

JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

Little Plays for Little People,

BY MISS CORNER,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CROWQUILL, HARRISON WEIR,
AND J. V. BARRET.



The object and intent of these "Little Plays" will be best understood from the Authoress's words, as given in the Preface to "Whittington and his Cat."

"During the Christmas holidays, I was present on several occasions when a party of young people, from eight to twelve years of age, contrived to amuse themselves, as well as the elder portion of the company, by acting *Charades*. The clever manner in which they represented a variety of characters, confirmed me in an idea I had previously entertained, of arranging some of the most popular and favourite stories of our childhood for similar performances. I also believe that a very important part of education consists in promoting innocent and agreeable occupation for leisure hours, to prevent any disposition to indolence, either of mind or body. With these views and opinions, I offer my *LITTLE PLAYS* as a pastime for the holidays, and hope they may prove the means of furnishing entertainment for many of my young friends, particularly in the winter evenings." JULIA CORNER

I.—WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

With appropriate illustrations, and twelve spirited and elegant engravings, by Alfred Crowquill. With gilt edges, price One Shilling.

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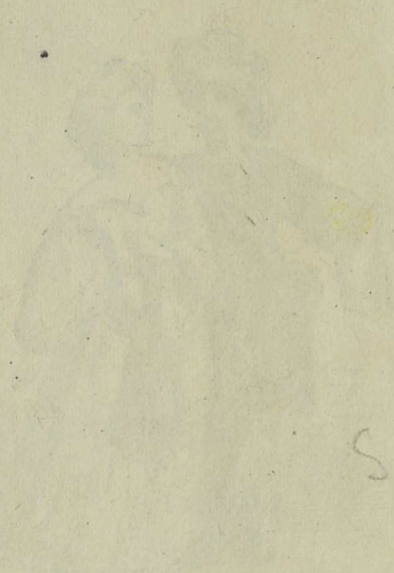
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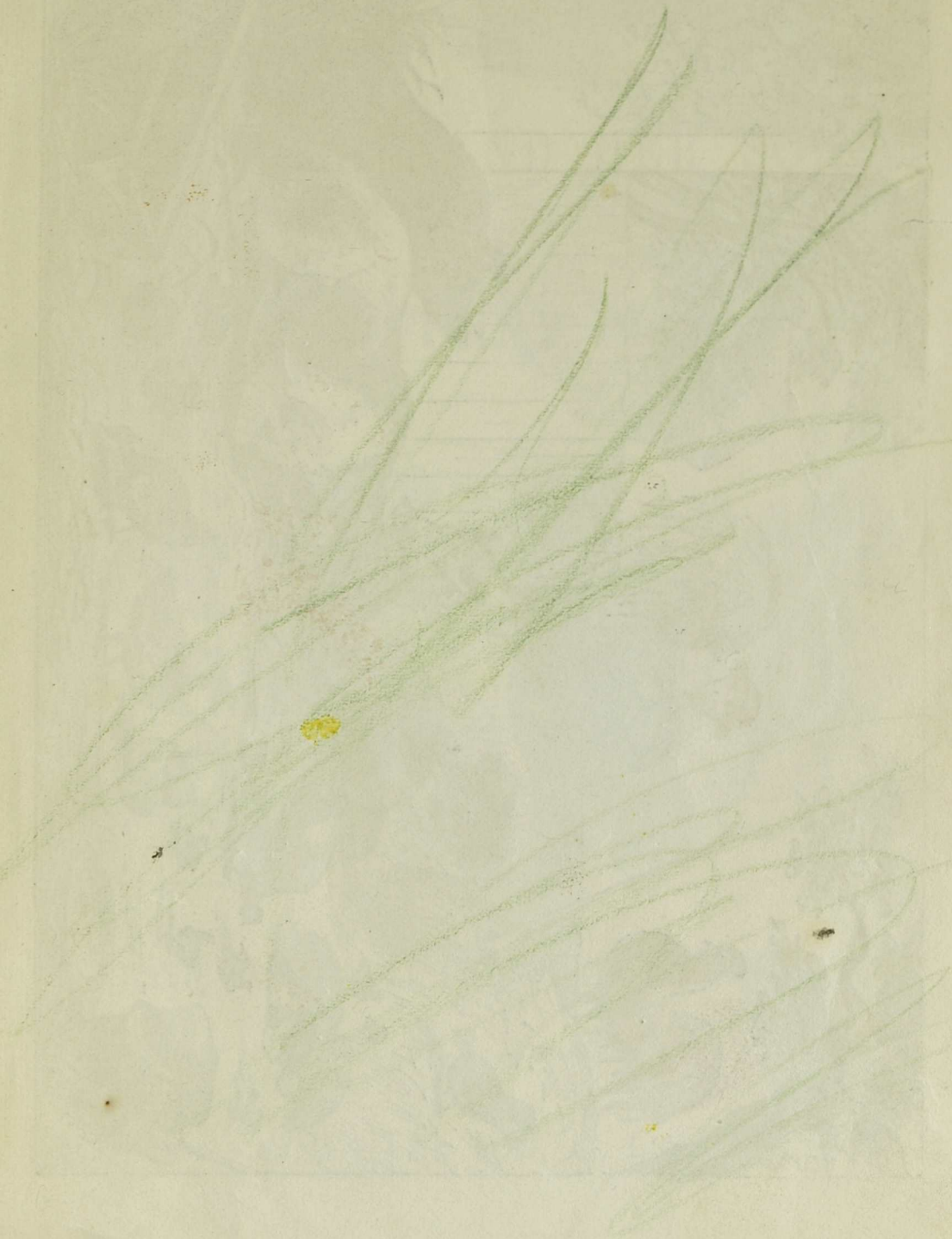
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Sabina et
traced
in pencil

Florence Dickson





SURPRISING STORIES

ABOUT

THE MOUSE AND HER SONS,

AND

THE FUNNY PIGS.



WITH LAUGHABLE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 11, LUDGATE HILL.

THE
LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE
FROM HOME.

THE
LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE
FROM HOME.



THE
LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE
FROM HOME.

ONCE IT HAPPENED, though when, is
not easily said,
That a grunter, Jack Pig, took it into
his head
To quit his good home,—his dear mother
to leave,
Not thinking at all how for him she
would grieve.

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

Said Jack, " Brother Bob for his pleasure
has strayed ;

I'll roam away, too, when I'm nicely
arrayed :"

Next morn he set off in a hat and wig
dressed ;—

The same that the farmer's son wore as
his best.

With snout aloft, he started out,
Then on the green he gazed about ;
He whisked his tail with pure delight,
Saying—" I shall not lodge here to-
night."

