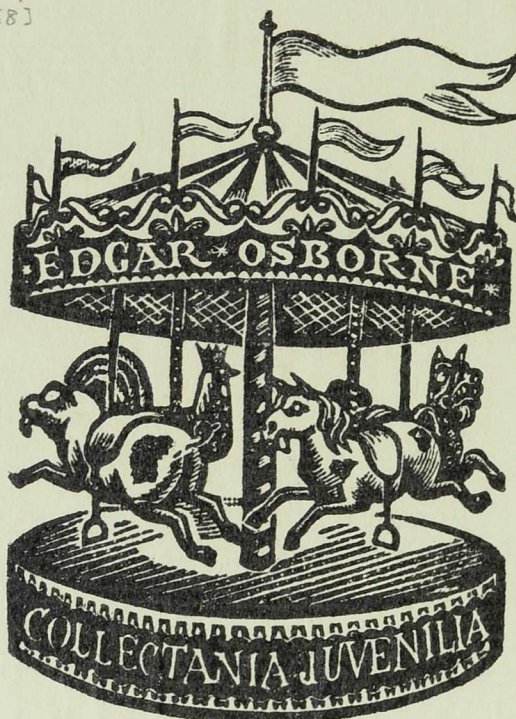


FUNNY  
TALES  
AND  
FUNNY  
PICTURES



P  
FUNNILY...  
[1858]



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III













# FAMILY - TOLD TALES

Children,—you who have been good,  
(As you know you always should,)  
Good at school, and good at play,—  
Good from morn till end of day,—  
May see the book, and have the toys  
Intended for good girls and boys.

But those who romp, and pass the day  
In idle ways, or useless play,—  
None of them shall even look  
At my pretty Picture book.

# AND FUNNY PICTURES.



LONDON :  
DEAN & SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL.









## THE LITTLE BOY WHO BIT HIS NAILS.

SEE HERE a naughty boy, John Thales,  
Who had a shocking way  
Of picking at his finger nails,  
And biting them all day.

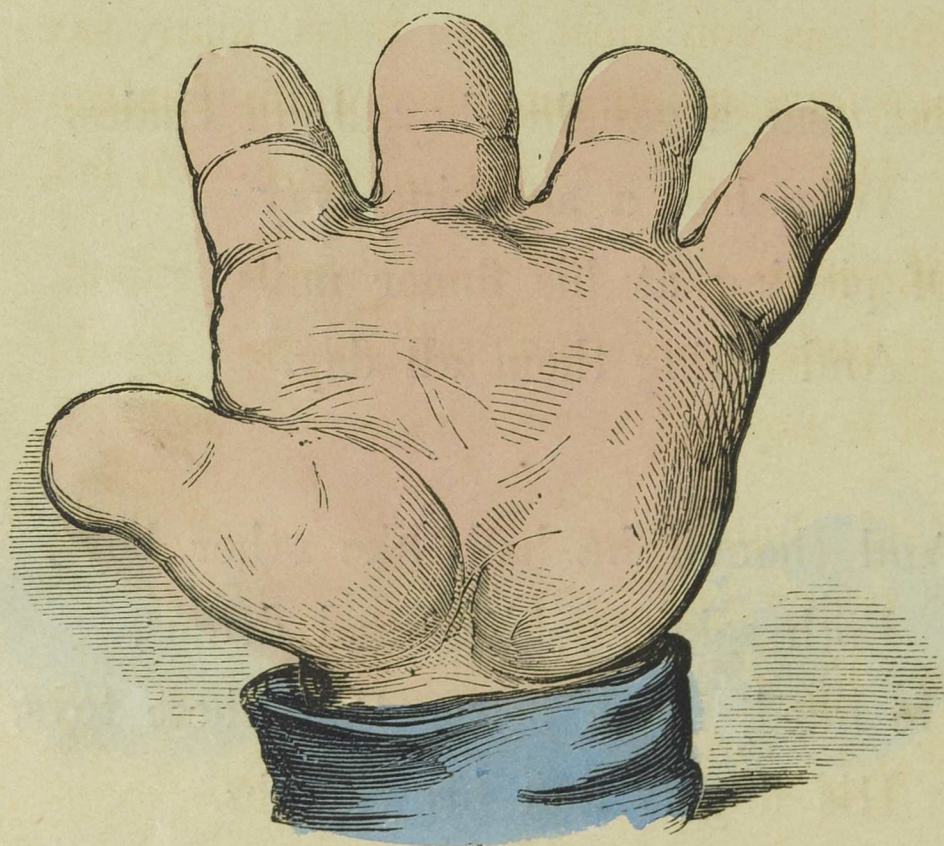
And though he had, like other boys,  
Both soldiers, kites, and drums,  
He liked, much better than these toys,  
His fingers and his thumbs.



And so he bit and bit away,  
And ne'er would laugh or speak;  
He ate at least a nail a day,  
And sometimes ten a week.

But soon he ate right to the bone,  
And fingers were bereft  
Of shape and beauty,—both had gone,—  
And naught but stumps were left.

And now his stumps he dare not show,  
But hangs his head for shame;  
And all of you will find it so,  
If you should do the same.







## THE DAINTY LITTLE BOY.

NEVER BE DAINTY and throw food away;  
'Tis sinful, as you must have heard many say;  
Besides, you yourself may require food, some day,  
Though well fed.

So don't smell your plate and turn over your food,  
And doubt if its wholesome, or pleasant, or good;  
Such conduct is not only senseless,—but rude  
And ill-bred.

There was a young boy, who so dainty became,  
That whether his dinner was fish, flesh, or game,  
He turned up his nose at them all, just the same,  
And would cry,





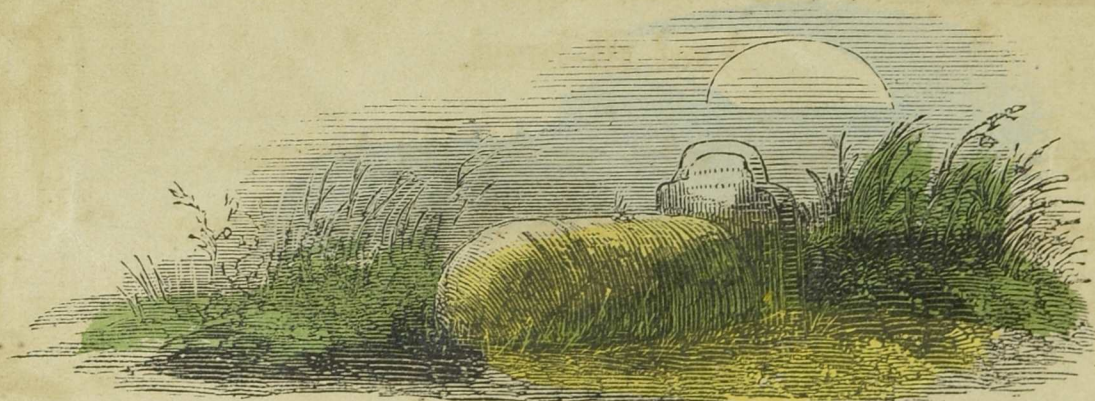
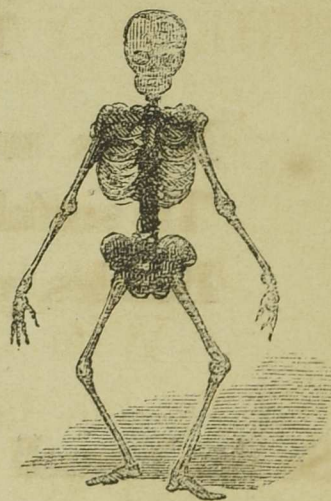
“ I cannot eat this,”—and, “ I do not like that;”—  
“ This chicken ’s too lean,”—and “ That mutton ’s too fat; ”  
The dog he may eat it up all, or the cat,  
But not I.”

The consequence was, that he soon became thin;  
His bones they stuck out, and his cheeks they sunk in,  
And his hands were not stronger nor thicker than tin,  
If so strong.

And his legs grew as slender as little hat-pegs,  
And almost as small was his waist as his legs;  
And he looked like the laths that are fastened round kegs,  
Thin and long.

And thinner, and thinner, and thinner he grew,  
A shadow had been rather fat, of the two;  
In fact, you might easily look him right thro’,  
If you tried.

And when he was quite to a skeleton grown,  
As weak as a reed, and as cold as a stone,  
He fell all to pieces, and with a faint groan,  
So he died.







## THE BOY WHO NEVER LOOKED WHERE HE WAS GOING TO.

IN THIS PICTURE you see young Master John Gee,  
Who met with misfortunes, all owing  
To one fault he had, you will own, rather bad,  
Of not looking where he was going.

With his bag and his slate, he starts for  
school, late,

The road straight before him ne'er heeding,  
And turning quick round, a large post he  
found,

Which striking his nose, set it bleeding.



