

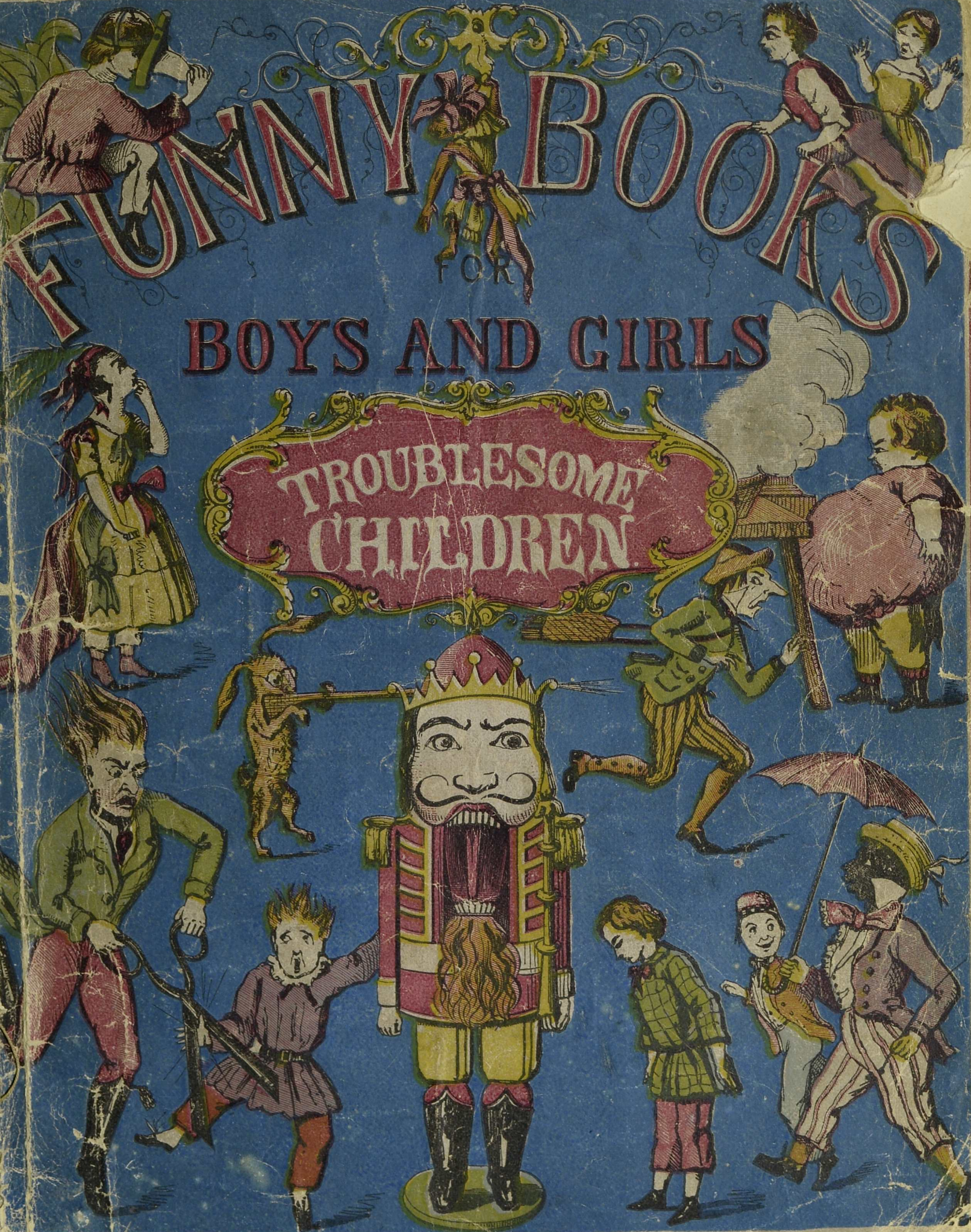
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

FUNNY BOOKS

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN



LONDON: DAVID BOSTE, 86, FLEET STREET.

