

FUNNY BOOKS.

ONE SHILLING.



THE YOUNG RAGAMUFFINS.



LONDON: G. ROUTLEDGE & CO

181

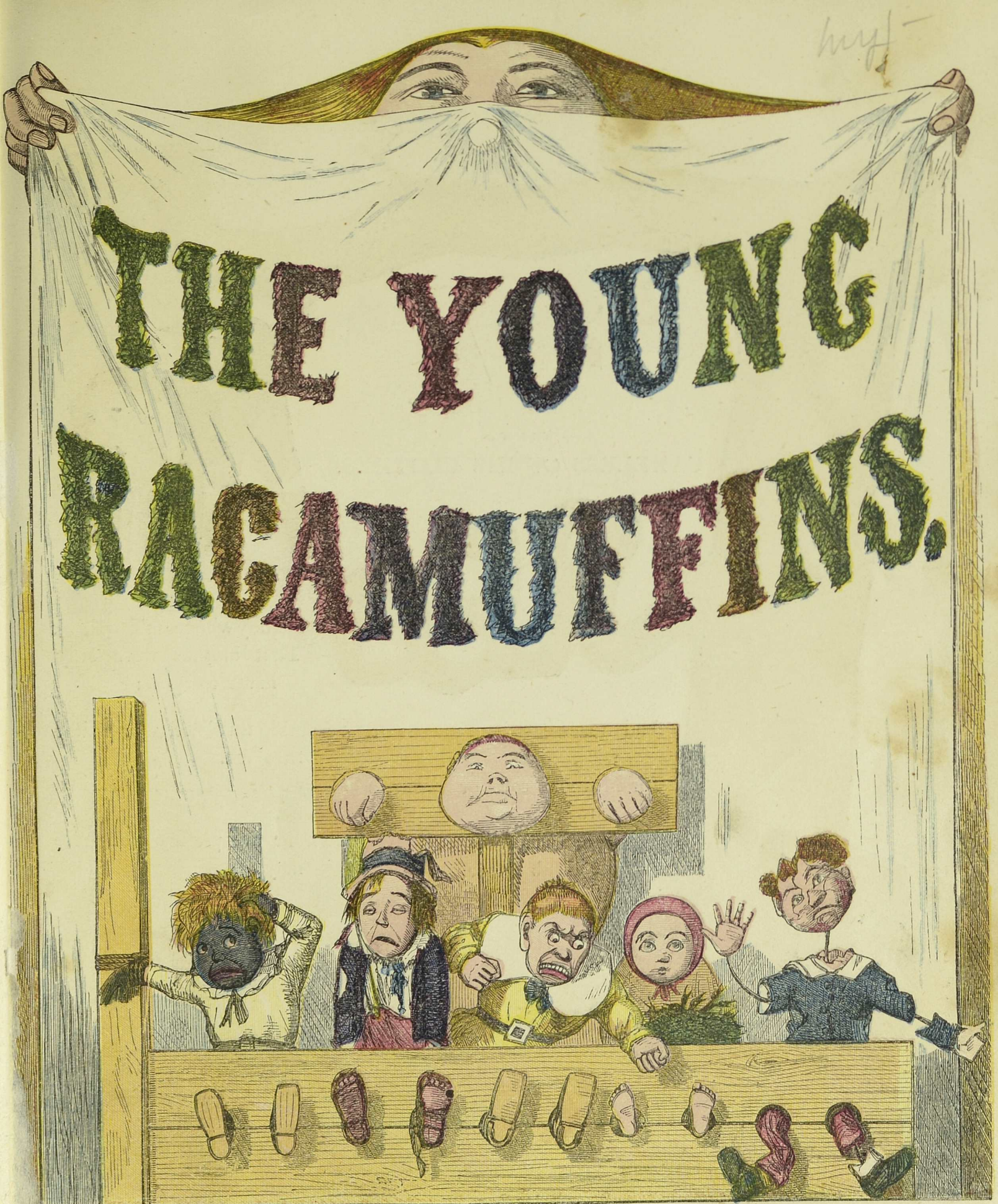
OSB
P
YOUNG...
[185-?]



THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

98BTONMW. 37131 013 243 175



LONDON: DAVID BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

THE BOY
WHO WAS
CARELESS OF HIS CLOTHES.



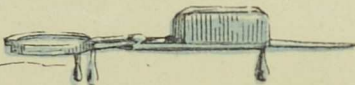
WREO

was a boy who seem'd to think
That clothes were only
made to spoil ;

And never cared a thought or
wink
For Mother's care or Father's
toil,
So he was free
To climb a tree,

Scramble thro' hedge or paddle
thro' lea.
Many sharp lessons in vain had
he,
ONE in the picture you here
may see.