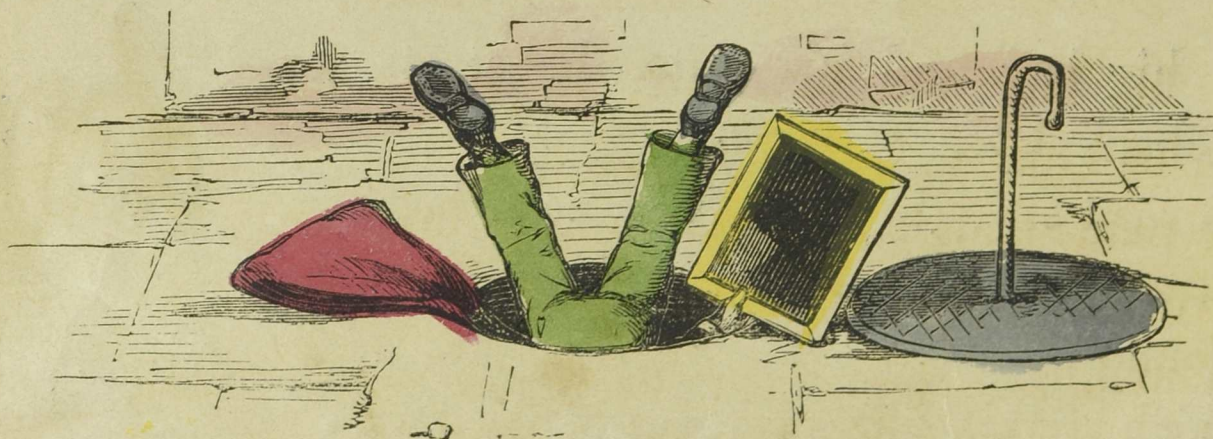


And every day in this foolish way,  
He got into some sort of trouble;  
Three times in the air, he was kicked, I declare,  
And twice he was nearly knocked double.

But sad to relate in this stupid boy's fate,  
Who ne'er thought that pavements had holes in:  
He stumbled one day, in his usual way,  
Down the opening that people have coals in.

All battered and bruised, he afterwards oozed  
From the hole he'd slipped down, 'midst much laughter;  
But this time 'twas no joke,—since for days he ne'er spoke,  
And kept to his bed three months after.

But you, I am sure, who read this tale o'er,  
Will think of what I am now talking;  
And not gape or stare about you everywhere,  
But look straight before you, when walking.







## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SUCKED HER FINGERS.

A LITTLE GIRL, NAMED MARY KATE,  
Whose picture here you see,  
Would have been loved by small and great,  
But for one thing, which I'll relate;  
So listen now to me.

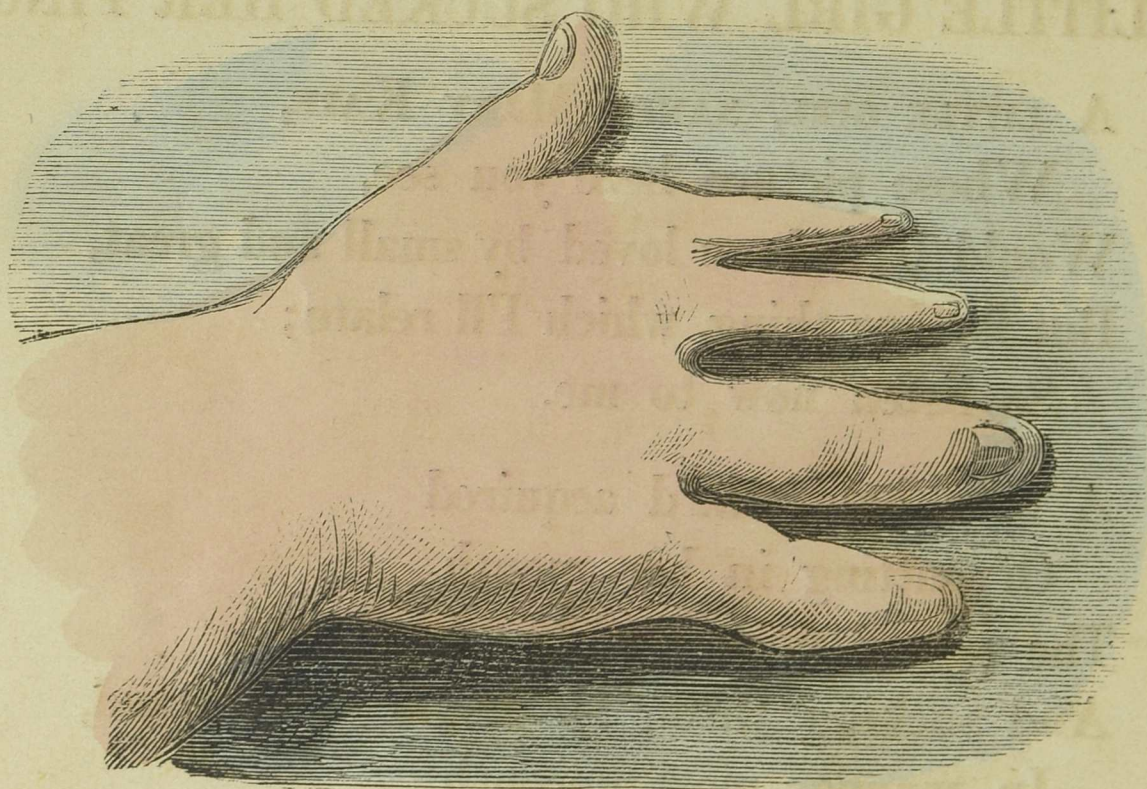
A silly habit she'd acquired  
Of putting in her mouth  
The pretty fingers of her hand,  
And sucking them, for hours she'd stand,  
In manner most uncouth.



Her play-companions used to laugh,  
And jeeringly would say,  
“Oh, pray bring Mary Kate some crumbs,  
Poor thing! she’s dining off her thumbs;  
She’ll eat them all away.”

They spoke in jest, but very soon  
The saying turned out true;  
So strongly had the habit grown,  
Awake, asleep, with friends, alone,  
The practice she’d pursue.

She sucked and sucked, ’till from her hand  
The ill-used fingers pined;  
Shorter and thinner, every day,  
By sure degrees they shrank away,  
And left mere shades behind.







## THE NAUGHTY BOY WHO DESTROYED HIS BOOKS.

How SAD that books, which parents dear  
With hard-earned gold must buy,  
By children should be used as though  
They dropped from out the sky.

Their precious stores so lightly held,—  
But let me to my tale:  
A boy there was, by name SAM WELD,  
Who lived in Summer Dale.

No taste he had for learning's page,  
No love for books,---that boy:---  
Wild mischief all his thoughts engage  
What best he may destroy.

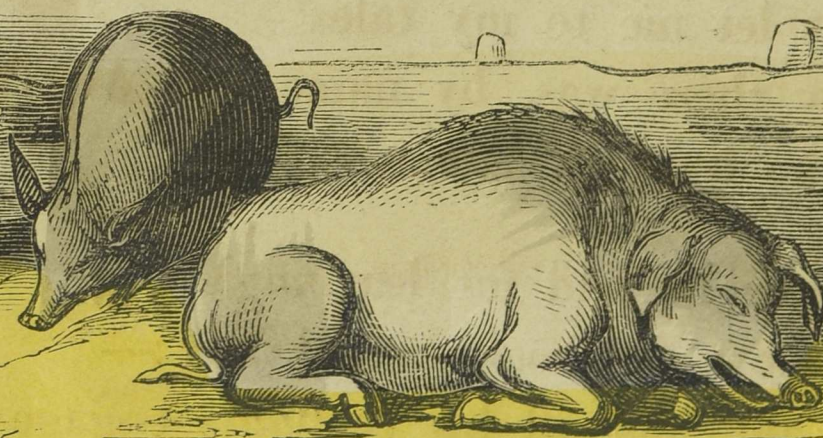


Look at this Zany,—how, in play,  
Blotted, dog's-eared, and torn,  
His books he tramples under foot,  
Or kicks aloft, in scorn.

In vain the master's tender care,  
In vain his parent's tear;  
Of wit devoid, of wisdom bare,  
More senseless every year.

At length his school-boy days are past,  
And labour must begin;  
His lot in life must now be cast,  
And he his bread must win.

Unused to books, unfit for trade,  
Dull, stupid, and inert;  
A swineherd he at last was made,  
And lived mid rags and dirt.



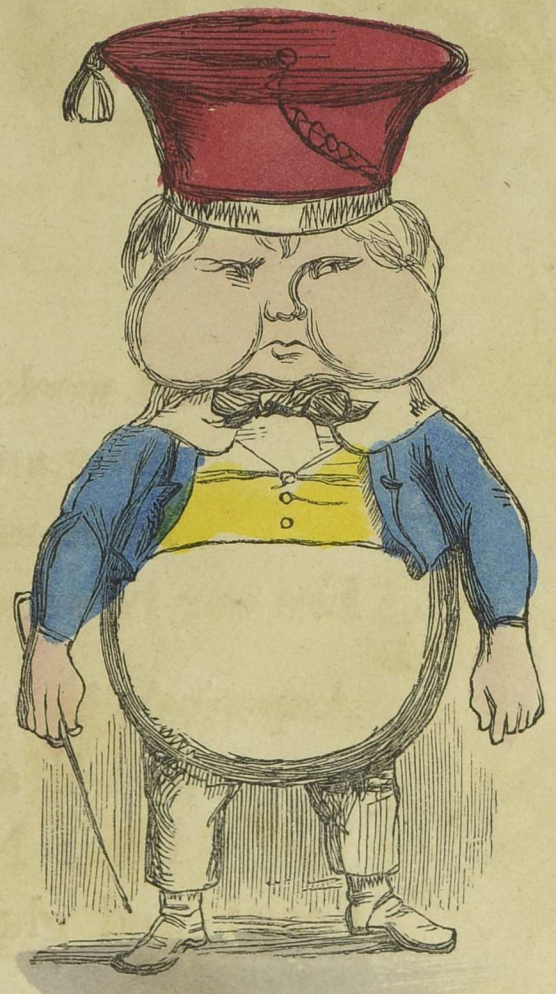


## THE GLUTTON.



EDWARD WAS A GREEDY BOY,  
Always stuffing,  
Ne'er enough in;  
Pale as dough or slack-baked muffin.  
Though he'd daily four good meals,  
Each one hearty,  
Cake or tart, he  
'Tween whiles either begs or steals.  
Said I *four* meals? *Five* had he.  
Yes; he'd luncheon.  
'Till, like puncheon,  
Round he grew; a sight to see.

