

Baby Chatterbox eBook

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Page 1

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BABY CHATTERBOX

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

BABY CHATTERBOX

New York
R. Worthington
770 Broadway

Copyright by R. Worthington, 1880.

Transcriber's Note: the following corrections were made to the text:
couldn't for could'nt
foxglove for foxglore
curtsied for curtised
servants for sevants

THE NEW BABY.

A new little baby came down from the sky—
Came down from the sky in the night.
A soft little baby, with violet eyes,
Shining, and pure, and white.



But how did the little new baby get
Down here from the depths of the sky?
She couldn't have come alone, you know,
For she's much too young to fly.

Oh! the angels carried her down in their arms
From the far-away, beautiful blue;
Brought her down from the arms of God,
A present to me and to you.

So, you see, we must kiss the baby,
And give her a lot of love,
That she may not need the angels
Till she meets them again above.

[Illustration]

Dolly's promenade.

"Dolly, my dearest, you really must walk,
You shall not be lazy, you never will talk;
And, as I've got all the talking to do,
I think you might please me by walking, don't you?"

"So, dolly, come out to the paddock with me,
I'll show you the apples that grow on the tree,
I'll show you the bees, and the butterflies, too,
The hills all so purple, the sky all so blue.

"You must walk, dolly, dear; see, your shoes are so gay;
You only have worn them twice since your birthday.
Red hat and red feather—now come, if you please,
Gently, my dolly, we learn by degrees."

Ah! now you walk so very nicely, my dear,
You soon will be going as fast as a deer,
And then such racing, we will have all day long,
Playing "tag" in the very midst of the throng.

[Illustration]

Where did it come from?

Hop, hop, hop! In it came at the window, the dearest little yellow canary, not a bit afraid;
chirping, turning its pretty head this way and that, and asking its little bird questions
which nobody could understand.

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George, and Winifred, and little Bruce were all filled with delight and amazement at the small visitor. Wise George flew to shut the window, kind Winny ran for cake, and solemn Bruce took his finger out of his mouth and stared.

Meanwhile Dicky sidled, and fluttered, and chattered, and at last showed he was used to society by setting down on George's finger, winking at Bruce, and making a good meal of Winny's cake.

"Do you think he can have flown straight from the Canary Islands?" asked Winny.

But George shook his head; it was too far.

But still they had a feeling that the little visitor was a sort of emigrant, who must be led to settle at Fairleigh Cottage; and Winny ran to ask her mother for the half-crown out of her money-box to buy him a cage.

"Mother's coming," she said. "She thinks Birdie belongs to some one else, because he is so tame."

"But there are no canaries in the village, except the schoolmaster's pair," said wise George; "and this little beauty is not one of them. I really think this bird must have come to look for a home."

[Illustration]

[Illustration: A]

Stands over Apples,
So rosy and round.

[Illustration: B]

Begins the word Berries,
Which grow near the ground.

[Illustration: C]

Commences Cherries,
They grow upon trees.

[Illustration: D]

Date-Palms or Desert,
Spell which word you please.



[Illustration]

The ducks.

One little black duck,
One little gray,
Six little white ducks
Running out to play.
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.
One little white duck
Running from the water,
One very fat duck—
Pretty little daughter;
One very grave duck, swimming off alone,
One little white duck, standing on a stone.
One little white duck
Holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck
Making water-rings;
One little black duck, turning round its head, One big black duck—see, he's gone to bed. One little lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby-ducks bound for a swim.
One lazy black duck, taking quite a nap,
One precious duck, here on mother's lap.

[Illustration]

In trouble.

In terrible trouble is baby:
Full loudly he screams and he cries;
His breakfast is lost, and replace it
He cannot,—however he tries.

The cup of warm milk all so tempting,
Stood safe but a moment ago;
In his haste he leant over to grasp it,
But instead threw it all down below.