The geese came hissing at his heel,
But, 'midst their noise he heard a
squeal ;



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

And looking to see from whence it
came,

He spied his mother down the lane.

“Her son,” said he, “so tall, she’ll never
know,”

Dressed smartly as I am, so like a
beau.”

His heart beat quickly as his ma he
passed,

But, bowing, “How d’ye do, good dame?”
he asked;

Then biting from out the hedge a nice
cane,

And putting his hat on, said “All’s right
again;



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

Now over the world I'll roam, as fast as
I can :”

Then he flourished his cane, and onward
he ran.

And trotting on briskly, Piggy soon
came

To a field where some schoolboys were
having a game ;

Said he, “ As I'm tired, I'll lie down to
rest,

And perhaps, if I do so, just here 'twill
be best ;

For I should not much like these poor
boys to disturb,

As they possibly might be so very ab-
surd



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

As to leave off their game, for respect
towards me,

No occasion for which I can possibly
see."

But, just then, a boy spied him, and giv-
ing a call,

Thus said to his comrades, "Come here,
my lads, all."

Then they left off their play, and they
chased the poor pig,

Until he had lost both his hat and his
wig.

They left him, at last, overcome with
fatigue;

"Though," said he, "it is not for myself
that I grieve,

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

But to think of the manners of these
country clowns!

Such conduct would never be met with
in towns."

To get back his wig, he was greatly per-
plexed,

About which and his hat, he was equally
vexed;

For the wind, when the boys were hard-
est in chase,

Blew them both in the river, its surface
to grace;

And they seemed to mock Piggy, as
there they did float;

"But I'll have you," said Jack, who
pushed off in a boat;

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

When his finery reaching, the boat he
upset,

“ I can swim,” cried the blade, “ and I
don't mind the wet.”

But, beside his own hide, both his wig
and his hat,

Were wet and deranged; so, to remedy
that,

“ I'll enter this cottage; here's a fire,”
he said,

“ I'll hang them to dry, while I lie in
the bed.”

When the dame returned home, as he
slumber'd so snug,

She soon spied the gentleman under the
rug,



LITTLE PIG S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

And basted him well with a stick like a
log,
Turning him and his wardrobe out into
a bog.

In the miry mess Piggy long struggled
about,
Unable to rise; but at last he got
out,
And crept to a field where fine cabbages
grew:
“ I’m hungry,” said he, “ I’ll indulge in
a few.”

When, just as his snout had a nice plant
uptorn,
A shot through his ear he had reason to
mourn,

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

Discharged from the gun of a lad sta-
tioned there,
To take care of the crop, and all robbers
to scare.

Wounded, weary, and hungry, poor Jack
now felt sad,
And thought of the home, so safe he
once had,
Where he'd plenty of food, and clean
straw for his bed,
And at night, a roof of good thatch o'er
his head.
He escaped from the field, though he
scarcely knew how,
And scampered as fast as his strength
would allow :

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

In the distance, a town, long and wide
he could see;—

“Ah! ah! said Jack Swine, “that’s the
quarter for me.”

Then Jack hurried on to the city so
gay,

Where he walked through the streets in
his comic array;

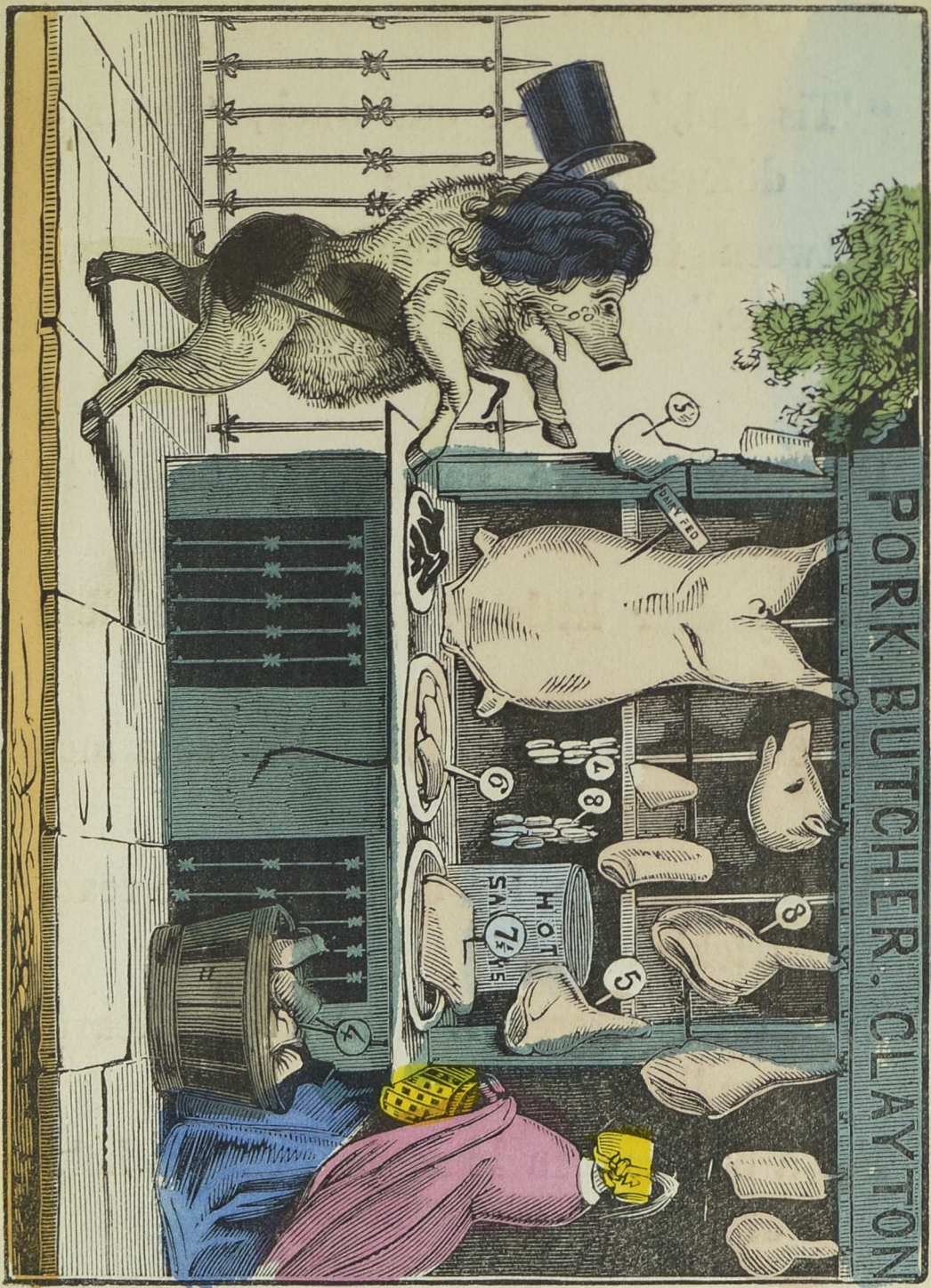
But think of his horror, oh! think of
his dread,

When, hanging immediately over his
head,

In the first butcher’s shop that he chanced
to discover,

Were the mortal remains of poor Bobby,
his brother,

PORK BUTCHER. CLAYTON



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

“ 'Tis sad,” sighed our Jack, “such a
difference should be
Between that unfortunate fellow and
me.”

