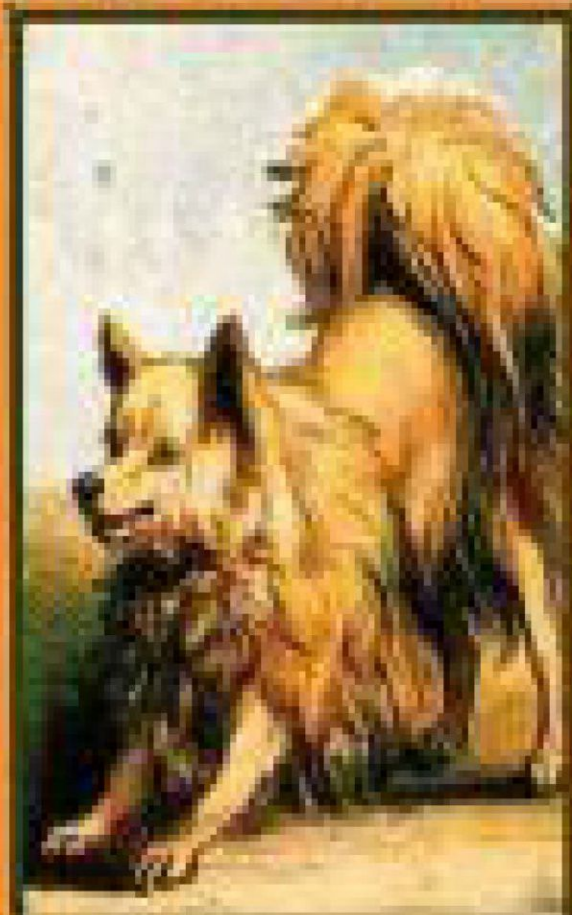


My First



Picture Book



*by Joseph
Martin Kronheim*

My First Picture Book

With Thirty-six Pages of Pictures

Printed in Colours by Kronheim

Author: Joseph Martin Kronheim

Illustrator: Joseph Martin Kronheim

MY FIRST ALPHABET

A a

Ark

C c

Cat

B b

Baby

D d

Dog



E e

Ear

G g

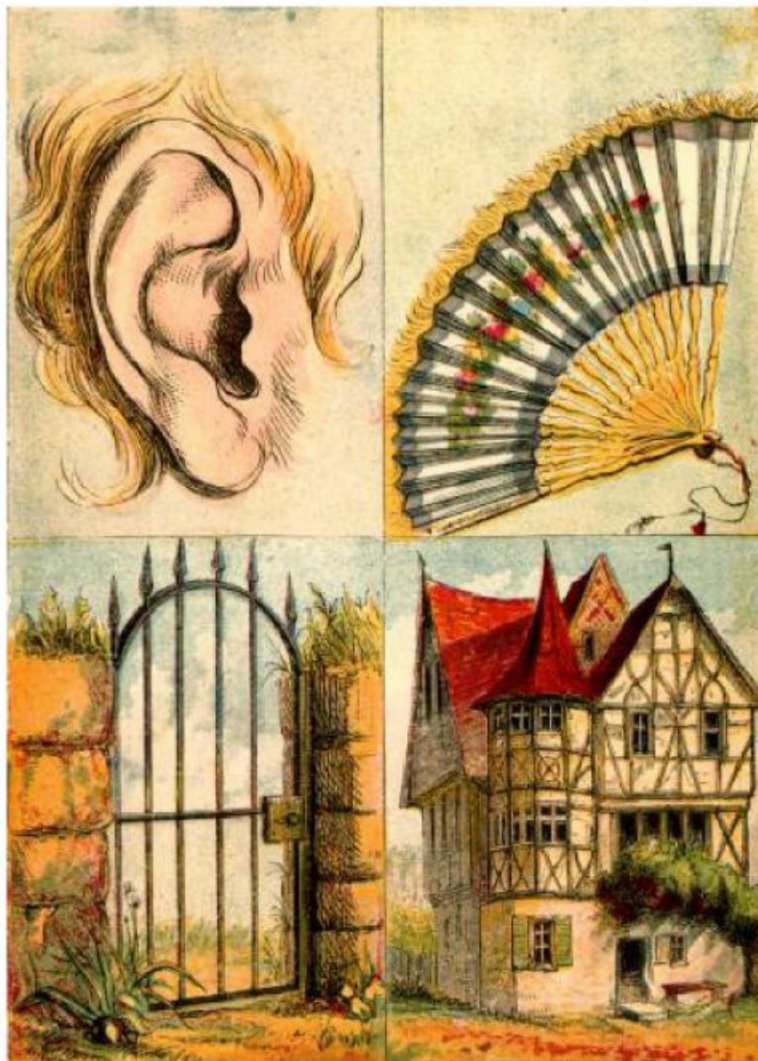
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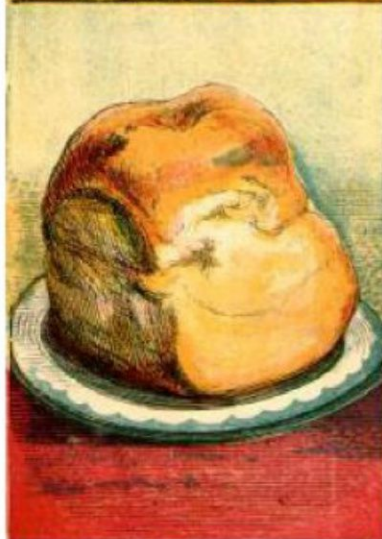
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Man