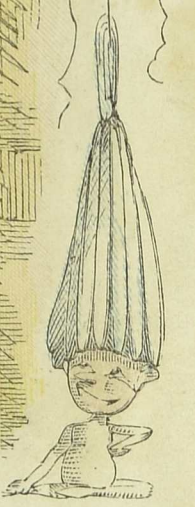
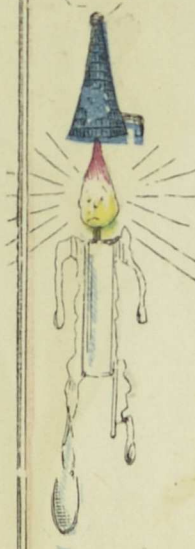
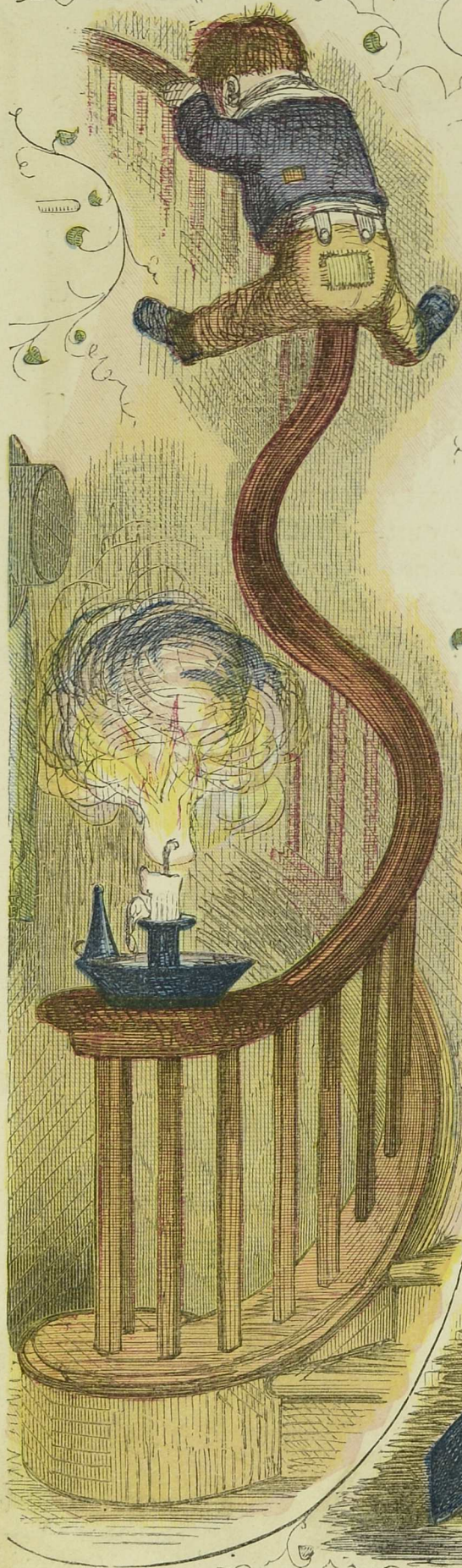





A famous trick of Master Fred's
Was sliding down the bannisters ;
Although it wore his clothes to shreds,
This to all others he prefers.

One night a light,
By some oversight,
Had been left by the maid on the ban-
nisters, right
In his way ; down he came on the flame—
and alight
Were his clothes in a second: just fancy
his plight.

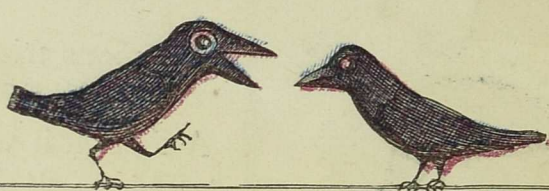
They saved his life, but all in vain ;
The lesson, like the rest, was lost.
At length Papa, in language plain,
Said that he really found the cost
Too high to buy,
Once a fortnight, or nigh,
New clothes, that in rags the next morn-
ing would fly.