But now I have hardly the heart to
relate

To my dear little readers, the terrible
fate

That awaited poor Jack. Scarce a mo-
ment had passed,

As he gazed on his brother, while tears
trickled fast,

When he uttered a loud and a heart-
rending wail,

For a butcher, in blue, had caught hold
of his tail,

LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

By which, and one ear, while Jack
squeaked for his mother,
Away he was dragged to be slain, like
his brother.

The sun rose, next morning, and shed its
first gleam,
On exact the same spot where his brother
had been ;
But there, in the same place, extended
and dead,
Hung poor master Jacky, without any
head.
The head, too, hung near,—but without
its fine wig,
And was now to be seen as the head of
a pig.



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

Many times has the butcher thought of
his good luck,
But he'll never again capture such a gay
buck.

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

Piggy left a good sty,
And went out, like a guy;



LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE FROM HOME.

But think you, who chide him,
How many beside him,
By false pleasures are won,
Like the Prodigal Son.

And while smiling at Piggy, think, too,
of the woes
That attend, more or less, every wanderer
who goes,
Leaving behind him true affection, to
roam ;
And finds out, too late, pleasure's only at
home.

END OF

THE LITTLE PIG'S RAMBLE

FROM HOME.

THE
LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

IN a certain farm-yard, not a hundred miles off,

Some pigs were enjoying themselves
at a trough;

They were having their dinner, or if
'twere too soon,

It might be their breakfast,—it scarcely
was noon;

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

And, as pigs of fashion, their ears it
might shock

To talk about dining before twelve
o'clock.

Well,—let us suppose it was break-
fast,—and they

With their delicate noses were grub-
bing away,

When up came their master, whose
looks, to my thinking,

Betokened a love for good eating and
drinking ;

And 'tis not unlikely the pigs thought
so too,

For they never so much as said “ How
do you do ? ”

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

But went on in silence to finish their
feeding,

Which certainly was not a mark of
good breeding ;

But as they thus acted, I must tell
the truth,

Though I'd rather my pigs had not
been so uncouth.

However, the master looked on at
his leisure,

And seemed to regard them with in-
finite pleasure,

And no ill intent,—'till he happened
to see

One fat little lady pig, white as could
be.

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

Then his mouth fairly watered, as he
thought how nice,

With sage, onion, and apple sauce,
would be a slice

Of that nice tempting piggy, — so,
calling to Joe,

Who also was fond of roast pork, you
must know,

Said, “Joe, you had better that little
pig kill,

Before she gets bigger.” Said Joe,
“Sir, I will.”

The pigs heard this order with
great consternation,

And grunted, quite clearly, their dis-
approbation ;



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

But master and man took no heed of
their sorrow,

And Miss was to die the day after
the morrow,

The rest, who were all in her fate
interested,

Now offered such comfort as pity sug-
gested :

“ They won't hurt you much,” sim-
pered one tender swain,

“ I've heard that this killing is scarce
any pain ;

Pray take some more wash, and this
cabbage-stalk bite.”

“ No, thank you,” said Piggy, “ I've
no appetite.”

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

At night, when she laid herself
down in her sty,

In vain she attempted to close her
bright eye :

Not a wink could she get through the
whole of the night,

And wept till she made herself look
like a fright.

She turned first on one side, and then
on the other,

And two or three times thought of
waking her mother ;

But this was not easy, for pigs are
sound sleepers,

And not very willing to open their
peepers.

THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

At last morning dawned, and
mamma pig awoke,
When thus poor Miss Piggy with
much spirit spoke :

“ Dear mother, it certainly is a great
pity,

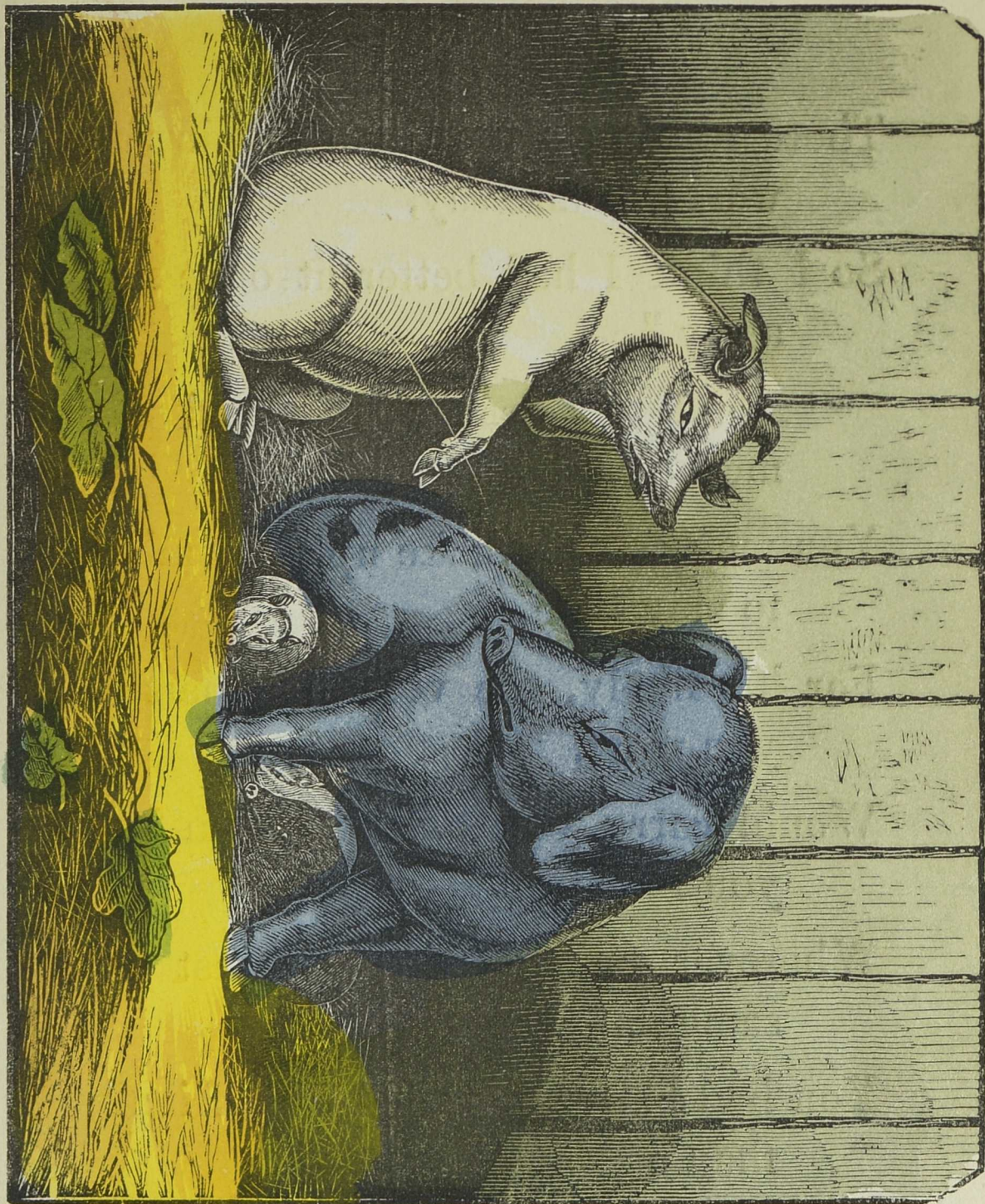
To kill me whilst I am so young and
so pretty ;

