

# ~CHATTERING~JACK'S



# ~PICTURE~BOOK~

° WITH ° 32 ° OF ° WALTER ° CRANE ° S ° EARLIER ° DESIGNS °















# CHATTERING JACK'S PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING

*CHATTERING JACK*  
*HOW JESSIE WAS LOST*  
*GRAMMAR IN RHYME*  
*ANNIE AND JACK IN LONDON*

WITH

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER CRANE

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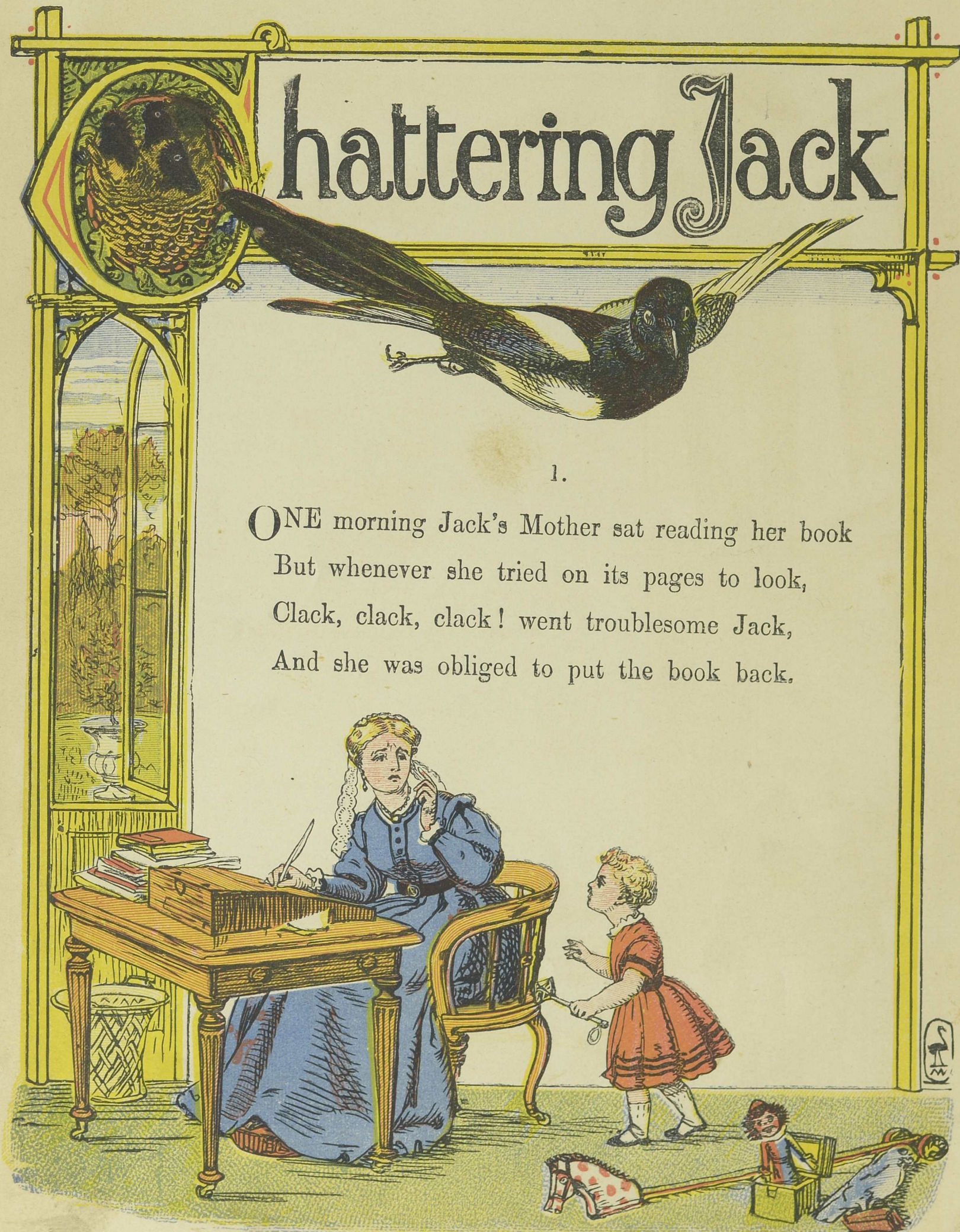




# hattering Jack

1.

ONE morning Jack's Mother sat reading her book  
But whenever she tried on its pages to look,  
Clack, clack, clack! went troublesome Jack,  
And she was obliged to put the book back.





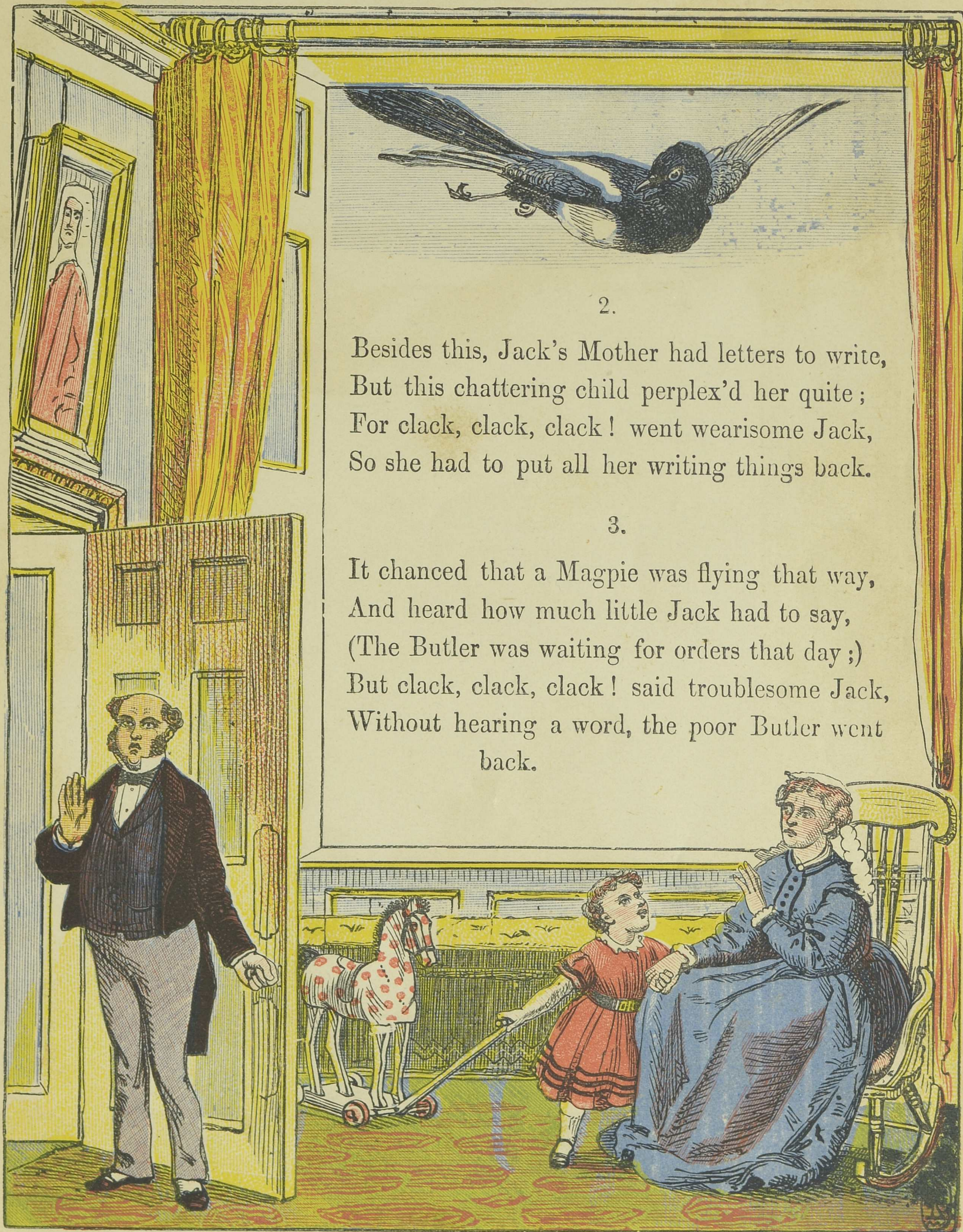


2.

