

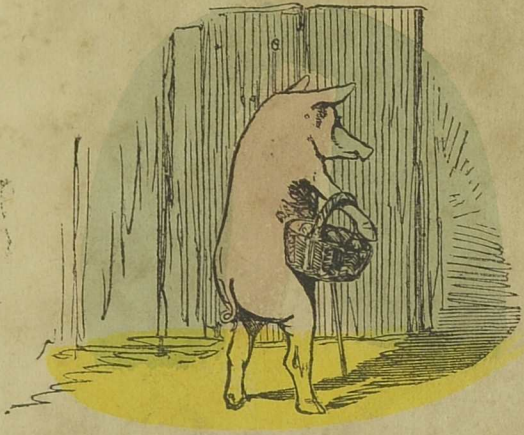
LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE



& LITTLE PIG'S TALE



DEAN & SON, Printers and Publishers, 11, Ludgate-Hill, London.



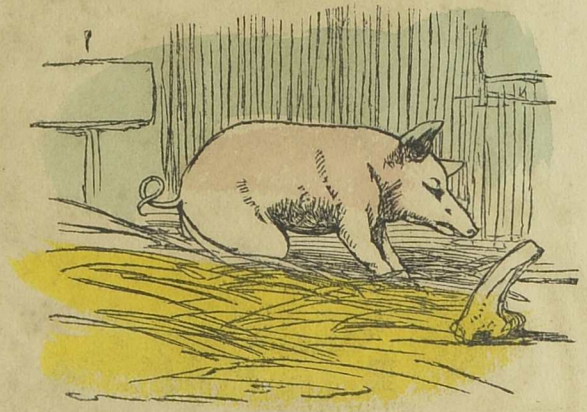
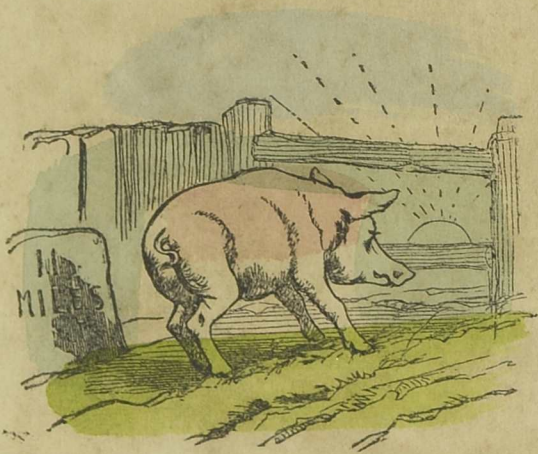
THE



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE,

AND

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.



LONDON: DEAN & SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL, *ca late 1840s*

Lithographers, Printers, and Publishers.

Juvenile Publications of every description.



ONCE it happened, though when, is not easily said,
A young grunter, Jack Pig, took it into his head
To quit his good home,—his dear mother to leave,
Not caring at all how for him she might grieve.
Said Jack, “Brother Bob for his pleasure has strayed;
I’ll roam away, too, when I’m nicely arrayed.”
So next morn he set off, in hat and wig dressed;—
The same that the farmer’s son wore as his best.

With snout aloft, he started out,
Then on the green he gazed about;
He whirled his tail with pure delight,
Saying—“I lodge not here to-night.”
The geese came hissing at his heel,
But ’midst their noise he heard a squeal;
And looking whence the warning came,
He spied his mother in the lane.



"Her son," said he, "so tall, shall never know
The self-enmity as I am, so like a dove
His heart beat quickly as his was the parent
The beating of his wings the wind shall be reborn
Then bring him the hope, a new new song
And putting on his hat he said, "Ah's right again
Now ever the world I'll run, as fast as I can
Then he touched his cane and turned to go
And sitting on his little young legs
To a fold where some sheaves were lying
Said he, "As I'm true I'll be true to rest
And perhaps, if I do see, just here, I'll be true
For I should not much like these poor boys to be true
As they possibly might be so very true
As to leave off their game from respect for me
No occasion for which I can possibly see"



“Her son,” said he, “so tall, she’ll never know,
Dressed smartly as I am, so like a beau.”
His heart beat quickly as his ma he passed,
But, bowing, “How d’ye do, good dame?” he asked;
Then biting from the hedge a nice new cane,
And putting on his hat, he said “All’s right again;
Now over the world I’ll roam, as fast as I can.”
Then he flourished his cane, and onward he ran.