Jan. 2nd
8
Jane A. Males
from Emily
H. pool 1838



THE DIRTY PIG.

Miss Susan Hogg was never clean
Two minutes after being wash'd,
Her face like soot was always seen,
Her clothes with dirt all daub'd and
splash'd.

When eating, she would feed the cloth,
Her frock and pinafore, instead
Of her own mouth: would spill her broth
And strew the floor with meat and bread.

She used her fingers for a spoon,
The gravy from her plate would swig;
But she was punish'd very soon,
The nasty, dirty little pig!

Her Mother cried, "She is n't fit
With decent Christian folks to dine;
A pig she is, and ought to sit
At table with her fellow-swine!"

And so next day three pigs were brought
Out of the sty to dine with Sue.
(I wonder what you would have thought
Had your Mamma so punish'd you.)

They gobbled, squeak'd, sad havoc play'd
With all the dishes serv'd by Cookey.
But dinner over, I'm afraid
'T was found amongst them they had made
By no means such a mess as Sukey!

THE BOY WHO WOULD TASTE EVERYTHING.



MAMMA and Papa had gone out for the day,
Augustus was left by himself to play—
Mamma's parting words were, "Be good while
we're out ;
Above all, don't go prying and tasting about."

But scarcely their backs they had turn'd, when
he

Over kitchen and pantry was wandering free,
Tasting and licking,
Nibbling and picking,
Fingers and thumbs into ev'rything sticking—
Sugar and spice,
Nasty or nice,

Wholly neglecting his mother's advice—
Vinegar—dripping—whatever he met—
All things were fish to Augustus's net.



At length a large bowl on a table he spied,
With a lump of fresh dough for a cake inside—
He took off the cover and put in his thumb
Like Master Jack Horner, who pull'd out the
plum.

(Unlike Master Horner, though, Gus couldn't
cry,

With a shadow of truth, "What a good boy
am I !")

He swallowed a mouthful—another—one more,
And kept on increasing the dose as before.

Alas ! Augustus didn't know
The dang'rous properties of dough.
The dough began to rise and swell,
Augustus swell'd and rose as well ;

His frock grew tight that had once been
slack,

And his belt gave way with a sudden crack.
The dough rose high above the dish—
'Tis vain Augustus now to wish
The meddling deed had ne'er been done!
His stomach is round as a brewer's tun;
His cheeks are increased to twice their size,
Hiding his nose and shutting his eyes.

What's to be done?

Unable to run,

He feels if he tried he would burst very soon,
Like a bladder pricked, or a squash'd balloon—
Frighten'd of moving, or screaming, or yelling,
All he can do is to keep on swelling.

So he swell'd, and he swell'd, and he swell'd,
and he swell'd,

Till he couldn't well grow any bigger;
Unable to breathe, or to see, or to wink:
Just look at the picture, and say how you think
You would like to be seen such a figure.

On what became of him at last,
Some doubt appears to hang—
Some say he really did go off
With a tremendous bang!

Others declare he stagger'd out;
To bear, his limbs refused him—
He fell, and rolling in the street,
The boys for foot-ball used him.





DISCONTENTED MARTIN.

OF all the discontented cubs
 On earth, I never knew the equal
 Of Martin Cox; but discontent
 Will always meet with punishment,
 As all will learn who read the sequel.

An ill-conditioned brute he was;
 The nicest presents never pleas'd him;
 While anything his sister had,
 He'd howl and grumble for like mad;
 But you shall hear how justice seiz'd him.

One day their Uncle Jacob call'd,
 The children were to see him sent for;
 Before him on the table sat
 A pretty dog and snow-white cat—
 Presents to Rose and Martin meant for.

"You see," good Uncle Jacob said,
 "A spaniel plump and kitten cosy—
 I've brought for you. You Martin take
 The little dog—the cat I make
 A present to my darling Rosy.

