

Dean's Gold Medal Series N° 34.

The modern STREWWELPETER



st look at him! as he sits there,
With his nasty hands and hair.
Any thing to me is sweeter
Than to see Shock-headed Peter.

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HERE is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid wicked boy was he;



HE caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings,



HE kill'd the birds, and broke the chairs,
And threw the kitten down the stairs;

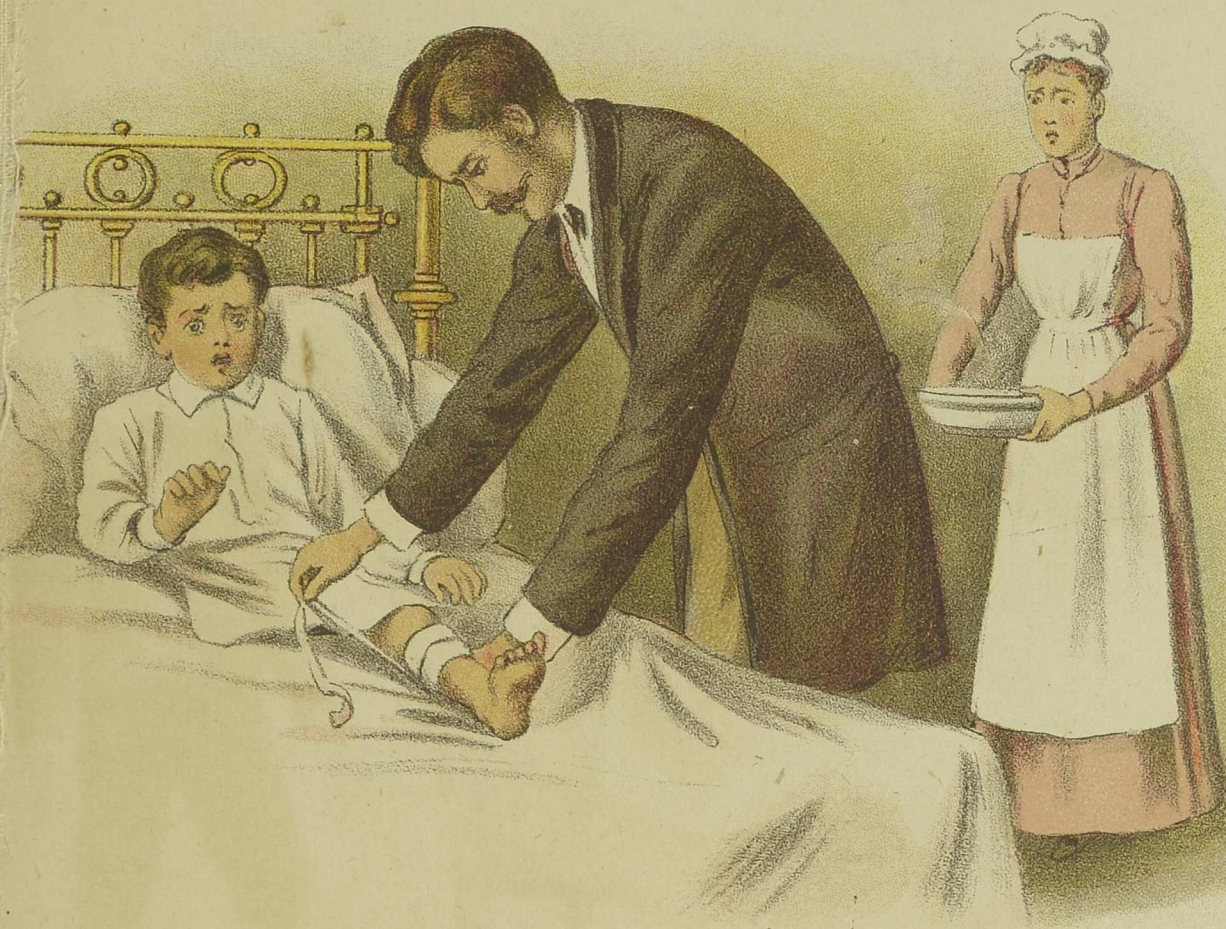


AND, oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipp'd his Mary, till she cried.



THE trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day;
He wagg'd his tail, and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatch'd up a whip,
And whipp'd poor Tray till he was sore,

AND kick'd and whipp'd him more and more
At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growl'd and bit him till he bled;
Then you should only have been by,
To see how Fred did scream and cry.



So Frederick had to go to bed;
His leg was very sore and red!
The Doctor came and shook his head,
And made a very great to do,
And gave him nasty physic too.

BUT good dog Tray is happy now,
He has no time to say "bow-wow!"
He seats himself in Frederick's chair,
And laughs to see the good things there.
The soup he swallows—sup by sup—
And eats the pies and puddings up.

The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb.