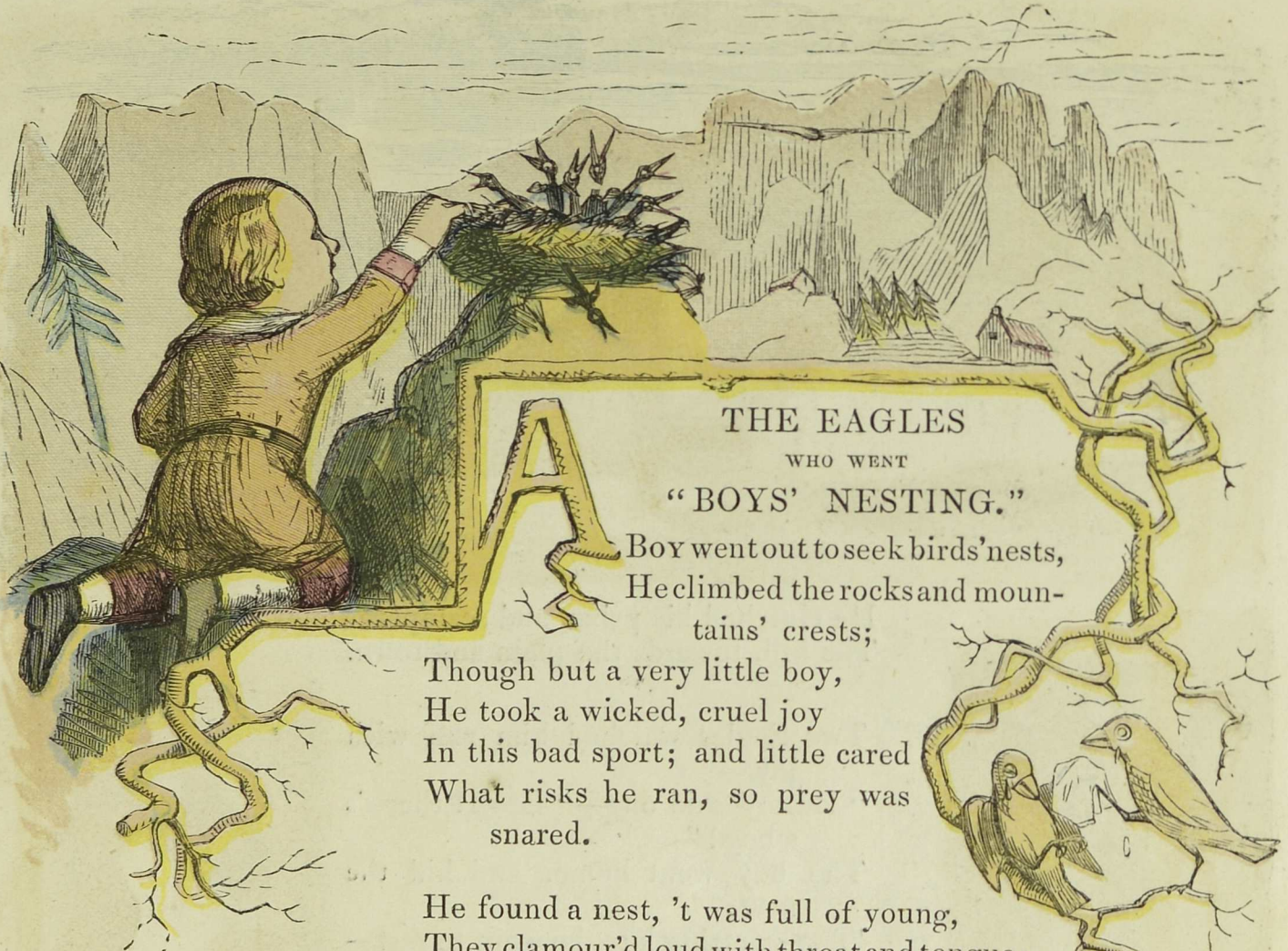
So Fred must go ragged, and street
boys cry
“I say, it’s November—look, there
goes a Guy!”

His parents quite to begging’s door,
Fred by his recklessness had
brought;
To earn them bread, if nothing more,
Employment in the town he sought.
“Oho! No, no!”
The shopkeepers go,
“We can’t give employment to boys
dress’d so;
You’d frighten the customers really,
you know:”
And the street boys christened him
“Billy Barlow.”



At last, when ev’ry hope poor Fred
Had lost of finding work to do,
One day a jolly farmer said—
“My lad, I’ve got the berth for
you.
Your clothes
And hose
Altogether compose
What I want—That’s a scarecrow,
to frighten the crows;
Deadly foes, you’ll suppose, to my
corn as it grows
In the rows.” So Fred goes, though
it snows or it blows,
Till his nose, with his toes, fairly
glows like a rose—
Being just fit for nothing but scar-
ing the crows.





THE EAGLES

WHO WENT

“BOYS’ NESTING.”

Boy went out to seek birds’ nests,
He climbed the rocks and mountains’ crests;

Though but a very little boy,
He took a wicked, cruel joy
In this bad sport; and little cared
What risks he ran, so prey was
snared.

He found a nest, ’t was full of young,
They clamour’d loud with throat and tongue;
No heed to this the thief
would pay,
But tore the nest and
birds away—

Not thinking how their parents, fond,
(Now seeking food the hills beyond)
Would break their hearts on coming back,
And weep and cry “Alack! alack!”





He clutched his prize, and scampered down
The hill, towards the plain and town.



