



# LITTLE RED

RIDING-HOOD

PICTURE  
BOOK



LITTLE RED  
RIDING-HOOD  
PICTURE BOOK  
[1865?]

(PT) fol.



37131 062 546 965



Complete with 24 large color plates  
published between 1865 (date on some plates) & 1871 (see below.)

Mary Z. Penner.

from Rev. G. C. Penn,  
1871.























THE  
LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD  
PICTURE BOOK.

CONTAINING

*LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.*

*THE THREE BEARS.*

*DASH AND THE DUCKLINGS, &c.*

*THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.*

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.







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LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.







# LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD,

AND

## THE WICKED WOLF.

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ONCE upon a time a nice little girl lived in a country village, and she was the sweetest creature that ever was seen; her mother loved her with great fondness, and her grandmother doted on her still more. A pretty red-coloured hood had been made for the little girl, which so much became her, that every one called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day, her mother having made some cheese-cakes, said to her:

“Go, my child, and see how your grandmother























does, for I hear she is ill; carry her some of these cakes, and a little pot of butter.”

Little Red Riding-Hood immediately set out, with a basket filled with the cakes and the pot of butter, for her grandmother's house, which was in a village a little distant from her mother's.

As she was crossing a wood, which lay in her road, she met a Wolf, who had a great mind to eat her up, but dared not indulge his wicked wish, because of some woodcutters who were at work near them in the forest.

He ventured, however, to ask her whither she was going.

The little girl, not knowing how dangerous it was to talk to a wolf, replied:

“I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her these cakes and a pot of butter.”











“Does she live far off?” said the Wolf.

“Oh, yes,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood, “beyond the mill you see yonder, at the first house in the village.”

“Well,” said the Wolf, “I will go and see her too; I will take this way, and you take that, and let us see which will be there the soonest.”

The Wolf set out, running as fast as he could, and taking the nearest way; while the little girl took the longest, and amused herself as she went, with gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such flowers as she found within her reach.

The Wolf soon arrived at the dwelling of the Grandmother, and knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” said the old woman.

“It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-



























Hood," replied the Wolf, in the voice of the little girl; "I have brought you some cheese-cakes, and a little pot of butter, that mamma has sent you."

The good old woman, who was ill in bed, then called out,

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened. He sprung upon the poor old grandmother, and ate her up in a few minutes, for it was three days since he had tasted any food.

The Wolf then shut the door, and laid himself down in the bed, and waited for little Red Riding-Hood, who very soon after reached the door.

Tap, tap!

"Who is there?"











She was at first a little frightened at the hoarse voice of the Wolf, but believing her grandmother had got a cold, she answered:

“It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood. Mamma has sent you some cheesecakes, and a little pot of butter.”

The Wolf called out, softening his voice:

“Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up.” Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

When she came into the room, the Wolf, hiding himself under the bed-clothes, said to her, trying all he could to speak in a feeble voice, “Put the basket, my child, on the stool, take off your clothes, and come into bed with me.”

Little Red Riding-Hood accordingly undressed herself, and stepped into bed; where, wondering























to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her :

“Grandmamma, what great arms you have got !”

“The better to hug thee, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great ears you have got !”

“The better to hear thee, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got !”

“The better to see thee, my child.”

“Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got !”

“They are to eat thee up :” and, saying these words, the wicked Wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her up at a few mouthfuls.



















THE THREE BEARS.























# THE THREE BEARS.

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A VERY long while ago, there was a bold, forward little girl, who lived in a far-off country, and the village people called her Silverlocks, because her curly hair was so light and shiny. She was a sad romp, and so full of her pranks, that her parents could never keep her quiet at home. One day, when she had been forbidden to go out, she started off into a wood, to string necklaces of cowslip blossoms, to chase the bees, and to pull down the branches of the wild rose-trees; and she ran about from place to place, until at last she came to a lonely spot, where she saw a pretty-looking small house. Finding the door a little way open, and the parlour-window also, she peeped in, but could see nobody, and slyly she laughed to think what a nice frolic she would have before the good folks returned: so she made up her mind to go boldly into the house and look about her.

Now it happened that a family of Three Bears was living in this house; the first was the GREAT PAPA, called ROUGH BRUIN, from his thick shaggy coat; the second was A MIDDLING-SIZED BEAR, called MRS. BRUIN, and sometimes MAMMY MUFF, from her soft fur; the third was a *little funny brown Bear*, their own precious pet, called *Tiny*. The house was empty when little Silverlocks found it out, because the Bears had gone out together for a morning's walk. Before leaving home, the GREAT BEAR had told MRS. BRUIN to rub down *Tiny's* face, and make him tidy, while he was busy in brushing











his own hair, that all three might have a healthy walk by the brook side, while the rich rabbit-soup they were to have for dinner cooled upon the table in the parlour: when they were all ready, they went out for their walk, leaving both door and window a little open.