But five good meals not content with;  
More he'd seek,  
And would pick  
Any food on errand sent with.  
There, behind a cupboard door,  
He is seen.  
Oh! how mean!  
Tasting Cookey's secret store.  
To some corner, too, he'd creep,  
And so sly,  
Tart or pie,  
Eat alone—then fall asleep.







Always eating—eating  
still;  
Oft incautious;  
Things most nause-  
ous  
He would take, which  
made him ill.



See him now, sick, sad, and faint;  
Pills to swallow,  
Draught to follow;  
Over-eating, his complaint.



Draught and pill—'tis useless grumb-  
ling;  
Eyes all yellow,  
Poor old fellow,  
With his head tied  
up like a dump-  
ling.



Days and weeks, nay, months pass over,  
Slow and long,  
Runs my song,  
Ere our Edward did recover.

Appetite's by greed destroyed.  
Small and great,  
From Ned's fate  
Learn, and gluttony avoid.



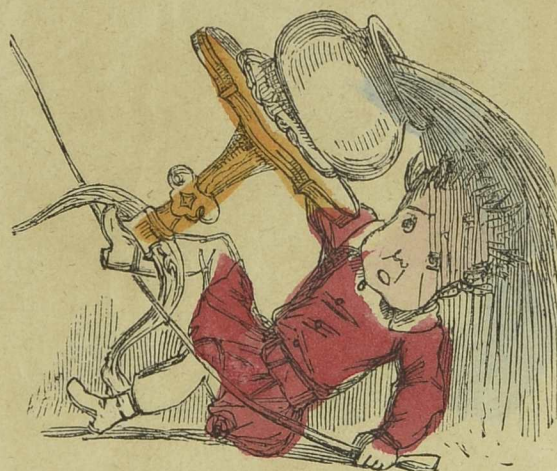
## MISCHIEVOUS FINGERS.



PRETTY LITTLE FINGERS,  
Wherefore were they made;  
Like ten smart young soldiers,  
All in pink arrayed.  
Apt and quick, obedient  
To your lightest thought,  
Doing in an instant  
Everything they're taught.

'Twas for play or study, pen to wield, or ball,  
Kite, top, needle, pencil, prompt at parents' call.

Picking, poking, soiling  
Costly things and dear,  
Wracking, cracking, spoiling,  
All that they come near.  
Thus 't was with ROBERT CHIVERS,  
Brandishing a swish,  
Broke a vase to shivers,  
Filled with silver fish.



"Tick, tick," says the Dutch clock.  
Robert fain would know  
How its pend'lum swinging  
Makes its wheels to go.  
Why not ask? No; foolish  
Robert takes a stick,  
Pokes, and breaks the clock, which  
Ceases soon to tick.



“Puff, puff,” sighs the bellows.

Robert wants to find,  
Yet he will not ask, whence  
Comes its stock of wind.  
With a knife up-ripping,  
Finds them void and flat.  
Ah! be sure, a whipping  
Robert caught for that.



Bees, jealous of intruders, guard with care their honied homes,  
But Robert, prying, to the hives, on mischief seeking, comes;  
The maddened insects set on him, and sting his hands and face,  
Poor humbled Robert runs away, the intruding boy they chase.



Cured at last of breaking, mischief now he spurns,  
And, when knowledge seeking, asks—and asking, learns.





## THE TRUE STORY OF THE SPOILT FROCK.



LITTLE GIRL, like you  
 Had, on a certain day, a frock quite new.  
 So pleased was she, she danced about,  
 Began to sing, to laugh, and shout,  
 About her very pretty frock;  
 When the nurse gave her quite a shock,  
 By holding up a pinafore.  
 She 'd worn one many times before,  
 But now she screamed and struggled so,  
 Mary was forced to let her go.



And down the stairs,  
She passed with airs;  
On every side,  
She looked with pride;  
When—oh! to tell it makes me weep—  
A sweep,  
Who'd swept the kitchen chimney  
clean—  
Poor little fellow, cold and lean—  
Hearing his master cry, ran out,  
Expecting breakfast, without doubt;





When bump!  
And thump!  
He ran against the pretty dress,  
And made it in a shocking mess.  
Never could it again be worn;  
'Twas sooted, blackened, messed, and torn:  
No, never more  
Will that frock please her dear mamma,  
Or glad the eyes of fond papa.  
For Laura wore  
No pinafore!

Poor Laura now could scarcely  
speak,  
Big tears ran down her pretty  
cheek.

Ah! now repentant Missy seeks  
Poor Nurse's room, with stream-  
ing cheeks.  
Abash'd, asham'd, quite contrite  
grown,  
Her folly she is glad to own.



“ Oh! never, never, Nursey dear,  
Will little Tiptopp close her ear  
To kind advice, whate'er it be.”  
Now there's no better girl than she.





## THE QUARRELSOME CHILDREN.

MANY ROSES on one tree  
Blossom together, and agree;  
Cherries, on one stalk combined,  
Never quarrelling, I find;  
Lambs, that o'er the meadows bound,  
Friendly live the summer round.  
Yet these have nor sense nor soul,  
Envious passions to control.  
Then, should dearest children be  
Found less wise than brute or tree?

John and Mary, Fred and Kate,  
Meet Dick's birth to celebrate.



Toys and games, in heaps, they bring—  
 All looks cheerful as the spring.  
 Like the spring—alas! how soon  
 Angry clouds obscure the sun!  
 Mary's doll is twice the size  
 Of cousin Kate's, and moves its eyes.  
 Mary boasts, and Kate is cross.  
 John has got the biggest horse.



RED, offended, will not play;  
 Dick has hid his ark away.  
 Sullen looks and answers short  
 Soon succeed, and end their sport.  
 Angry words (I'm shocked to say)  
 Often end in cruel fray.

They who lately playmates were,  
 Fight and pull each other's hair.  
 Sometimes blood to flow is seen;—  
 Let me close the hateful scene!

See yon building, vast and high,  
 Tow'ring up from earth to sky;  
 Brick, and stone, and lead, and wood,  
 In well ordered lines bestowed.  
 For an instant let's suppose  
 Brick and stone should fall to blows,  
 Wall and buttress, roof and base,  
 Squabbling for each other's place;





Soon the whole to earth would fall  
In a shapeless ruin all.  
From this fable, children, learn  
Ne'er to let ill passions burn.  
Envious tempers peace destroy,  
Fiendship doubles every joy;  
While harsh words and wrangling raise  
Keen regrets for future days.





# THE LITTLE SLATTERN,

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.



O LAZY WAS LUCY, so care-  
less, so gay,  
She never would mind  
what was said;  
Her thoughts, alas!  
running on most  
things astray;  
When at work she  
would wish to be  
always at play.  
No care ever trou-  
bled her head.

Her shoes down at  
the heel were, her  
laces untied;  
Her pinafore dirty  
and soiled.

To please her dear mother 't was seldom she tried,  
But wandered from duty a distance too wide,  
Nor thought how for her others toiled.

Her lessons unlearnt were, her work was undone;  
Her face, too, was seldom quite clean;  
She'd be playing and thinking of some childish "fun,"  
And after another as giddy would run,  
When at work hard she ought to be seen.



## THE DIRTY BOY.



REALLY, of all the odd, odd things,  
The oddest still, I find,  
Is a boy or girl to dirt who  
clings—  
To muck and mess inclined,

To filth and dirt. And  
is it true,  
Can children love dirt  
so?

Yes, there are some—  
not you, nor you,  
But one or two we  
know.

YOUNG RICHARD MUDD  
is such a one,

Grimy, untidy, soiled;  
In every puddle he would run,  
'Till all his clothes were spoiled.

And vainly, as each morning beams,  
Does Sarah make him clean.  
How hard the task!—he kicks and  
screams,  
And shows his little spleen.



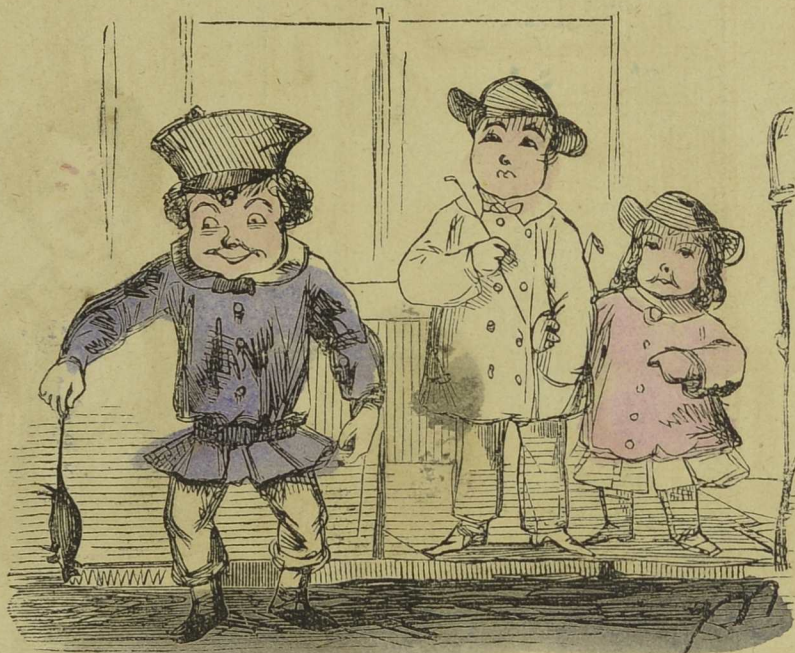


Nor sooner wash'd, than off  
again

To dirty ways he hies;  
With tar his hands and  
legs to stain,  
With ink his nose and  
eyes.