Two Eagles watched him run with
joy—

“Hollo” said one—“Look! there’s
a boy!”

The boy went home, and hid the
nest;

’T was getting late, he went to rest—
(The fledglings, from their mother
torn,

Were dead and cold before the morn!)

He fell asleep: ’t was summer tide—

His window open stood, quite wide.
Scarcely had he in slumber dropp’d,
When, on the ledge, an eagle hopp’d.





The eagle slyly winked and beck-
oned,

And on the ledge then hopp'd a
second.

"Ho, ho!" they laugh'd in tones
suppressed,

"We've watch'd him home, let's
rob the nest."

They seize the boy with claws and
beaks,

In vain he yells, and roars, and
shrieks;

The eagles bear him through the
sky,

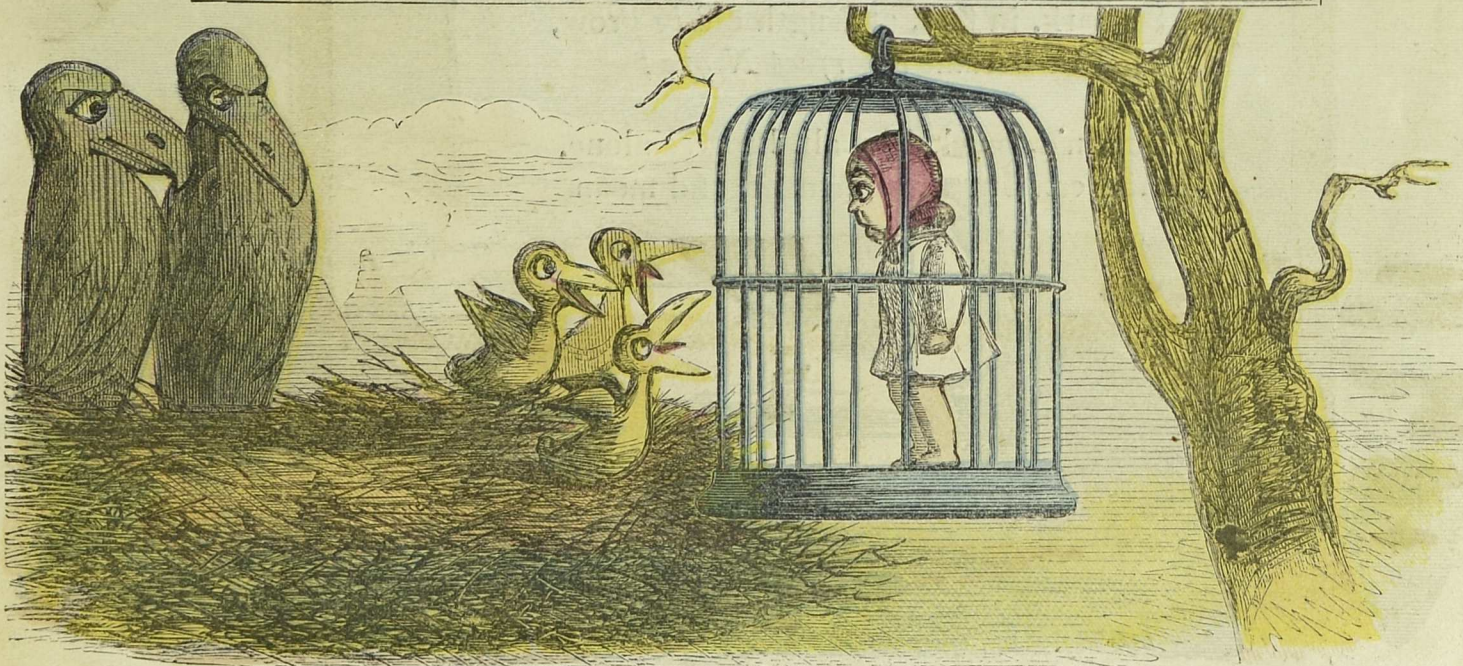
Up to the mountains—up, up,
high!

