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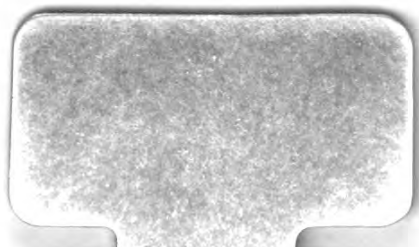
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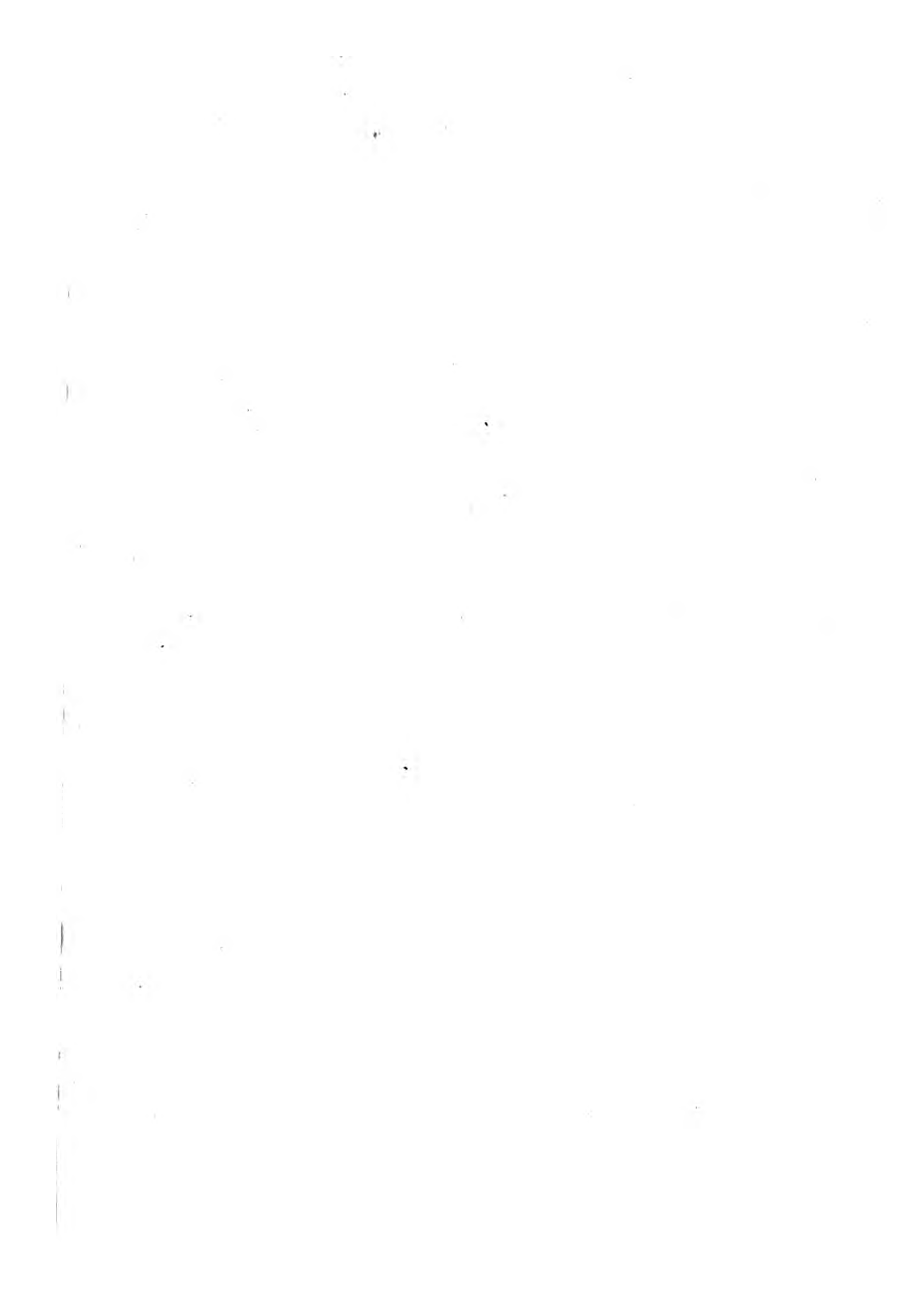


PA'S PICTURE ALBUM

WITH
100 ILLUSTRATIONS









IN THE WOOD.

PAPA'S PICTURE ALBUM

AND WHAT THE CHILDREN
SAW IN IT.

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.



Thomas Nelson and Sons,
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

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Papa's Picture Album
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PAPA'S PICTURE ALBUM.



A HOLIDAY PARTY.

It is nice to have a good holiday in the country ; and so think these merry girls and boys who are having a game together in the park. Their grandfather and grandmother are sitting on a rustic seat under the tree watching the children at play,—thinking, no doubt, of the happy days they too used to have, long, long ago ; and though they are now full of aches and pains, they like to watch the happy children's sport.



A man has built a house in the wood for himself. He is a woodcutter, and has been ordered to cut down a great many of the trees, to clear the ground. A friend having come to see him, he is giving him a very hearty welcome.



This poor black man has lost his way in the wood, but has come to the woodcutter's hut. He has knocked at the door, and is listening attentively, half afraid there is no one within; for he is very hungry, and hopes he will get some food.



Here are little Jane and her old grandmother, who is leaning on her shoulder. Jane is well-pleased, because she likes to be of use.



The prince has been walking with a beautiful princess round her father's castle. He is asking her to be his wife.



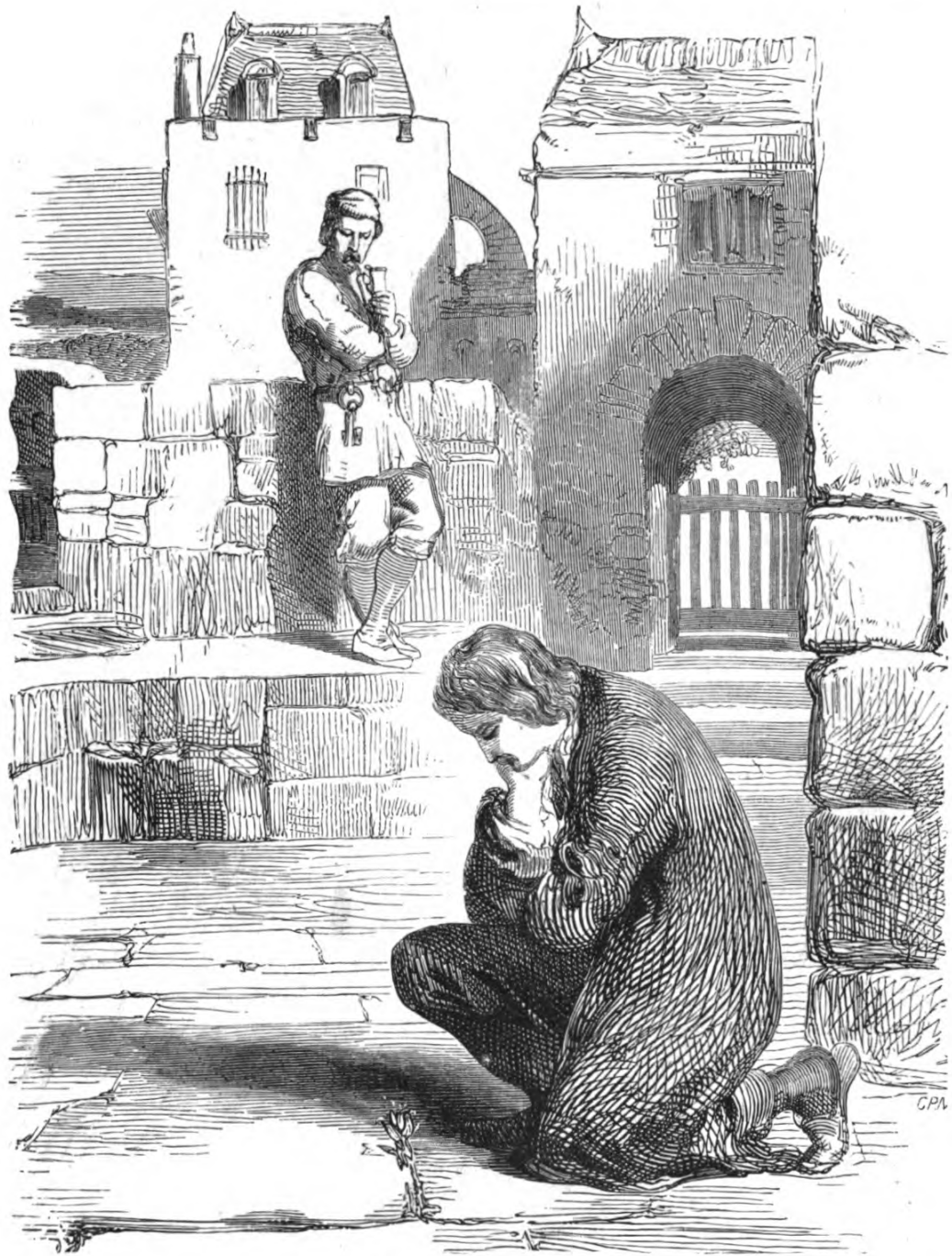
Here are the prince and the princess again. He is leading her through his lovely palace.



The mothers of these little babies are teaching them to play with one another.