He makes acquaintance  
with the sweeps,

With soot his coat begrimes;  
And where the litter lies in heaps,  
With naughty boys he climbs.



When long days to the wood invite,  
And Richard Mudd goes there,  
Within an hour he, such a fright,  
Would make a dustman stare.

For Richard loves the foulest ways,  
And dirtiest walks to tread,  
'Mid mire and clay delighted strays,  
'Till splashed from foot to head.

What's to be said? If Dicky Mudd  
Pursues his naughty plan,  
As flowers and fruit resemble bud,  
He'll grow a dirty man.







## LITTLE MISS CONSEQUENCE.

LITTLE MISS CONSEQUENCE strutted about ;  
Turned up her nose,  
Pointed her toes,  
And thought herself quite a grand person, no doubt.  
Gave herself airs ;  
Took many cares,  
To appear old ;  
Was haughty and cold.  
She spoke to the servants like to dog or to cat,  
And fussed about this thing, and fussed about that.





Little Miss Consequence pouted her lip,  
Turned out her elbows, and smoothed down her slip.  
Brothers were tiresome  
(Though *some* admire them),  
Some young ladies “dear” them,  
But she—she can’t *bear* them.  
WILL laughed at this,  
And called her pert Miss.

To see our Miss Consequence out in the street,  
With her pink parasol,  
And her manners so droll;  
Her womanly ways,  
And her young, childish face,  
Was really so funny, it was quite a treat.



The boys at the crossings,  
 with curious grin,  
 Would beg, bore, and stop  
 her  
 To give them a copper.  
 Then screwing their faces,  
 and walking behind,  
 Make all sorts of fun at her  
 figure, you'd find.



Little Miss Consequence went to a ball—

A juvenile party,  
 Where children, quite hearty,  
 Enjoy themselves merrily,  
 Dance and sing cheerily;

But *that* did not suit the young lady at all.  
 She rejected all offers to dance with the rest;  
 She'd look at the "children"—she liked that the best.

She stood by the wall, would not dance at all,  
 'Till all the young people—a juvenile mob—  
 Came round her and laughed! What a terrible job!

They told her she'd better  
 Go and dance with grown people;  
 And thus they beset her,  
 And told her that she,  
 Though as proud as could be,  
 Was not taller than they,  
 Although 'twas her way

To be quite as proud as if tall as a steeple.





E. LAURELLS

Little Miss Consequence sat by herself,  
Left and deserted by each happy elf;  
Nor sister nor brother would ask her again—  
Her pride had now brought her both trouble and pain.

When the party was done,  
And she had got home,  
She stood for a long time a-thinking  
that she,  
Somehow, very foolish and naughty  
must be,  
And that henceforth she'd not be  
conceited—not she.



So she mended, was natural, obliging, and gay,  
And has been very happy since that self-same day.



## THE CRUEL BOY.



LAS! that I should mention

Deeds bad, and mean, and low,  
It is for their prevention,  
Their hideousness to show.

John was not learn'd or clever,  
But dull of eye and brain,  
(The good and wise are never  
Found causing needless pain;)

Slow at his tasks, and lumpish, not gay, and brisk, and smart;  
Unready, surly, dumpish, hard head, and harder heart.  
A cruel boy's a coward, and fears to meet his match.  
John Cox for things defenceless laid traps their limbs to catch.



One day, a dog, named  
Rover,  
A faithful, useful beast,  
Belonging to a drover,  
With a thick cane he  
chased.

But this to trouble brought  
him,—  
The drover coming by,  
A painful lesson taught  
him,  
And thrashed John  
heartily.



And once an ox tormenting,  
That in a meadow fed,  
The beast turn'd round and chased him,  
Then toss'd him o'er his head.

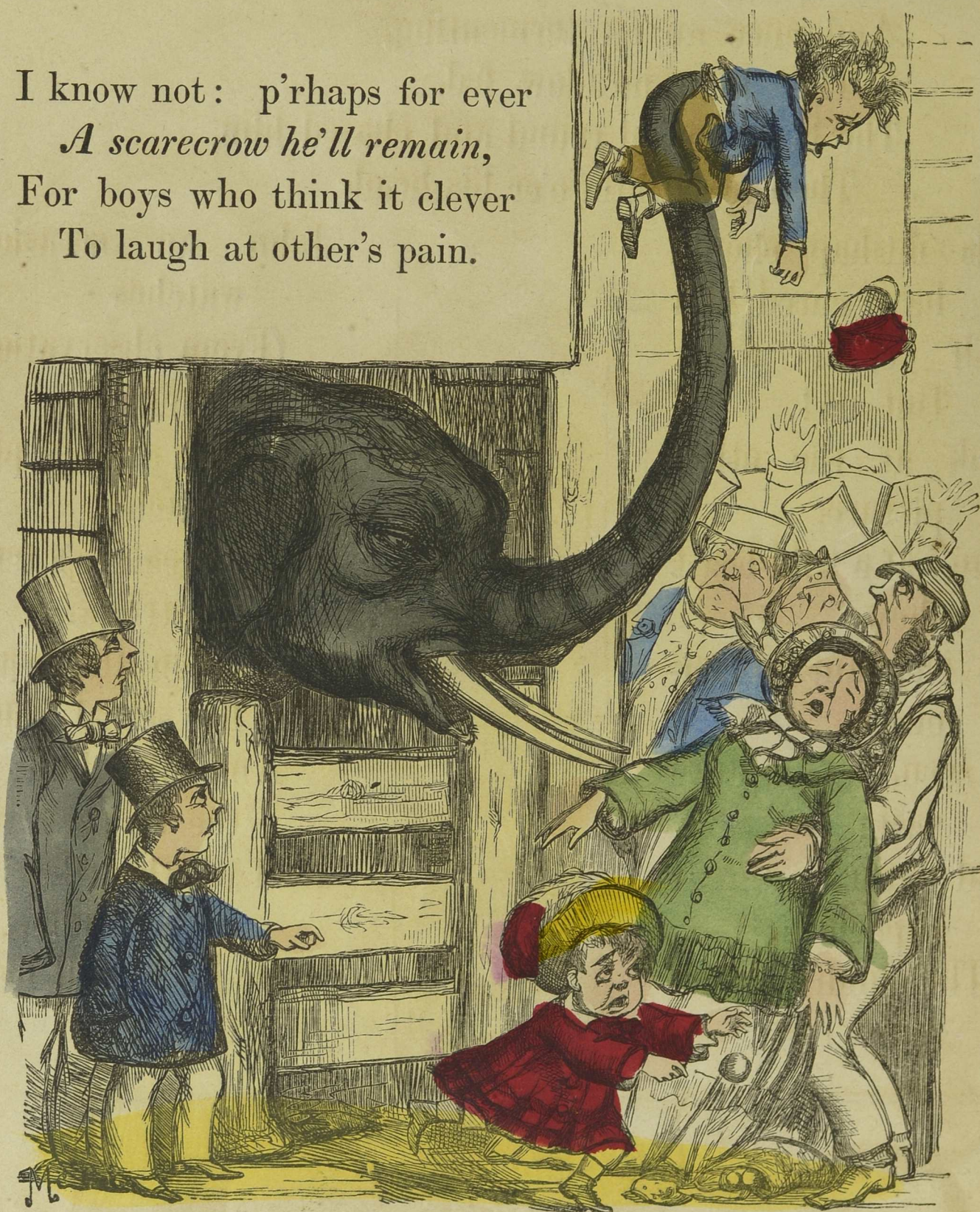
This mishap should  
have cured him  
Of cruel ways.  
But no!  
Look at the other  
picture,  
John's at a wild-beast  
show;  
An elephant sagaci-  
ous,  
Is seen, of stature  
vast;  
And down its throat  
capacious  
The children sweet-  
meats cast.

John an occasion  
watches  
(From observation  
shrunk),  
And with a sharp pin  
scratches  
The creature's ten-  
der trunk.  
Ah! soon the beast  
has seized him,  
And lifts him in  
the air;  
And whether they've  
released him,  
Or he is still held  
there,





I know not: p'rhaps for ever  
*A scarecrow he'll remain,*  
For boys who think it clever  
To laugh at other's pain.







## THE BOY WHO PLAYED WITH FIRE.

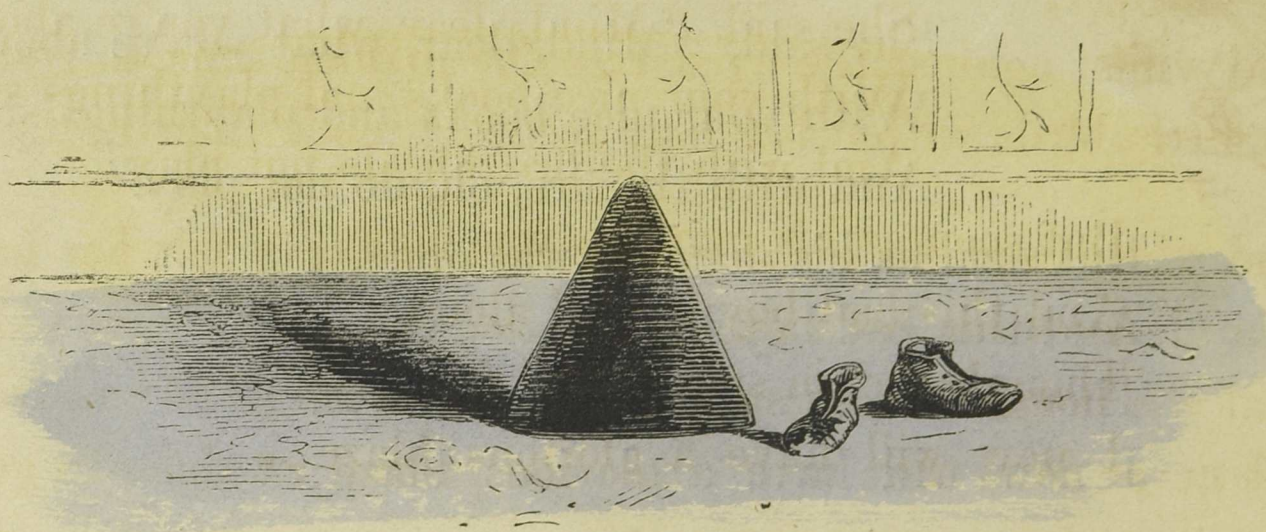
Look at this very naughty boy,  
Who might have been a parent's joy,  
But that he had a strong desire  
To meddle always with the fire.  
One day, when his mamma went out,  
She said, "Mind, dear, what you're about,  
With your nice books and playthings stay,  
And with the fire, oh, do not play."



