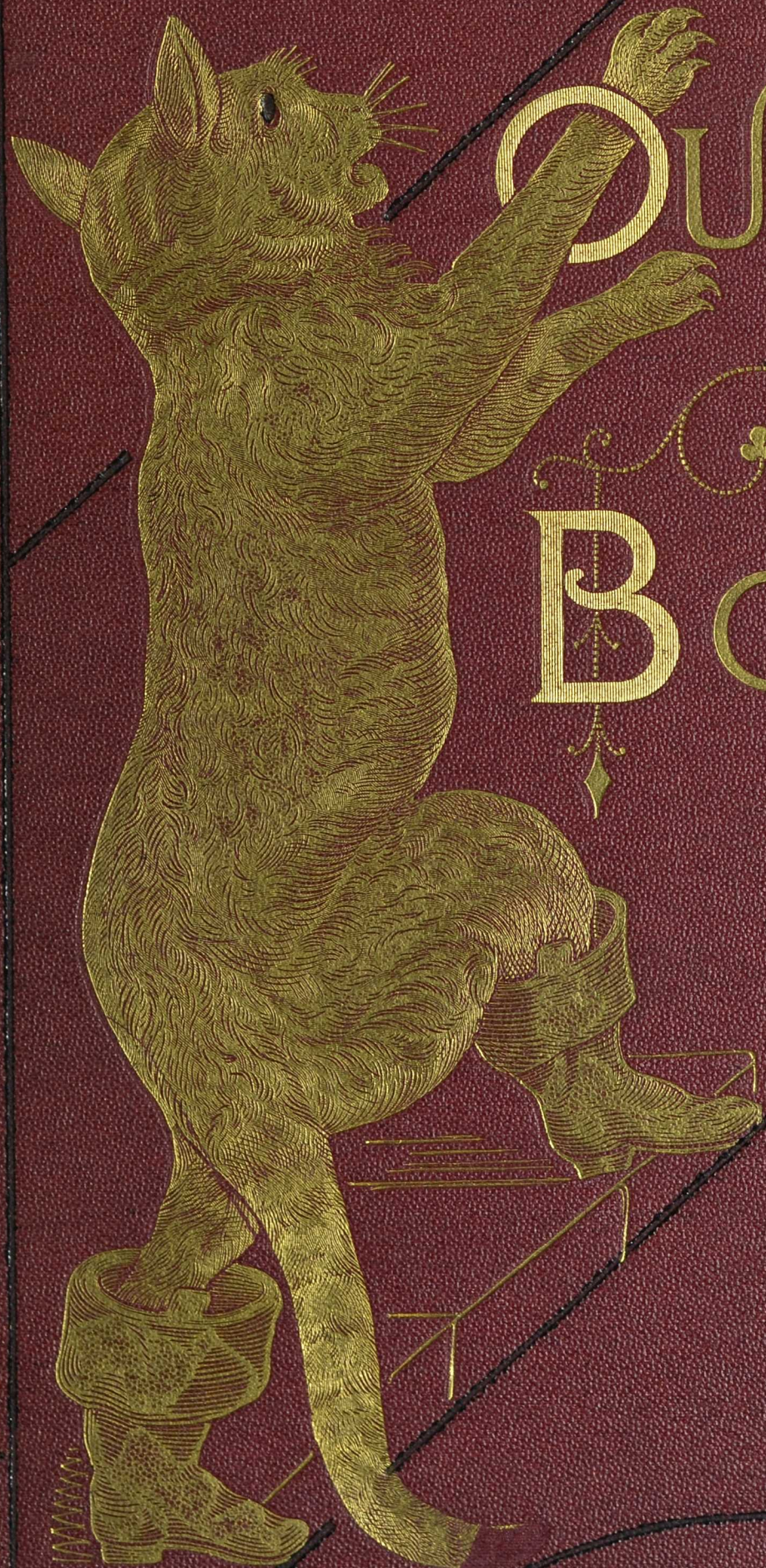
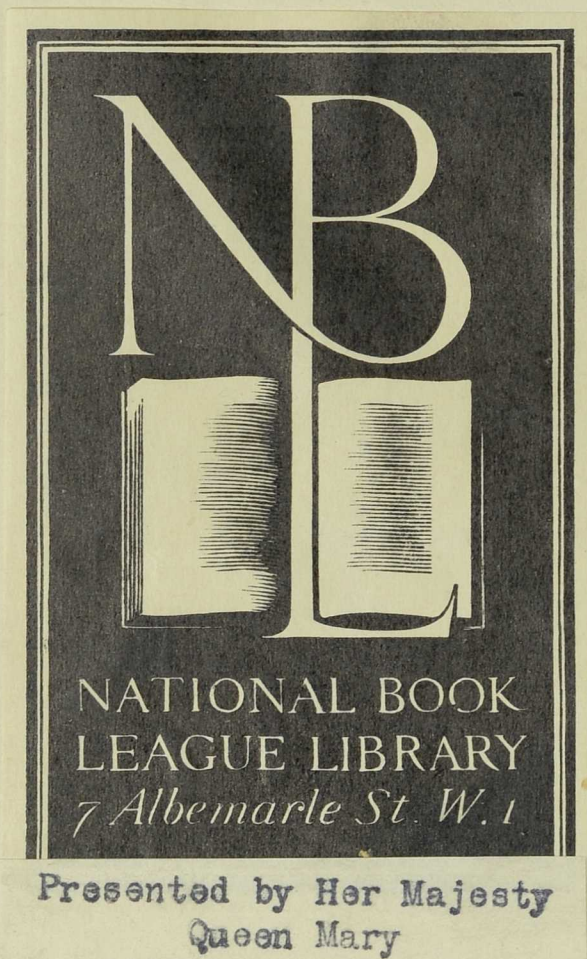