At once he burst forth into weeping,
And heart-rending shrieks loud and shrill;
He saw not a kind hand was near him
The empty cup soon to refill.



Page 3

Dear baby! too often we elders,
Like you, break our hearts without need,
And see not the Hand that provides us
Our food in sweet harvests and seed.

If a check ever lessens our plenty,
And wasted our crops ever lie,
Then, forgetful of all our past blessings,
How hastily rises our cry!

Ah! dry we our blinding tears, baby,
Look up to our Father above,
And patiently wait till he fills us
Our cups in His mercy and love.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: E]

Twined by Evergreens.
They never fade.

[Illustration: F]

Found in Fern-leaves,
Which grow in the shade.

[Illustration: G]

Is a Grape-vine,
Bearing some fruit.

[Illustration: H]

Holds a Holly bush
Plucked by the root.

[Illustration]

Dance, doggie, dance.

Now, Fido, I have dressed you up
In cap, and coat, and cape;
No, no, indeed my little friend,
You cannot yet escape!



Papa has seen a foreign dog
Dressed up like you in France,
And says that little poodle pup
Was quickly taught to dance.

Come, Fido, now you must be good,
I will not hurt you there;
Now stand upon your hinder-legs
And lift them in the air.
Listen—I will hum the tune
And you must dance with me;
I want both paws, sir, if you please.
Come, Fido—one, two, three!

“Good doggie! as I’ve taught you that—
Oh dear! he’s run away.
The naughty dog! he sees a cat.
Come here, sir! Fido, stay!
There now, he’s off and won’t come back;
We’ll dance no more to-day;
And Fido’s got my dress and cape—
Oh! what *will* mother say?”

[Illustration]

The organ-boy.

The children are fond of a merry tune, so they have given the organ-boy a penny to play. The babies stare at the organ, as though they thought it a very funny box to make such a noise. One little child, with a doll in her arms, is giving a piece of bread to the monkey, but he looks as if he suspected it was a trick. The boy has a cloth over his organ, to protect it when it rains. I do not like to see monkeys led about in this way. I think it is cruel, and must cause them much suffering, especially if they have a cruel master. But I think this little boy will be kind to his little companion, and not twist and throw it about as some of the men do. Monkeys are very amusing, after they go through a short training, and will do all manner of tricks for their master.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: I]

Is an Ivy vine,
It clings where it grows.

[Illustration: J]

Is a Jessamine,
Most fragrant it blows.

[Illustration: K]

The rich Kidney bean,
Nutritious for food.



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[Illustration: L]

Is the Lily,
An emblem of good.

[Illustration]

Only A boy.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee,
As ever human frame can be;
And as hard to manage, as—ah!—ah, me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only, a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven, but must be led;
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And who tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more tops, and kites, and bats,
Than would stock a store,
For a year or more.

Only a boy, who will be a man,
If nature goes on with her first great plan;
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this, our heir.
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care;
Our torment, our joy—
“Only, a boy.”

[Illustration]

Johnny and the toad.

Johnny.
I want to go to school,
And he won't let me pass.
I think that a toad
Ought to keep to the grass.
I don't want to cry,
But I'm afraid I'm going to;



Oh, dear me!
What am I to do?
Toad.
Here's a dreadful thing!
A boy in the way;
I don't know what to do,
I don't know what to say.
I can't see the reason
Such monsters should be loose;
I'm trembling all over,
But that is of no use.
Johnny.
I Must go to school,
The bell is going to stop;
That terrible old toad,
If only he would hop.
Toad.
I Must cross the path,
I can hear my children croak;
I hope that dreadful boy
Will not give me a poke.
A hop, and a start, a flutter, and a rush,
Johnny is at school, and the toad in his bush.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: M]

Holds a Moss rose,
Covered with down.

[Illustration: N]

Stands for Walnuts,
In the woods they are found.

[Illustration: O]

Is an Orange,
So juicy and sweet.