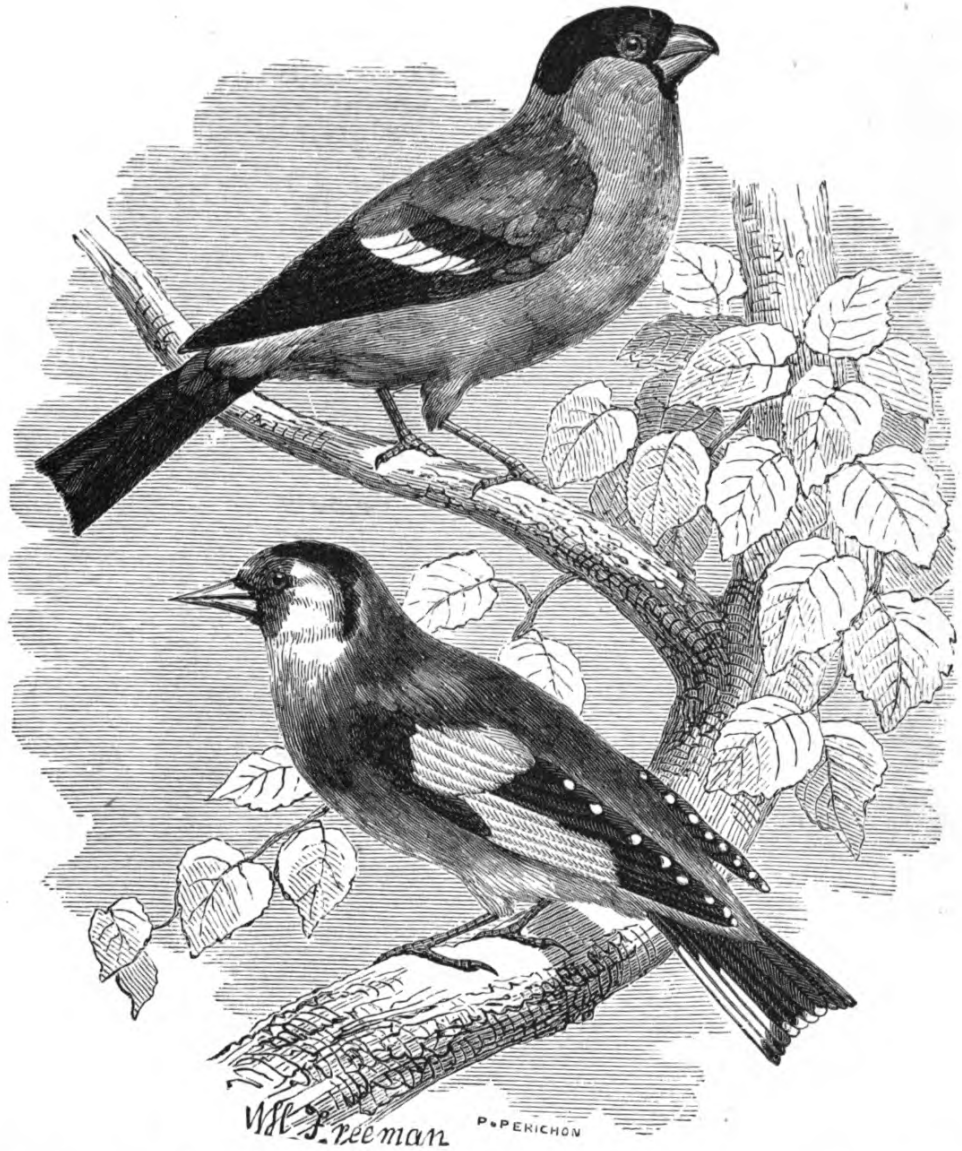
This lady has come to stay in Jamaica ; and because it is so warm indoors, she likes to rest under the trees.



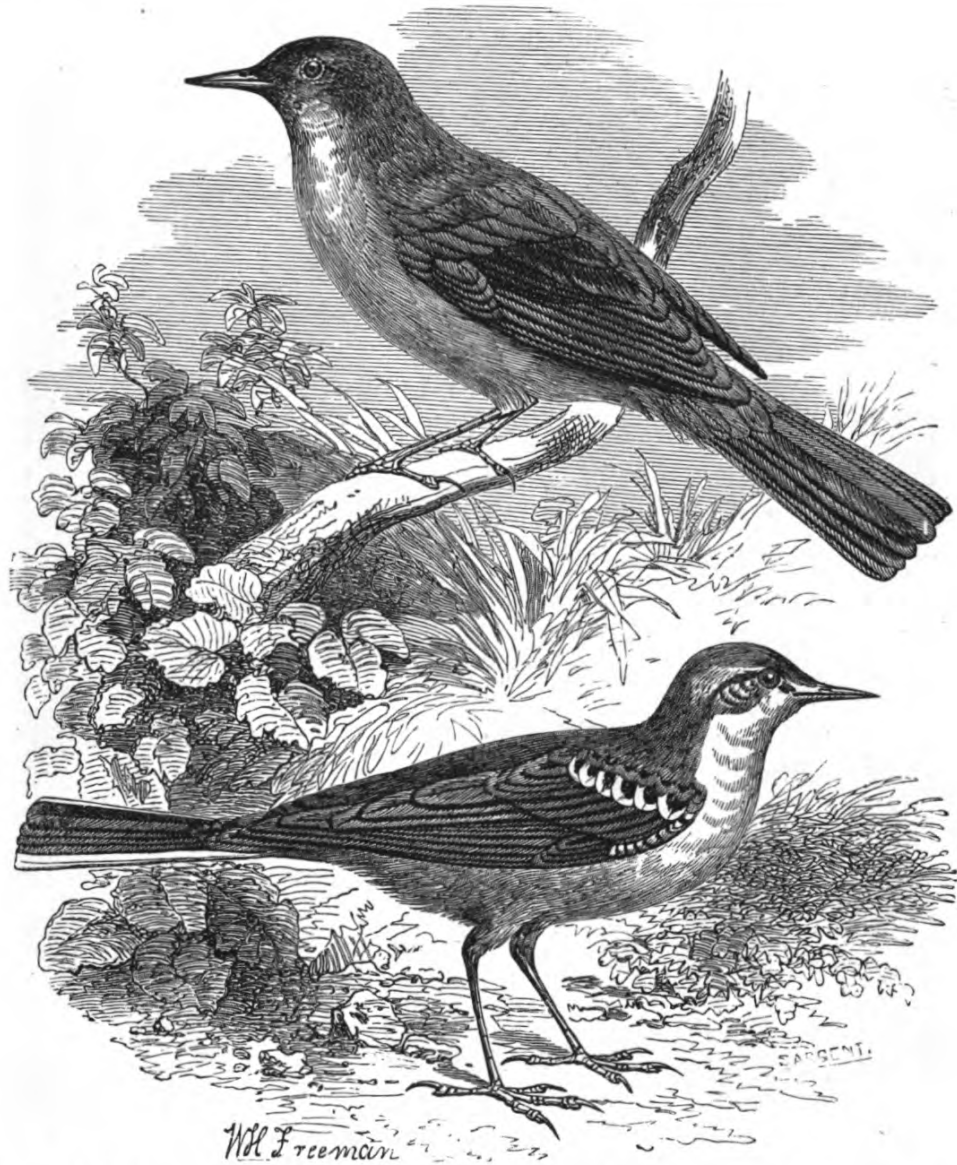
A poor prisoner has found a flower growing between the stones, and is looking at it with delight.



The daughter of this poor man is anxiously looking for help for him ; but his only hope is in God.



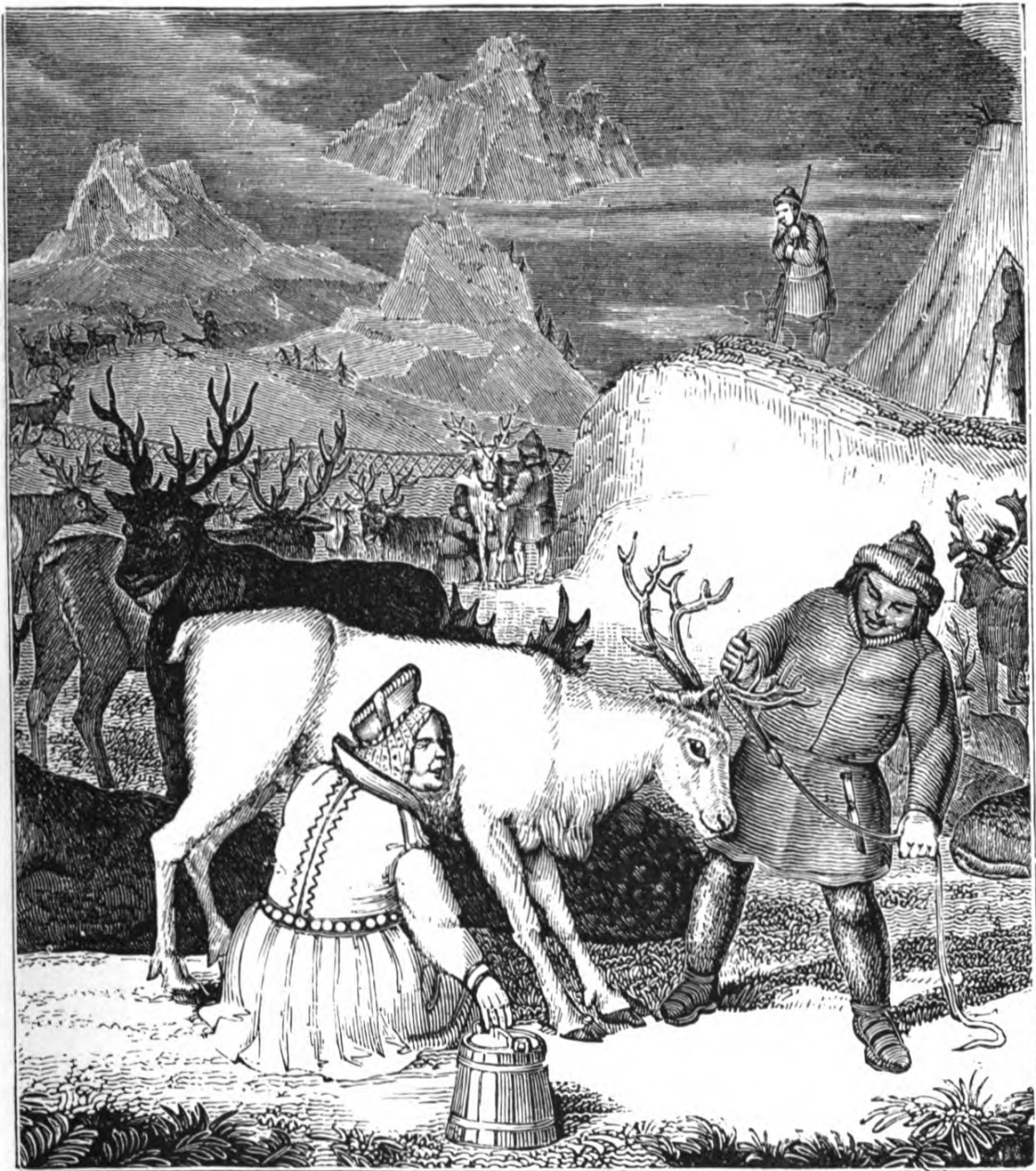
Here are two of the prettiest song-finches belonging to this country. The bullfinch, with his black head, red breast, and confident manner, is always a favourite; and the docile goldfinch, with his bright plumage, is sure to be a great pet too, for when caught, and put in a cage, he is very easily tamed.



The bird with the very plain plumage sitting on the branch of the tree is a nightingale, the sweetest songster of all the birds. The other is a wagtail, looking out for some food for his young ones; for though he cannot sing so sweetly to his mate as the nightingale can, he is very careful of his young, even after they have left the nest.



