

PIGWEEENEY THE WISE:

OR THE

History of a Wolf & Three Pigs.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

NINE PLATES,

DESIGNED & ETCHED

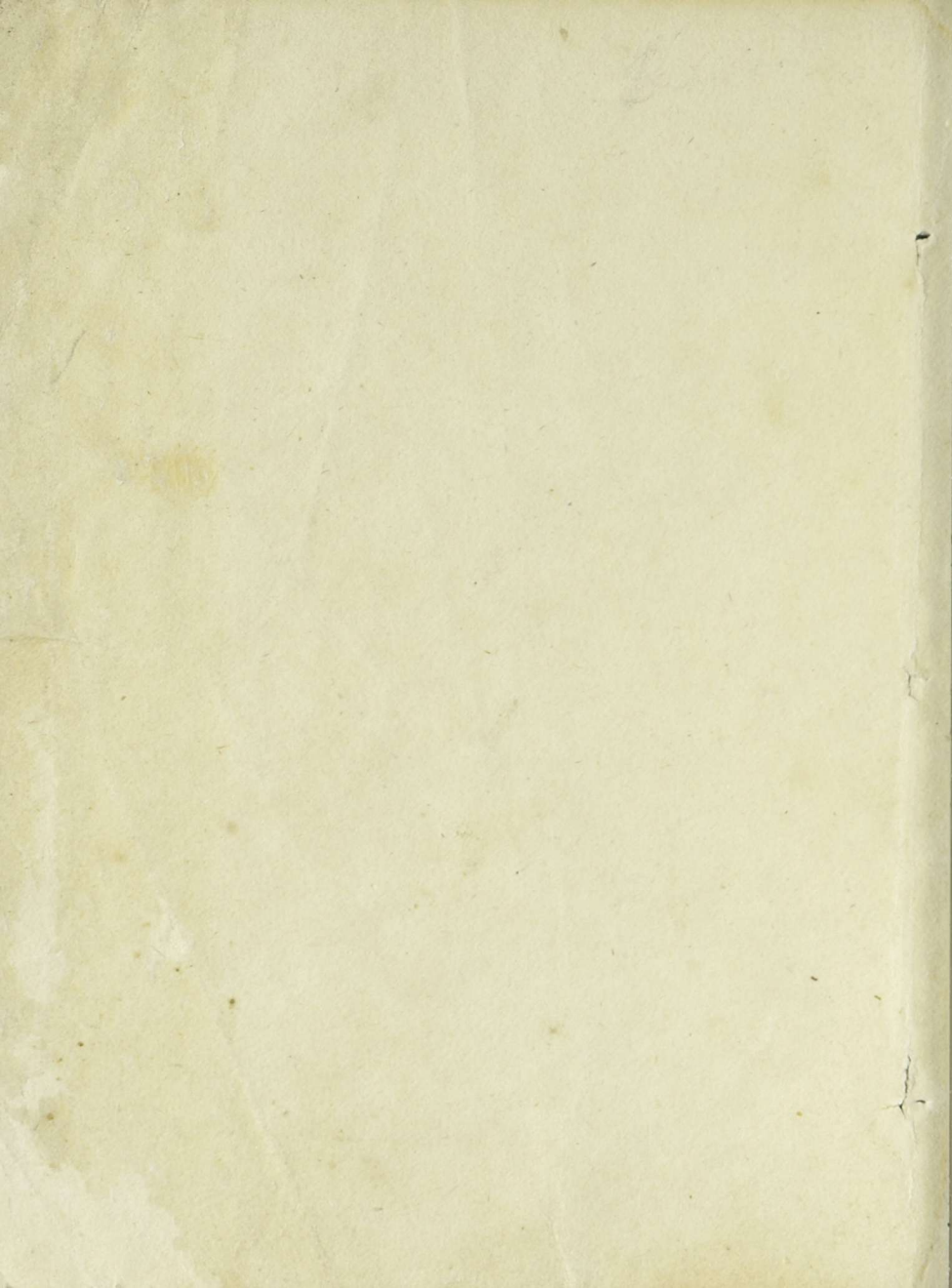
By I. S. ALPENNY.

Richmond:

J. DARNILL, HILL STREET:

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON.

PRICE 1s. PLAIN, 1s 6d. COLORED.