Besides this, Jack's Mother had letters to write,  
But this chattering child perplex'd her quite ;  
For clack, clack, clack ! went wearisome Jack,  
So she had to put all her writing things back.

3.

It chanced that a Magpie was flying that way,  
And heard how much little Jack had to say,  
(The Butler was waiting for orders that day ;)  
But clack, clack, clack ! said troublesome Jack,  
Without hearing a word, the poor Butler went  
back.













4.

The Magpie said, "Jack shall fly with me,  
For one of my brood he must surely be;  
They sit in the nest, and chatter, chatter,  
Exactly like Jack, for the smallest matter."

"Clack, clack, clack!" said poor little Jack,  
"I'd rather not fly on the Magpie's back."

5.

"Don't speak," said the Magpie, "but  
sit on my tail;"

So Jack's prayers and tears were of no  
avail;

In spite of his promises now to be good,  
The Magpie flew off to a dark fir wood.

"Clack, clack, clack!" said terri-  
fied Jack,

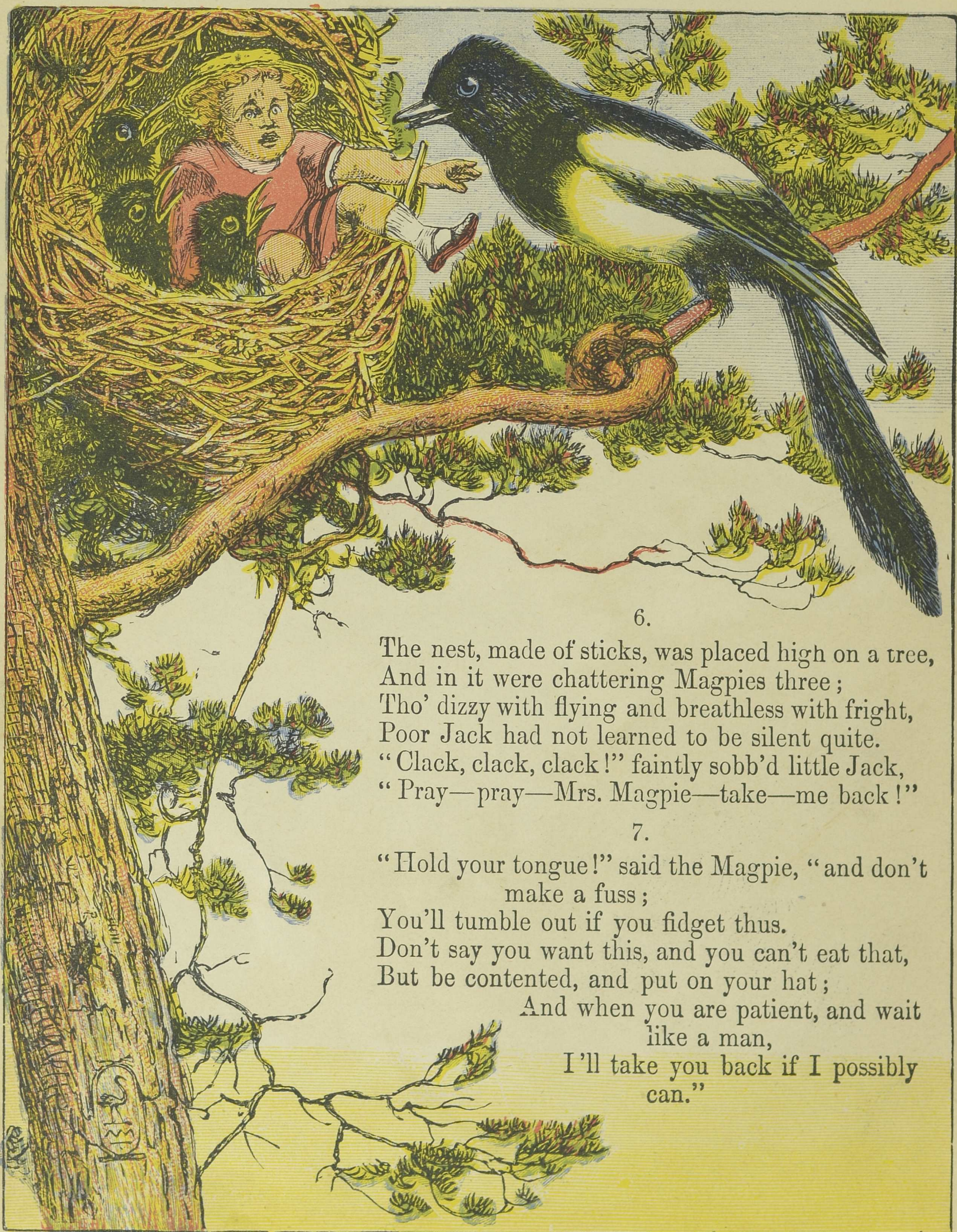
"Oh, Mother, Mother! I want  
to come back!"











6.

The nest, made of sticks, was placed high on a tree,  
And in it were chattering Magpies three ;  
Tho' dizzy with flying and breathless with fright,  
Poor Jack had not learned to be silent quite.  
"Clack, clack, clack !" faintly sobb'd little Jack,  
"Pray—pray—Mrs. Magpie—take—me back !"

7.

"Hold your tongue !" said the Magpie, "and don't  
make a fuss ;  
You'll tumble out if you fidget thus.  
Don't say you want this, and you can't eat that,  
But be contented, and put on your hat ;  
And when you are patient, and wait  
like a man,  
I'll take you back if I possibly  
can."





8.

So Jack learn'd to eat beetles and  
little birds' eggs,  
And caterpillars with soft green legs ;  
For he had a sharp peck from the Mag-  
pie's beak,  
If he did not swallow, or tried to speak.

9.