In the Bears' house there were only two rooms, a parlour and a bedroom, and when that saucy puss, Silverlocks, pushed open the door and went in, she found there was a savoury smell, as if something nice had just been cooked, and, on looking in the parlour, she saw three jars of steaming soup lying on the table; dinner having been prepared for the Three Bears by MRS. BRUIN. There was a **BIG BLACK JAR** quite full of soup for **ROUGH BRUIN**, a **SMALLER WHITE JAR** of soup for **MAMMY MUFF**, and a *little blue jar* for *Tiny*, and with every jar there was a deep wooden ladle. The little girl had a very good appetite, and now that she was as hungry as she was full of mischief, she felt quite delighted when she saw the soup-jars on the table. It did not take her long to make up her mind how to act: taste the nice-smelling soup she would, and care for nobody. It would, she thought, be such capital fun; she could then run home again and have a fine tale to tell old Mike the gardener, one that would make him laugh till Christmas; for that silly fellow, too, liked mischief, and taught Silverlocks all sorts of foolish tricks, and laughed at all her naughty ways, which was certainly not the plan to correct her faults and make a good child of her.

After looking outside to see that no one was coming, she began first to taste the soup in **ROUGH BRUIN'S GREAT JAR**, but it was so very hot with pepper that it quite burned her mouth and throat; then she tried **MAMMY MUFF'S JAR**, but the soup was too salt—there was no bread in it either, and she did not like it at all; then she tried



















*Tiny's* soup, and she found it was just to her taste, and had nice bits of white bread in it, with plenty of sliced vegetables, so that she would have, happen what would.

Now, before the little meddlesome child sat down to eat up *Master Tiny's* soup, as she was tired, she looked for a seat, and she noticed there were three chairs in the room: one, a VERY LARGE OAK CHAIR, was the GREAT BEAR'S SEAT; another, of a SMALLER SIZE, WITH A VELVET CUSHION, was MRS. BRUIN'S CHAIR; and a *little chair* with a rush bottom belonged to the *little Bear, Tiny*. These chairs Silverlocks tried all in turn. She could not sit at all comfortably in the VERY LARGE CHAIR, it was so hard; she did not like the MIDDLING-SIZED CHAIR, it was too soft; but the *little rush-bottomed chair* she found to be very nice indeed, it was just the thing; and so she sat down in it with the jar upon her knees, and began to enjoy herself. She dipped and dipped again, eating away until she had eaten up all the soup in the *little blue jar*; not leaving one bit or drop of either bread, meat, or soup for the poor *little Bear*, who at that very minute was hurrying the old folks home to their dinners—for indeed, all three were hungry enough after their walk.

Just as Silverlocks had taken the last spoonful of soup, and replaced the empty jar on the table, such an accident happened! The bottom of the *little chair* came out—for this restless girl had an ugly way of rocking herself on her seat—and then she tumbled on the floor; but she was not hurt, and the little madcap jumped up and danced round the broken chair, thinking it fine fun.

Silverlocks then began to wonder where the stairs could lead to, so up she went into the bedroom, where the Bears used to sleep, and there she saw three beds, side by side. Now one of these was a LARGE BED for the BIG BEAR, there was also a MIDDLING-SIZED BED for MRS. BRUIN, and a *nice little bed* for *Master Tiny*. Being



































sleepy, she thought she would lie down and have a bit of a nap; so, after taking off her shoes, she first jumped on to the **LARGEST BED**, but it was made so high at the top, that she could not lie comfortably upon it; she then tried the **NEXT BED**, but that was too high at the feet; but she found that the *little Bear's bed* suited her exactly, and so she got snugly into it. She let her cheek rest gently on the soft pillow, and watched the woodbine nodding in at the broken window pane, and the blue-fly buzzing and blundering about in the curtain, till she went fast asleep, and dreamed about the same thing over and over again, often laughing in her sleep, too, because the dream was all about her breaking the little chair.

While she was dreaming away, the Bears came home very tired and hungry, and went to look after their soup. The **BIG BEAR** then cried out, in a loud, angry voice:

“**WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?**”

**MAMMY MUFF** next said in a loud voice, too, but not so gruffly as **ROUGH BRUIN**:

“**WHO HAS MEDDLED WITH MY SOUP?**”

But when the *little Bear* saw his *jar* lying empty on the table, he bit his very paws for grief, and asked over and over again, with his shrill little voice:

“*Who has meddled with my soup?*”



















Soon after, the BIG BEAR, with a voice like thunder, said :

“WHO HAS BEEN IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT  
IT OUT OF ITS PLACE?”

