

THE

WONDERFUL HISTORY OF



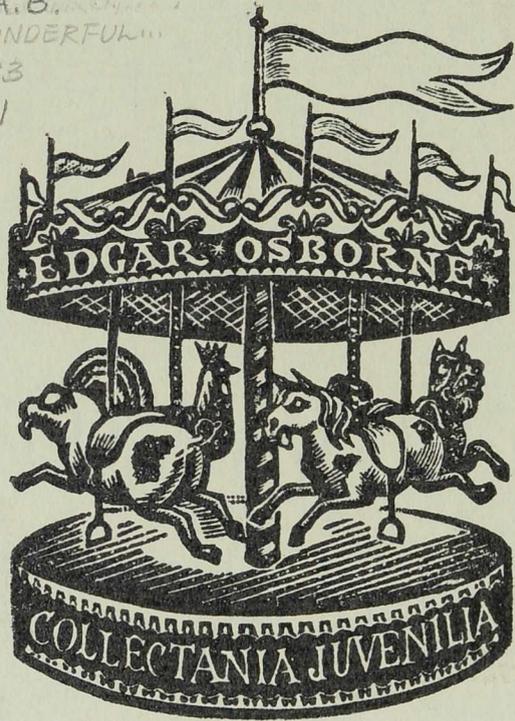
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

C.A.B

1826

London: Chapman & Hall, Limited
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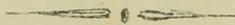
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PREFACE.

“DAME TROT AND HER PIG” was written and illustrated some half century ago. The author has passed away, but the memory of him lives. It was always present to his mind, and a desire on his part, that at some time the work which beguiled his leisure hours might be presented to the public; and it is the happy privilege of those who cherish his memory to carry out his wish. The chief feature of the sketches consists in affording a striking and pleasing contrast to the children’s books of the present day, and recalling the characters and costumes of a bygone generation. It is hoped that the young folk will derive that amusement which the author’s geniality and humour never failed to excite amongst his numerous young friends.

EAGLE HOUSE,
HAMPTON WICK,
February 1, 1883.



Old Dame Trot she had a Pig,
A pretty Pig was he,
Together they would often jig,
To market as you see.



When at the market place they came,
Pig did not idly stand,
But used to trudge behind the Dame,
With basket in his hand.



But piggy oft would eat and stuff,
E'en when he 'd had his fill,
Nor thought that he had had enough,
Until it made him ill.



He made himself so ill one day,
Dame sent for Doctor SKILL,
Who felt his pulse, and then straightway
Prescribed a draught and pill.



It happen'd once, when Pig got well,
Dame went to buy a hat,
When Master GRUNT, I'm grieved to tell,
Some mischief must be at.



A piece of cord across the door
This naughty piggy tied,
Which threw poor Dame upon the floor,
And bruised her *every* side.