But if they can have such bad taste
as to do it,

I really don't see why I should sub-
mit to it.

No one in their senses, I think, would
remain

When they know they are soon to be
cruelly slain ;



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

There are more sties than this in the
world, I dare say,

So I think I had better at once run
away."

"Alas! my dear child," said her
mother, "I fear

You may as well make up your mind
to stay here,

For 'tis likely, the very first person
you meet,

Would carry you off, and then kill
you to eat.

Wherever you go, there is just the
same danger;

You had better be killed by a friend,
than a stranger:



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

To tell you the truth, I am sadly
afraid,

It is for man's eating that we pigs
are made.

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

As the old proverb says, we must
learn to endure."

Then a grave-looking pig, of re-
spectable age,

Who was always considered remark-
ably sage,

Said, "Ladies, allow me to offer a
word

Respecting the orders we yesterday
heard.



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

It seems that Miss does not approve
of the plan

Proposed by our master to Joseph,
his man ;

Though such we all come to, at one
time or other :

Last week I thus lost my affectionate
brother,

And next week, perhaps, I myself
may be taken,

For this is the season for making of
bacon ;

However, as Miss Pig objects thus
to be

Cut off in her prime,—and we all
must agree



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

It is very unpleasant,—there can be
no doubt of it,—

I've thought of a way by which she
may get out of it :

Now, if she had not been so plump
and good looking,

They would never have fancied her
ready for cooking ;

But if she'd get rid of these charms,
I am thinking,

By living awhile without eating or
drinking,

And hides herself up in the loft,
'mongst the hay,

They'll think that somebody has stole
her away.



THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

And when she comes back, she will
be so much thinner,

Depend on't they'll no longer want
her for dinner."

Mamma thought this scheme was
uncommonly clever,

But her daughter indignantly an-
swered, "No, never!

What! lose all my beauty? I'd much
rather die for it;

If that's my last chance, I am sure I
shan't try for it;

To be called thin and ugly,—I never
could bear;—

The thought makes me nervous, I
vow and declare.

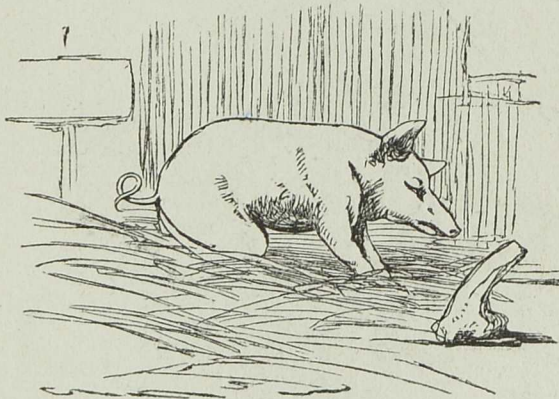
THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

I should be neglected, and not have
a lover :

I'd rather be killed, half a dozen times
over.

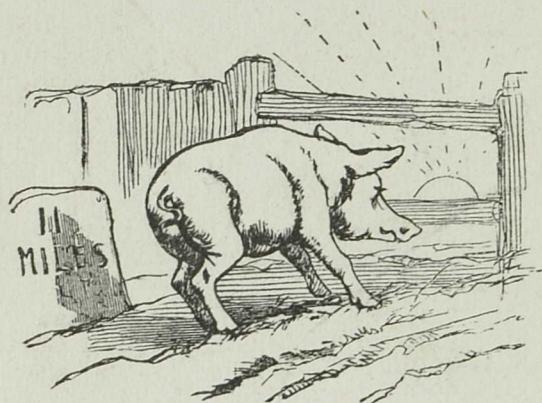
'Tis a comfort to know, since my life
I'm not able

To save, I shall look very well on the
table."