ONE day, Mamma said: "Doris dear,
I must go out and leave you here;
But mind now, Doris, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great, tall tailor always comes
To little girls that suck their thumbs,
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great, sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off, —
and then
You know, they never grown again."

MAMMA had scarcely turn'd
her back,
The thumb was in, Alack!
Alack!



The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb.

THE door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-
man,

Oh! children, see! the
tailor's come

And caught our
little Suck-a-
Thumb.

Snip! Snap!
Snip! the
scissors go;

And Doris cries
out—"Oh!
Oh! Oh!"

Snip! Snap! Snip! they
go so fast,

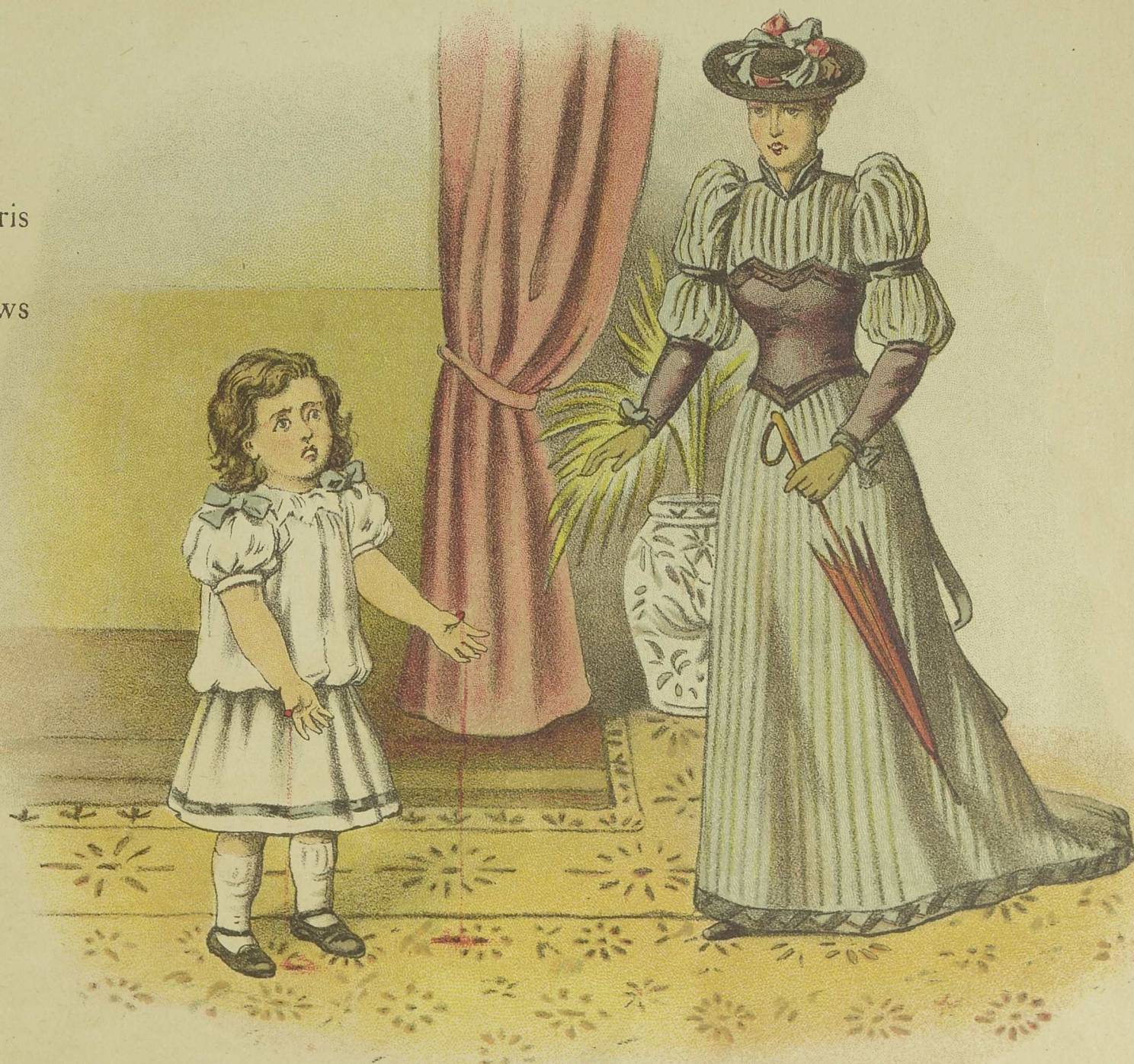
That both her thumbs
are off at last.

MAMMA comes home; there Doris
stands,

And looks quite sad, and shows
her hands;

"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew
he'd come,

To naughty little Suck-a-
Thumb."



The Story of Augustus who would not Eat his Dinner.



