

THE SAD HISTORY OF  
**GREEDY JEM**  
AND ALL HIS  
LITTLE BROTHERS  
NARRATED, INVENTED AND DRAWN ON THE WOOD BY  
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GREEDY JEM.



## GREEDY JEM.

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SAD is the tale of Greedy Jem !  
Oh, never eat too much like him,  
Or you will—now so neat and slim—  
Grow fat.

His parents warned him of his fate ;  
The more they warned, the more he ate :  
He never heeded till too late,  
You'll see.

Behold him, as he sat one morn  
Eating of pie till it was gone ;  
Then, fatter, turning with a yawn  
To jam.

Unsatisfied, his monstrous greed—  
Plum-pudding, cakes, and tarts succeed.  
Too fat to run, he still can feed  
Too much.

But, awful doom of gluttons hear—  
His arms and legs soon disappear  
In rolls of fat ; his head is near  
Lost too !

As head, and legs, and arms, and all,  
Grow smaller still, and still more small,  
His body round as any ball  
Expands.

Until one morn, by soldier found,  
Who, seeing him so full and round,  
For cannon-ball upon the ground  
Mistakes.

Into the cannon rams him tight,  
Then to the touch-hole holds the light.  
A boom—a smoke—a flash of light—  
He's gone !

Gone through the air as quick as Puck,  
And changed in form by strange ill-luck,  
At length is on a twelfth-cake stuck  
For life.

Lost to his home, to tarts and pies—  
A plaster sailor lives and dies :  
Adorns the cake he used to prize,—  
And that's his end.





VAIN VALENTINE.



## VAIN VALENTINE.

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YOUNG VALENTINE was very vain ;  
It gave his parents endless pain  
To see him oil and curl his hair,  
And in the looking-glass to stare :

Vain Valentine !

His new blue suit came home one morn,  
His old brown clothes he viewed with scorn ;  
And, quick arrayed in gentle blue,  
He stuck his arms his coat-tails through :

Vain Valentine !

But, woeful sight for Vanity !—  
His coat-tails grew as large as three,  
His arms were fixed fast to his side,  
His nose grew thin, his mouth got wide :

Vain Valentine !

Shrunk his legs, with claws for feet.  
He strutted proudly through the street ;  
While all the hair dropped off his head,  
Except some tufts which turned quite red .

Vain Valentine !

Bright red became, and brighter blue ;  
As quickly did his coat-tails too,  
Which growing more, and more, and more,  
Changed into feathers thrice a score :

Vain Valentine !

A glistening tail of brilliant hue,  
Bright green, and red, and gentle blue ;  
A crest of feathers on his head—  
For arms, a pair of wings instead :

Vain Valentine !

His nose a beak, his voice a squall,  
Grown very proud, and rather tall ;  
Famed for his colours, with no other fame,—  
Conceited, worthless, Peacock is his name :

Once Valentine.





TALKATIVE TOBY.



## TALKATIVE TOBY

---

I SOMETIMES find, in looking round,  
Some quiet little boys,  
Who know when they should hold their  
tongues.  
And make no heedless noise ;

Who speak when they are spoken to,  
As little boys should do,  
But which young Toby never did.  
As I'll relate to you.

From morn to night, from night to morn,  
From dusk to break of day,  
No matter when, no matter where,  
He ever talked away.

Nay, even in his sleep he talked,  
When other folks were still,  
Of talking (but for talking's sake)  
He never had his fill.

Grandfather John—a quiet man—  
Rebuked him for his noise,  
And told him what sad punishment  
Awaited naughty boys.

But little cared young Toby, though,  
As this sad hist'ry shows,  
He talked till out his coat-tails grew,  
And hookey grew his nose ;

Till round his eyes, till round his chin,  
Till rounder grew his breast,  
Till from his boots sharp bird's claws grew,  
And on his head a crest ;

Till both his legs got very thin,  
A beak replaced his nose,  
His arms turned to a pair of wings,  
And feathers were his clothes :

And then, with harsh, discordant voice,  
A parrot Toby grew :  
On to a stand they chained him tight ;  
And there he sits in view.

And there he sits, a woeful sight  
For little boys who talk,  
With hardly wings enough to fly,  
But not allowed to walk.