[Illustration: P]

A Pine-apple,
Both are good to eat.

[Illustration]



Dolly's clothes.

I want to make your things look nice,
Dolly—because, you see,
To-morrow evening Cousin Jane
Is coming here to tea.

Your muslin skirt is white and stiff—
I'm very glad of that;
But as my little iron's cold,
The tucks will not lie flat.

Jane's doll will come—she makes its clothes
Herself, and very neatly;
And when she brings it visiting,
She dresses it up sweetly.

When I put on your pretty frock,
Your sash, and sleeve-knots blue,
I really think that you will be
Quite a smart dolly too.

[Illustration]



Page 5

The kitten.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe.
The house wife's, spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly,
Held out to lure thy roving eye.
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide.
Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements we descry—
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney corner snugly fill.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: Q]

Quinces when ripe,
Have an excellent flavor.

[Illustration: R]

The Rose when presented,
Is a sign of favor.

[Illustration: S]

Strawberries in dish,
With sugar and cream.

[Illustration: T]

Tomatoes as fine
As ever were seen.

[Illustration]

Jack.

The name of the bear is *Jack*. I fetched him from the West India Import Dock on the 5th of November, 1870. He was running about with another bear on board ship, but the job was to catch him. After many attempts we at last put a strong collar round his neck, to which was attached a long chain, and then we got him into a large barrel and fastened the head on with hoop-iron, lowered him over the side of the vessel into a boat, and then pulled to the quay, and hauled him up into a cart. For a time the little fellow was quiet enough, but he got very inquisitive when being driven towards the city, and wanted to have a look round. I managed to quiet him by giving him pieces of lump-sugar. He arrived safely at the Crystal Palace, and has lived in an aviary till the beginning of last month, when he was put into his new bear-pit. The little fellow has grown twice the size he was when he first came. He is very playful, but sometimes he shows his teeth when he is teased.

[Illustration]

The play-ground.

The lessons are learned, and now we all join hands, and march to the play-ground. And a nice play-ground we have, and every day when it is fine we enjoy ourselves very much. Some like to swing round the great pole, others join hands and form a large ring, and then we try to see which side of the ring can pull the hardest. Others like to run a race, and try who will run three times round the play-ground first. When it is wet we march round our large school-room, keeping time with our feet. And then we have such splendid fun playing "Tag," first one, and then the other, racing round over benches, and under and around the desks, until we are fairly tired out. Then we hear the bell ring, and we march in, two by two, to commence our lessons again.

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[Illustration]

[Illustration: U]

Unicorn root,
Good at times for the health.

[Illustration: V]

A beautiful Vine,
All alone by itself.

[Illustration: W]

Wheat in the field,
Gently waved by the wind.

[Illustration: X]

Xanthic flowers, which
Are a bright yellow kind.

[Illustration]

The story of Topsy.

Topsy had four kittens, but as it was settled that we could not keep more than one, and little Milly Knight wanting one, the other two had to be drowned. So Milly came one day and selected a nice little black and white one. We were very sorry when Tom took the little creatures and put them in the pond at the bottom of the garden. As they were very young and could not feel much, we thought Topsy would soon forget them. Well, on the evening that they were drowned, while the cook was in her pantry, with the window open, she saw something come rushing along, and, in another minute, Topsy leaped through the window, carrying in her mouth one of the kittens, dripping wet, which she laid on the mat and began to lick with all her might. And how she licked it! Over and over, and over again, till, as the cook said, she “licked it into life.” The little kitten got well, and became, owing to its narrow escape, and the love displayed, a great pet ever afterward.

[Illustration]

Playing at horses.

The copies and the lessons
Are finished for to-day,



And out the happy children
At "horses" come to play.

Conny, and Frank, and Archie,
With doggie "Trim," are there;
Conny and Frank are harnessed,
And Archie drives the pair.

Away, away they scamper,
Across the breezy park;
And doggie runs beside them
With merry, happy bark.