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Nut

P p

Pan

O o

Owl

Q q

Queen



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Rat

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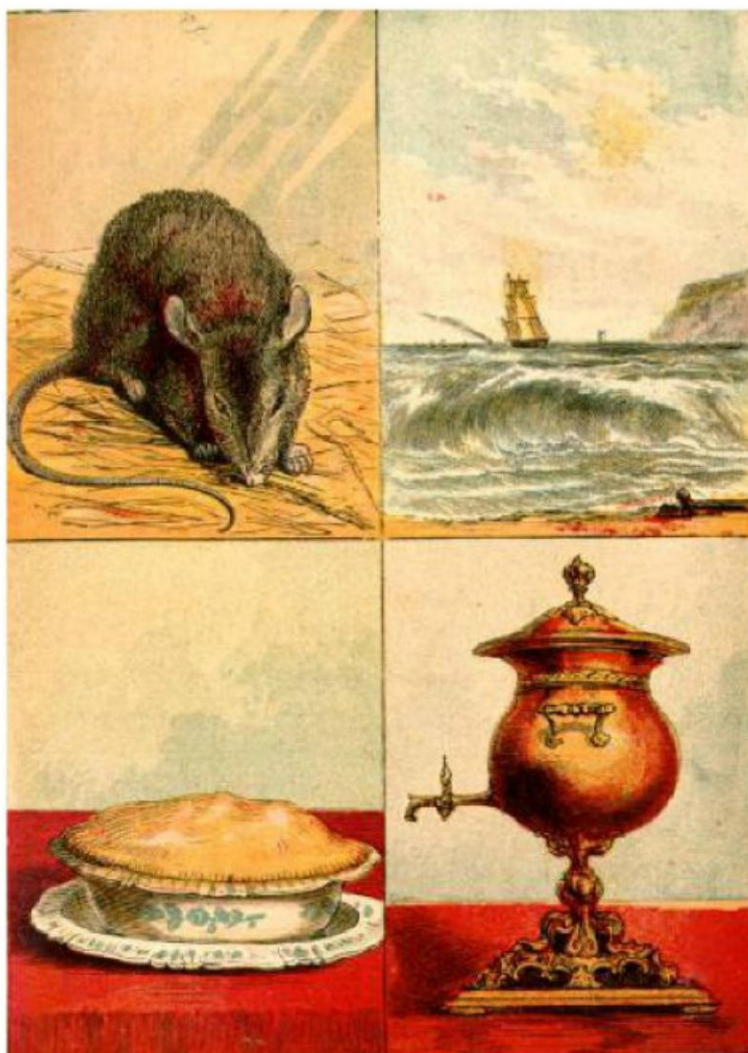
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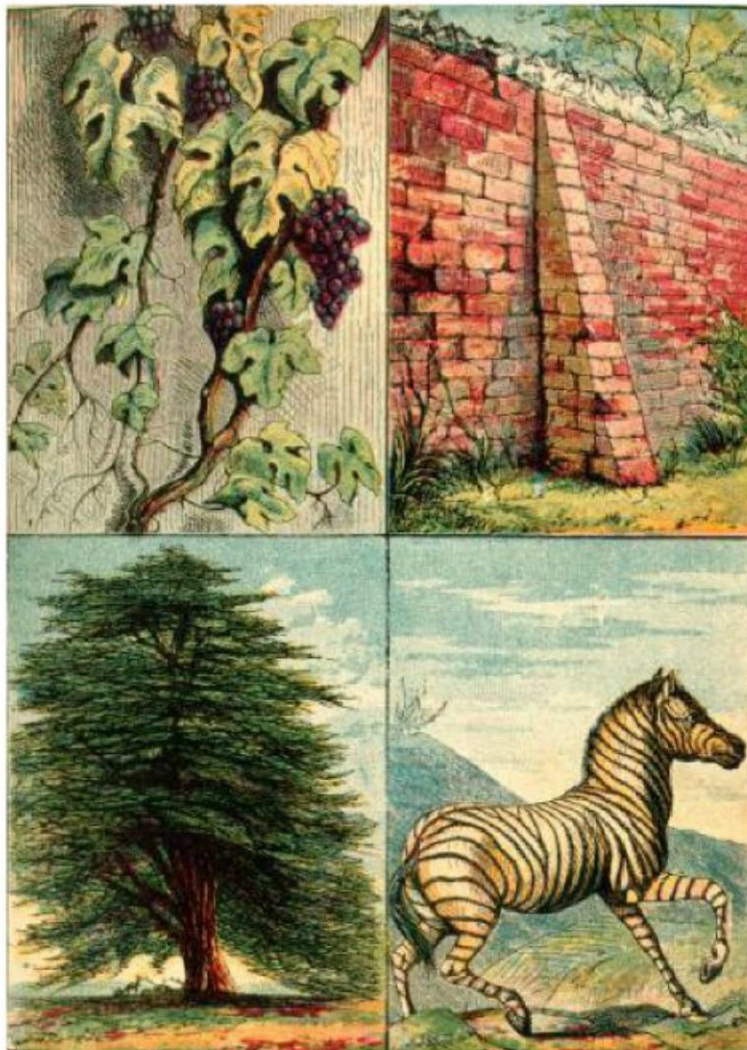
Yew

W w

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Z z

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THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

Once on a time there was a Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. This shoe stood near a great forest, and was so large that it served as a house for the Old Lady and all her children, of which she had so many that she did not know what to do with them.



But the Little Old Woman was very fond of her children, and they only thought of the best way to please her. Strong-arm, the eldest, cut down trees for firewood. Peter made baskets of wicker-work. Mark was chief gardener. Lizzie milked the cow, and Jenny taught the younger children to read.