"Now, what do you say?"—Little Rosy flew
 To her Uncle's arms, and her own she threw
 Around his neck, as she kissed his cheek,
 And felt too happy almost to speak—
 "O, thank you, dear Uncle!" at length she
 cried,

"For the sweet little cat,
 So cosy and fat,
 With its neck with ribbon so prettily tied;
 And to pet it and nurse it shall be my pride!"



“And you, Master Martin?” the Uncle said;
But Martin sulkily hung his head.

“O, you get out!”

Exclaim’d the lout:

“What use is a dog, I should like to know,
With its ugly tail and its dumpy nose?

I’ll have the kitten as white as snow—

The dog will do very well for Rose!”

By the ears and tail

He seized the kitten:

O, dreadful wail!

He is scratch’d and bitten.

The kitten that look’d so quiet and meek,
Has fasten’d her claws in the bad boy’s cheek.

“Help! murder!” he cries,

“I shall lose my eyes!”

The good little Rosy to help him tries;

But Uncle Jacob, who views the sight,
Says, “Let him alone, it will serve him right.”

The cat still clings,

And the whole house rings,

With Martin’s loud screams, as he capers and
flings.

He screeches,

Beseeches—

But still like leeches,

The kitten’s claws stick to his cheeks, till each is

All shreds and tatters.

He thumps and batters;

The cat still clings, and the floor bespatters

With marks of his terrible doom,

While the little dog laugh’d

To see such sport,

As the blood gush’d over the room!

THE BOY WHO WOULD GO INTO THE KITCHEN.



JOE
Would go
In the kitchen to peep,
Though
We know
Little boys ought to keep
Out of kitchens and wash-houses all the day
long,
For as servants must work, to disturb them is
wrong.

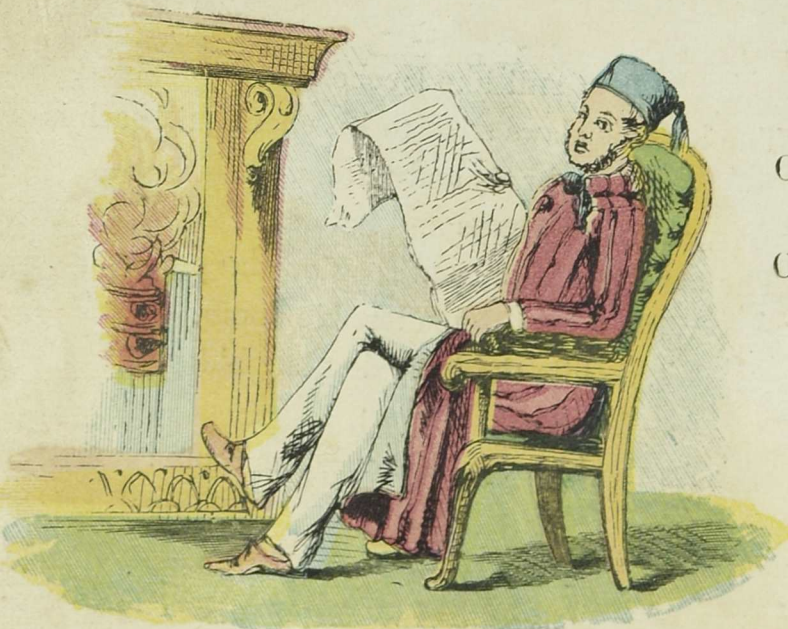


Jane,
In vain,
Used to threaten, and say
She,
If he
Would n't quietly stay
Above stairs, as he ought to, the nursery in,
To his tail would a dish-clout most certainly
pin.

No!
Young Joe
To the kitchen must creep.
Once,
The dunce!

Through the keyhole would peep.
On the floor stood a jar; and as Jenny was
out,
Of course Master Joe must see what it's about.

"Ho!"
Said Joe,
"Pray what have we here?"
I
Must try.



It's jam!—Now, how queer!
That *I* should n't know they were making it—Come!
I must see what the sort is—black currant or
plum."