And trotting on briskly, young Piggy soon came
To a field where some schoolboys were having a game;
Said he, “As I’m tired I’ll lie down to rest,
And perhaps, if I do so, just here ’twill be best;
For I should not much like these poor boys to disturb,
As they possibly might be so very absurd
As to leave off their game, from respect toward me,
No occasion for which I can possibly see.”



The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out into the morning air was a sense of
freedom. The sun was just beginning to
rise, and the world felt fresh and
full of possibility. I had been waiting
for this moment for so long, and now
it was finally here. The birds were
singing, and the flowers were in bloom.
It was a beautiful sight, and I knew
that this was the start of something
new. I had found my purpose, and
I was ready to begin. The world was
waiting for me, and I was ready to
take it all in. I had found my place,
and I was ready to start my journey.
The sun was shining, and the world
was beautiful. I was ready to begin,
and I was ready to take it all in.
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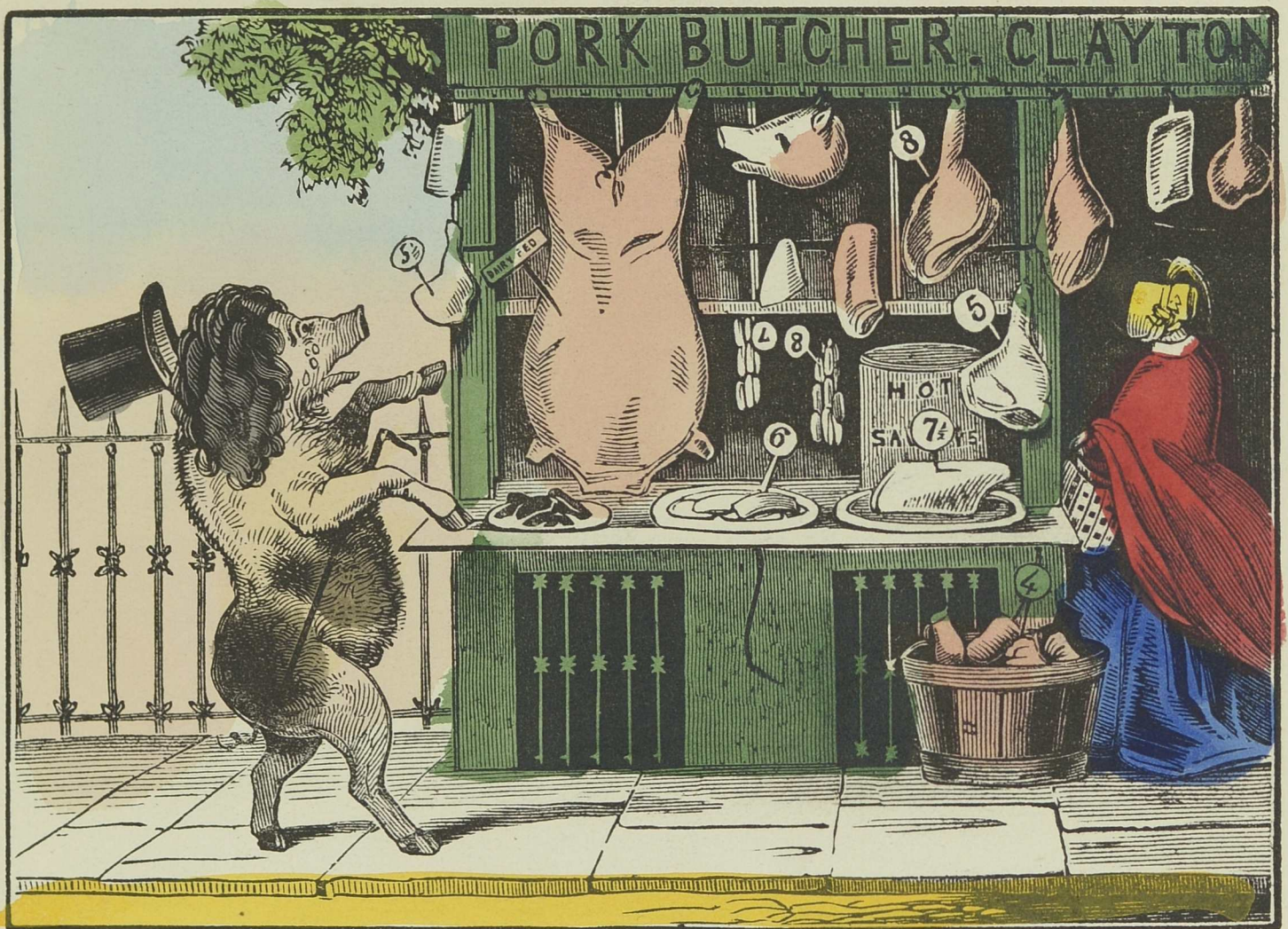
But, just then, a boy spied him, and giving a call,
Thus said to his comrades, "Come here, my lads, all."
Then they left off their play, and they chased the poor pig,
Until he had dropped both his hat and his wig.
They left him, at last, overcome with fatigue;
"Though," said he, "it is not for myself that I grieve,
But to think of the manners of these country clowns!
Such conduct would never be met with in towns."