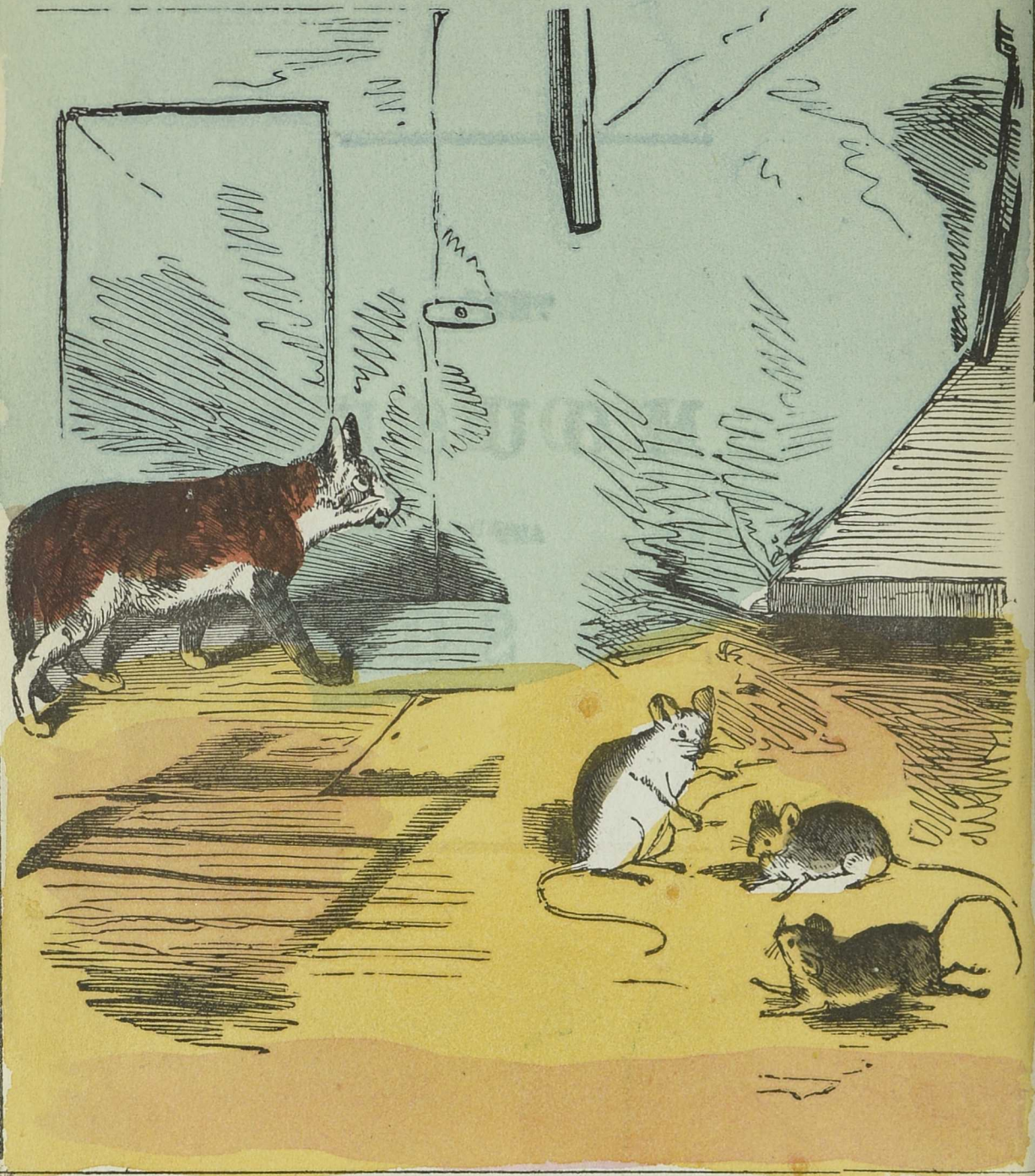


THE LITTLE PIG'S TALE.

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



THE
M O U S E
AND
H E R S O N S .



THE MOUSE

AND HER SONS.

ONCE ON A TIME there lived a Mouse,
Sole mistress of a spacious house,
And rich as mouse need be :
'Tis true her dwelling, underground,
Was neither long, nor square, nor round,
But suiting her degree.

No lofty ceilings there were seen,
No windows clear, or gardens green,
Or rooms with neat division ;

THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

But, in a corner, she could find
Of viands, sorted to her mind,
A notable provision.

Her neighbours round esteemed her well,
And often, in her little cell,
Would spend a social hour ;
Besides, she had a friendly heart,
And to the poor she would impart
Some of her little store.

Now, Madam Mouse two sons had got,
One named Streak,—the other, Spot ;
She gave them education,
And also taught them to excel
In all such arts as fitted well
A mouse's occupation.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

Two prettier mice were never seen,
So soft, so nimble, and so clean ;

 Their teeth were sharp, their eyes were
 bright ;

And when through wood she saw them
 gnaw

As neatly, almost, as a saw,

 The mother's eyes beamed with de-
 light.

And oft she said, " My sons, beware
The guileful cat, and baited snare,

 To mice a sure perdition ;"

And shewed how, caught within the
 trap

They would bewail their dire mishap,

 With tears of sad contrition.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

And, in plain terms, she would describe
Those terrors of the mousing tribe,

In every form and feature ;

And then she would pourtray the cat
Sworn enemy of mouse or rat,

A most voracious creature.

Now, being grown both stout and strong,
They thought they had remained too long

In idleness at home ;

