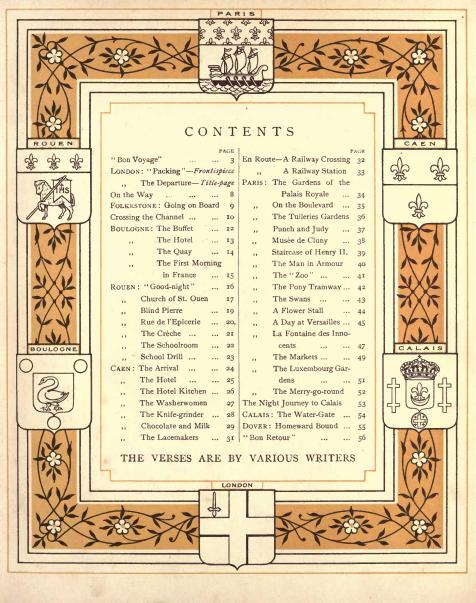


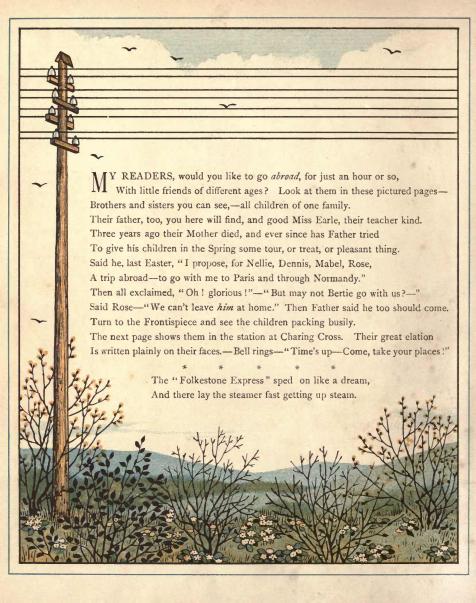
BELFAST

· Marcus · Ward · & · Co ·

NEW-YORK







THEN at the Folkestone harbour, down they go Across the gangway to the boat below; Mabel and Rose just crossing you can see, Each holding her new doll most carefully.

Nellie, Miss Earle, and Bertie too appear, Whilst Dennis, with the rugs, brings up the rear. May looks behind her with an anxious air, Lest Father, at the last, should not be there.



Our children once on board, all safe and sound, Watch with delight the busy scene around. The noisy steam-pipe blows and blows away,—"Now this is just the noise we like," they say.

But while the turmoil loud and louder grows,
"I'm glad the wind blows gently," whispers Rose.
And as the steamer swiftly leaves the quay,
Mabel and Dennis almost dance with glee.

## CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

THE sea is calm, and clear the sky—only a few clouds scudding by:

The Passengers look bright, and say, "Are we not lucky in the day!"

The Mate stands in the wheelhouse there, and turns the wheel with watchful care:

Steering to-day is work enough; what must it be when weather's rough?

Look at him in his sheltered place—he hasn't got a merry face—

'Tis not such fun for him, you know, he goes so often to and fro.

Nellie and Father, looking back, glance at the vessel's lengthening track—

"How far," says Nellie, "we have come! good-bye, good-bye, dear English home!"

Dennis and Rose and Mabel, walking upon the deck, are gaily talking—

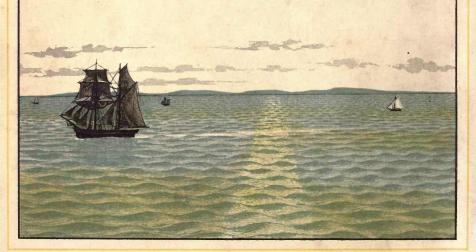
Says Mabel, "No one must forget to call my new doll 'Antoinette';

Travelling in France, 'twould be a shame for her to have an English name."

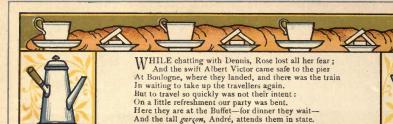
Says Dennis, "Call her what you will, so you be English 'Mabel' still.

Says Rose, to Dennis drawing nigher, "I think the wind is getting higher;"

"If a gale blows, do you suppose, we shall be wrecked?" asks little Rose."