But soon as his mamma was gone,  
And this bad boy left all alone,  
Thought he, in spite of all Ma says,  
I now will have a glorious blaze;



No one is by, 'tis quickly done,  
And oh! 'twill be such famous fun.  
Quick then about the hearth he strewed  
Some scraps of paper and of wood;  
Then lighted them and drew them out,  
And with them, laughing, ran about.  
But soon he changed his merry note,  
The flames, alas! had caught his coat,  
And every moment mounting higher,  
His body soon was all on fire;  
And though he screamed with shriek and shout,  
No one came near to put him out;  
So that it happened, sad to say!  
He every bit was burned away.  
All that were left to tell the news  
Were only cinders and his shoes.  
So you who love to play with fire,  
Must curb, at once, your bad desire;  
Or like the boy who council spurned,  
You too will be to ashes burned.





## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT COMB HER HAIR.

I'LL TELL YOU OF A LITTLE GIRL, who would indeed have been  
As pretty a young lady as ever could be seen,  
But that about her little head she had no cleanly care,  
And never, never could be made to brush and comb her hair.

Behind her ears her matted locks she carelessly would push,  
And at the top her hair stood up, just like to a furze bush;  
In winter it was filled with flue, in summer swarmed with flies,  
And in the spring, and autumn, too, it hung about her eyes.

One day, into a wood she went, and slept beneath a tree,  
And all the little birds came out, her tangled locks to see;  
And as they flitted by her ears, they chirrupped out with joy,  
“Sure never was a safer place to hide from gun and boy.”

So, quickly they brought moss and twigs, and all the other  
things

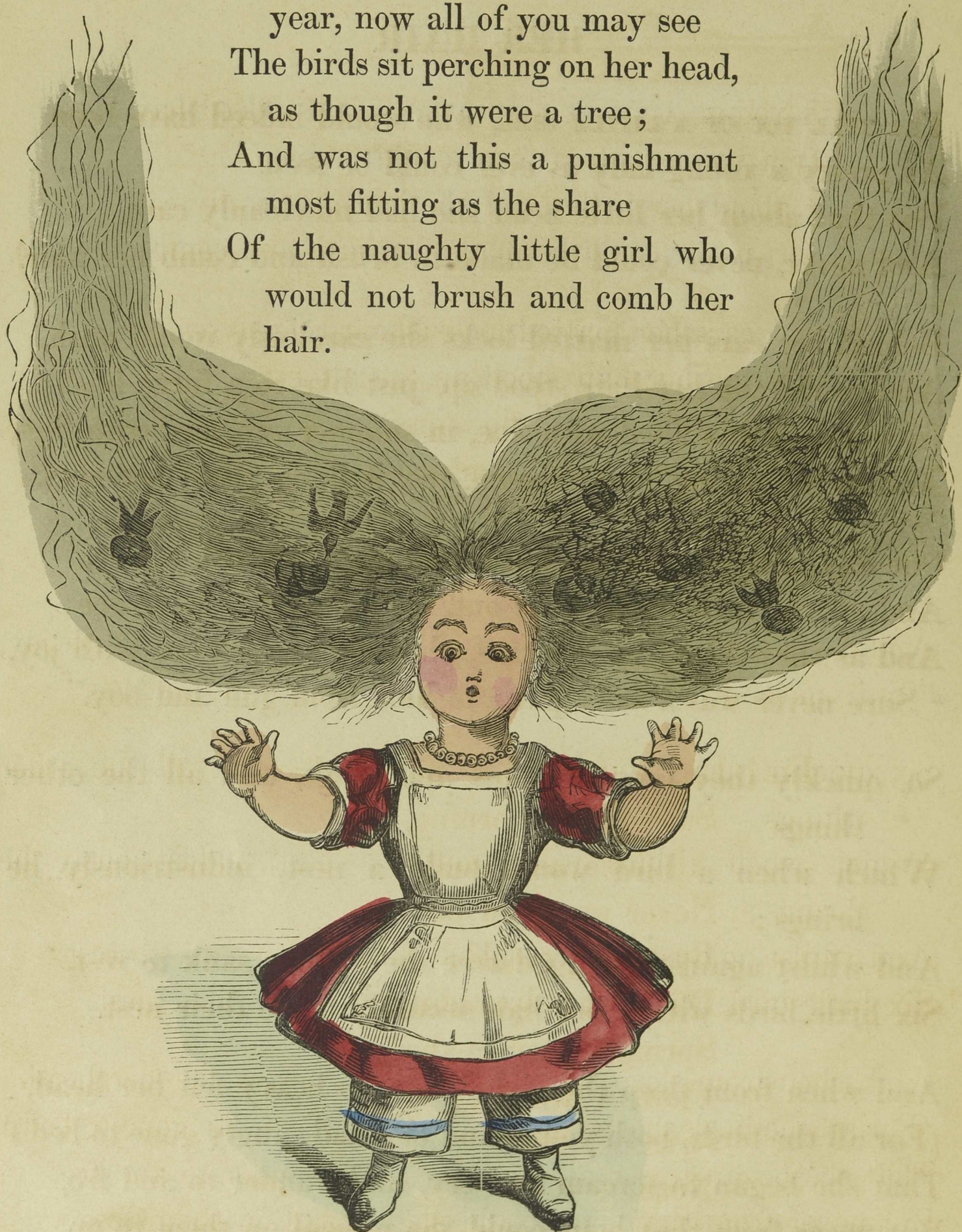
Which when a bird would build a nest, industriously he  
brings;

And whilst against the aged tree the maiden sank to rest,  
Six little birds within her hair securely made their nest.

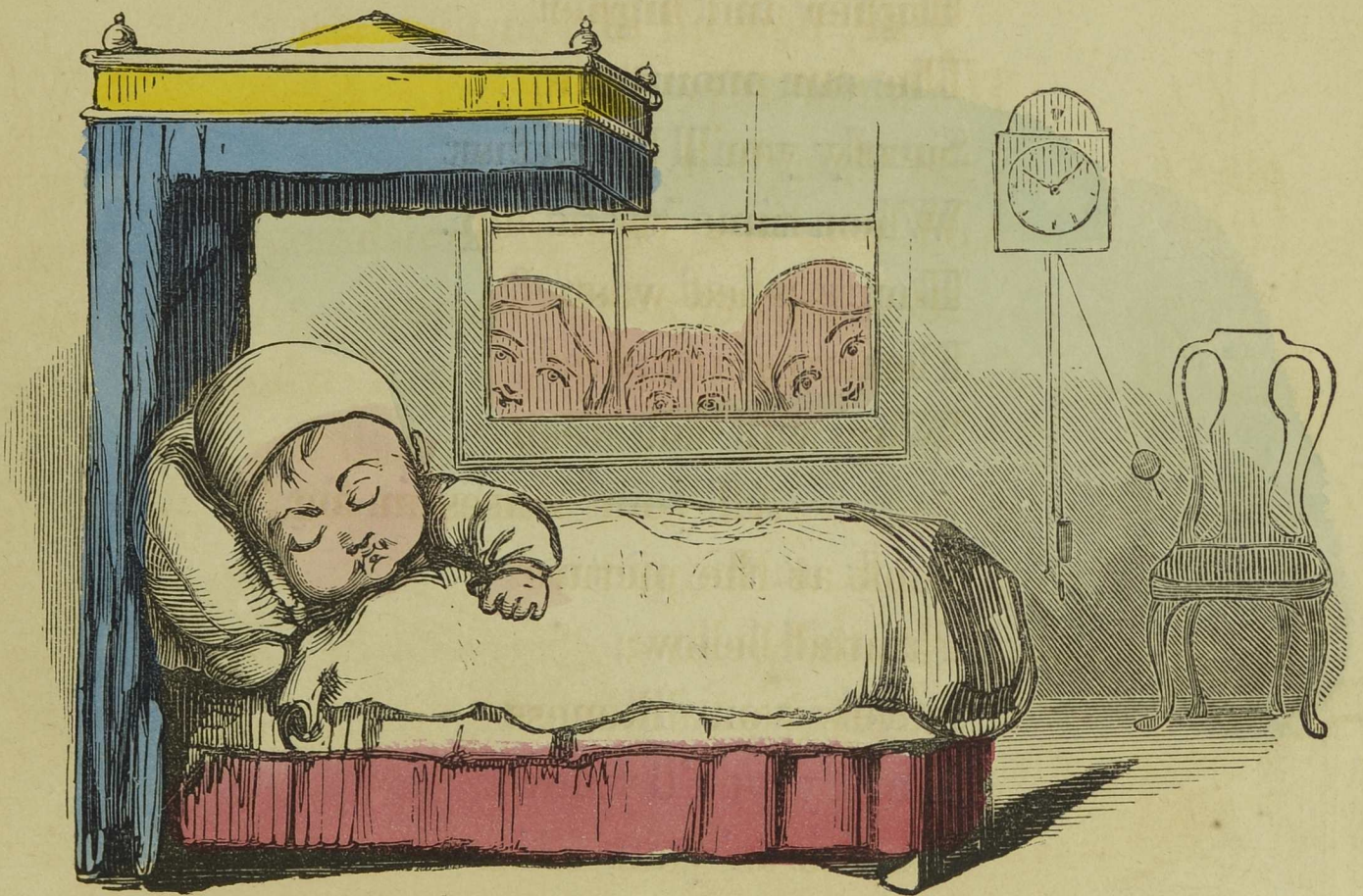
And when from sleep the girl awoke, so heavy felt her head,  
(For all the birds, both young and old, had snugly gone to bed,)  
That she began to scream and cry, and wander to and fro,  
But never from that hour could she prevail on them to go.