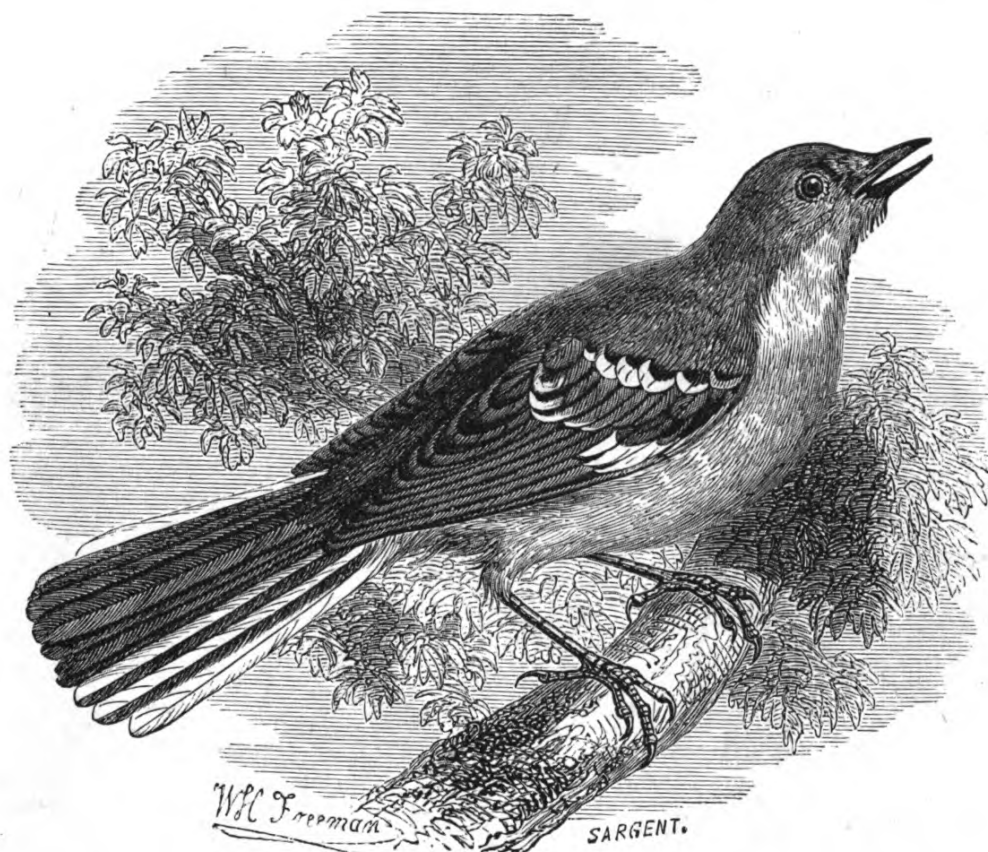
This is such a very quiet spot, the little lambs lie down to rest beside their mothers without any fear. The farmhouse is on the other side of the river.



The reindeer is the Laplanders' horse, cow, and sheep, all in one; for it draws their sledges, and supplies them with food, clothing, and tents.



The peacock of the Philippine Islands is not quite the same as the peacock we have seen walking along the terrace before some gentleman's house. Its plumage, however, is quite as beautiful; for it shows all the colours of the rainbow in its widely-spreading tail. For beauty, the peacock may be called the "king of birds."



The mocking-bird is singing on the tree. Not content with his own sweet song, the mocking-bird imitates not only all the birds, but many kinds of animals, as well as other noises. He whistles for the dog, squeaks out like a hurt chicken, mews like a cat, barks like a dog, and imitates the creaking of a wheel-barrow. He repeats any tune his master teaches him, however long; and often the poor canary or the Virginian nightingale become quite silent in his presence. Mocking-birds are very watchful of their nests, and courageously chase away any bird that ventures near.



Here is kind-hearted little Peggie bringing out some of her breakfast for a poor homeless dog she has found in the field.



Polly has been out with her goat and kids all the morning; and she has coaxed them as far as the brook, where they are resting.



How the water rushes down past the old mill! I wonder the miller's wife and daughter are not afraid to draw water there!



Alice is walking by the cliffs. She finds pretty wild flowers there ; and besides, she likes to feel the wind blowing through her hair.



Here is an Eastern caravan crossing the desert. Some are riding on camels, some on horses, but a great many are on foot. Camels are called "ships of the desert."



This is an Arab. He has been galloping across the desert on his swift horse in search of an ostrich. His tents are close at hand ; and there is his son practising riding.



A poor fugitive has made his escape, and has managed to reach a place of safety in a dense forest. He is listening eagerly, to hear if his pursuers are after him.



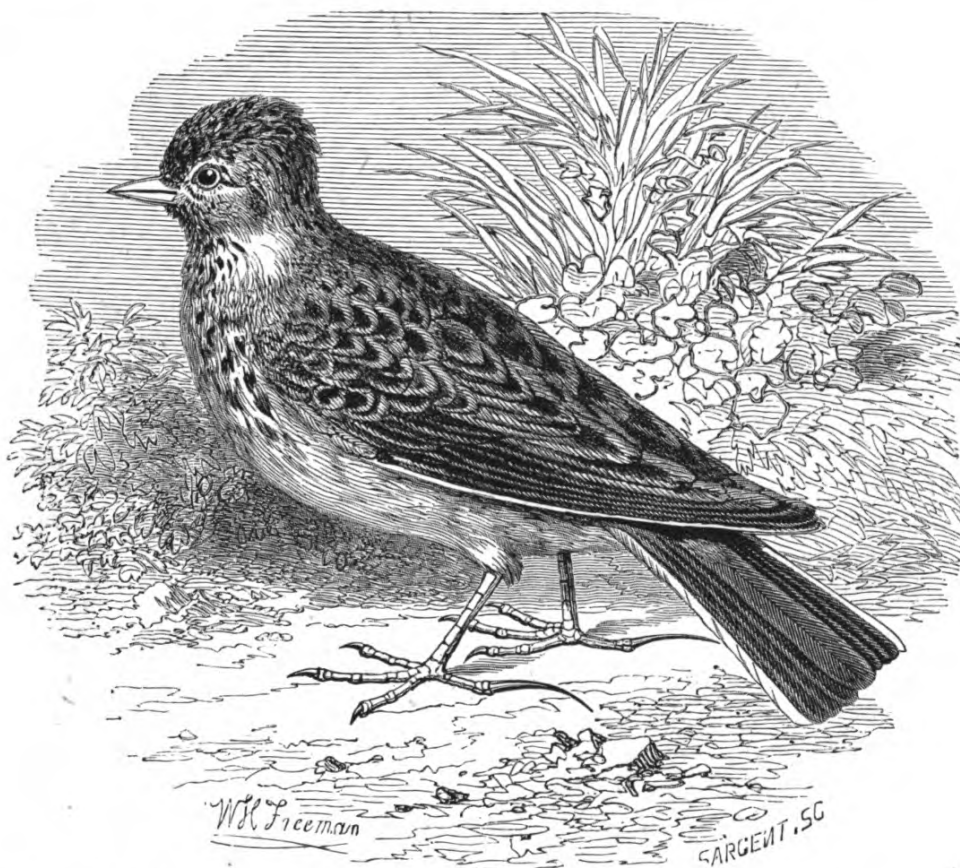
This little girl has fallen asleep in the wood ; but here comes a kind fairy with her wand to rouse her.



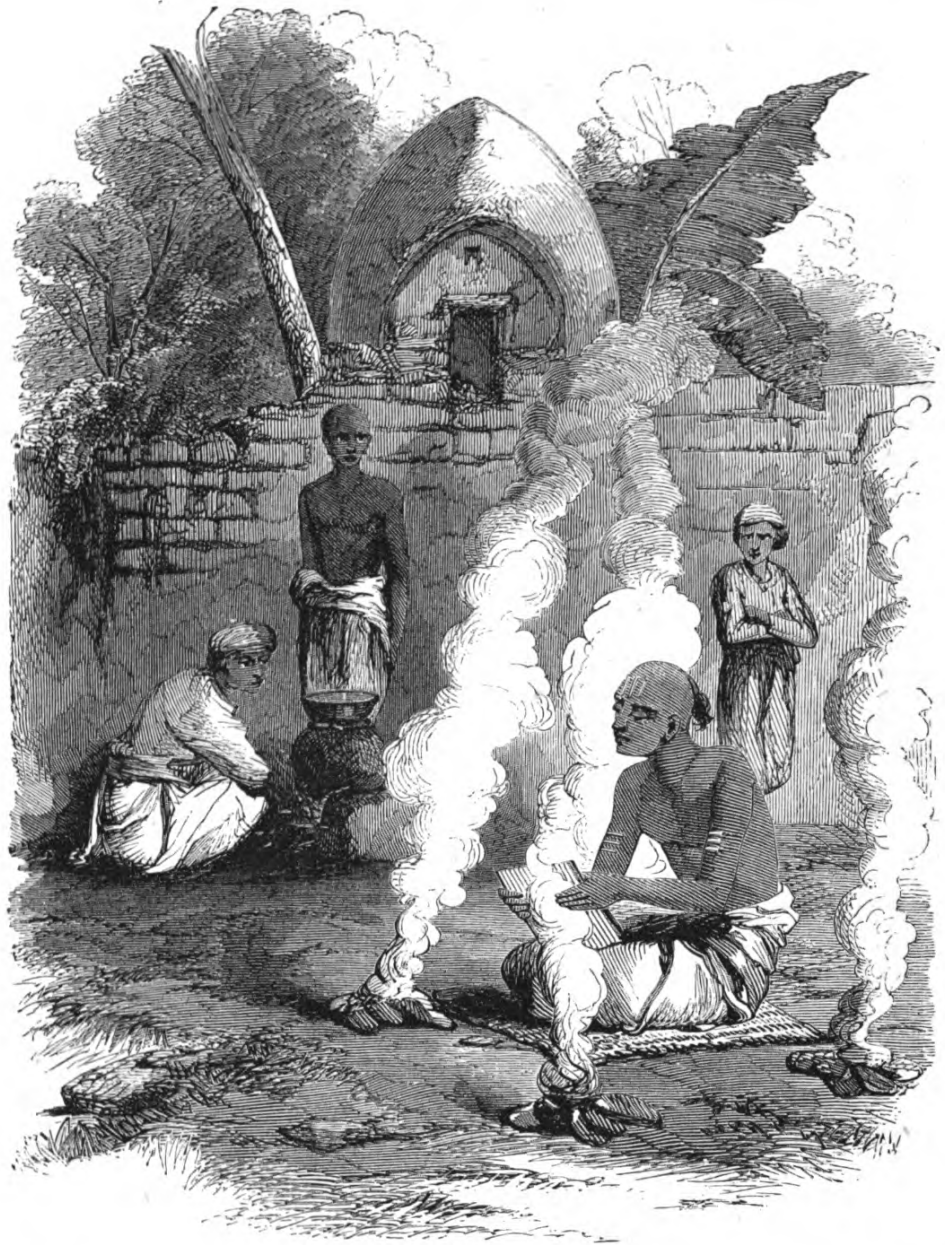
Mary's father has just returned from a long journey, and she is dancing for joy because he has come back.