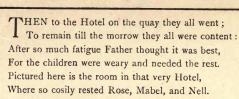


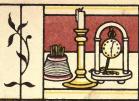
















Mabel dreamed of the morrow—of buying French toys: Rose remembered the steam-pipe, and dreamed of its noise. Nellie's dreams were of home, but she woke from her trance Full of joy, just to think they were *really* in France.

Very early next morning, you see them all three Looking out from their window that faces the sea.



## THE FIRST MORNING IN FRANCE.

HERE they see a pretty sight,
Sunny sky and landscape bright:
Fishing-boats move up and down,
With their sails all red and brown.

Some to land are drawing near, O'er the water still and clear, Full of fish as they can be, Caught last night in open sea.

On the pavement down below, Fishwives hurry to and fro, Calling out their fish to sell— "What a noisy lot," says Nell,

"What a clap—clap—clap—they make With their shoes each step they take. Wooden shoes, I do declare, And oh! what funny caps they wear!"

After breakfast all went out
To view the streets, and walk about
The ancient city-walls, so strong,
Where waved the English flag for long.

Toy shops too they went to see, Spread with toys so temptingly: Dolls of every kind were there, With eyes that shut and real hair—

And, in a brightly-coloured row, Doll-fisherfolk like these below. Prices marked, as if to say, "Come and buy us, quick, to-day!"

One for Mabel, one for Rose,

Two for Bertie I suppose,

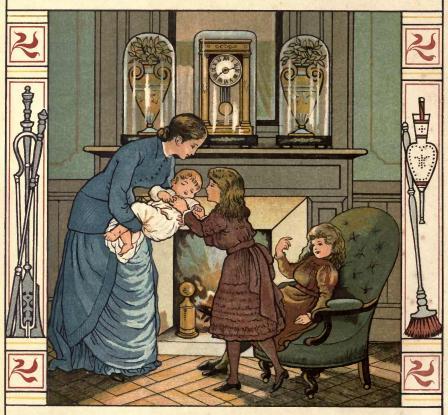
Father bought.—Then all once more

Set off travelling as before.



TO Rouen next they went, that very day,
And heard strange places called out by the way,
Where bells kept tinkling while the train delayed:
At Amiens ten minutes quite they stayed.

Dennis bought chocolate to make a feast—
They had three dinners in the train, at least,
At Rouen here they are at last, though late—
The bedroom clock there shows 'tis after eight!

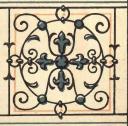


Mabel looks tired—she lies back in her chair Beside the wood fire burning brightly there. Rose says—"Good-night!"—to Bertie fast asleep, While her own eyes can scarcely open keep. Next morning, through the quaint old streets of Rouen They went to see the old church of Saint Ouen, With eager feet, and chatting as they walked, About the ancient Town, together talked.

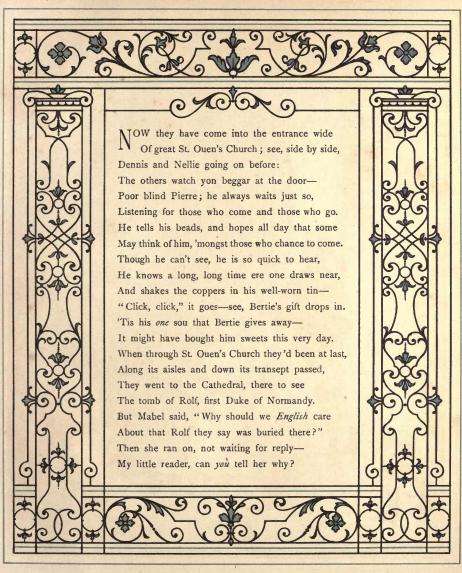




SAID Dennis, first,
"This city bold Belonged to us In days of old." Said Nellie, "Here Prince Arthur wept-By cruel John A prisoner kept. Here Joan of Arc Was tried and burned, When fickle fate Against her turned." Said Rose, "Oh dear! It makes me sad To think what trouble People had Who lived once in This very town, Where we walk gaily Up and down."