Both day and night, thro' all the  
year, now all of you may see  
The birds sit perching on her head,  
as though it were a tree;  
And was not this a punishment  
most fitting as the share  
Of the naughty little girl who  
would not brush and comb her  
hair.







## LITTLE LIE-A-BED.

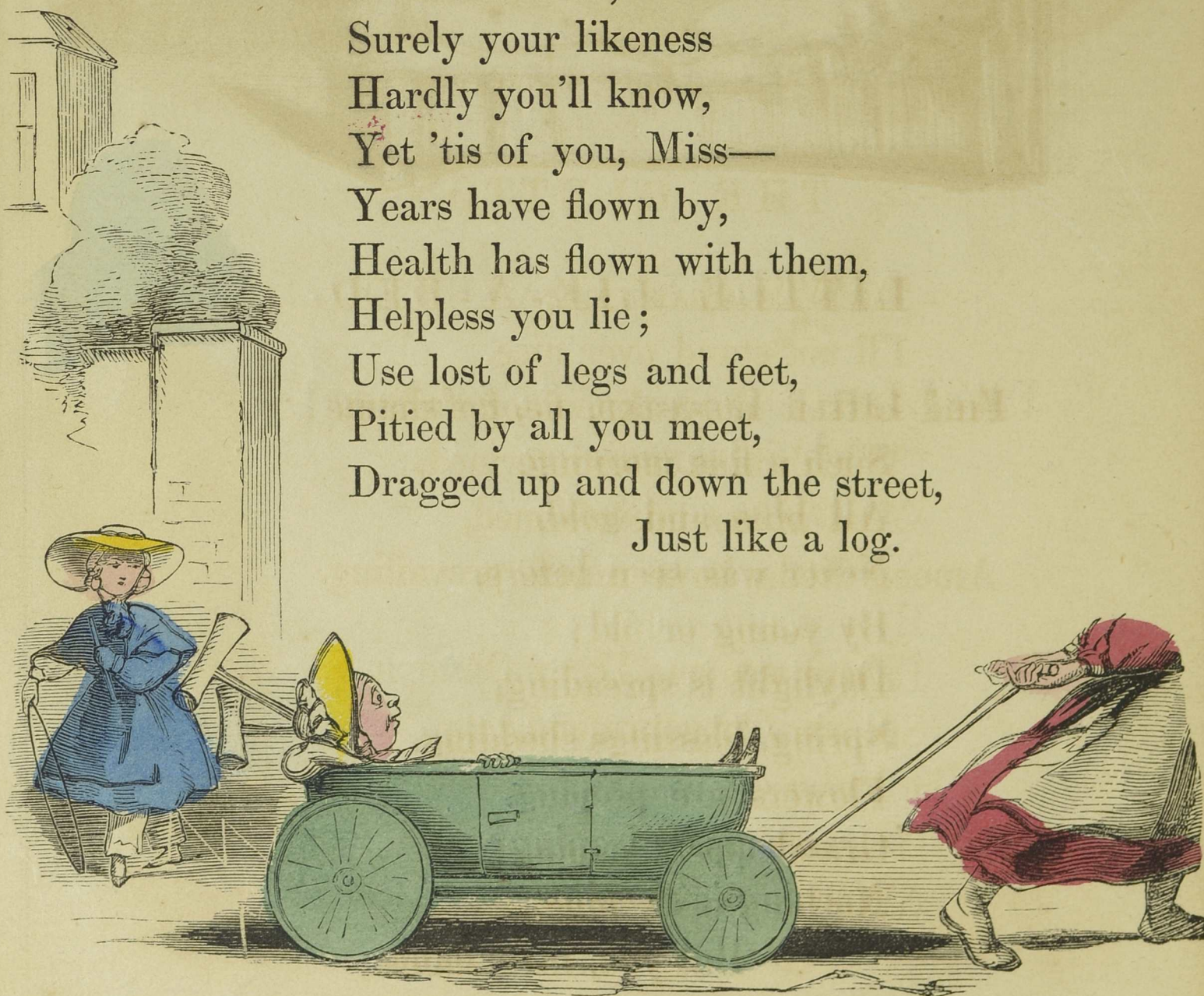
FIE! LITTLE LIE-A-BED, fie, for shame!

Such a fine morning,  
All blue and gold,  
Never was seen before,  
By young or old;  
Daylight is spreading,  
Spring, blessings shedding,  
Flowers are peeping,  
Grasshoppers leaping;  
Nothing is sleeping,  
But you, little dame.



Fie! Little Lie-a-bed!—come, jog, jog;  
Higher and higher  
The sun mounts up;  
Surely you'll breakfast  
When time 'tis to sup.  
Hours a-bed wasted,  
Pleasures untasted;  
Why will you steep  
All your senses in fog?

Look at the picture  
Painted below;  
Surely your likeness  
Hardly you'll know,  
Yet 'tis of you, Miss—  
Years have flown by,  
Health has flown with them,  
Helpless you lie;  
Use lost of legs and feet,  
Pitied by all you meet,  
Dragged up and down the street,  
Just like a log.







## THE GLUTTON.

THERE IS A SAD VICE ;  
I'll not stand over nice,  
And call it a weakness or failing,  
Which is GLUTTONY termed,  
And unless misinformed,  
Among little boys much prevailing.

There was one DICKY ORMOND,  
A terrible gourmand,  
Who had a great cake, ten pounds weighing,  
Sent him, full of things nice,  
Which he hid in a trice,  
To no one the secret betraying.



In a little top room,  
Where no playmates might come,  
Every day he'd repair, the door locking,  
And hour after hour,  
The cake would devour,  
All alone, in a manner quite shocking.

But, lo! an effect,  
Which he did not expect:  
This glutton soon felt very ill;  
With a stomach deranged,  
His whole diet was changed,  
And for sweets, swallowed mixture and pill.

See the picture below,  
All ranged in a row,  
Draught, bolus, emulsion, and leeches.  
I hope, my young friends,  
As this history ends,  
May gain by the moral it teaches.







## TELLING FIBS.

ONE TOMMY TOPPS,—I'll tell the whole,  
Not e'en his name concealing,—  
A clever boy, of manners droll,  
And not devoid of feeling,

Was son to Farmer Topps, who lived  
Down by the church, at Fairleigh,  
A worthy man, who worked and  
thrived,  
And loved his Tommy dearly.

But all our love and care despite,—  
The pity all the more is,—  
Some boys there are who take delight  
In TELLING HORRID STORIES.





And, sooth to say, our Tommy Topps  
Was one of these;—deceiving  
His parents many times. At last  
His word was past believing.

Now, see what happened: down a well,  
(All friendly caution scorning,)  
This fibber rolled,—and, sad to tell,—  
Stayed there from night 'till morning.

For none would heed his cries for help,  
And deemed him only jesting;  
Wet, cold, and hungry; for a bed,  
Upon the bucket resting.

They pulled him up at break of day;  
But, oh! that sad dilution  
Settled upon his lungs, they say,  
And spoiled his constitution.

To you who would good children grow,  
AVOID ALL STORY-TELLING,  
Or Tommy's fate you too may know,  
And tumble a deep well in.





## THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE WASHED.

WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED it, if 'twere not proved true,  
That so pretty a lad  
As was little JOHN DREW,  
The pet of his sisters,  
The hope of his dad,  
Should have such an objection  
To washing and dressing,  
Though often quite dirty,  
Unfit for inspection.  
Yet such was the case,—  
It was really too bad.—



To water, though warmed,  
He'd the greatest aversion,  
Not to speak of immersion,  
The smallest aspersion  
He carefully shunned, like a dog that is mad.

Now what was the consequence, quickly you'll guess ;

He soon lost his good looks,  
Always seemed in a mess ;  
Neither cleanly nor cheerful,  
In face or in dress.