Now this Little Old Woman had not always lived in a Shoe. She and her family had once dwelt in a nice house covered with ivy, and her husband was a wood-cutter, like Strong-arm. But there lived in a huge castle beyond the forest, a fierce giant, who one day came

and laid their house in ruins with his club; after which he carried off the poor wood-cutter to his castle beyond the forest. When the Little Old Woman came home, her house was in ruins and her husband was no where to be seen.



Night came on, and as the father did not return, the Old Lady and her family went to search for him. When they came to that part of the wood where the Giant had met their father, they saw an immense shoe. They spent a long time weeping and calling out for their father, but met with no reply. Then the Old Lady thought that they had better take shelter in the shoe until they could build a new house. So Peter and Strong-arm put a roof to it, and cut a door, and turned it into a dwelling. Here they all lived happily for many years, but the Little Old Lady never forgot her husband and his sad fate. Strong-arm, who saw how wretched his mother often was about it, proposed to the next eleven brothers that they should go with him and set their father free from the Giant. Their mother knew the Giant's strength, and would not hear of the attempt, as she feared they would be killed. But Strong-arm was not afraid. He bought a dozen sharp swords, and Peter made as many strong shields and helmets, as well as cross-bows and iron-headed arrows. They were now quite

ready; Strong-arm gave the order to march, and they started for the forest. The next day they came in sight of the Giant's Castle. Strong-arm, leaving his brothers in a wood close by, strode boldly up to the entrance, and seized the knocker. The door was opened by a funny little boy with a large head, who kept grinning and laughing.



Strong-arm then walked boldly across the court-yard, and presently met a page, who took off his hat and asked him what he wanted. Strong-arm said he had come to liberate his father, who was kept a prisoner by the Giant; on this the little man said he was sorry for him, because the part of the castle in which his father was kept was guarded by a large dragon. Strong-arm, nothing daunted, soon found the monster, who was fast asleep, so he made short work of him by sending his sword right through his heart; at which he jumped up, uttering a loud scream, and made as if he would spring forward and seize Strong-arm; but the good sword had done its work, and the monster fell heavily on the ground, dead.



Now the Giant, who had been drinking much wine, was fast asleep in a remote part of the castle. Strong-arm had no sooner finished the Dragon, than up started the funny little boy who had opened the door. He led Strong-arm round to another part of the court-yard, where he saw his poor father, who at once sprung to his feet, and embraced him. Then Strong-arm called up his brothers, and when they had embraced their father, they soon broke his chain and set him free.

We must now return to the Little Old Woman. After her sons had started she gave way to the most bitter grief. While she was in this state, an old witch came up to her, and said she would help her, as she hated the Giant, and wished to kill him. The Old Witch then took the little Old Lady on her broom, and they sailed off through the air, straight to the Giant's castle.



Now this old Witch had great power, and at once afflicted the Giant with corns and tender feet. When he awoke from his sleep he was in such pain that he could bear it no longer, so he thought he would go in search of his missing shoe, which, like the other one he had in his castle, was easy and large for his foot. When he came to the spot where the Old Lady and her children lived, he saw his old shoe, and with a laugh that shook the trees, he thrust his foot into it, breaking through the roof that Strong-arm and Peter had put to it. The children, in great alarm, rushed about inside the shoe, and frightened and trembling, scrambled through the door and the slits which the Giant had formerly made for his corns. By this time the witch and the Little Old Lady, as also Strong-arm, his eleven brother and his father, were come up to the spot. Strong-arm and his brothers shot their arrows at him till at last he fell wounded, when Strong-arm went up to him and cut off his head. Then the father and the Little Old Woman and all their children built a new house, and lived happily ever afterwards.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

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

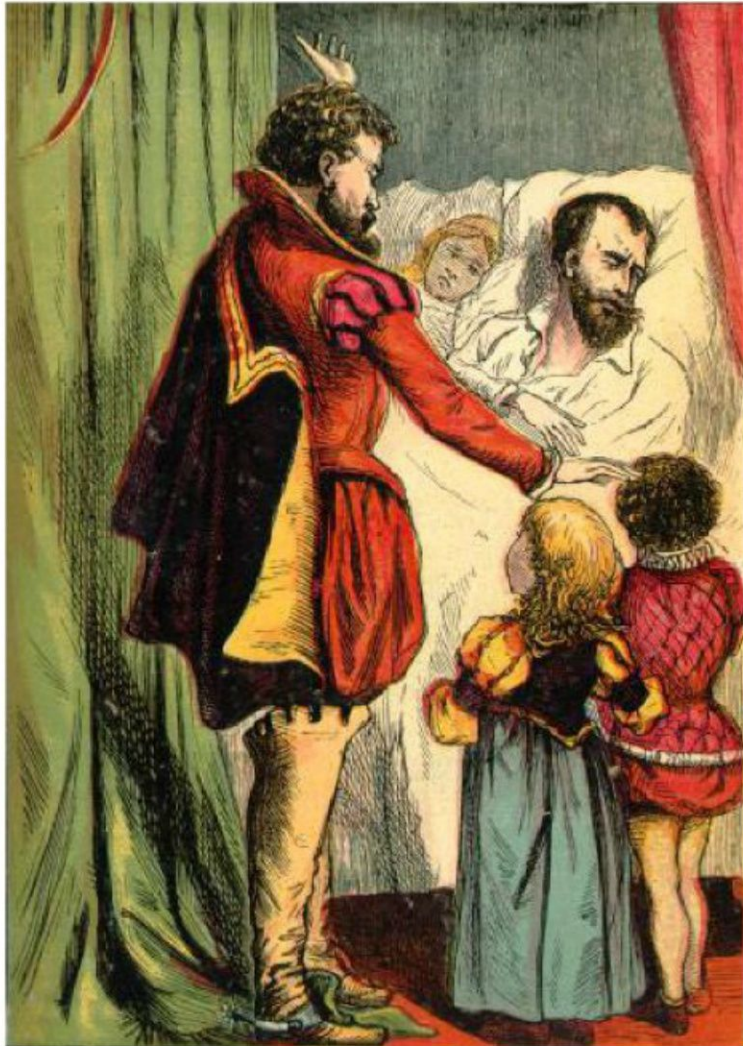
Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,

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.

