

JENNY JINGLE'S
LITTLE
PRATTLER.



PAT
AND THE
QUEER LITTLE DOG.

LONDON
PUB^d BY A. PARK
47, LEONARD ST.



As good-natur'd Pat, once was jogging along
 A pipe in his mouth, and his thoughts on a song,
 He found in the lane, where his own cottage stood,
 A queer little dog, half cover'd with mud.
 His tail it hung down, but his eyes they were raised,
 And seem'd, whilst on Paddy they earnestly gaz'd,
 As though these sad words, they to him wou'd say,
 " I'm weary with wandering the whole of the day:
 I'm wet with the rain, I'm cold with the wind,
 I'm hungry and thirsty, my home I can't find ;
 To your's you will take me, kind master ! I'm sure,
 Your garden and cottage from thieves, I'll secure.
 The dog was quite right, as he very soon knew,
 For Pat strok'd his back, and his head patted too :
 Not heeling the mud, then he call'd him poor boy,
 Doggee heard his kind voice, and leap'd up for joy ;
 For Pat had a heart, (I wish none had worse,)
 'Twas bigger and fuller, by far than his purse—





PAT TAKES THE DOG HOME.

He never could turn from a tale of distress,
 So his means never great, they were still getting less.
 But yet he work'd cheerfully on ev'ry day,
 Contented to labour, though small was his pay;
 "I wonder," says he, "how far you have come,
 And what I shall do with you, when I get home.
 You're not quite a beauty, to take to my dame,
 But then, p'rhaps your feelings are just all the same;"
 So on to his cottage he whistled the dog,
 And out ran his children, his wife, and the hog:
 There was Norah, and Shelah, and Dennis, and Pat,
 All sturdy, good-natur'd, and ruddy and fat;
 The four-footed stranger, though in such bad trim,
 Saw in their bright faces a welcome for him.
 'Twas all one to them, whether handsome or not,
 They wanted a dog, and a dog they had got;
 So they crowded around him, in kindness and play,
 But the hog gave a grunt, and walk'd grumbling away—
 As though want of beauty offended his sight,
 But who ever heard of a pig that's polite?
 The mother, kind-hearted, as pat was himself,
 Had fetch'd the n-w-comer some bits from the shelf;
 And didn't he eat them? both fresh bits and stale,
 All the time wagging his odd-looking tail.
 And when he had finish'd, inclin'd for a nap,
 He curl'd himself round in little Den's lap





MISTAKES THE DOG'S NAME.



But first had the manners to shake himself dry,
 Then rubb'd off the dirt, in some straw from the sty.
 Now, though this poor dog was so ugly and queer,
 Having one a light brown, and one very black ear;
 A shaggy rough coat, that his eyes seem'd to smother,
 Three spots on one side, and not one on the other.
 His legs somewhat bandy, his tail rather long,
 He had on a collar, more handsome than strong;
 And on it engraving, by which 'twou'd appear,
 He belong'd to a *lord*, in a very grand square.
 Besides his own name, on the collar they see,
 There was F—I and D,—E double LL—E,
 Which Pat having studied, as though 'twas a riddle,
 Cried, "sure, now I've got it, his name it is *Fiddle*."
 But had he, poor fellow, learn'd better to spell,
 He'd have known, 'stead of *Fiddle*, the name was *Fidelle*
 But *Fiddle* so like it, the dog to it came,
 And the young ones were pleas'd with so funny a name.
 "Just to think, now," cried Pat, with wonder and glee,
 "That the dog of a Lord, shou'd be pick'd up by me;
 To-morrow I'll take him, poor thing, to his home,
 Perhaps, I'll get half-a-crown from my Lord, when I come
 If not, never mind, it is right he should go,
 Now that the name of his owner, we know;
 I suppose he's a pet, though a queer one to see,
 And my Lord and my Lady, both fretting may be."