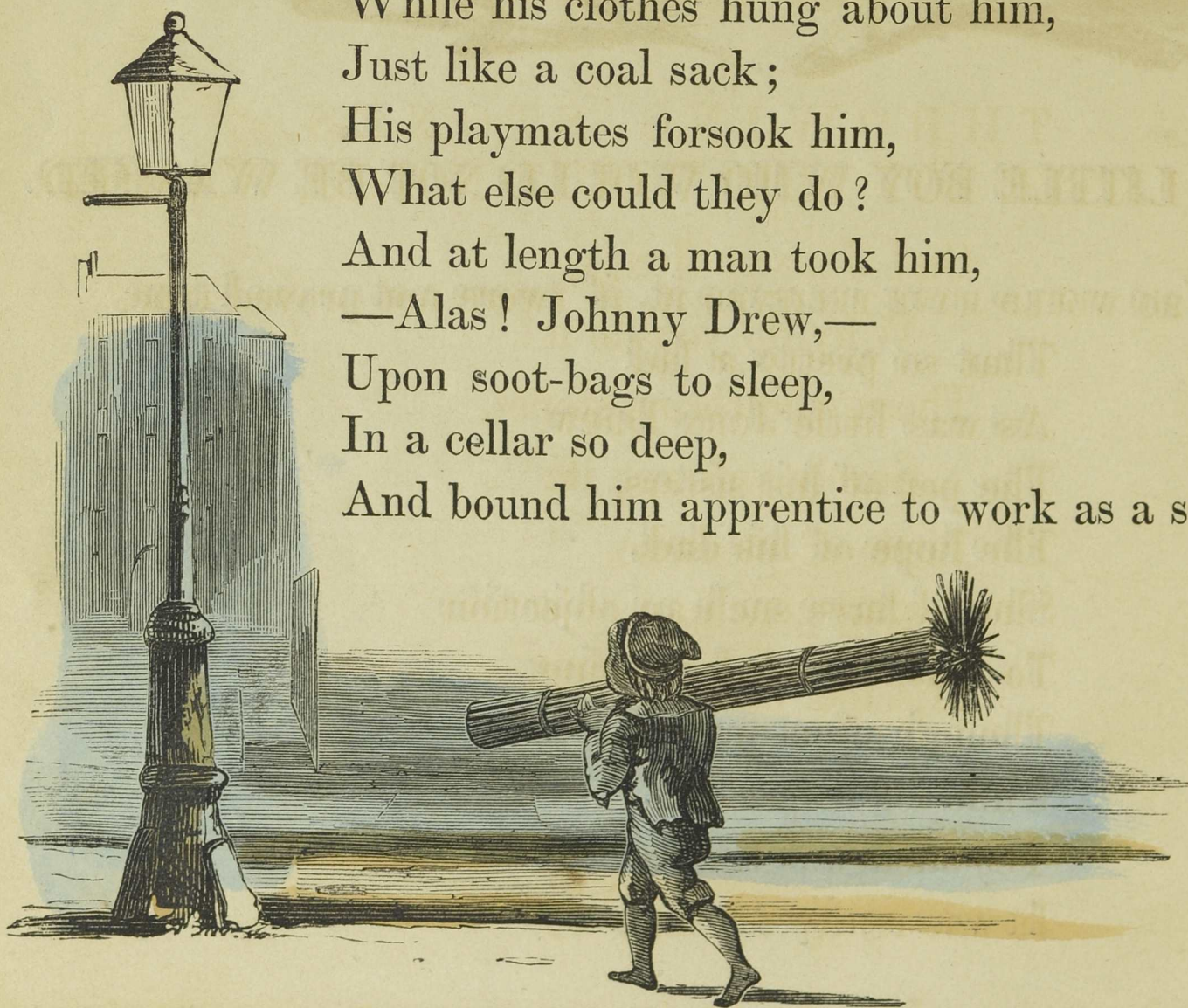
From fair he grew brown,  
And from brown, nearly black,  
While his clothes hung about him,  
Just like a coal sack ;

His playmates forsook him,  
What else could they do ?

And at length a man took him,  
—Alas ! Johnny Drew,—

Upon soot-bags to sleep,  
In a cellar so deep,

And bound him apprentice to work as a sweep.





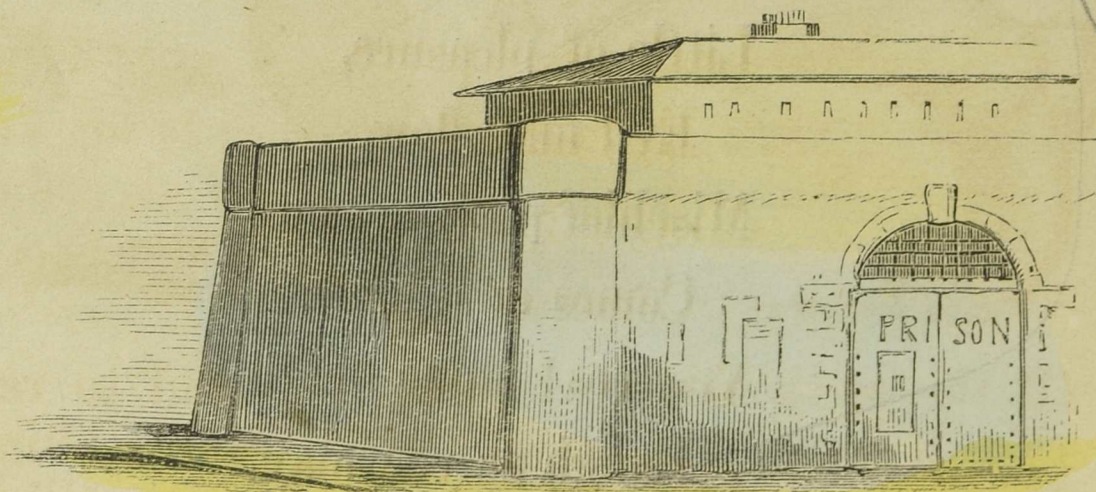


## THROWING STONES.

OH ! JOHNNY JONES,  
Why do you do it ?  
Those who throw stones,  
Surely will rue it :  
Little of pleasure,  
Evil may flow,  
Mischief past measure  
Comes of a blow.  
Yes, yes ! stone flinging,  
Laugh as you may,



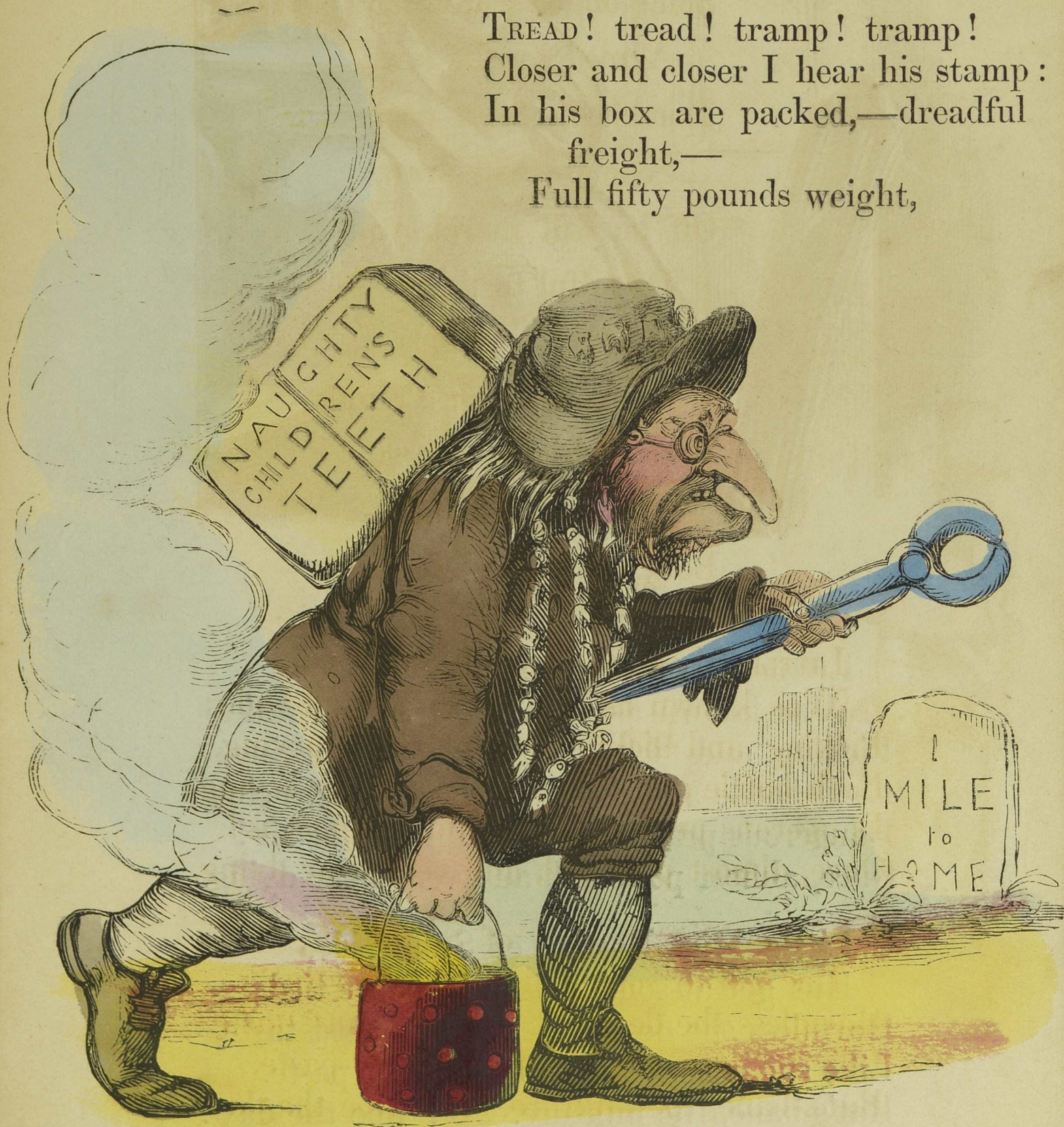
Woe may be bringing  
Upon you, some day.  
Some one is watching,  
Armed by the law;  
Truncheon from pocket,  
Soon he will draw.  
Off he will march you,—  
Dreadful to think!—  
To a dark prison,  
Light through a chink;  
Bread without butter,  
Water for drink;  
Bolt, bar, and fetter,  
Spikes, and high wall;  
Ah! that is better,—  
Let the stone fall.





# THE OLD MAN THAT DRAWS THE TEETH OF CHILDREN WHO BITE.

TREAD! tread! tramp! tramp!  
Closer and closer I hear his stamp:  
In his box are packed,—dreadful  
freight,—  
Full fifty pounds weight,



Of the teeth of the children who, sad to relate,  
(You'll scarcely believe it,) were given to biting  
Each other,—like wild beasts in carnage delighting.