For breath they pause a minute,
Then off they start again,
For they pretend they're going
To meet papa's down train.

[Illustration]

[Illustration: Y]

To find these bright flags,
In the marsh you must hunt.

[Illustration: Z]

A Zigadenus flower,
Changing color each month.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

TROTTY'S *card horses*.

This stands
Firm, and strong
Another one
We'll build hereon.

Keep away,
Now we'll see,
If 'twill hold
A number three.

Try another,
One more,



Raise it to
A fourth floor.

Yet another;
Oh, what fun!
That's too many—
Down they come.

THE FIRST VALENTINE.

Rat-tat at the door! Rat-tat at the door!
Here are valentines one, two, three;
There is one for Harry, and one for Will,
And a big one for girlie, see!
Wildly she flies o'er the nursery floor,
Never was girlie so happy before,
As she shouts in her baby glee—
“Oh! I've got a valentine, all come, look!
As big as the sheet of a picture book!
Now, don't you wish you all, like me,
Had a great big heart painted red, you see?”



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All day long—now in, now out—
Now up, now down—she wanders about
Showing her treasure; 'tis fast getting torn,
But paper, we all know, is very soon worn.
“Who do you think can love me the most
To buy this, and send it alone by the post?
Do look again, you must like to see,
'Tis a great big heart, and it 'longs to me,
And please to read me the written line
That says, ‘God bless your sweet valentine!’”

[Illustration]

Sagacity of A dog.

A very interesting story is told by Mr. Youatt: “I wanted, one day, to go through a tall iron gate, from one part of my premises to another, but just within it lay a poor lame puppy, and I could not get in without perhaps seriously injuring him. I stood for a while hesitating, and at length determined to go round through another gate, when a fine Newfoundland dog, who had been waiting patiently for his wonted caresses, and wondering why I did not come in, looked accidentally down at the invalid. He comprehended the whole business in a moment. He put down his great paw, and, as quickly and as gently as possible, rolled the invalid out of the way, and then drew himself back in order to leave room for the opening of the gate.”

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

The Little Gleaner.

Little Ruth, like the woman of old of that name,
Returns from the field, where she gathered the grain.

[Illustration]

In the swing.

“Up little Gracie! Swing up high,
As if you're going to touch the sky;
Only, take care, my darling pet—
Hold the two ropes, and don't forget.

“Up again, Gracie! There—that's right,
Laughing away, but holding tight;



While little Dottie waits below,
And Harry sends you to and fro.

“Stop, Harry, now! ’tis time for Grace
To yield to little Dot her place.
Be gentle, dear, for Dot’s so small—
If you’re not careful, she may fall.”

The children change; for all the three
Are fair in play, and well agree;
And now the youngest laughing pet
Begs for “a little higher!” yet.

[Illustration]

The donkey ride.

“Oh, papa! will you please buy me a donkey?” said little Ella Clark to her father, as she ran to meet him. “Well,” said her father, “if you will promise to be a very good girl, and give your sister May a share of the rides, I will get one in the city and send it home.” So, in a few days the donkey came, with a new bridle and saddle. The next thing to do was to give him a name; so, after trying a great many they agreed to call him “Jack.” The next day Ella and May were up early and went to the barn, where they found Henry, and asked him to saddle “Jack.” Henry brushed down “Jack’s” thick coat of hair, and made him look quite trim, and he then placed Ella on “Jack’s” back, and walked him up and down, holding on to Ella, and in a short time she could ride alone, and felt as proud as a queen when her father saw her sitting up on “Jack’s” back. She then gave May a ride, and at last got so bold as to take “Jack” down the lane alone, and had a splendid time riding up and down.



Page 8

[Illustration]

The spelling lesson.

Now, Pussy, you must be real good,
And learn to spell like me;
When I say, "Pussy, what is this?"
You must say, That is C.