OUR NURSE'S
PICTURE
BOOK.



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1869



A Christmas present from Auntie Addie
for Leslie - Pegie & Hilda.

Dec. 1870.



OUR NURSE'S PICTURE BOOK.

CONTAINING

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

TOM THUMB.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD :

THE FATHER MAKES HIS WILL.
THE FATHER COMMITS THE CHILDREN TO THEIR UNCLE'S CARE.
THE MOTHER BEGS HIM TO BE KIND TO THEM.
DEATH OF THE FATHER AND MOTHER.
THE UNCLE SENDS THE CHILDREN AWAY.
THE JOURNEY TO THE WOOD. (*Frontispiece.*)
THE TWO RUFFIANS FIGHT.
THE ROBINS COVER THE BABES WITH LEAVES.
THE RUFFIAN IN PRISON.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK :

JACK SELLS THE COW.
JACK AND THE FAIRY.
THE GIANT'S HEN.
THE GIANT'S BAGS OF MONEY.
THE GIANT'S HARP.
DEATH OF THE GIANT.

TOM THUMB :

BIRTH OF TOM THUMB.
TOM FRIGHTENS THE TINKER.
TOM ON THE GIANT'S CASTLE.
TOM FALLS INTO THE KING'S DISH OF FURMENTY.
TOM JUMPS OUT OF THE MILLER'S MOUTH.
TOM ON THE BUTTERFLY'S BACK.

PUSS IN BOOTS :

PUSS AND HIS MASTER.
PUSS CATCHING RABBITS.
PUSS BEFORE THE KING AND PRINCESS.
PUSS'S STRATAGEM.
PUSS AND THE OGRE.
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

THE
BABES IN THE WOOD.



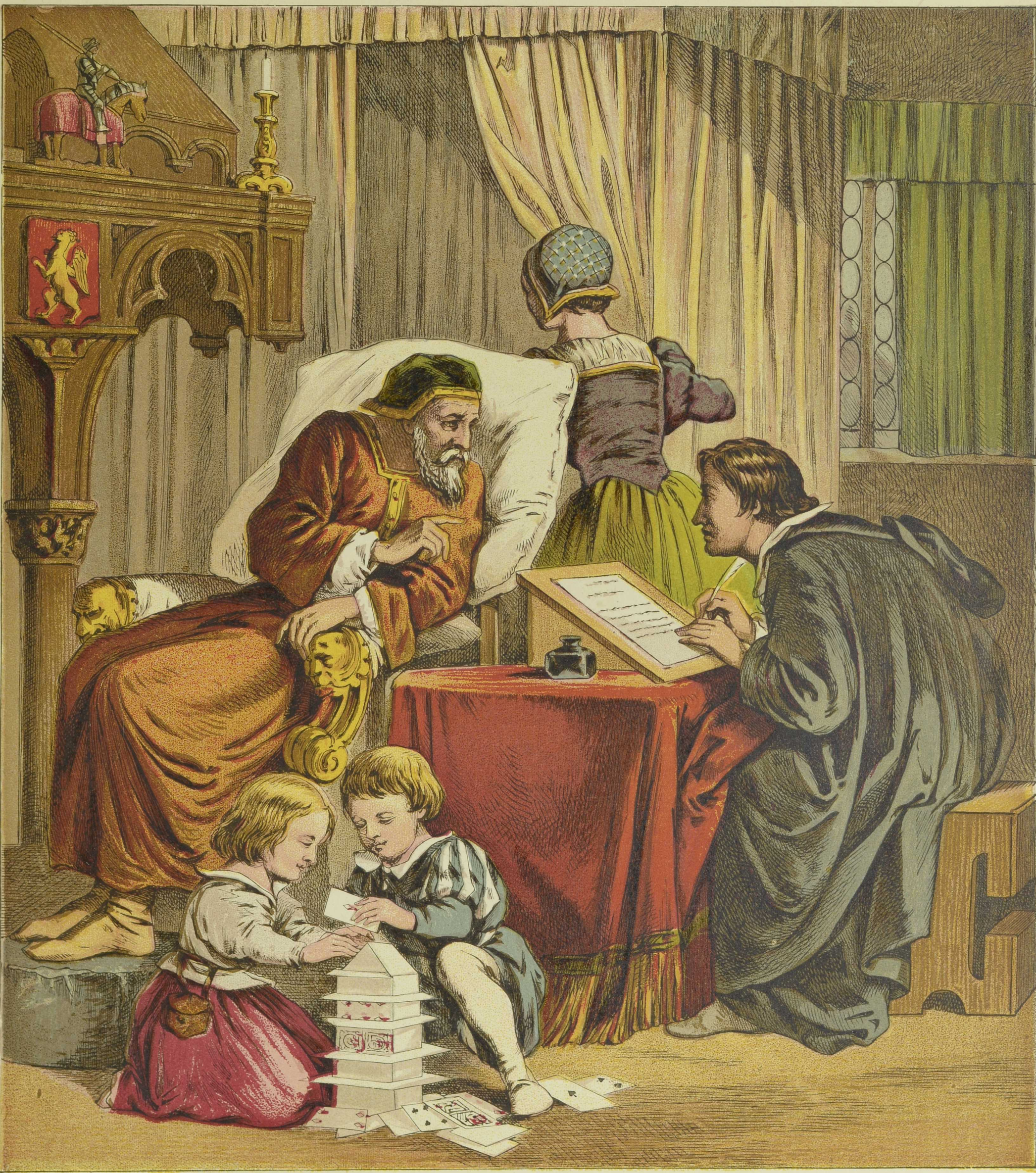
Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I now write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.

