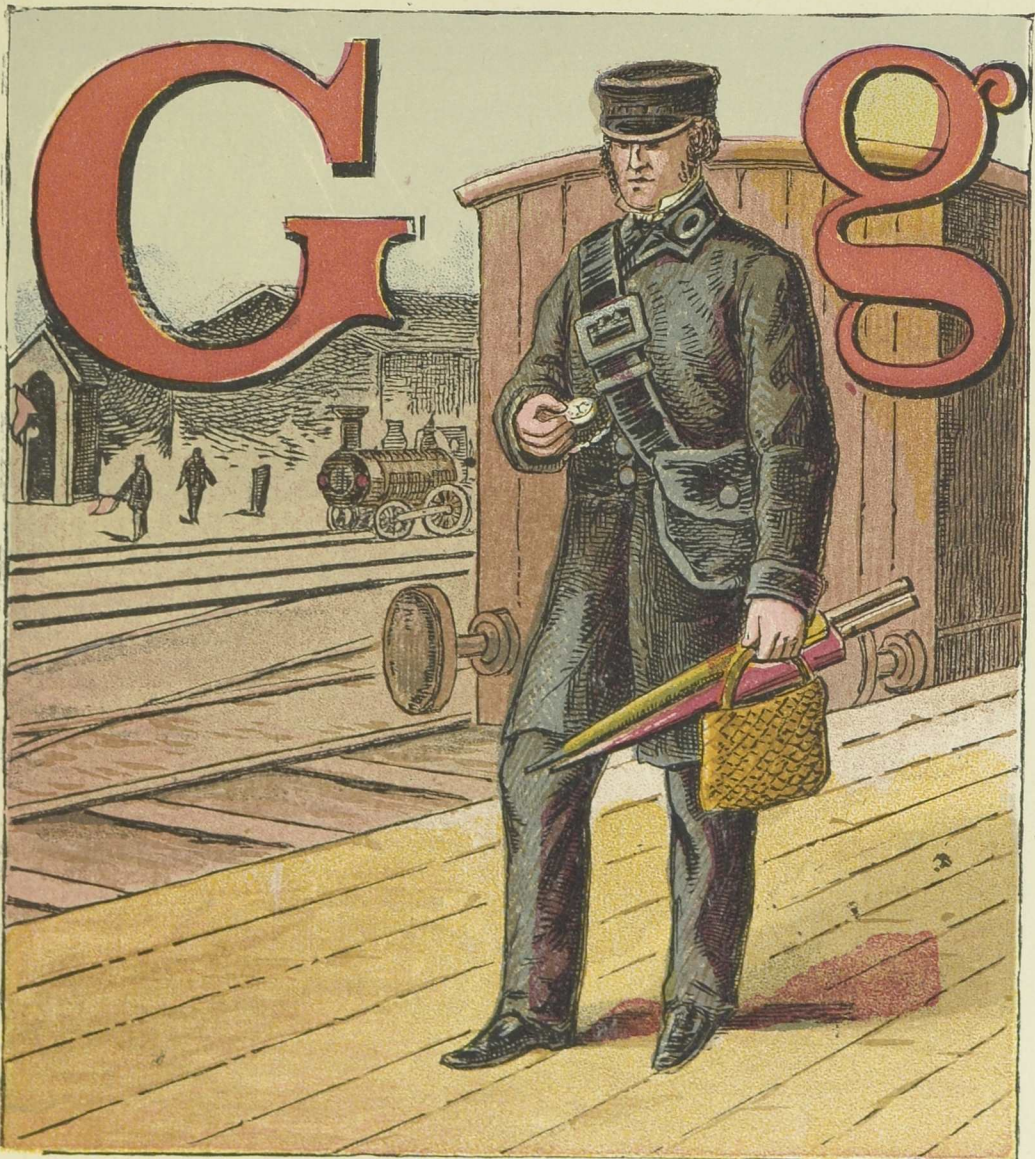






















**I** is the Iron of which rails are  
made,

And J is the Junction where two  
lines are laid.

**K** is the Key, which fastens the  
door

When the carriage is full, and  
will not hold one more.

**L** is the Lamp, which the porter  
will light

If we pass through a tunnel or  
travel at night.

**M** are the Mails from all parts  
of the land,

To the General Post in St. Mar-  
tin's-le-Grand.