THE Cathedral was cold,
With its dim solemn aisles,
But outside our friends found
The sun waiting, with smiles,
To show them their way,
So hither they came
Along an old street
With a hard French name,

And still walking onward,
Through streets we can't see,
At length reached the Crèche
Of "Sœur Rosalie"—
Where poor women's children
Are kept all day through,
Amused, taught, and tended,
And all for one sou.



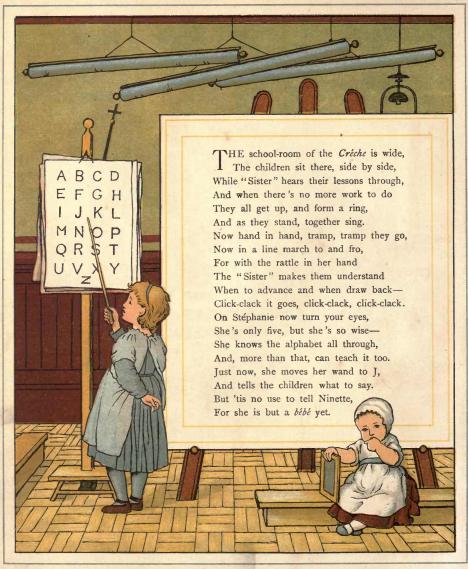
CHILDREN are happy with "Sister" all day,
Mothers can't nurse them—they work far away.
Good Sister Rosalie, she is so kind,
E'en when they're troublesome, she doesn't mind.

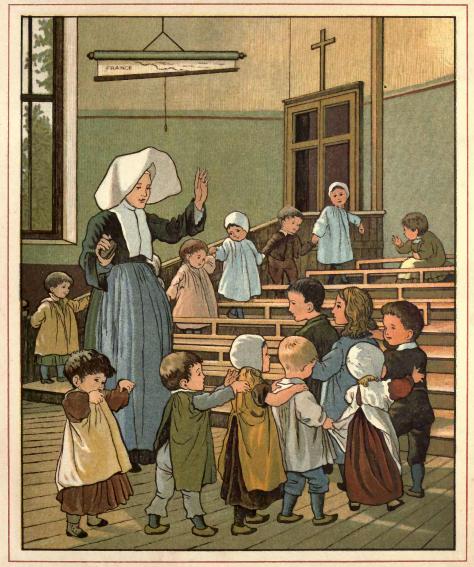
Here in the first room the Babies we see, sitting at dejeuner round Rosalie.



Dodo is crying, he can't find his spoon—some one will find it and comfort him soon.

Over yon cradle bends kind Sister Claire, Dear little Mimi is waking up there. Sister Félicité, sweetly sings she, "Up again, down again, Bébé, to me."







## ARRIVAL AT CAEN.



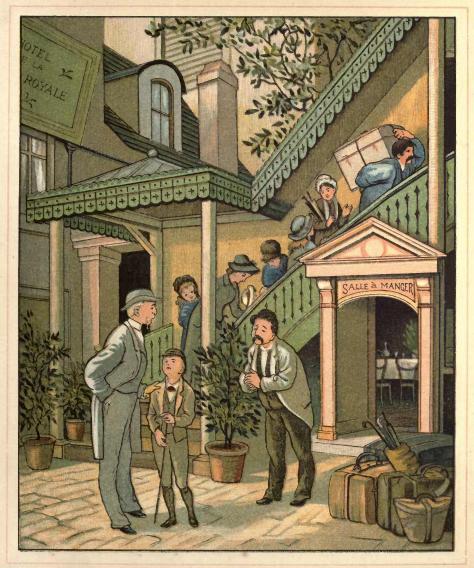
THROUGH Rouen when our friends had been,
And all its famous places seen,
They travelled on, old Caen to see,
Another town in Normandy.

Arrived at Caen, the travellers here
Before the chief Hotel appear,
Miss Earle, Rose, Bertie you descry—
The rest are coming by-and-by.

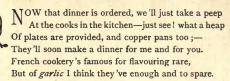
NEXT up the staircase see them go,
With femme de chambre the way to show.
Father and Dennis, standing there,
Are asking for the bill of fare.