This bird is one of the most curious of its kind, and is only to be found in the interior of New Guinea. The ground-colour of its plumage is very black, scaled on the head with brilliant feathers of green and blue. Over its breast it has a shield formed of narrow stiff feathers of a bluish green colour, and with a satiny gloss. It has also an extraordinary shield of velvety black at the back of its neck, glossed with bronze and purple. The outermost feathers are a little longer than the wings, and when raised along with the breast-shield, quite change the appearance of the bird.



The field-lark is not unlike the tit-lark ; but we never hear of the lazy cuckoo laying its egg in the field-lark's nest, as it often does with the tit-lark, even though the latter has six of her own to look after, and the field-lark only four. Perhaps the cuckoo notices the tit-lark making an extra cosy nest, lining it with fine grass and horse-hair ; and choosing, too, the shelter of a furze-bush. The field-lark is easily known by its flight. It mounts up in a fluttering way, and after some time descends to a tree with motionless wings and tail expanded ; from thence it alights on the ground, warbling all the time.



This is a devout Brahmin sitting on his mat in the centre of a circle of sacred fire. He is busy reading his prayers to Brahma; while the other men we see are looking on, listening to him with reverence and attention.



Here is an Indian sitting at his ease, smoking his curious pipe, while his wife is grinding the flour for supper. He takes care not to fatigue himself ; while he makes his poor wife work very hard, and rarely says a kind word to her.



Little Lily and Ada are watching the gold-fish.



Grandpapa must not be disturbed till he drinks his coffee.



These boys, though they are poor beggars, are very happy-looking. One has got a large piece of bread, and his dog is begging hard for a piece too.



This Dutch mother is teaching her little girl how to prepare the carrots for dinner; and the little maid is listening and watching very attentively.



Here is a poor sailor who has been shipwrecked and cast on an uninhabited island. It is a very beautiful place, and he admires the strange trees and plants and the lovely birds that fly about from tree to tree ; while he is not afraid of dying of hunger, for there are plenty of cocoa-nuts and breadfruit-trees ; but for all that he feels very lonely.



Poor man ! here he is again. He is quite tired of sitting in the woods listening to the parrots and monkeys chattering over his head, and he has wandered away to the sea-shore, hoping that now there may be some ship in sight. But, alas ! there is nothing but the wide blue sea.



What a pretty bee-hive ! surely no lazy drones will venture to come here. If they do, I am sure the clever bees will turn them out.



Harry has brought a piece of cake for his parrot. He is teaching it to say "Thank you, sir," before he lets it have any. The parrot has got a piece of apple, and is pretending it does not hear—for it is very lazy about learning any new words. Harry, however, is patient and persevering, and the parrot will be sure to yield at last.



Here are three clever jackdaws peering about among the ruins of this old castle for a place to build their nests. They have left their cousins the rooks to make theirs in the high trees; but the jackdaw prefers a nice sheltered place for his young ones. Would you believe that the jackdaw is a sad thief, and steals all sorts of glittering things it can pick up!



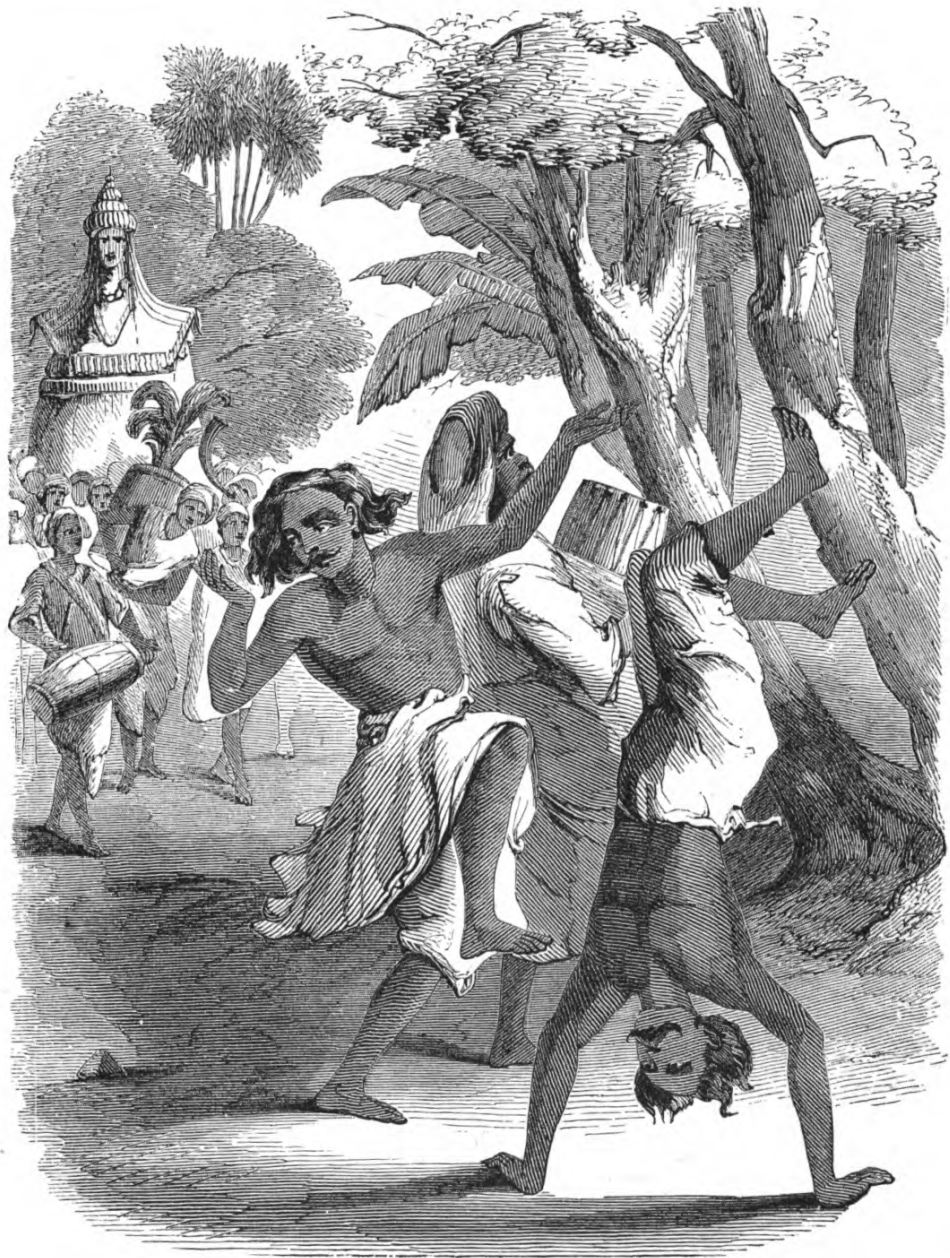
Alice has climbed over the rocks, and is sitting watching the tide coming in. She likes to hear the sound of the waves rippling in among the stones, and breaking in lovely white spray.



Ah! here is Herbert looking through his grandfather's long telescope to see if his father's boat is coming in. His sister Lucy has brought their little brother Tom with her, and he has fallen asleep.



This Indian is getting a water-carrier to pour some water into his hands, that he may not be polluted, and so lose caste, by touching the vessel. He has travelled a long way, and is very thirsty.



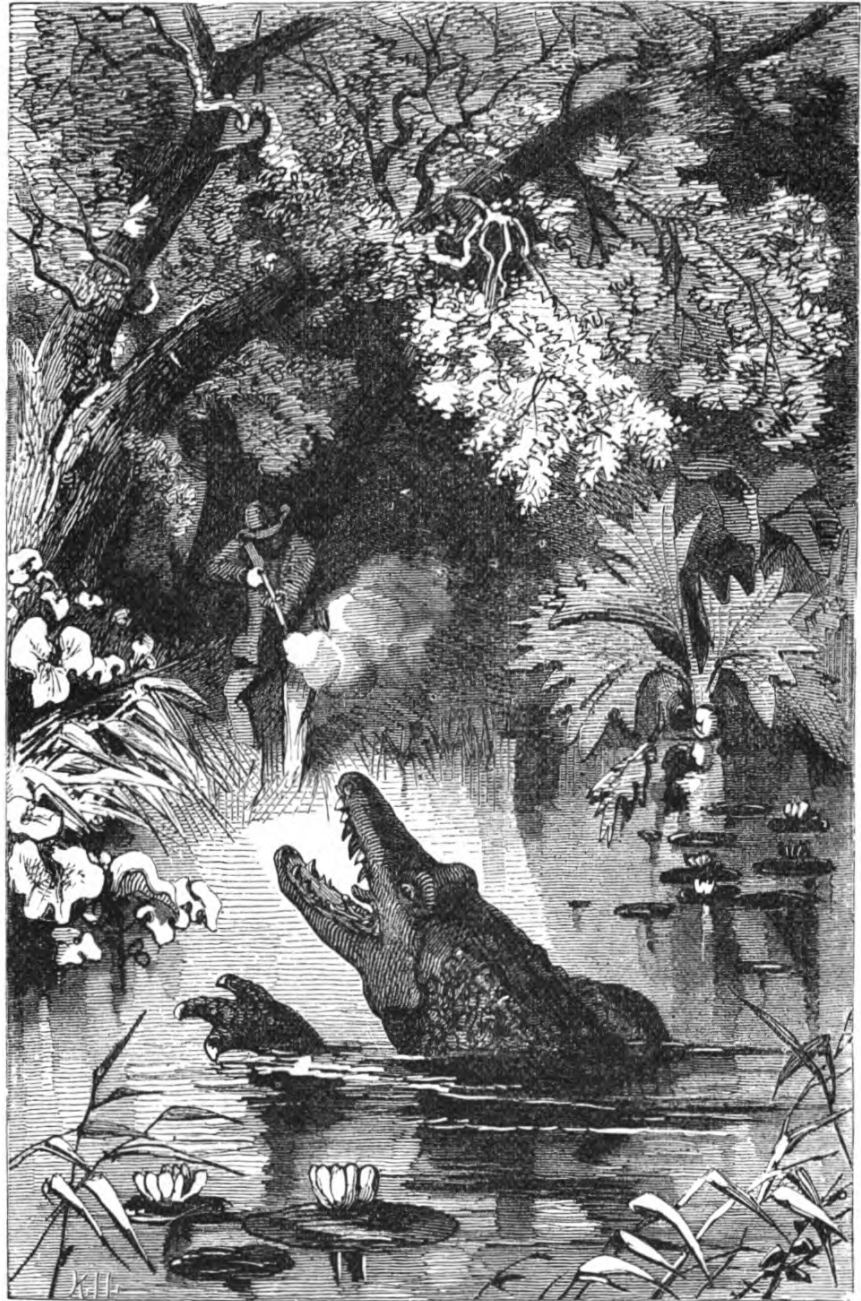
Here is an Indian idol being carried about the country. It is quite a procession, and the musicians are making as much noise as they possibly can. Some people are dancing and tumbling somersaults before it, fancying this pleases it.