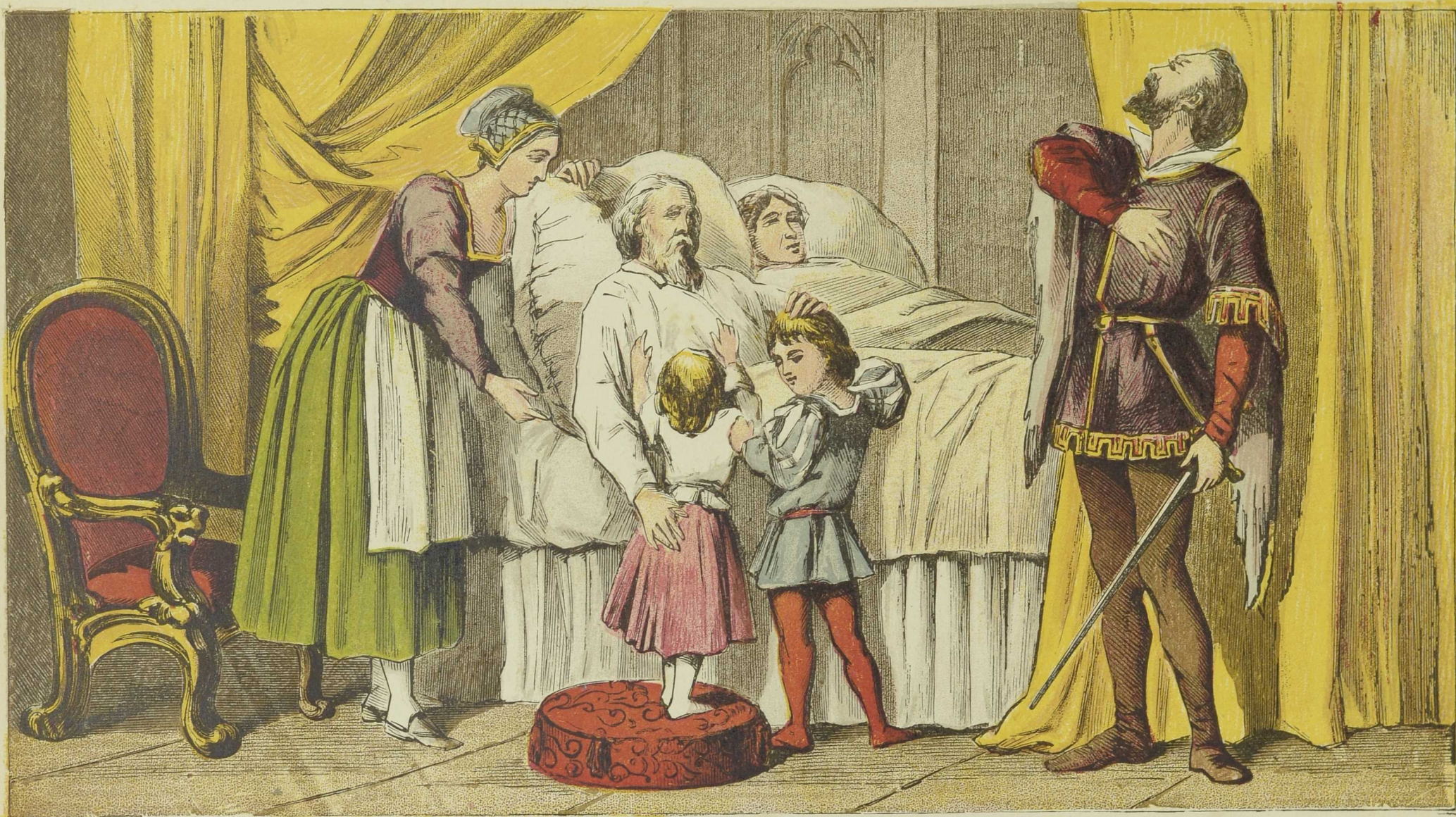
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both were near the grave.