Monsieur le Maitre, who rubs his hands
And says, "What are Monsieur's commands?"
With scrape and bow, again you see—
The most polite of men is he.



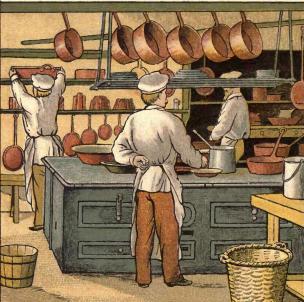




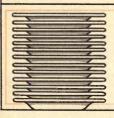






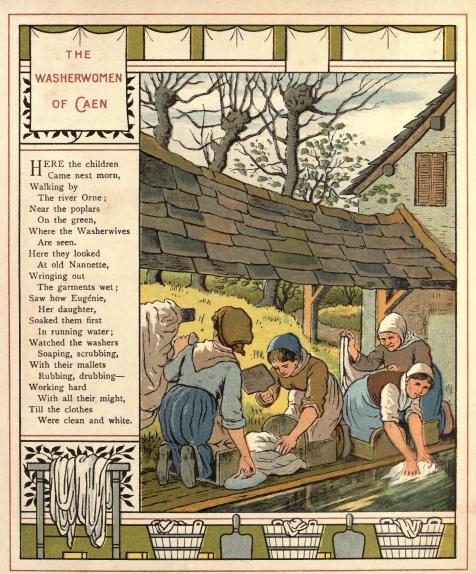






If we ask how their wonderful dishes are made, I'm afraid they won't tell us the tricks of the trade. Do they make them, I wonder, of frogs and of snails? Or are these, after all, only travellers' tales? The names are all down on the "Menu," no doubt, But the worst of it is that we can't make them out.





"L'HOMME qui passe," in France they call
The man who thrives
By grinding knives—
Who never stays at home at all,

But always must be moving on.

He's glad to find

Some knives to grind,

But when they're finished he'll be gone.

With dog behind to turn the wheel,

He grinds the knife

For farmer's wife,

And pauses now the edge to feel:

The dog behind him hears the sound
Of cheerful chat
On this and that,
And fears no knife is being ground.



KNIFE-GRINDER

OF CAEN.

## CHOCOLATE AND MILK.

LITTLE Lili, whose age isn't three years quite,
Went one day with Mamma for a long country walk,
Keeping up, all the time, such a chatter and talk
Of the trees, and the flowers, and the cows, brown and white.
Soon she asked for some cake, and some chocolate too,
For this was her favourite lunch every day—
"Dear child," said Mamma, "let me see—I dare say



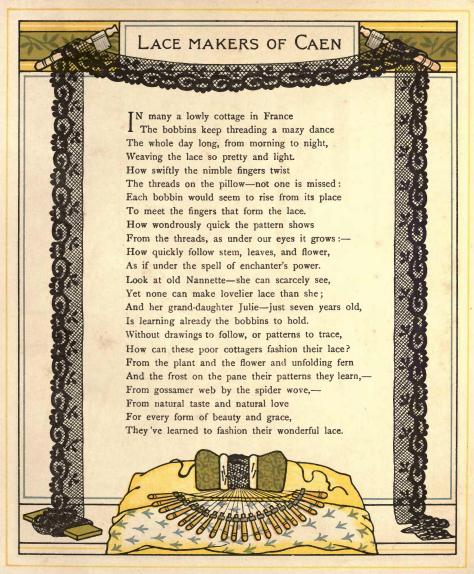


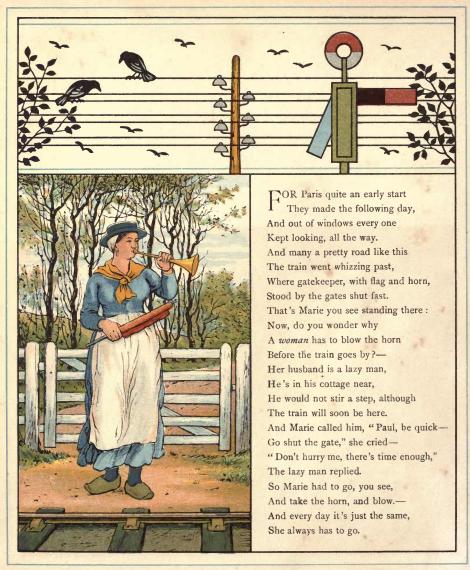


Some sweet milk we can get from her pretty white cow."
"I would rather have chocolate," Lili averred.
Then Mamma said, "Dear Lili, please don't be absurd;
My darling, you cannot have chocolate now:
You know we can't get it so far from the town.—
Come and stroke the white cow,—see, her coat's soft as silk."
"But, Mamma," Lili said, "if the White cow gives milk,
Then chocolate surely must come from the Brown."