AUGUSTUS was a chubby lad;
 Fat, ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
 And everybody saw with joy
 The plump and hearty, healthy boy.
 He ate and drank as he was told,
 And never let his food get cold;
 But one day, one cold winter's day,
 He scream'd out—"take the soup away,
 O! take the nasty soup away,
 I won't have any soup to-day."



NEXT day, now look, the picture shows
 How lank and lean Augustus grows!
 Yet, though he feels so weak and ill,
 The naughty fellow crys out still—
 "Not any soup for me I say;
 O, take the nasty soup away!
 I won't have any soup to-day."



THE third day comes, oh, what a sin!
 To make himself so pale and thin,
 Yet, when the soup is on the table
 He screams as loud as he is able,
 "Not any soup for me I say;
 O, take the nasty soup away!
 I won't have any soup to-day."



LOOK at him, now the fourth day's come,
 He scarcely weighs a sugar plum;
 He's like a little bit of thread,
 And on the fifth day, he was—dead.

The Story of Fidgety Phillip.

LET me see if Phillip can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see, if he is able
To sit still for once at the table:
Thus Papa bade Phillip behave,
And Mamma look'd very grave;
But fidgety Phil, he won't sit still;
He wriggles and giggles,
And then I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards
And tilts up his chair,
Just like any rocking horse;—



"PHILLIP! I am getting cross!"
See the naughty restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Phillip screams with all his might,
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, plates, knives, forks and all.



How Mamma did fret and frown,
When she saw them tumbling down!
And Papa made such a face;
Phillip is in sad disgrace.
Where is Phillip, where is he?
Fairly covered up you see!
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pull'd down all upon him.
What a terrible to do!
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!
Here a knife, and there a fork!
Phillip, this is cruel work.



TABLE all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma!

Look quite cross, and wonder how
They shall make their dinner now.

The Story of Johnnie Head-in-Air.



"Look at little Johnnie there,
 Little Johnnie Head-in-Air ;"
 Running just in Johnnie's way,
 Came a little dog one day ;
 Johnnie's eyes were still astray,
 Up on high, in the sky ;
 And he never heard them cry—
 "Johnnie, mind, the dog is nigh."

As he trudg'd along to school,
 It was always Johnnie's rule
 To be looking at the sky,
 And at the clouds that floated by ;
 But what just before him lay, in his way,
 Johnnie never thought about ;
 So that everyone cried out :—

