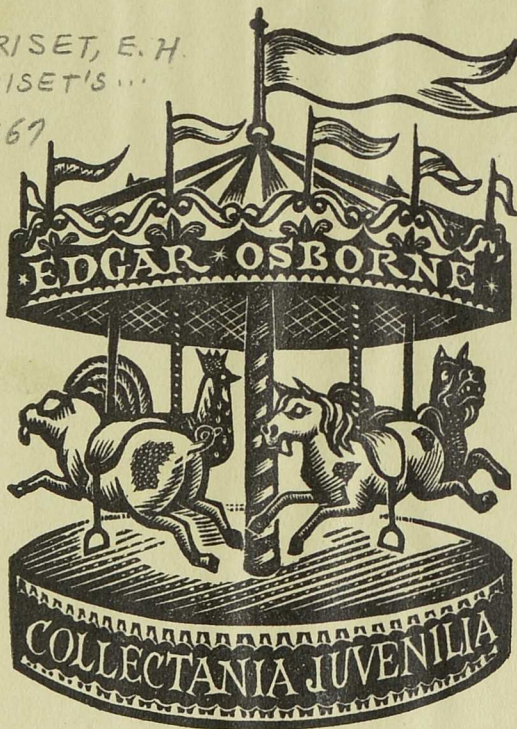


E. LORT-PHILLIPS.

p
GRISET, E. H.
GRISET'S ...
1867



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See Introduction.

GRISSET'S GROTESQUES;

OR,

JOKES DRAWN ON WOOD,

WITH RHYMES BY TOM HOOD.



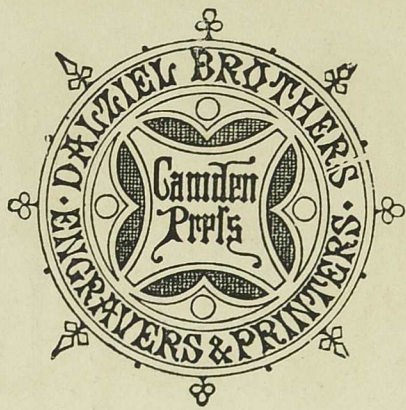
ONE HUNDRED QUAIN'T DESIGNS BY ERNEST GRISSET.

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

LONDON :

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

1867.



INTRODUCTION.

READER! If thou hast seen in forests wild, where sempiternal Liberty has smiled on Afric wildernesses since the day when first far Africa was Africa:—If thou hast noted in that vast expanse, where palm trees tower and gibbering simooms dance, where the Rhinoceros uprears its front, and Hippopotami, discursive, grunt, where 'mid the lofty stems that woo the gale the Monkey wanders with prehensile tail:—If thou hast noted there, afar from life, far from his home, friends, family, and wife, removed from all that on old England's shore makes civilized existence quite a bore—from morning calls, law, patent medicines, debts, dress coats, debates, hats, operas, and bets:—If thou hast noted there some lonely wight, with pensive brow and form of manly might, in European garments gaily clad, his coat brown holland, and his trousers plaid—in short, a sample of “our tourists' suits”—gingham umbrella, and Balmoral boots:—If thou hast noted there that lonely man uprear a tripod framed on curious plan, adjust his camera, prepare his plate, and make all ready with precaution great:—If thou hast seen—to sum it up *in toto*—a photographic party at a photo, when, as his head is thrust beneath the cloak, two monkeys, puzzled to make out the joke, swift as Sweet Williams from their posts descend, and, peeping down the camera's other end, completely disconcert our artist friend:—

If thou hast noted this, why, thou hast seen what the sole aim hath of this volume been—its very purport. Really! can't you tell? What! can't you guess it? **NONSENSE!** Fare thee well!

T. H.

London,

October, 1866.

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A DUKE AND AN EARL.

THIS is the Duke of Shreds,
And that is the Earl of Tatters :
You see that they're
A-taking the air,
Laying together their politic heads
And discoursing on various matters.

A shocking Bear.

Said the Earl, with a solemn sigh,
“Dear Duke, if you and I
Were chosen to be
The Ministree
’T would be good for the world—and you and me!”

“It would,” said his Grace,
With a very grave face,
“Meanwhile we had better look out for a place
To get a cheap dinner at: what do you say to
Buying between us a roasted potato?”

A SHOCKING BEAR.

LOOK at that page over there!
You perceive a dancing bear.

This bear—as big as a pony—
Can dance like Taglioni,
Poussette—and turn—and twirl—
Can caper, waltz, and whirl—
But he shouldn’t have me
His partner to be
If I were a little girl!



Ernest Griset.

For his hug is a little too tight—
He would squeeze you flat outright,
And that, in the present
Day, isn't thought pleasant—
Besides, it is not polite.

REFLECTION.

Because you can dance, it doesn't follow
Your manners will beat a Frenchman's hollow



Ernest Criset

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

I SAT beside a hill—a hill ;
It was on quarter-day,
When folks their vans they fill—they fill,
And cart their goods away.
And all day long
I noted the throng
Their furniture convey.

Of rubbish such a lot—a lot !
'T was really most immense ;
I wondered how it got—it got
To such a pitch intense.
Such a ramshackle set
If ever I met
I wish I may be shot !



Ernest Geisel.

And soon I saw a man—a man,
A ragged man was he;
For moving his goods his plan—his plan
Was to hire an old donkey,
With a shove behind
As their way they wind
Up the hill, as you can see.

And another man I saw—I saw
His chattels all convey,
Which a couple of boys did draw—did draw
In a ricketty sort of dray;
And I then understood
That one donkey's as good
As a couple of boys any day!
So if one employs
A couple of boys,
The donkey may go and play!



Ernest Criset

THE POACHERS.

THERE are two foxes, Bob and Ben,
Who go out shooting now and then
Bob has got a firelock rusty;
Ben has got a blunderbus.

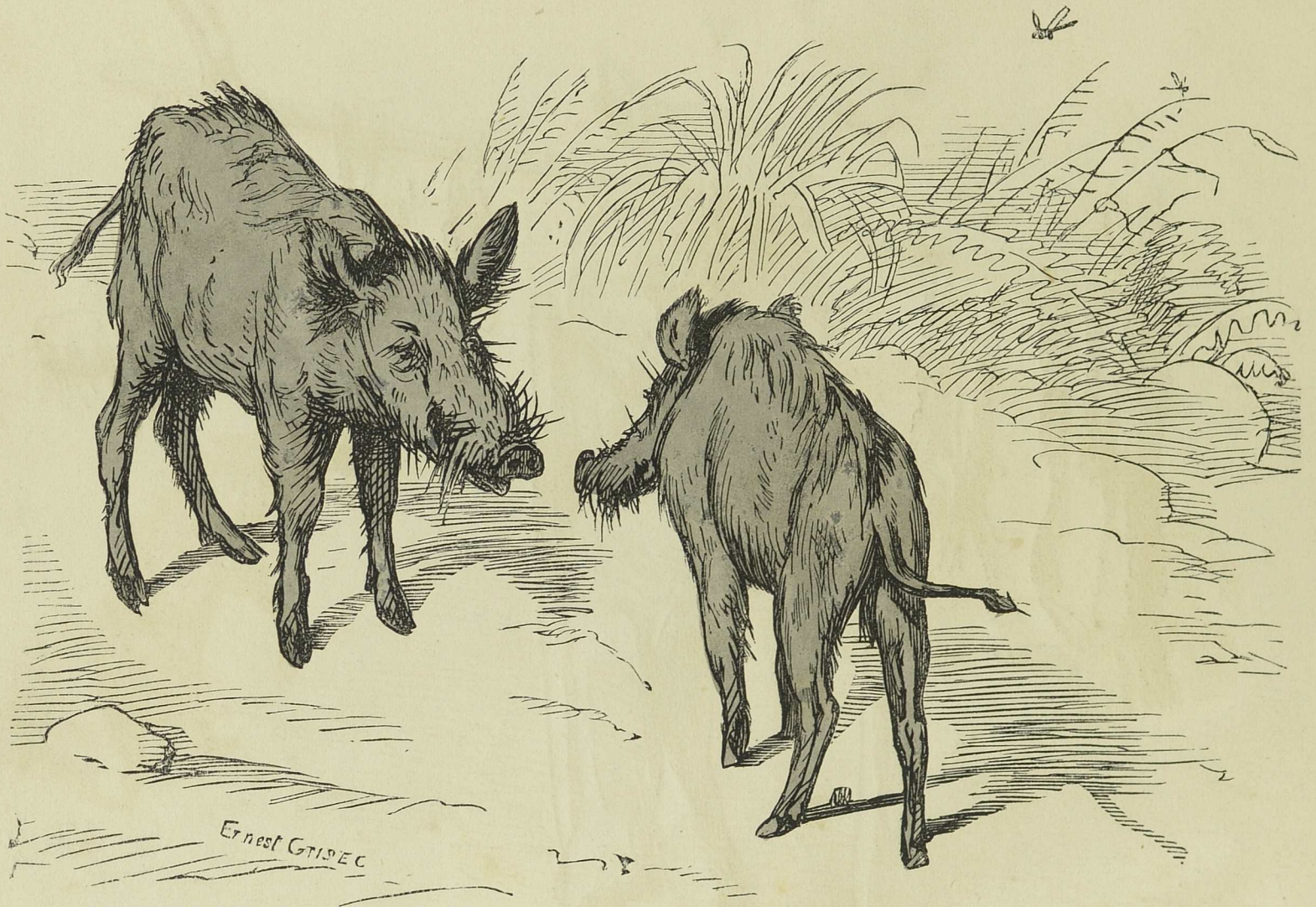
The two in any sort of weather,
To search for game go out together.
Now you see they've had some luck,
For crafty Bob has shot a duck.



Ernest Cassell

When they have contrived to bag
As many hares as they can drag,
With wild duck, partridge, snipe, and pheasant,
They'll rest contented for the present.

And Master Bob, who is the bolder,
Will go out hawking, pole on shoulder,
And cry through London streets the lot
Of game that he and Ben have shot.
But since they have no license got,
There is—it may be well to mention—
A warrant for his apprehension,
But if to catch him's your intention,
Although your wish is proper quite,
I think it would be only right
To tell you—Master Bob can bite!



THE LANGUAGE OF HUNGER INTELLIGIBLE.

S AID the young pig to the old pig,
 "Umph, umph, umph, umph!"
Said the old pig to the young pig,
 "Grumph, grumph, grumph, grumph!"
But what was their meaning I cannot disclose,
Since the language of Piggywigs nobody knows.

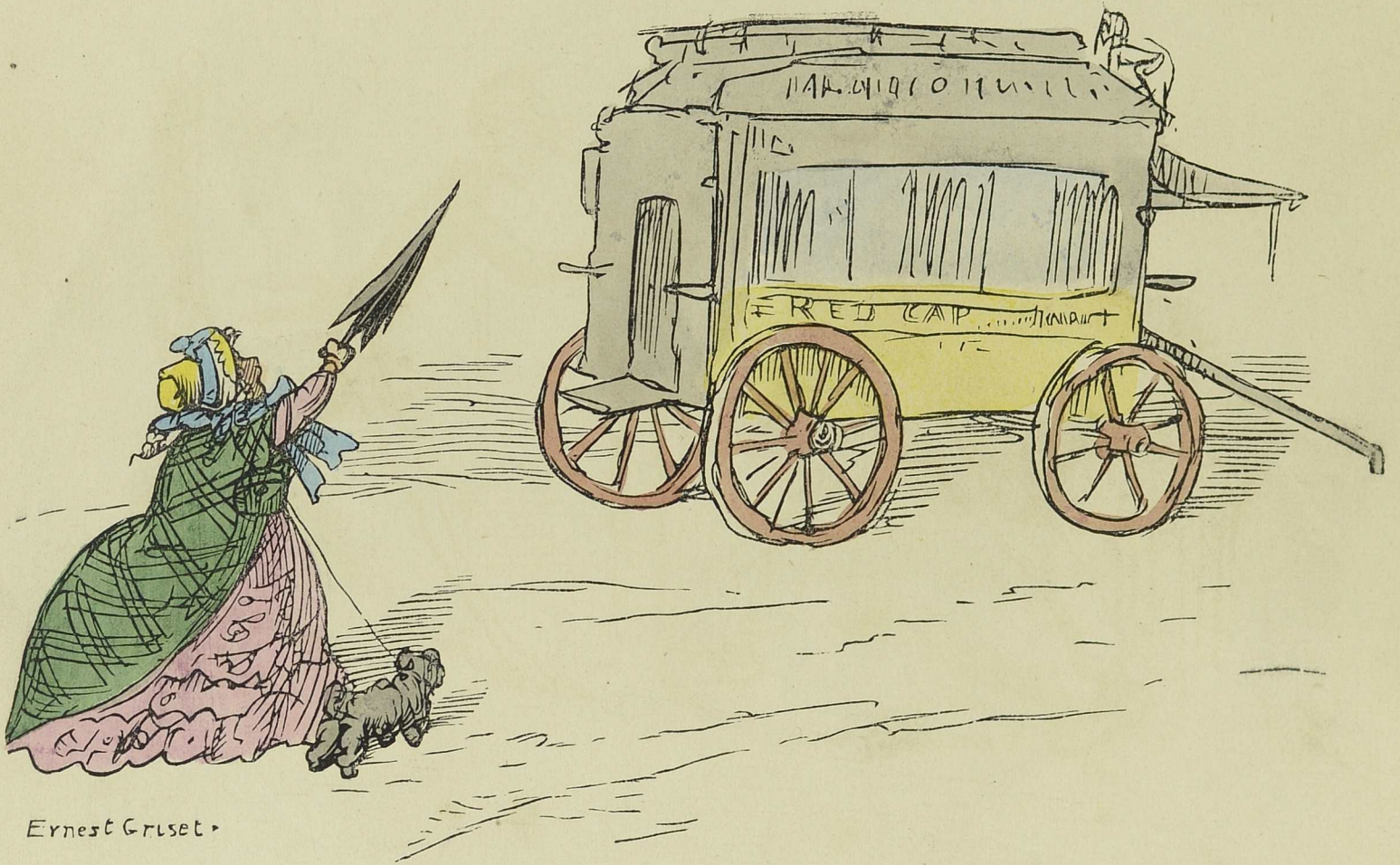
Said the young pig to the old pig,
 "Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak!"
Said the old pig to the young pig,
 "Week, week, week, week!"
But what they intended surpasses my knowledge;
The tongue is a tongue they don't teach one at college.



Said the thin wolf to the fat pig—
Never a word.
What the fat pig to the thin wolf
Replied, I've not heard.
But though unacquainted with either's remark,
As touching their meanings I'm not in the dark.

TRANSLATION.

“My appetite,” wolf says, “needs nothing to whet it:
I doat upon pork, though it's long since I ate it!”
“Indeed!” says the boar, “don't you wish you may get it!”



A MORAL POEM FOR THE YOUNG.

I ONCE saw a lady gesticulate thus,
All down by the Red Cap, a-hailing a 'bus;
She screamed and she shouted,
Yet nobody doubted
The 'bus to oblige her would wait half a minute,
Because, as it happened, the horses weren't in it.

MORAL.

In youth had she studied the Doctrine of Forces,
She'd have known that a 'bus cannot start without horses!



THE DISPUTATIOUS DARWINITES.

PETER PARDIGGLE is one of those men
Who cannot believe three and seven are ten,
While Nathan O'Noodle is that sort of bore,
Which insists on believing that twice two *is* four!

Now Peter at starting the argument begs—
He *has* seen a quadruped born with six legs;
But a quadruped, Nathan insists, has but four,
And ceases to be one when boasting of more.

But which of them's right, and which of them's wrong,
Is a question I scarcely need prove in a song!



THE BOARS OF BUNGALOO.

THERE was a gallant sportsman
Set out in days of yore,
With his rifle good, through the gay greenwood,
A-hunting of the boar.

But when this gallant sportsman
Upon those wild boars fired,
They took affront with so loud a grunt
That he at once retired.

His legs were long,
His muscles strong,
Or he had been o'ertaken;
For he, who was willing
His pork to be killing,
Could barely save his bacon.



Ernest Criset.

He sought a gallant sportsman,
Whose courage had been tried,
And they forth did jog, with gun and dog,
Against the boars to ride.

But when these gallant sportsmen
Beheld in grim array
The terrible tushes prepared for rushes,
They wisely ran away.

The dogs turned tail,
Each horse 'gan quail,
The matter was so grave;
For they, about crackling
Who'd lately been cackling,
Their own hides scarce could save!



A POET AND A PAINTER.

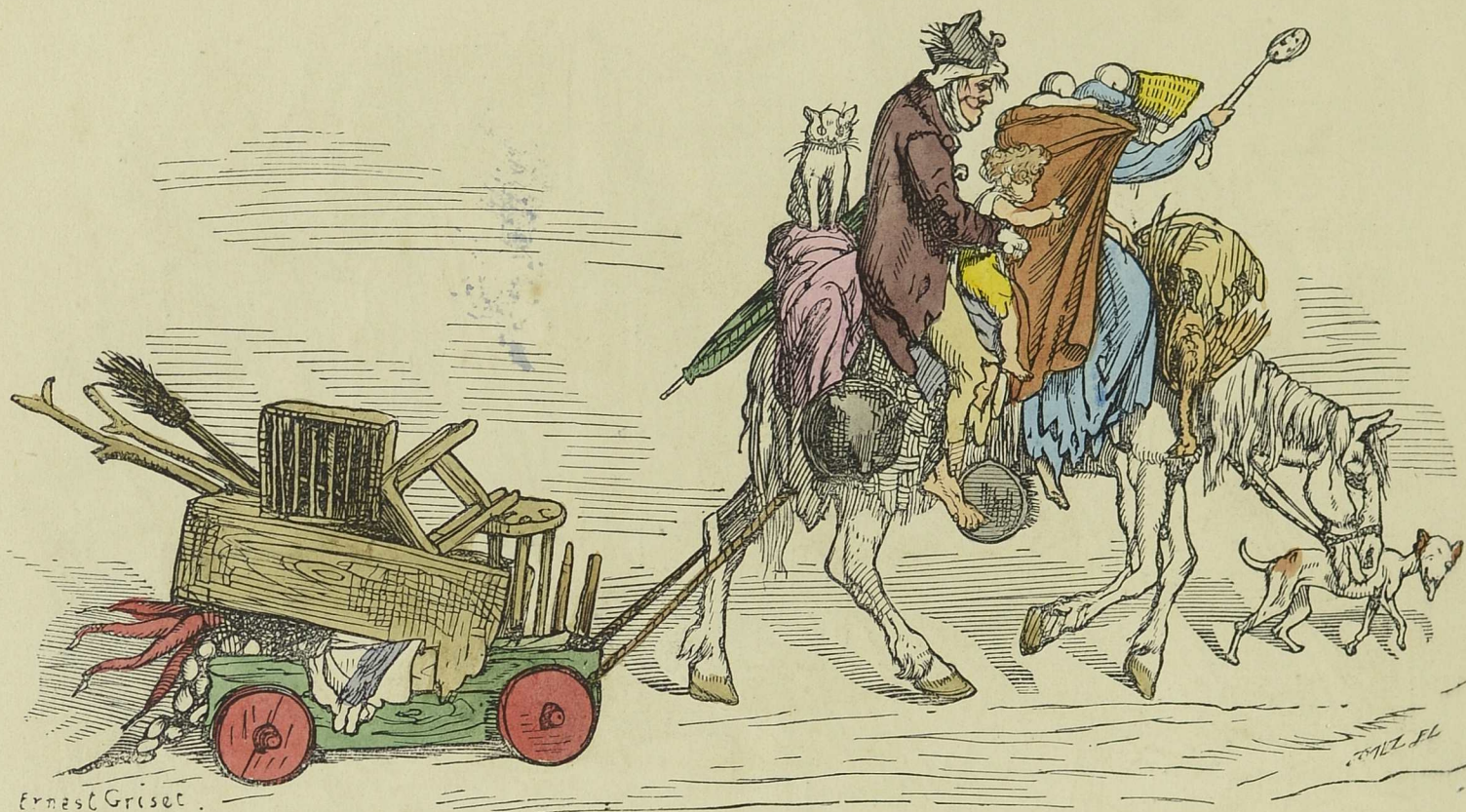
A PAINTER and a poet
 They had a house between 'em,
 And dinners but so-so ate
 Of *baconum et beanum*,
 Because their scanty purses
 No better could supply 'em.
 They pictures made, and verses,
 But nobody would buy 'em.

Poeta had the garret,
 The kitchen Pictor slept in ;
 And that one had a parrot,
 And cats his room this kept in.
 And soon as e'er it dark was
 The cats grew melancholy ;
 The parrot's sole remark was,
 "Scratch poll for pretty Polly."



When Pictor's brushes fail he
Compels his cats to aid him,
And with his pussy's tail he
Has many a picture made him.
And when Poeta's muses
Can find no inspiration,
He for his verses uses
The parrot's observation.

At last they could not get up
Enough to buy a carrot;
So first the cats they ate up,
And then they ate the parrot.
But, ah! they met from thence ills.
And on their heads this curse is—
The painter has no pencils,
The poet writes no verses!



BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK.