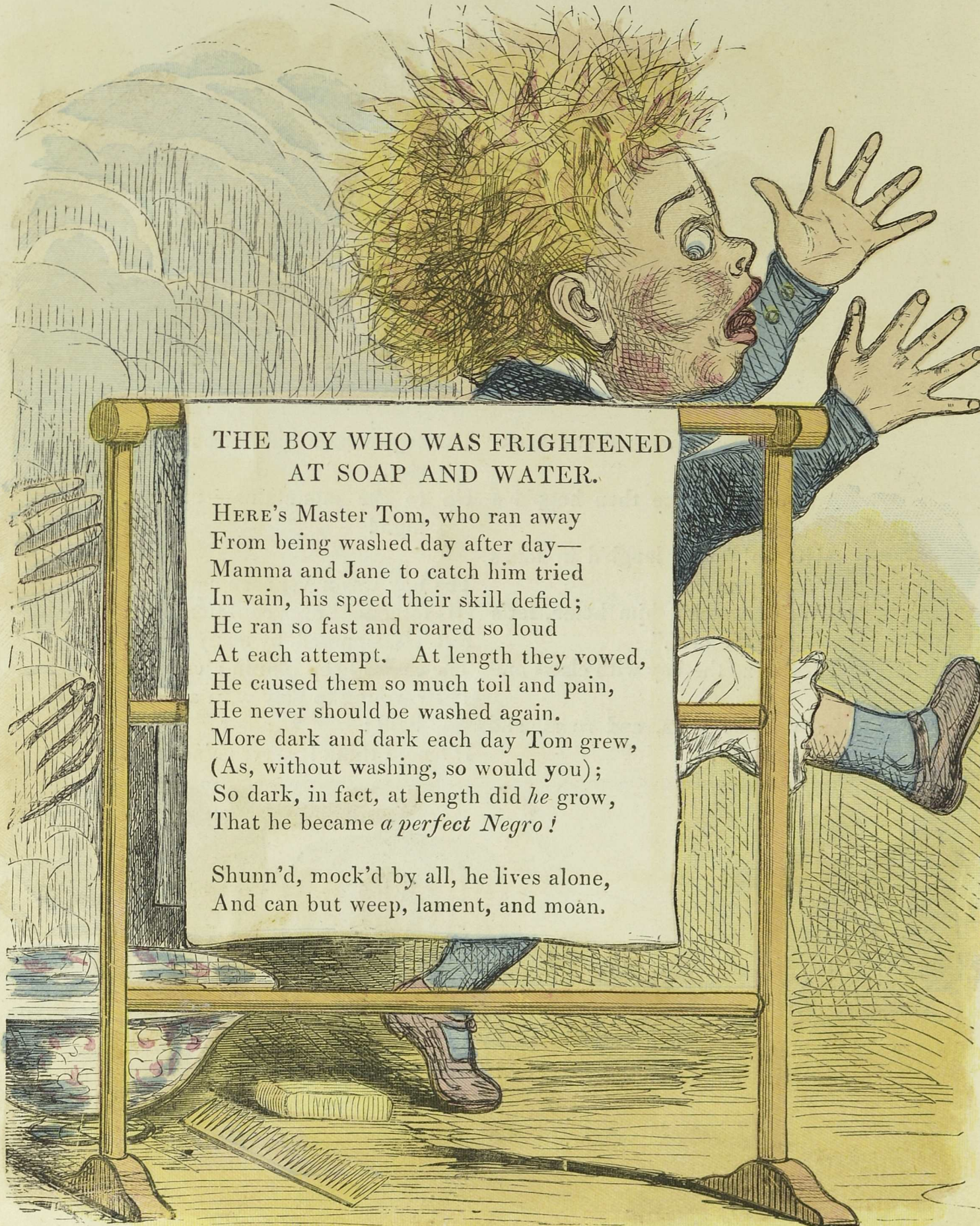
The boy was never seen again,
His fate, none ever could explain;

But 'tis supposed, by many a sage,
The eagles keep him in a cage,

Their young to play with and de-
light:

If true, I think it serves him right.





THE BOY WHO WAS FRIGHTENED
AT SOAP AND WATER.

HERE'S Master Tom, who ran away
From being washed day after day—
Mamma and Jane to catch him tried
In vain, his speed their skill defied;
He ran so fast and roared so loud
At each attempt. At length they vowed,
He caused them so much toil and pain,
He never should be washed again.
More dark and dark each day Tom grew,
(As, without washing, so would you);
So dark, in fact, at length did *he* grow,
That he became a *perfect Negro!*

Shunn'd, mock'd by all, he lives alone,
And can but weep, lament, and moan.