So
Young Joe
In the pitcher his nose
Dips,
But tips,
And a summerset throws.

In the jar goes his head, in the air go his heels,
And the jam he is buried in stifles his squeals.

Ha!
Papa,
In his afternoon dream,
Heard,
My word!

Such a terrible scream.

'Tis Jenny, who cries, "As a sinner I am,
If here ain't Master Joe been and fell in the
jam!"

Hie!
They fly,
(His Papa and Mamma).
Out,
The lout

They have pull'd from the jar—
He is safe—he's alive!—but, oh! horrid to
view!
To the waist by the jam Master Joe is dyed
blue!

Blue
All through!
They have wash'd him in vain.



Blue
All through!
He for life must remain!
And the boys in the streets cry, with mockings
and twitchings,
"Hie! who got turn'd blue—all through going
in kitchings!"



THE LIAR.

FRED lies for lying's sake alone ;
To speak the truth he ne'er was known.
"How sad to think," his friends agree
With shaking heads, "that Fred should be
Such a story-teller!"

"Now Fred," his mother said one day,
"Is it the truth you've told me—say?"
"Upon my honour," Fred replied.
"Ho! ho!" the parrot laugh'd, and cried
"Fred's a story-teller!"

And from the hearthrug, where he sat,
Up jump'd old Tom, the tabby cat,
With arching back and bristling fur,
"Mew! mew!" he cried, and "Purr! purr!
purr!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

Fred ran in terror to the yard,
The house-dog soon his passage barr'd,
Seizing his coat with gripe so rough—
"Bow, wow," old Boxer bark'd, "Wough,
wough!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

Oh, shame! oh, rage! his trouble thickens,
Up come the cock and hen and chickens;





Cackle and crow, the noisy crew!
"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cock-a-
doodle-doo!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

In vain he runs to seek for ease,
The sparrows twit him from the
trees;

He sits him down—a blue fly comes—
Pounce on his nose, and buzzing hums—
"Fred's a story-teller!"

And fowls, dogs, sparrows, cats, and flies,
Surround him now with madd'ning cries—
"Twit! twit! Buzz! buzz! Cluck! cluck!
Chirp! Mew!

Bow-wough! Yah! Cock-a-doodle doo!
Fred's a story-teller!"



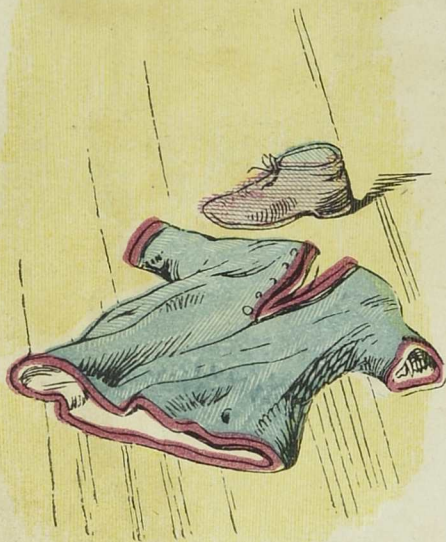
GEORGE THE SLOVEN.

I CAN'T describe a sadder sight,
Than George's bedroom was at night:
His coat was here, his trousers there,
One stocking lying on a chair,
The other on the floor, beside
His hat; his boots asunder wide:
In fact, as all his friends confess,
No room was e'er in such a mess.

When up and dress'd, I grieve to say
George the same habits would display;
His shirt and frill were never neat,
His stockings hung about his feet,
His bootlaces were always down,
His hat all batter'd at the crown,
And smears of mud, and ink, and dirt,
Cover'd boots, jacket, hat, and shirt.
And such a boy to burst and tear clothes!
All said he wasn't fit to wear clothes!

And so to punish him, they say
His father order'd George, one day,
To strip himself, and put his clothes
(Except his shirt, and boots, and hose,)
On Dash the dog, who was, he said,
More fit to wear them. Georgy shed
Salt tears, in vain. He had to strip,
And Dash in all his clothes equip.