No love between these two was lost:
Each to the other kind,
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in Beauty's mould.





The Babes in the Wood.

2

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a-year.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Two hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which could not be controlled:

But if the children chanced to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth:
For so the will did run.

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,
“Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:

“To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little time we yet shall have
Within this world to stay.

“You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When we are dead and gone.”

Then next did speak their mother dear,
“O brother kind,” quoth she,
“You are the man must bring my babes
To joy or misery:

The Babes in the Wood.

“If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard.”

With lips as cold as any stone,
They kiss'd the children small:
“God bless you both, you pretty lambs!”
With that their tears did fall.

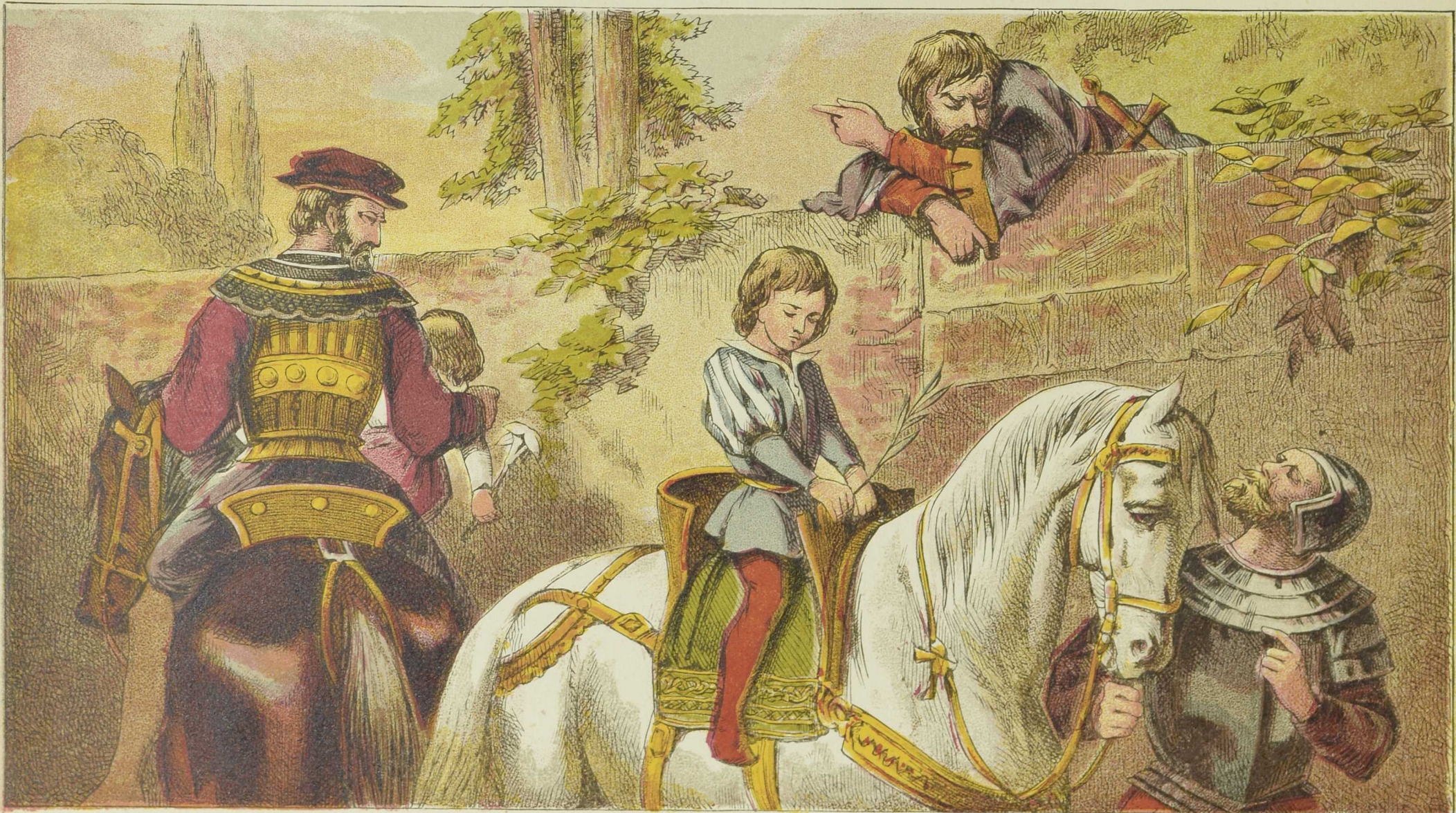
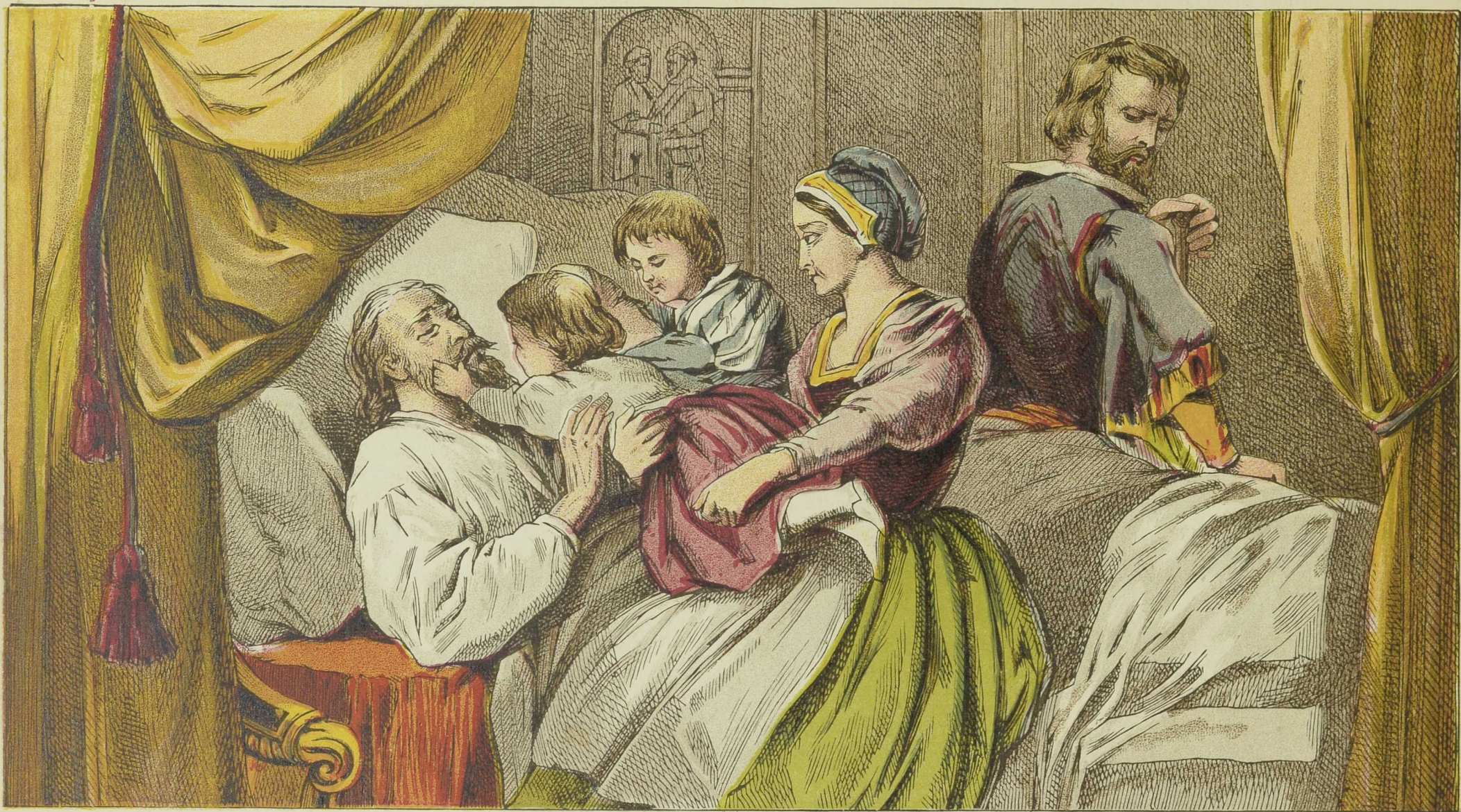
These words then their brother spoke,
The parents sad to cheer:
“The keeping of your little babes,
Sweet sister, do not fear:

“God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are in the grave.”

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians bold,
Who were of savage mood,
That they should take the children twain,
And slay them in a wood.



The Babes in the Wood.