The Dame, whose temper knew no stay,

Began to beat the pig,

A magpie hopping by that way,

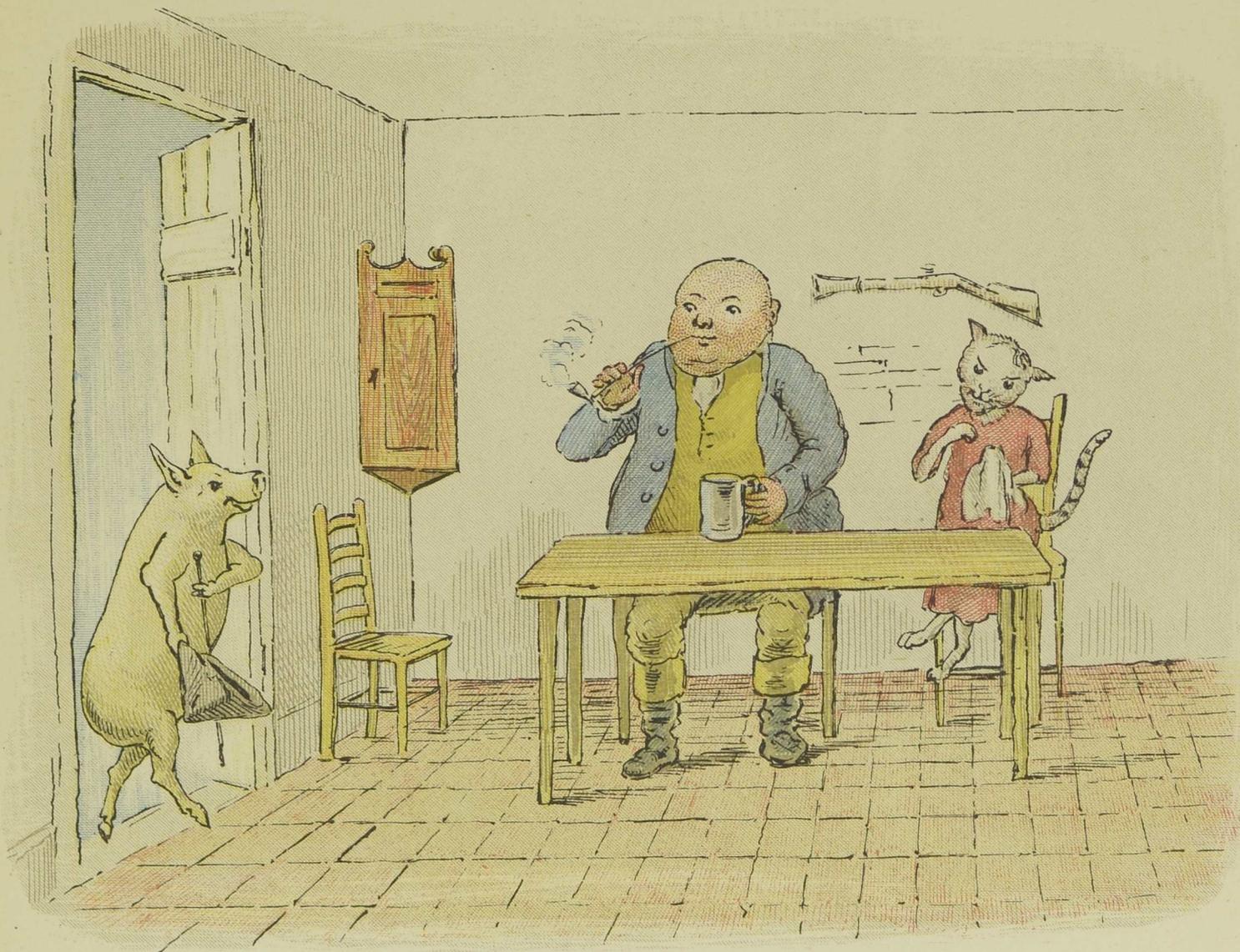
Cried, "Here's a pretty rig!"



But soon the Dame forgave her Pig,
And GRUNT received the hat,
Which placing on his bristly wig
He went to court a Cat.



He crossed the Farm-yard full of glee,
And proudly cock'd his hat,
Quoth he, "What will she think of me?
And what will Gaffer FAT?"



Miss MEW she liv'd with Gaffer FAT,
Who kept a Farm hard by,
Puss used to catch each knavish rat
That stole his wheat and rye.



Now Gaffer did not know that Pig
Was pardon'd by the Dame,
So back he drove him with a twig
As nimbly as he came.



The Dame she wiped his tears away,

“My dearest dear,” said she,

“You may expect this very day

To view your cousins three.”