And now their food they daily sought,

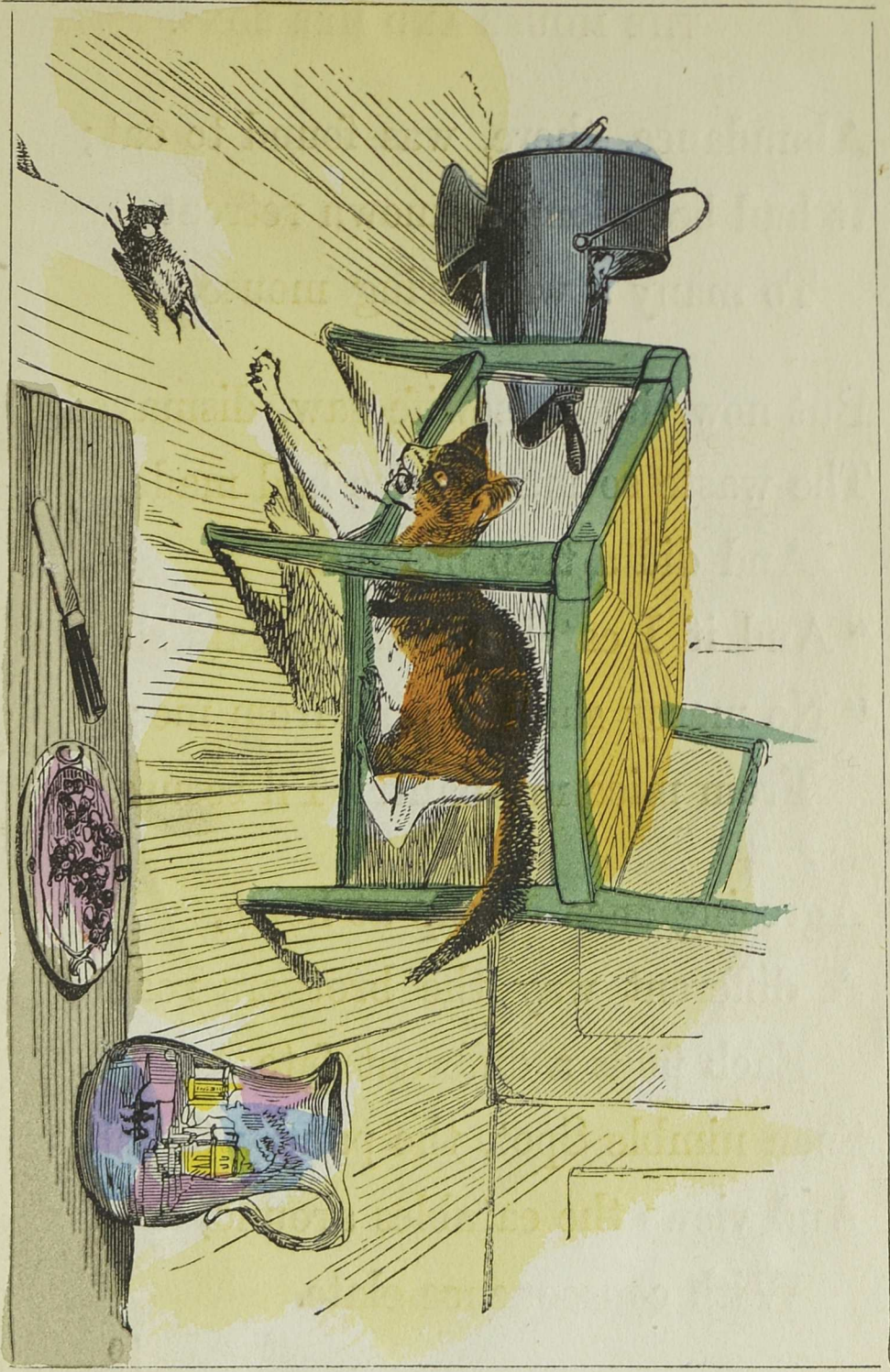
And of their mother little thought

While they abroad did roam.

One fatal hour, with spirits gay,

Far from their home they strolled away,

And reached a lone farm-house ;



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

Abundance, there, was found to eat;
It had been long a known retreat
To many a wandering mouse.

But now the housewife saw, dismayed,
The waste so many mice had made,
And did a trap procure.

“And if I catch a mouse,” said she,
“No mercy shall it find from me;
From mice my pantry I’ll secure.”

Agreeing once to sup at home,
A different way the brothers roam;
Each finds a different fate.

Soon nimble Spot, the pantry found,
And views the eatables around,
With consequence elate.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

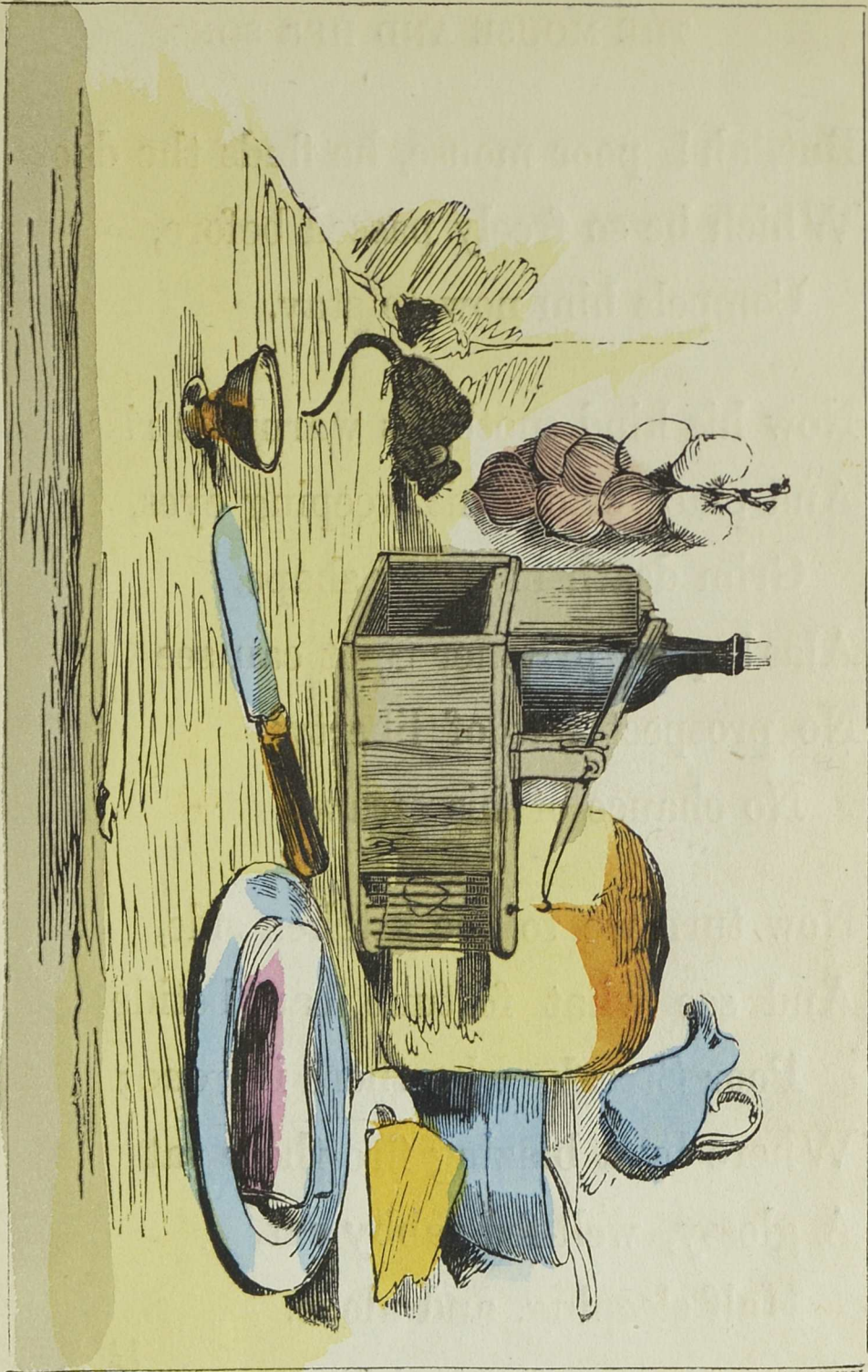
And in the midst a trap there stood,
Made strong with wire and with wood,
And baited with fresh toasted cheese.

“Dear me!” said the admiring mouse,
“What do I see!—a pretty house,
Constructed me to please.

“What silly things these mothers are,”
Said he, with a conceited air;

“What cause is there for fear?
This door is very high and wide,
Myself and twenty more beside,
Might safely enter here.”

Then in he rushed and seized the bait,
And soon the dainty morsel ate,
Then turned to go away.