4

He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
For gaily both of them did feel,
They should on cock-horse ride.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,
While riding on the way,
To those their wicked uncle hired,
These lovely babes to slay:

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made the ruffians' hearts relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sorely did repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life:

And he that was of milder mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

Twice in the Week

He told his wife and children
To be brought up in the London
With one that was his friend

Away then went the pretty babes
To school at that time

For gaily both of them did go
They should on look-home ride

They prate and prattle pleasantly
While riding on the way

To those their wicked uncle hired
Those lovely babes to play

So that the pretty babes they find
Made the children's hearts to find

And they that took the deed to do
Full sorely did repent

Yet one of them more hard of heart
Did vow to do his charge

Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very hard

The other would not come there
So here they fell at strife

With one another they did fight
About the children's life

And he that was of colder mind
Did stay the other there

Within an unrepented word
The babes did die for good

The Babes in the Wood.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry:

And two long miles he led them thus,
While they for bread complain:
“Stay here,” quoth he, “I’ll bring ye bread,
When I do come again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:

Their pretty lips with black-berries
Were all besmear’d and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander’d these two pretty dears,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another’s arms they died,
Poor babes, past all relief:

No burial these innocents
Of any man receives,
But robin red-breast lovingly
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
For fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell:





JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.



AN idle, careless boy was Jack, and though his father was dead, and his mother was very poor, he did not like to work, so at last they had no money left to buy bread; they had nothing but the cow. Then Jack's mother sent him to the market to sell the cow. But as he went he met a man who had some pretty beans in his hand, which he stopped to look at. The man said, "Give me the ugly white cow, and you shall have the beans." "Thank you, sir," said Jack, and ran home to show his mother how well he had sold the cow. She was very angry, and threw the beans into the garden, and sat down to cry, for she had no fire, nor bread.

Jack had to go to bed without supper; he woke late next morning, and thought his win-





dow was dark, and when he looked out, he saw that all the beans had taken root in the garden, and had grown up and twisted like a ladder, which seemed to reach to the sky. Jack ran down to the garden, and began to climb, though his mother cried out to him to stop, and threw her shoes at him. He did not mind her at all, but went on, and on, above the houses, above the trees, above the steeples, till he came to a strange land. Then he got off the bean-stalk, to try and find a house where he might beg a piece of bread.

As he was looking round, he saw a pretty little fairy coming with a long wand, who told him he must go straight on till he came to a large house, where a fierce giant lived. She said this giant had killed Jack's father, and kept all his money, and that Jack must be very brave, and must kill the wicked giant, and get all the money back for his poor mother. Jack thought it would be hard to kill a giant, but he would try, so he went on till he met the giant's wife. He asked for a bit of bread, and she gave him some, for she was not a bad woman, and when

she heard the giant coming, she hid Jack in the oven for fear the giant should eat him.

The giant was very cross; he wanted his supper, and said he smelt fresh meat; but his wife said he smelt the people who were shut up in the cellar to fatten. After he had eaten as much supper as would have served ten men, he called for his hen. Then a pretty little hen stepped out of a basket, and every time the giant said "Lay," it laid a golden egg. Jack thought this hen must have been his father's, and when the giant was tired of seeing the hen lay golden eggs, and fell asleep, he stole out of the oven, took up the hen, and ran as fast as he could to the bean-stalk. You may be sure he made haste to slide down, and very glad his mother was to see him and the hen. Then they sold the golden eggs, and bought many nice things with the money.

But Jack said he must kill the giant; so he stained his face with walnut-juice, and put on other clothes, and set out up the bean-stalk again. He went to beg of the giant's wife, but she was a long time before she would let





him in. At last she took him to the kitchen, gave him some plum tart and milk, and let him sleep in a closet where the pans were kept. When the giant came in, he said he smelt fresh meat; but his wife said it was only a dead horse, and she gave him a large loaf and a whole cheese and a pailful of beer for his supper. When he had done, he took out his money bags, and counted his money till he fell asleep. Then Jack came out on tiptoe, lifted up the heavy bags and made haste to the bean-stalk, where he was glad to let the bags slide down first, and then to slide after them. Now they were rich, for it was their own money, and Jack's mother lived like a lady.

Still Jack did not forget what the Fairy had told him to do, so he climbed up the bean-stalk once more, and went on to the house of the giant. But he tried a long time before the old woman would let him in, for she said her husband had been robbed by beggar boys. But in the end she gave him a cake, and, before the giant came in, hid him in a copper, and set a round of beef on the table to stop her

husband from looking for fresh meat. He ate all the beef and drank so much rum that he could not stand, but lay back, and called for his harp. His wife brought the harp, which was silver, with golden strings, and when the giant said, "Play," it played the sweetest music you ever heard. Then Jack said, "I will have the harp," and as soon as the giant began to snore, he took up the harp, and ran off.

But the harp was a fairy, and it called out "Master! Master!" till the giant awoke, and ran after the boy, but for all his long strides he was so drunk that Jack got to the bean-stalk first, and you may be sure he was not long in coming down. Then the giant began to come down after him, and when Jack's mother saw the wicked wretch, she cried out for fear; but Jack said, "Never fear, mother, but bring me an axe." His mother made great haste to bring him an axe; then Jack, who was now grown a stout lad, began to hew down the bean-stalk.