## TRUANT TOM.

---

Be quick and attentive in learning your lessons,  
Of all things go straight to your school,  
Or disgraced by your master, a dunce for your folly,  
Be stood on the three-legged stool—  
On the three-legged stool you'll be stood, like poor Tommy,  
A dunce and a truant you see,  
With a rod in his hand, and the cap on his head,  
That's inscribed with a capital D.

Though I'm sadly afraid that nor cap, rod, nor three legs,  
Much difference made in this lad;  
For he next day—which chanced to be Fifth of November—  
Played truant again just as bad.

But the rough boys and ragged, with masks and with matches,  
And lanterns, were waiting hard by;  
They lugged him,  
And tugged him,  
And what is called "smugged" him,  
And made him a regular Guy.

They carried him round to the shops and the houses,  
Tied fast to a broken-down chair,  
When the people all laughed at his arms and his legs, too,  
Which seemed to stick out anywhere.

His mother soon found him, and carried him homeward,  
Despite of his kicks and his squall;  
But although she rubbed him,  
And scrubbed him,  
And drubbed him,  
The Guy would not come off at all.

And the Guy still remained as he grew up to manhood—  
He never recovered the stain:  
He lived a Guy,  
Died a Guy,  
If you'd not be a Guy,  
Never play truant again.





TRUANT TOM.



## POSITIVE PETER.

---

ALL little boys who contradict,  
Who good advice detest,  
And, careless of Papa's regrets,  
Think they must know the best;

Come, give an ear to Peter's fate,  
And see the pictures too,—  
How Peter was so positive,  
How Peter came to rue.

How Peter came to rue the day  
He answered his Papa,  
And spoke so crossly, looked so black,  
At his kind Grandmamma.

That very day he went upstairs,  
For Jane to brush his hair,  
And, looking in the glass, beheld  
A sight that made him stare—

That made the nursemaid stare as well,  
And shriek, and cry Alack!  
For, lo! in two great rigid locks  
His hair grew stiffly back.

His nose grew long, and straight, and coarse,  
And longer grew his head;  
Whene'er he tried to speak a word,  
He said, HEE-HAW! instead.

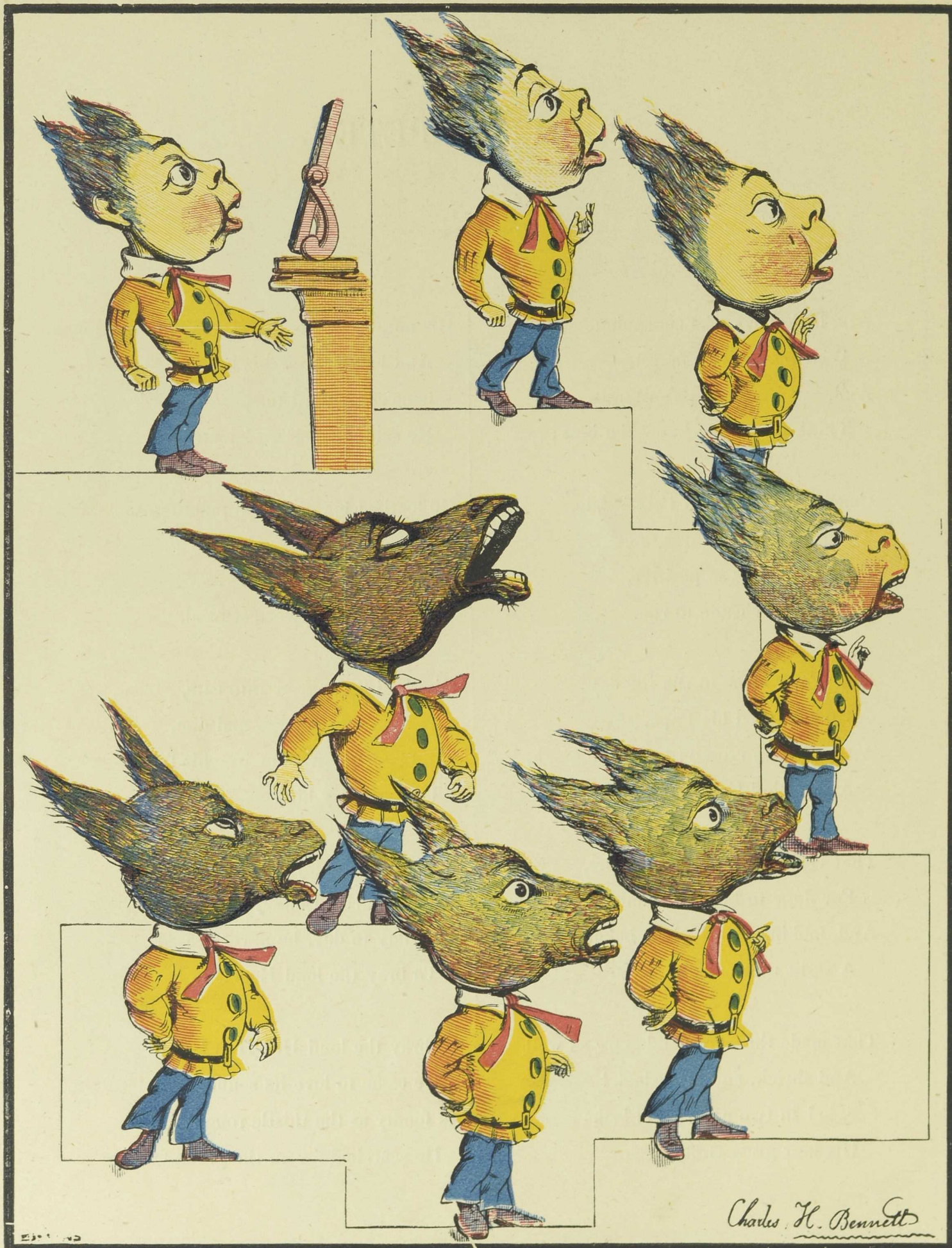
He loathed his meat and pudding, too,  
No more sweet jam he'd steal,—  
A ragged, prickly thistle now  
He found the sweetest meal.