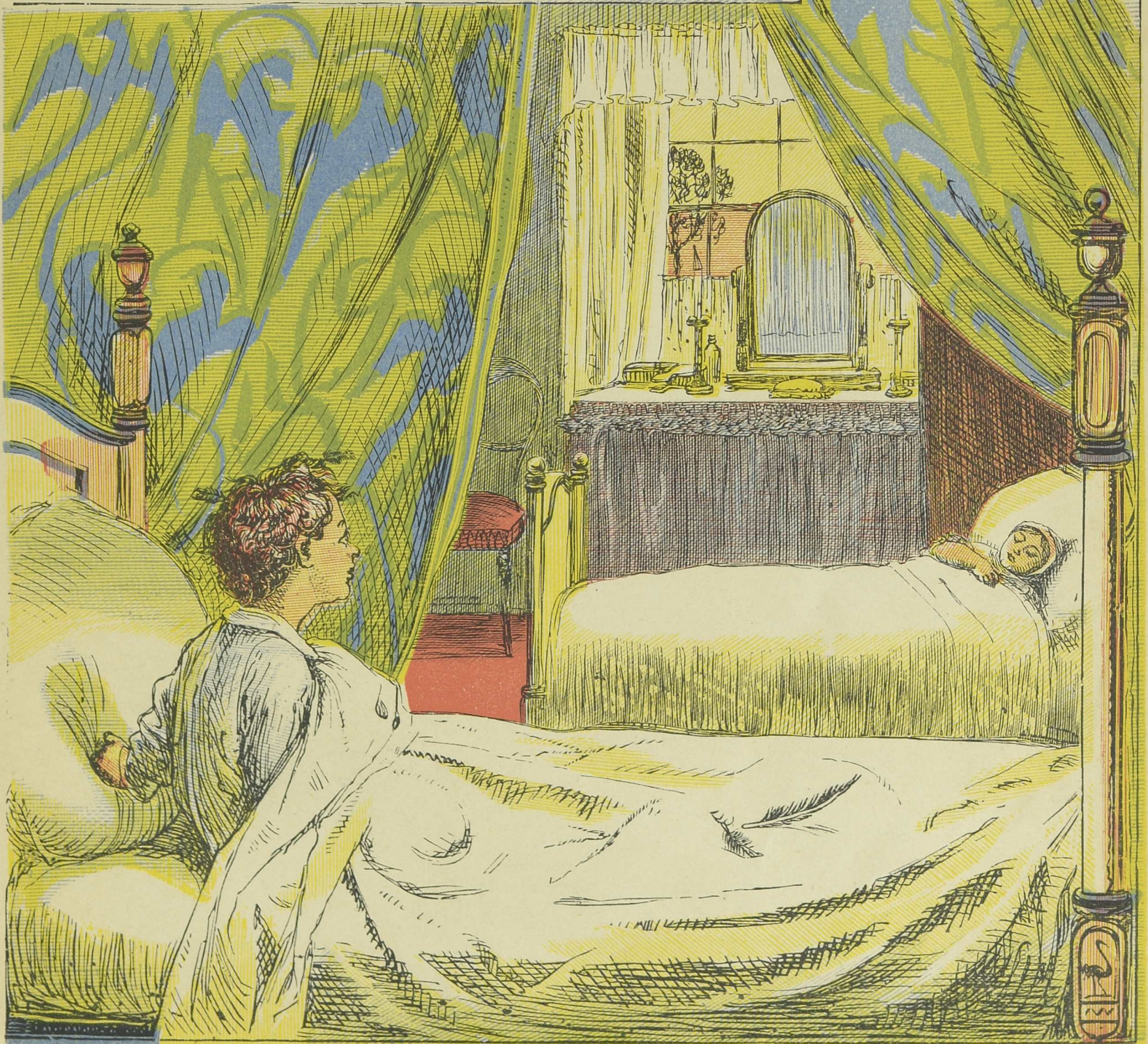
The young Magpies were fledged and  
almost full grown,  
And Jack often sat in the nest alone ;  
He longed for a breakfast of bread and  
tea,  
And oh ! how he longed for his Mother's  
knee !  
But he longed in silence, and did not  
speak,  
Tho' the tears trickled over his little  
brown cheek.







One morning, when Jack slowly opened his eyes,  
I leave you to imagine his glad surprise :  
On his little soft pillow he found his head,  
And Baby close by, in her own white bed !  
Once Jack would have screamed and awakened the  
house,  
But now he was silent and still as a mouse ;  
It was pleasure enough thro' the curtains to peep,  
And look at dear Baby while fast asleep.













How she clapped her hands in glad surprise,  
 How Nurse could hardly believe her own eyes,  
 And Jack's delight, and his Mother's kiss—  
 You surely can all of you fancy this;  
 And the joy of the house to find Jack  
     come back,  
 Yet never more to hear clack,  
     clack, clack!







12.

To all troublesome children this tale is addressed,  
Who fidget and talk, and are never at rest ;  
Let them try to learn patience and silence, like  
Jack,  
Without taking a flight on the Magpie's back.













# HOW JESSIE WAS LOST



A LITTLE girl lived in a  
very large city,  
In a house that was big, that  
was fine, that was high ;  
(I always have thought it a very  
great pity  
That we cannot teach children  
in London to fly,  
For the stairs are as winding  
and long as my ditty,  
And the nursery's always the  
nearest the sky).  
But this little girl Jessie had  
lungs rather stronge  
Than most little girls, for, to  
people's surprise,  
She was able to cry so much  
louder and longer  
Than any small child of her age  
or her size.



In Kensington Gardens my Jessie went walking,  
With Nurse, and the baby, and Bessie the maid;  
They chatter'd like magpies, but what they were talking  
They knew very little, I'm sadly afraid.

I know this, as the Nurse was conversing with Bessie,  
They forgot so entirely about their young charge,  
That, seizing the chance, off went little Miss Jessie,

Upon finding herself  
like a wild beast  
at large.













She ran very quickly, between  
the trees winding,  
As far from the Nurses as ever  
she could,  
And she thought to herself, but  
without at all minding,  
“Now I shall be lost, like the  
Babes in the Wood.”