To get back his wig he was greatly perplexed,
About which and his hat he was equally vexed;
For the wind, when the boys were the hardest in chase,
Blew them both in the river, its surface to grace;
And they seemed to mock Piggy, as there they did float,
"But I'll have you," said Jack, who pushed off in a boat;
When his finery reaching, the boat he upset,
"I can swim," cried the blade, "and I don't mind the wet."



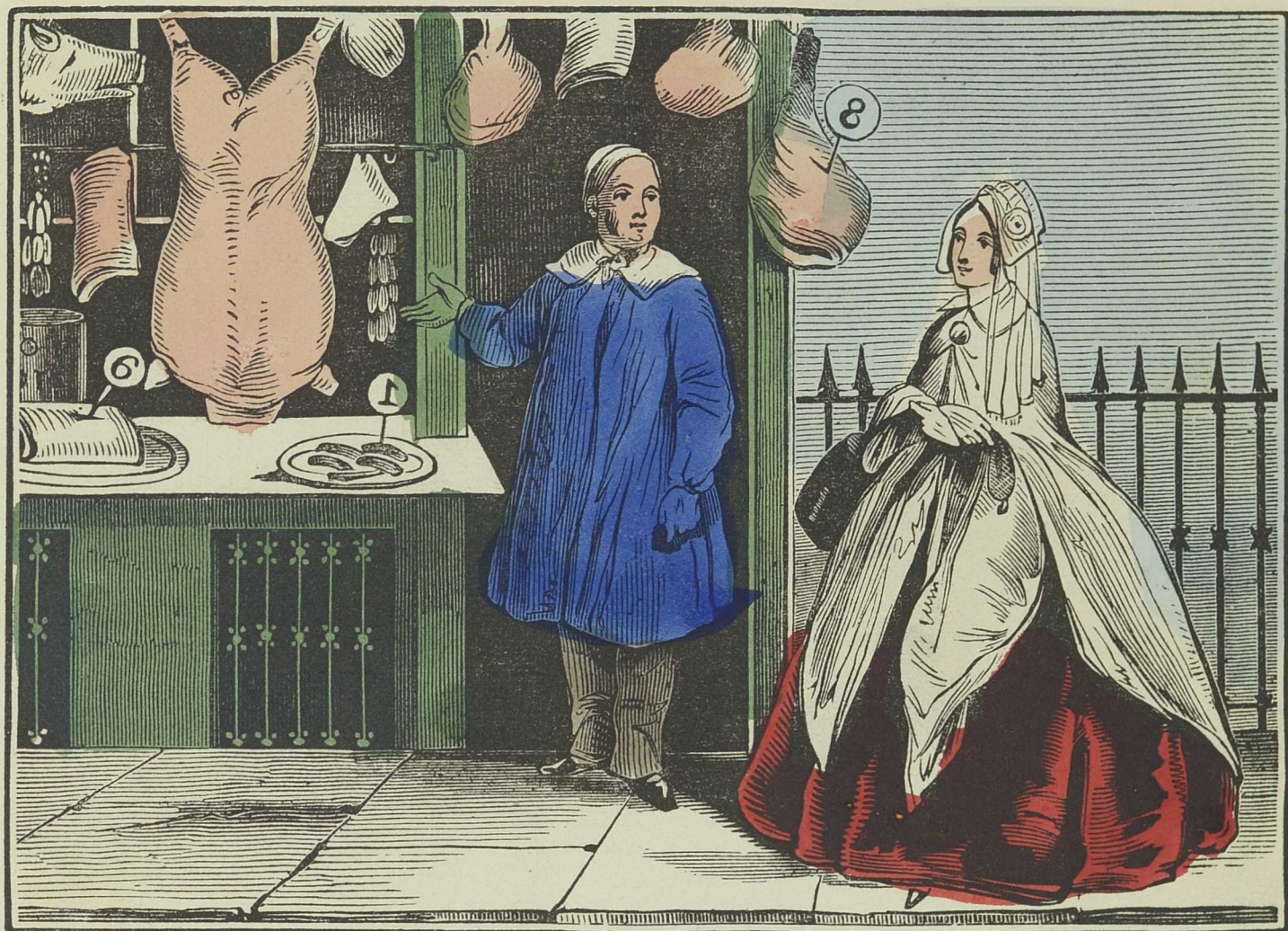
But, beside his own hide, both his wig and his hat
Were wet and deranged; so, to remedy that,
“I’ll enter this cottage; here’s a fire,” he said,
“I’ll hang them to dry, while I lie in the bed.”
When the Dame returned home, as he slumber’d so snug,
She soon spied the Piggy snug under the rug,
And she basted him well with a stick like a log,
Turning him and his wardrobe out into a bog.