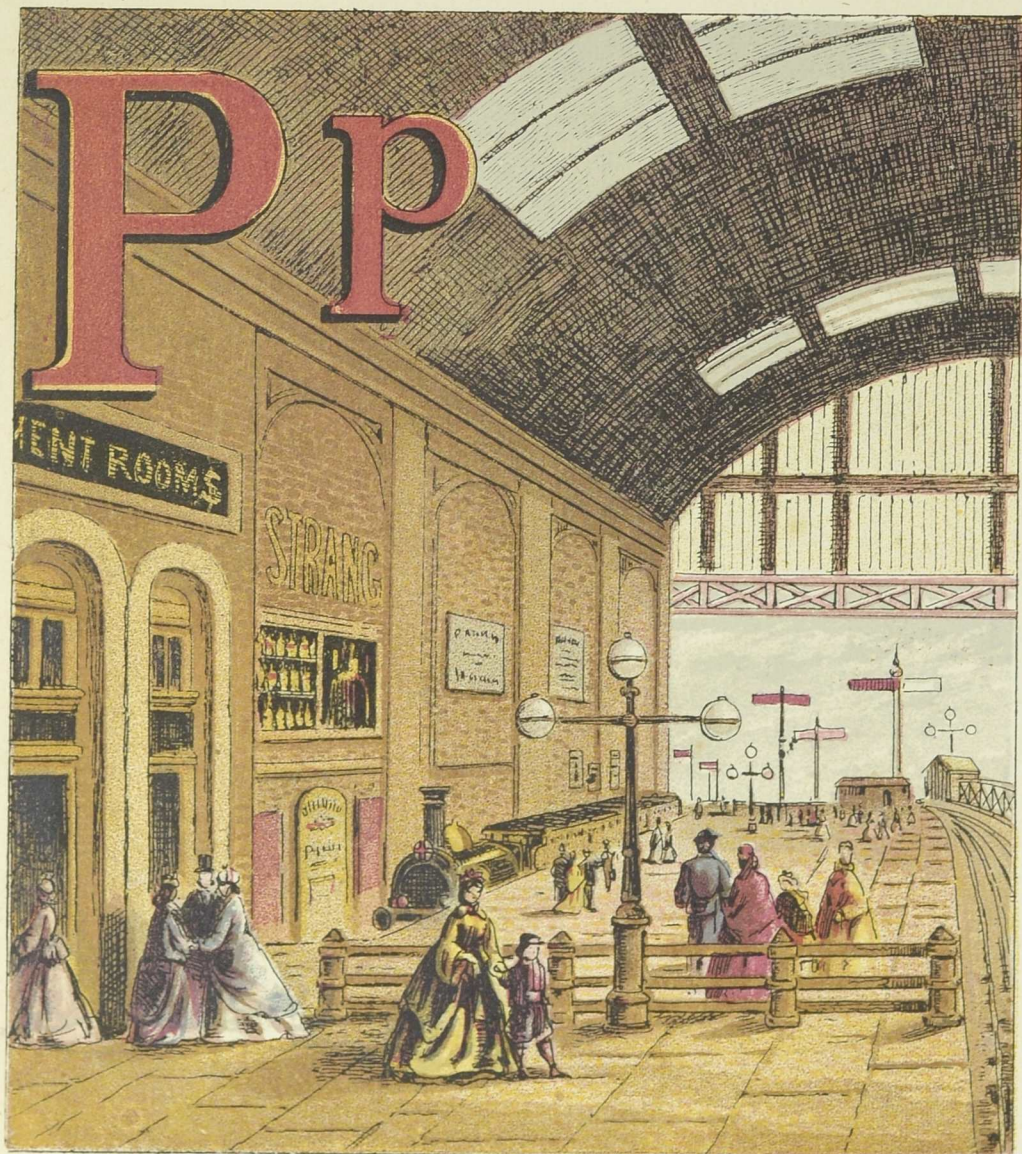
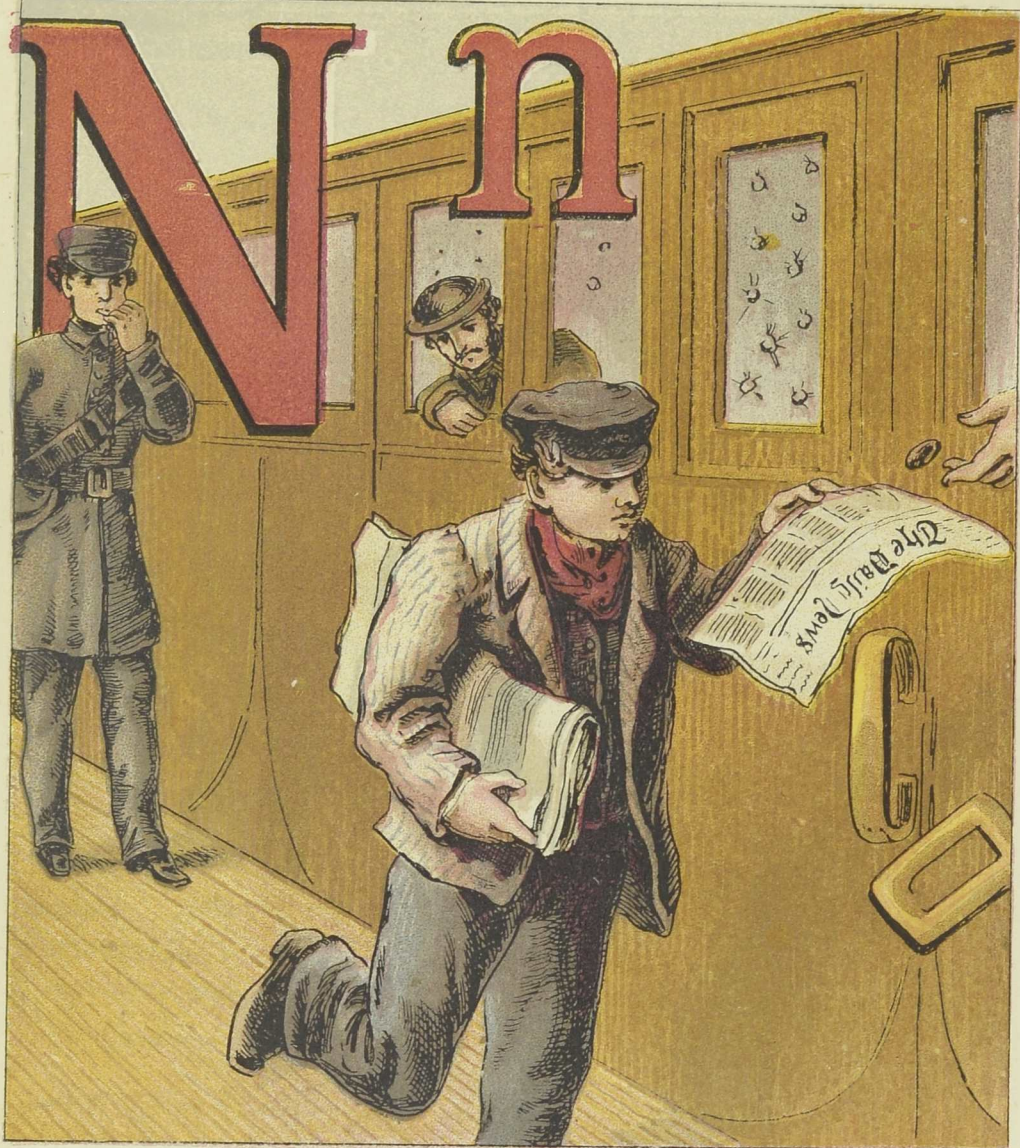






