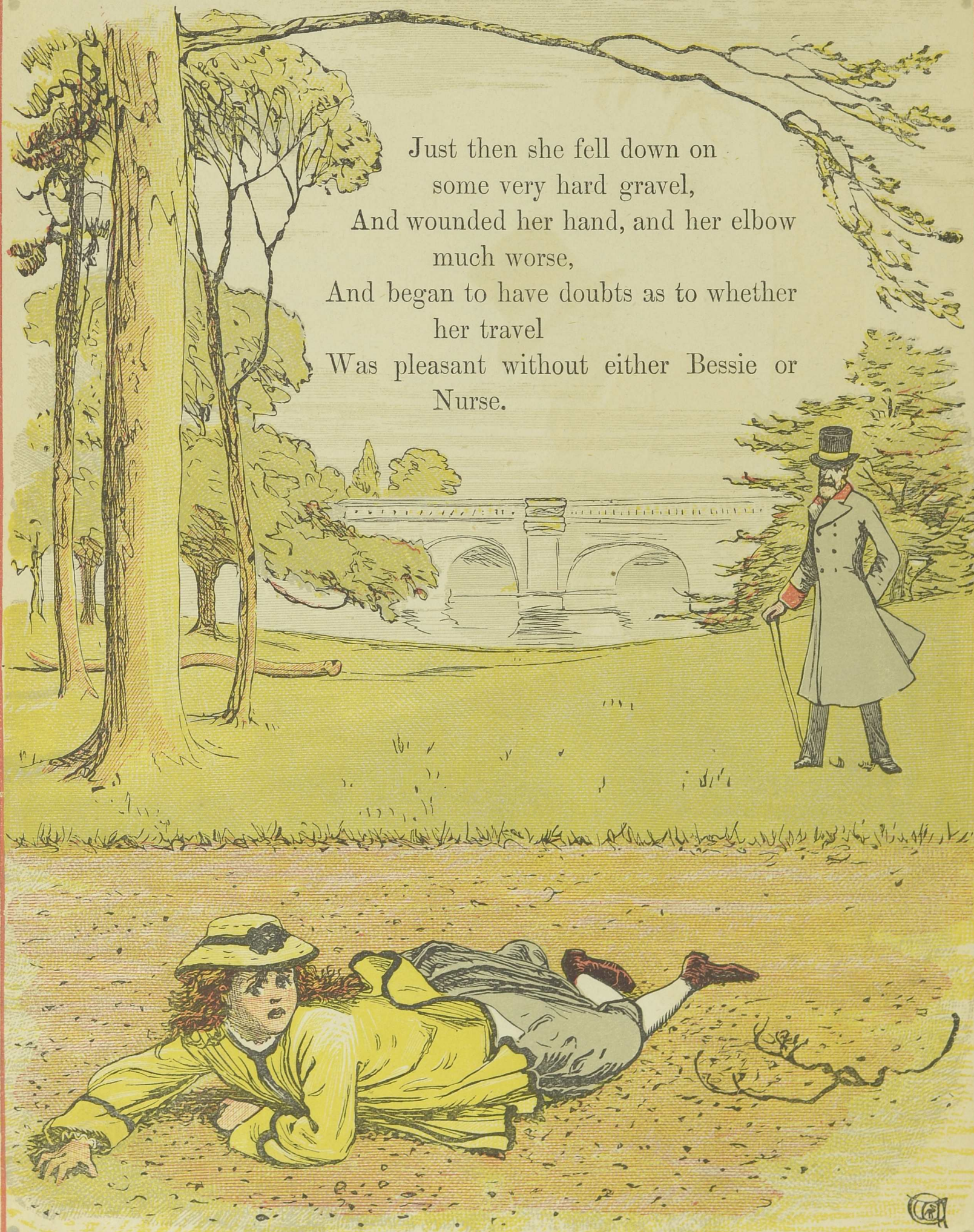








Just then she fell down on  
some very hard gravel,  
And wounded her hand, and her elbow  
much worse,  
And began to have doubts as to whether  
her travel  
Was pleasant without either Bessie or  
Nurse.







The Park-keeper saw her, and then  
she grew paler ;  
He thought she was frightened be-  
cause she was lost ;  
She thought with his thick stick  
he meant to assail her,  
For a Park-keeper's really as bad  
as a ghost.







The Park-keeper led her quite kindly, and brought her  
To his lodge, and there gave her a raspberry-drop ;  
But in spite of all that he could do, and his daughter,  
She cried as if never intending to stop.

In vain did the Keeper to soothe her endeavour,  
In vain did his daughters all give her a kiss ;  
Her sobs became louder—they all said, “ I never  
In all my life—*never* heard  
crying like this ! ”













A gentleman, taking a walk with a lady,  
Was strolling on slowly, enjoying the  
view,

The grass all so green, and the path-  
way so shady,

When they heard a peculiar noise  
that they knew.

It was made up of sobs, and of calling  
for Bessie,

And of crying, the loudest you ever  
did hear;

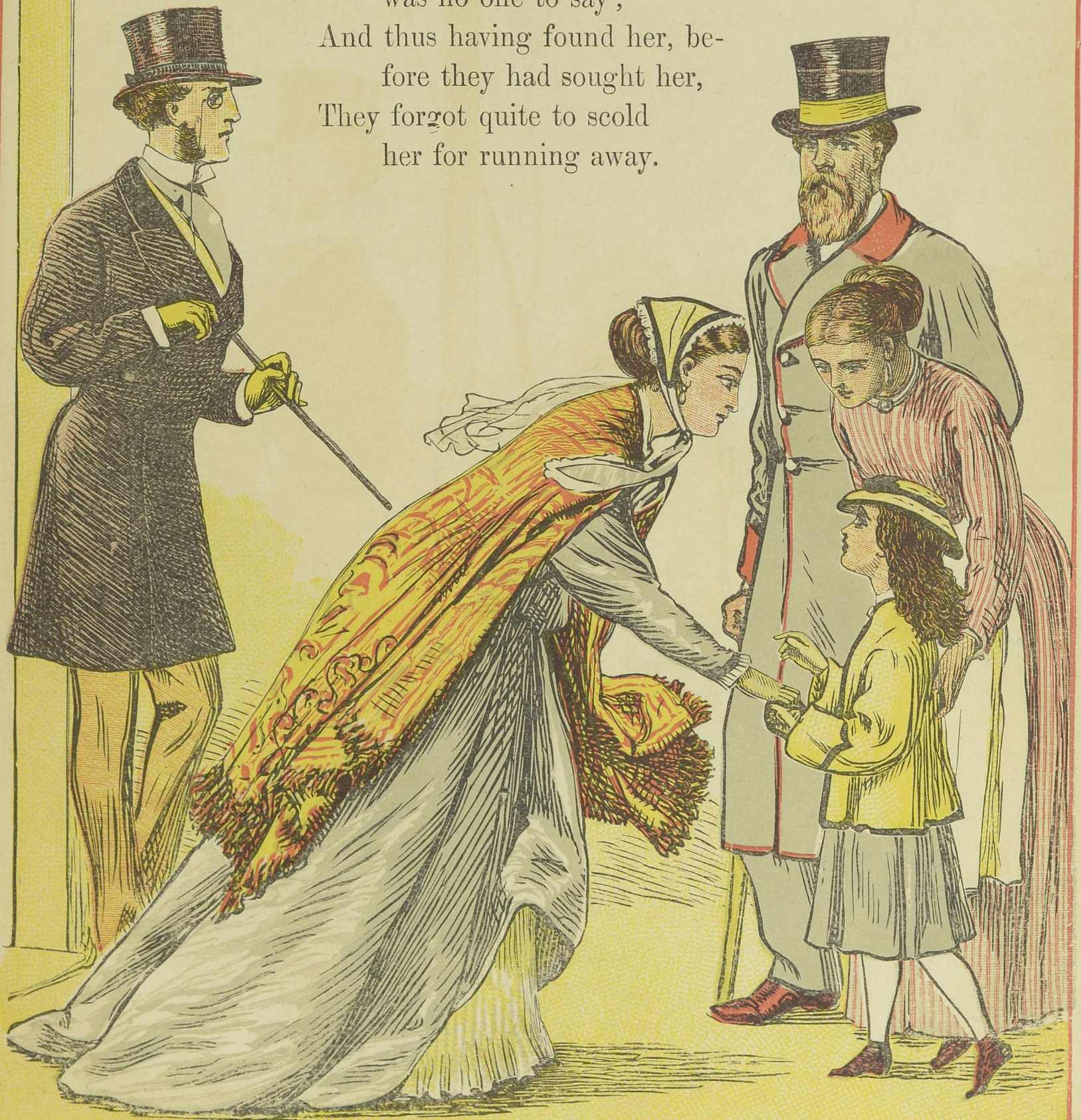
And the lady exclaimed, "That can  
never be Jessie!

It is so like her crying—we'll go and  
see, dear."





Oh yes, it was Jessie, their own  
little daughter,  
But how she got *there*, there  
was no one to say ;  
And thus having found her, be-  
fore they had sought her,  
They forgot quite to scold  
her for running away.















Three little words  
you often see,  
Are **ARTICLES**,  
'a,' 'an,' and 'the.'  
A **NOUN'S** the  
name of anything,  
As 'school' or 'garden,'  
'hoop' or 'swing.'


















Instead of Nouns,  
the PRONOUNS  
stand —  
‘Her’ head, ‘his’ face,  
‘your’ arm, ‘my’  
hand.