"If I ask that nice milkmaid, and say it's for you,







### EN ROUTE

CLATTER ! clatter ! on they go, Past stream and gentle valley, Until the engine wheels turn slow, And stop at length to dally

For dinner-time full half-an-hour Within a crowded station. While hungry little mouths devour The tempting cold collation

Spread in the dining-room at hand; And then, when that is finished, The children sally in a band, With appetites diminished,

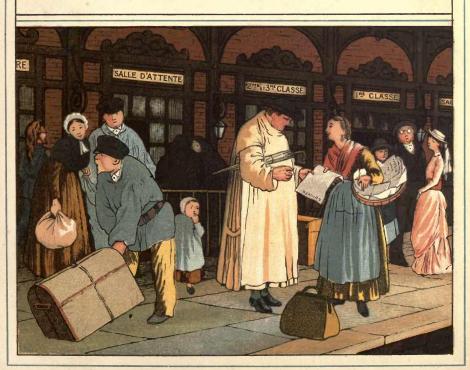
To look at all the folk they meet, -The porters in blue blouses,

The white-robed priests, the nuns so neat, Till hark! their places all must take, Now turn the page, and you and I The farmers and their spouses,

And all the other folk that make A crowd in France amusing :-

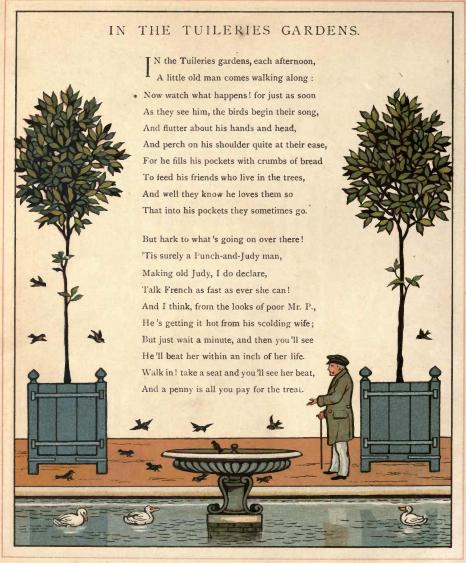
Without a minute losing.

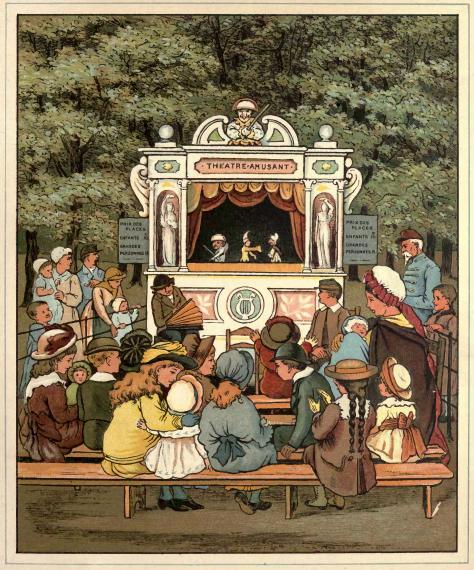
The engine puffs-away they fly, And soon leave all behind them: In Paris safe will find them.