Don't scratch, and twist, and turn about,
And try to get away;
But, Pussy, please to try and learn:
This is the letter A.

There now, that's nice, you're doing well;
Oh, dear! where can she be;
Just as I'd taught her how to spell
Clear to the letter T.

She jumped and ran away so fast,
She must have seen a rat;
And now how will she ever know
That C-A-T spells Cat.

[Illustration]

"Gee up, pony."

When mother threw open the nursery door,
There she found uncle down on the floor;
While up on his back sat Harry and Fred,
And Nellie stood by and was stroking his head.

"This is my pony," cried Harry: "gee way;
Get on, old Dobbin—don't wait here all day."
And "Gee way," says Freddy, who thinks he must do
Whatever his brother may do or say too.

And uncle good-humoredly keeps on his round,
Creeping and crawling about on the ground;
And mother still hears, as she goes on her way,
"Come, gee up, my pony—don't wait here all day."

[Illustration]



Good-night and good-morning.

A fair little girl sat careless and free,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said "Dear Work! good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheeps "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road—
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! good-night! good-night!"

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun."

[Illustration]

A dear little granny.

I want to be your granny—
Granny, granny dear;
Do you think in glasses
I'm anything like near?

Would you take me for her
If I wore her cap;
Told you pretty stories,
Took you in my lap?

Gave you lots of sweeties,
Cakes and apples too?
That's the way that grannies,
Dear old grannies do!

[Illustration]



Playing in the hay.

Page 9

Little Elsie and Gertie live in the country. They do not see the gay shops full of pretty things that amuse children in New York, and they have never been to a bazaar, or to the Zoological Gardens, but they have sweet flowers to smell and look at, and live creatures about them at home. They find amusements at all seasons of the year, and are very merry. You see them now in the field where the grass has been cut and is drying into hay that the horses and cows will eat. The children have had fine fun in the hay; they have spread and tossed it, and Gertie has pretended to feed her toy goat with it, and now she wants Elsie to hide her in it that she may jump out and surprise James their brother, who is coming in at the gate.

[Illustration]

“Lamb of God! I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art.
Give me thy obedient heart:
Thou art pitiful, and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb!
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise;
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child in me.”

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Puppies and tortoise.

A sight most strange and wonderful
Three little puppies saw—



A creature out of shell of horn
Popped out a head and claw.

They jumped and barked, and barked again,
And stared with open eyes;
The sight of such a strange shaped thing
So filled them with surprise.

They wondered at its smooth, brown shell,
Its skin both brown and green;
And thought it was the strangest sight
They ever yet had seen.

They would have tried to bite and scratch
This funny looking thing;
But now they thought it might have hid
A sharp and biting sting.

[Illustration]

"I'm grandmother."

Mary is a good little girl, but is meddlesome. She has a good Grandmother, called Mrs. Mason, and she sometimes goes to her house. One day Mary got into mischief. Seeing her Grandmother's spectacles on the table, she put them on her nose, and said, "I'm Grandmother." Mary began to march about the room in a very grand way. Presently the spectacles fell off, and the glasses were broken. Poor Mary cried bitterly, and at first did not know what to do; but when Mrs. Mason came in, she told her all, and promised never to play "Grandmother" again. Mrs. Mason told her not to cry, and she might play "Grandmother" as much as she liked, but she was to be very careful not to take her spectacles, and she would get her papa to get a pair of tin ones, with holes in them, so that she could see as well, and look all the funnier.

Page 10

[Illustration]

Our Band.

[Illustration: R]ub-a-dub, rub-a-dee,
Oh, such jolly fun!
I'm Signor Blowmore,
And he's Herr Bertrun.

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dee!
Do we make a noise?
That's the very thing you know
Pleases little boys.

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dee!
Full of young life's joys,
Playing with the horn and drum,
Best of all the toys.

Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dee!
Music now hath charms;
You can blow and beat away,
And it no one alarms.