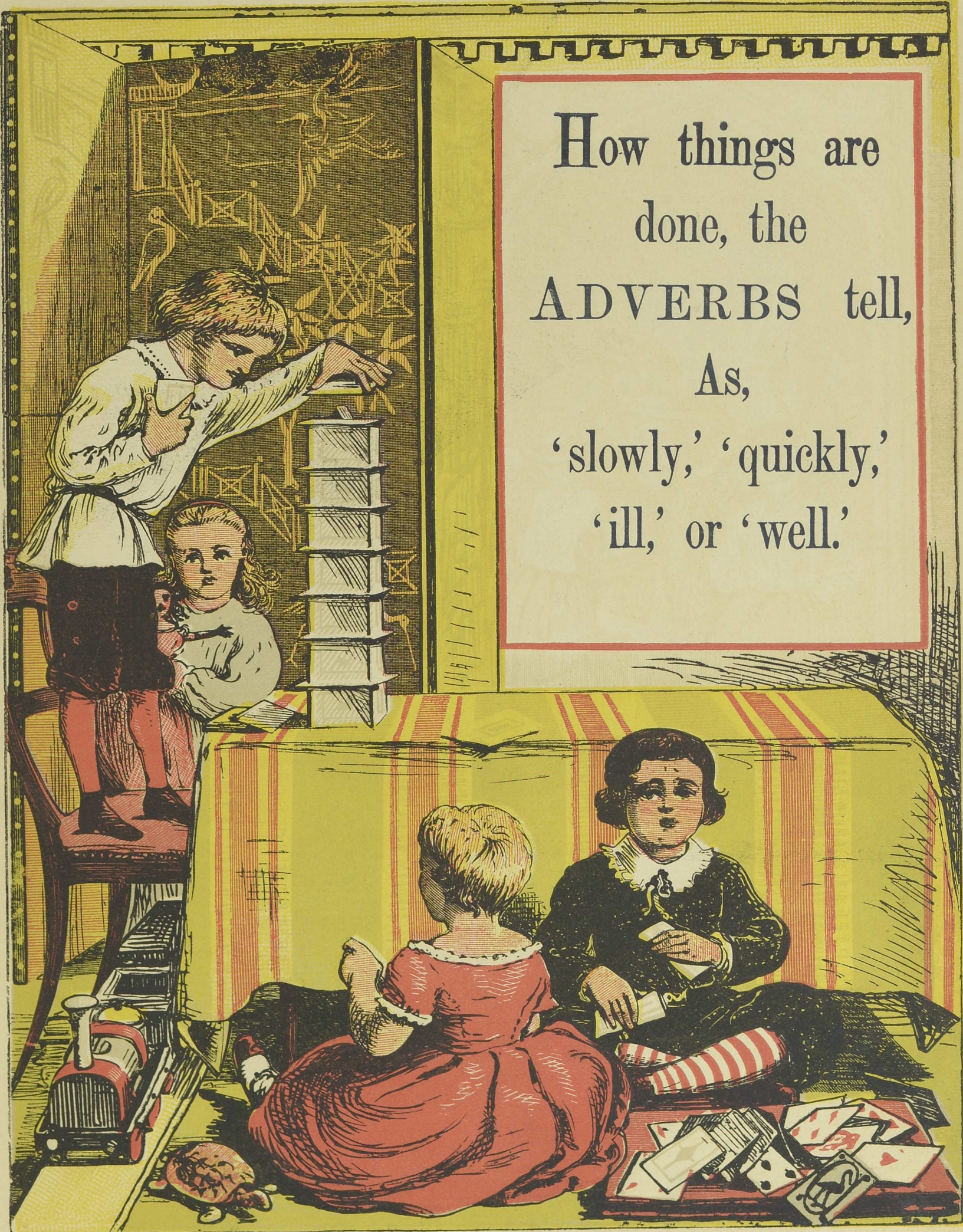


VERBS  
tell of something  
being done—  
To 'read,' 'count,'  
'laugh,' 'sing,'  
'jump,' or 'run.'