Now 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 friend else have they here.”

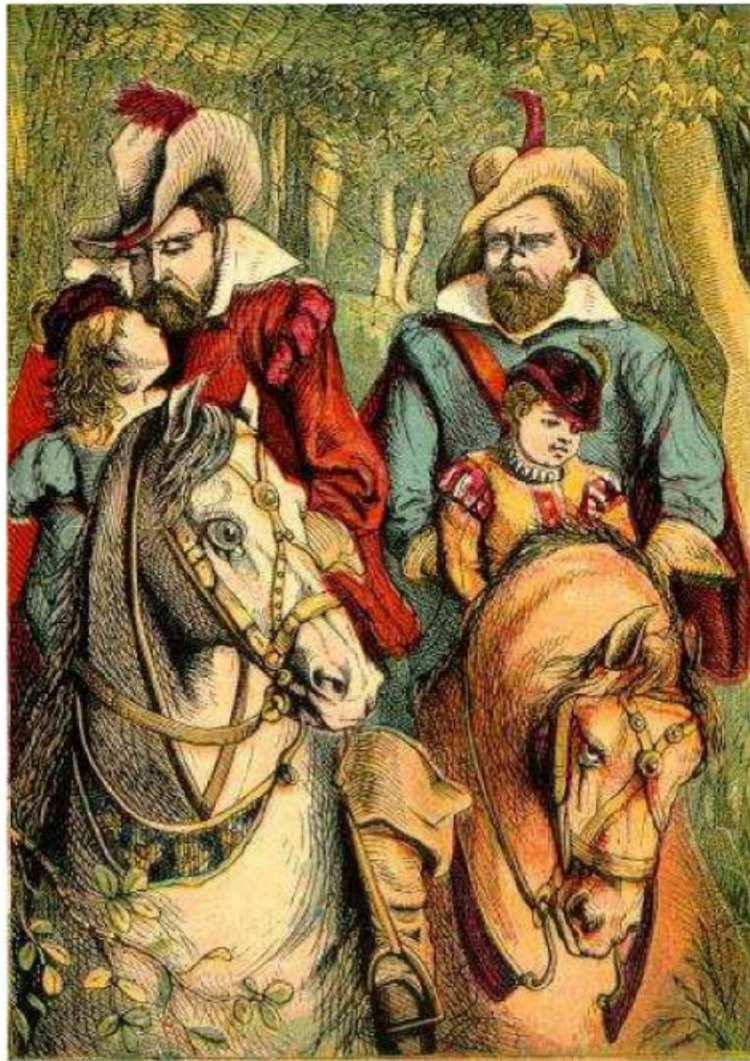


Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

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

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

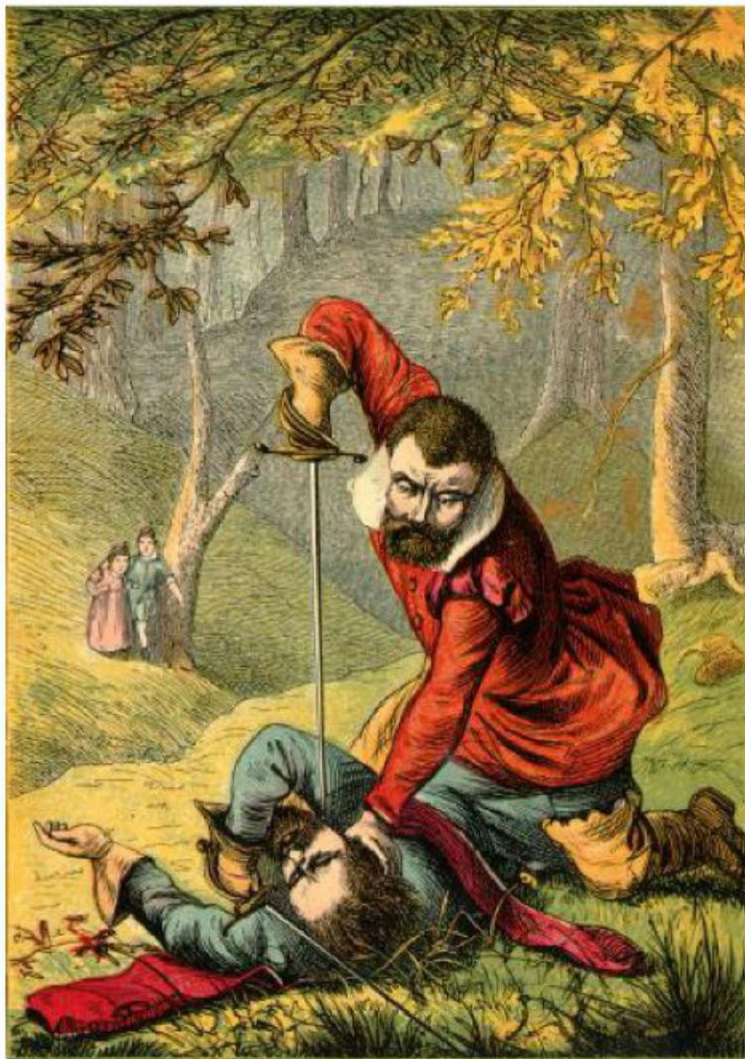


So that the pretty speech they had,
Made the ruffians' heart relent;
And they that took the deed to do,
Full sorely did repent.