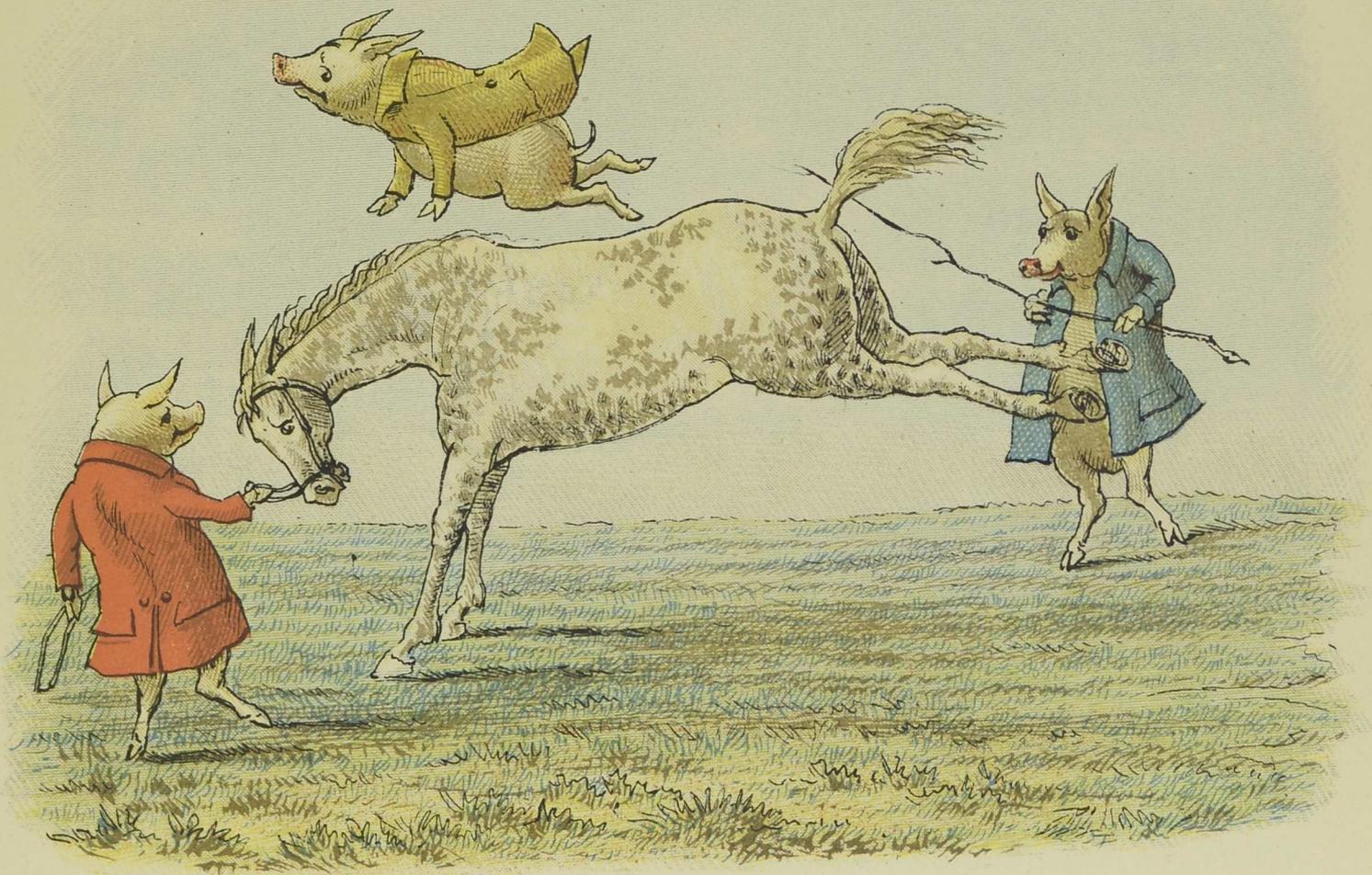
The Dame had scarcely ceased to speak ;
The cart stopt at the door ;
GRUNT welcomed each with merry squeak,
And kiss'd them o'er and o'er.