PAT STARTS FOR LORD TOBY'S

The morning it came, quite sunny and fair,
 Pat put his best clothes on to go to the square;
 They were not over good, poor fellow, 'tis true,
 For years had passed over, since first they were new.
 A bright yellow neckerchief mended and clean,
 Was tied round his neck, and his jacket was green;
 His breeches were blue, and his waistcoat was red,
 And he'd something that once was a hat on his head.
 White stockings he had, 'twas the pride of the whole,
 And his 'Ankle Jacks' shone even over the sole;
 Thus Pat with the queer little dog trotting on,
 Quite close to his heels, out of sight soon was gone.
 The children all cried, for though short was his stay,
 Fidelle was so fond, and so full too of play;
 That he won every heart, though the oddest of dogs,
 The father's, the mother's, and almost the hog's:
 Who, I really believe, were no other bed nigh,
 Wou'd have ask'd him to sleep with himself in the sty.
 But now we must see what our friend Pat befel,
 In carrying him home, my LORD TOBY'S *Fidelle*:
 When the house he had round, he gave such a rap,
 It woked the fat Porter quick out of his nap:
 A monstrous big man, with a great double chin,
 "Please, Sir," then asks Pat, "is Lord Toby within?"
 "Pray what?" says the man, "can a fellow like you,
 Have with my master, Lord Toby, to do?"





PAT AND THE PORTER.

"His dog," replied Pat, "I have found and brought home,
I know by his collar, 'tis here I shou'd come."

"O, aye!" said the Porter, and spoke with a grin,
But neither my Lord, nor my Lady's within;

They are gone to their house, at Bromley, near Bow,
'Tis a nice little walk! about ten miles or so."

"But, p'rhaps, Sir," said Pat, "I can leave *Fiddle* here;"

"No, that will not do," cried the Porter, "I fear—
My Lord would like best, you shou'd take it to him,
No matter the reason, it may be a whim.

So here is a Sixpence to spend on the way,
And now I will wish you a very good day;"

"Sir, I thank you," says Pat, "so come little dog,
Our road lies before us, and on we must jog.

Then he made his best bow, and trudg'd cheerfully on,
The Porter laughed out, when away they were gone,

To think what a joke he had had for his money,
But p'rhaps in the end he wont find it so funny.

After three hours' walking, to Bromley they got,
Poor Pat, he began to feel tir'd and hot;

He had carried *Fidelle*, some miles not a few,
For the poor little thing had become tir'd too;

The Sixpence was spent long before they were there,
And be sure that *Fidelle*, he came in for his share.

But now to an elegant mansion they come,
And find its new master, Lord Toby, at home;





PAT GOES TO BROMLEY.

And his lordship came down from his study to know,
 What Pat had to say, as he waited below.
 Says Pat, as he strok'd down his hair in the middle,
 "Please your honour, my lord, I have brought home *Fiddle*;"
 "My *fiddle!* what mean you?" my Lord, wond'ring cried
 "Your dog, please your lorship," Pat quickly replied—
 His name's on his collar, and so is your's too,
 So, your lordship, I've brought him from Chelsea to you.
 I wanted to leave him, my Lord, in your square,
 But Porter, he told me to bring him on here;
 'Tis a very long way, but that I don't mind,
 So now I'll go back, and leave *Fiddle* behind."
 "Stop, my friend," said his lordship, "I've something to say
 About that same Porter who sent you this way,
 He put a trick on you, for which he shall smart,
 My service next month, he shall surely depart
 The dog is not mine, that he knows very well,
 Though the collar belonged to my Spaniel, *Fidelle*,
 Who lost it one day, when roaming about,
 That dog's master found it, I have not a doubt—
 And putting it on him, you thought, I can see,
 Were bringing him home, when you brought him to me
 But that rogue of a Porter, I'll soon let him know,
 What it is to send folks out to Bromley and Bow,
 Whilst he sits at his ease, in his great leathern chair—
 However, next month, he'll no longer be there."





PAT RETURNS HOME.