[Illustration]

THE SWAN AND THE DRAKE

Slowly, in majestic silence,
Sailed a Swan upon a lake;
Round about him, never quiet,
Swam a noisy quacking Drake.

"Swan," exclaimed the latter, halting,
"I can scarcely comprehend
Why I never hear you talking:
Are you really dumb, my friend?"

Said the Swan, by way of answer:
"I have wondered, when you make
Such a shocking, senseless clatter,
Whether you are deaf, Sir Drake!"

Better, like the Swan, remain in
Silence grave and dignified,
Than keep, drake-like, ever prating,
While your listeners deride.

W.R.E.

[Illustration]

Upsetting baby's milk.

"Ponto," the dog, who was longing for a run with nurse and baby, came up into the nursery to see if they were nearly ready for their walk. Nurse had gone out of the room, leaving baby fastened into her chair with a saucer of milk on the ledge in front of her. Ponto would not have taken the milk without leave—he knew better how to behave than that; but he wanted baby to give him some, and did not know how easily the saucer would be upset: one great paw put on the little shelf sent it over, broke it, and spilt the milk. You see the baby is not at all afraid of the dog, and she is too good-tempered to cry about the milk being spilt; but she holds her spoon out of Ponto's way and says, "Naughty, naughty!"

[Illustration]

Clever tray.

I want to tell you a true story about the terrier dog you see having a game at hide-and-seek with our two children.

One evening, nurse had put baby to bed, and tucked her in quite snug and warm. Having to do some shopping, nurse went out, and, in going along the street she felt something pulling her skirt, and on looking down discovered Tray with her skirt in his mouth. Nurse thought he was only playing, and tried to shake him off, but he began to bark and whine, and seemed to say, in his doggish way: "Please *do* attend to me; *do* come back with me!" that at last, just to see if he would leave off, she began to walk home. And oh, how delighted Tray was! When they reached the house Tray ran upstairs, and nurse discovered baby sitting up in bed, and screaming sadly. The little thing had awoke, and finding herself alone, began to cry; and the faithful dog had heard her, and set off directly to find nurse.

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[Illustration]

My friend Washington.

When I was a very little girl, one of my best friends was Washington Henry. He was one of our servants, who made himself useful inside of the house, and was as black as night, as you may see by the picture. He liked nothing better than to meet me outside the house and have a romp, and he would take me all round the barn and show me the ducks, and hens, and the nice little chickens, and wheel me round in the baby-carriage, while he capered and danced about like a high-mettled steed. I can tell you we had plenty of fun, and father often used to wonder how it was I liked Washington so much, but it was only because he was more kind and considerate than any of the other servants. His old mother lived in a little cottage with his younger brother and sister, and he used to take me round there sometimes, and they had always something new to show me.

[Illustration]

The young monkey.

A little Monkey chanced to find
A walnut in its outward rind;
He snatched the prize with eager haste,
And bit it, but its bitter taste
Soon made him throw the fruit away.
"I've heard," he cried, "my mother say
(But she was wrong), the fruit was good;
Preserve me from such bitter food!"
A monkey by experience taught,
The falling prize with pleasure caught;
Took off the husk and broke the shell,
The kernel peeled, and liked it well.
"Walnuts," said he, "are good and sweet,
But must be opened ere you eat."
And thus in life you'll always find
Labor comes first,—reward behind.

[Illustration]

Don't you like my cat?

I like my cat, I like him well,
As all the house may see



I like him for himself, and not
Because the cat likes me.

He counts his only work in life,
To flourish and be fat;
And this he does with all his might;—
Of course, I like my cat.

His eyes shine out beneath his brows,
As eyes have rarely shone;
His beauty is the grandest thing
That ever cat put on.

He wears a paw of wondrous bulk,
With secret claws to match,
And puts a charm in all its play,
The pat, the box, the scratch.