When the last bean-stalk was cut through, Jack and his mother ran a good way off, and





they saw the giant fall down from a great height to the ground, which shook with his weight and when they went up, they found he was quite dead. Then the good Fairy came and touched the bean-stalk with her wand, and it was carried away by the wind, which Jack's mother was very glad of. Then she gave them all their riches that the giant had stolen, but Jack gave the giant's kind wife as much as she liked, and he grew up after to be a very good boy, and was never more idle or careless.



TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB.



MERLIN, the magician, once stopped at the cottage of a poor couple, who treated him very kindly to the best they had. He saw that they were not content with their lot, and the cottager's wife told him what it was that made them so sorrowful: they much wanted to have a son; and she added, "If it was even no bigger than his father's thumb!" When the Queen of the Fairies heard from Merlin of this wish of the honest couple, she promised to grant it. By-and-by they had, to their great delight, a little son, and sure enough he was no bigger than a large thumb, and was called, accordingly, TOM THUMB; and owing to his very small size, he was always getting into scrapes.

When he was old enough to play with the boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the other boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ah! my little Tom Thumb!" said the boy, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will pay you off for thieving." Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag heartily, the cherry-stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly,





which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such doings any more.

Shortly afterwards, Tom's mother was making a batter pudding, and, that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but his foot happening to slip, he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother not observing him, stirred him into the pudding, and popped it all into the pot to boil. The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; a tinker was coming by just at the time, so she quickly gave him the pudding, and he put it into his bag and walked away. As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth he began to cry aloud; this so frightened the poor tinker, that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away from it as fast as he could. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed; and much pleased she was at finding him again.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow, and it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, cried out, "Mother, mother!" as loud as he could bawl. His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother then clapped him into her apron, and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and being one day in the field, Tom slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, where he left him. Old Grumbo, the giant, came out soon afterwards to walk upon his terrace, and Tom, frightened out of his wits, managed to creep up his sleeve. Tom's motions made the giant feel very uncomfortable, and, with a jerk of the arm, he threw him into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to the king. When it was cut open everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb, who was found inside. The king made him his dwarf; he became the favourite of the whole court, and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the Knights of the Round Table.

The king, when he rode out, frequently took Tom in his hand; and, if a shower of rain came on, the tiny dwarf used to creep into the king's waistcoat pocket, and sleep till the rain was over. One day the king asked him about his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king told him he should pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry. Tom got a little purse, and putting a three-penny piece into it, with much difficulty got it upon his back; and after travelling two days and nights, arrived at his father's house. His mother met him at the door almost tired to death, he having travelled forty-eight hours without resting. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fire-side, and feasted him for three days upon a hazel-nut.

Tom soon got well, and his mother took him in her hand,





and carried him back to King Arthur's Court; there Tom entertained the king, and queen, and nobility at tilts and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much, that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of. At this juncture the Queen of the Fairies came in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, she drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairy Land, the queen commanded a fair wind, and placing Tom before it, blew him straight back to the court of King Arthur. But just as Tom should have alighted in the court-yard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of his favourite dish, furmenty, and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom; "Murder! murder!" bellowed the cook; and away went the king's nice furmenty into the kennel. The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and declared to the king that Tom had done it out of some evil design; so he was taken up, tried for high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded. When the judge delivered this dreadful sentence, it happened that a miller was standing by with his mouth wide open, so Tom took a good spring, and jumped down his throat, unperceived by all in the court of justice, even by the miller himself.

As Tom could not be found, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came Tom began to dance and sing; the doctor was

as much frightened as the miller, and sent in great haste for five more doctors.

While all these were talking about the disorder in a very tedious style, the miller began to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another bold jump, and alighted on his feet, in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window, into the river. A large salmon swimming by, snapped him up in a moment, as he would a fly.

The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to the steward of a great lord, who made a present of it to the king. When the cook cut open the salmon, he found poor Tom inside, and ran with him directly to the king; but the king, being busy with state affairs, desired that he might be brought another day.

The cook was resolved to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, so clapped him into a mouse-trap. There he was shut up for a whole week, when the king sent for him, forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, and ordered him new clothes, gave him a spirited mouse for a hunter, and knighted him.

As they were riding by a farm-house one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, ran off with them both, and was just going to devour the mouse, when Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat with great spirit. The king and his nobles seeing Tom in danger, went to his assistance, and one of the lords bravely saved him just in time.

The king ordered a little chair to be made, that Tom might





sit on his table. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not a new coach too; therefore, to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. The king, in a rage, then sent for him. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into a large empty snail-shell, and there lay till he was almost starved; when peeping out of the shell, he saw a fine butterfly that had just settled on the ground. He now ventured forth, and got astride the butterfly, which took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court.

The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat, and fell into a sweet dish called white-pot, where he was found almost drowned. The queen vowed he should be punished, and he was secured once more in a mouse-trap; when the cat seeing something stir, and supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it, and set Tom at liberty.