JOG, jog, jog! and shog, shog, shog!
 With their queer old sticks, and their cat and dog,
 Tinker Bob and his wife are going,
 But whither they're bound I'm sure there's no knowing ;
 For their nag is blind,
 And they don't mind,
 For wherever they wander a welcome they find.

Tap, tap, tap! and rap, rap, rap!
 For mending old kettles our Bob's the chap!
 Under a hedge they pitch their camp,
 And care not a jot for the cold or the damp.
 They pay no rent
 For their crazy tent,
 And sometimes they borrow—what hasn't been lent

Chink, chink, chink! and clink, clink, clink!
 Our Bob works harder than people would think ;
 But times are hard and money is scanty,
 And so his abode is no more than a shanty.
 But when he gets rich,
 On some villa he'll pitch,
 And grow mighty proud—it's the manner of *sich!*



THE FROZEN PHANTOMS.

THERE were two jolly sailors
Set sail upon a seal;
On one intent they both were bent,—
The North Pole to reveal!

They steered away to nor'ard
Across the ice and snow;
On deck they kept, and never slept,
(They couldn't go below!)

But soon the arctic frost did
Their flesh and blood congeal,
And stiff as mummies and dead as dummies
They still ride on that seal.

A Lame Adjutant.

And when the whalers meet them,
They turn their vessels south,
For they dread that crew, with their skins so blue,
And a pipe in either mouth!

MORAL.

If you the North would penetrate
And of the Pole be tracker,
Take warning by their awful fate,
And never blow your baccor!

A LAME ADJUTANT.

PEG, peg, peg,
With a wooden leg.
Here's an old Adjutant come to beg.
How he lost the limb
You had better ask *him*,
For he's ne'er been to war since he chipt the egg!

For this Adjutant isn't a soldier at all,
But a bird, who's long-billed, and bald-headed, and tall;



And he caught, mayhap,
His leg in a trap,
And that's how the timber-toe chanced to befall.

Peg, peg, peg
With a wooden leg.
What is your name, you old party, I beg?
"Oh, once it was Jack,
But now, good lack
They insist upon calling me Silas Wegg!"



GOING TO SEE THE WORLD.

“TU-WHIT, tu-whoo!
And who are you?
And where are you going, you comical two?”
“We’re off for a stroll
To visit the whole
Of the world.” Said the Owl, “You must first pay the toll!”
A snap of his beak,
A crunch, and a squeak,
And in vain for the two little beetles you’ll seek!
Their tale to sum up, t-
-O a finish abrupt
Their journey had come. And the owlet had supt!

GASTRONOMIC MEM.

One fact about beetles for supper—and that’s,
They’re nothing like whitebait, but better than sprats.



THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

I ONCE had an intimate friend,
So dear!
His calling I cannot defend,
I fear;
For he sang but one song
The weary day long,—
'T was
“Anyumberellerstomend — to mend!
Anyumberellerstomend!”

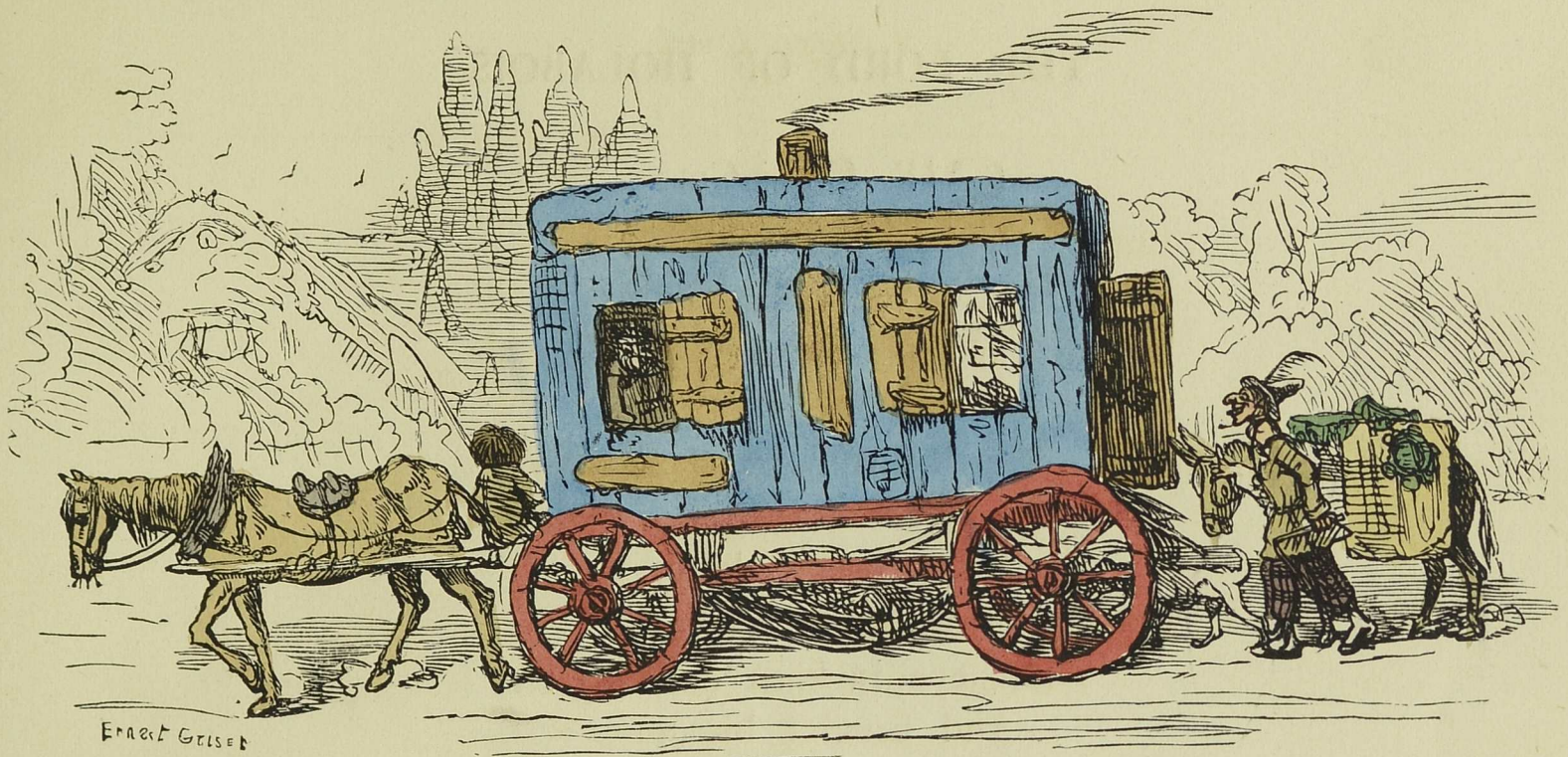
A Stage Coach.

But though his profession is such,
I know
I'd not his acquaintance for much
Forego:
'Neath his ragged old vest
Beats a heart in his breast,
Which
Human misfortunes can touch — can touch,
Human misfortunes can touch.

For once when by show'rs I was caught,
My friend
Was prompt an umbrella, unsought,
To lend;
And from that very loan
Shrank the best friends I've known,
Save
“ Anyumberellerstomend — to mend !
Anyumberellerstomend ! ”

A STAGE COACH.

THIS travelling vehicle which you scan
Is Theatre Royal The Caravan.
It wanders about to markets and fairs,
And actors and wardrobe and scenery bears.
Such a travelling stage since the Thespian age
Has never been seen, so its owner declares.



Could you only see the inside of the van,
You'd the company find hard at work, to a man:
The leading tragedian is making the soup,
The comic man's nursing a child with the croup,
The white-visaged ghost is making some toast,
And the heroine's mending the socks of the *troupe*.

A youth once fell from an upper box——
In love with the lady who's mending the socks.
As she sits in a bonnet without any crown,
With a dirty face and a ragged gown,
Could he see her, I vow, her loveliness now
In his high estimation would slightly come down.

Theatre Royal The Caravan
Is built upon really an excellent plan,
For if ever the audiences flag for a day,
They pack up the theatre and take it away;
And its plays, when begun, are sure of a run,
Which is more than some regular dramas can say.

THE LORD OF HOLABOIS.

SIR Cric-à-Crac
Of Carignac

He is a gallant knight,
Though his clothes are old,
And his hosen holed,
And his gear in sorry plight.

His sword is long,
His arm is strong,
His eye is keen and quick;
And betwixt his nose
And his chin there grows
A dark moustache and thick.

His clothes are worn,
His cloak is torn,
His hat is limp of brim,
With a cocktail feather;
And altogether
You don't think much of him!

But his heart is gold,
Though his coat is old,
As you will quickly guess,
Since he for his king
Would everything
Give up he does possess;

And though that's small,
It is his all—
A duke could give no more;
And a flagon of wine
And a cut at the chine
Is all he'll ask therefor.



But the gallants sneer
At his threadbare gear:—
Their taunts he can despise,
For he very well knows
His suit of clothes
Is really a perfect *Guise*!



MRS. J.

THIS is Mrs. Jacko,
With her son upon her back, oh!
Because it's hot
You see that she's got
To shade her well a
Good big umbrella,
To ward the sun's attack, oh!

Beauty merely Comparative.

And where is Mr. Jacko?
Woe, misery, alack, oh!
Why, bless his stars,
He met with some tars
Who took him to France,
And taught him to dance
With many a thump and thwack, oh!

Alas for Mr. Jacko!
He wears a coat and shako;—
About the streets
A drum he beats,
Dances a fling,
Jumps through a ring,—
Does anything
To keep his good master in beer and tobacco.

BEAUTY MERELY COMPARATIVE.

KING Wungaree Bungaree Groo
Goroo
Fell in with a man-o'-war's crew,
Who knew
From his Majesty's figure
That he was a nigger,
And some-one of consequence too—
Just a few!
So they begged he'd consent to be "drew."

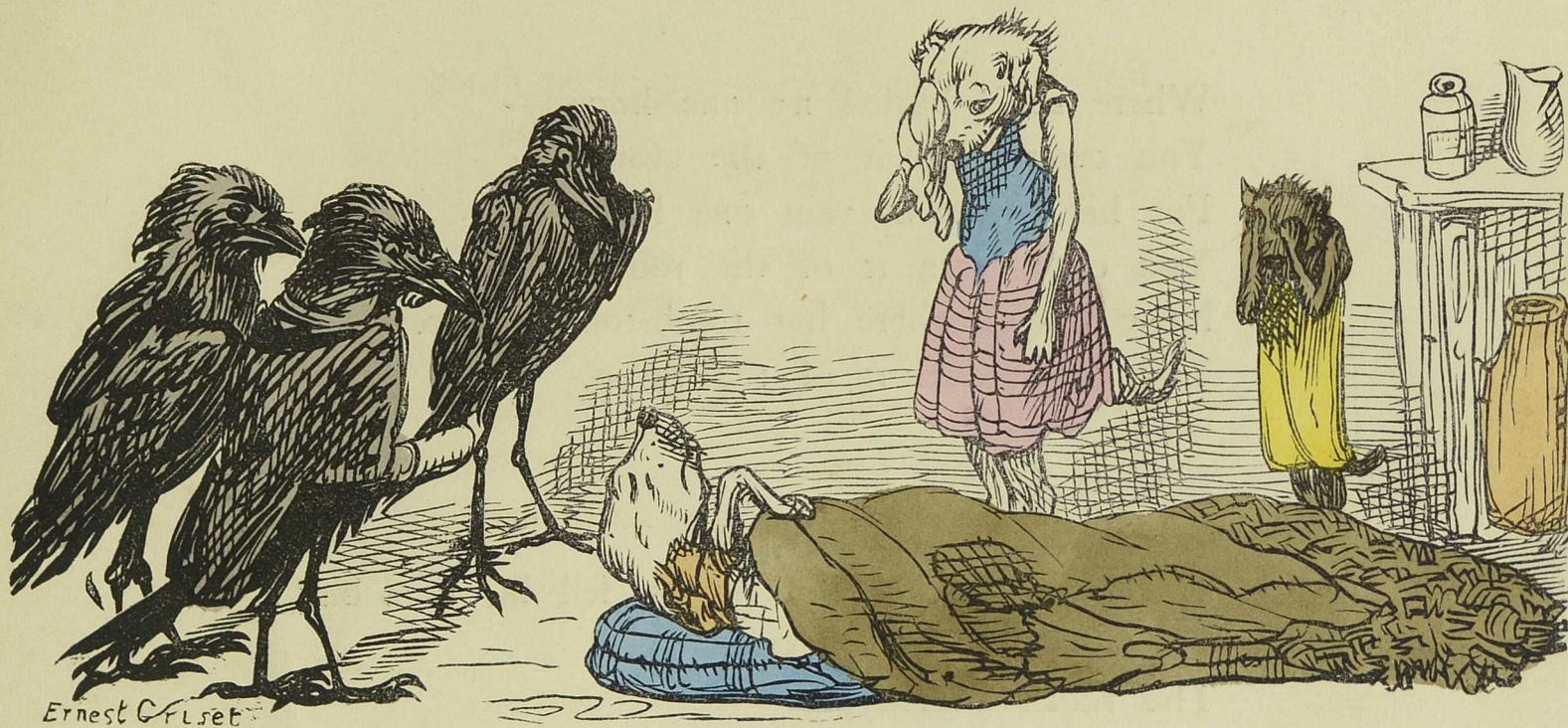
Beauty merely Comparative.

For an artist they had in their boat
Afloat,
A chap with a beard like a goat,
Who note
Of his Highness was making,
His portrait while taking:—
Beside him stood Captain O'Groat,
To his throat
Buttoned up in a swallow-tail coat.



Ernest Heiseb.

But the joke of the thing do you see?
He! he!
While O'Groat and his merrymen three,
So free,
The monarch were chaffing,
His Highness was laughing
To think what a guy was O'G.
Oh, dear me
Fun's a question, it seems, of degree!



A DREADFUL UNDERTAKING.

WHEN poor Mrs. Bowwow died,
How her puppies howled and cried!
What she died of I can't say—
'T was not of hydrophobia;
But I've heard she lost her wits,
So it possibly was fits!

How the puppies yelped and whined,
Losing thus their mother kind!
'T would have moved insensate logs.—
Cried the neighbours, "Drat the dogs!"

Soon the Undertaking Co.,
Messrs. Raven, Rook, and Crow,
Came in crowds, the more the merrier,
All declaring they would bury her.

The Welcome Minstrels.

Where she's buried no one knows—
You can't learn it of the crows;
For her grave in vain one looks—
You can't learn it of the rooks:
None knows where her tombstone's graven—
You can't learn it of the raven.

But, so I have heard
When she was interred,
The crows, rooks, and ravens, fell ill, to a bird!
The crows had cachexy,
The rooks anorexy,
And as for the ravens, *they* had apoplexy!

THE WELCOME MINSTRELS.

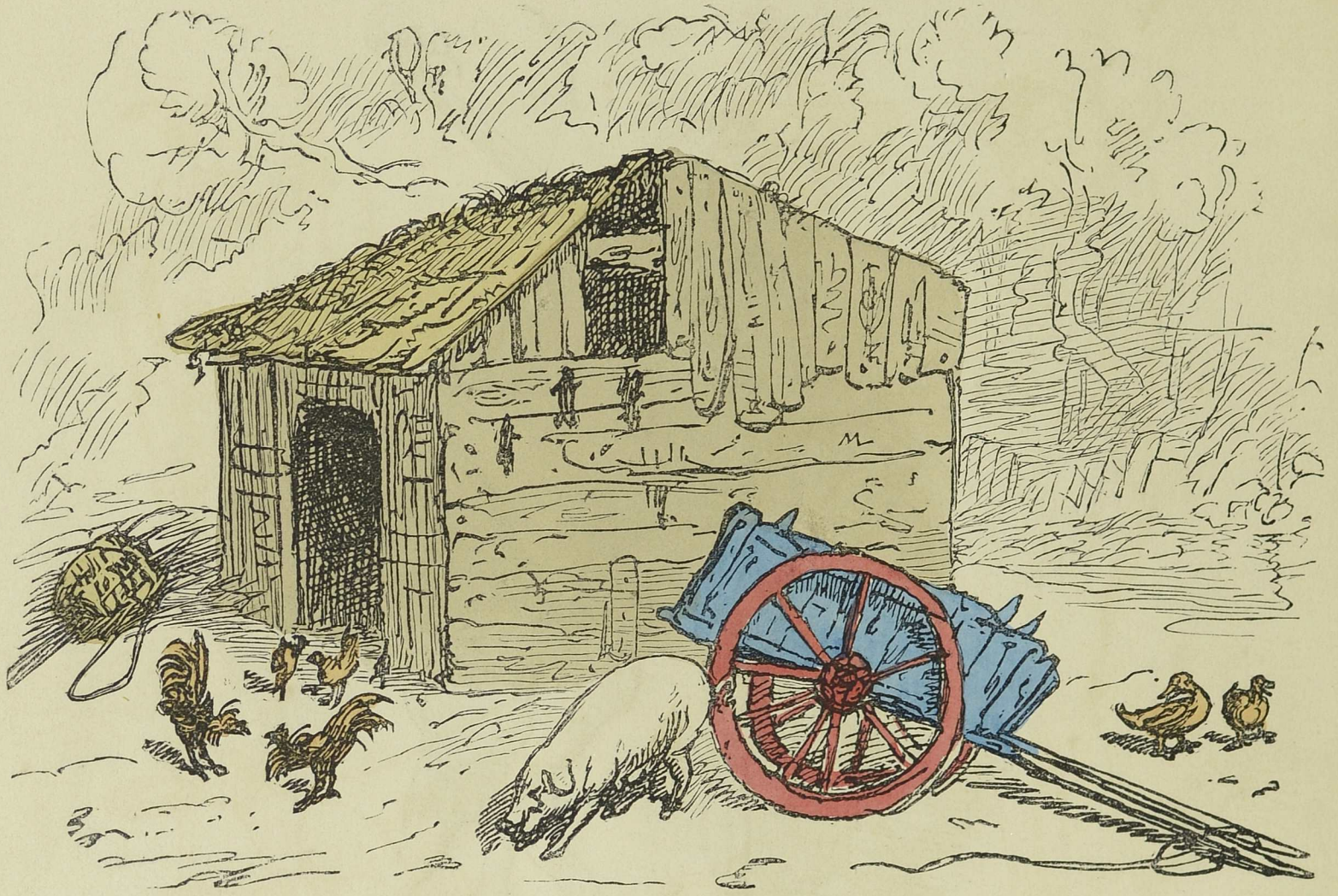
THIS is young Rub-a-dub-dub,
And his uncle, Thrum-thrum-thrum,
Who plays his guitar, while the cub
Performs on the single drum;
And the people turn out, with a merry shout,
Where the two musicians come.

For Rub-a-dub-dub can play
A tune that's ne'er forgot;
It makes in a magical way
The potatoes to dance in the pot.
(As fact don't receive it—I shouldn't believe it
If *I* had not been on the spot.)



And Thrum-thrum-thrum can boast
Such wondrous skill and wit,
At the sound of his lute, the roast
Turns round upon the spit.
(Delusion you ween it?—if *I* had not seen it
I would not believe it a bit!)

So, when Rub-a-dub-dub they see,
The housewives ne'er look glum;
And as for his uncle, he
Is always free to come;
But the turnspit cur, as I can aver,
Thinks highest of Thrum-thrum-thrum.



PIGS' PALACE.

PIGS' Palace is a lovely spot;
Its carpet's rotting straw;
And walls of clay and planks it's got,
With many a crack and flaw.

Its ragged thatch lets in the wet,
The floor is sludge and mire,
And yet there's nothing you could get
The hogs would more desire.

For though the walls with gold you line,
With silver tile the roof,
With ivory lay the floor—the swine,
I think, would hold aloof.

So, though with dirt and dire decay
Its aspect *infra dig.*'s,
The palace, spite of all you say,
Contrives to please the pigs.



THE THREE JOLLY BEGGARS.

THE UNHAPPY TRIO.

THERE were three jolly beggars who begged about the town ;
Some gave them scraps of white bread, some gave them scraps of brown.
The first, a shipwrecked sailor, a ragged man was he ;
The second he had lost his sight, and so he could not see ;
The third, a soldier who had fought for country and for king,
Was crippled of an arm, and wore his right leg in a sling.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

When high the raging billows leap—
When loud the wind is roaring—

The Three Jolly Beggars.

When hungry surges from the deep
Across the deck are pouring—
When blue the vivid lightnings flash,
And hoarse the thunder's growling—
When cordage shrieks, and timbers crash
Amid the tempest's howling—
When rudderless the vessel drives
Before a blast tremendous,
Now down some inky valley dives,
Now climbs some steep stupendous—
When Boreas, blustering railer,
Shouts loud in cruel glee,
Oh, pity a shipwrecked sailor
Who's never been to sea!

THE BLIND MAN.

Oh, summer skies are blue,
And fields in spring are green,
And boughs the sunlight trembles through
Are bright with shimmering sheen.

And snowy fleeces stray
Across the azure skies,
And earth is deckt in blossoms gay
To gladden human eyes.

Then think in pity kind
How bitter must it be
To all this beauty to be blind,
Like him—though he can see!



THE MAIMED WARRIOR.