And MRS. BRUIN grumbled out :

“WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND PUT IT  
OUT OF ITS PLACE?”

But *poor Tiny* was more angry than either of them,  
and sadly sobbed as he cried ;

*“ Who has been sitting in my little chair, and broken it ?”*

They now peered about below-stairs, feeling certain  
that there was some one in the house, and then up-stairs  
they all went, snuffing and grunting in a very bad humour.

Said the GREAT BEAR in a fury :

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND  
RUMPLED IT!”

Then said MAMMY MUFF :

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN ON MY BED, AND RUMPLED IT.”











*Tiny* next mounted a stool, and jumped on to the foot of *his own small bed*. In a moment he squeaked out:

“*Some one has been to my bed—and here she is;  
Oh! here she is.*”

And he opened his mouth and looked as fierce and as wicked as could be at Silverlocks.

The little girl had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of MR. and MRS. Bruin, but the shrill piercing tones of *Tiny's* voice awoke her directly, and frightened enough she was when she found herself nose to nose with the angry *little Bear*; and she was still more afraid when she saw also two great Bears in the room! Now the GREAT BEAR had, luckily for her, opened the window, so she quickly slid off the bed, and flew across the room, took one jump at the open sash, and dropped upon the turf below; she rolled over and over on coming to the ground, but up again she soon got, for, on looking at the open window, she saw the Three Bears staring wildly at her and making a great noise.

When the little busybody safely reached home, she got a severe scolding for her pains. She never forgot the great fright which the sight of the Three Bears had given her, and so she took good care, ever afterwards, to keep away from places where she had no business to go, and also to avoid meddling with things that did not belong to her.



















DASH AND THE DUCKLINGS,  
ETC.







































# A GIRAFFE HUNT.



**I**F you have not seen a Gi-raffe, you should ask some one to take you to the Zo-o-lo-gi-cal Gar-dens, where there are some of these great tall beasts, which have had a high house built for them, in which they sleep and take their food.

Do you know what the word zo-o-lo-gi-cal means? It means to teach of an-i-mals; and in these gar-dens many kinds of an-i-mals are kept for you to see. They are brought there from all parts of the world, that we may see them; and are fed with great care. The home of the gi-raffe is in A-fri-ca, where he lives in the vast woods and plains. The shrubs and trees in that part of the world are not like ours. Strange fruits and flow-ers grow on the tall boughs of the great trees, but the gi-raffe can stretch up his long thin neck, and pull them down with his tongue. His tongue is long and strong, so that he can twist it round a bunch of leaves or fruits, and break them off that he may eat them.

The black men of A-fri-ca hunt him, and kill him for food. They go out on cam-els, and take with them a great sharp sword. When they see a herd of gi-raffes they chase them, and when one of the hunt-ers can catch a gi-raffe, he brings him down with a blow of that sharp blade.

Though he is so tall and grand, the gi-raffe is a gen-tle tim-id beast. He is al-so call-ed the Cam-el-leo-pard, be-cause he is in shape some-thing like a cam-el and has spots like a leo-pard.



























# THE PINE-WEASEL AND THE SQUIRRELS.



**I**F you have ev-er seen a poor lit-tle Squir-rel run round and round in his cage, and turn a wheel with his feet, you must have thought it was a pi-ty to keep him shut up. He has such a bright eye, and is such a mer-ry fel-low, that he should be left in the tall trees, where he makes his nest, and springs from branch to branch, or sits up on his bushy tail eat-ing the nuts that he has found in the woods. He has a great store of nuts, which he hides in holes in the trees, that he may find them when the win-ter comes and food is scarce ; and he is so quick, and has such sharp claws, that he can dart in and out a-mong the leaves like a bird, and so get out of the way of the pine-wea-sel.

The Pine-Weasel is a fierce animal, which lives in the pine and other big trees. He is like the wea-sel that robs our hen-roosts and kills our fowls ; but is found in cold cli-mates, where he can mount trees to look for birds or mice. He likes to find a nest which has been left by the owls, that he may take it for his own, and watch for his prey ; and when he sees a nest of squir-rels he will drive the lit-tle fel-lows out, or kill and eat them, that he may take it from them ; but he does not care for the nuts of which they are so fond. The pine-wea-sel is a great foe to rats, and his bro-ther, the wea-sel, will chase them to their holes, and drag them out. In this coun-try a small crea-ture like a wea-sel, but called a fer-ret, is kept to kill rats.