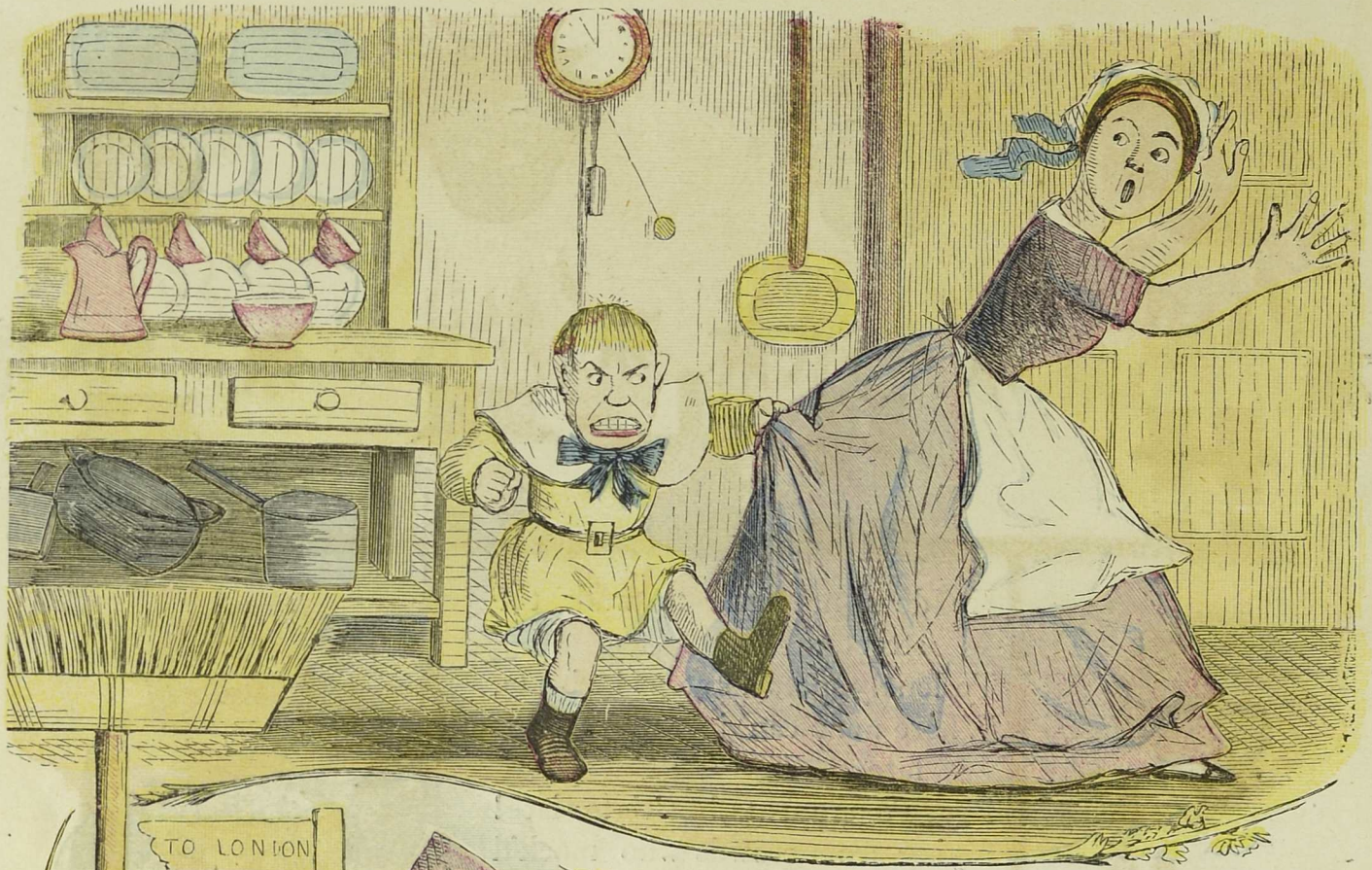


He does not dare to walk the
streets;
To lonely spots his steps he beats,
Where none can jeer him for his
fate.

Poor Tom repents, but 'tis too late!
Flying from crowds who mock'd
and teased him,

He wandered by the ocean wave,
And there some wicked pirates
seized him,
And sold him for a Negro Slave.





THE BOY WHO ILL-TREATED THE SERVANTS.

Oh, Master Ben! oh, Master Ben!
 How could you do it,
 To treat the friendly servants so?
 What you have lost you may not know,
 But soon you 'll rue it.

He kicked the nurse and tore her frock—
 Kind hearted Sukey!
 A stone at John the footboy's head
 He threw; and things most dreadful said
 To honest Cookey.

Sue corded up her boxes, quick,
 Not to be undone.
 Cook vow'd she would n't stop a day.
 John was already on his way,
 Marching to London.

"So, Ben," his mother said, "'t is you
 Away have driven,
 The servants who were kind and true,
 And to save toil to me and you,
 Have always striven.





“Without their help I cannot live;
You chose to scout them,
So for your conduct you shall pay
By trying for a single day,
To do without them.”