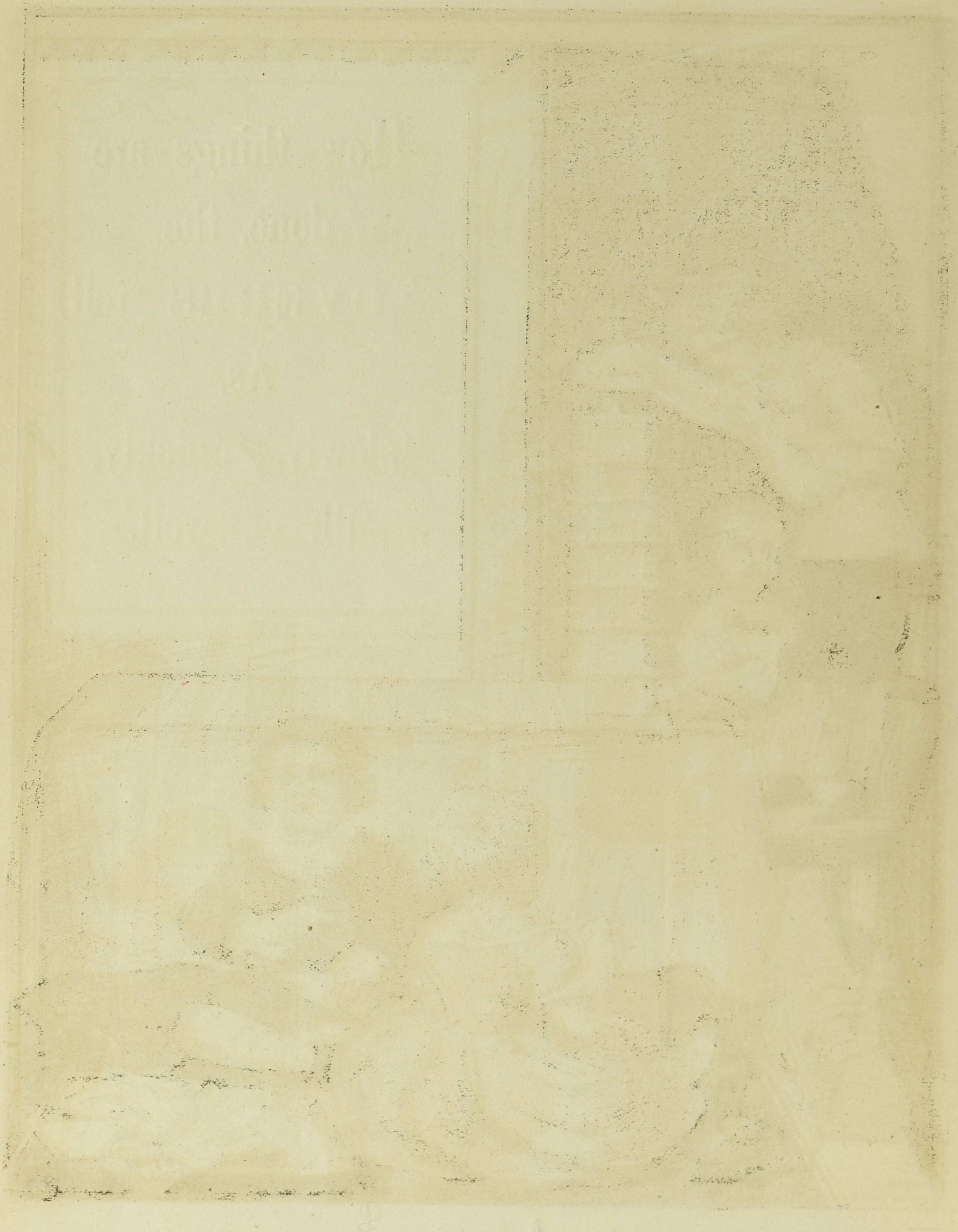




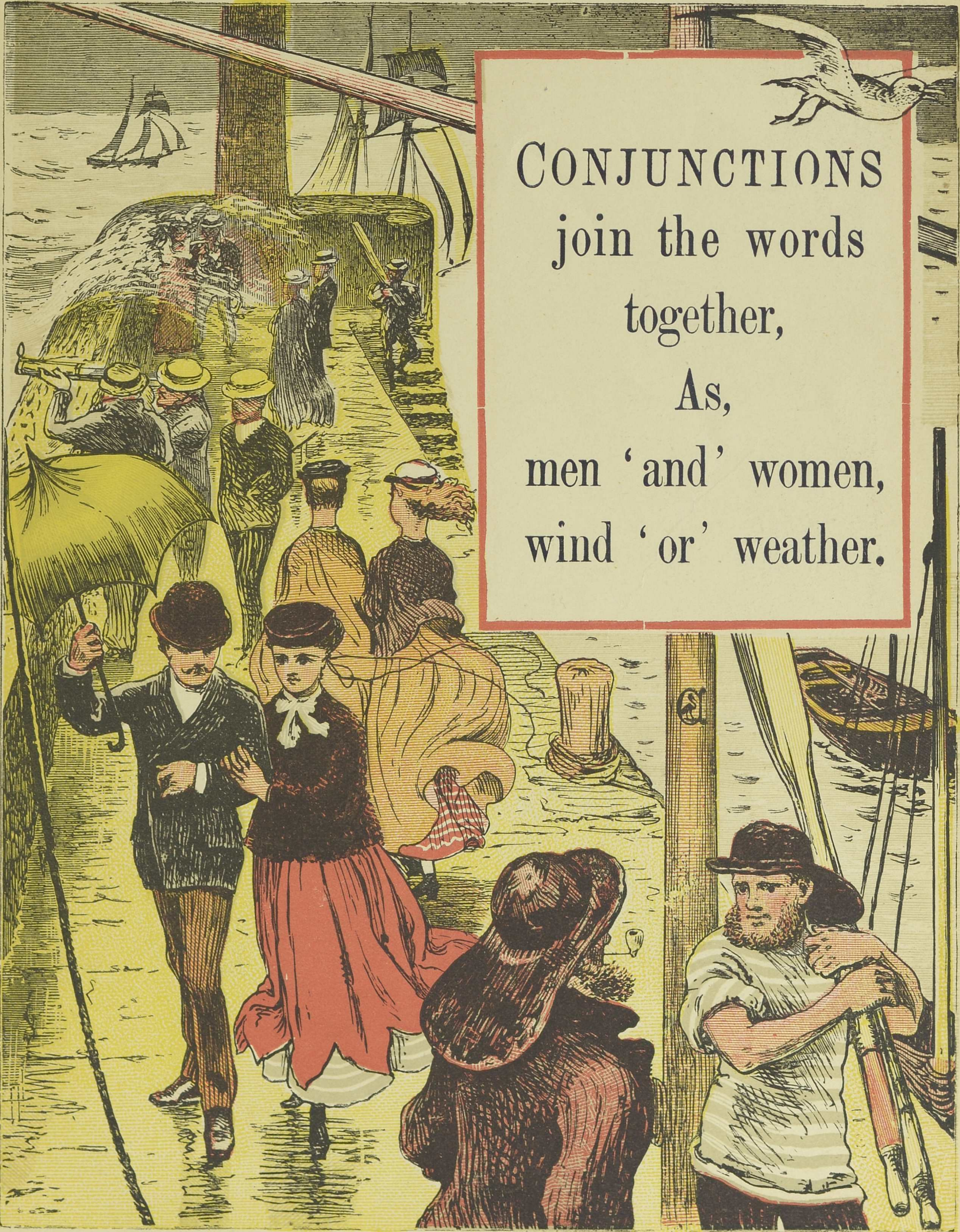
How things are  
done, the  
**ADVERBS** tell,  
As,  
'slowly,' 'quickly,'  
'ill,' or 'well.'











CONJUNCTIONS  
join the words  
together,

As,  
men 'and' women,  
wind 'or' weather.











The PREPOSITION  
stands before

A Noun, as 'in' or  
'through' a door.

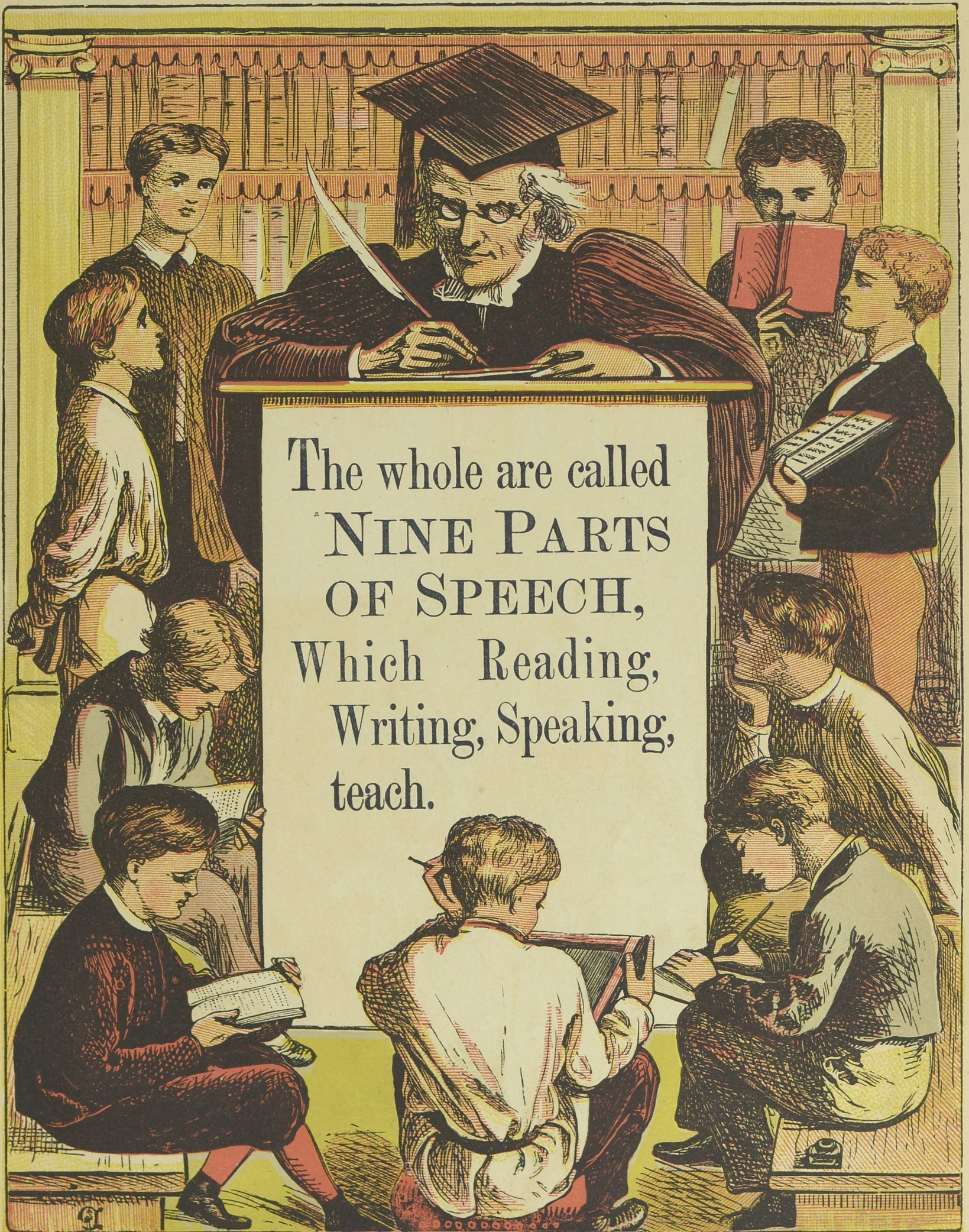
The INTERJECTION  
shows surprise,

As, 'Oh!' how pretty!