In the miry mess Piggy long struggled about,
Unable to rise: but at last he got out,
And crept to a field where fine cabbages grew:
“I’m hungry,” said he, “I’ll indulge in a few.”
When, just as his snout a nice plant had uptorn,
A shot through his ear he had reason to mourn,
Discharged from the gun of a lad stationed there,
To take care of the crop, and all robbers to scare.



Wounded, weary, and hungry, poor Jack now felt sad,
And thought of the home, which so safe he once had,
Where he'd plenty of food, and clean straw for his bed,
And at night a good roof of strong thatch o'er his head.
He escaped from the field, though he hardly knew how,
And scampered as fast as his strength would allow:
In the distance, a town long and wide he could see:—
“Ah! ah!” said Jack swine, “there's the quarter for me.”

So now Jack hurried on to the city so gay,
Where he walked through the streets in his comic array;
But think of the horror,—oh! think of the dread,—
When, hanging immediately over his head,
In the first butcher's shop that he chanced to discover,
Were the mortal remains of poor Bobby, his brother,
“'Tis sad,” sighed our Jack, “such a difference should be
Between that unfortunate fellow and me.”



But now I have hardly the heart to relate
To my dear little readers, the terrible fate
That awaited poor Jack. Scarce a moment had passed,
As he gazed on his brother, while tears trickled fast,
When he uttered a loud and heart-rending wail,
For a butcher, in blue, caught him hold by the tail,
By which and one ear, while Jack squeaked for his mother,
Away he was dragged to be slain, like his brother.

The sun rose, next morning, and shed its first gleam,
On exactly the same spot where his brother had been ;
But there, in the same place, extended and dead,
Hung poor master Jacky, without any head.
The head, too, hung near,—but without its fine wig,
And was now to be seen as the head of a pig.
Many times since, the butcher has talked of his luck,
In taking so easy, so gay a young buck.



If pigs will walk upright, and strut with fine canes,
And stalk through the towns, 'stead of roaming in lanes,
Misfortunes they'll meet with, no doubt, such as Jack's.
Getting shots through their ears, and kicks on their backs.

Piggy left a good sty,
And went out, like a guy:—
But think, you who chide him,
How many beside him,
By false pleasures are won,
Like the Prodigal Son.

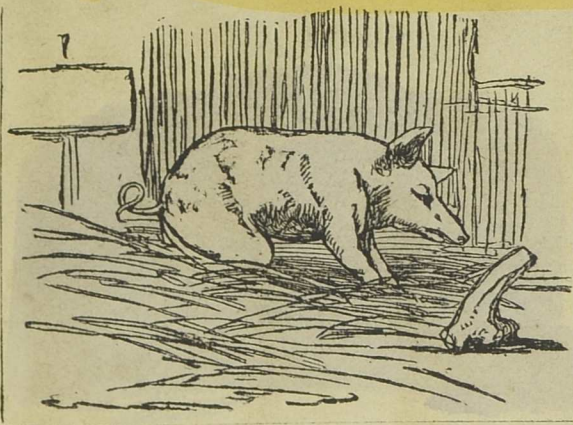
And while smiling at Piggy, think, too, of the woes
That attend, more or less, every wanderer who goes
From friends and protection, the wide world to roam;
And find out, too late, pleasure's best found at home.

FINIS.