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!



He took the children by the hand,
While they for bread complain:
“Stay here,” said 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:



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.



The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
As was God's blessed will:

And did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

“Little Bo-Peep she lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them.
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them!”



So runs the Nursery Rhyme. Little Bo-Peep was a very nice little girl. Her cheeks had a bloom on them like a lovely peach, and her voice sounded like a sweet silver bell.

But though Little Bo-Peep was as good as she was beautiful, she sometimes met with misfortunes that made her very sad. Once, when she lost her sheep, she was very doleful indeed. And this is how it happened.

One summer evening, when the sun was setting, Little Bo-Peep, who had to rise very early in the morning, felt tired, and sat down on a bank covered with daisies. Being very weary she soon fell fast asleep. Now the Bell-wether of Bo-Peep's flock was a most stupid and stubborn fellow. I dare say you know that all the sheep in a flock will follow the Bell-wether, and that he always wears a bell round his neck. It was a great pity, but the Bell-wether of Bo-Peep's flock was very wild, and was much given to wander far away into the wood, where of course the rest of the sheep would follow him.

Finding Little Bo-Peep asleep, the tiresome fellow began by standing on his hind legs and making a great bow to his shadow before him on the grass. After this he whirled himself round like a top, shaking his head all the time, and ringing his bell.



Very soon the rest of the flock began to dance and caper too. And when they had wheeled round their leader for a time, they ran off after him with a bound into the wood. Away they went, till they were quite tired out; and then they came to a stand-still, staring at their leader with very blank faces. But the Bell-wether looked foolish enough now, and did nothing but shake his head slowly and ring his bell, which seemed to say quite clearly, "You are lost, you are lost!"

When Little Bo-Peep awoke she found her sheep gone, and hardly knowing what she did, she walked on and on, far into the wood. She met some people with hoes and rakes in their hands, and asked them if they had seen her sheep. But they only laughed at her, and said, No. One man was very cross, and threatened to beat her. At last she came to a stile, on which an old Raven was perched. He looked so wise that Little Bo-Peep asked him whether he had seen a flock of sheep. But he only cried "Caw, caw, caw;" so Bo-Peep ran on again across the fields.



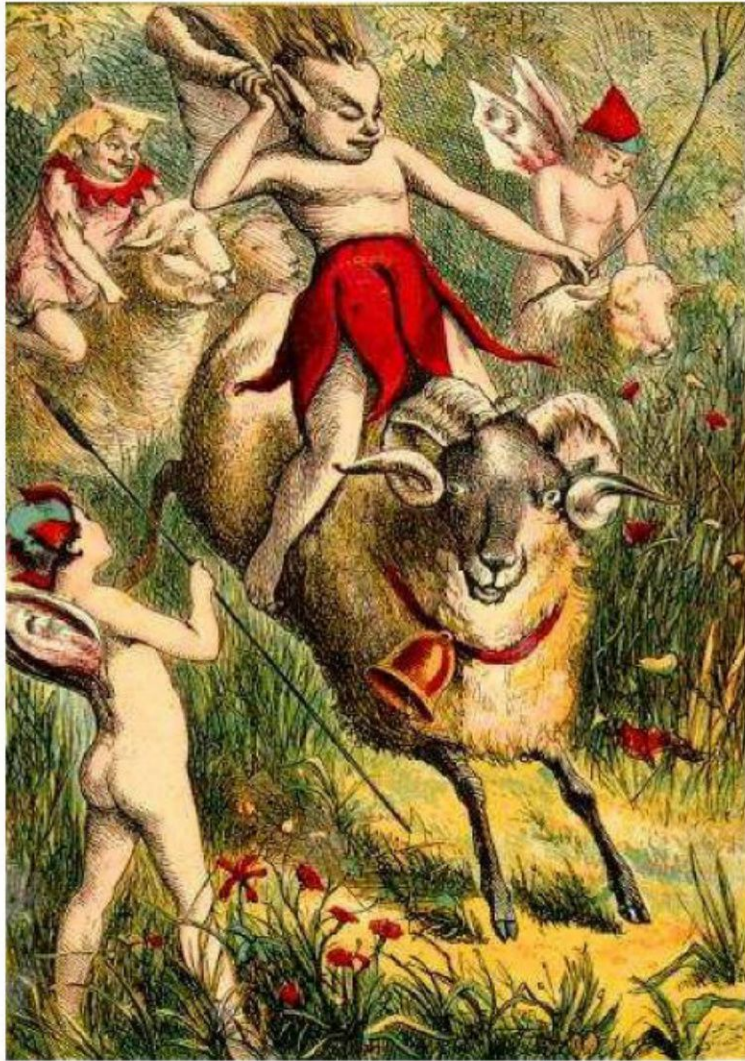
She wandered on till night-fall, and being faint with hunger, was very glad to see a light just before her. As she went on, she saw that it shone from a cottage window. But when she came to the door, it looked so dark and dismal that she was afraid to go in, and was just going to run away, when a cross-looking old woman came out, and dragged her into the cottage. She made her sit by the side of her son, who was a very ugly youth with a great red face and red hair.