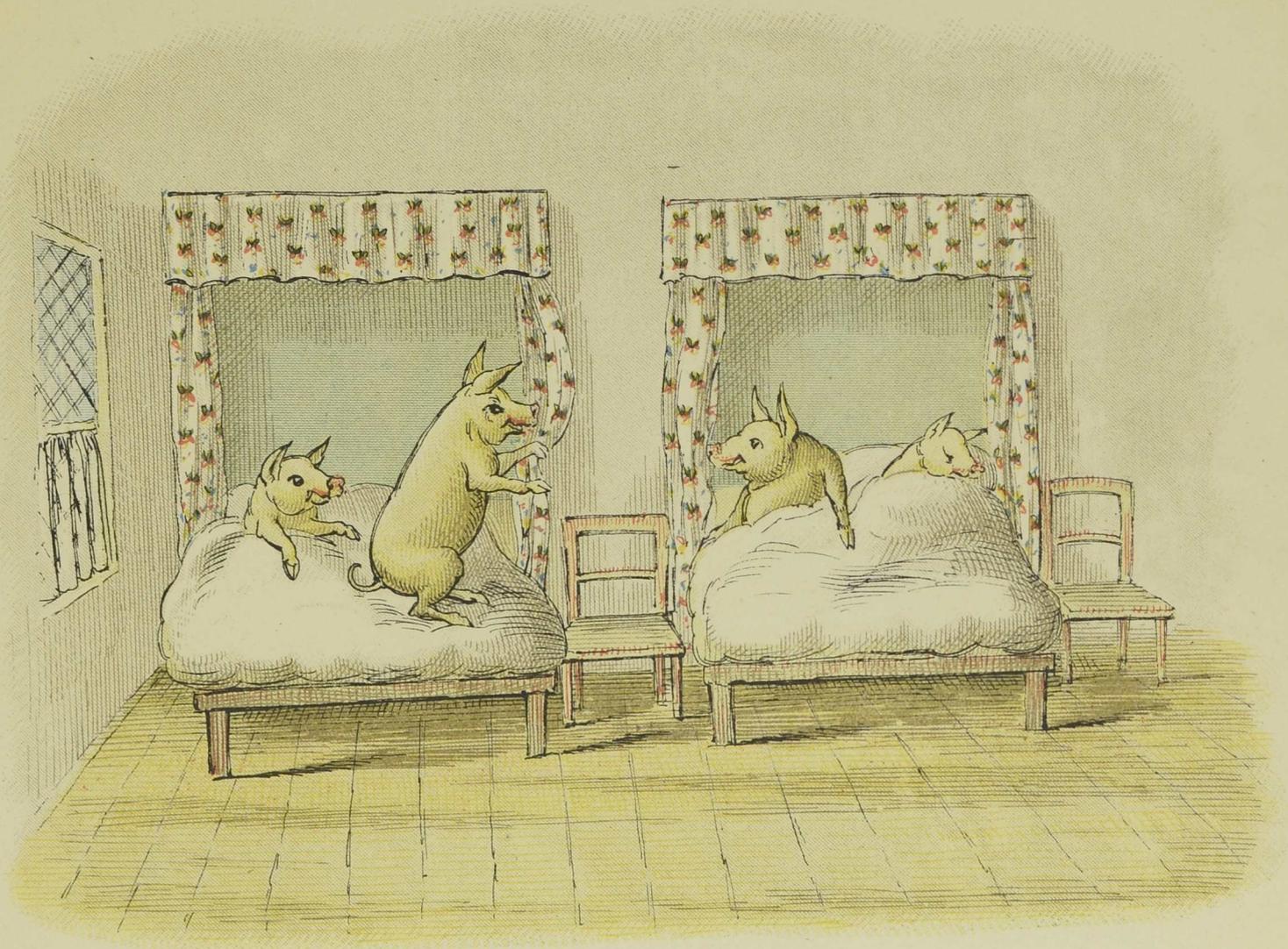
That each might have a coat, the Dame
To Mister SNIP did go;
By fitting *Apes* he had won fame,
Why not by Swine also?



It happen'd once when Dame stepp'd out,
No doubt from special cause,
These naughty pigs were turning out
The treasures of her drawers.



Dame turn'd them out of doors to play,
But still on mischief bent,
Upon the poor unlucky Grey
Their thoughtless tricks they vent.



The Dame, she sent them all to bed
Because they'd been so cruel;
And of bread-and-milk instead
She gave them nought but gruel.



Now Gaffer FAT, kind-hearted soul!