I have not heard how cats are made
Within their furry veil,
But rather fancy Tippo's thoughts
Lie chiefly in his tail.

For while in every other part
His portly person sleeps,
That bushy tail, with steady wave,
A ceaseless vigil keeps.

[Illustration]

A lark in A cricket-ground.

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A few days ago I was passing through Sonning, an old English village on the Thames, when I was attracted to a field near the road by hearing the merry sounds of the village school at a game of cricket. I could not resist the pleasure of pausing to watch the boys at play. Before long my curiosity was aroused by shouts of "Look out!" "Take care!" "Mind where you're going!" whenever any boy approached a certain spot, which seemed to be within a few yards of one of the wickets. I asked one of the party what such outcries meant. He replied—"Oh, that's our lark, sir!" On inquiry I found that some weeks before, the boys discovered a titlark's nest in the ground close to their cricket-piece. One of the boys seems to have made the suggestion that the school should take the lark under their special patronage. The proposal was adopted, and it became a daily business to see, before settling to their play, that all was right with the lark.

[Illustration]

Helping mother.

I shall help mother when I am grown big;
When I am old enough, oh! wont I dig,
Plough with the horses, and call out "Gee-ho!"
Plant the potatoes, fell timber, and mow?

Then I shall fetch the cows home to the byre,
Carry such fagots to make mother's fire,
Reap and make hay—Hush! who calls? I shant go!
Its only to play with the baby, I know.

A boy who is seven is too big to do that,
Can't mother nurse her, or give her the cat?
Oh, what a bother! She's calling me still—
"Come and take the baby off my hands, Bill."

"I *must* get your father's socks finished to-night,
And I can't while the little girl pulls the thread tight;
There—lift him up, play at ball or Peep-bo—
You will help mother then very greatly you know."

Bill waited a moment. Then into his mind
Came a thought,—"Little boy, if you don't feel inclined
To help mother now, when you easily can,
I'm afraid you won't do it when you are a man."

So he brightened his face till the baby smiled too;
Hid himself in the cupboard and called out "Cuckoo."

And on his knee fed her with delicious cream,
And helping mother was not so bad it would seem.

[Illustration]

A four-footed thief.

The Paris *Figaro* says:—"On Friday a new kind of robber was arrested not far from a hatter's, and holding a hat between his teeth. When efforts were made to take the hat away he stood on the defensive, and there was a fight, which ended very badly for the hat. The thief was a dog. His master, who has not yet been found, had taught him to bring home goods to him for sale, and the hatter accuses him of having carried off no less than six hats within a week."

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

The performing monkeys.

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Amusing creatures! I can look at the picture with pleasure, because they are evidently well treated, and have not the miserably cowed expression we see upon many of the monkeys that go about our streets. Sometimes when I have given a monkey a piece of cake or fruit, I have made a bargain with the master to let him sit still and eat it, and much amused I have been watching the little animal's extreme enjoyment of the treat and the holiday. The monkeys at the Zoological Gardens have tolerably large cages. I wish the parrots were as well off: they sadly need more space, and would be glad of bits of stick to play with.

[Illustration]

"Beg, doggie, beg!"

Beg, doggie, beg: Come, come, sit up,—
No, not that way, you silly pup;
Upon your hind legs sit,
And I will tell you how to ask
For bread—it is an easy task;
And then you'll get a bit.

Now there—that's right—keep up your paw!
A better dog I never saw.
Oh dear! you're down once more:
I cannot let you off: Now try,
Oh, Jack, I really fear that I
Have got a "treat" in store;

Look at this cake. Now, sit upright
And stare at me with all you're might,
And then I'll place the food:
That's well: Now, doggie,—quite still—
You must not stir an inch until
I tell you,—come, that's good!

One trial more, and you shall eat
This great round cake, just for a treat:
Now sit up, Jacky—so,
Ask for it, sir—just say "bow-wow"—
And louder still! There make your bow—
Good dog! now you may go.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]