



*London, J. L. Marks.*



PAUL PRY'S

# MAGIC LANTERN



## THE CRIER.

OH yes! oh yes! oh yes! this is to give notice, that the famous Mr. *Paul Pry* has just arrived in town with his wonderful *Magic Lantern*, containing the rarest collection of odd, funny, whimsical, frightful and curious matters, that ever was seen in any part of the world; and for the benefit of all good little boys and girls, he is going to exhibit it at the charge of one half-penny



Mr. PAUL PRY.

Good morning my little dears—  
I hope I don't intrude—I believe  
you all know me—I'm the famous  
Mr. Paul Pry. Now, between you  
and I—I've been on my travels, I'm  
not at all curious, you know; but  
when I saw anything very odd, or  
funny, I couldn't help packing it up  
so I've brought home such a collec-  
tion—but I'm sure you'll all like to  
see it, and so here it is, packed up  
in my Magic Lantern.



## SCARAMOUCH.

The first I shall show you is the celebrated *Scaramouch*—Only look at his mouth, and his teeth, and his eyes, and his ears! Isn't he a beauty? See how he grins—that's because he's glad to see you all—between you and I, that fine dress, that makes him look so smart, cost me a great deal of money, It was made for him by Timothy Cabbage the Tailor in Cloth Fair; and he managed to crib a great coat and a pair of trowsers for himself.



## MR. PUNCH,

Who have we next? Why, I declare, here is our old friend, *Mr. Punch*. How d'ye do, Mr. Punch? 'Pretty well, thankye, Mr. Pry.'—What's that poker in your hand for, Mr. Punch? 'To beat my wife, Mr. Pry? Fie, Mr. Punch! Shocking, shocking, Mr. Punch; you must not beat her you know. 'I will if I like, Mr. Pry; for she thumped my hump with the broom, and pinched my pretty nose with the tongs.—Rooty-tooty-too!'



### MRS. JUDY.

Now here comes *Mrs. Judy*; let's hear what she has to say. Good morning, Judy. 'Judy, indeed! I think you might have learnt better manners, Mr. Pry, than to call a lady out of her name! You wouldn't like a thump with the tongs, I dare say.' My dear Mrs. Judy, I beg a thousand pardons; I assure you, I am quite happy to see you looking so well! 'You're very polite, Mr. Pry; I wish my Punch was handsome.'



## SHALLABALLOO QUACKEROO.

The next is the wonderful *Shal-laballoo Quackeroo*, the King of the Serpents. I caught this surprising monster in the deserts of Africa, and brought him home, serpent and all, to amuse you, my little friends. He is just dancing a new-fashioned jig, to his own music, and is holding up his lantern to look for the tune. He feeds upon nothing but black beetles stewed in turpentine, and washes them down with poison and vinegar.



## NEDDY NEVERSIGH.

Well, my little dears, we wanted somebody to raise our spirits, and here is the very man to do it. This is Neddy Neversigh, who was born a-laughing, and spends all his time in dancing, drinking, singing, and making merry. See what a jolly, round, red face he has, and how he is capering about, with a long pipe in his hand. I'm afraid he's not sober; but don't tell anybody that I said so, for fear they should think I intrude,



## DOROTHY DRAGGLETAIL.

Ah! *Mrs. Dorothy*, there you are, with your bottle and glass, as usual, I see.—Yes, Mr. Pry, will you have a drop? No, and I would advise you not to take any more. Any more, why, I've only had seventeenglasses this morning. Indeed! but that bottle looks to have poison in it—you had better not take any more. Poison, Mr. Pry! why, if that's the case, I'll throw away my bottle directly, and never have another as long as I live.



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