And thus, to George's deep disgrace,
Dash was allow'd to take his place.
Look at him, howling like a fool,
Following Master Dash to school!



THE DESTRUCTIVE BOY.

'Twas Christmas tide—the time of joys,
The time of romps, and feasts, and toys,
For all good girls and studious boys.

Alfred had learnt his lessons well,
With pride his parents' bosoms swell,
To see him home from school return'd,
With handsome prizes fairly earn'd.
For being good, they vow'd that he
Should have a splendid Christmas tree.

'T was a wonderful tree! All hung with
lights,

Figures of soldiers, kings, and knights,
Golden pippin, and Burgundy pear,
Oranges, almonds, and sweetmeats rare,



Banners and stars,
Mounted hussars,
Gingerbread Harlequins, sugar Jack tars,
Story-books gay,
Trumpets to play,
Punches and Judies, and queens of the May.
Scarcely a toy or a dainty we see,
But grew on the boughs of that wonderful tree.

"Now, Alfred, these are all for you!"

"What, all for me?" he cried.

"Yes; but to play with, not to break,"

His father kind replied.

"Take heed, for naughty girls and boys
Are punish'd, who destroy their toys."

But Alfred heeded not a word,
(Most griev'd am I to mention,
That one who to his book had paid,
A school, so much attention,





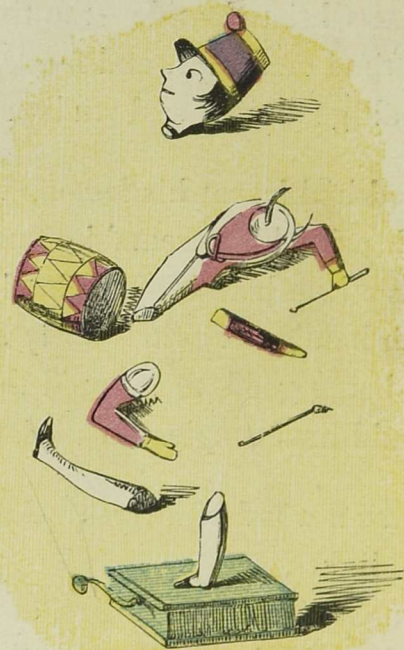
And striven so his task to learn,
Should thus his father's counsel spurn).

No sooner was he left alone,
Than to the tree he ran,
And quick to strip it of its charms
Right cruelly began—
Half the wax-candles out he blew,
And down the man in armour threw.

He seized the moving drummer boy,
And turn'd the handle round
So fiercely, that the toy he broke,
And scatter'd on the ground.

A leg lay here, an arm lay there—
Right little, though, did Alfred care.

The trumpet, meant to last a year,
At once in half he broke;
The flags upon the tree he burnt,
And laugh'd to see the smoke;
The sweets he mix'd, or spoil'd, or melted,
And with the fruits the tree he pelted.



"Oh Alfred, Alfred!" said Papa,
"Is this the way you treat
Your toys? Unless you quickly stay,
A dreadful doom you'll meet."
But Alfred no remonstrance heeded,
And with his cruel work proceeded.

Rat! tat! tat! tat!
What noise is that?

The lights in the tree burn blue!
The great King Nutcracker, king of the toys,
Terror of all naughty girls and boys,
Rises the oak floor through!



He taps the floor, and a swarm of imps,
Frisky as grasshoppers—small as shrimps,
Appear at the king's command:
To the broken trumpet his Majesty points,
To the shatter'd drum, and the drummer boy's
joints ;

And, waving his royal hand—
Says, "Do as is usual with naughty boys,
Who break their pretty and costly toys."

The imps flock round, and off the ground
They pick up each scrap of a toy to be found,
Down to the warrior's toes.

Each tip of a finger, each chip of a knee,
Each flag, each flower, each leaf of the tree ;

They cast them all in a magic mould,
They melt and stir it ; as soon as it's cold
They turn out the casting, and, lo, behold !
A wonderful Monster Nose !
Which by magic upon Alfred's face
Is quickly fix'd, and keeps its place !