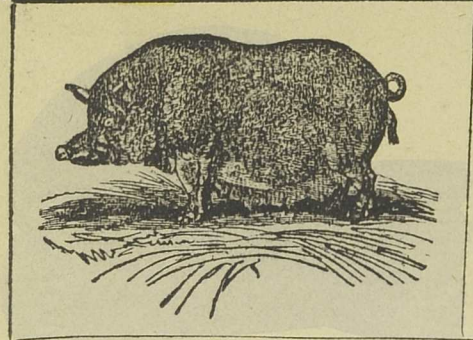
LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

DEAN AND SON, Juvenile Book and Print Publishers, 11, Ludgate Hill, London. E. C.



In a certain farm-yard, not a hundred
miles off, [at a trough ;
Some pigs were enjoying themselves
They were having their dinner,—or if
'twere too soon, [ly was noon.
It might be their breakfast—it bare-

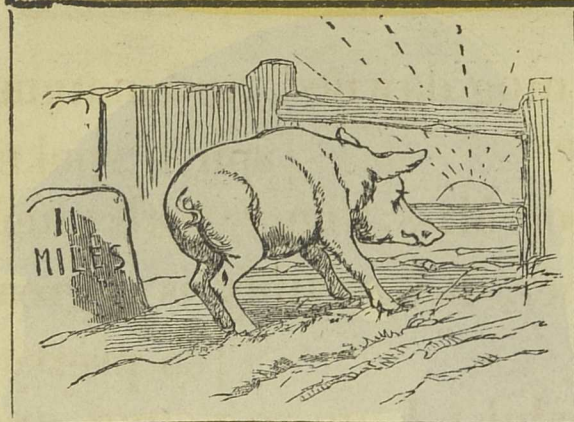
Well,—let us suppose it was breakfast,—and they
With their delicate noses were grubbing away,
When up came the farmer,—whose looks, to my thinking,
Betokened a love for good eating and drinking ;
And 'tis not unlikely the pigs thought so too,
For they never so much as said “How do you do ?”
But went on in silence to finish their feeding,
Which certainly was not a mark of good breeding.
As they acted thus rudely, I must tell the truth,
Though I'd rather my pigs had not been so uncouth.



However, the farmer looked on at his
leisure, [pleasure,
And seemed to regard them with infinite
And no ill intent, 'till he happened to see
One fat little lady pig, white as could be.

Then his mouth fairly watered, as he thought how nice,
With sage, onion, and apple sauce, would be a slice
Of that nice tempting piggy,—so, calling to Joe,
Who also was fond of roast pork, you must know,
Said, “Joe, you had better that little pig kill,
Before she gets bigger.” Said Joe, “Sir, I will.”

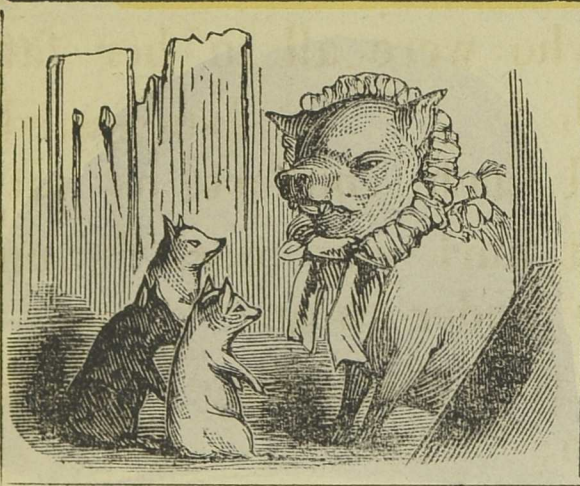
The pigs heard this order with great consternation,
And grunted, quite clearly, their disapprobation ;
But master and man took no heed of their sorrow,
And Miss was to die the day after the morrow.



The rest, who were all in her fate
interested, [suggested;
Now offered such comfort as pity
“They won’t hurt you much,” sim-
pered one tender swain :
“ I’ve heard that this killing is scarce
any pain;

Pray take some more wash, and this cabbage-stalk bite.”
“ No, thank you,” said Piggy, “ I’ve no appetite.”