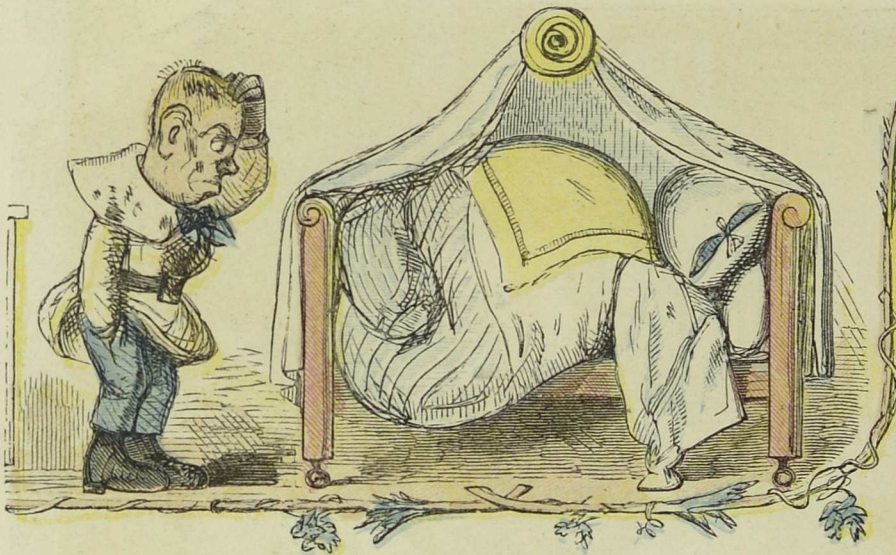
She left the house, and fix'd a lock
The garden gate on,
And so poor Ben was cast adrift
Alone, to try to make a shift,
Himself to wait on.

First, he had got to clean his boots;
But knowledge lacking,
He bruised his fingers with the brush,
And soon was all one miry slush
Of streaming blacking.

Next, there's his bed to make, but how?
In doubt, he lingers,
To know the head from foot he strives;
And then he runs to clean the knives,
And cuts his fingers.

But dinner! how to light a fire?
With wood and coal 'tis.
Long time he tries: 'tis burning now,
So is his hand: he knows not how
To make a poultice.

He puts his leg of mutton down,
'Tis burnt to cinder,
Black as the shoe upon his foot:



But oh, what mean these falls of
soot
And flakes like tinder?

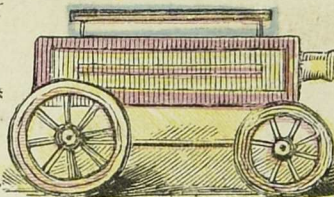
The chimney he has set on fire!
What's to be done now?
He cannot find the door for
smoke—

The stairs are burning—he will
choke:
Where shall he run now?

Hurrah! the window meets his
hand;
Enough to thank it!
He cannot stop, nor think of
heights,
But jumps right out, and quick
alights
Safe in a blanket.

And who were they that saved
his life?

Why, John and Sukey;
Who, when they had his dan-
ger learn'd,
Forgetting all, to help him
turned
With honest Cookey.





THE MIMIC.

WHATEVER Joe saw people do,
 He must attempt to do it too,
 However wrong or shocking ;
 And ev'ry word in room or street
 That Joseph heard, he would repeat,
 Just like a parrot mocking.
 I've got a tale to tell, which shows if
 You're wise, you'll shun the ways of Joseph.

His Grandpapa had come to stay :
 Joe watched him through the door one day,
 To spy what he was after.
 The good old gentleman he saw
 A snuff-box from his pocket draw,
 (Joe fairly shook with laughter)
 And take a pinch. "Oho!" Joe chuckles,
 "Into that box I'll have my knuckles."

Grandpapa for a walk went out,
 Forgetting in the room, no doubt,
 That he had left his snuff-box.
 Joe ran, inside the box to peep,





('Twas round and flat—though not
so deep—

Like baby's powder puff-box).
Not long to raise the lid he lingers,
Into the snuff he crams his fingers.

He took a pinch—another—three,
Like Grandpapa ; when suddenly

Poor Joey fell a sneezing,
So loud, he startled all the house,
Man, woman, child, dog, cat, and
mouse,

Naught stopping him or easing,
Till—Here my tale abruptly ceases,
The poor boy sneezed himself to
pieces.



THE GREEDY THIEF.

A GLUTTON! Fie upon the name;
 Who would endure the burning shame!
 Yet that should scarcely bring such grief,
 As being pointed out a THIEF.
 But I can show (though very loath)
 That being one may make you both.