"Please you honour," said Pat, "I am sorry to think,
 He's turn'd off through me, from his meat and his drink;
 He's a monstrous fat man, almost big as his chair,
 He don't look as though he cou'd live on short fare—
 Such a service as your's, it must be quite the prime,
 So I hope that, my Lord, you'll forgive him this time."
 Then Pat was preparing with *Fiddle* to go,
 He had bow'd, scrap'd his foot, but Lord Toby said, "No!
 We don't," cried his lordship, "so easily part,
 I'm delighted to find such a warm gen'rous heart;
 No grumbling, or seeking like others for pelf,
 You ask for this fellow, instead of yourself."
 Then my Lord question'd Pat, in order to learn,
 What children he had, and how much he could earn;
 And finding him poor, he resolv'd to provide,
 For him and his wife, and the young ones beside:
 But 'twas not in idleness—that he well knew,
 Would be more an evil, than kindness to show.
 Pat's wife was to manage the lodge and the gate,
 And Pat on the pigs, cows, and poultry could wait;
 Besides, in the grounds, there was much he could do,
 And there both his boys and his girls cou'd help too.
 So Paddy went back with his heart light as air,
 To the dear ones at home, his good news to declare;
 And with plenty of money his journey to pay,
 So *Fiddle* and he they rode home all the way.





PAT IN HIS NEW HOUSE.

But not until Pat had a dinner of meat,
 And a mug of brown ale, that was really a treat ;
 And doggee still wagging his queer little tail,
 Partook of the meat, though he scoff'd at the ale.
 So they brought him fresh water all sparkling and clear,
 At which he prick'd up both his brown and black ear,
 Stood on his hind legs, and as it is said,
 Made a sort of a bow with his strange little head :
 Then frisk'd all about, just as though that he knew,
 What a great piece of luck he had brought Paddy too.
 In reward of his kindness, as now I have told,
 When weary and hungry, and shiv'ring with cold,
 The poor houseless dog had Pat whistfully ey'd,
 And found a kind home by his warm fireside :
 So he charm'd all the household both great ones and small,
 And they said " Want of beauty, was no want at all."
 The joy of Pat's children, when *Fiddle* again,
 Was seen trotting after him down their own lane ;
 Their shouting, their laughter, each hug and caress,
 I fear I must leave my young readers to guess.
 To the lodge of LORD TOBY, so pretty and neat,
 All cover'd with roses, and jessamine sweet,
 In less than a week the whole family came,
 Norah, Sheelah, and Dennis, young Pat and the dame ;
 Their goods and their chattels, and likewise the hog,
 And what was still better, THE QUEER LITTLE DOG.



PARK'S

FAIRY FAIRSTAR'S CABINET OF GEMS,

A SERIES OF

NEW AND ORIGINAL TOY BOOKS.

Alphabetical London Cries.
The Alphabet of Trades.
The Adventures of Dicky Sprawl.
The Grumblers, or the Donkey's Meeting.
The History of Dicky Dally and Peter Prudent.
The Good Fairy Love-to-all, and the Woodman's Sons.
Little Miss Small, or Comical Questions.
The History of Caleb, Walter, and Paul, and the Spotted Pony.
The Comical History of Davy Dun and the Wonderful Gun.
Young William and the Wolves.
The Mishaps of Unlucky Benny.
The Sorrows of Poor Toby.

JENNY JINGLE'S LITTLE PRATTLER,

A SERIES OF
ORIGINAL TOY BOOKS.

Harlequin Patchwork and his Wonderful Bat.
Dinner Party, and Death of Mrs. Duck.
The A B C of Games.
Roland Trueheart and the Little Old Woman.
Lord Flutter, Lord Spindle, and Sir Harry Hopscotch.
New Tales for the Nursery.
The Selfish Boy.
Lord Gooseberry Gadfly and Spider Longlegs.
Pat and the Queer Little Dog.
Timothy Tiny and Dicky Spanglewing.
The Cat and the Monkey.
Little Tim's Poetry.
Dame Playful's Pictorial Alphabet.

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S NEW TOY BOOKS

AND
PICTORIAL PRESENT.

History of Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.
Picture Book of Instruction and Amusement.
Child's Illustrated Alphabet.
Papa's Tales about the Sun and Stars.
Papa's Tales about the Earth and Moon.
Golden A B C.
Courtship and Marriage of Lord Bluebottle and Miss Ladybird.
Dame Hicket and her Wonderful Cricket.
The Illuminated Scriptural Alphabet.
Farmer Fallowfield's Stories.
Troubles of Harry Careless.
Life and Adventures of Jack, the Giant Killer.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

A. PARK,

47, LEONARD STREET, FINSBURY