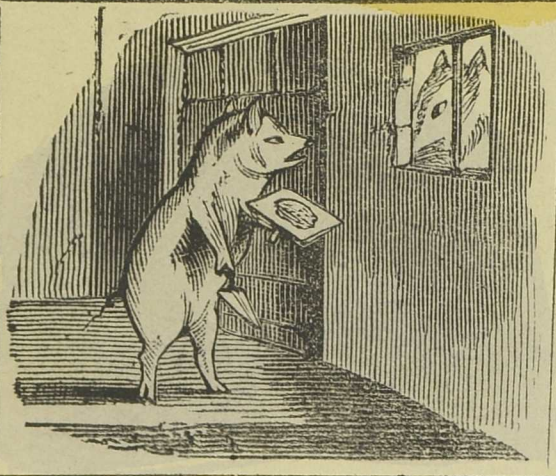
At night, when she laid herself down in her sty,
In vain she attempted to close her bright eye ;
Not a wink could she get through the whole of the night,
And wept till she made herself look like a fright.
She turned first on one side, and then on the other,
And two or three times thought of waking her mother ;
But this was not easy, for pigs are sound sleepers,
And not very willing to open their peepers.



At last, morning dawned, and mamma
 pig awoke, [spirit, spoke ;
 And thus poor Miss Piggy, with much
 “ Dear mother, it certainly is a great
 pity [so pretty ;
 To kill me whilst I am so young and
 But if they can have such bad taste as
 to do it,

I really don't see why I should submit to it.
 No one in their senses, I think, would remain,
 When they know they are soon to be cruelly slain ;
 There are more sties than this in the world, I dare say,
 So I think I had better at once run away.”

“ Alas ! my dear child,” said her mother, “ I fear
 You may as well make up your mind to stay here ;
 For 'tis likely the very first person you meet,
 Would carry you off, and then kill you, to eat.



Wherever you go, you will find the
same danger; [than a stranger;
You had better be killed by a friend
To tell you the truth, I am sadly afraid
It is for man's eating, that we pigs
are made.

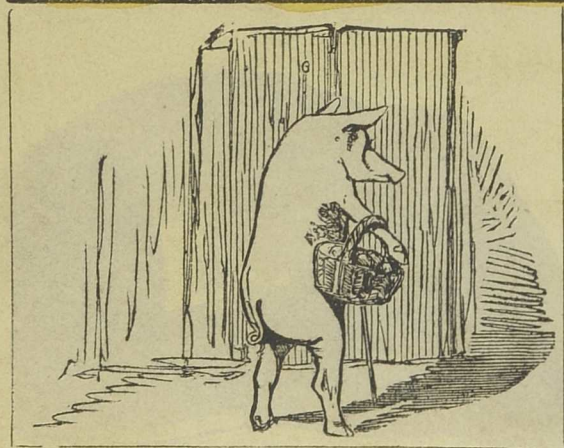
The thought is not pleasant, yet, what
we can't cure,

As the old proverb says, we must learn to endure

Then a grave-looking pig of respectable age,
Who was always considered remarkably sage,
Said, "Ladies, allow me to offer a word
Respecting the order we yesterday heard.

It seems that Miss does not approve of the plan
Proposed by our master to Joseph, his man;

Though such we all come to, at one time or other:
Last week I thus lost my affectionate brother,



And next week, perhaps, I myself may
 be taken, [of bacon ;
 For this is the season for making
 However, as Miss Pig objects thus to
 be [must agree
 Cut off in her prime,—and we all
 It is very unpleasant.—there can be
 no doubt of it,—

I've thought of a way by which she may get out of it :
 Now, if she had not been so plump and good looking,
 They would not have fancied her ready for cooking :
 But if she gets rid of these charms, I am thinking,
 By living awhile without eating or drinking,
 And hides herself up in the loft, 'mongst the hay,
 They'll think that somebody has stole her away.
 And when she comes back, she will be so much thinner,
 Depend on't they'll no longer want for her dinner."



Mamma thought this scheme was uncommonly clever,
 But her daughter indignantly answered, “No, never!
 What! lose all my beauty? I’d much sooner die for it;
 If that’s my last chance, I am sure I shan’t try for it.
 To be called thin and ugly,—I never could bear;—
 The thought makes me nervous, I vow and declare.
 I should be neglected, and not have a lover;
 I’d rather be killed, half-a-dozen times over.
 ’Tis a comfort to know, since my life I’m not able
 To save, I shall look very well on the table.”



PIGGY was killed on the very next day,
 And all who’d the pleasure of tasting her,
 say, [forget her,
 That she was so nice, they shall never
 The Queen and Prince Consort could not
 have a better.

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