The old woman told him that she had brought Bo-Peep to be his wife, so Bo-Peep, who did not like him at all, ran away while they were asleep. But she did not know where to go, and gave herself up for lost, when she heard something cry, “tu-whit—tu-who,” in the tree above her. It was a great owl, which began flapping its wings with joy. Bo-Peep was frightened at first, but as the owl seemed very kind, she followed it. It took her to a cottage where there was plenty to eat and drink, and then, to Bo-Peep's great surprise, it began to speak, and told her this story:—

“Know, dear Maiden,” said the owl, “that I am the daughter of a King, and was a lovely Princess; but I was changed into an owl by the old woman at the cottage, because I would not marry her ugly son. But I have heard the fairies say that one day a lovely maiden, who would come into this wood to find her lost sheep, should be the means of my gaining my own form again. You are that pretty maid, and I will take you to a spot where you will find your sheep, but without their tails. The elves will play with them for this night, but in the morning every sheep will have its tail again, except the stupid Bell-wether. You must then wave his tail three times over my head, and I shall resume my shape again.”

The owl flew off, and led Bo-Peep into the wood, and said, "Sleep, maiden, I will watch." How long she was asleep she could not tell, but the charmed spot was suddenly lighted up, and she saw the Queen of the Fairies seated on a bank. The Queen said the sheep should be punished for running away. She then saw all her sheep come trooping into the place, and on every sheep there was an Elf, who held in his hand a sheep's tail.



After riding them about for some time, and having great fun with them, the mad sport ceased, and each Elf restored the tail to his sheep—all but the Bell-wether's, which their leader hid in a tree. When Bo-Peep awoke, she saw the owl flapping its wings as if to remind her of her promise; so she fetched the tail, and waved it three times over its head, when up started the most charming Princess that ever was seen. The princess gave Bo-Peep a beautiful cottage, and her sheep never ran away from their kind mistress again.



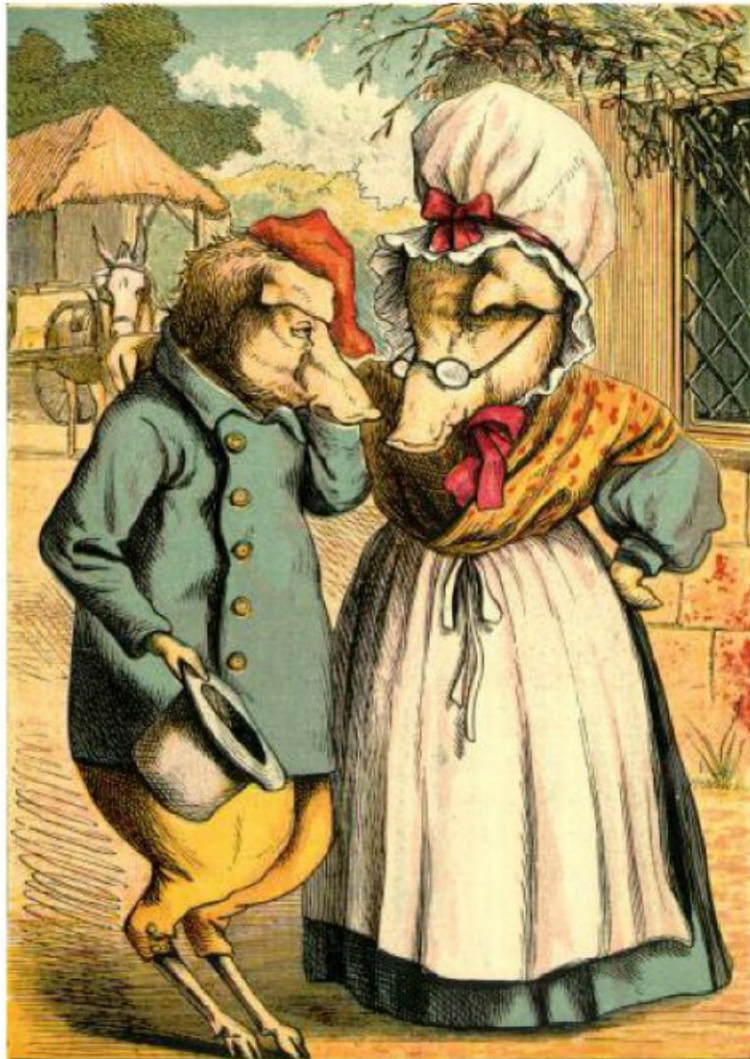
THE HISTORY OF FIVE LITTLE PIGS.



The Little Pig who Went to Market.

There was once a family of Five Little Pigs, and Mrs. Pig, their mother, loved them all very dearly. Some of these little pigs were very good, and took a great deal of trouble to please her. The eldest pig was so active and useful that he was called Mr. Pig. One day he went to market with his cart full of vegetables, but Rusty, the donkey, began to show his bad temper before he had gone very far on the road. All the coaxing and whipping would not make him move. So Mr. Pig took him out of the shafts, and being very strong, drew the cart to market himself. When he got there, all the other pigs began to laugh. But they did not laugh so loudly when Mr. Pig told them all his struggles on the road. Mr. Pig lost no time in selling his vegetables, and very soon after Rusty came trotting into the market-place, and as he

now seemed willing to take his place in the cart, Mr. Pig started for home without delay. When he got there, he told Mrs. Pig his story, and she called him her best and most worthy son.



The Little Pig who Stayed at Home.