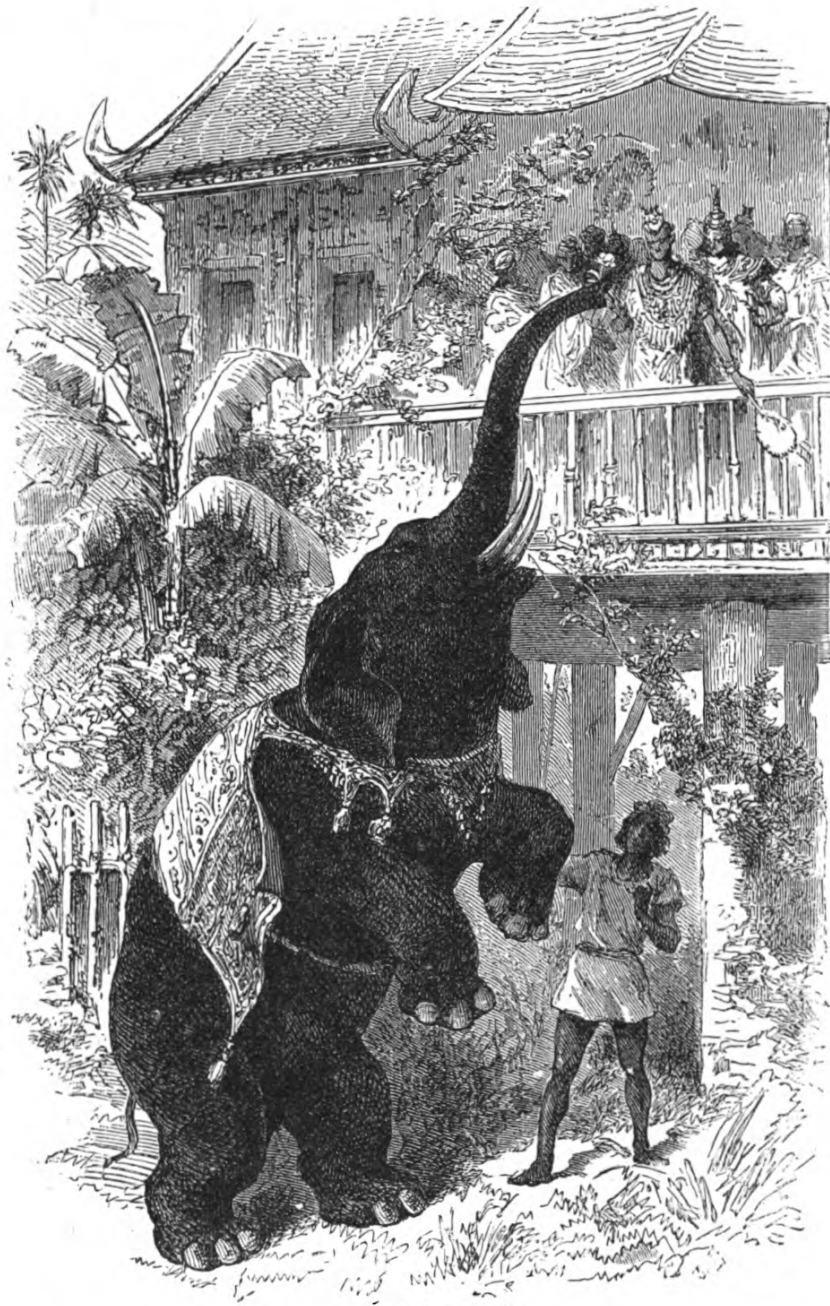
These little children are having a long summer holiday in the woods, and are enjoying themselves very much.



Little Kitty is afraid of the bees; but her cousin Grace is telling her how they are far too busy to notice any one.



This man must be brave indeed, to go so close to such a terrible animal. The crocodile has a very hard, tough skin, so that it is indeed difficult to kill it.



We all admire the elephant, so large and strong, and yet so good-natured and docile. This performing one has plucked a flower, and is handing it to an Indian princess.



These boys are having a nice game in the playground belonging to the school. John has got a ball, and is trying to toss it into one of the caps.



School is over for the day, and now there is time to have a good long game at bowls before the tea-bell rings.



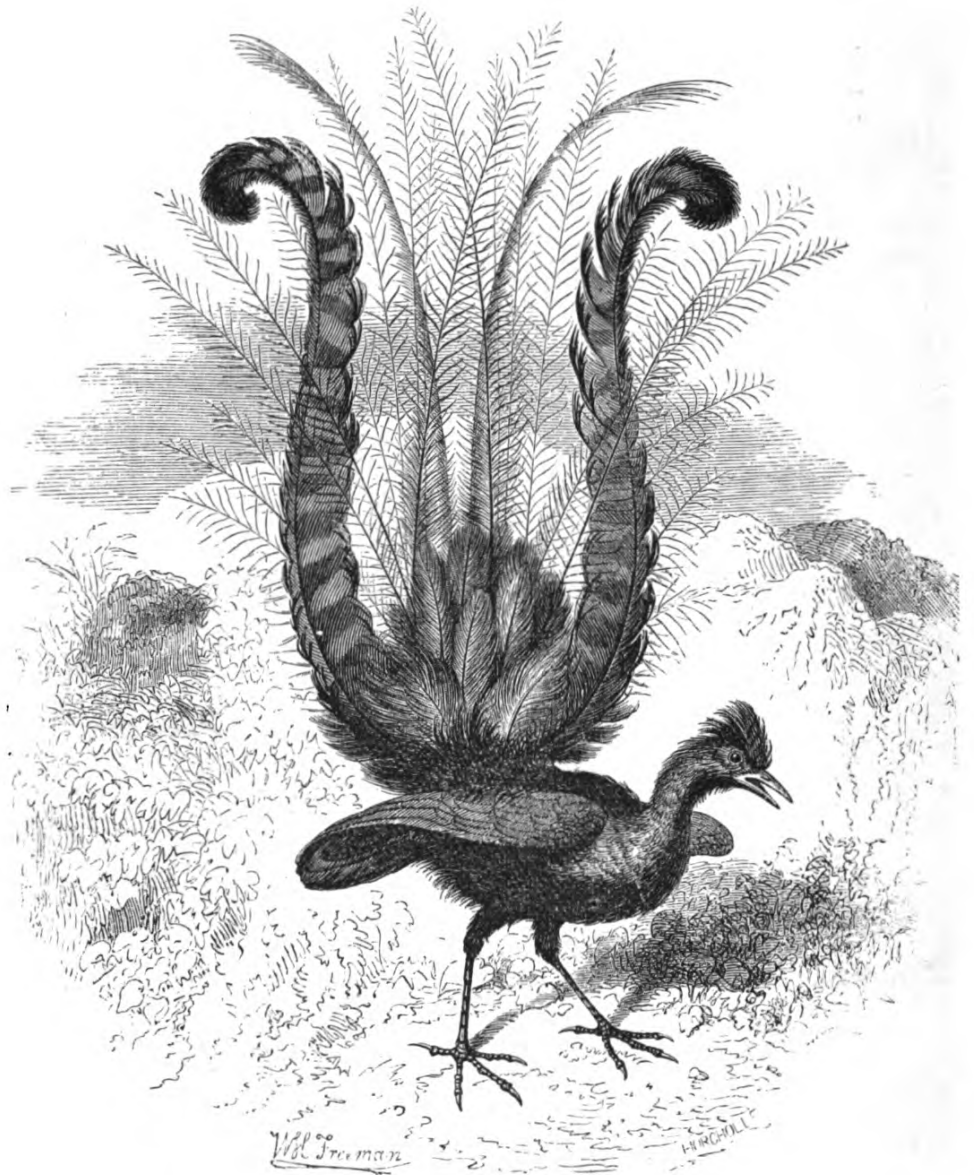
Here is Dick riding Black Prince, and jumping over fences and ditches as if they were nothing!



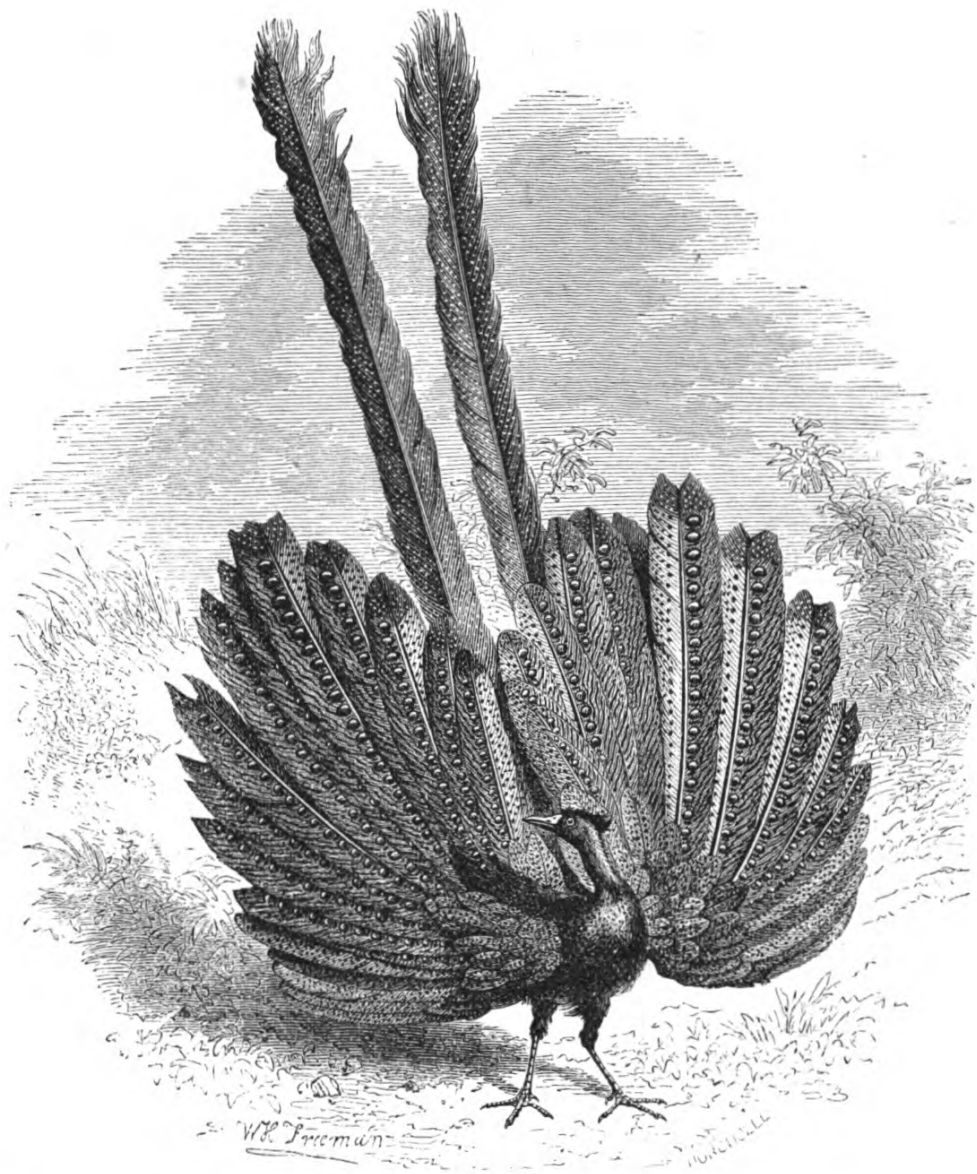
The pleasantest hour in little Nelly's day, is when her mamma puts aside her work and reads aloud a nice story.