**N** is the News-boy, who cries  
“Here you are!

Punch, Times, Daily Telegraph,  
Standard, and Star.”

**O** are Officials, in uniform  
coats,

With pencils, and paper on  
which they take notes.

**P** is the Platform at Charing  
Cross station,

Which has gained for the Buil-  
der a great reputation.

**Q** is the Queen, just come out  
of the train,

And her carriage will take her  
to Windsor again.

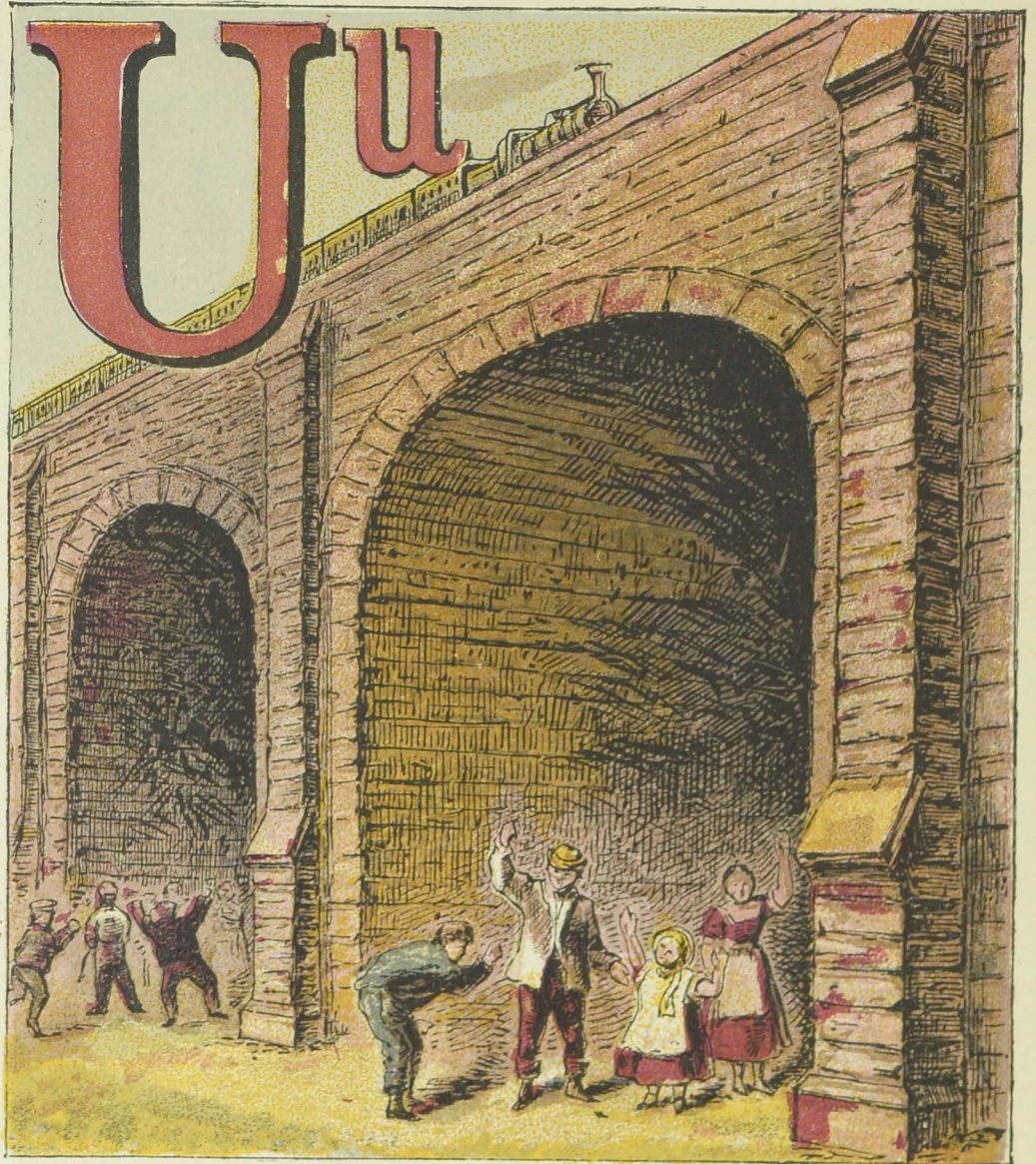
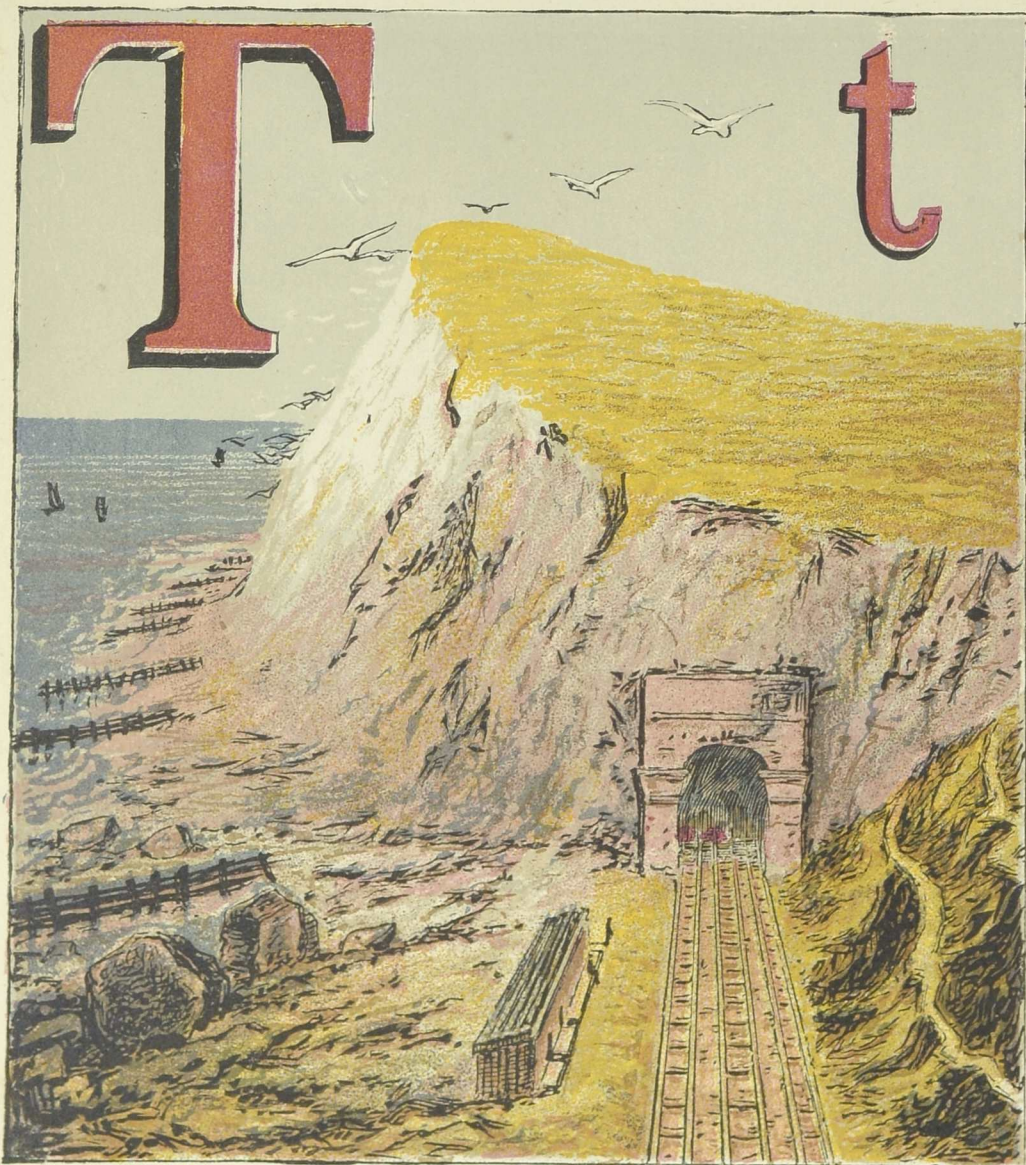
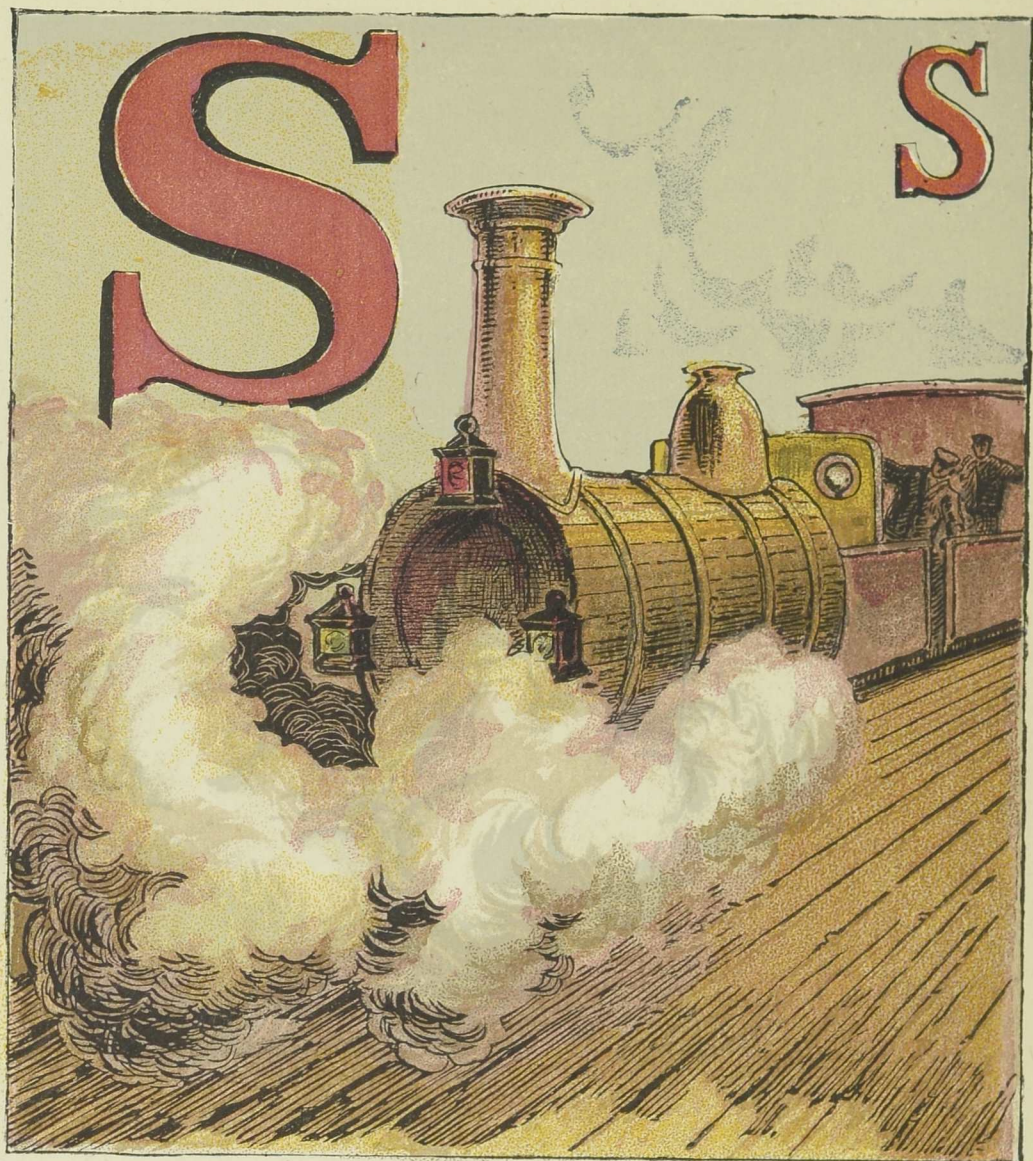
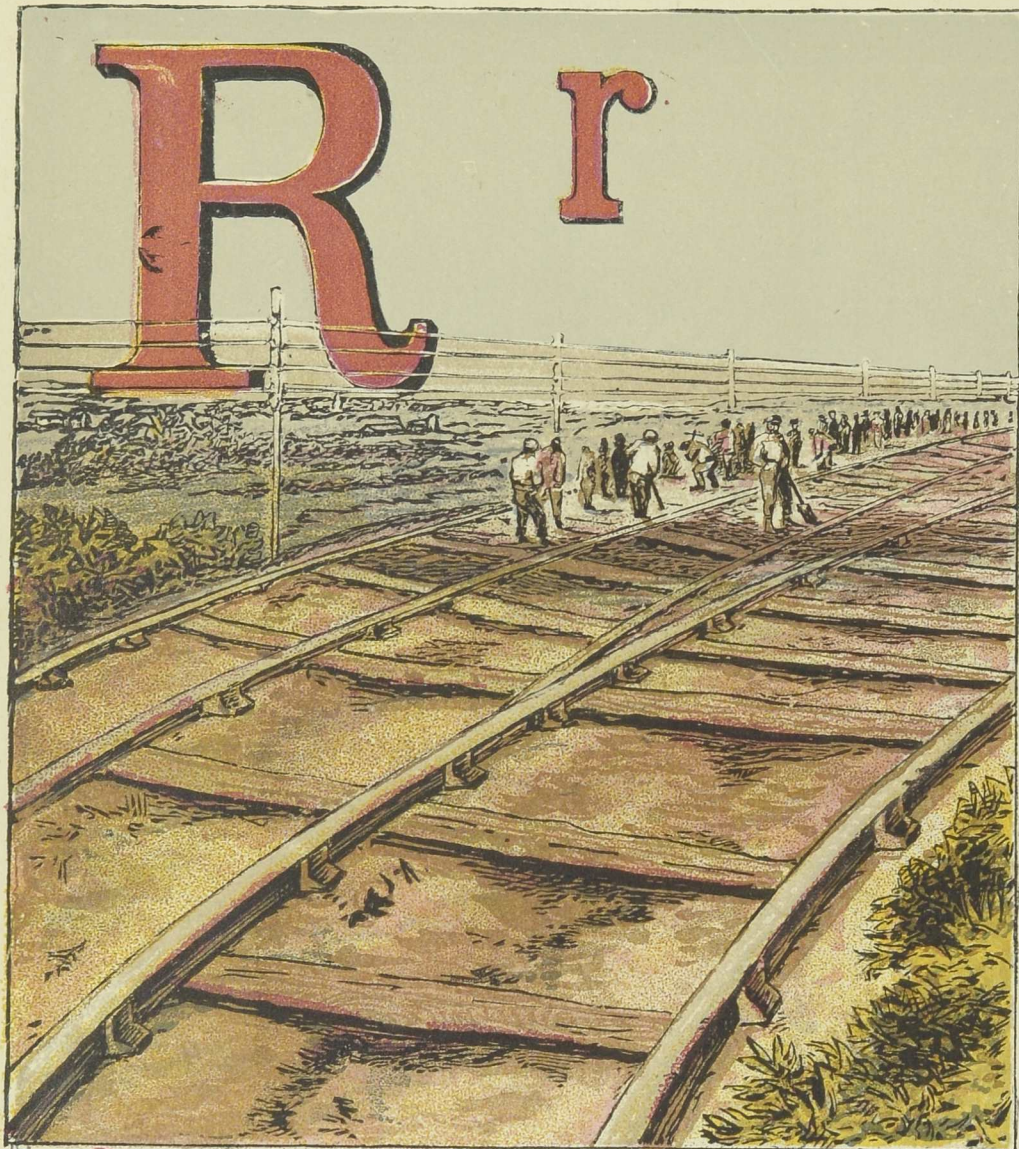






