This little pig very much wanted to go with his brother, but as he was so mischievous that he could not be trusted far away, his mother made him stay at home, and told him to keep a good fire while she went out to the miller's to buy some flour. But as soon as he was alone, instead of learning his lessons, he began to tease the poor cat. Then he got the bellows, and cut the leather with a knife, so as to see where the wind came from: and when he could not find this out, he began to cry. After this he broke all his brother's toys; he forced the drumstick through the drum, he tore off the tail from the kite, and then pulled off the horse's head. And then he went to the cupboard and ate the jam. When Mrs. Pig came home, she sat down by the fire, and being very tired, she soon fell asleep. No sooner had she done so, than this bad little pig got a long handkerchief and tied her in her chair. But soon she

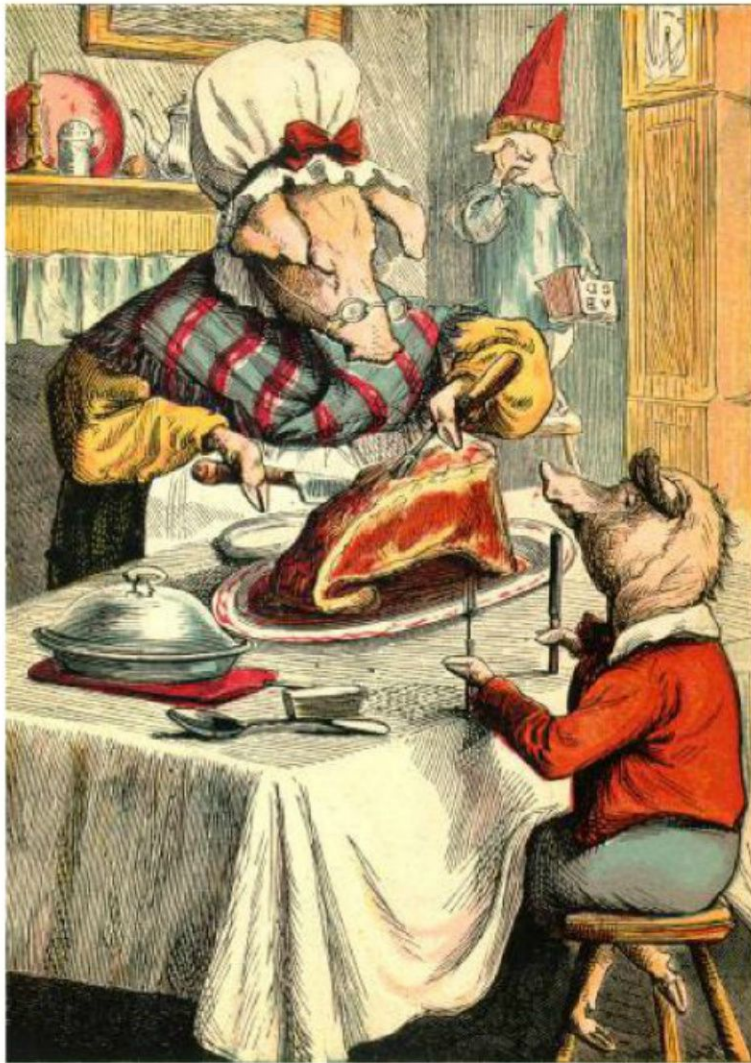
awoke and found out all the mischief that he had been doing. She saw at once the damage that he had done to his brother's playthings. So she quickly brought out her thickest and heaviest birch, and gave this naughty little pig such a beating as he did not forget for a long time.





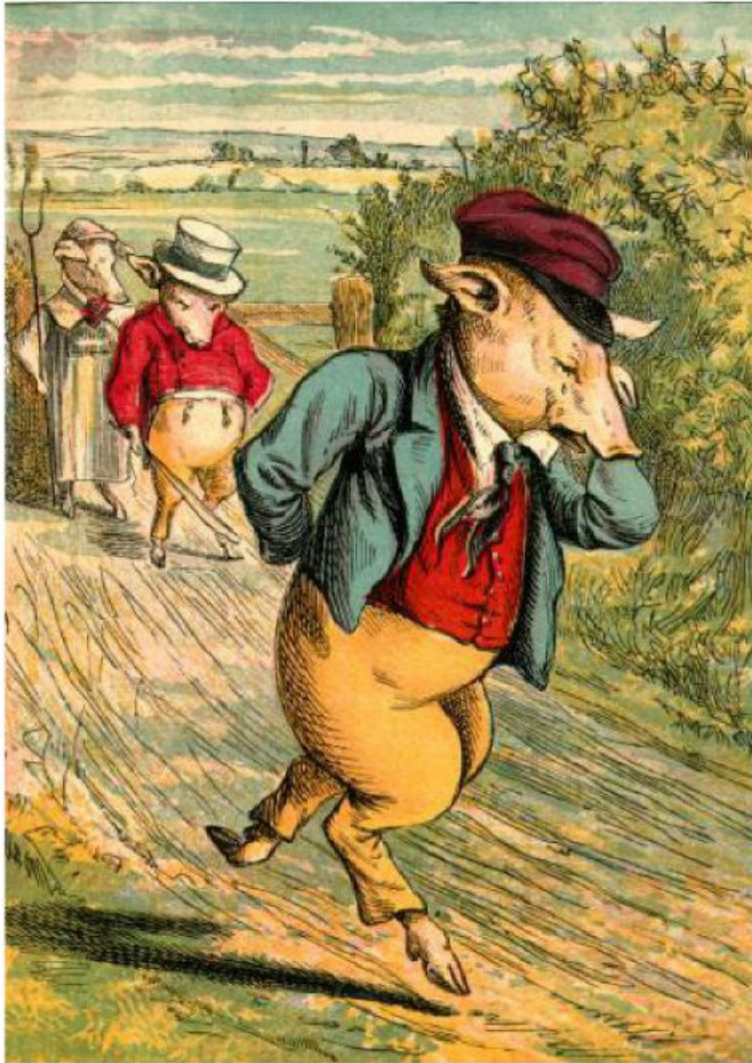
The Little Pig who had Roast Beef.