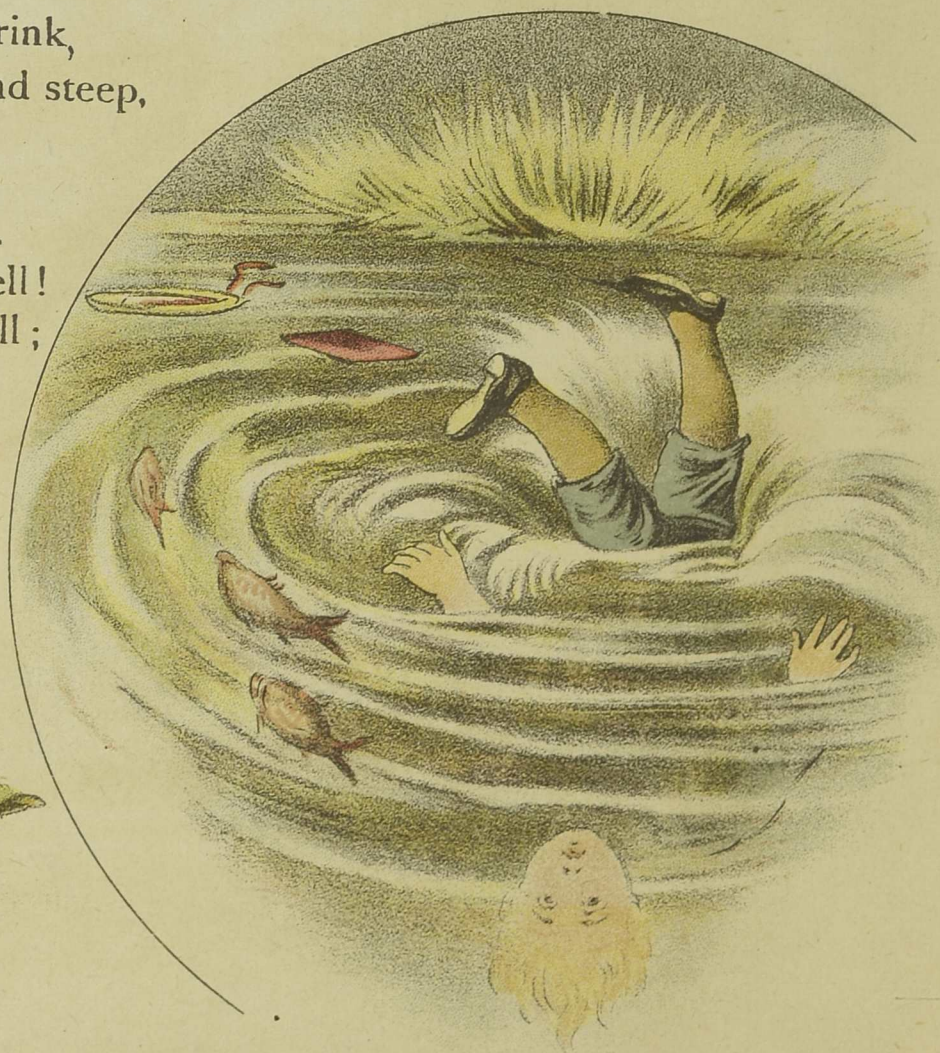


BUMP! dump!
 Down they fell, with such a thump,
 Dog and Johnnie in a lump !

ONCE with head as high as ever,
 Johnnie walk'd beside the river.
 Johnnie watch'd the swallows trying
 Which was cleverest at flying.
 Oh, what fun!
 Johnnie watch'd the bright red sun,
 Going in and coming out ;
 This was all he thought about.



So he strode on, only think !
 To the river's very brink,
 Where the bank was high and steep,
 And the water very deep ;
 And the fishes, in a row,
 Stared to see him coming so.
 One step more! oh sad to tell!
 Headlong in poor Johnnie fell ;
 And the fishes, in dismay,
 Wagg'd their tails and
 swam away.



The Story of Johnnie Head-in-Air.

There lay Johnnie on his face
With his nice red writing case;
But as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard his cry;
And with sticks these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnnie out again.



Oh! you should have seen him shiver
When they pulled him from the river,
He was in a sorry plight!
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Clothes and arms, and face and hair.
Wet all over everywhere,
Johnnie never will forget
What it is to be so wet.



And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again you see;
Up they came the moment after
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popp'd out his little head,
And, to tease poor Johnnie, said:
"Silly little Johnnie, look,
You have lost your writing book."

The Dreadful Story of Harriet and the Matches.



It almost makes me cry to tell
 What foolish Harriet befell.
 Mamma and nurse went out
 one day,
 And left her all alone at play.
 Now on the table close at
 hand,
 A box of matches chanc'd to
 stand;
 And kind Mamma and nurse
 had told her,
 That, if she touched them, they should
 scold her.

But Harriet said: "Oh what a pity!
 For when they burn, it is so pretty;
 They crackle so, and spit, and flame
 Mamma too often does the same,

The pussy-cats heard this,
 And they began to hiss,
 And stretch their claws,
 And raise their paws;

"Me-ow," they said "me-o, me-o,
 You'll burn to death if you do so."

But Harriet would not take advice,
 She lit a match, it was so nice!
 It crackled so, it burn'd so clear,—
 Exactly like the picture here:
 She jump'd for joy and ran about,
 And was too pleased to put it out.

The pussy-cats saw this,
 And said: "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
 And stretched their claws,
 And rais'd their paws:
 "'Tis very very wrong you know,
 Me-ow me-o, me-ow me-o,
 You will be burnt, if you do so."



The Dreadful Story of Harriet and the Matches.

AND see! Oh, what a dreadful thing!

The fire has caught her apron string;

Her apron burns, her arms, her hair,

She burns all over, everywhere.

Then how the pussy-cats did mew,

What else, poor pussies, could they do?

They screamed for help, 'twas all in vain!

So then, they said, we'll scream again;

Make haste, make haste, me-ow me-o,

She'll burn to death, we told her so.

So she was burnt, with all her clothes,
And arms, and hands, and eyes, and nose;
Till she had nothing more to lose
Except her little scarlet shoes;
And nothing else but these were found
Among her ashes on the ground.

And when the good cats sat beside
The smoking ashes, how they cried!
"Me-ow me-oo, me-ow me-oo,
What will Mamma and Nursy do?"
The tears ran down their cheeks so fast
They made a little pond at last."



1
WHEN the rain comes tumbling down
 In the country or the town,
 All good little girls and boys
 Stay at home and mind their toys.
 Robert thought,—“No, when it pours,
 It is better out of doors.”
 Rain it *did*, and in a minute
 Bob was in it.
 Here you see him, silly fellow,
 Underneath his red umbrella.



2
WHAT a wind! Oh! how it whistles
 Through the trees and flowers and
 thistles!
 It has caught his umbrella;
 Now look at him, silly fellow,
 Up he flies
 To the skies.
 No one heard his screams and cries.
 Through the clouds the rude wind
 bore him,
 And his hat flew on before him.

3
Soon they got to such a height,
 They were nearly out of sight!
 And the hat went up so high,
 That it really touched the sky.
 No one ever yet could tell
 Where they stopped, or where they fell:
 Only, this one thing is plain,
 Bob was never seen again!

You