He doth a note indite,

And sends it by one Peter POLE;

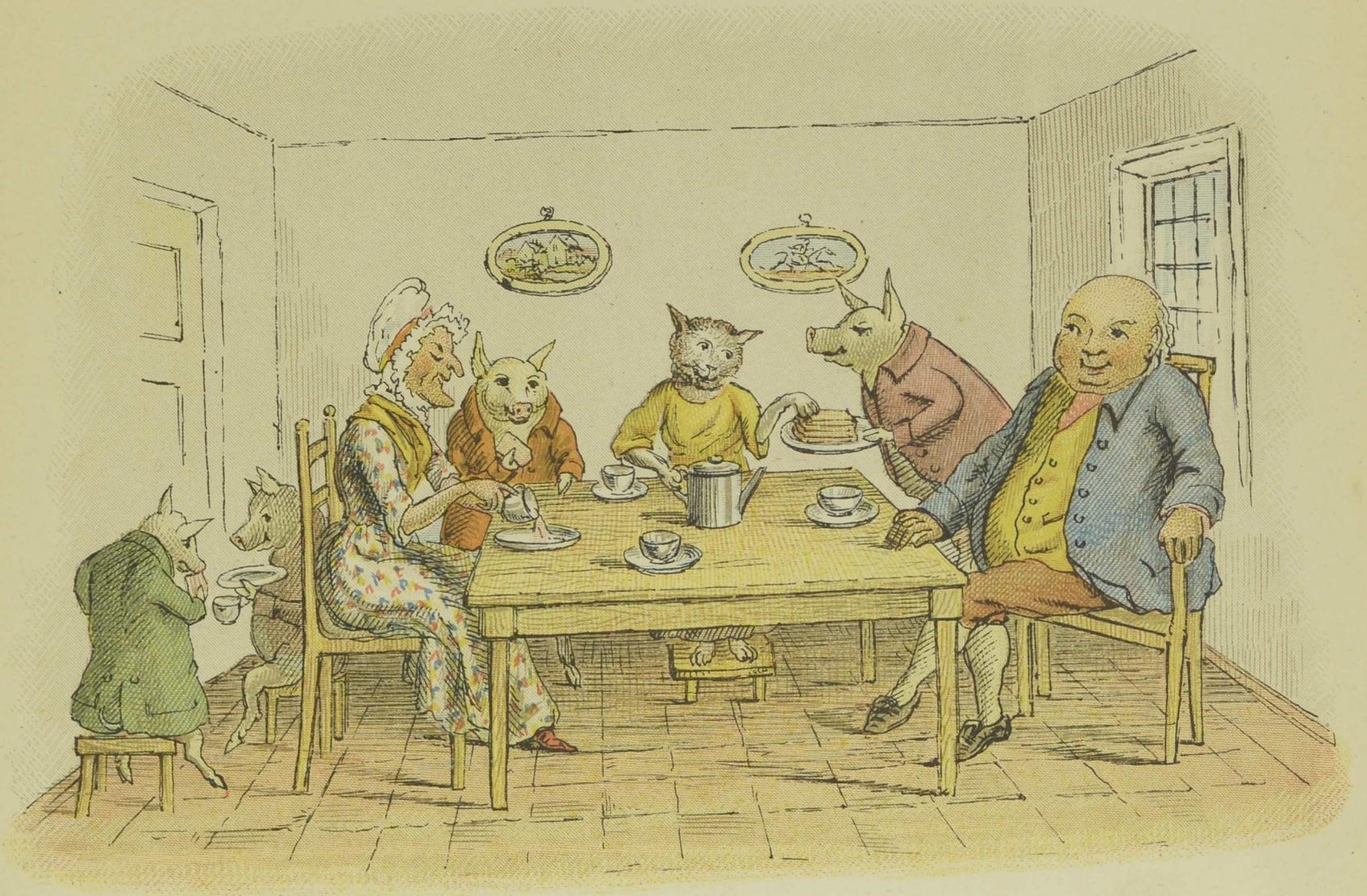
Now thus doth Gaffer write:



“ Dear Dame,—I hopes a show as you
Are well as this leaves me ;
And that yourself and piggies too
Will come at five to tea.”



The village clock had just struck five
When, punctual to the hour,
The happy party did arrive
At good old Gaffer's door.



The Dame extol'd her dish of tea
Which gave Miss MEW delight,
And Piggy hands the toast, you see
Exceedingly polite.