This poor black woman is so grateful for the food given to her, that she is saying "Thank you!" on her knees.



Here is a very curious bird, called a lyre-bird. It is a native of New South Wales, and is said to be a very shy bird. It cannot fly at all well, but it can run very fast, and to a great distance, as its legs are long and strong. It builds itself a large nest with sticks.



This pheasant is called argus, or many-eyed, because each long feather is beautifully ornamented with a row of eyes. Though its wings are so large, and its two tail-feathers so long, still it cannot fly at all well ; and, like the lyre-bird, it trusts a good deal to its legs.



Oh! what an untidy room! Poor nurse is driven nearly stupid, wondering how she is to get all the clothes packed into the trunks in time. It is very naughty of Matilda to be so cross and tiresome, when she must know it is no fault of her old nurse that she is going off to school. Her papa has heard the noise in his study downstairs, and has just come up to inquire what is the cause of it all. It is no wonder he is looking very much surprised.



A happy party are returning to the farmhouse with the last cart-load of grain. They have all worked so diligently, that the farmer is going to give them a good supper.



This prince and these princesses are walking in the grounds of the palace by night. They like to watch the moon rising, though it puts out the light of the pretty glow-worm.



The prince and the princesses have now gone into the palace, and are listening to the music of a troop of minstrels and mummers, who are playing and singing outside.



Poor Tony is in a sad state. He had only asked a drink of water from the cooper's wife, and the nearest road to the city, when she flew at him in such a passion, and stormed and scolded as if he had done her a great injury !



Tony's troubles are not over yet! A gentleman who was passing, seeing the cooper's wife in such a passion, fancied the boy must really have done some wrong; so he caught hold of him, and is now marching him off to the guard-house.



The rain is falling very fast, but Alice and Herbert don't mind it a bit, they are so happy together indoors.



Tom is trying to think how nice the rain must be for the thirsty flowers ; but he must sit at home alone all day.



This is a Spanish gipsy's hut; and these are Spanish ladies, who are there to see her and speak to her.



When the Israelites murmured because they had no flesh to eat in the wilderness, God sent them quails.



Katie is very lame, but old Walter, who keeps a flower-stand, is very kind to her, and allows her to sit beside him.



Bertha and her cousins are resting after having had a long walk. They are listening to the lark carolling. Lucy is shading her eyes, for the light hurts them.



Willie has been very sick, and his mamma has come to see him. She is very glad to find he is now fast asleep.



What can Jessie be dreaming about, sitting there with the flowers in her lap, quite away from her companions!



Poor Bob lives in no particular place, but roams about the country. He is a great favourite with all the dogs, because he has a kind heart, and treats them gently.



This is Peter Pratt, who is always cheery, no matter what happens to him. He is now about to mend a large hole in his stocking, and thus try to help himself.



The little crested titmouse is looking as if all Russia and Denmark belonged to it alone. It will surprise you to hear that, though it is such a very small bird, it is very cunning and clever. It looks out for a deserted nest belonging to a crow or a squirrel, and builds its nest therein. By this means it manages to have very secure walls to its snug little house.



The hoopoe prefers to live in warm countries, though it migrates sometimes to more temperate climates. Like the crow, it frequents ploughed lands and pasture-grounds, feeding on the grubs and worms. A great many hoopoes are found about the towns and villages of Egypt, where they build their nests close to the houses. They cry *hoop, hoop!*



Little Alice is on her way home from school. Her father is a shepherd, and his cottage is at a great distance from the village, where the school-house is, so Alice has to rise very early in the morning, that she may be in time when the school opens. She is so fond of her lessons, that the teacher never requires to scold her for being late.



Harry and Jack have found such a pretty primrose in the grass, and are digging it up very carefully, that they may plant it in their sister Mary's garden. It is her birthday, and Harry is so sorry he has spent all his pocket-money on sweets, and forgot to leave some to buy a present for her. Jack was not quite so stupid, and has bought her a lovely bird in a cage. He has hung the cage on a tree, all ready to give her; and the bird is singing away as sweetly as if it were free, and is fluttering its wings quite happily.



Here is Tim, the woodcutter's only son. His father is lying ill at home; but Tim is a fearless climber, and can handle an axe as well as any man.



Oh! what pretty water-lilies! Robert and his sister are getting them out of the water, and little Fanny is going to carry them home in her pinafore.



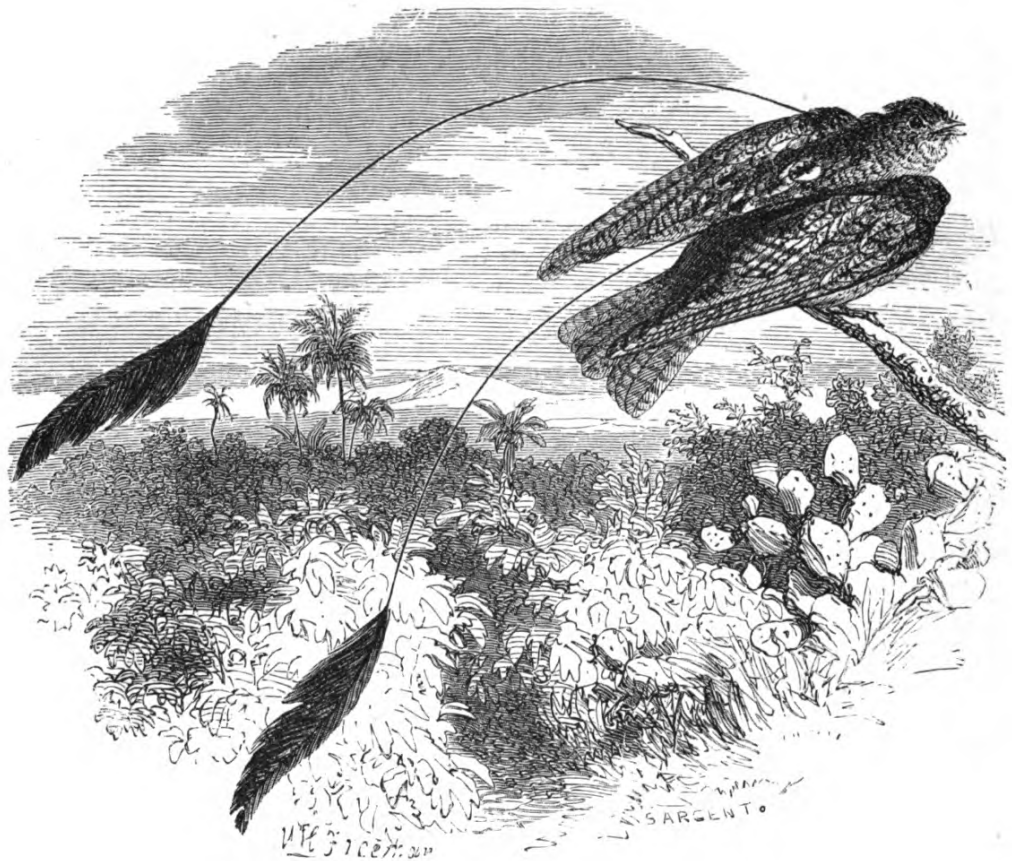
This is the fierce and almost untamable hyena. He has come out, under cover of the darkness, to prowl about in search of prey, and has fallen upon the carcass of some animal among the hills. The hyena is a very cunning beast, for if it is obliged to run, it always pretends to be lame.



Next we see a wild boar; quite as terrible an animal to meet as a hyena. The dogs have hunted it a long way through the valleys, and have come up with it at last; but the boar does not seem to be in the least afraid, for it has strong tusks, and knows how to use them.