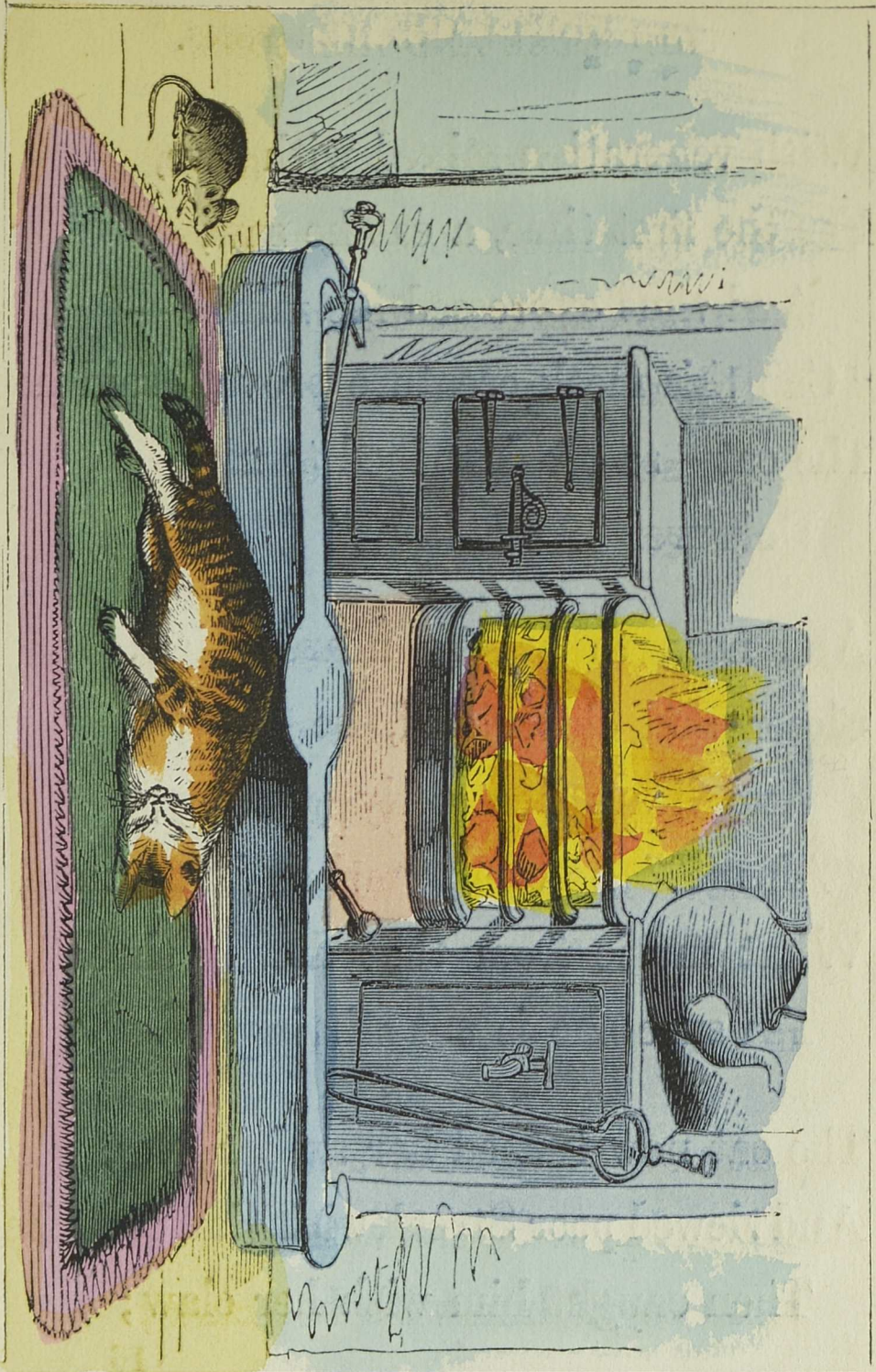
THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

But, ah! poor mouse, he finds the door,
Which he so freely passed before,
Compels him now to stay.

Now his kind mother's warnings rise,
And place before his weeping eyes,
Grim death in every shape.

Alas! poor prisoner Spot can see
No prospect left of liberty,
No chance of his escape.

Now turn we to the kitchen side,
And see what fortune can betide
Poor Streak, who there is gone;
Where by a blazing fire there sat
A glossy, well-fed tabby cat,
Half sleeping, and alone.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

With veneration mixed with awe,
For the first time, a cat he saw,

And thus expressed his mind:—
“Can this meek creature prove,” said he,
The cat—so oft described to me,—
Devourer of our kind.”

And now, to have a nearer view,
Closer and closer still, he drew,
And hears her softly purring;
“Ah me!” he cries, “what dulcet note,
What music from that downy throat;
I’m sure she is not stirring.”

The cat now turned her amber eyes,
And viewed poor Streak with glad surprise,
Then caught him with her claw;