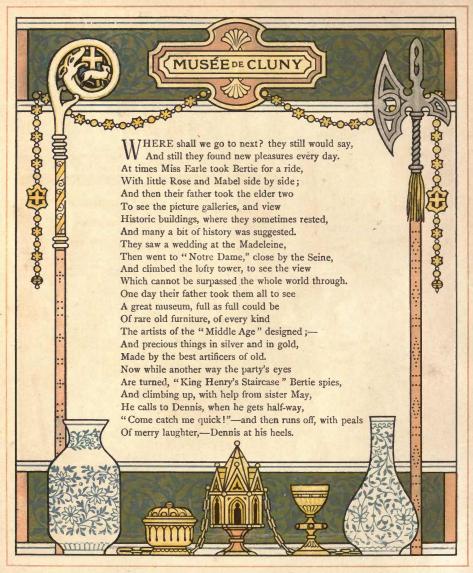


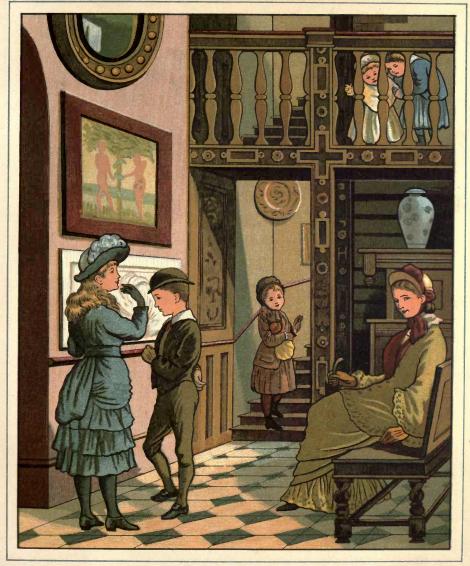






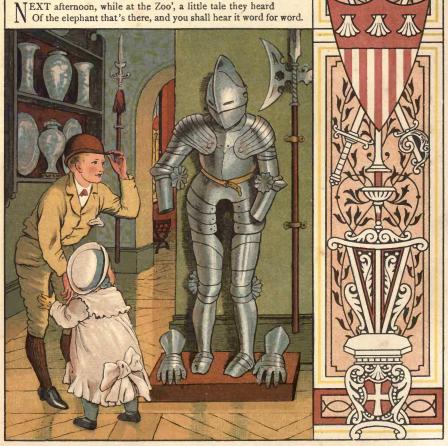






DERTIE was first. "I've won the race," he cried; But soon upon his lips the triumph died, And Bertie back in fear to Dennis ran:-"Oh Dennis, look! I ran against that man! He shook and rattled so, and wagged his head, And gave me such a fright!" "Pooh!" Dennis said, "He will not hurt!" And then he made a bow:-Good-bye, old soldier, we must leave you now.

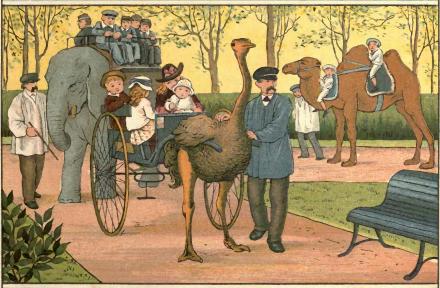
TEXT afternoon, while at the Zoo', a little tale they heard





M UMBO and Jumbo, two elephants great, From India travelled, and lived in state, In Paris the one, and in London the other: Now Mumbo and Jumbo were sister and brother. A warm invitation to Jumbo came, To cross the Atlantic and spread his fame. Said he, "I really don't want to go—

But then, they're so pressing!—I can't say No!"



So away to America Jumbo went,
But his sister Mumbo is quite content
To stay with the children of Paris, for she
Is as happy an elephant as could be:
"I've a capital house, quite large and airy,
Close by live the Ostrich and Dromedary,
And we see our young friends every day," said she;
"Oh, where is the Zoo'that would better suit me?"

CI JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION

TRAMWAYS

LE LAC DU JARDIN

à la

PORTE MAILLOT

35 CENTIMES



A STEADY steed is Mumbo, if just a trifle slow;
Upon her back you couldn't well a-steeple-chasing go:
But other opportunities there are to have a ride,
For there's a stud of ponies, and a camel to bestride—
A cart that's drawn by oxen can accommodate a few,







And if such queer conveyances don't please you at the Zoo',
There are little tramway cars too, with seats on either side,
Which will take you through the gardens, and through the Bois beside:—
Take the ticket on the other page, and with it you may go
From the lake within the garden to the gate that's called Maillot.