Thick o'er the field of war
Lingers the veil of smoke;
Loud is the cannon's roar,
Swift is the sabre's stroke.
Down on the foeman's line
Dash all the men of might;
See how the bayonets shine,
Gleaming with steely light!
Soon do they meet, and then
Over the battle-cry
Groaning of wounded men,
Shrieking of men who fly!

The Three Jolly Beggars.

Pity the brave who fall,
Pity the weak who yield—
Pity the warriors all
Met on the battle field—
E'en for the horrors of war that are seen there,
Pity this soldier—though he's never been there!

THE BEGGARS' ALMS.

And so these jolly beggars they begged about the town,
And filled their wallets with the scraps of white bread and of brown.
But—though these beggars were discreet,
And blessed the folk who gave to eat—
With most respect they those would treat who gave them half a crown.

THE BEGGARS' ARMS.

And when the day was over they homeward bent their way
For lodgings in a cellar at the Beggars' Arms had they:
And these beggars in rags
There emptied their bags,
And hastened to pour
All over the floor
The mouldy scraps of white bread and broken scraps of brown
Which they had got that morning while begging through the town.

Now, if you had seen
Those beggars, I ween,
You'd have thought they'd be glad
Of the food that they had;
But they care not a rap
For bit or for scrap,
And turn up their noses
As each one discloses



Ernest Criset

What strange odds and ends
Benevolent friends
Have kindly bestowed
On these tramps on their road
To the Beggars' Arms cellar that formed their abode!

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

Out of the party but one was agog
At the sight of the victual, and that was the dog—
The blind man's dog, who had carried all day,
Till his jaws were weary, a little tin tray,

The Three Jolly Beggars.

And who said to himself,
Poor famishing elf!
“Twill be jolly to have in my mouth, instead
O that horrid old saucer, a bit of brown bread”

PREPARATIONS FOR A FEAST.

The cripple he flung his sling aside,
And the bandage about his arm untied.
The shipwrecked sailor looked sad no more,
But first gave a grin and then gave a roar.
And the blind man said, with an accent gay,
“I’m delighted to see you so well to-day!”

THE BANQUET.

But what do you think, as I am a sinner,
These three jolly beggars, they had for dinner?
The rogues so sly
Had a savoury pie.
From out of its crust
A bunch was thrust
Of pigeons’ legs;
And with hard-boiled eggs,
And fine rich jelly,
That pie—I tell ’ee—
Washed down with a tankard of good old ale,
To have pleased e’en an epicure scarcely could fail!

HOW THEY ATE.

Oh, they sang and laughed,
They feasted and quaffed!
The shipwrecked sailor was best at a draught.
But who ate the most pie
Is a question that I
To decide on should feel most uncommonly shy.



HOW THE DOG ATE.

And the blind man's dog, down under the table,
He gobbled until he no longer was able,
And ate so much crumb, and ate so much crust,
That he fattened until you'd have thought he would "bust."

THEIR GAMBOLS AFTER THE FEAST.

But, Oh, the fun when the feast was done,
And the table pushed aw!
The jovial band clasped hand in hand,
And danced a measure gay.
Singing—tiddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, tiddyfol, liddyfol lay!

The Three Jolly Beggars.

These rogues so big they footed a jig,
And capered round and round;
They danced a fling, like anything,
And made the roof resound,
Singing—tiddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, tiddyfol, liddyfol lay!

THE DOG'S DELIGHT.

The dog danced too, with the jovial crew,
He was a lively cur!
And they and the pup they kept it up
Till they no more could stir
Or sing—tiddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, liddyfol, tiddyfol, liddyfol lay!

THE NEXT MORNING.

But when the morning broke, they started forth all three:
“Oh, I'm a shipwrecked sailor, just cast ashore from sea!”
“And I'm a poor old fellow, as blind as blind can be!”
“And I'm a crippled soldier—look how they wounded me!”
But if any one knew
What at night they do,
He would answer them “Fiddle-de-dee!”

MORAL.

If children won't do what they're bid, they'll have to do what's worse—
For halfpence they'll be forced to beg from some kind person's purse.
Their disobedience to repent will nothing then avail
When, like these three, they have to starve on savoury pie and ale!



A REASON FOR KEEPING A CAT.

MRS. BABOON,
With her pipkin and spoon,
Is making a mess of pottage,
And half of that
She'll give to the cat
That lives with her in the cottage.

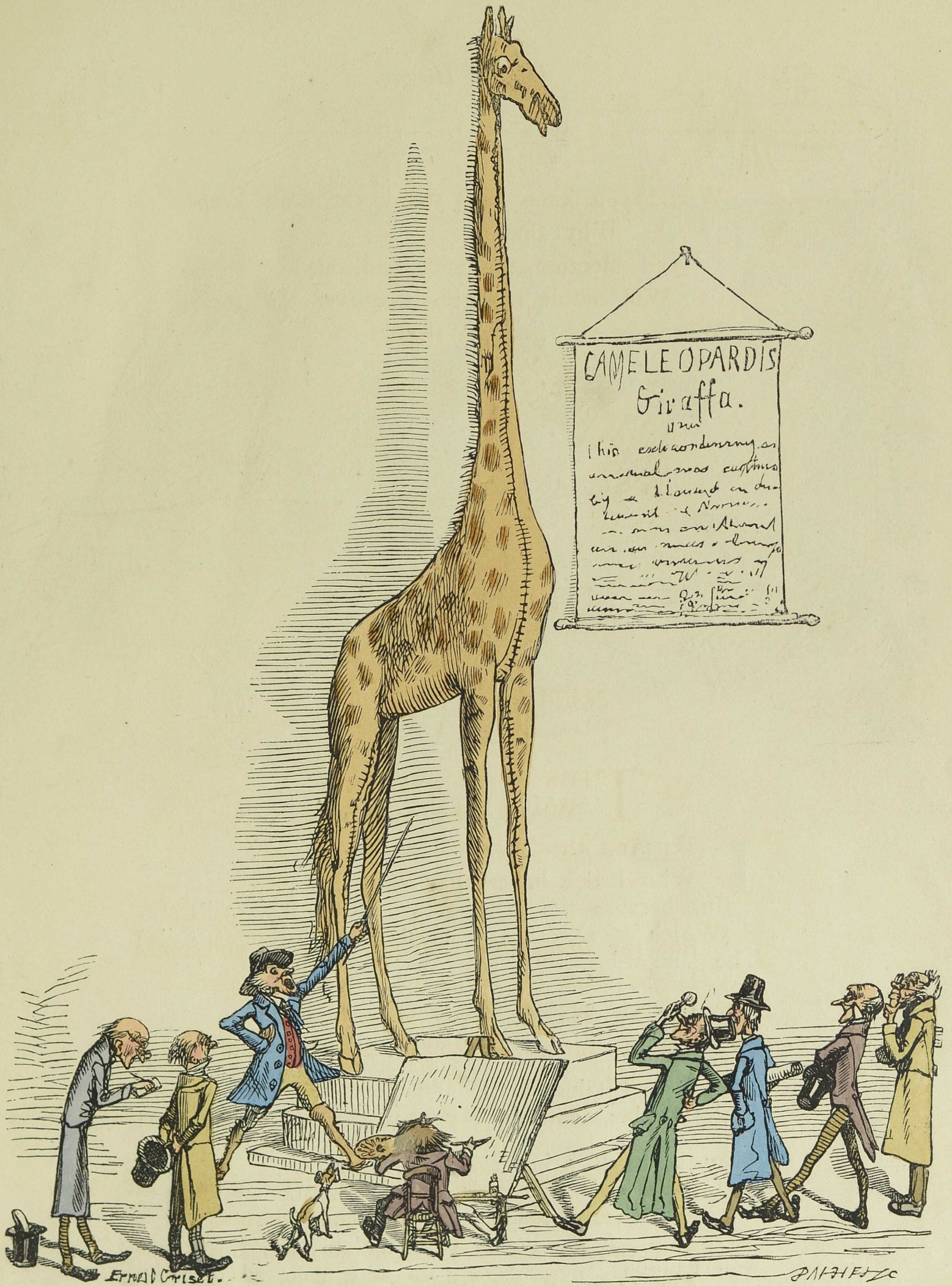
Would you know why she a cat must keep?
Why that's
Because the mice and rats
Will nibble her toes whenever she goes—
Whenever she goes to sleep.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THIS is the great giraffe,
Who's twice as high as half,
And that's as tall as the steeple,
So he's taller than other people.

But the thing that troubles him day and night
Is the want of sleep—'t is a terrible plight!
For his head is asleep some hour or so
Ere his further extremities come to know;
And before his feet can advantage take
Of the chance of a nap—why, his head's awake!

And thus, though he lived for days without number,
He never could get an unbroken slumber:
And this—which makes him so fever hot—'s
The cause of his being all over spots!





A MOVING TALE.

I USED some monkeys once to know
Who had a house in Pipkin Row,
But because the little ones gnawed their tails,
(Which is almost as wicked as biting one's nails,)
The landlord insisted that they must go.

The two old monkeys were sorely grieved
When those ill tidings they received,
For they of goods had a fearful lot,
Settle and table, kettle and pot—
Such numbers of things you would scarce have believed'

They borrowed a horse and hired a cart,
And packed their chattels with wondrous art,
And when the loading was all complete,
On top of the goods each took a seat,
And whipped the old nag up and managed to start.

A Moving Tale.

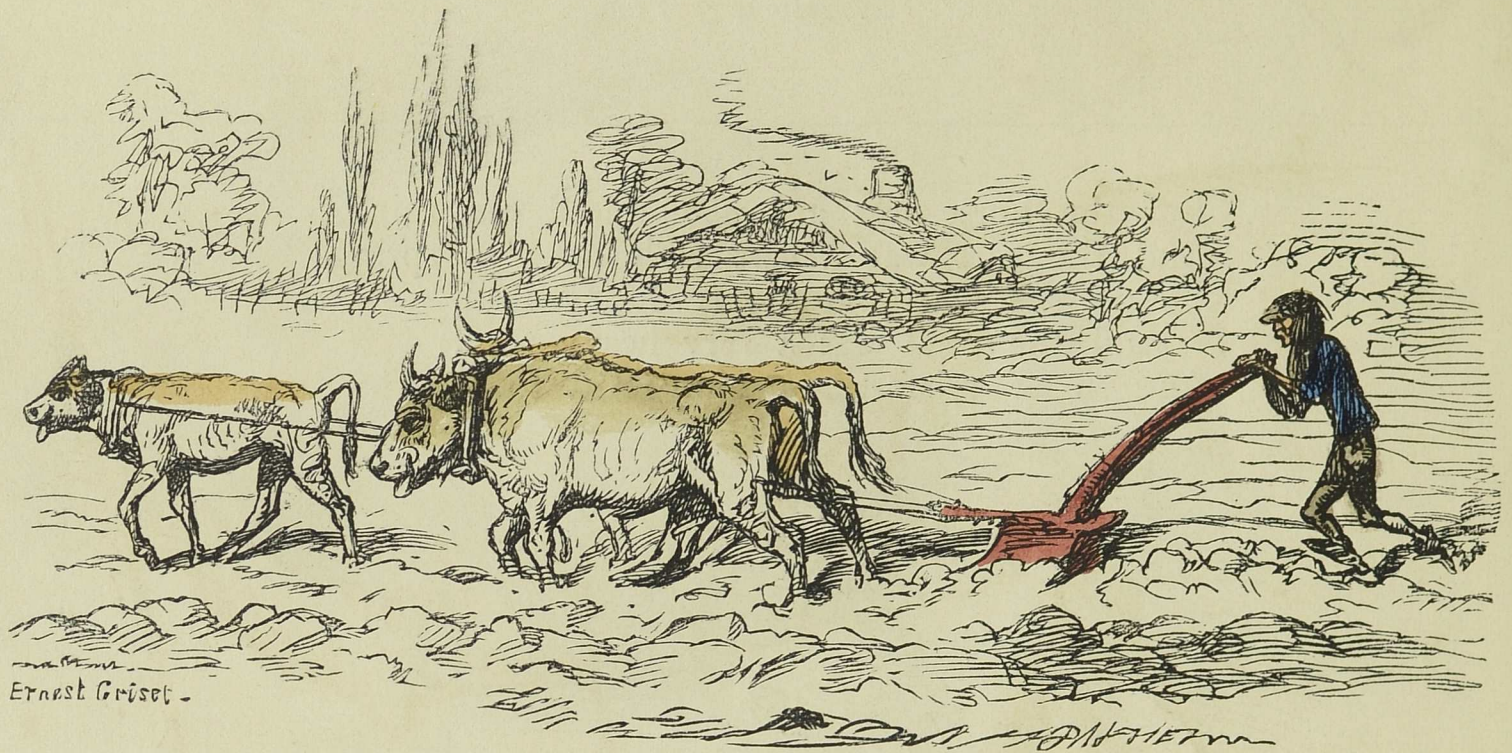
But the horse was a broken-kneed old thing,
And the cart was a cart with never a spring,
And the load was a very heavy load,
And the road was a very heavy road,
And so of misfortunes I'm fated to sing.



As on they drove and cut a dash,
The horse came down with a fearful crash,
The shafts in two in a moment cracked,
And the goods were remarkably soon unpacked,
For most of the things were reduced to a smash.

MORAL.

The moral that from this I draw
Is—Little monkeys should not gnaw
Their tails—because it makes them raw!



CALF EXTRA.

I ONCE knew a farmer, who (pray do not laugh)
Turned up his fields with two beasts and a half—
An ox and a cow
He had in his plough,
And as for the *moo*-iety, that was a calf!

The ox it was slaughtered and cut into steaks,
The cow she was kept for the little folks' sakes;
Mr. Chalks they aver
With the pump and her
The whole of his milk—and his profit—makes!

But as for the poor little calf, you know,
A difference he must feel;
For though the farmer would cry him "wo!"
The butcher but calls him "weal."



THE BARON OF BEDTHEIM.

ON the banks of Rhine, *anno* Something and nine—the exact date
I can't say I *do* know—

In a castled abode, looking down on the road, there resided a Baron called
Bruno.

From that turret on high upon all passers-by the robber baronial descended,
And without any fail he would levy black mail on the merchants who
thitherwards wended.

To see in his keep all the horrible heap of engines of torture, you'd
shiver.

His cellars were prisons wherein he cut "wizzens," and bodies flung into
the river.

At the top of the tower you will see to this hour a hole, that there
once was a trap to;

'Twas a dark *oubliette*—*i. e.*, trap—which, when set, swift destruction at
once hurled a chap to.

Now the Baron one night at his supper had quite in a feast upon pork
been exceeding—

Black puddings and brawn are a food, that t'wards dawn horrid nightmare
is apt to be breeding.

(I've been told if you swig Rhenish wine with your pig you will find
the effects rather fearful,

And 't was this indiscretion that hastened our Hessian to a fate that will
make you all tearful.)

The Baron, 't would seem, must have had a bad dream; a distemper
somnia-bulic set in—

So he walked in his sleep about in the keep—(indigestion his mind kept
a fret in)—

And — what could be horrider? — pacing the corridor, tumbled his own
oubliette in!

HOW TO LEARN WHETHER FISH ARE FRESH.

AN UNFAILING RECIPE.

IF, dear reader, you should wish
To be certain whether fish—
Lying on a stall for sale—
Are just freshly caught, or stale,
Here's a plan that ne'er will fail!



You must ask the fish if they
Have been caught this very day;
If they answer "yes," you'll know
They are fresh and good, and so,
On their word can safely go!

POSTSCRIPT.

N.B.—If the fish should not reply,
You some other plan must try,
(I don't know one though, not I!)



THE FASHIONS.

OF good society the code
Commands the l² t Parisian mode.

But 't is the fashion in Rag Fair,
Whatever you can get to wear!—



And that's a fact. But if you doubt it,
Hear what *Le Follet* says about it :

“Hats without brims are greatly worn ;
The prevalent style of coat is torn :

“Boots, as a rule, are never matches ;
The trimmings most in vogue are patches !”



'TWIXT TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

'**T**WIXT Tweedledum and Tweedledee,
Two towns in Central Afrikee,
The road, an engineering bungle,
Lay through a most extensive jungle,
And travellers who left Dee for Dum
Were never thither known to come;
While those who quitted Dum for Dee
Did ne'er the latter city see,
Because, in fact, a monstrous leopard
Ate peer and peasant, squire and shepherd.

O'Flannigan, of Irish fame,
Swore by Boru, his kinsman's name,
That he this route would travel by,
Or else find out the reason why.
So on his journey forth he strode,
But met the leopard on the road:
To bolt at once became his whim;—
The beast was first, and bolted him!



Ernest Griset.

O'Flannigan, beyond a doubt,
Thus found the difficulty out,
But could not to the world explain,
Because he ne'er came back again.

But how the road from Dum to Dee
Was opened up you soon shall see.
Along that wild mysterious way
Bold Brallaghan set out one day,
And in a thicket cool and shady
Came on the leopard and his lady,
And, ere they'd time to look about,
Commenced to sing—it *was* a shout!
A note, sonorous, deep, and long,
So out of tune, so false and wrong,
The leopards, though their nerves were strong,
Declined to listen to the song,
But helter-skelter, harum-scarum,
Made off as fast as legs could bear 'em!
This act, which did their taste evince,
Has left the road clear ever since!



A PREJUDICED TRAVELLER.

THIS monkey he has travelled,
And many things unravelled;
But he about
One thing's in doubt,
In fact, completely gravelled.

The Arithmetical Cobbler.

For though this indiwiddle
Can play upon the fiddle,
That Man has not
Like Monkey got
A tail, to him's a riddle!

Despite the liberal view that
From travel should accrue, that,
As touching tails,
He thinks Man fails,
He owns. It's nothing new, that!

THE ARITHMETICAL COBBLER.

THERE was an old party, a-mending a shoe;
First he drove one nail, and then he drove two,
Next he drove three, and further drove four,
And so on for goodness knows how many more!

For the first pay a farthing; twice that for the second,
And let in proportion the charge be thus reckoned;
And long ere you've finished, I'm told, you will get
A sum that would pay off the National Debt.



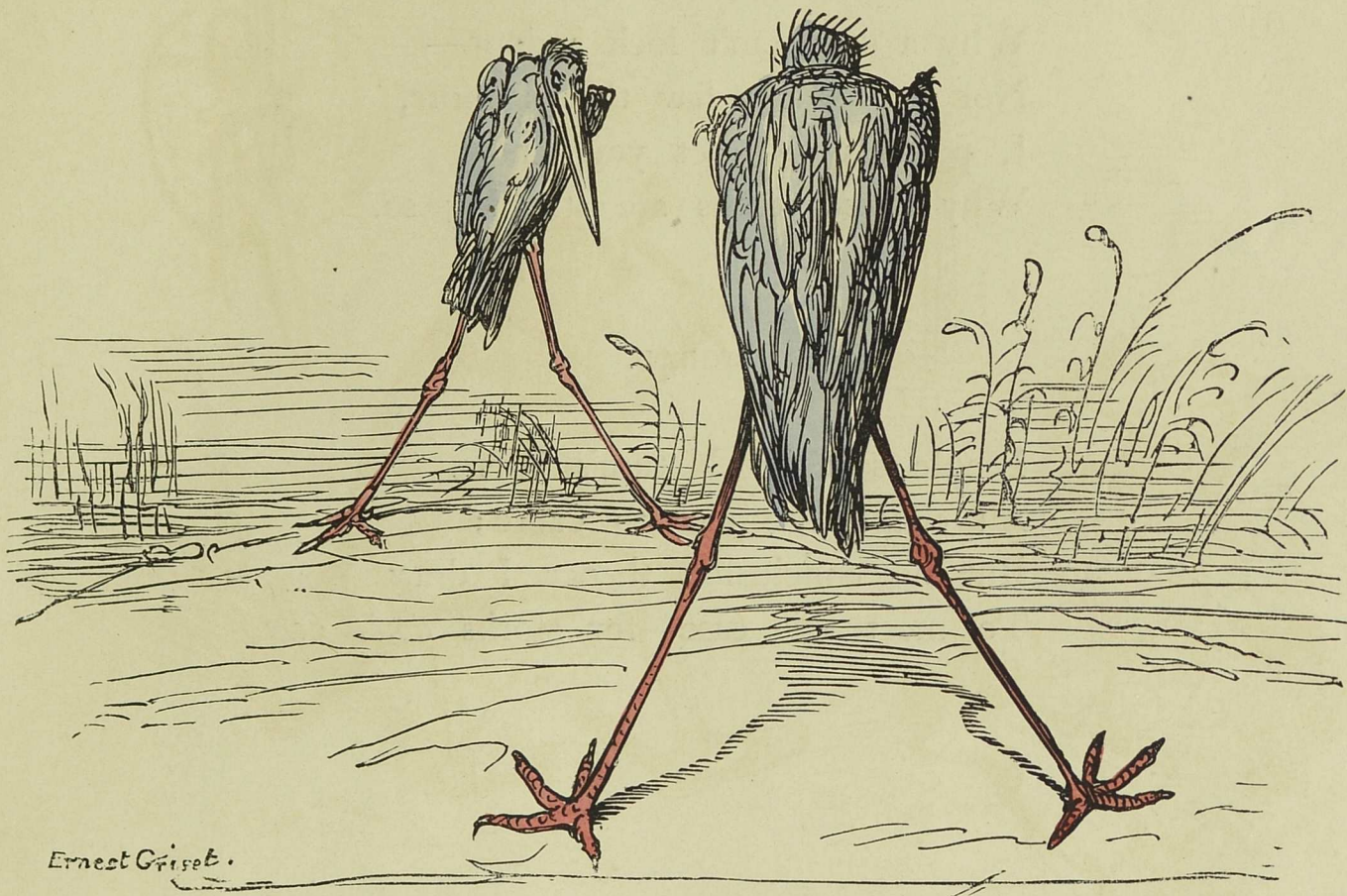
Ernest Criset

Now, to pay off the National Debt is a task
Whose glory the best of our statesmen would ask ;
(A fact which our payment of taxes quite shelves,
Since of course they are anxious to pay it themselves.)