'Ah!' how wise!







The whole are called  
**NINE PARTS**  
**OF SPEECH,**  
Which Reading,  
Writing, Speaking,  
teach.









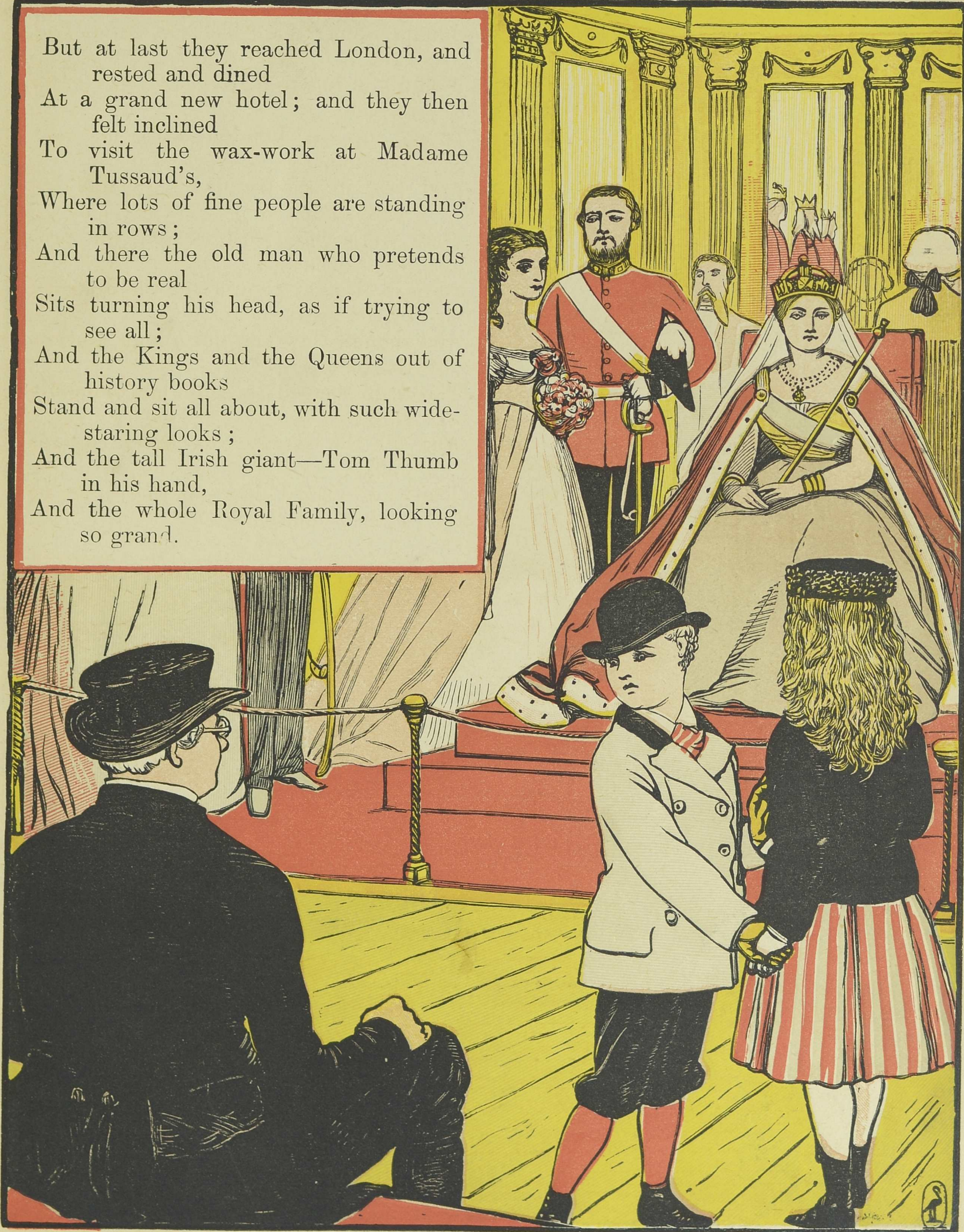


ONE day said Papa, "Tell me, Annie and Jack,  
Would you like to help Susan your boxes  
to pack,  
To go up to London with me and  
Mamma,  
And see all the sights?"—"May we  
really, Papa?"  
They were wild with delight the pro-  
posal to hear;  
So next Monday they went, the first day  
of the year,  
And though they had not a long journey  
to go,  
The train seemed to Annie uncommonly  
slow;  
And all the way so discontented was  
Jack,  
That he wished himself there, or he  
wished himself back.





But at last they reached London, and  
rested and dined  
At a grand new hotel; and they then  
felt inclined  
To visit the wax-work at Madame  
Tussaud's,  
Where lots of fine people are standing  
in rows;  
And there the old man who pretends  
to be real  
Sits turning his head, as if trying to  
see all;  
And the Kings and the Queens out of  
history books  
Stand and sit all about, with such wide-  
staring looks;  
And the tall Irish giant—Tom Thumb  
in his hand,  
And the whole Royal Family, looking  
so grand.



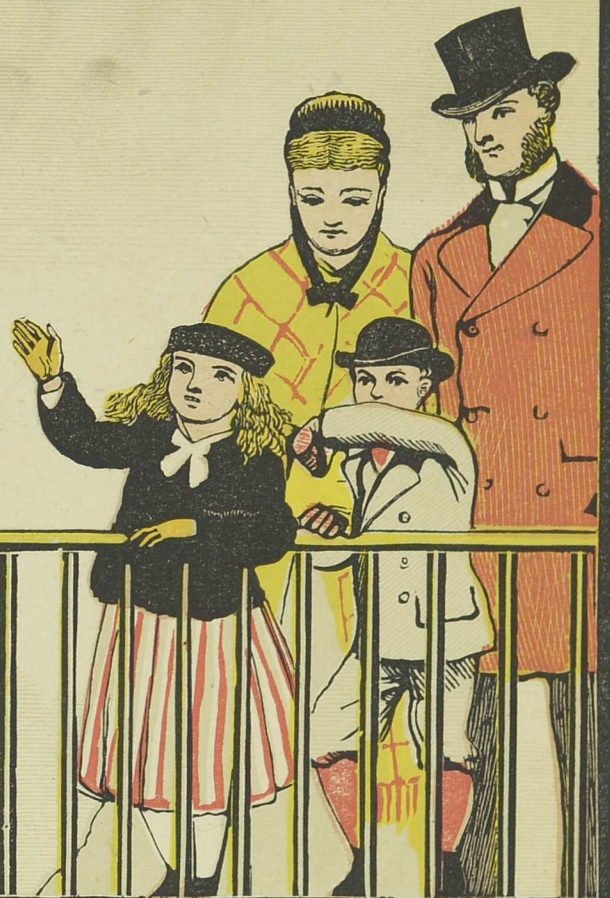












Now Annie and Jack were not anxious  
to see  
Zoological Gardens; they took them to be  
A place where the animals run about wild,  
And are all looking out for some stray  
little child.  
But on Tuesday Mamma and Papa took  
them there,  
And they carried some buns, which they  
gave to the bear;  
The bears were enclosed, and not running  
about,  
It was only too plain that they couldn't  
get out.  
And then they saw lions and tigers in cages,  
Growing used to the wonders by gradual  
stages;  
The monkeys they liked, and the white  
polar bear  
(The best off of any at that time of year).