Soon afterwards a spider, taking poor Tom for a big fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him:—

He fell dead on the ground where he late had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

The king and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rose-bush, and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

P U S S - I N - B O O T S .



THERE was once a poor miller, who had three sons ; and, when he was about to die, he left the mill to the eldest, his donkey to the second, and to the youngest boy only his cat. This last, poor fellow ! thought himself very badly off, in comparison with his brothers, who, by joining their property together, he would say, could get on very well ; but as he had nothing but Pussy, he feared he should really starve.

Now, it happened that the Cat was one day lying quietly in a cupboard, and overheard him making this complaint ; so he came out, and thus spoke to his young master :

“ Pray do not grieve at your lot—that is not right, you know ; but trust in me, and I will do all I can to help you. Give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may make my way well through the mire and the brambles, and you will soon see what I can do.”

The poor youth was too sad to heed Pussy’s speech much ;





but still he got the bag and the little boots made for him, not thinking anything would come of it, for all the Cat's fine speech.

No sooner had Puss put on the boots, and placed the bag on his neck, than he bade his master good morning, and boldly started off to the woods. The sly-boots had put some parsley in his bag, that he might tempt some rabbits in a warren he knew of, close by, to come and take a taste of it. Poor little things! they were too simple to suppose he meant mischief; so he very soon coaxed a nice plump young rabbit to have a nibble, and the moment he put his little nose in the bag, Puss drew the string tight, and killed him, as well as one or two more in the same way.

Puss was very proud of the good sport he had had, and went straight off to the Court, where he asked to speak to the King. When he came before the monarch, who was seated on a throne, with the Princess, his daughter, by his side, he made a graceful bow, and said:

“Please your Majesty, I have brought this game from the warren belonging to my master, the Marquis of Carabas, who desired me to lay it, with his loyal respects, and offers of service, at your Majesty's feet.”

Sly Puss! he had himself given his poor master that grand title. The King, much pleased at this mark of homage, graciously accepted of the gift, and sent his thanks to the Marquis.

One fine morning, not long after this, Puss heard that the King was going to take a ride by the river's side, with his lovely daughter; so he said to his master:

"If you only follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and get into the river to bathe, just where I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The young man did as he was bid, without being in the least able to guess what the Cat meant. While he was bathing very coolly, the King and the royal party passed by, and Puss-in-Boots, running after them, called out, as loud as he could bawl:

"Help! help! my lord, the Marquis of Carabas, is in danger of being drowned!"

The King, seeing it was the same Cat that had brought him the game, sent some of his servants to assist the poor Marquis.

Puss then told his Majesty, that while his Lordship was bathing, some thieves had stolen his clothes—which was not





true, for Master Puss had hidden them behind a tree, a little way off.

The King accordingly sent to the Palace for a rich Court suit for him to put on, which became him very much, and he looked so handsome that the King's daughter fell in love with him.

The King, soon after, invited the Marquis to travel with him, and they came near to a grand Castle, in which an Ogre lived.

But Pussy slipped in before them, and was soon quite chatty with the Ogre, saying :

“Can't you change yourself into any animal you please?”

“Of course I can,” said he ; and in a moment he became a roaring lion.

The Cat rushed away in alarm ; but, when he came back again, no lion was to be seen—only the Ogre. Puss then said :

“Please, do change into a mouse now.”

But no sooner had he done so, than the Cat sprang upon him, and ate him up.

Puss-in-Boots, hearing the royal party approach, went out to meet them, and, bowing to the King, said :

“Your Majesty is right welcome to the Castle of the Marquis of Carabas!”

The King was delighted to find his Lordship had so noble a Castle, and gladly accepted the invitation to view it.

The young Marquis gave his hand to the Princess as she alighted, and both followed the King as he entered the great hall, when they all, soon after, partook of a rich feast, which the Ogre had prepared for some of his own friends, little thinking how he should be himself eaten up by a Cat.

The King was quite charmed with all he saw, and he liked the young Marquis more and more, not only because he was so rich, and had so grand a Castle and so fine an estate, but because he was both good and wise; and he soon noticed, also, how much the Princess was in love with the handsome youth. So he said to him:

“My dear Marquis, it will be your own fault if you do not become my son-in-law; my daughter loves you, and you have my full consent.”

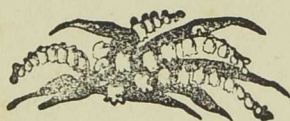
The Marquis was overjoyed at this great mark of royal favour, and was united to his fair bride the very next day.

You may be sure that his old friend Puss-in-Boots was not forgotten. That clever Cat became a great favourite at Court,





was richly dressed, and had such choice dainties for his food that he never again touched rats and mice. His greatest pleasure was to lounge by the balcony, on a couch, and look out on the park, when his young master and the Princess were walking in its shady groves; and PUSS-IN-BOOTS lived thus happily to a good old age.



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