Suppose, then, this intricate problem we do :—
There's once one is one—and there's twice one is two ;*
And I'll leave all the rest of the reckoning to you.

Yes, as to the rest,
At your special request
I'll leave it all to you !

* *Vide Cocker, passim.*



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THESE are two Virginia storks,
With legs as long as toasting-forks.
Why they're standing in this way
Is rather more than I can say.

But, if you can tell me why
Pancakes never can be pie—
Why a dog turns three times round
Ere he settles on the ground—
How a chicken knows so well
When it's time to chip the shell—
What pigs dream of when they snore—
How many *blue* beans make four—

Fiddling Freddy.

Why a cow can't lock a door—
Not to name a few things more,
I, perhaps, can let you know
Why these storks are standing so.

MORAL.

People say, by Nature's laws
All effects are due to cause;
But no conclusion thence I draw
To meet this case—for storks *don't* caw.



FIDDLING FREDDY.

NOBODY you ever heard
Fiddles half as well as Freddy.
When he plays, each little bird
To accompany is ready.

When he fiddles, all the fowls
Burst into melodious gushes,—
Sparrows, bullfinches, and owls,
Magpies, Cochin Chinas, thrushes!

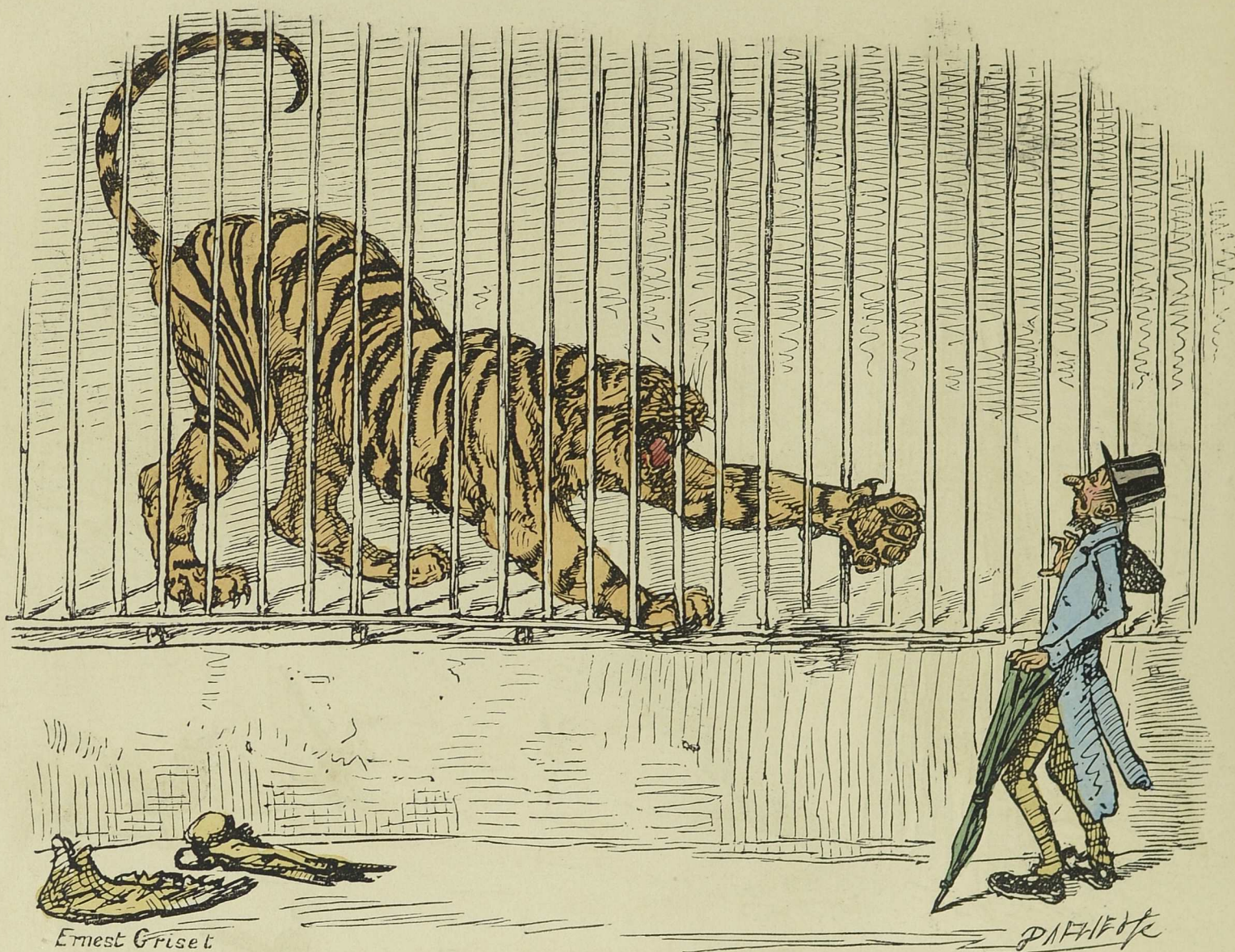


Ernest Griset

For he knows a simple air,
With a touching turn and twist,
Which the feathered creatures ne'er
Are enabled to resist.

What that simple air may be,
Gentle reader, would you seek?
Why, it's "Tweekey—twankey—twee—
Twiddle—twankey—tweekey—tweek!"*

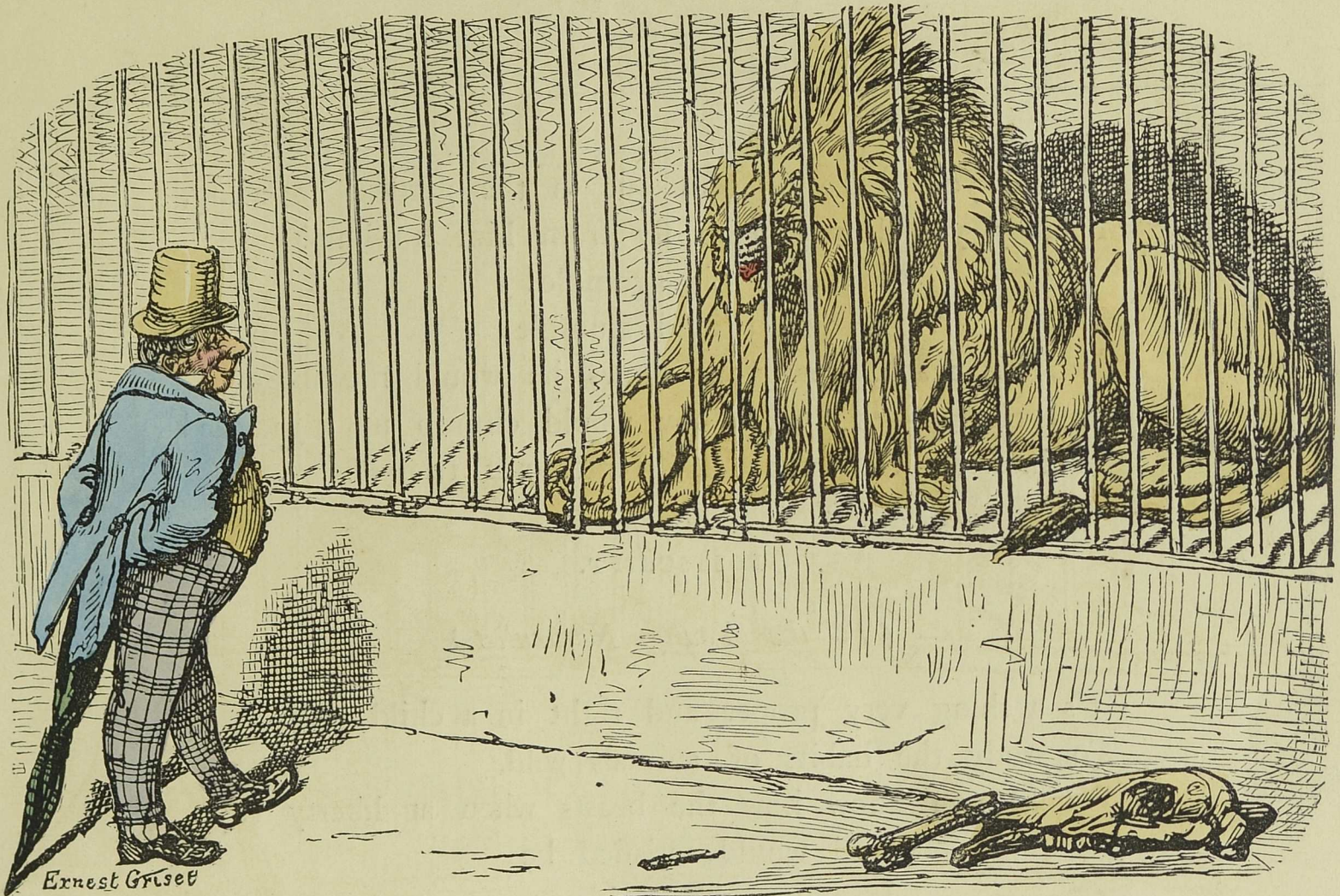
* The music may be obtained at any respectable music-seller's.



A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL.

THE TIGER.

OH dear! Oh law!
 I never saw
 A beast that filled me so with awe.
 Look at his paw—
 And his claw—
 And his jaw—
 And gaze,—Oh gaze down his horrible maw
 When he bolts his dinner of horseflesh raw!
 And his teeth! How they'd gnaw
 One's limbs, and chaw—
 As the Yankees would say—up a stranger! Faugh!



As he stretches his mighty limbs on the straw
My blood seems so frozen it never will thaw,
To think how, just by a tiny flaw
In the strength of a bar, that big bashaw
Might find himself free to devour one—pshaw!

Why just as a daw
Or a big macaw
Would bolt at one gulp a hip or a haw
To its greedy craw,
He'd swallow one.—P'rhaps I had better withdraw,
And recruit my nerves with some usquebaugh.

THE LION.

This is the Lion, growling
And scowling.

Measures of Relief

Should you come on him out in the gardens prowling,
I fancy you'd very soon fly from him howling!

Hark to his grumble!

If you should stumble
Into his reach, how your bones he would mumble
And chump—as a schoolboy would chump up a jumble!
So into his claws you had better not tumble.

POSTSCRIPT.

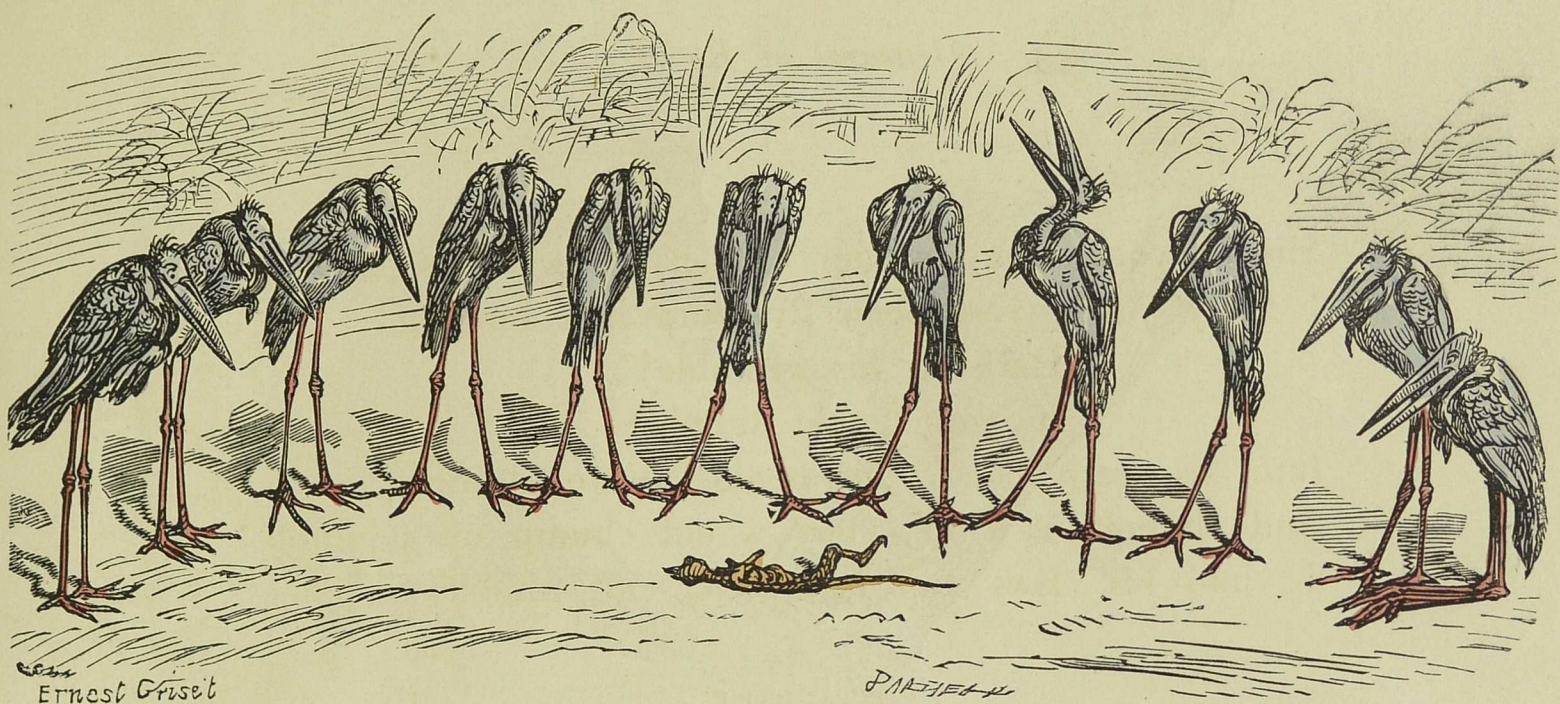
(To the Young Naturalist.)

It's a thing very proper and right in a child
To study the habits of animals wild.
Would you know how the beasts when at liberty sup,
And would satisfied be
If you only could see
How lions and tigers *do* eat people up;
As to give them yourself to eat, not such a gaby
Of course you would be. But there's always the baby!

MEASURES OF RELIEF.

THERE was a cat so very thin,
Her bones were staring through her skin.

The wretched creature, far from strong,
Could scarcely drag herself along.



A stork who saw in passing by,
Let fall a tear from either eye,

And straightway to his brethren went
And summoned them to Parliament.

That very evening all the troop
Assembled in a solemn group;

And one old bird—the longest beaker,
Who sat in silence—was the Speaker.

And all expressed their pain and grief,
Proposing measures of relief;

For every bird brought in his bill,
Intended to remove the ill!

To come to some determination,
Of course needs great deliberation;

But long before they could decide
On any course—the cat had died!



Ernest Griset.

HOPPETY SKIPPIT'S DANCE.

THIS is old Hoppety Skippit—
How he can caper and trip it!
And Toby, his pup,
Is jumping up
At his leg, as if going to nip it!

The Song of the Street Monkey.

Hoppety Skippet will dance all day
If he finds any one willing to play.
Polka, Waltz, Mazurka, Jig,—
He don't care a single fig
Whatever the dance is: he's sure to delight us;
But the dance he excels in is that of St. Vitus.

THE SONG OF THE STREET MONKEY.

THEY think when I'm striking the shrill guitar
With a slightly careless hand,
That I have forgotten my loved ones, far
Away in a distant land.

There dwell Mrs. M. and my monkeylings three,
And they wonder where I am,
As they sit in the top of the cocoa-nut tree,
And feast on the luscious yam.

My monkeylings they are grown-up by this,
And their tails quite long must be;
Their mother oft gives them, I know, a kiss,
Because they are so like me.



Long—long may they bound 'mid the lofty trees
In the forest shadows cool,
Nor ever be fettered with clothes like these,
And dance on a three-legged stool.

The tip of my tail is denuded of skin—
It proves how much I fret:
But because I indulge in a passing grin
They fancy that I forget.

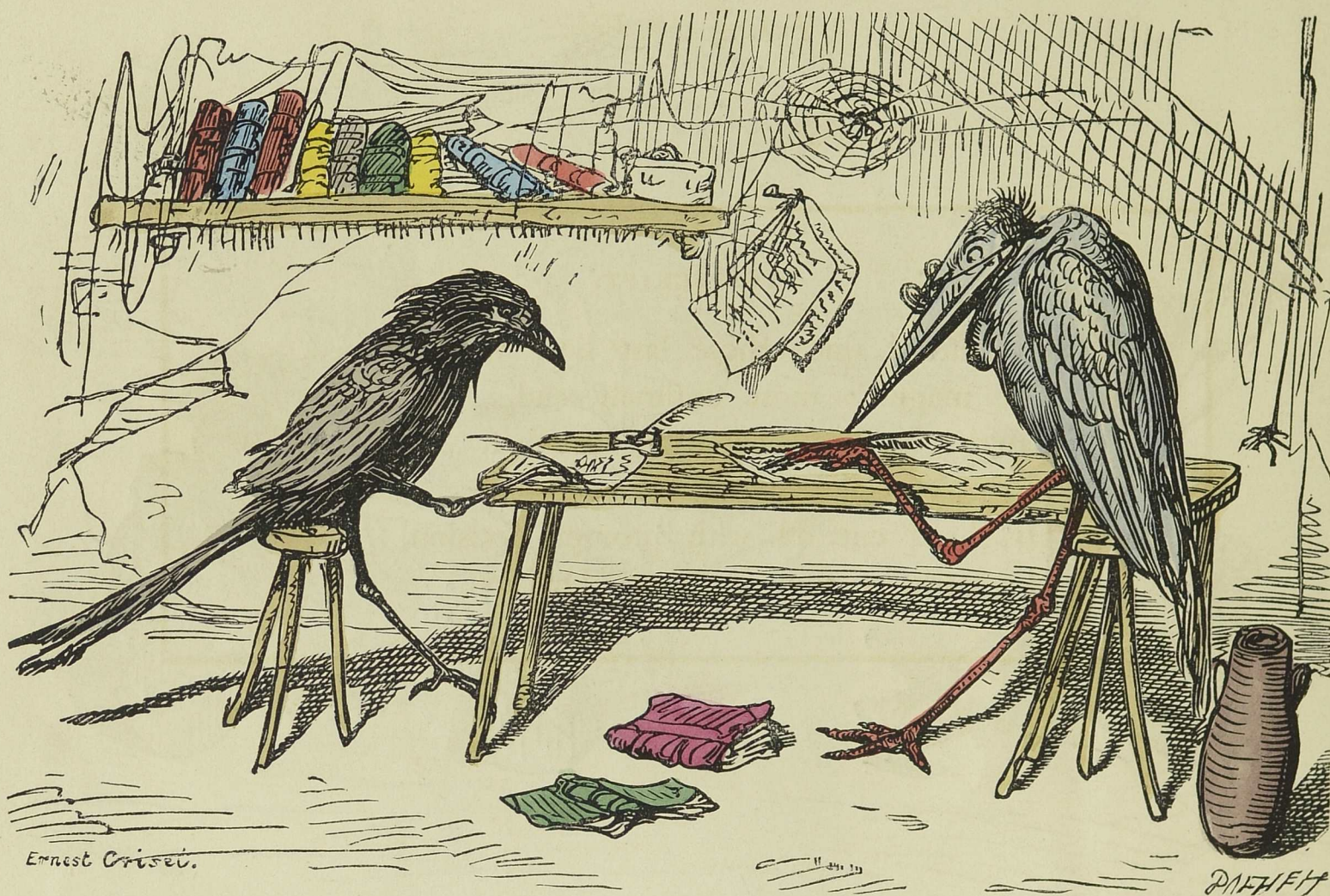


ON THE VALUE OF A CARRIAGE, WEALTH, AND A TITLE.

I ALWAYS think it an excellent joke
 When they say that my friends are not "carriage folk;"
 For this is a person I know very well,—
 He keeps his carriage, so *he* is a "swell,"
 Though you don't often see him about in Pall Mall.

I've always smiled when I've heard it said
 That I'm poor, since I toil for my daily bread;
 For this very person I mentioned before
 Ne'er works, but exists upon other folks' store—
 And really a nobleman couldn't do more!

I've always laughed whenever I've heard
 Folks wish that a title on them were conferred:
 They must envy my friend in his carriage, you know,
 Since on *him* all the world has agreed to bestow
 The title of Timberleg Raggedy-oh!



EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

THERE was a magpie went to school,
 He learnt to read and write by rule :
 His master taught
 Him, as he ought,
 That nought times noughty-nought were nought—
 That nothing from nothing leaves nothing at all,
 And nothing *plus* nothing is smaller than small.

Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication
 While he was at school were his whole occupation.
 But, ah ! ever since,
 His every action
 Would seem to evince
 His preferring subtraction !

POSTSCRIPT.

I've heard since those last lines were penned,
The magpie's most untimely end.
Caught in a most outrageous theft,
He was of life at once bereft—
His head cut off with prompt decision,
He learnt a sum in Short Division.

—◆—

TAKING THE VEIL.

THERE was a lady had a bonnet—
A straw—with poppy flowers upon it.
How could she have forgotten so
As near a monkey's cage to go?

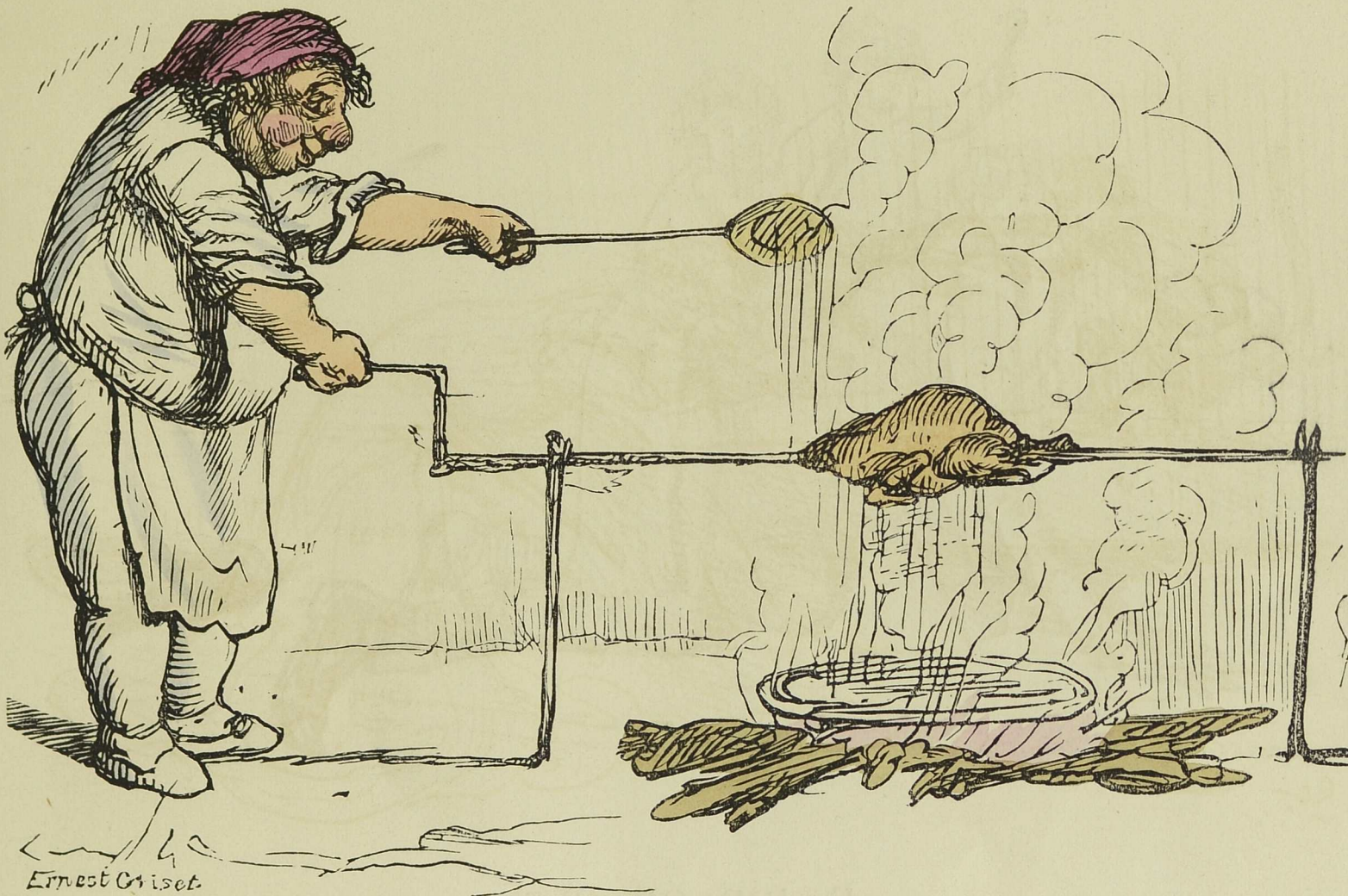
Alas, it is a mournful tale!
The monkey caught her by the veil,
And, spite of all she did and said,
He tore the bonnet off her head!



The bonnet in the monkey's cage
Became the fashion and the rage:
From thief the first 't was quickly caught—
A third next for possession fought—
A fourth then seized upon it—then
A fifth—and so through all the den!

And, oh, the chatterings, yells, and shrieks,
Torn sides, pulled tails, and bitten cheeks!
Seeing such fights about a fashion,
A sage might well call dress a passion!

But History records that when
The bonnet passed within the den,
Each one who wore it there was fairer
By far than the original wearer.



ROAST GOOSE.

ROAST goose! roast goose
Is a thing of beauty as well as use;
As Cook well knows, who has the taste,
To baste—and baste—and baste—and baste,
While he the spit keeps turning,
Above the faggots burning,
With juice
Profuse
That soon will produce
The delicate brown
That wins renown,
As well in the country as in the town,
For goose—roast goose.

HISTORICAL QUERY.

When old Vandyke, his fame to crown,
With science most abstruse
Endeavoured to invent a brown,
Now—had he seen roast goose?



INSIDE OR OUT?

GRANDAD is giving the children a ride:
He is "*licensed for carrying three outside.*"
To ride on the knifeboard a cushion they need,
For Grandad is bony and thin indeed!

But there was an Ogre, as ugly as sin,
Who was "*licensed to carry three passengers in.*"
Now, which of the two
Would the best suit you—
The Ogre, or Grandad, although he's so thin?

MORAL.

Most of the people I ever met
Would rather be raw than cooked and ate!



A LESSON OF HUMANITY.

NIDDLEUM NOODLEUM ne'er had a nose—
How he procured one you scarce would suppose!

He teased a poor monkey, who lived in a cage,
Till the animal got in a terrible rage,

And seized on his button with fingers so strong
That it stretched the poor nose till 'twas quite a yard long!

The Patience of Dumb Animals.

Niddleum Noodleum's no better off—
At long nose and short nose alike folk will scoff!

But he'll have (beside all of the pain of the stretch)
The pain of its future abridgment, poor wretch!

THE POINT OF THE NOSE.

Of this Tale of a Nose the most prominent feature
Is—"Mind what you're at when you tease a dumb creature!"



THE PATIENCE OF DUMB ANIMALS.

THIS is our coal and potato house,
And this is our cat looking out for a mouse.

If you glance at the roof you will there espy
Our spiders—they're all on the watch for a fly.

Our cat has been christened Old Tom, because
He's a dark brown tabby, with four white paws.

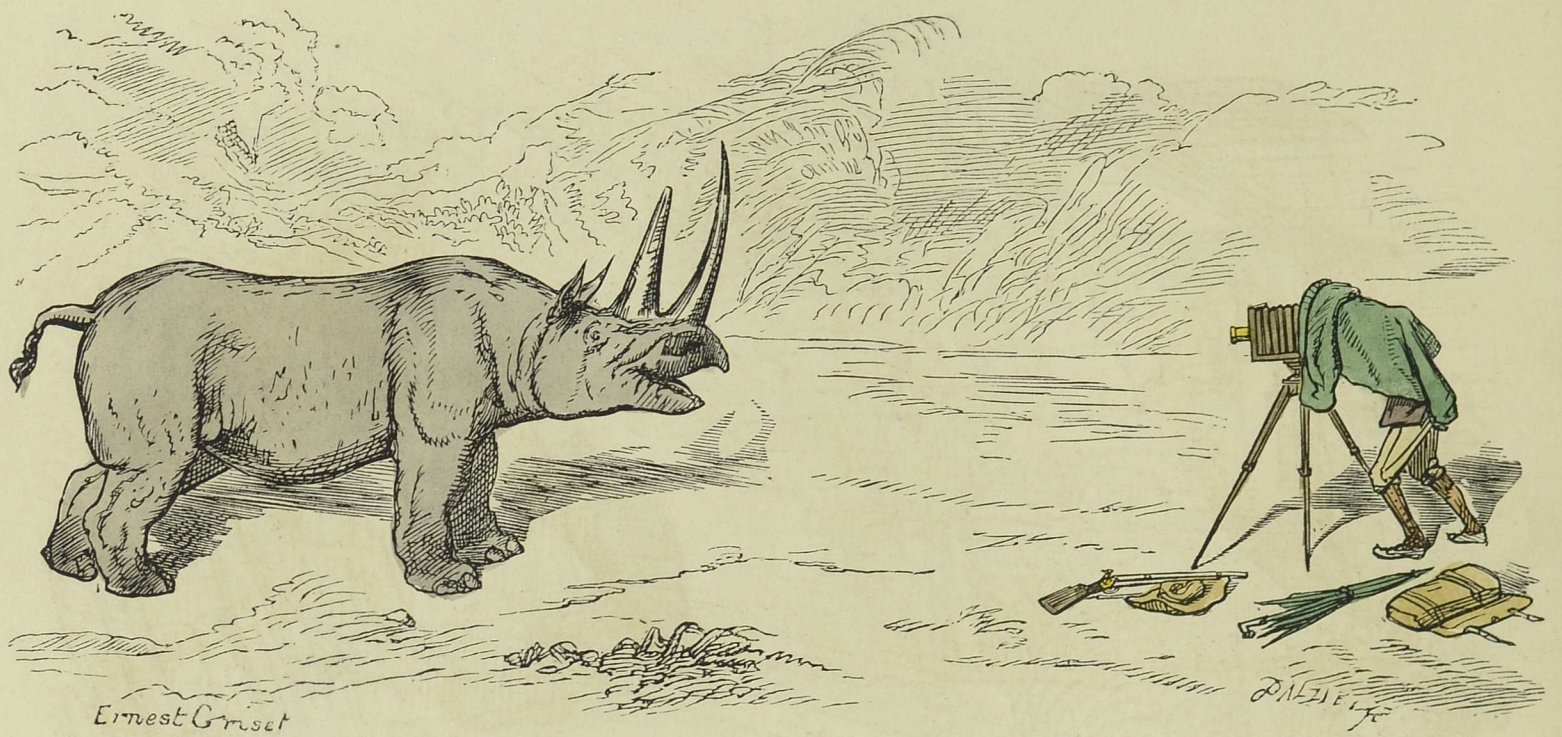


But as for our spiders, we cannot determine
How we shall name those industrious vermin.

As long as you watch them, there they'll sit,
At the top of the page, without stirring a bit.

And if—years hence—you take up the book,
And turn to this very same page and look,

You'll find them still sitting as now. Dear me!
What patient creatures dumb animals be!



THE VAIN RHINOCEROS.

I ONCE a rhinoceros knew
So foolishly vain of appearance,
Its portrait I could not get through
Without its absurd interference.

In profile—three-quarter—full face,
I tried it with art photographic;
The trouble it gave in each case
Would have tried e'en a temper seraphic!

When I showed it its *carte de visite*,
It was seized with a fit of the crusties—
Crushed my camera under its feet,
Declaring I did it no justice.

At last, quite disgusted, I said
I'd be blest if I'd flatter its figure;
Presented my gun at its head,
And—instead of a sketch—drew a trigger.

I fired!—the brute fell on its side,
Exclaimed at my want of humanity,
Gave a great kick, and then died,
The victim of villainous vanity!



Ernest Grisee

THE DODO DISCOVERED.

THERE once was a Dutchman judicious,
Who dwelt in the Isle of Mauritius.

When gold people offered a load o'
For a specimen—live—of the dodo,

He strapped on his shoulder, like chaps ac-
-Customed to travel, a knapsack,

And mounting a straw hat and glasses,
Set out through the woods and morasses.

And this was the hope he did cherish,—
To find a live dodo or perish!

And so this unfortunate ranger
Spent weeks of toil, hunger, and danger;

The Monkey Locksmith.

Till at last to a pond his legs bore him,
And there stood the dodo before him.

But, alas! he was quickly at fault, on
Attempting its tail to put salt on.

For the salt—why, he'd left it behind him,
And his wife had forgot to remind him.

Back he bolted—although, hapless wretch! it
Was rather a long way—to fetch it!

And, though but three days on the road, oh!
He never again saw the dodo!



THE MONKEY LOCKSMITH.

ONE of the most ingenious fellows
At hammer and anvil, furnace and bellows,
Is Jacko—so some folks declare;
And sure he has a learnèd air,
As there he stands beside the block
And fits a key into a lock!



But I believe (my rule's severe!)
But half I see, and nought I hear.
I *see* that Jacko's looks are wise—
But then one mustn't trust one's eyes.
I *hear* that Jacko's monstrous clever—
But hearing is deceptive ever!

MORAL.

Though I like Jacko as a friend,
He shall not have my locks to mend!



THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.

L EAN of body and long of leg,
The man whose cow has the cattle plague!

High in the ribs and weak in the knees,
A cow that has taken the cattle disease!

There is not much to choose between
The pair—they're both so lank and lean!

But the man with his halter of rope has caught her,
And now he is taking her off to slaughter.

He's lost all the others, and this poor cow
Is the only one in the dairy now.

But to see how he drags the poor creature out, it
Seems that he doesn't care greatly about it;

For he won't want milk (if the truth they talk)
While he has his pump and his lump of chalk.



AN EMPTY TITLE.

THIS person is monarch of all he surveys,
But his kingdom he'd give for a pony-chaise
To take him back
To the beaten track,
For His Majesty's very near starving, alack!

He's king of the country for many leagues round,
For no living being is there to be found;
But he'd give his crown
For a cut of the brown
And a glass of the very worst beer in the town.

Now I fancy from this, that being a king
Is a very uncertain sort of a thing,
Since he's ready to swop
His crown for a drop
Of threepenny ale and a mutton chop.

I think I have heard historians tell
That a king should ne'er be a subject as well;
But a crown it sits
Uneasy if its
Possessor is subject to famishing-fits.



A SENSATION STORY.

GAFFER GREY was a miser old,—
He loved his silver—he loved his gold,
And he loved—at least I have so been told—
He loved—yes, even his copper!
He gave not a mite to the starving poor,
(He starved himself pretty well, to be sure!)
And bottled his wealth up so secure
That his every coin was a stopper.

One night he saw in the moonlight pale
A form on his bed which made him quail;
He slipt 'neath the quilt, but it didn't avail
As a counter-pain for his terror.



Ernest Griset

His conscience smote him for evil done,
So he up and confessed his crimes, each one,
And vowed if he saw the morrow's sun
He would straight repair his error.

When he saw that the thing he was shivering at
Was really no more than a neighbour's cat,
He repented still, for the matter of that—
But only repented his folly;
His heart no longer inclined to melt,
When brimstone and sulphur no more he smelt;
And as for feeling, he simply felt
(For a miser) uncommonly jolly!

EXPLANATORY.

The only sensation, of course, in the tale
Is the one that made the old Gaffer turn pale.

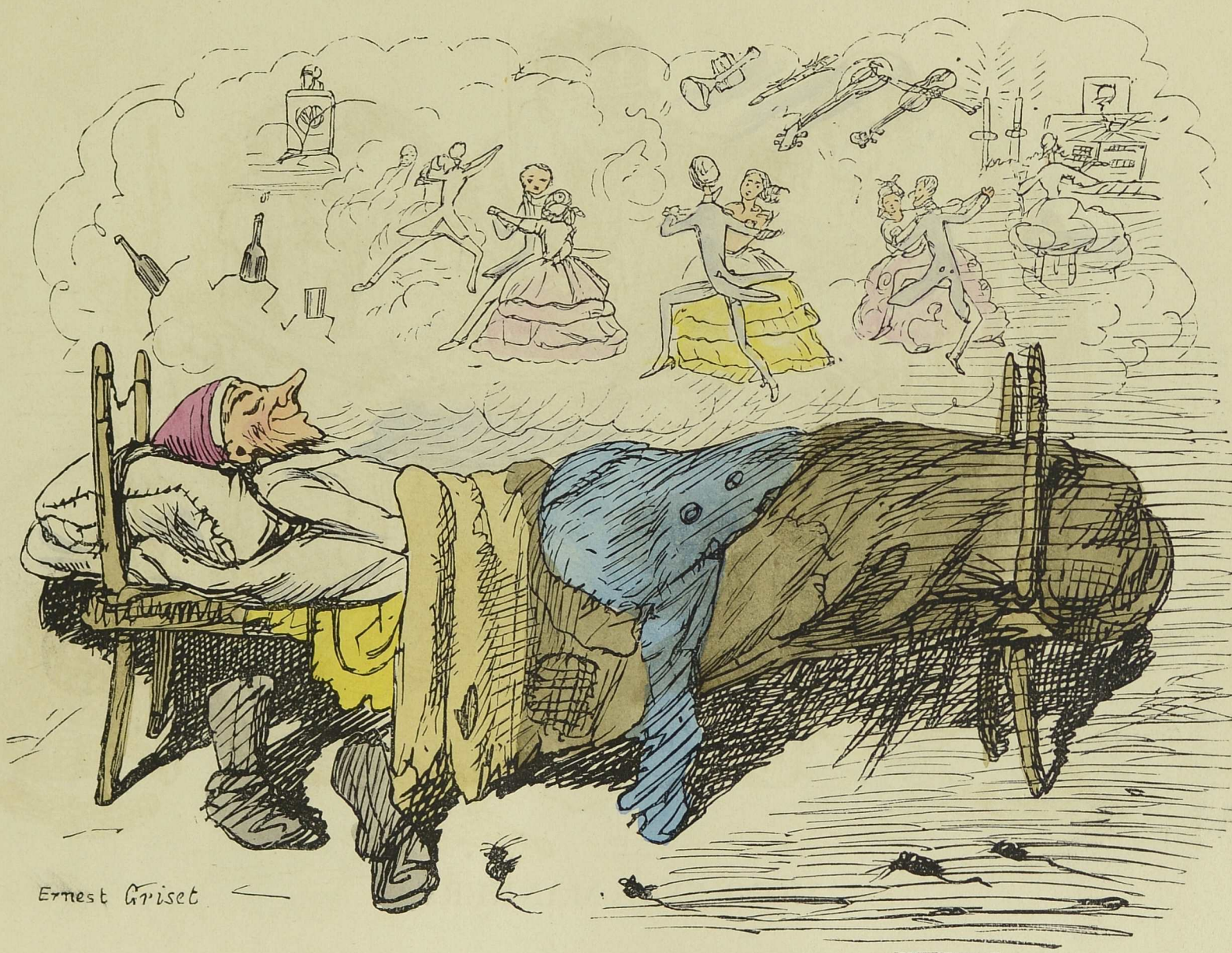


A DREAM OF RESPECTABILITY.

A CROSSING-SWEEPER on his pallet slept;
Across his face a smile of rapture crept,
And while he slumbered in the moonbeams pale,
His lips low murmured this affecting tale:

“If I had got a plum,
I should not care a fig,
The Respectable then I’d come,
And drive a one-horse gig.

“I’d make my morning calls,
I’d be the first of swells,
And I’d go to the Quality’s balls,
And dance with dainty belles.



“I’d dance like any bear,
I’d flirt like any fan;
And the ladies should all declare
I was a nice young man.

“I’d quaff the bright Moselle,
I’d swig the brisk champagne,
And I would behave me so well
They’d ask me there again.”

Thus did he murmur softly in his sleep.
Then came a crossing that he could not sweep—
A mouse across his beauteous features ran,
And woke to life the miserable man.
By mice thus cheated of his visioned hope,
No wonder, sure, that he turned mice-anthrope!



MONKEYS' MANNERS.

MONKEYS, when they sit at table,
Eat as fast as they are able—
Gobble for their very lives—
Scoop up gravy with their knives—
Put their fingers in the dish
If some nice tit-bit they wish—
With their knife, or fork, or spoon,
On the table drum a tune—
Sometimes from each other's plate—oh,
Shocking!—pilfer a potato,
Or some very tempting slice
Which they think is looking nice.

REFLECTION.

No young readers, sure, of mine
Ever would like monkeys dine!



RAGGED ROB AND THE BEAR.

RAGGED ROB with his fiddle so good
Wandered out in the lone greenwood,
And a great big bear that chanced to meet him
Made up his mind at once to eat him.

Tweedle tweedle twee! tweedle twum!

Ragged Rob did not care a fig;
He took up his fiddle and played a jig,
And the great big bear, who meant to devour him,
Found the fiddling quite overpower him.

Tweedle tweedle twee! tweedle twum!

A Limited Company.

So Ragged Rob he played away,
And kept Bruin dancing both night and day,
Till dead from fatigue they both of them dropt—yet
People assure me that neither has stopt yet.

Tweedle tweedle twee! tweedle twum!

So if you go—I don't know where,
You will there see Rob and the dancing bear:
Oh, merrily fiddles the skeleton scraper,
While the bones of the bear keep up the caper.