His rigid locks grew into ears,  
His eyes grew large and dim,  
A brownish hair grew o'er his face,—  
I almost pity him.

For still, from day to day, increased  
That fearful Donkey's jaw,  
And, day to day, he never ceased  
To bray the loud Hee-Haw!

To bray the loud Hee-Haw! until  
He came to love its sound,  
As fondly as the thistle rough  
He searched for on the ground.





POSITIVE PETER.



## CROOKED CHRISTOPHER.

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HE slouched his feet when he went out,  
He hung his head like any lout ;  
And gaped, and stared, and looked about,  
Nor ever turned his young toes out,

Did Crooked Cris.

Inside the knees his trousers wore  
All on one side his shoes—nay, more,  
His collar got hindside before,  
The buttons off his jacket tore,

Did Crooked Cris.

His parents grieved, as up he grew ;  
They put him in the corner, too,  
As you may see in yonder view,  
Yet ever would he stand askew :

Oh, Crooked Cris !

Askew he stood, or sat, or stalked,  
His knees grew out whene'er he walked,  
His mouth askew whene'er he talked,  
In looking straight they found him baulked :

Oh, Crooked Cris !

His hair in crooked ringlets grew,  
His very fingers curled up, too,  
He almost seemed a great corkscrew,—  
Whatever could his parents do

With Crooked Cris !

Whether he walked, or ran, or sat,  
No living thing—not e'en the cat—  
Could bear the sight of such a brat,  
Much less would play with him, that's flat :

Poor Crooked Cris !