### THE SWANS.

- "Ho! pretty swans, Do you know, in our Zoo' The swans of old England Are just like you?"
- "Don't tell me!"
  Said a cross old bird;
- "I know better,
  The thing's quite absurd.
- "Their figures, I'm sure,
  Are not worth a glance:
  If you want to see style,
  You must come to France."

With a scornful whisk
The swan turned tail,
Spread its wings to the breeze,
And was off full-sail.

"Ho! pretty swan,
Do you know, in our Zoo'
The swans are not half
So conceited as you?"



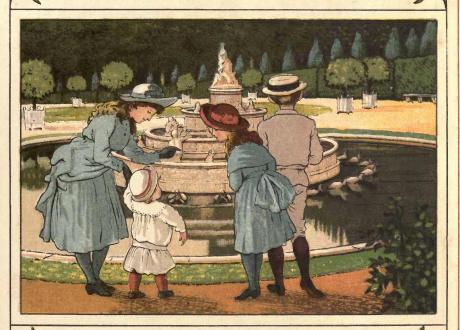


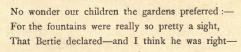




### A DAY AT VERSAILLES.

AT Versailles, as perhaps you have heard,
Countless pictures of fights
Form the chief of the sights:
Could so many great battles have ever occurred?





It was better to play
Like the fountains all day,
Than such terrible battles to fight.





# FONTAINE S INNOCENTS

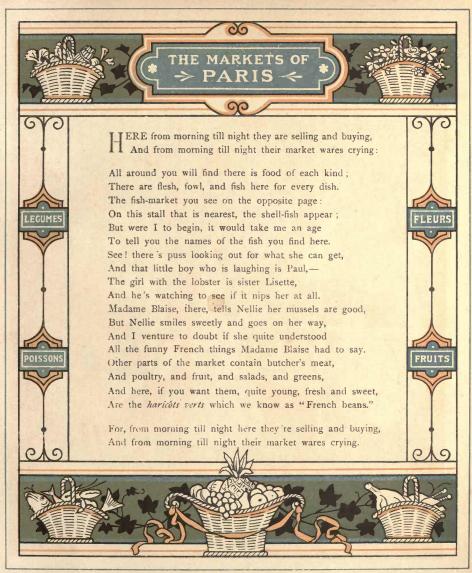
OUND this pretty fountain here Sparrows gather all the year; In its sparkling waters dip, From its basin freely sip, Round about their fountain play. Safe and happy all the day;-Little "innocents" are they. That is Antoine, bread in hand; See him by his mother stand: Saucy little birdies spy Antoine's bread, and at it fly, Trying each to get a share, Frightening little Antoine there. Antoine does not wish to share. Thinks the bread is all his right, Just to suit his appetite. Mother says, "Be kind, my son, There is more when this is done; Bread enough for thee at home:-Let the pretty sparrows come; Give them each a little crumb."

Here our little family Near the fountain too, we see, Walking through the open space To the covered market-place.











ROSE and Bertie have a ride; Mabel, walking at their side, Carries both the dolls, and so By the Luxembourg they go.

Over in that Palace soon—
For the clock is marking noon—
The "Senate" will together come
(Like our "House of Lords" at home).

## IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

Hear that woman, "Who will buy Windmill, ball, or butterfly"— Josephine and Phillipe, see, Eager as they both can be.

Charles before her, silent stands, With no money in his hands, No more *sous*—he spent them all On that big inflated ball.





HERE all the day long,
Are race-horses for hire,
That never go wrong.
And besides, never tire.
Here all the day long,
Are race-horses for hire.

Who will come for a ride? Horses, lions, all ready! Bear or tiger astride, You shall sit safe and steady. Who will come for a ride? Lions, horses, all ready!



Round and round they canter slow—soon they fast and faster go; Look at Louis, all in white, Gaspard, almost out of sight, Rose and Mabel side by side;—Bertie watching while they ride. Dennis waits till they have done,—much too big to join the fun; Brother Paul, with serious air, minds his little sister Claire, Thinking if he had a sou, she should have some pleasure too.