This little pig was a very good and careful fellow. He gave his mother scarcely any trouble, and always took a pleasure in doing all she bade him. Here you see him sitting down with clean hands and face, to some nice roast beef, while his brother, the idle pig, who is standing on a stool in the corner, with the dunce's cap on, has none. He sat down and quietly learned his lesson, and asked his mother to hear him repeat it. And this he did so well that Mrs. Pig stroked him on the ears and forehead, and called him a good little pig. After this he asked her to allow him to help her make tea. He brought everything she wanted, and lifted off the kettle from the fire, without spilling a drop either on his toes or the carpet. By-and-bye he went out, after asking his mother's leave, to play with his hoop. He had not gone far when he saw an old blind pig, who, with his hat in his hand was crying at the loss of his dog; so he put his hand in his pocket and found a halfpenny which he gave to the poor old pig. It was for such thoughtful conduct as this that his mother often gave this little pig roast beef. We now come to the little pig who had none.



The Little Pig who had None.

This was a most obstinate and wilful little pig. His mother had set him to learn his lesson, but no sooner had she gone out into the garden, than he tore his book into pieces. When his mother came back he ran off into the streets to play with other idle little pigs like himself. After this he quarrelled with one of the pigs and got a sound thrashing. Being afraid to go home, he stayed out till it was quite dark and caught a severe cold. So he was taken home and put to bed, and had to take a lot of nasty physic.



The Little Pig who Cried “Wee, wee,” all the Way Home.

This little pig went fishing. Now he had been told not to go into Farmer Grumpey's grounds, who did not allow any one to fish in his part of the river. But in spite of what he had been told, this foolish little pig went there. He soon caught a very large fish, and while he was trying to carry it home, Farmer Grumpey came running along with his great whip. He quickly dropped the fish, but the farmer caught him, and as he laid his whip over his back for some time, the little pig ran off, crying, “Wee, wee, wee,” all the way home.

THE HISTORY OF OLD MOTHER GOOSE AND HER SON JACK.



Old Mother Goose lived in a cottage with her son Jack. Jack was a very good lad, and although he was not handsome, he was good-tempered and industrious, and this made him better-looking than half the other boys. Old Mother Goose carried a long stick, she wore a high-crowned hat, and high-heeled shoes, and her kerchief was as white as snow. Then there was the Gander that swam in the pond, and the Owl that sat on the wall. So you see they formed a very happy family. But what a fine strong fellow the Gander was! Whenever Old Mother Goose wanted to take a journey, she would mount upon his broad strong back, and away he would fly and carry her swiftly to any distance.



Now Old Mother Goose thought her Gander often looked sad and lonely; so one day she sent Jack to market to buy the finest Goose he could find. It was early in the morning when he started, and his way lay through a wood. He was not afraid of robbers; so on he went, with his Mother's great clothes-prop over his shoulder. The fresh morning air caused Jack's spirits to rise. He left the road, and plunged into the thick of the wood, where he amused himself by leaping with his clothes-prop till he found he had lost himself. After he had made many attempts to find the path again, he heard a scream. He jumped up and ran boldly towards the spot from which the sound came. Through an opening in the trees he saw a young lady trying to get away from a ruffian who wanted to steal her mantle. With one heavy blow of his staff Jack sent the thief howling away, and then went back to the young lady, who was lying on the ground, crying.



She soon dried her tears when she found that the robber had made off, and thanked Jack for his help. The young lady told Jack that she was the daughter of the Squire, who lived in the great white house on the hill-top. She knew the path out of the wood quite well, and when they reached the border, she said that Jack must come soon to her father's house, so that he might thank him for his noble conduct.

When Jack was left alone, he made the best of his way to the market-place. He found little trouble in picking out the best Goose, for when he got there he was very late, and there was but one left. But as it was a prime one, Jack bought it at once, and keeping to the road, made straight for home. At first the Goose objected to be carried; and then, when she had walked along slowly and gravely for a short time, she tried to fly away; so Jack seized her in his arms and kept her there till he reached home.



Old Mother Goose was greatly pleased when she saw what a fine bird Jack had bought; and the Gander showed more joy than I can describe. And then they all lived very happily for a long time. But Jack would often leave off work to dream of the lovely young lady whom he had rescued in the forest, and soon began to sigh all day long. He neglected the garden, cared no more for the Gander, and scarcely even noticed the beautiful Goose. But one morning, as he was walking by the pond, he saw both the Goose and the Gander making a great noise, as though they were in the utmost glee. He went up to them and was surprised to find on the bank a large golden egg. He ran with it to his mother, who said, "Go to market, my son; sell your egg, and you will soon be rich enough to pay a visit to the Squire." So to market Jack went, and sold his golden egg; but the rogue who bought it of him cheated him out of half his due. Then he dressed himself in his finest clothes, and went up to the Squire's house. Two footmen stood at the door, one looking very stout and saucy, and the other sleepy and stupid.



When Jack asked to see the Squire, they laughed at him, and made sport of his fine clothes; but Jack had wit enough to offer them each a guinea, when they at once showed him to the Squire's room.

Now the Squire, who was very rich, was also very proud and fat, and scarcely turned his head to notice Jack; but when he showed him his bag of gold, and asked for his daughter to be his bride, the Squire flew into a rage, and ordered his servants to throw him into the horse-pond. But this was not so easy to do, for Jack was strong and active; and then the young lady come out and begged her father to release him. This made Jack more deeply in love with her than ever, and he went home determined to win her in spite of all. And well did his wonderful Goose aid him in his design. Almost every morning she would lay him a golden egg, and Jack, grown wiser, would no longer sell them at half their value to the rogue who had before cheated him. So Jack soon grew to be a richer man than the Squire himself. His wealth became known to all the country round, and the Squire at length consented to accept Jack as his son-in-law. Then Old Mother Goose flew away into the woods on the back of her strong Gander, leaving the cottage and the Goose to Jack and his bride, who lived happily ever afterwards.