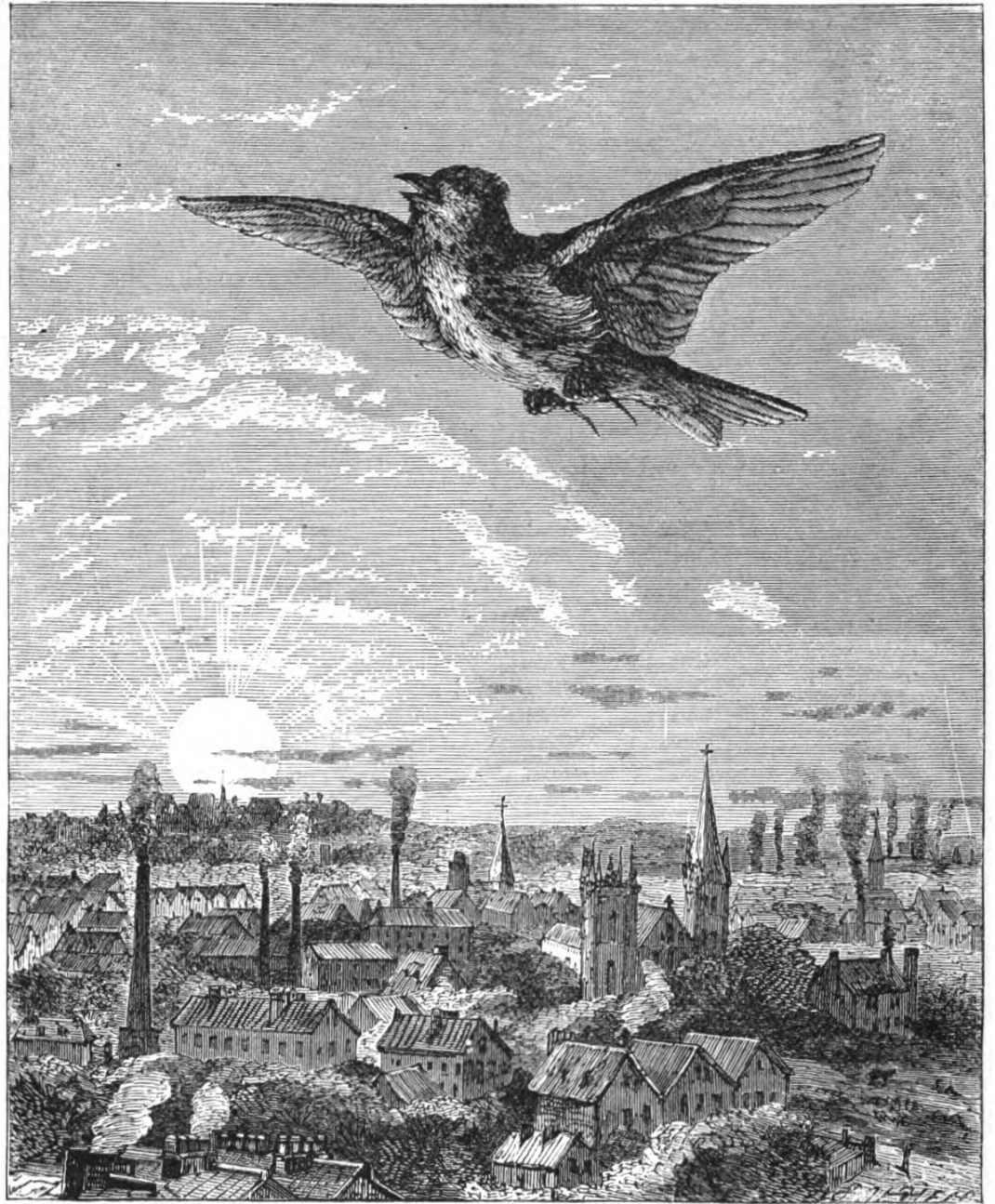
Oh! what a sad fright poor pussy has got! The children have been playing with her for ever so long, pretending she is a hare, and they are the hounds in pursuit. Little Dick has got his papa's telescope for a gun, and has been waiting for a good opportunity to fire it off! Pussy has made a sudden turn round the corner; but just as Jim and Bill were making a pounce at her, they fell over the chairs flat on the floor. Pussy is making her escape as quickly as she can.



This bird is called a goatsucker, though some people like to call it night-jar, and others night-jay. Like the owl, it is seldom seen in the day-time—only when disturbed, or on dark and gloomy days, when its eyes are not dazzled by the bright rays of the sun. It feeds upon moths, gnats, beetles, and other night insects; catching them in its large mouth, which is not only always open when it is flying about, but is lined with a glutinous substance that prevents the escape of its victims. When the goatsucker perceives that its nest is discovered by an enemy, it rolls its eggs to a more secure place.



Here is the bird of paradise called the golden or six-shafted paradise bird. It is to be found in New Guinea, and is very difficult to be had. The plumage, at first sight, appears to be black, but in certain lights it changes into bronze and purple. The throat and breast are scaled with broad, flat, golden feathers, changing in colour to green and blue. Over the forehead is a large patch of pure white feathers, which shine like satin; and from the sides of the head spring the six wonderful feathers from which the bird receives its name.



There goes the pretty skylark, soaring up and up into the blue sky, right over a busy crowded city! It has risen from its snug nest to sing its morning song.



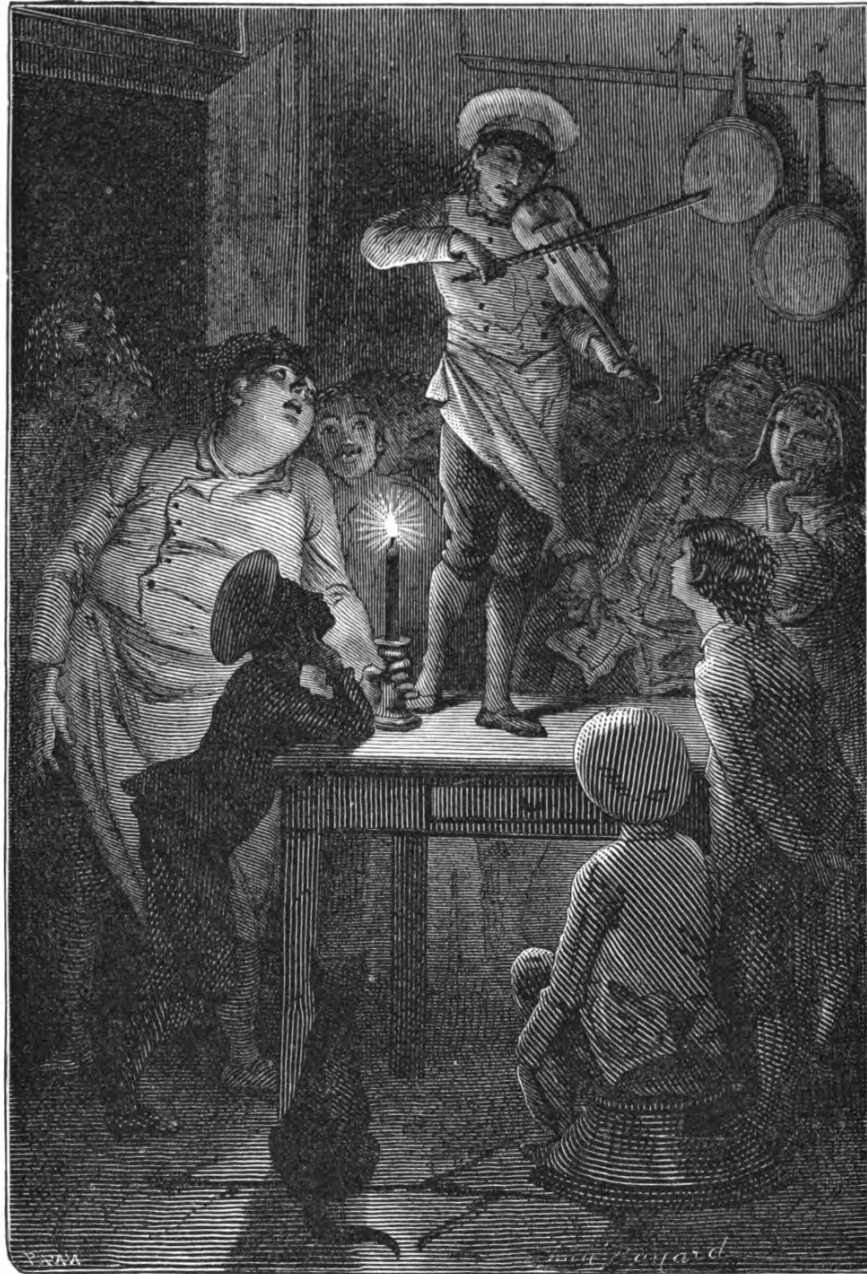
Little Peter is pulling some ripe brambles for his sister Dolly. They have been sent by their mother to the spring, for some water to cook their father's dinner.



Ah! it is not at all kind of Katie to allow her little dog to chase that poor little chicken. Perhaps, though, the chicken had no business to be so far away from home, and Katie may be wanting to give it a good fright, to make it more careful another time. Katie does not look as if she could do a cruel action, for her face is a very good-natured one; and, besides, she may be thinking, as the dog is only a puppy, and its teeth not full grown, it will not hurt the chicken much. She is watching the two very attentively, and is no doubt ready, the moment the little doggie catches hold of the chicken's tail, to seize hold of the doggie by his, and pull him off. The little boy climbing over the gate is her brother Joe; and he is hurrying away home as fast as he can, so that he may feed his rabbits.



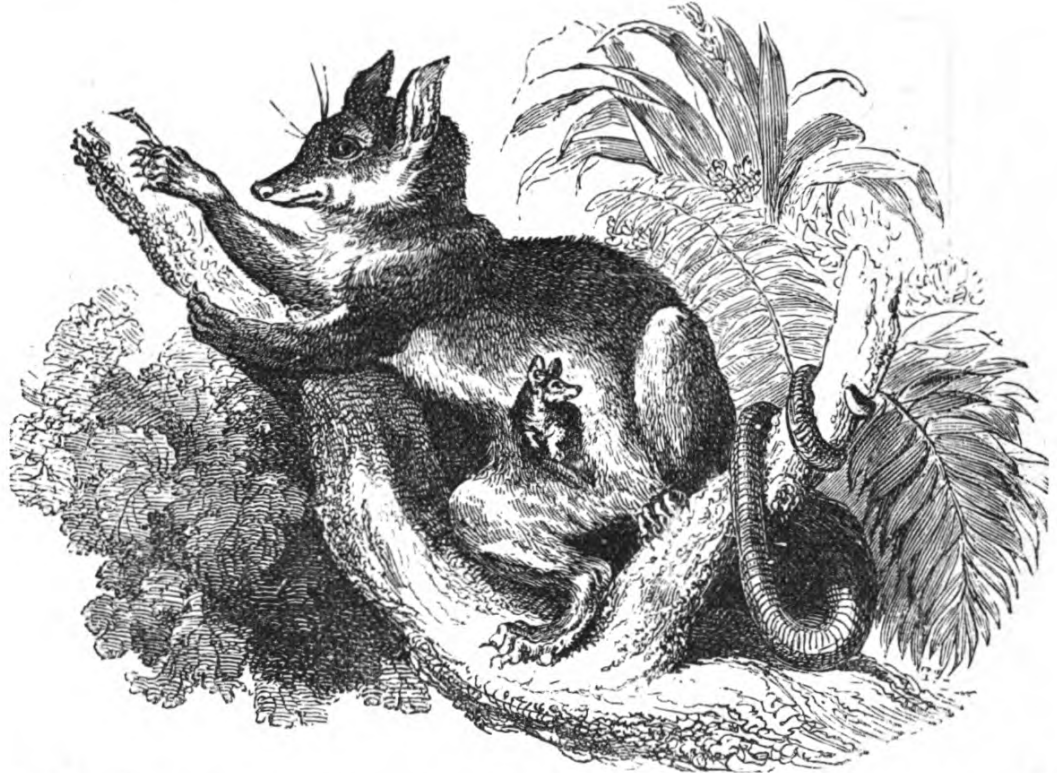
Here is Katie again ! And now we all must feel sure she is a good-natured little girl, and not cruel, as we at first supposed. She has given her little kitten some milk in a saucer, and hasn't even taken time to put off her hat. What can little Polly be looking for on the shelf ? Perhaps she wants to give the kitten some milk too ; for she has got a stool, and is standing up on tiptoe, trying to reach the white mug in which her mother keeps the milk. Where can her mother be ? She had better come in quickly, for Polly may pull the mug over, or step off the stool and hurt herself. If Katie were not so much taken up watching pussy, she would see what her little sister is about.