NOW, with regret, they 've said Good-bye to Paris bright and gay; To Calais they are drawing nigh—you see them on their way. To travel thus, all through the night, at first they thought was fun. But by degrees they grew less bright, as hours passed one by one. Then Nellie to her sisters said, "Let's have an extra rug, And make-believe we're home in bed, and cuddle close and snug, And try, until the night has passed, which can most quiet keep." Then all were tucked up warm and fast, and soon fell sound asleep.







The happy time abroad, again in dreams is all gone o'er—Again in Paris, as it seems, they watch the crowd once more. The "Elysian Fields," beneath the trees, are peopled with a throng Of loveliest dolls, which at their ease converse, or ride along; And wondrous "Easter Eggs" in nests, abundant lie around, And "April Fish" with golden vests and silver coats, abound! Such fleeting fancies Dreamland lends to pass the time away Until the railway journey ends, just at the break of day.

### PORTE DE LA MER, CALAIS.

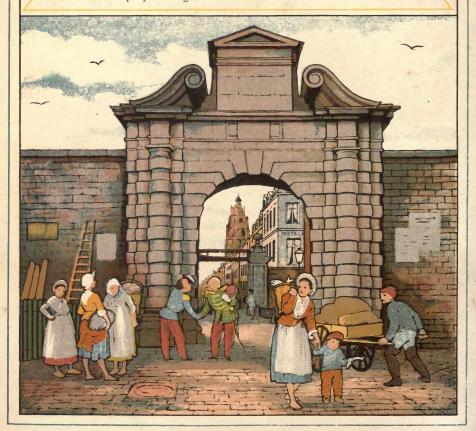
THE last place where they stopped abroad was Calais, which, you know, Belonged to England once—though that was many a year ago:

It has a beautiful old Tower, all weatherworn and brown,

And here's the Sea-Gate, opening from the walls that guard the town.

But now Farewell to Merry France! the vessel ready waits

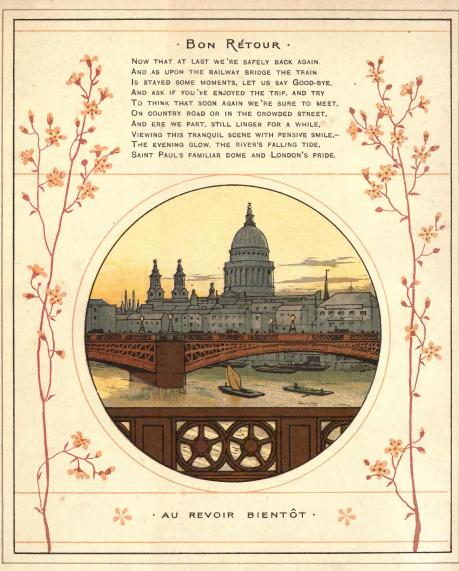
To take our party back again across the Dover Straits.



#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

HURRAH! we're affoat, and away speeds the boat as fast as its paddles can go, With the wind on its back, and a broad foaming track behind it, as white as the snow. On board, every eye is strained to descry the white cliffs of our own native land, And brightly they gleam, as onward we steam, till at length they are close at hand. The sun shines with glee on the rippling sea, and the pennant strung high on the mast. But at length it sinks down behind the grey town, and tells us the day is nigh past. See, there is the port, and near it a fort, and the strong old Castle of Dover—
We're close to the shore—just five minutes more, and the Channel Crossing is over. Then all safe and sound upon English ground, we bid farewell to the sea—
Jump into the train, and start off again as fast as the engine can flee.
We run up to town, and thence travel down to the home in the country, at night;
Then, I'm sorry to say, dear Nellie and May, Rose, Dennis, and Bertie bright,
We must leave in their home till next holidays come, when, let all of us hope, it may chance





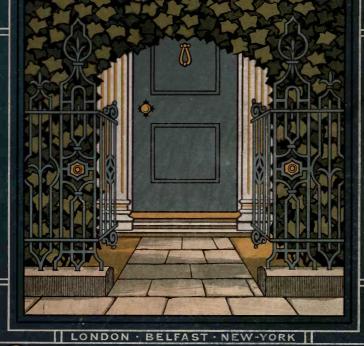












COMPANION

AT HOME

UNIFORM IN SIZE AND PRICE