**R**are the Rails which the work-  
men are laying;  
They labour all day, and have  
no time for playing.

**S**is the Steam which comes out  
of the funnel,  
And gets into our eyes when we  
go through a tunnel.

**T**is the Tunnel which runs  
through the hill,  
And is hollowed and built with  
most wonderful skill.

**U**is the Uproar the boys like  
to make,  
When they hear the trains rattle,  
and see the arch shake.

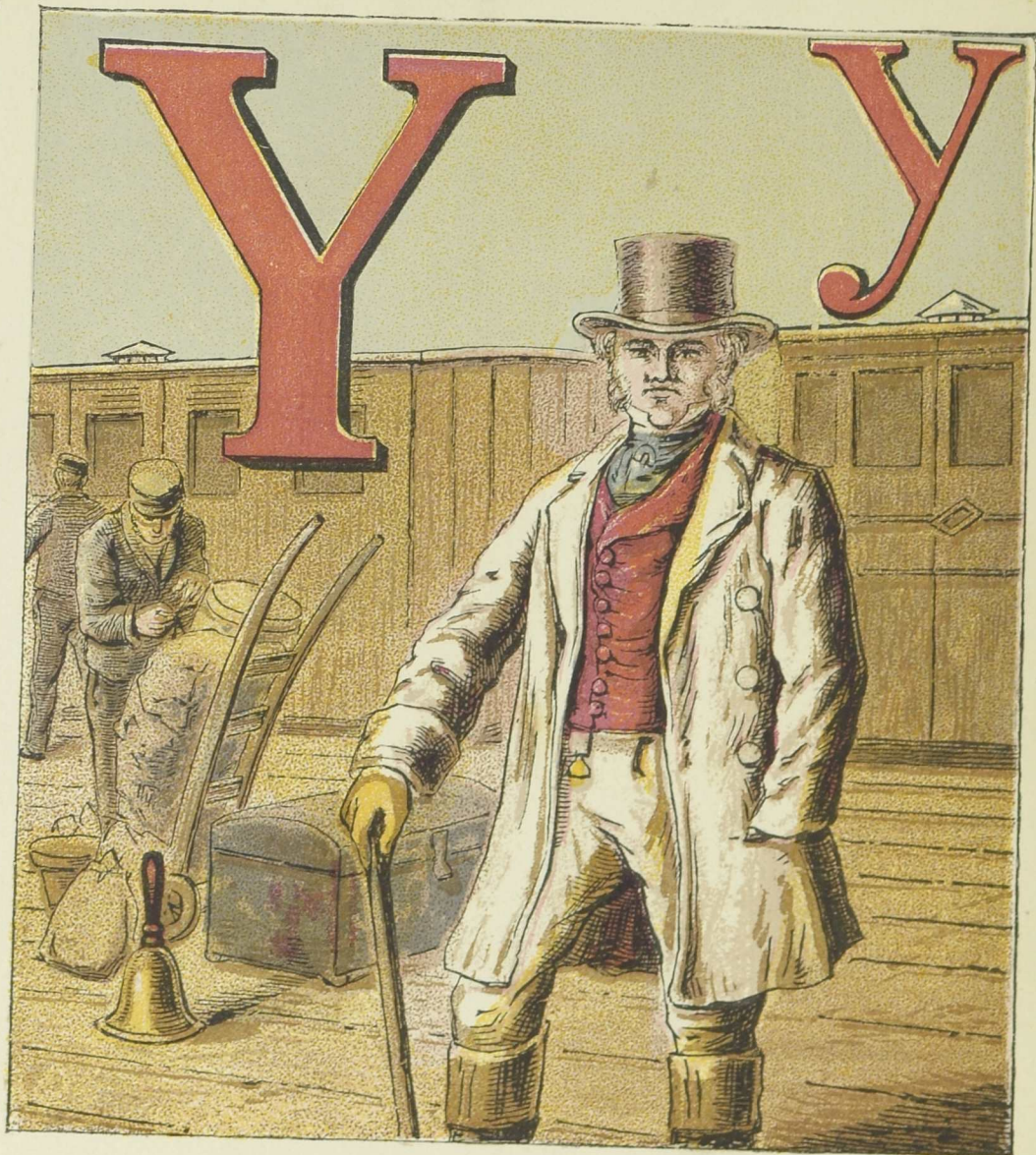
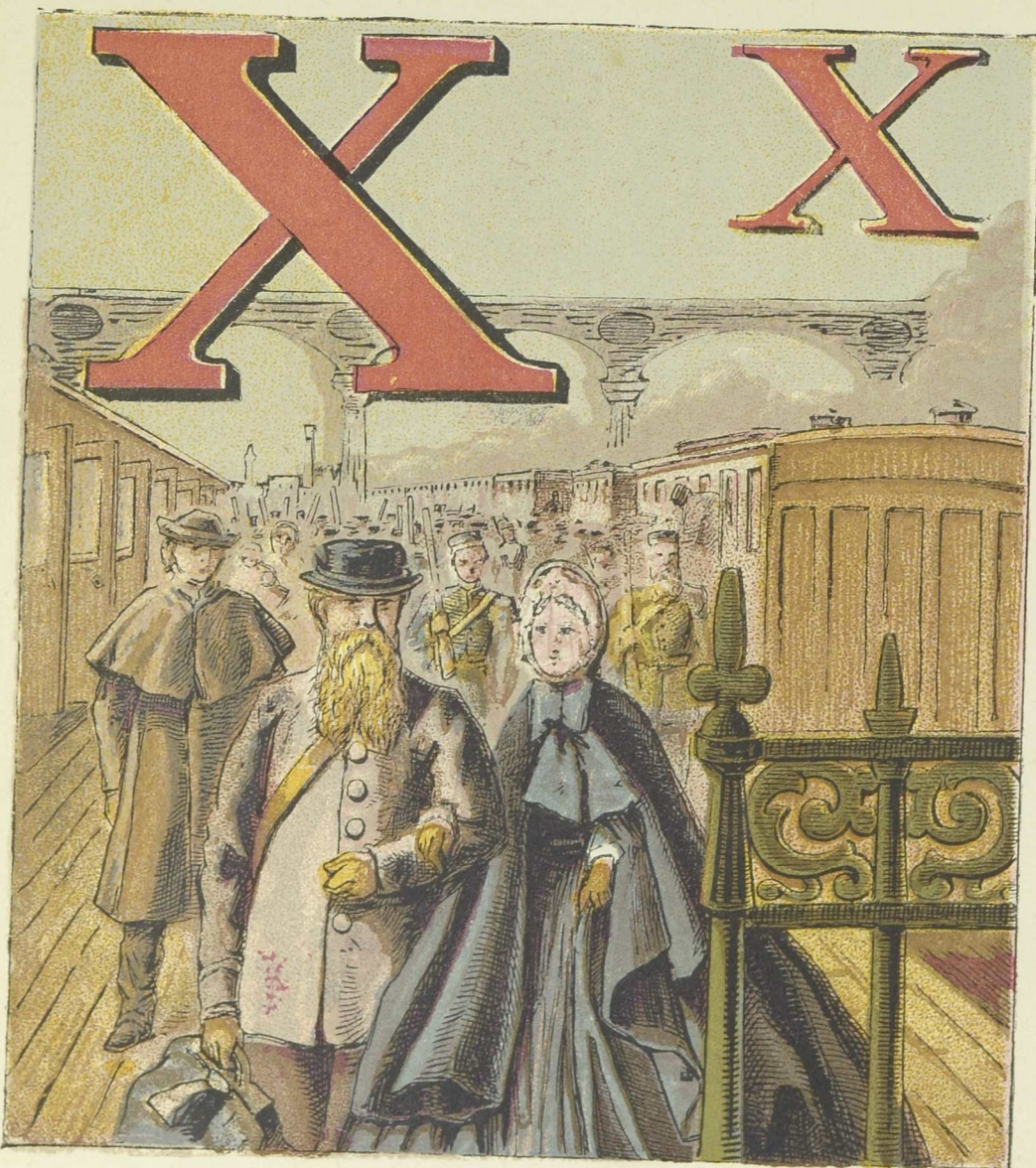
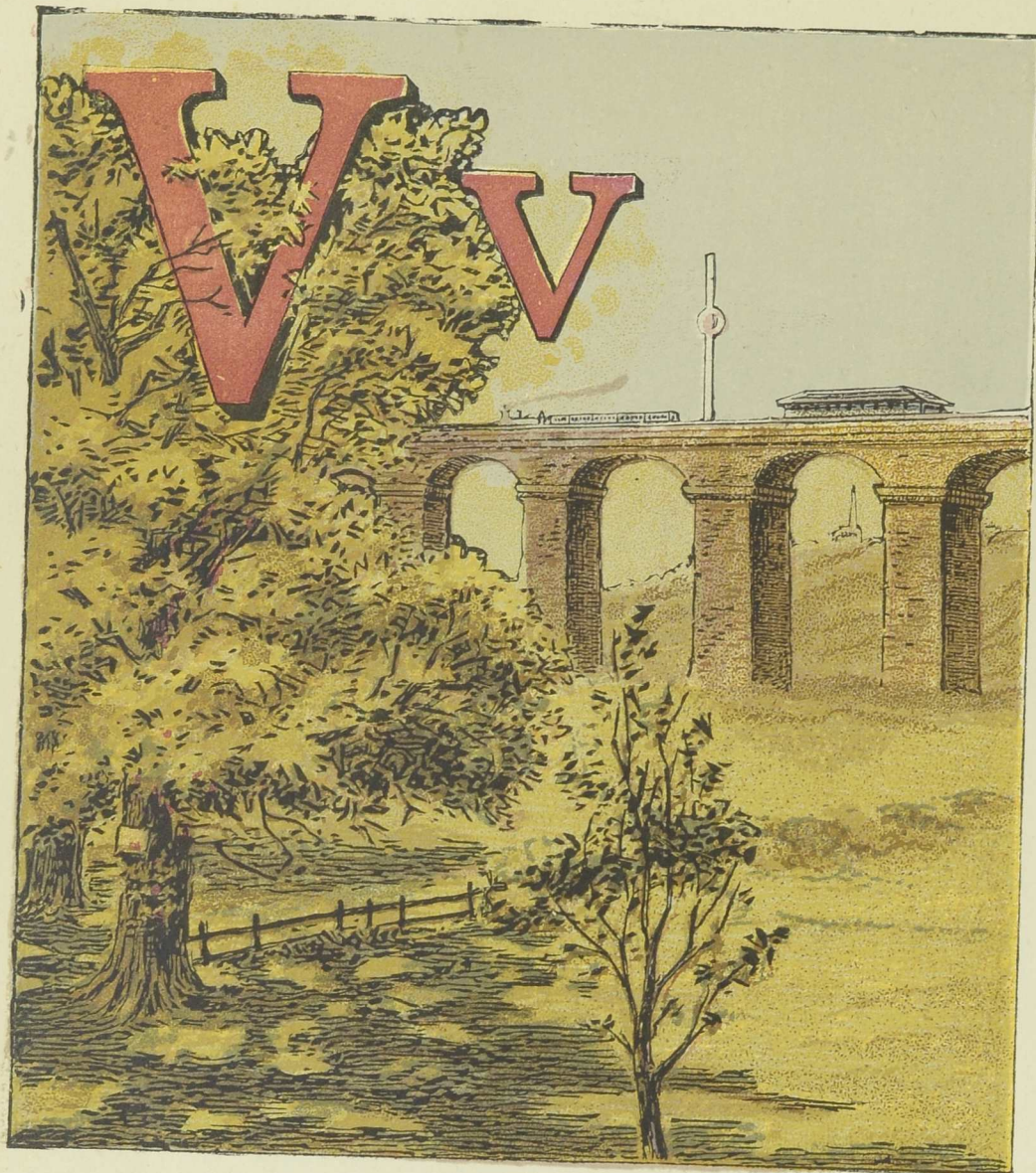






