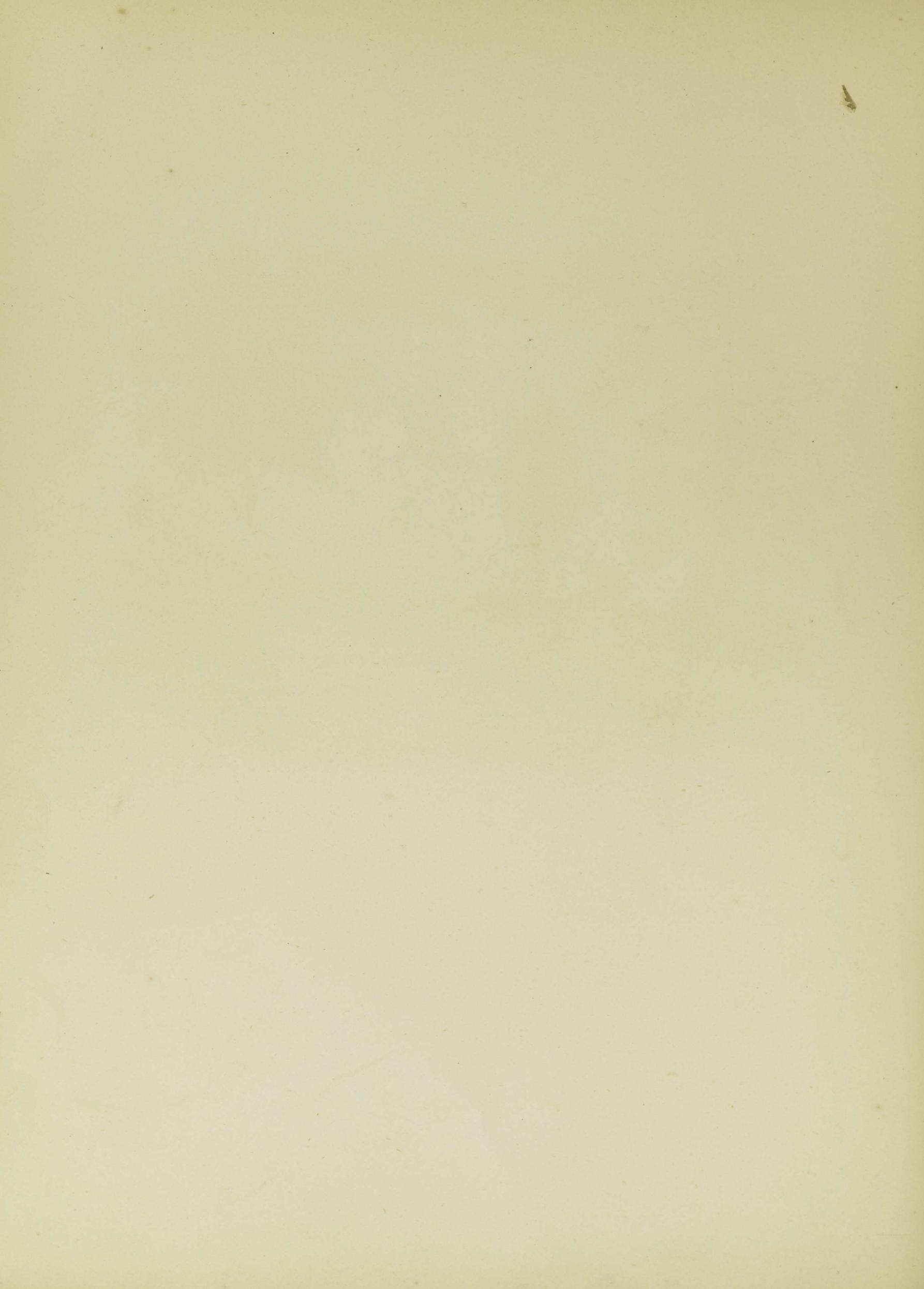


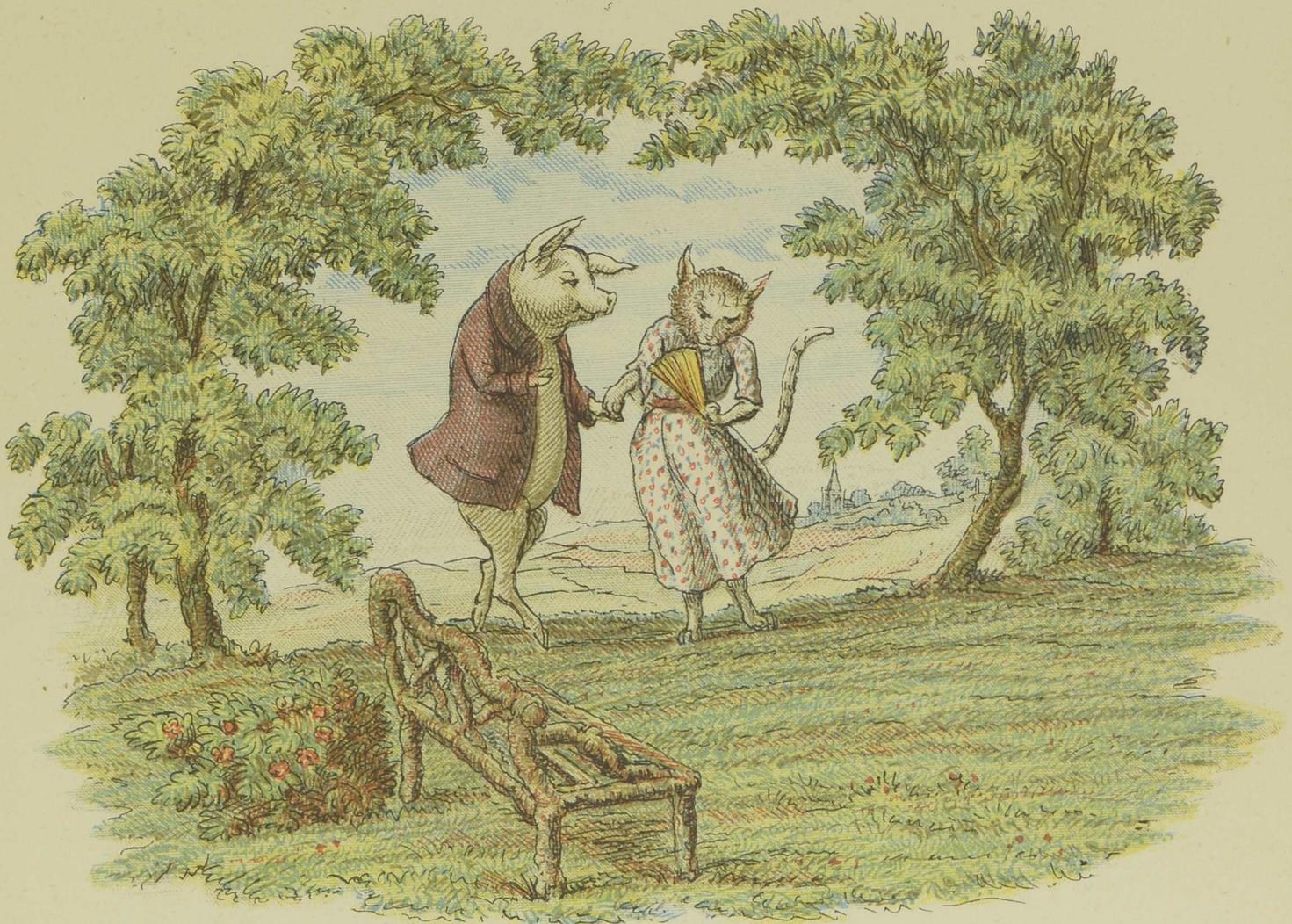
Now to the tune of fiddlestring,

The merry party frisk ;

It was a most surprising thing

To see the Dame so brisk.





But Piggy led Miss MEW aside—

I know not what he said—

But soon the news spread far and wide

That he had won the maid.



Printed in Colours
By R. Clay, Sons & Taylor,
London. & Bungay, Suffolk.