Tweedle tweedle twee! tweedle twum!

INTERESTING NOTE.

I am told by a very intelligent 'coon,
That the air Rob plays ain't the ghost of a tune

A LIMITED COMPANY.

THIS is the Head Director,
And this is the Secretaree,
Of the Grand United Rogue-Detector
Limited Companee.



Ernest Griset

And neither had a penny
When starting this affair,
But the buyers came by ever so many,
And raised the price per share.

An answer you'd fain be getting
Why they're so greatly in vogue?
Well! I'm told there's wisdom great in setting
A rogue to catch a rogue.

SHOOTING IN AFRICA.

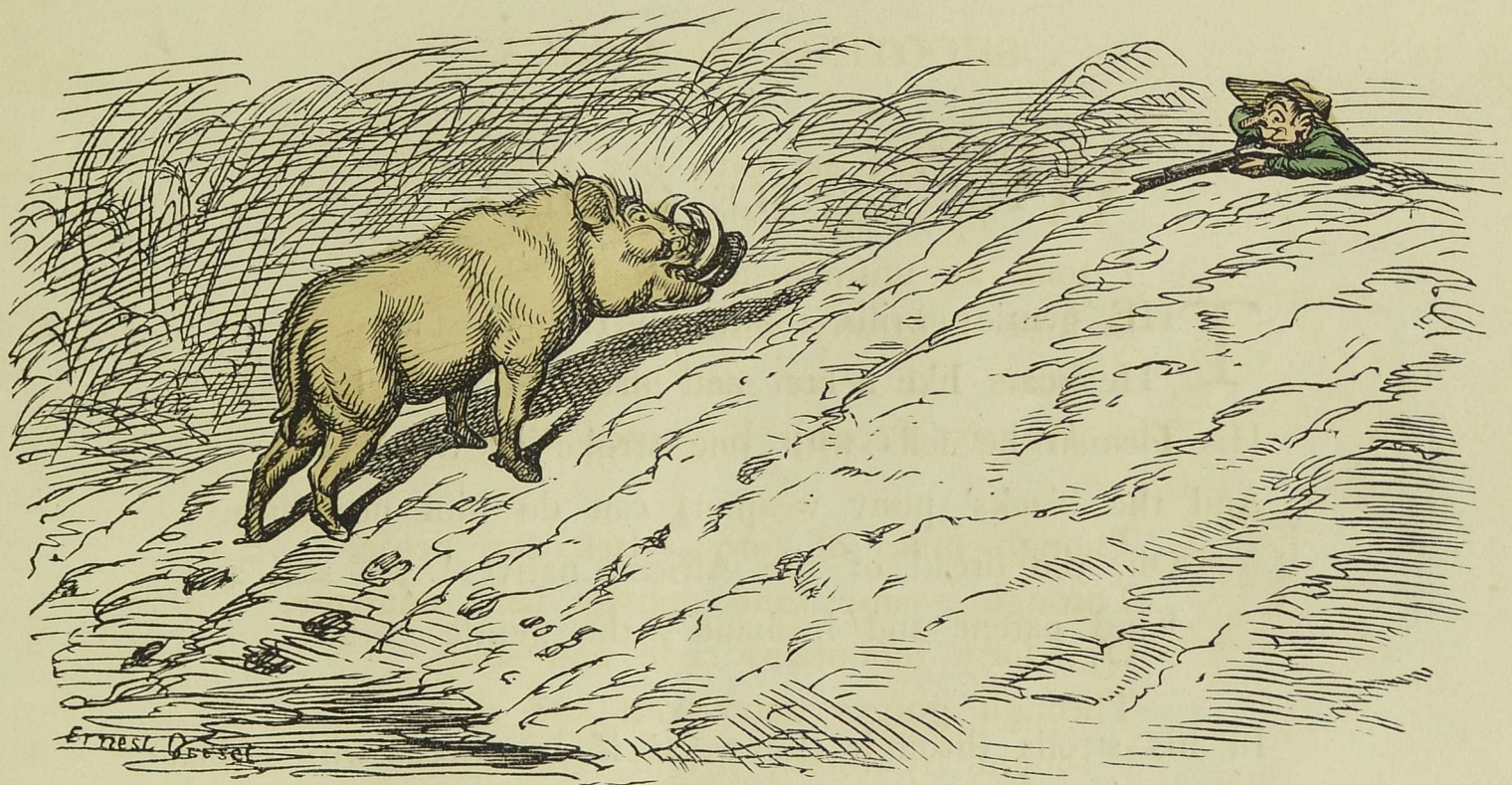
WHEN I set out, one sultry day,
In savage Central Africa,
I took an unfrequented route,
Because I greatly wished to shoot
A beast I'd never met before—
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar!

Though miles of forest, dark and dense,
Through swamps and marshy land immense,
O'er lofty mountains rude and steep,
Through gorges water-worn and deep,
I sought by forest, height, and shore
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar!

I left the elephant to snooze—
The river-horse to roll in ooze—
The tall giraffe to browse at ease—
The great baboon to climb the trees:
I sought one prize—I waited for
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar.

Unwearied by the sun at noon,
Undaunted by the tropic moon,
Fearless of tiger, lion, bear,
I struggled on to find the lair
Where dwelt, with many a grunt and snore,
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar.

One morning—how it stirred my blood!—
I saw him wallowing in the mud.
Until he left his bath of mire
I waited, and reserved my fire,
Resolved in heart to tumble o'er
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar.



At length, with many a grunt and fret,
The creature finished its *toilette*,
In its new coat of yellow clay
Returned to land, and came my way.
What scimitar-like tusks it wore!
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar!

With trembling hand my gun I raised,
Along the gleaming barrel gazed,
Aimed at its forehead near the eye,
Finger on trigger, and let fly!
I heard a bang—I heard it roar,
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar!

The puff of smoke soon cleared away;
I gazed, and, lo! before me lay
The muddy bank and pool—the scene
Where recently the beast had been;
But he—I never saw him more,
The Piggery Peccary Big-nosed Boar!

THE GENTLE GORILLA.

THE gentle gorilla resides in the West:
He roars like a lion and drums on his breast;
His foeman he fells with one stroke of his arm,
And the blacks' puny weapons can do him no harm.
Oh, the dread of the African natives! yet still a
Kind parent and husband's the gentle gorilla.

In his strolls through the wood if he meets with a black,
The latter but seldom survives his attack;
One blow of the arm and one grip of the jaw,
And that African ne'er will return to his squaw.
Oh, he rarely goes out without chancing to kill a
Few of the natives—this gentle gorilla.

Wherever he travels, by day or by night,
The beasts of the forest avoid him by flight;
To cross him's as much as their lives may be worth—
E'en a lion will give him a pretty wide berth.
But I couldn't relate you (although I should fill a
Book) all the deeds of the gentle gorilla.

And when he comes back to the family tree,
He's greeted with smiles by the fair Mrs. G.
And the little ones shout on beholding him, "Wagh!
Woo goggary bagwag!" which means, "Here's Papa!"
Oh, no rich city man who returns to his villa,
As warmly is welcomed as Mr. Gorilla!



Ernest Griset

THE KNIGHT OF PARRITCH.

SIR BANNOCK, Knight of Parritch,
He had a heavy fist.
Though he was not, by far, rich,
He managed to exist.
He had his gallant forces
That never went to battle:—
They could not raise resources,
But they could lift the cattle.

And when Sir Bannock's larder
Was not what he could wish,
To raise his troopers' ardour,
He served up spurs in dish;
When, shouting out, "Arouse!" they
Would forage far and wide,
And though they made for cows, they
Would always go to ride.

And so Sir Bannock "fakèd"—
Id est, such havoc made—
The land was stript quite naked
Whenever 't was a raid.
The farmer, without word of
Forewarning, would deplore
That beasts he once had herd of
He would behold no more!

One day when bold Sir Bannock
To steal some sheep did go,
The shepherd—and men *can* knock,
In Scotland, hard, you know—
He lent Sir B. a buffet;
Although 't was not a mull,
The knight cried, "That's enough!"—It
Had slightly cracked his skull.



He dropt among the muttons,
As dead as any stock.
A hero, dash my buttons!
He died on bed of flock,
Instead of field of battle.
The verdict—such rash steps he
Had taken to get cattle—
Was “Died of cattle-epsy.”

The robins did not bury,
Like children in the wood,
This knight, for he was very—
Yes, very far from good.
The monks of Melrose Abbey
They laid him in the ground,
And on his tombstone shabby
This epitaph is found:

Epitaph.

Hear : lyes : yn : truth : my : bretherynge,
A : crazy : knyghte. In : fakt,
Along : of : his : wool : gatherynge
Hys : noddel : yt : was : krakt.

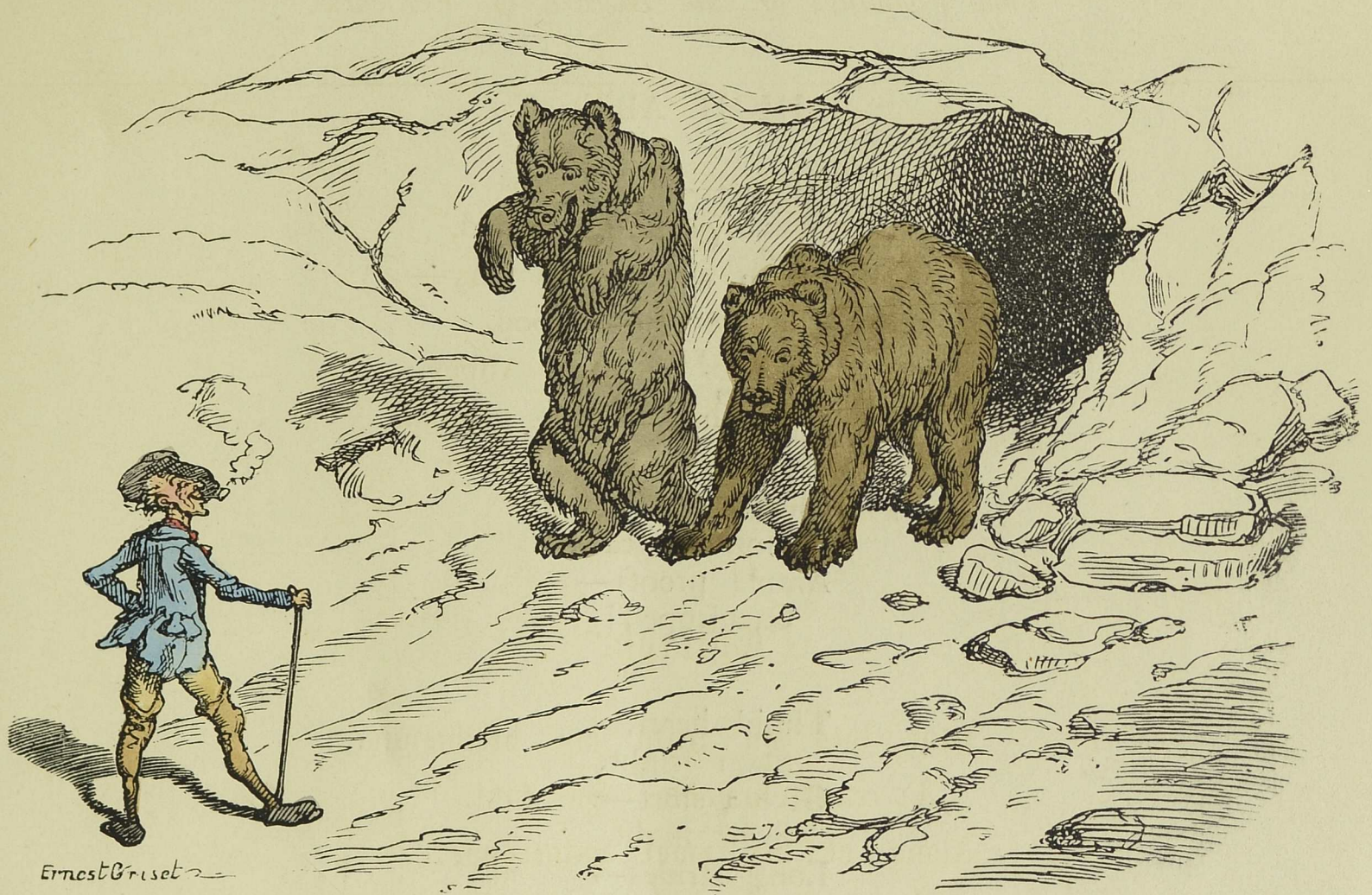
TOM TIMMINS;

OR,

THE REWARD OF POLITENESS.

LITTLE Tom Timmins was so polite
He set out one morning, early quite,

To visit two bears, who had paid a call
On the previous night to the calves in his stall.



Ernest Griset

Little Tom Timmins forth he strode
Until he arrived at the bears' abode.

But when he arrived, those bears so grim,
While he paid his devours, took and gobbled up *him!*

And all he remarked was, "Oh, pardon me,
This call was not meant for a P.P.C."

ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN.

If you wish to leave your card on a bear,
You had much better go when he isn't there.

HIGH ART.

LONG necks,
Queer shanks,
Brown specks,
Quaint pranks,
Large eyes,
Wisp tails,
Huge size,
No nails,
Cloven hoofs,
Horned head;
Ample proofs—
Quadruped!

Timid heart,
Soon fright,
Give a start—
Swift flight.
Long strides—
Awful quite!
Soon glides
Out of sight.
Would you view?
Don't laugh!
Visit Zoo—
See giraffe.

Vast plain,
Sultry sky,
No rain,
Very dry;
Thirst begins,
Distant springs—
Long pins
Useful things!

Lone man
Come to sketch—
His plan
Not to catch.



Ernest Griset

“Sky-scraper,
Oh, law!
Long paper
If I draw!”

Progress slow,
By degrees!
“Tishoo!” Oh
What a sneeze!
On the sly,
Paper peppered.
Good bye,
Camelopard!

THE ANTIQUARY.

WITH cat, and learnèd owl, and dog,
With spectacles of startling size,
A-reading of his catalogue,
You see before you Pug the Wise.
You see that his collection's various,
All odds and ends quite multifarious;
In short, friend Pug is antiquarious.

THE CATALOGUE.

The blunderbuss to which we owe, 't is said,
The false reports that are so often spread.

Item: The fiddle (strictly verified)
That played the tune of which the old cow died.

Item: A cage, bought at the party's sale
Who first caught birds by putting salt on tail.

Item: The foils wherewith, in every sense,
Laertes with Prince Hamlet took a fence.

Item: On card, embossed and richly gilt,
Date of the day in which Rome wasn't built.

Item: The jug (cracked) of the nightingale.

Item: Two tiers of blubber from a whale.

Item: The crutches (in condition prime)
Whereon halt Justice hobbles after crime.

Item: The "Newgate Calendar," quite new,
Gilt at the edges—guilt inside 'em too.

Item: A new machine for drilling blocks,
Model of one now in the Para-docks.



Item: A wheel from off the wane o' the moon.

Item: A cheque-book from "the banks of Doon."

Item: Fame's trumpet, which the poets quote,—
The real key-bugle for all men of note.

Item: By *connoisseurs* declared a gem, a
Scraping from dexter horn of a dilemma.

Item: A tincture of dog's bark, believed
To have of hydrophobia cures achieved.

Item: A sketch (a photograph, no doubt)
Of spot where Pat was when the light was out.

Item: From Petersburg direct, some tatters
Of a rush mat—sample of Russian matters.

Item: Britannia's shield (greatly neglected),
Whereby were down-trod peoples once protected.

Item: A sheaf (authentic) of the straw
That formed the bed of famous Margery Daw.

Item: The face (identical) of clock
Up which the mouse ran—*vide* "Dickory Dock."

Lastly, the cocked hat Cæsar would have worn
If in our time he'd happened to be born.

THE HORSE VOICE.

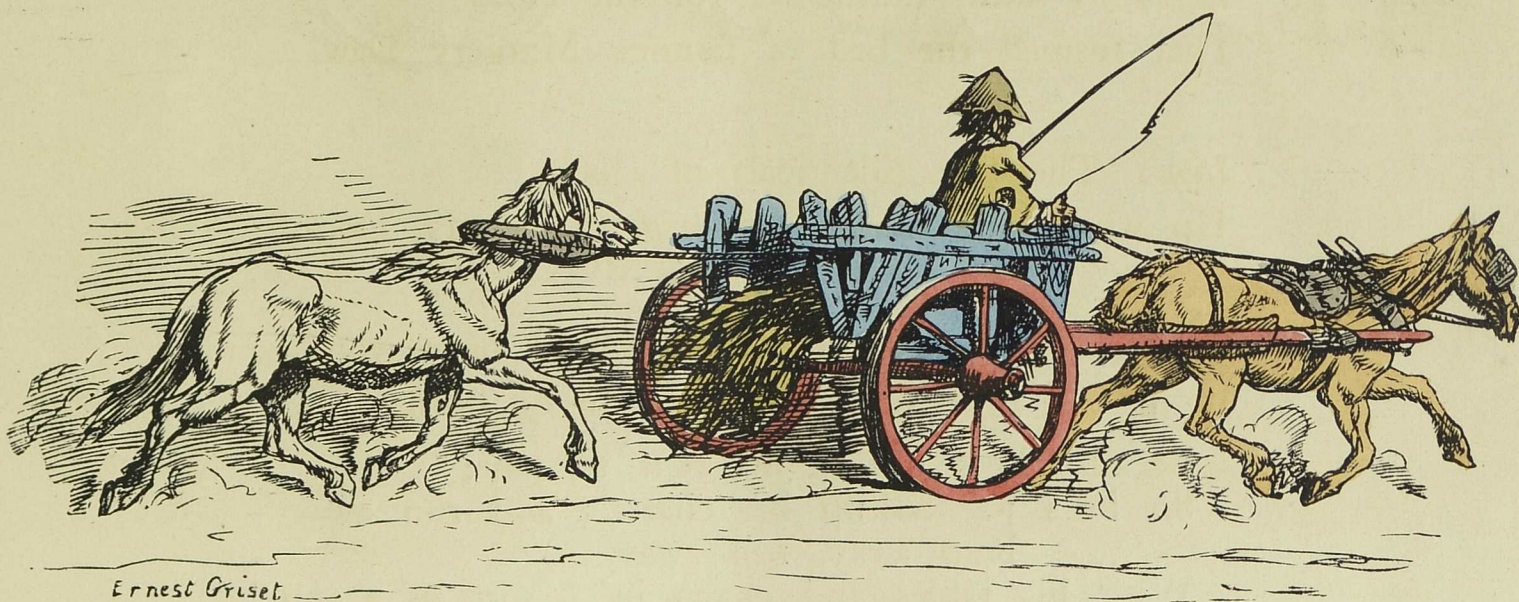
"THREE ha'pence and twopence"—the trot of a carter!
"Three ha'pence and twopence,
Three ha'pence and twopence!"
The one is in front and the other comes arter.
"Three ha'pence and twopence,
Three ha'pence and twopence!"

“Three ha’pence and twopence;”—the first is old Dobbin,

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
Three ha’pence and twopence!”

And up in the cart is old Timothy Bobbin—

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
Three ha’pence and twopence!”



“Three ha’pence and twopence;”—Tim Bobbin is driving,

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
Three ha’pence and twopence!”

And after the waggon old Dumpling is striving,

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
Three ha’pence and twopence!”

“Three ha’pence and twopence;”—the horses are going

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
Three ha’pence and twopence!”

But why they should say it there’s really no knowing!

“Three ha’pence and twopence,
“Three ha’pence and twopence!”

Exactly that sum—not three farthings and “thruppence.”



THE MORAL OF MOVING.

THIS old party, as I should say,
Is moving his goods upon quarter-day,
Because he's unable his rent to pay;
So he's packed up his chattels and run away—
Run away, run away,
With his tables and chairs in a sort of a dray.

This old party, I'd have you know,
Deserves to be punished for doing so,
Because we should pay whatever we owe,
And to bolt, as he's doing, is very low—
Very low, very low;
As the French would say, it's not *comme il faut*.

MORAL.

He fancies, no doubt, it is very smart
To get of his landlord thus the start;
But he ought to go to the Money Mart
(For there, I am told,
They sell silver and gold),
And so he could play an honest part
By drawing a cheque 'stead of drawing a cart!



ARTIST AND PATRON.

PATRON.

YES! Humph! Ah! Nice:—at least, you know, I mean
I think your trees are just a little green!

ARTIST.

True to reality! I beg to state, your
Obedient servant went for that to Nature!

PATRON.

To Nature?

ARTIST.

Yes; I spent a fortnight, good,
On studies for the canvas from the wood.

The Money-Spinner.

PATRON.

Pshaw! 't was absurd! You know, sir, I presume,
I want to pair one in my dining-room.
The paper's green—the curtains green as well.
I want a contrast, sir! And let me tell
You *this*—instead of studying Nature, you
Better had studied what for me would do.
No! I won't have it.

ARTIST.

Come, sir, never fume;
I'll alter it, and make it suit your room.
You don't like green leaves? Well, I'll paint instead,
Crimson. You know that leaves are often read!

THE MONEY-SPINNER.

THIS is a miser who's very rich—
He's come to consult this wicked old witch.