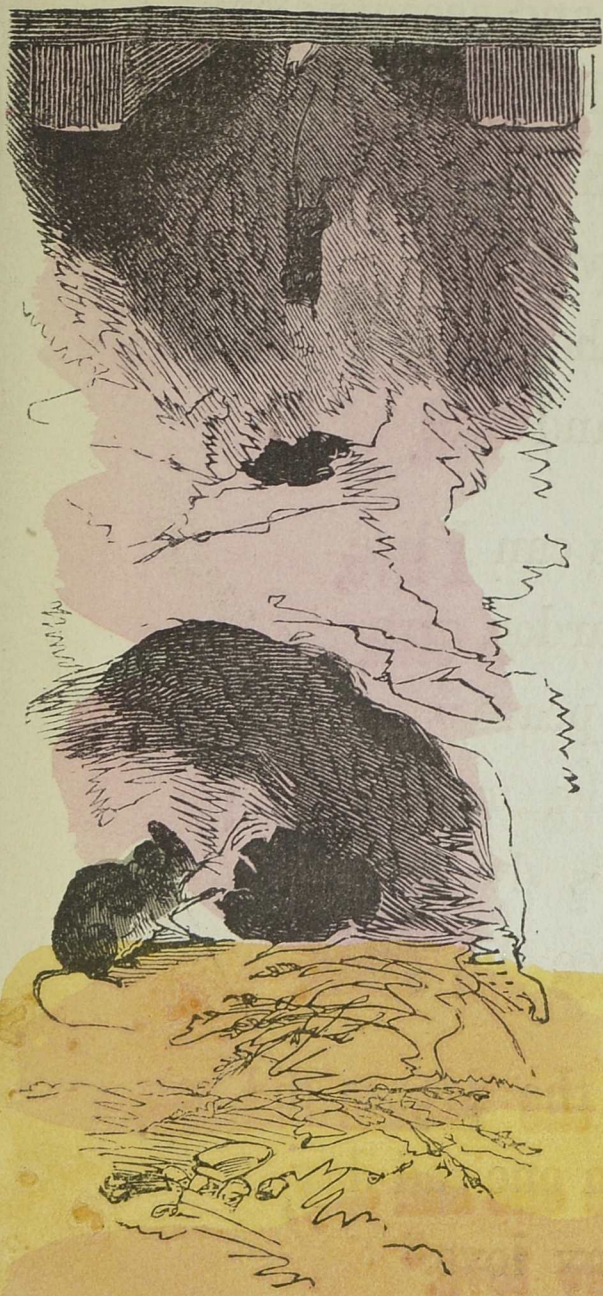


THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

Now o'er her head she whirls him round,
Then dashes him against the ground,
Or strikes him with her paw.

Now lets him run a little way,
Now claws him back in cruel play,
Or bites through his soft ear ;
At length, exerting all his strength,
He made a leap of wond'rous length,
And got away quite clear.

“ Why are my sons abroad so late ? ”
The mother said, foreboding fate,
And oft she sighed full sore ;
Just then she heard a mournful squeak,
And soon beheld poor wounded Streak,
Come crawling through the door.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

With falt'ring voice, and accents slow,
He told his little tale of woe,

And of his hurts did tell.

“ Oh! had I been advised by thee,
My dearest mother, then,” said he,

“ I had been safe and well.

“ Not many moments can I live,
My loving mother, pardon give,

And let me die in peace.”

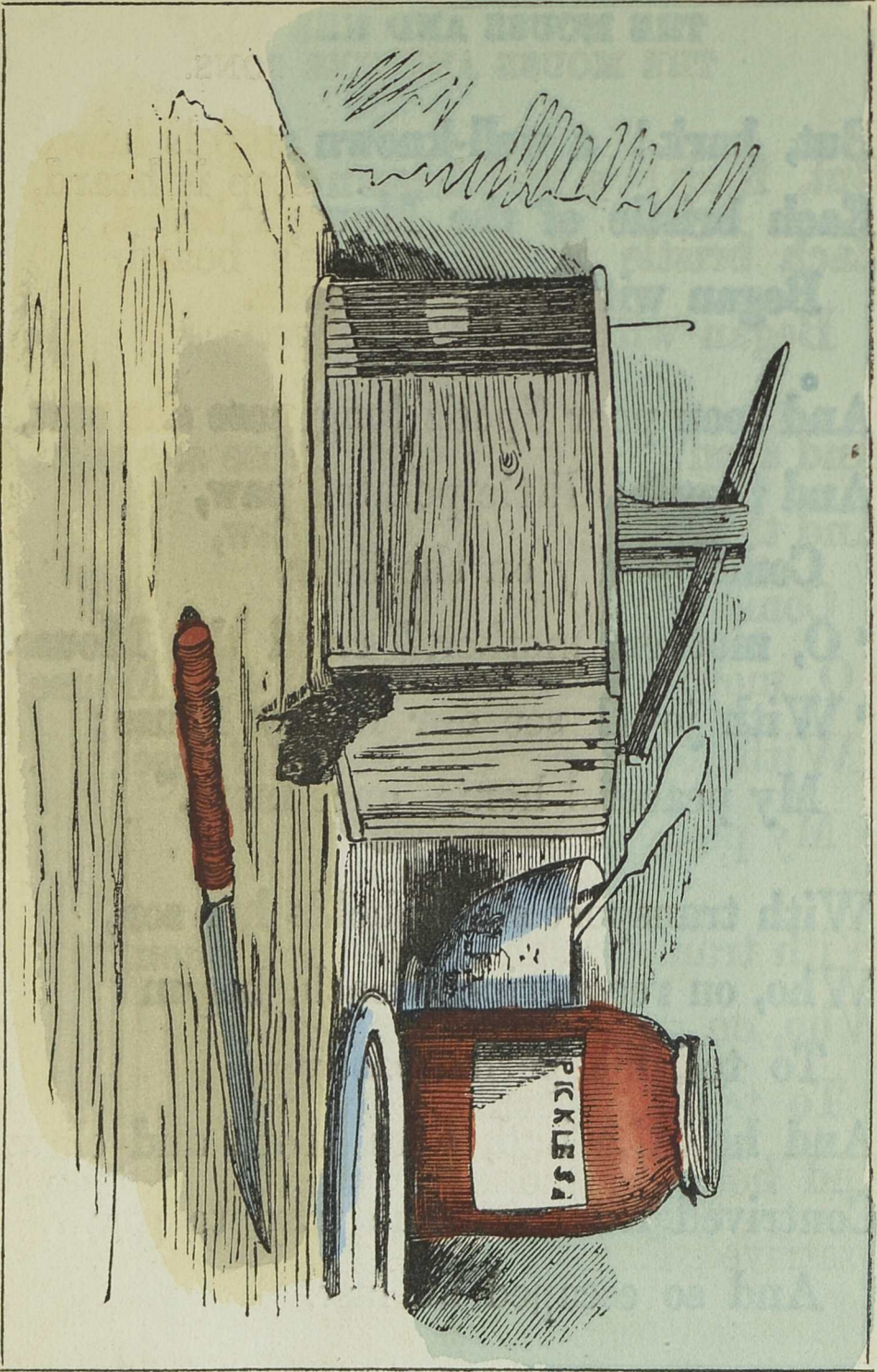
Full many a tear the mother shed
Beside poor Mousey's dying bed,

And soon his voice did cease.

“ Disastrous fate!” the Mouse did say,

“ To lose both sons in one sad day,

Dear objects of my love.”



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

But, hark! a well-known step is heard,
Each bristle of the Mouse's beard,
Began with hope to move.

And soon poor Spot's long nose she saw,
And then his little pointed paw,
Come gently on the floor.

“O, mother, mother,” cried the Mouse,
“With joy I see our happy house;
My peaceful home, once more.”

With transport she beholds her son,
Who, on recovering breath, begun
To tell his perils past;
And how he had, with tooth and claw,
Contrived from out the trap to gnaw,
And so escaped at last.

THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

MORAL.

If you do not attend to your parents'
advice,

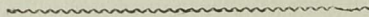
You may come to sad fate, like the two
little mice.



THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.

MORAL.

If you do not attend to your parents



You may come to eat like the two

END OF

THE MOUSE AND HER SONS.



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