The nose was made to blow,
To breathe through, and to smell,
But that of Alfred is too large,
And far too clumsy, to discharge
One of those duties well :
Look at it's size, ye girls and boys,
And p'r'aps you'll then respect your toys !

NAUGHTY LOO.

LOUISA was a naughty child,
No angry words or soothing mild,
Could make her good for half a day,
Or her Mamma's commands obey.

One night in bed while sleeping,
(The only place for keeping
Louisa good),
Before her stood

Three little dolls, all peeping
Above the footboard of the bed ;
They rais'd their hands, and thus they
said :

"Miss Loo ! Miss Loo ! Miss Loo !
You'd better be good, or you
Shall be made to wear,
Of moustaches a pair,
That shall stick to your mouth like glue.
Ho ! ho !

So now you know,
And we must be off where the good girls
grow."





But still Louisa was n't good,
 It seems improve her nothing could;
 And so another night, while sleeping,
 Again she saw the dolls come peeping.
 On to her lips a large moustache
 They fix'd, and sung in accents harsh:
 "Miss Loo! Miss Loo! Miss Loo!
 You would n't be good, so you
 Must bow to the fate
 That it's now too late
 To avoid, whatever you do."

Ho! ho!
 And away they go,
 Off to the land where the good girls grow!

 At morning's dawn, oh! dreadful sight!
 Her parents start from her in fright:
 "Is that Louisa? surely no!
 Such horrid things could never grow
 On our Louisa's lips!" they cry.
 The servants say, "Oh dear!" and
 "My!"



NANNY THE EAVESDROPPER.

I KNOW a dreadful story, that is quite enough to
make
Your curly locks to stand on end—your limbs
with fear to quake :
'Tis of a little maiden who (it's true upon my
word)
Would listen at the keyholes, and repeat what
she had heard.

The parlour door she could not pass, but she
must stop and listen ;
If any secrets she o'erheard, her little eyes would
glisten
With joy, as to the kitchen she would quickly
run and tell

The news to housemaid Susan
and the knife-boy Sam as
well.

"Oh, Nanny! wicked Nanny!"
her mother often cried ;
"Unless this dreadful habit you
quickly lay aside,



Grimgriffinhoof will fetch you—an ogre
fierce is he,
He dwells among the mountains, and is
terrible to see.

"He lives to punish little folks who
listen at the doors,
And talk of what they shouldn't know ;
—their ears and lips he bores,
And locks them up with padlocks, that
they may not speak or hear ;
And that he some day will fetch you
I very sadly fear !"

But Nanny went on listening and talk-
ing still the same,
Till at length one day with "Fee fav
fum!" the dreadful ogre came.
He pierc'd her lips and ears with holes,
and put in padlocks three,
(Just as Mamma had said he would)
and lock'd them with a key.



Said he, "She'll do for supper," and he tuck'd
her 'neath his arm ;
"But till supper time, at least, her ears and
tongue can do no harm.
I'll eat her up, for naughty girls like her who
misbehave,
Are only fit for ogre's food," and took her to his
cave.

And there she lay half dead with fear, till it was
time to sup,
When as the hungry ogre was going to eat her
up,
A scream she hears, Mamma appears, and cried,
in dreadful woe—
"Oh, mighty great Grimgriffinhoof, this time *do*
let her go !"

The ogre paused—"Well, well," he said, "for
just this once I will ;
But if she e'er offends again I'll take her like a
pill."
He let her go ; but pray don't take this story as
a proof
That you'd all get off as safely from the fierce
Grimgriffinhoof !



BOYS AND GIRLS

GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOYS AND GIRLS.
 STRUWELPETER. TROUBLE-SOME CHILDREN.
 KING NUTCRACKER AND POOR REINHOLD.
 YOUNG RAGAMUFFINS. THE LITTLE DESERTER
 LITTLE MINXES LAZYBONES.