## T A S T I N G .

LITTLE MISS BASTER, of Sunnyside,  
Was known as a TASTER, far and wide;  
Picking and licking, spying and prying,  
Each bottle and dish with her finger trying;  
Dangerous practice! dreadful the fact is!  
Once, almost poisoned, and very near dying.

Little Miss Baster, of Sunnyside,  
Has got at some poison in paper tied;  
Harmless she deems it, yes, she must taste,  
Like sugar seems it, ah! but 'tis paste.  
Rat's-bane, the mixture. O! woe the day!  
Run for the doctor, bid him not stay.  
Dreadful her anguish—nearly she died,  
Did Little Miss Baster, of Sunnyside.





## THE ILL-NATURED, OR SELFISH BOY.

THERE LIVED A BOY, who always cross  
And selfish was; who'd keep his horse,  
His battledore, or kite,  
All to *himself*; and he would say,  
You "*sha'n't*." If some one wished to play—  
Rather than play, he'd fight,

On the first day he went to school,  
His father, the first grief to cool,



A kite bought with great wings,  
That would mount up into the sky,  
Just like a skylark when, quite high  
He flies, and flying sings.

The boys around him gathered then,  
And hoped that he would play with  
them,

But no, he would not do it,  
Alone he'd fly his kite; so he  
Did try, but it hung in a tree—  
So torn, you could see through it.

Loud laughed the boys to see him  
stand  
Quite rueful, with the string in hand.  
Let this a lesson be.



Said one; I would have shown you how  
To fly your kite—'tis useless now,  
Both unto you and me.



One day his Aunt bought him a drum ;  
And said—" Here, Tommy, hither come,  
And be a dear, good boy ;  
Let others play with this ; with theirs  
They'll let you play, and you'll go shares  
In many a pretty toy."

But when the drum was tied around  
His neck, Tom pouted, puff'd, and frowned ;  
And, as his drum he beat,  
He thought—The boys will envy me  
When, with this drum, they look and see  
Me marching down the street.

Just at that time his Grandpa came,  
Who cried out, "Tommy, what a  
game !

Pray, let me see that toy."  
Tom cried, " I sha'n't," and ran  
away,  
Nor would he for his Grandpa stay,  
The foolish, selfish boy !

But see what selfish boys befall :  
He thought not, if he thought at all,  
The punishment would come







So soon. He slipped, and down the  
stairs  
He fell, 'midst shrieks, and cries, and  
tears,  
Right headlong through his  
drum.

Not only did he spoil his toy,  
But also—serve him right, bad boy—  
He cut his face and nose;  
He scratched his chin, and bruised his head;  
His lip was also cut, and bled  
All down his birth-day clothes.



The selfish man become a miser.



## HEEDLESS HARRY.



SAY—WHAT WERE EYES MADE FOR,  
unless to be used ;  
'Mid dangers to steer us,  
From obstacles clear us ;  
For learning,  
Or earning  
Our bread,  
Or discerning

The right from the wrong path—employed, not abused.

HARRY HEEDLESS HAD TWO EYES—  
as have most of you---

Not far-sighted, or near,  
But the common sort, clear ;

Yet the dunce,  
More than once,  
Ran on to a post,  
With a terrible bounce,

Leaving bruises quite dreadful, in yellow and blue.



A bad habit had he,  
(Sure a worse could scarce be),  
Of gaping and staring  
About him ; not caring  
What might lie in his way.

In a ditch  
He did pitch,

Whence they pull'd him, half smothered in duckweed and clay.





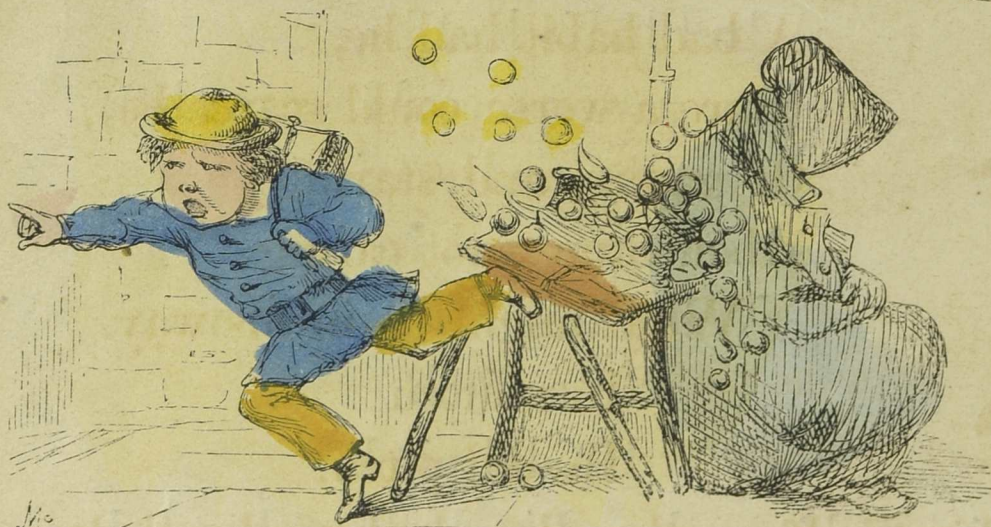
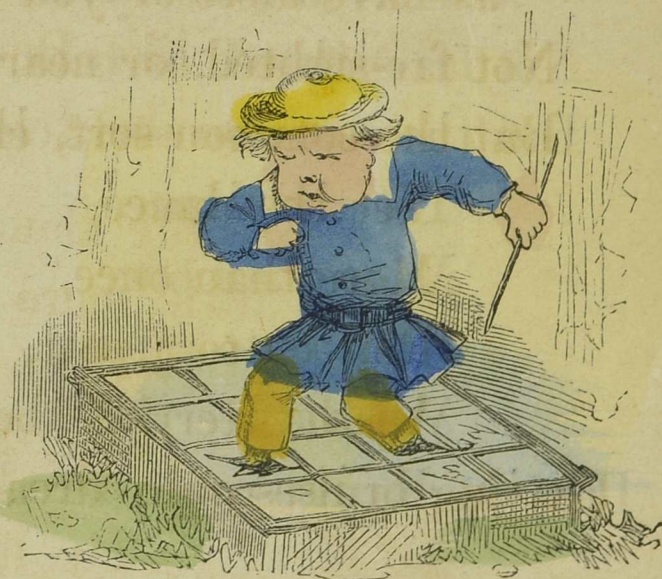


He one day climb'd a hill,  
Near his father's old mill;  
But with eyes all abroad.  
Never minding his road,  
O'er its brink, only think!  
Did the simpleton sink!  
'Till he stuck 'mid the trees  
like a stone in a chink.

In a garden once walking,  
Where cucumbers grew,  
Unheeding where treading,  
He fell heels over head in

A frame, and spoilt all that was  
set there below.

'Gainst a fruit-woman's stall,  
Harry Heedless came shock,  
Drove his head through a wall,  
And upset her whole stock.



But my song were  
too long  
To tell half he did  
did wrong.  
Avoid being heedless  
at play or at  
work.



## THE CONCEITED BOY.

WHY DO WE LOVE THE DAISY'S HUE,  
But for its modest look?  
And why the bind-weed, pink or blue,  
That grows along the brook?

'Tis that they seem to hide retired,  
Nor boldly seek our gaze;  
Like quiet merit, more admired  
Than pride that bids for praise.

My little friends, both boys and girls,  
Should weigh this lesson well;

Nor act like BOBBY BOUNCE, whose tale  
I am about to tell.

This Bobby Bounce was four feet high,  
A little more or less;  
Just twelve years old, but aped the man  
In language, look, and dress.



His hat and boots, and stick of thorn,  
I neither blame nor praise;  
For clothes look *well* or *ill*, as worn  
With antics or with grace.

And silly 'tis in glass to gaze  
For hours—nay, 'tis a sin  
To practise there affected ways,  
With simper, smirk, and grin.



Not "swift to hear, and slow to speak;"  
The good rule he reversed,  
Was slow to hear, and swift to speak,  
When elder friends conversed.

Too proud for playmate, book, or toy,  
By following this plan,  
Although less pleasant as a boy,  
Was Bobby more a man?

No. Still a boy in size and years,  
Whene'er abroad he's seen,  
The very sweepers in the squares  
Laugh at and ape his mien.







## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.

“ I DO NOT LIKE,” said Fanny Clark,  
“ AT NIGHT, TO GO TO BED;  
I hate my bedroom, dull and dark,  
I will sit up instead:  
The kitten plays the whole night through,  
I’m older, far, than she;  
And Towzer, in the garden, too,  
Sits up, and barks with glee.”  
So when the nurse the night-things brought,  
Miss Fanny frowned and cried;  
But Nurse, by long experience taught,  
Could but her whims deride.



And daily did this silly maid  
Renew her foolish plea;  
At last poor Nursey yielding, said,  
"To-night, Miss, let it be."

So all undressed, save cap and gown,  
See Fanny in her chair;  
All else a-bed, the candle out,  
'Tis dismal, dark, and drear.  
Alone, the ticking clock alarms,  
The buzzing flies affright;—  
What cheerful makes the waking day,  
Are dreadful sounds at night.  
Small comfort, now, from pussy's freaks,  
Her faintest step appals;  
At Towser's barking Fanny quakes,  
And soon for Nursey calls.  
For, swarming, too, come beetles out,  
And climb her very seat;  
The mice are running all about:  
Their tails touch Fanny's feet.  
Quite cured, that night, of foolish whims,  
By disobedience bred;  
When Nursey comes, and daylight dims,  
Our Fanny seeks her bed.

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