It was difficult, really, to get them  
away,  
In time to get rested for seeing next  
day  
The Sydenham Palace (that hot-house  
of ours,  
Where presents and pantomimes spring  
up like flowers);  
And there they heard songs, and saw  
acrobats tumble  
(So certain to break all their bones if  
they stumble);  
And all seemed so sparkling, bright-  
coloured, and light,  
That they said, "Here's a place where  
it never is night."







On Thursday Papa said, "Now as the  
ice hardens,  
We will go and see skating in Ken-  
sington Gardens;  
I will take my skates with me and if it  
will bear,  
Perhaps I will even put Jack on a  
pair."  
But Jack couldn't manage to get on at  
all,  
And even Papa suffered more than one  
fall;  
So they took off their skates, and they  
looked at the fun,  
With Mamma and with Annie, until it  
was done.









On Friday they went to a Pantomime,—  
oh!

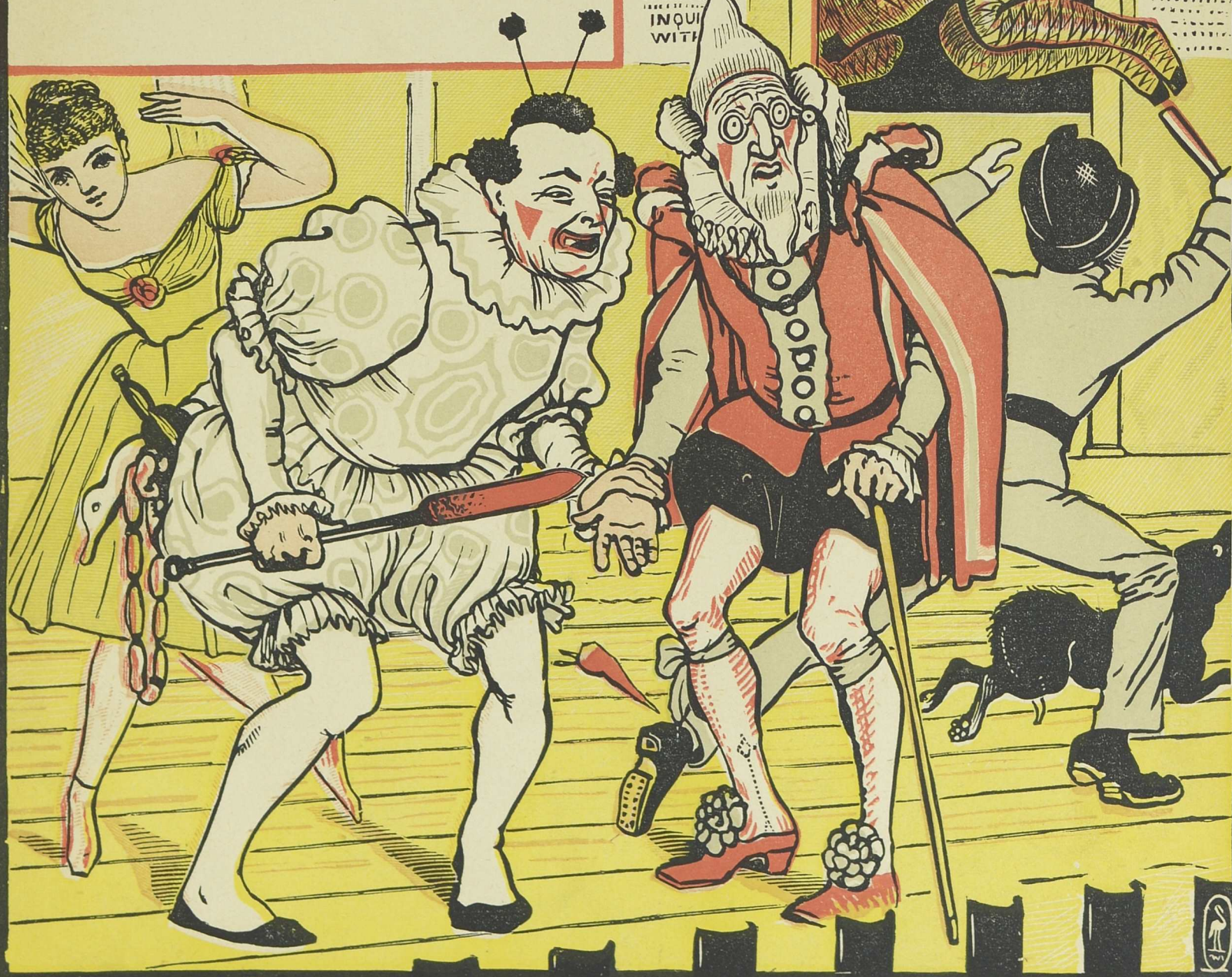
That really *was* fun, for the children  
said so;

They did not know again their old  
nursery story,

So changed by the tinsel and gas-  
lighted glory;

But they liked the Clown's tricks, and  
the Harlequin's jumps,

And the banging and falling, the thrash-  
ing and thumps.













On Saturday morning went Annie and  
 Jack  
 To bazaars, to buy presents to take with  
 them back,  
 For the little ones, Baby and Susan,  
 and Nurse;  
 And I hope that Papa had a very long  
 purse.  
 A rag-doll for Baby, a waggon, and  
 cart,  
 A top, and a lady-doll dressed very  
 smart,  
 Annie bought, and unhappily dropped in  
 the dirt;  
 And Jack bought a horse, and a drum,  
 and a squirt;  
 And they both bought each other some  
 paints and some sweets:  
 By this they were getting quite tired of  
 the streets.





And Papa and Mamma took them  
home the same day,—  
They were glad to go home, and yet  
wanted to stay;  
But the train went quite fast, and it  
seemed a nice change  
To be back in their own home, where  
nothing was strange;

And always they reckon'd that  
seeing these sights  
Was a thing to remember—a week of  
delights;  
And, though they may see them all  
many times more,  
They'll never enjoy them so much, I  
am sure.















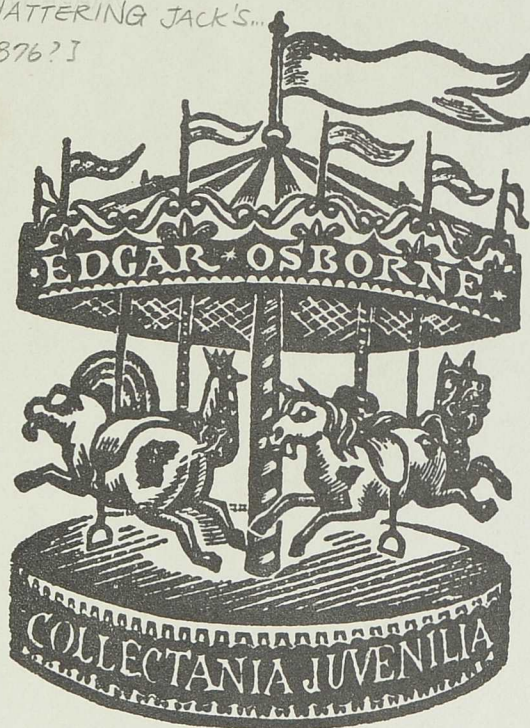


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CHATTERING JACK'S...

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