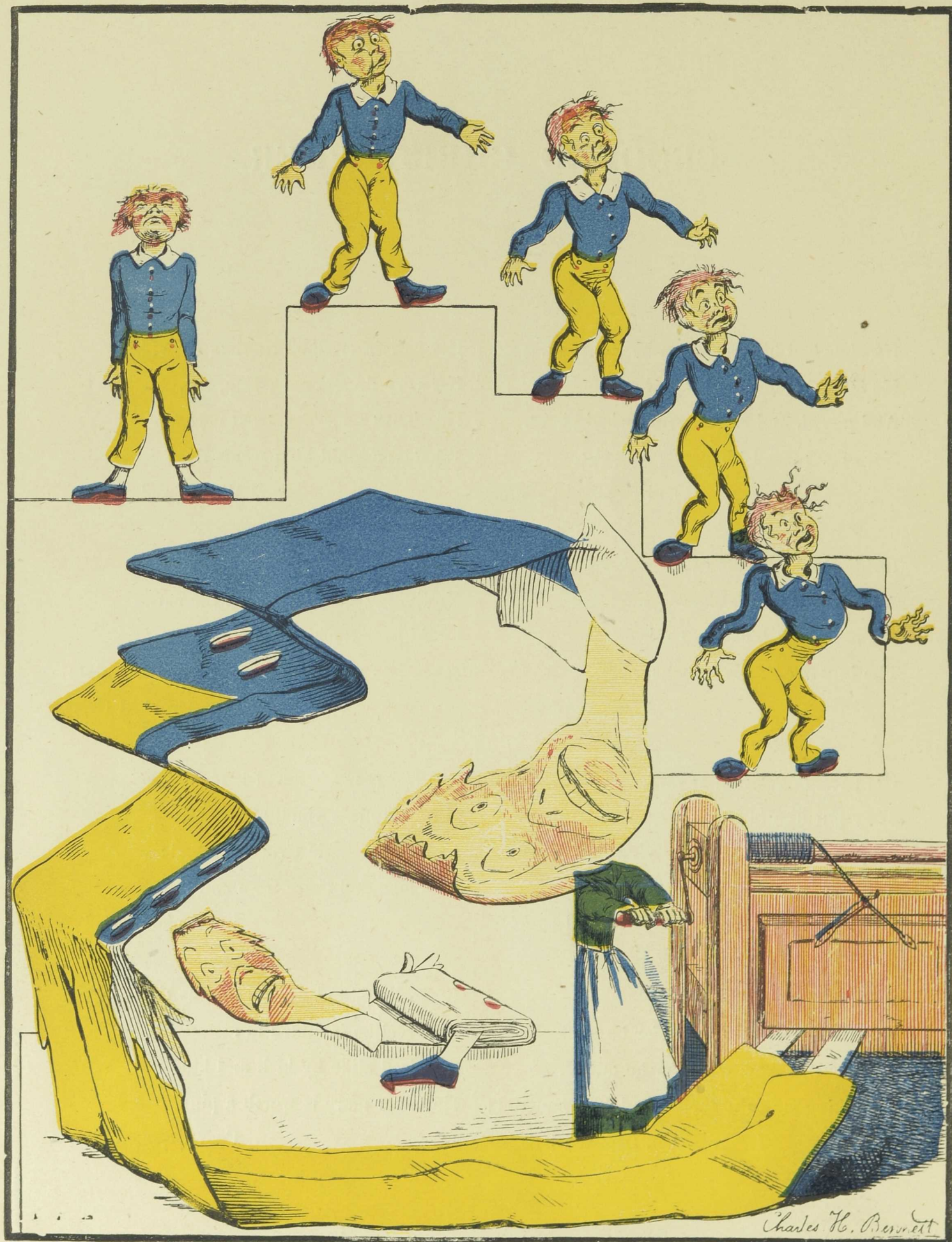
But *flat* reminds me of his end  
(I hope to this you'll all attend)—  
Unto the mangle Cris they send :  
He's mangled there from end to end,—

Is Crooked Cris !

Long, limp, and flat, as thin as thin—  
A parcel he is folded in ;—  
Despised alike by kith and kin,  
He never more is worth a pin :

Poor Crooked Cris !





CROOKED CHRISTOPHER.



## DAINTY DICK.

---

Or Dainty Dick and all his whims  
I'd like the tale to tell,  
That little boys may eat their meals,  
And thankful be as well.

That little boys may eat their meals,  
As Dicky never would,  
Although his parents tried him oft  
With all things nice and good.

The mutton—it was underdone,  
Or else, perhaps, 'twas cold;  
The pie was hard, or tough, or burnt,  
The crust was badly rolled:

The cake, he found, was much too sweet  
Had too much candied-peel;  
The very jam not hard enough,  
Although as hard as deal.

The strawberries were much too ripe,  
The cream was much too stale;  
Nothing could tempt him, nothing nice,  
From puddings down to ale.

So Master Dick turned up his nose,  
Till he turned rather thin,  
He could not well get fat without,  
When he put none within.

Long days went past, he thinner grew,  
His face was white and pale;  
Still, though they tried to tempt him oft,  
'Twas all of no avail.

He could not walk, he could not talk,  
He leant against the wall,  
With nose turned up and toes turned in  
His limbs scarce showed at all.

His limbs grew scant and indistinct,  
No use he was, they say,  
Until for *copper-stick* they took  
Him every washing-day;

Yes, every washing-day that came,  
He stirred the copper up;  
And that's the end of Dainty Dick,  
Who'd neither dine nor sup.





DAINTY DICK.