**V** is the Viaduct, built with great  
pains,

To carry the Railway which  
carries the trains.

**W** is the Watchman, with flags  
in his hand,

Who ten times a day at the  
crossing must stand.

**X** is the Excursion from Brigh-  
ton which comes,

With passengers, soldiers, and  
rifles, and drums.

**Y** is the Yeoman, just come up  
from Kent,

He farms his own land, and he  
never pays rent.







---

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

---











# THE GENERAL'S PROGRESS.

---

THE cocked hat! and cravat! and what more  
must we have?

The cock-horse and the jacket! with sword to look  
brave,

The gaiters and gloves, and a trumpet for Lucy!

And now we'll dress up, and mount General Godfrey.

You go first, Lucy dear! but pray don't march too  
fast,

And blow on your trumpet a fine noisy long blast!

Harry, PUSH! but don't LEAN on the cock-horse at  
all!

For fear Godfrey should get a most terrible fall.

We'll send in a card, on a waiter, by Power,

"General Pavenham, C.B., of Pavenham Tower;"

And, oh dear! it will be such surprise and such fun

When Mamma sees arriving her own little son.























# THE DAISY CHAIN.

---

YOUR behaviour, Miss Pussy, is much to be  
blamed,

Though I see by your face you're not one bit  
ashamed.

Don't you know, my dear Pussy, you've broken my  
chain ?

We must gather more daisies to mend it again.

Pussy now ought to say, (if a poor cat could speak,)  
"I had no thought of harm in my frolicsome freak,  
You saw Master Harry (though I can't tell you  
why)

Put his arms for last leap most uncommonly high,  
So I stumbled, and shattered the chain you'd begun,  
And your pardon I beg for the mischief I've done."

Well, Puss, you're forgiven ! though you can't make  
amends

By getting fresh daisies to help your four friends.























# THE NOAH'S ARK.

---

I CAN'T call you baby any more, little man,  
Growing taller and wiser as fast as you can;  
Why, before long you will talk as clearly as we,  
And be too heavy to stand on old Sissy's knee.  
When Mamma comes to-morrow you'll say your  
new words,  
And show how you can crumble bread small for the  
birds.  
Now we'll go through the lessons I've taught you,  
dear thing.  
What do my little birds do? They "hop" and they  
"sing."  
Yes, and lambs, when the poor things have lost their  
Mamma,  
Droop their tails, and run bleating out sadly, "Baa,  
baa."  
The gentle old white cow bellows slowly "Moo, moo."  
Well, and what does the cock say? "Tock-a-loo-loo."



































## FEEDING THE PONY.

---

GATHER grass, little Lucy, with sweet clover  
leaves,

How I wish we might take some ripe ears from the  
sheaves !

Shaggy Pat is of excellent ponies the best,  
He deserves to be well fed and kindly caressed.

He has fetched second post, and brought dear Harry  
home,

Too fast, (fine old fellow,) I see by that foam.

Now, Harry, hold Godfrey—grasp him firm by his  
band,

And he also shall ride, while I hold his small hand.

Don't be frightened, my pretty; there's nothing to  
mind,

Brother loves you too much to be ever unkind ;

Stroke the good pony's neck, and say "Nice old gee-  
gee,"

For going so nicely with precious Wee-wee.























# GATHERING WATER-CRESSES.

---

**T**HINK what you're about, Harry! once on that  
stone,

Remember (except for the bough) you're alone;

And if you fall in, though with fright you may  
shout,

What is most to the point, brother, who'll pull you  
out?

There! the stone shook this minute, oh! Harry,  
take care!

I'm quite frightened to see you stand balancing there,  
And you know, if we get into mischief to-day,  
They'll not venture to trust us here next holiday.

Now the cresses you safely can reach you must  
pick,

And so drive them across with the hook of your  
stick.

With thin bread and butter, they'll be so nice at tea  
For you, Nurse and Lucy, Mamma, Godfrey, and me.























# BUILDING MOSS HOUSES.

---

WE like best building moss houses under the  
tree,

Where Papa too built his, with his sister, Aunt  
Leigh ;

And to-day we have made one with logs, and old  
bricks,

Which we covered with moss, when we'd roofed it  
with sticks.

Harry never minds climbing that troublesome wall,  
Which I don't like getting over, for fear I should  
fall ;

So he always picks faggots for Lucy and me,  
And we all are as happy as happy can be.

We can't trust house-building to a small baby-boy,  
So we bring out for Godfrey a ball or some toy,  
(Which to-day we forgot) so we've lent him some  
cones,

And he's just as well pleased as with moss, twigs,  
and stones.



