This is a kitchen in a very large castle, and all the servants have gathered together to hear Edwin, the cook's youngest apprentice, play on his violin. They do not see that their master is looking in at the door.



Here is the studio of an artist in wood-carving. Unknown to his father, young Henry has carved all sorts of beautiful patterns on a wooden plate. His father is so surprised that he can hardly speak a word.



This is an opossum—an animal ranging in size from the one you now see to that of a mouse. The small ones have no pouches, but they have the power of twisting their very long tails round the branches of trees or any secure place; and the little opossums twist their tails round their mother's, and hold on to the fur of her back. The places where opossums chiefly live are in thick woods; their hiding-places or nests being in the hollows of decayed trees. They are very timid animals, and prefer to stay at home all day, or up among the branches. They come out at night in search of their food; which consists of eggs, insects, and small reptiles. The opossum is hunted for the sake of its skin, from which beautiful rugs are often made.



No wonder Joe did not care to linger with Katie on their way home from school, when he has such a very lovely pair of rabbits as these to feed. You may know by their appearance they are very well attended to, for they are as fat and handsome as possible. The white one is the largest; but it is not because it eats the most, for Joe thinks the black one always eats double the quantity. Katie laughs at Joe for saying the white one is fat because it is tame, as if that could make any difference in its appearance; but Joe is quite right, for it shows the rabbit has a good, calm temper. It never flies away from Joe, as if he meant to hurt it, as the black one does, running round and round the hutch in such a state of fright.



Lily and her little sister, who live in that pretty cottage, have come to see the ducks in the pond.



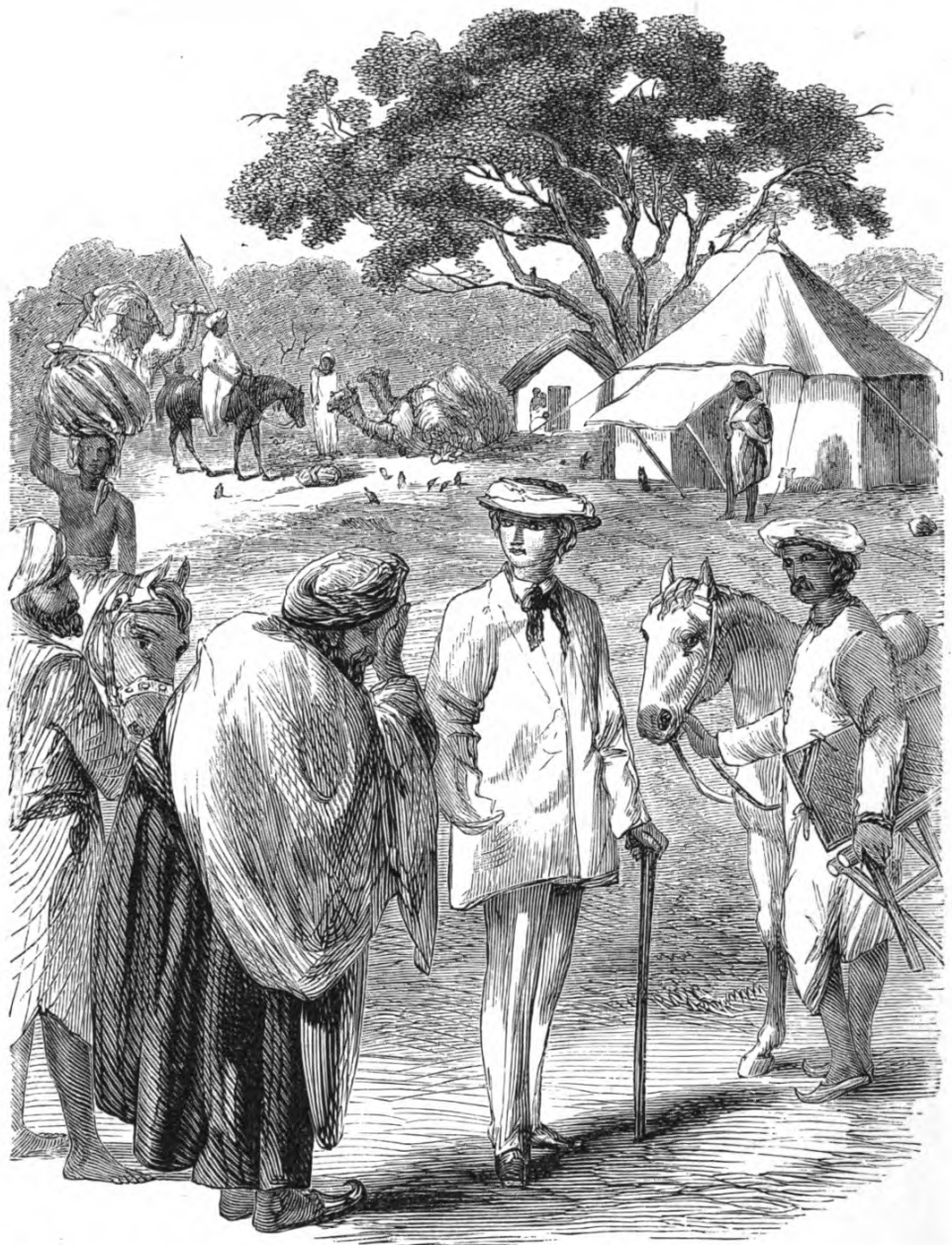
The farmer's children have come to spend the day beside the haymakers, and have been gathering wild flowers.



This poor black sailor and this little cabin-boy are shipwrecked, and afloat on a raft. Their ship is quite deserted.



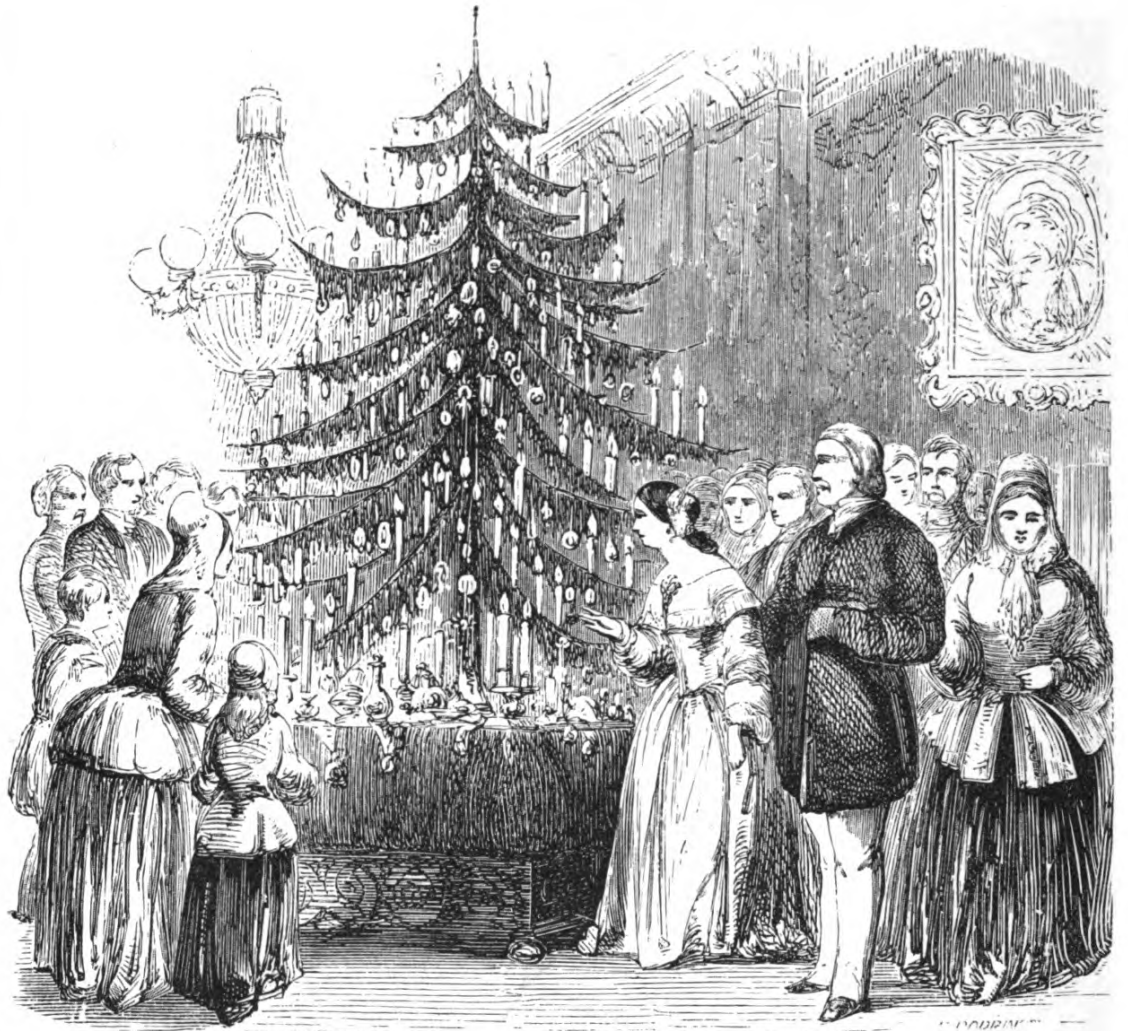
Here are some old women sitting together, while one of them is reading a portion out of her Bible.



This gentleman is an artist, and he has alighted from his horse for the purpose of drawing a nice picture of these Indians and their camels. The gentleman's servant, you see, is carrying his portfolio and his camp-stool.



These children have stupidly allowed the tide to overtake them, and now they are in very great danger. Maud is safe; but poor Charley is still in the water, and is so frightened he can hardly help himself; but Hubert will pull him out.



Oh! what a very lovely Christmas-tree! There must surely be a present for everybody in the room, both old and young. You will notice there are ever so many pretty things laid on the table, for the tree could not bear the weight of so many fine things; besides, they might interfere with the candles and the lovely decorations. The people we see looking at the tree are Germans; and all Germans manage to have one, however poor they may be.



These ladies live in a pretty house in a wood. They very seldom have any visitors, but to-day the pastor of the village has come to inquire how they all are.



Those children have been out all morning in the wood gathering wild flowers, and are still a long way from home, so they have stopped to eat some wild fruit.



We like to see boys kind and attentive to the animals they are allowed to have for pets, but we like still better to see them loving and affectionate to their baby brothers and sisters. Here are Charley and George, each with a baby on his knee; holding them so comfortably, too, that they are lying quite quietly—Charley even managing to read a book, as his baby brother is so good; but little Lucy is more restless, and so George has to amuse her, which he does quite willingly. The little babies are twins; and as there are more children being put to bed, the boys are doing their best to help their mother.