The witch has her favourite cat beside her,
Likewise her owl, and also her spider.

The spider has spun one thread of his web
To Sandy Mac Tavish, the miser's neb.*

For the sake of her spider's web, the witch,
As she took from her snuff-box a mighty pinch,
Advised Mac Tavish, if he'd be rich,
To sit quite still without moving an inch;

* My readers are fully aware, I suppose,
That "neb" is the Highland Scottish for "nose."



For the spider that spun from his nose, the old sinner
Most gravely declared was a money-spinner.

So Sandy Mac Tavish scarce drew his breath,
But sat like a statue for years very many,
In fact, he sat there until his death;
But the spider?—it never brought him a penny.
Thus living in hopes of its gratitude lavish,
Existed—and perished—poor Sandy Mac Tavish.

MORAL.

Some folks die for money, and some only live for it,
But it's really not worth more than people will give for it.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO-O-O.

A PORTRAIT here you view
Of a great musician, who
Composed and wrote
Each single note
Of "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!"

Each day at morn he crew—
His gamut he went through
From A to G,
From Do to Si,
With "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!"

When near the dawning drew
He would his song renew—
With lusty throat
Gave out the note
For "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!"

At length—'t is sad but true—
Some monsters took and slew
Our friend, whose say
Day after day
Was "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!"

Said they, "This philliloo,
You noisy creature you,
If you don't stop,
We'll cut your crop!
Ah, Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o!"



They caught him by a *ruse*,
They gave his necks three screws,
And so they brought
At once to naught
His "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-os!"

TEGG THE SAGE.

THAT great anatomist, the learnèd Tegg,
Was anxious to procure a mammoth's leg.
Armed with a microscope and magnanimity,
He left for lands by no means of proximity.
East, West, South, North, he wandered in his quest,
And gathered bones in North, South, East, and West.

But still in vain inquired the learnèd Tegg
For the one thing he wished—a mammoth's leg.
Bones of the Ichthy- and the Plesio-saurus
(And other beasts whose names would only bore us)
He found in plenty—quite an endless lot;
His *summum bonum*, though, he never got!

Throughout his travels he would wildly beg
Of all who met him, for a mammoth's leg.
In town and country, urban spot or rural,
His mind still ran on one idea crural;
One thought alone still kept him in a tremor—
The hope of purchasing a mammoth femur.

But on the prairie the despairing Tegg
Met with a chief who'd seen a mammoth's leg.
The Whistling Owl, who ruled a Pawnee tribe,
At last prevailed on by a mighty bribe,
Promised to lead the learnèd Tegg across a
Plain to the spot where lay the mammoth ossa.

For four long days, as fast as they could peg,
They journeyed onward toward the monster leg.
Yet still the Indian pointed day by day
Forward, still forward, showing Tegg the way,
Till Tegg began to wish the walking o'er,
And that his own legs he had studied more.

Tegg the Sage.

At length at sunset they approached the place:
The Whistling Owl bade Tegg increase his pace,
And pointed out where straight before him lay
The monster's bones—like rocks, so huge and grey!
And Tegg beheld, with rapture fierce and strong,
A mammoth's leg quite twenty-five feet long.



Ernest Griset.

Tegg bent him down above the monster leg;
The Whistling Owl stood by and gazed on Tegg;
A thought of plunder flashed across his mind,—
He stole the rapt philosopher behind,
Snatched up a bone, and—but why tell you more?
The sage was rapt much harder than before!

Prostrate and lifeless lay the learned Tegg,
Stretched on the long, long wished-for mammoth's leg.
There his bones whiten till a future age
Shall come upon the relics of the sage,

And, looking on the fragments that surround 'em,
May with the mammoth's bones perhaps confound 'em.

The Whistling Owl then searched his victim's pouch,
And found therein, the tribe's traditions vouch,
An ounce of bird's-eye, half a yard of twine,
A pipe, a paper collar, two and nine,
A knife, a button, and a hard-boiled egg,
And that was all that there was left of Tegg!

EPITAPH.

He died the victim of misplaced reliance
On the untutor'd savage—and of science.

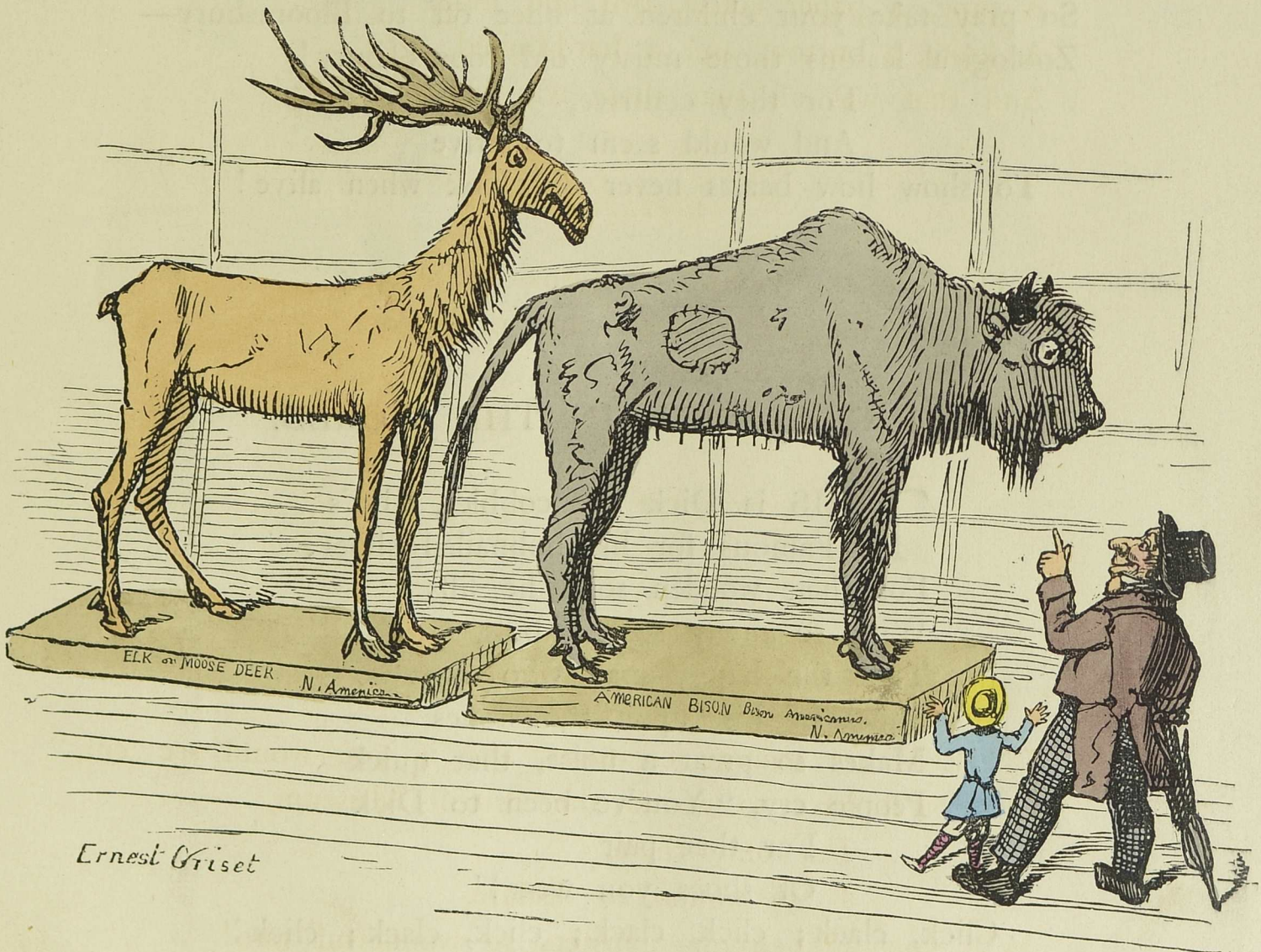
EXTINCT ANIMALS.

THESE are strange creatures, and if you would see 'em,
You'll have to go to the British Museum,
For only there,
I am bound to declare,
Will you light upon monsters so wonderful rare!

You'll see first of all the American bison,—
A thing of such value, you can't set a price on!
For in its side
A square patch of hide
Is sewn in a manner that's plainly descried.

Extinct Animals.

In Natural Hist'ry a wondrous fact, which is;
That is, that a bison is sewn up by stitches.
And so this died
Of a pain in its side,
If in ocular evidence one may confide.



Ernest Griset

Well, then, the Museum has this further use in it,
(They call it moose-seum because there's a moose in it)—
For 't would appear
That the elk, if a deer,
Is no "pretty little" one, that's very clear.

Making a Noise in the World.

Surely you never have looked on such images:—
Seamed with the scars they have met with in scrimmages,
Hides very rough,
Unlifelike enough
To make one, on seeing the straw, cry out, "Stuff!"

So pray take your children at once off to Bloomsbury—
Zoological lessons those musty old rooms bury!
For they contrive,
And would seem to strive
To show how beasts never did look when alive!

MAKING A NOISE IN THE WORLD.

THIS is Dick the cobbler, who's
Famous for his hobnailed shoes;
For their wooden soles he fills
With so many sparrow-bills,
That the happy man who owns
Shoes of his, upon the stones
Makes so great a noise, that quick
People cry, "You've been to Dick
For that pair
Of shoes you wear!"
Click, clack; click, clack; click, clack; click!

Dick the cobbler has a wife;
She's the torment of his life,
For her tongue will always run—
Scolding she has never done.
Like a watchman's rattle sprung
Clamours her unceasing tongue.



Men, whose wives have caught the trick,
Say, "You've been to Mrs. Dick
For that tongue,
Or I'll be hung!"

Click, clack; click, clack; click, clack; click!

Dick the cobbler has a steed
That's a sorry brute indeed!
As it goes from place to place,
Jog-trot is its only pace;
And the clumsy beast beside
Over-steps at every stride.
Folks, enabled thus to pick
Out our friend, exclaim, "That's Dick!
Yes, of course,
For that's his horse!"

Click, clack; click, clack; click, clack; click!

THE HOG FAMILY.

An Operetta for the Drawing-room.

[N.B.—All the effects in this piece are registered, and the music entered at Stationers' Hall.]

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. BIG BOAR

MRS. SOW

MASTER PIG

MASTER PIGGYWIG

PIGGYWIGLING.

SCENE I. AN OPEN GLADE.

Enter MR. BIG BOAR.

MR. B. B. Grumph, grumph, grumph, grumph!

[*Soft music.*]

Enter MRS. SOW.

MRS. S. Umphy, umphy, umphy, umphy!

MR. B. B. Grumph!

MRS. S. Umphy!

DUET.

MRS. S. Umphy, umphy, umph.

MR. B. Grumph, grumph, grumph.

BOTH { Umph, grumph, gr-r-r-umph!

[*Alarums and excursions.*]

Enter MASTER PIG.

MASTER PIG. Ooink, oonk!

[*They start.*]

Enter MASTER PIGGYWIG.

MASTER PIGGYWIG (*aside*). Oonk, oonk, oonk!



QUARTETTE.

MR. B. B. Grumph :

MRS. S. Umph !

MASTER FIG. Ooink !

MASTER PIGGYWIG. Oonk, oonk, oonk !

*[They perceive an acorn, rush towards it,
and sing the chorus.]*

ALL. Gruooinkurmph-urmph-urmph !

*[They regale themselves on the acorn,
when enter suddenly PIGGYWIGLING.]*

PIGGYWIGLING. Weeek, weeeek, weeeek !

*[They gather round him with gestures
expressive of sympathy and affection.]*

PIGGYWIGLING (*imploringly*). Oooweeeek, ooooweeeek !

[A shot is heard in the distance.]

MR. B. B. Grrrrruuumph ! !

[Exeunt rapidly in procession.]

Curtain.

MR. GEE.

OF all the fat people I ever did see,
The fattest of fattest was fat Mr. Gee.

His very shadow was fat as well,—
It made great grease-spots wherever it fell.

But he suffered so very much in hot weather,
'T was feared it would kill him altogether.

So they had a monstrous umbrella made,
And fat Mr. Gee walked about in the shade.

You'd have recognized Gee by this fact alone,—
His Wellington boots were the biggest ones known.

His white duck trowsers were short; his coat
Was skimpy in tail and spouty in throat.

His neck-tie was big, a bow of red,
And he wore his hat on the nape of his head.

But, alas! his beautiful being's o'er,
And we shall see Mr. Gee no more;

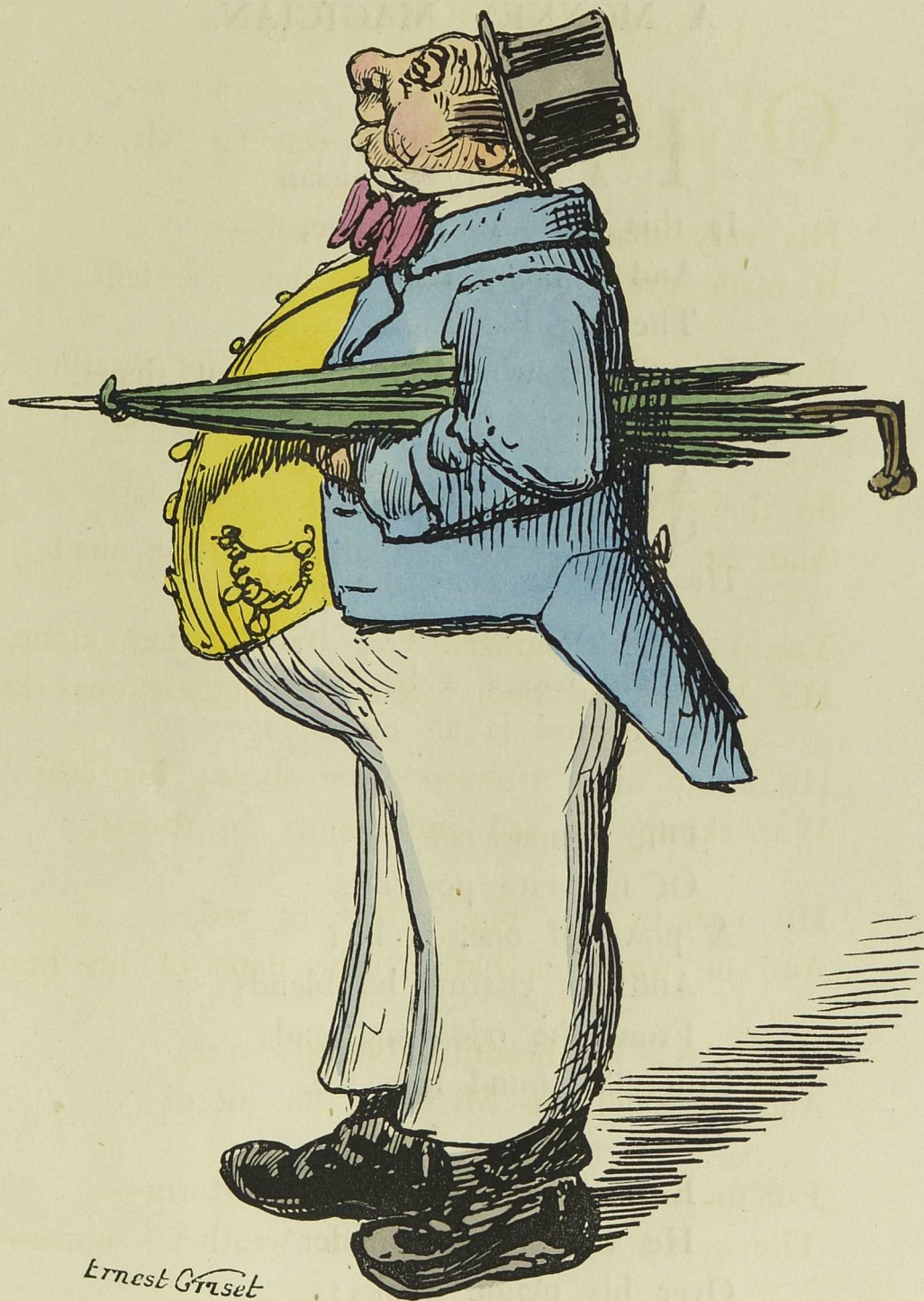
For he was caught in an awful storm—
The storm we get when the weather's warm—

And in the midst of it all there fell a
Flash of lightning on Gee's umbrella,

And the heat of the electricitee
Was such that it melted poor old Gee.

They sent to find him with hue and cry—
They sought him low and they sought him high—

The disconsolate heirs he had left behind him
Spent all his fortune in trying to find him.



But, lo! one day as Policeman B
Was going his rounds he found Mr. Gee!

He saw in the midst of a field a hat,
And a pair of boots standing near, and that

Was all they were fated ever to see
Of that fattest of fattest—the fat Mr. Gee.

Well might Policeman B remark “Hallo,”
For the Wellington boots were full of tallow!

A MONKEY MAGICIAN.

I 'VE a suspicion
A mighty magician
Is this most learned ape,
And I fancy that
The big black cat
Is an imp who has taken that shape.

A shark's suspended
Over his bended
Head, as he cons the page;
And over the cat
There hangs a bat,
And behind is an owlet sage.

Oh, a magician
Of first-rate position,
A powerful one, is he;
And his charms he blends
From the odds and ends
You all around him see.

But, sitting yonder,
He vainly doth ponder
Over his magic books;
In vain doth he con
The page upon,
And ransack his wondrous books.

One magic dower,
A spell of power,
He seeks in vain to learn.
How vain his rage
As page on page
He o'er and o'er doth turn!



But you are yearning,
No doubt, to be learning
What that great spell might be;
Then you must swear
That you will ne'er,
For favour or for fee,

Reveal a tittle,
Ever so little,
Of this important spell.
Oh, whisper low
And you shall know
The secret I've to tell.

THE IMPORTANT REVELATION.

The important spell you fain would twig
Is, How with two letters to spell a blind pig?

THE MICROCOSM.

THIS is the Peepshow-man :
He is going, I declare,
To visit a country fair,
As it always is his plan.

Oh, must not he be strong !
For he carries the world on his back,
As a pedlar carries his pack,
As he merrily trudges along.

For he's views in that box of all
The countries under the sun,
But he carries them every one
As if their weight were small.

Of Jericho and Jeru-
Salem, of Greece and Chili,
Of France, and Piccadilly,
And the battle of Waterloo ;

Of China and of Japan,
Of Italy and of Spain,
And the coasts of the Mediterran—
Of the Mediterranean ;

Of America, North and South,
Of Mexico and Prussia,
Of New South Wales and Russia,
Pekin and the Hill of Howth ;

Of the Caribbean Sea,
Of Tobago and the Nile,
Of Dublin and Scio's Isle,
Of Rome and the banks of Dee :

Of all these places Dan
Can show you splendid views.
You can see them if you choose
To ask the peepshow-man.



And though the views are many,
His charge is very small;
He'll let you see them all
If you'll only pay a penny.

NOTA BENE.

If, to make the effect more true,
You'll another penny pay,
He'll with real gunpowder play
The battle of Waterloo.

REYNARD'S RECRUIT.

CORPORAL REYNARD has got a recruit,
A ragged old fellow with only one boot,
But the medical board
With one accord
Have passed him as fit for a soldier, poor brute!

Corporal Reynard is wonderful sly,
You can see the roguish look in his eye,
But any day
He can run away
Far better than fight—for of blows he's shy.

And the new recruit, between you and me,
Is not much fonder of fighting than he;
So Reynard will find
Him close behind
Whene'er there a battle may chance to be.

But the new recruit will be doing right
If he runs when Reynard betakes him to flight,
For a soldier should,
To be any good,
Always follow his officer, day or night.

Corporal Reynard and his recruit,
It's very plain, will each other suit—
For the world believes
Two bigger thieves
Than they, never marched to the sound of a flute.



Corporal Reynard, as well we know,
Is given to robbing both high and low,
And the ape recruit,
If he can do't,
Will steal anything!—save a march on a foe.

ON LIZARD-BACK.

I KNEW a frog
Who dwelt in a bog,
And he was as wise as a wizard,
For whenever he wished on a journey to jog
He rode on a great green lizard.

The lizard was wise—
Had yellow eyes,
And a liver—but not a gizzard,
For anatomists tell me to my surprise
There's no such thing in a lizard.

But at every spur
The lizzard would stir
And wriggle his tail in an izzard,
For no mercy the frog did e'er deter
From hurrying on the lizard.

Through rush and reed
The frog would proceed,
As proud as a knight well-vizor'd,
And none the less proud because his steed
Was not anything more than a lizard.

But the steed at sight
Of a dog took fright,
And—as clean as if it were scissor'd—
It snapt its own tail off—a habit quite
Peculiar, I'm told, to the lizard.

On Lizard-Back.

The frog he laughed
When it fell abaft,
But found he in trying to quiz erred,
For being without any mercy chaffed,
It quite irritated the lizard.



“Get off,” said the horse;
“My proper course,
If I were not a regular fizzer, 'd
Be just to retort with physical force!”
So the frog was left by the lizard.

GRAVE REFLECTION.

If he'd thought, it must, sure, have occurred to the frog
That he lost his own tail, when a pollywog!

A YARN.