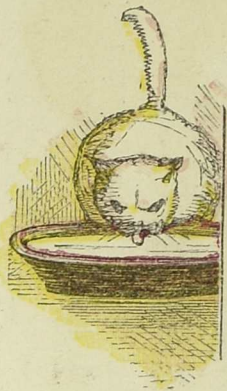
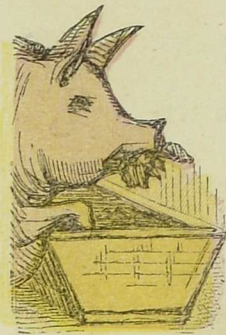
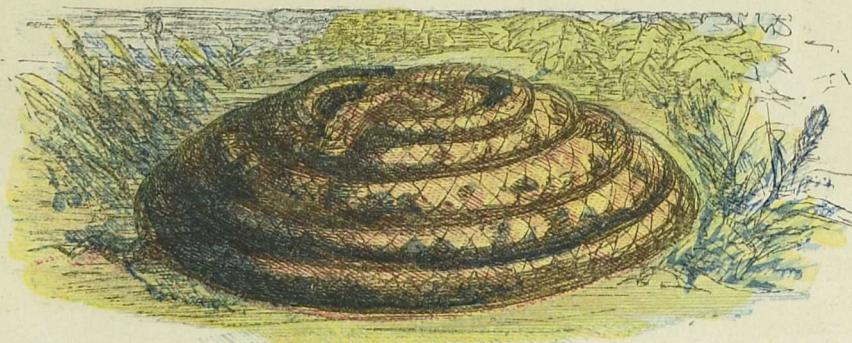
Peter had dined on quite enough,
 But still he long'd to cram and stuff.
 Mamma had just gone out, but she
 Had on the table left the key.
 "Oho!" cried Peter, "now I *can* try
 Some of the good things in the pantry."

He knew 't was wrong; but still he said,
 "I'm sick of puddings, meat, and bread,

Tea, toast, and coffee—common stuff!
 Besides, one never has enough.
 Here there are dainties—richer, sweeter.
 They'll never know it;"—so said Peter.

He tried the key, the door back flew,
 Quick at the dainties he flew to,
 Jams, pickles, tarts, cakes, currant wine,
 Figs, raisins, apples, custards fine,
 But all he chose to gorge and lick
 I won't describe—'t would make you
 sick.

Peter had stuffed for full a hour,
 To move he scarcely had the power;



NEW JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

In Fcp. 8vo, price Three Shillings and Sixpence each ; or with gilt edges, Four Shillings.

ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

With Engravings by the first artists. Cloth extra, gilt.

LIST OF THE SERIES, VIZ.:

1. Robinson Crusoe
2. Sandford and Merton
3. Evenings at Home (The)
4. Guizot's Moral Tales
5. Swiss Family Robinson (The)
6. Celebrated Children
7. Dawnings of Genius (The)
8. Voyage and Venture
9. Travels of Rolando (The)
10. Romance of Adventure (The)
11. Boy's Own Story Book (The)
12. Andersen's (Hans) Tales
13. Seven Wonders of the World
14. Rolando's Travels (Second Series)
15. Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Mrs. Stowe
16. Influence, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
17. Island Home (The)
18. Boys at Home, by Miss Adams
19. The Heroines of History
20. Guizot's Popular Tales
21. John Railton; or, Read and Think
22. Rev. J. G. Wood's Sketches and Anecdotes of Animal Life
23. Picture Story Book, 400 cuts
24. Esperanza, or the Home of the Wanderers, by Anne Bowman
25. Matilda Lonsdale, by Miss Adams
26. Hildred, the Daughter
27. Grimm's Home Stories
28. Wolff's Fairy Tales
29. Old Tales for the Young
30. Rev. J. G. Wood's Anecdotes of Animal Life (Second Series)
31. Ancient Cities of the World
32. Middle Ages (Great Cities of the)
33. Stray Leaves, by Mrs. Newton Crosland
34. Edgeworth's Popular Tales
35. Edgeworth's Moral Tales
36. Edgeworth's Parent's Assistant
37. Edgeworth's Early Lessons
38. Castaways (The), by A. Bowman
39. The Little Whaler (Gerstæcker)
40. Faery Gold, by Chorley
41. Oriental Fairy Tales
42. Our Feathered Favourites, by the Rev. J. G. Wood
43. White's Selborne, 200 cuts

In Fcap 4to, price One Shilling each, with Cloth Covers.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW TOY BOOKS.

With large designs by C. H. BENNETT, NOEL HUMPHREYS, HARRISON WEIR, &C., engraved and printed in colours by EVANS.

LIST OF THE SERIES, VIZ.:

1. THE HISTORY OF GREEDY JEM AND HIS SEVEN BROTHERS. By C. H. BENNETT.
2. THE FARM YARD. By MISS BOWMAN. Illustrated by HARRISON WEIR.
3. THE FAITHLESS PARROT. By C. H. BENNETT.
4. A LITTLE GIRL'S VISIT TO A FLOWER GARDEN. Illustrated by NOEL HUMPHREYS.
5. THE FROG THAT WOULD A WOONG GO. By C. H. BENNETT.
6. A LAUGHTER BOOK FOR CHILDREN. With PICTURES.
7. NAUGHTY BOYS AND GIRLS. With PICTURES.

An Edition of the above, printed in Colours on Cloth, with Cover printed in Colours, and bound, can also be had, price EIGHTEENPENCE each.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO., FARRINGDON STREET.