# DASH AND THE DUCKLINGS.



DASH was a naugh-ty dog, and went where he had no right to go. He was not cru-el, but was so fond of play that he thought no one had work to do, and that when he was at play he could tease, and bark, and whine, till some one else would play with him. Now he was such a rough play-mate that he would hurt some of his friends, and they did not like it; for his teeth were sharp, and he would jump up and down till he made them tired. One day he found his way down to the edge of the pond, and went here and there to look for some one to have a game with him, when he saw some-thing move in the long grass, and heard a great squeak. He did not know what it was, for he had not been there before; but the old hen in the farm-yard had had some eggs put in her nest for her to hatch. They were not fowls' eggs, but duck eggs; and so, when the young birds broke the shell, and came out of the eggs, they were not chick-ens, but duck-lings; and as soon as the old hen took them down to the pond, they went into the wa-ter, and gave her a rare fright. Now Dash did not know that they could swim, and when he saw them he ran, and bark-ed, and tried to drive them on to the path; but they were in the pond in a min-ute, and be-fore he could stop, Dash went in splash too. He could not swim so well as they, so he scram-bled out again, and went home with his tail quite straight and his ears all wet.



























## WILD AND TAME DEER.



THE Deer is so tim-id that it will run if it hears a strange noise, or sees a man a long way off; but there are some kinds of deer which are kept in parks, and grow so tame that they will take a piece of bread from your hand, and will stand and let you stroke their necks. The stag, which is the male deer, often grows quite bold at one part of the year, when his great horns grow, and branch out on each side of his head; and it is not quite safe for boys and girls to go af-ter him, for he will turn, and run at them, and hurt them, and wound them with his horns. The horns of the stag are cal-led ant-lers, and the old-er he grows the more branch-es there are to these horns, un-til there are ten or twelve. He grows quite fierce at that time, and will some-times chase a boy or a girl if they go too near his herd, just as the stag in the pic-ture ran at the milk-girl, who took her pails into the park where the herd of does, or fe-male deer, had gone to sleep. The old stag saw her, and his horns had grown long and sharp; for he had had new horns every year, and now there were ten points on them; so he sprang at the milk-maid, and ran af-ter her as far as the hut, where she drop-ped her pails, and left him out-side the door.

The wild deer which live on the moun-tains we call red Deer, the tame ones that live in parks are known as fal-low Deer.























# THE WILD CAT AND HER KITTENS.



WHEN you look at Puss ly-ing on the rug, blink-ing her great round eyes and play-ing with her ti-ny soft kit-tens, you do not think that there are cats like her which run wild in the woods, and live in holes in the trunks of great trees.

The Wild Cat is so much like our tame Tab-by that you would not know one from the other till you had a long look at them both ; but yet they are not quite alike. The cat of the woods is fierce, and has broad, strong claws; the hairs of her neck are stiff, her limbs are lar-ger ; her tail is mark-ed with black and white bars, and has a black tip. Her fur is of a dirty yel-low co-lour, with dark gray marks; and she is very shy, and growls, and spits, and shows her long white fangs. Her young ones are not so weak as our little tame kits, and when they play they growl and spit too; for the old cat teach-es them to catch birds or mice, rats or squir-rels, and holds the prey in her mouth for them to seize it. It would not be a nice thing to play with a brood of these sav-age lit-tle crea-tures, for they can bite and scratch, and are so nim-ble that you would not find it such fun as to tease a tame kit-ten with a bit of string or a ball of cot-ton. When tame cats are kept near a place where there is a gar-den full of trees for them to climb, they grow half wild, and are much more fierce than those that live in the house.



















THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.























T H E  
THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

---

THREE little Kittens lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
Oh ! mother dear,  
We sadly fear  
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens !  
You naughty Kittens !  
Then you shall have no pie.  
No, you shall have no pie.











The three little Kittens without their mittens

Ran screaming out so high,

Oh dear! oh dear!

Dinner-time's near,

And we mayn't have our pie.

We're naughty Kittens,

We've lost our mittens,

And we can't have our pie.

No, we mayn't have our pie.























The three little Kittens seek their mittens,

And o'er the garden hie.

Oh dear! oh dear!

They are not here!

And all sat down to cry.

Oh silly Kittens!

I know your mittens

Are in that rose-tree nigh.

Yes, in that rose-tree nigh.



































The three little Kittens found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

Oh! mother dear,

See here, see here,

See, we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens,

You silly Kittens,

And you may have some pie.

Yes, now you may have the pie.



























The three little Kittens wash'd their mittens,

And hung them out to dry;

Oh! mother dear,

Do not you hear

That we have wash'd our mittens?

Wash'd your mittens!

Oh! you're good Kittens.

But I smell a rat close by:

Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.

We smell a rat close by.