WILLIAM the Whaler,
A capital sailor—
A capital sailor was he!
He manned his craft
Both fore and aft,
And off he went to sea.

A terrible gale in,
He wouldn't take sail in—
A capital sailor was Bill.
And he would be
One now if he
Were only living still.

For down in the dark, tic-
Klish regions antarctic,
He sailed for the catching of whales,
With a jovial crew
Of twenty-two
Stout lads as hard as nails.

He saw a great spouter—
A real out-and-outer—
A whale quite as big as the ship,
And he told his crew
What they ought to do,
Lest the fish away should slip.

“Come, out with the jolly-
Boat, boys, and we'll folly,
And give the old fish a harpoon!”
So they rowed for their lives,
Singing, “Sweethearts and wives,”
And came up with the fish very soon.

But, oh! what a pity!
That whale spermaceti
Turned out an unmannerly lubber,
For he gave a great dive,
As soon as alive
To the fact of a spear in his blubber.



And, alas! what a loss, sir!
The end of the hawser
Was hitched round the middle of Bill.
He went down in a crack,
And didn't come back,
And I do not much fancy he will.



Ernest Griset

AN ABSTRUSE MORAL.

THIS infant brought up is
With kittens and puppies,
And also with ducklings and chickens—
A strange style of breeding
And rearing and feeding,—
'T will play with his manners the dickens.

For he'll bark and he'll mew
And he'll cluck-a-cluck too,
Like chicken and puppy and kitten;
And he'll scratch and he'll bite,—
And nobody quite
Desires to be scratched or be bitten.

His early precocity
Seems generosity,
Because, as you see, he will hasten

The Virtue of an "If."

With puppies and kits
To share the tit-bits
Of his nice bread and milk in the basin.

MORAL.

The moral of this
Little apologue is—
But really I hope you won't ask it;
For I know not, not I,
What it is, more than why
For a cap on his head he's a basket.

THE VIRTUE OF AN "IF."

THESE two, whom Dick and Hodge I call,
They hold discussion logical.

Says Hodge, "If 'ifs' and 'ans'
Were only pots and pans,
The tinker's work would heavier be than any other man's!"

Says Dick, "I fancy not,
For who would mend a pot
If pots and pans could easily as 'ifs' and 'ans' be got?"

Says Hodge, "Still, some would do't;
And as you must compute
The large increase of pan-owners; then would of this be fruit,—



“The tinker’s work would be
 Increased, although, you see,
 Far less *per cent.* of all the lot should bring their pots to he!”

Says Dick, “That needs a proof:
 If all should hold aloof,
 To beg his bread from door to door he’d have to pad the hoof!”

“For since his only plan
 Is mending pot or pan,
 If people did not give him work, what could he do, poor man?”

Says Hodge, “But then your ‘if’
 It isn’t worth a whiff:
 Why, ‘if’ they should employ him”—here they got into a tiff.

MORAL.

If their two tongues were strong enough,
 They’d argue, right or wrong, enough;
 For one cow’s tail would reach the moon—of course, ‘if’ it were long enough!



A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN the weather is wet,
You may rely
You'll no hunting get
Like when it's dry,
For the dogs get wet through,
And so do you,
And a damp hunting-party's a sorry crew.

Whenever you find
It rains, no doubt
'T will be better to mind
And not go out;
For the odds on it are
You'll catch catarrh,
Not to mention rheumatics, which make you "swar."

A Hunting Song.

There's a party here,
You see quite plain,
Have been after deer
In the pouring rain.
How it runs, poor chaps!
Down their backs from their caps,
And their weak constitutions thoroughly saps.

Through the mud and mire
And driving sleet,
Till they thoroughly tire
Their aching feet,
With might and main,
Despite the rain,
They seek their pleasure and find it's pain.

But Huntsman Dick's
Near home, you know,
And a bundle of sticks
On his fire he'll throw.
With his horse and dog,
By the blazing log,
He'll make himself cozy and tipple his grog.

If you ever are wet-
Ted quite to the skin,
And rheumatics are set-
Ting rapidly in,



Like Huntsman Dick,
Pile the fire up quick,
And take your grog, and 't will do the trick.

MORAL.

With a hey ho! tantivy!
Hey, chivy!
Tantivy!
Hark away, hark away, tantivy!

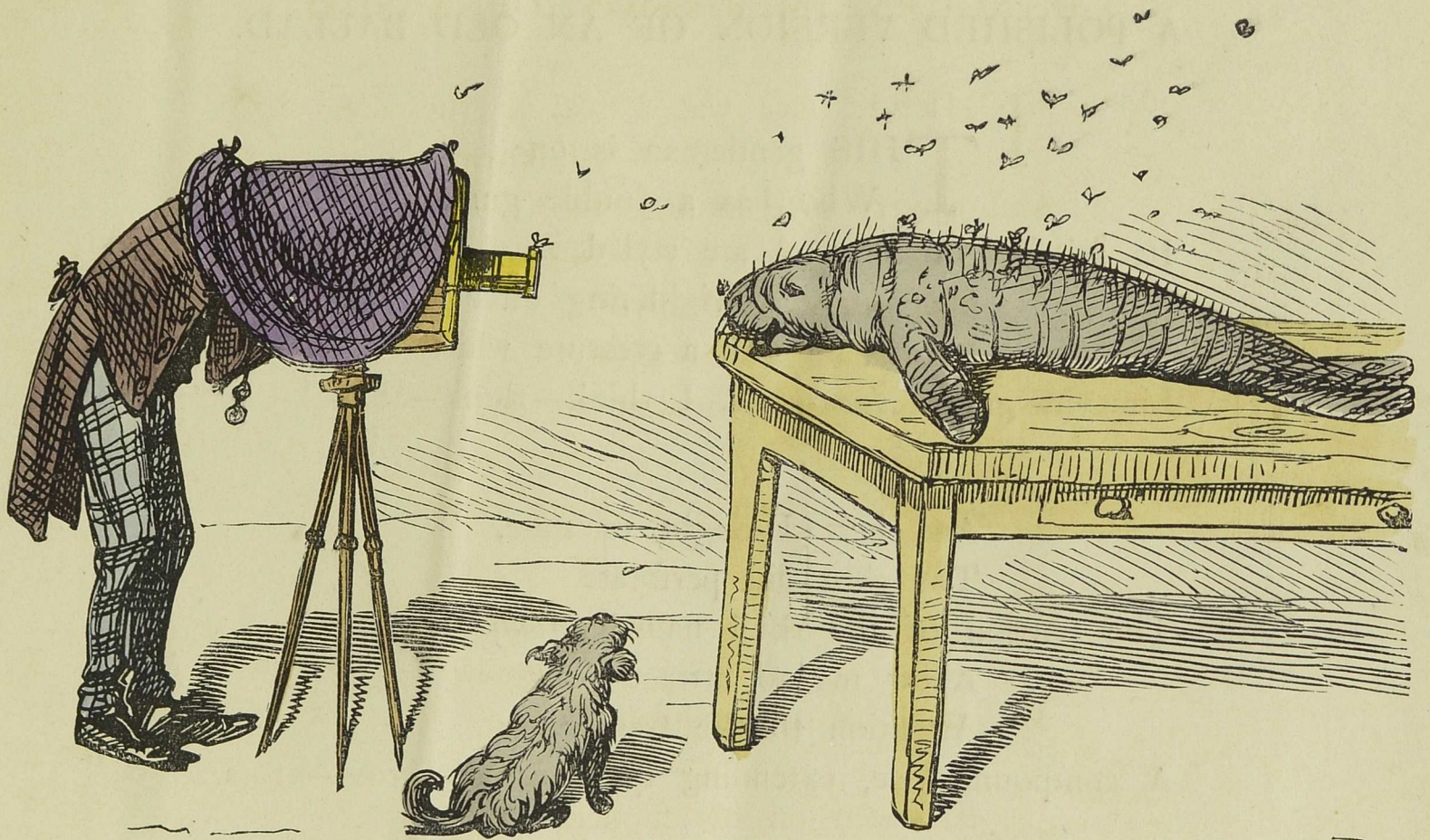
TAKING AN IMPRESSION OF A SEAL.

THERE once was a seal at the Zoo
I knew,
And a very nice animal, too,
For through
The water he'd dive
And catch fishes alive,
Which is no easy matter to do,
Says you,
And I wholly concur in your view.

But the seal he was once taken bad,
Poor lad!
An attack of rheumatics he had,
Egad!
It seized on his flippers
As firmly as nippers.
The sight of his suffering was sad—
Bedad,
Your tears 't would set running like mad!

At last the poor creature expired—
Retired
From a world which his beauty admired;
So, fired
With a wish to procure
A *carte* and secure
His likeness, a party we hired—
Required
Him the photo to take we desired.

So the seal on the table one day
We lay
So as best its sweet form to display,
And pray



Ernest Crisot.

The photographer thin
His great task to begin;
But he lets so much time slip away,
Decay
Makes the seal's lovely features its prey.

And the flies gathered round in a cloud,
And loud
They buzzed o'er that form once endowed
With proud
And intelligent being;
Till, scarcely foreseeing
Such a marvel, the artist allowed
The crowd
To fly off with the corpse in its shroud!

A POLISHED VERSION OF AN OLD BALLAD.

THIS gentleman is one
Who has a double gun;
Its missiles of a metal are styled zinc—zinc—zinc.
He sought a neighb'ring ditch,
Where he shot a creature which
Linnæus *genus Anas* calls, I think—think—think!

And here I ought to state,
The shot did perforate
The portion of the skull named *frontis os—os—os*.
Allow me to attract your
Attention to the fracture—
A compound one, extending quite across—cross—cross.

So he carried home the bird
To the lady he conferred
His fortune and his name on, one fine day—day—day,
When she blushingly did falter
At the hymeneal altar
A promise him to honour and obey—bey—bey!

So he bade her take, in chief,
The gravy of some beef,
Salt, pepper, onions, sage-leaves, lemon-thyme—thyme—thyme,
And with flour and butter too,
Put the duck in a *ragout*,—
A mode of cooking duck considered prime—prime—prime

And while his bosom's queen
Was tending the *cuisine*,
To the ditch once more himself he did betake—take—take,



Ernest Cruzet

To see if by good luck,
Having first secured the duck,
He could manage to appropriate the drake—drake—drake.

But history ne'er saith
If he compassed that bird's death.
So this moral to his doubtful end we'll set—set—set:
Not only those who shoot
Oft go in vain pursuit
Of objects which they wish that they may get—get—get.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

ROBIN the Miller he kept a mill,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

The noise of the hopper it never was still—

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

A perpetual clatter that, you'd have thought,
Was more than enough to drive him distraught.

Robin the Miller heeded it not,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

Though he was not dull of his hearing, I wot.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

The neighbours wondered what was the matter

With Robin, to make him enjoy such a clatter.

Robin the Miller he once had a wife;

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

After ten years of marriage she quitted this life.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

And Robin he was not a miller then,

But a farmer employing his forty men.

But Robin, when he of his wife was bereft,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

Felt life had little of pleasure left.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

Most wretched then was his lonely case—

His home it was such a quiet place.

He grew more pale and thin each day,

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

They feared that he would waste away.

Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!

Said they, "How odd he mourns so!"—She

Was known a terrible scold to be.



Ernest Griset

At length poor Robin he took the mill,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Where the noise of the hopper it is never still—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
And Robin, recovering quite, at length,
Began to regain his health and his strength.

The obliging Bear.

And this is why the endless noise—
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
Old Robin the Miller he so enjoys,
Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, tattle!
For while the mill goes he does not fret,
For he fancies his wife is living yet!



THE OBLIGING BEAR.

BILLY the Bear is fond of buns,
Whether they're penny or ha'penny ones.

If you show him one on the end of a stick,
He'll be up to the top of his pole pretty quick.

Then he will open his jaws so wide
You'll see what big teeth he has inside,

So long and white that, to judge their intent,
For the eating of buns they can never be meant;

Then you remember that Billy the Bear
Lived in the woods—there are no buns there!

And so I think, if the bun on the stick
Were only sharp, it could play you a trick.

If, instead of being held out by you,
It should hold *you* out, you would find it do



Equally well for Billy the Bear,—
Who is not particular, I declare,
So long as it's something his jaws to employ,
Whether you give him a bun or a boy.

REFLECTION.

People really should be aware
That it is not right to say "Rude as a bear,"
For such an expression appears amiss
While Billy the Bear's as obliging as this!

LOSS OR GAIN

FARMER GILES

He rode ten miles
Upon a nag called Dobbin,
And when he got
To a lonely spot—
The sort of place to rob in—

To his horror he
Fell in with three
Old soldiers lean and barefoot,
Who did enjoin
Him give a coin
Before he stirred from there foot.

With his heart in his throat,
He gave a groat
To stop their threatening banter,
Then his heels he plied
Upon Dobbin's side,
And urged him to a canter.

With hair upright
And eyeballs quite
Protruding from the socket,
He rode so fast
The motion cast
The purse from out his pocket.

And presently
The beggars three,
As they trudged onward sadly,
The purse they found
Upon the ground,
And picked it up quite gladly.



Both food and clothes,
As you'll suppose,
Those needy fellows purchased.
And there meanwhile's
Poor Farmer Giles,
A-wondering if he were chased.

But he grew worse
To find his purse
No longer was forthcoming,
For he had his ride
And his fright beside
(His troubles to be summing);

The Heron in Love.

But since he'd lost
The purse, the cost
Was thrown away completely.
So he confessed
It had been best
To let them rob him neatly.

—◆—
THE HERON IN LOVE.

THIS is the heron that lived all alone:
He had his house on the top of a stone;
He could dine on fish
Whene'er he might wish,
But he fell in love with a lady called Joan.
This lady called Joan was a farmer's daughter;
He saw her come to the stream for water,
And he fell slap
In love, the poor chap!
And so for his bride at once he sought her.
But when he went to pay his court,
The lady she cut him very short,
For "Oh," she said,
"I never could wed
A party with legs of that spindle-like sort!"
So the love-sick heron went back to his perch,
For the lady she left him quite in the lurch,
For she said such a pair
Of legs should ne'er
With her be seen tripping it up the church.



The love-sick heron went back to his rock:
His feelings had met with a dreadful shock,
To think she made pegs
At his graceful legs,
And could at his noble demeanour mock.

NOTE FOR NATURALISTS.

The heron, his sense of her loss to evince,
Has gone into half-mourning ever since.

THE CASTAWAY.

'T WAS on the twenty-first of May,
In Seventeen sixty-two,
The good ship Phœbe sailed away,
With all her jovial crew.

The day her anchor was a-trip
Was Friday, be it said;
Whereat the wise ones on the ship
They gravely shook their head.

Their words the captain did not heed,
So obstinate was he:
He swore that day to do the deed,
And so they put to sea.

They scarce had got to Biscay's Bay,
Before there blew a gale:
The wise ones asked, "What did we say
To Friday's setting sail?"

The captain when he heard that speech,
He grew in doleful dumps,
But in revenge he ordered each
To go and work the pumps.

For three long nights and days the bark
Before the tempest drave:
No sun, no moon—the sky was dark
And gloomy as the grave.

At last they ran upon a rock,—
Their shrieks were all in vain;
The ship recovered not the shock,
But settled down amain.

And, lo! the sole survivor from
That melancholy group,
It was a cabin-boy called Tom,
Who got upon a coop.



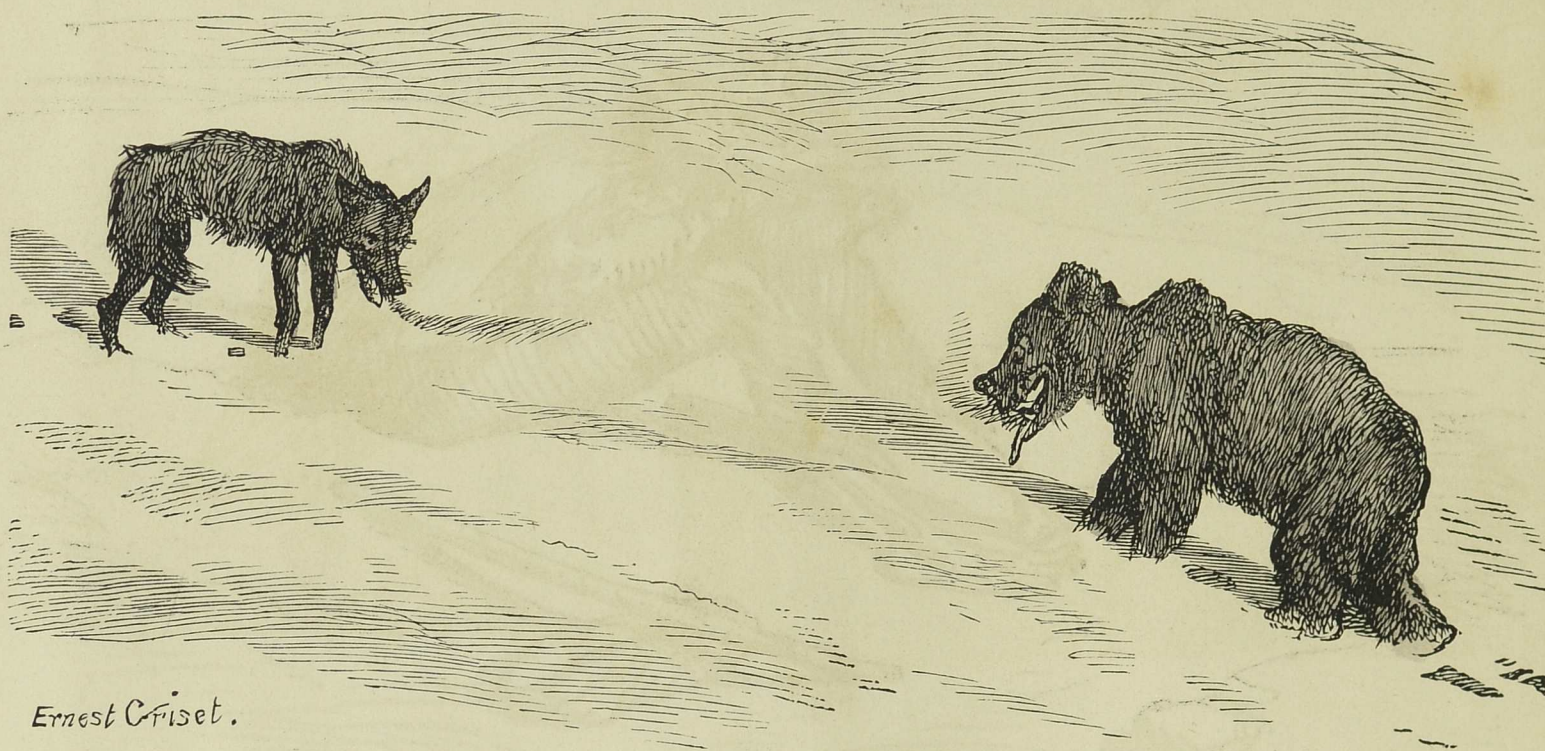
Ernest Griset.

And when the coop was washed ashore,
He rested him awhile,
And then the country did explore:—
It proved a desert isle!

He found, though, nothing there to eat,
And nothing there to drink.
Said he, "Starvation is a feat
From which I'd gladly shrink!"

And since no member of the crew'd
Escaped with him, he knew
He could not make his messmates food,
As shipwrecked men will do.

So he cast lots with visage grim,
To settle *tout de suite*,
Whether himself should eat up him,
Or he himself should eat.



Ernest Criset.

STARVING AND PENNILESS.

THESE figures of woe,
Knee-deep in the snow,
Are trav'lers who've happened to meet.
From a glance at their faces
This fact one soon traces,
They both have had nothing to eat.

Said the wolf to the bear,
"One can't feed upon air,
For one's appetite's sharp in such weather!"
And Bruin replied,
"I'm so empty inside
I could feast on a scrap of old leather."

"Then let one of us, brother,"
Said wolf, "eat the other;
To decide which, a copper we'll sky up!"
Said the bear, "I'd agree
In a trice—but, you see,
I've not got a coin left to shy up!"



Ernest Criset

THE OULD, OULD STORY.

ONCE on a time was a cage of owls,
Peopled by some of those reverend fowls.

These feathered bipeds were very wise,—
They blinked and winked with their big round eyes.

A mouse who came on the owls in his rambles,
Thought to divert the grave birds with his gambols.

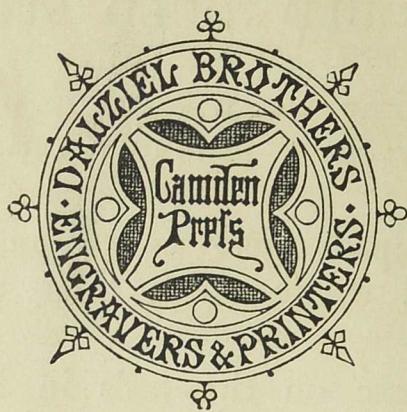
The owls looked on at the creature's fun,
And waited with patience till he was done,

And then one owl gave a snap with his beak,
And the mouse disappeared with a startled squeak;

And the owl that bolted him looked as clever,
And grave, and lovely, and good as ever.

From which result you can plainly see
That mouse,—as food,—does with owls agree.

The moral, if moral I must apply,
Is—the owls are critics, the mouse am I!



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