PIGWEENEY THE WISE;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

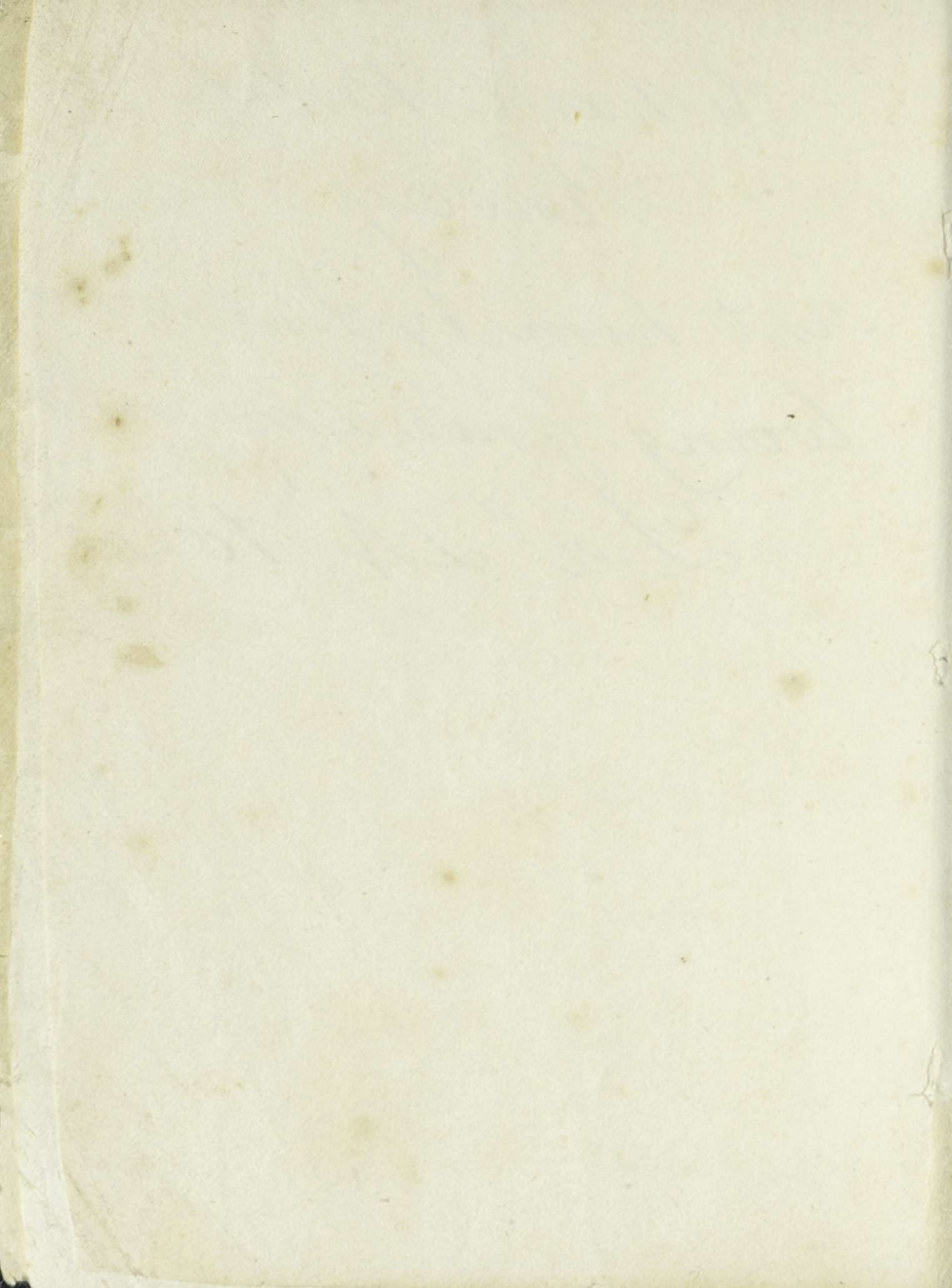
A WOLF AND THREE PIGS.

Richmond:

PRINTED FOR J DARNILL,
HILL STREET.

SOLD ALSO BY SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON.

—
1830.



PIGWEEENEY THE WISE.

A RESPECTABLE Sow was preparing to die,
And as she lay down, on some straw in her sty,
She call'd to her Children, three Piggies most
 dear,
Who observing her ill began to look queer.

“ I believe, my dear Piggies, I'm going to
 die;”

At which they thought proper to squeak and
 to cry.

“ So don't begin squeaking, and making a
rout,

“ But be, like Philosophers, callous, and bold ;

“ Who care not for life or for death, I am
told :

“ The Wolf may as well lay his claw on your
life,

“ As be stuck in the throat by a vile Butcher's
knife ;

“ And then to be sing'd from the head to the
tail,

“ Till you look like a *rusty, old tenpenny nail,*

“ And spitted—and greas'd—and put down
to roast—

“ Then serv'd up in a dish like a hot butter'd
toast !

“ Now, tell me, my Child,” to the *Eldest*
she said,

“ What House shall I build thee before I be
dead?—

“ Shall I build it of *Mud*—or of *Straw*—or of
Stone?

“ But in chusing these things I must let you
alone,

“ For the Fairy declared you must use your
discretion,

“ As if ye were Pigs of a *learned Profession*!”

“ I will have it of *Straw*—and of *Mud*—
but no *Stone*”—

The *Eldest* replied,—“ and live in it alone.”—

“ *My House,*” said the *Second*, “ shall be
built of all three,
“ Which will keep me quite safe, if the Wolf
comes near me.”—

“ *Pigweeney!* my Love,” said the fondest of
Mothers,
(Pigweeney was younger than either his
Brothers)

“ Come tell me of what I shall build *thee* a
House,
“ Of Wood, and of Wire, like the Trap of a
Mouse?—
“ Alas! I have no time to waste on a joke,
“ For my breath is so short, I feel ready to
choke!”



J.S. Alperin, 1877

“ Oh! build it of *Iron*—and build it of
Steel!

“ And make haste, my Mother, while yet you
can feel ;

“ For I know, by the curl of my tail in the
wind,

“ That the Wolf is preparing his grinders to
grind ;

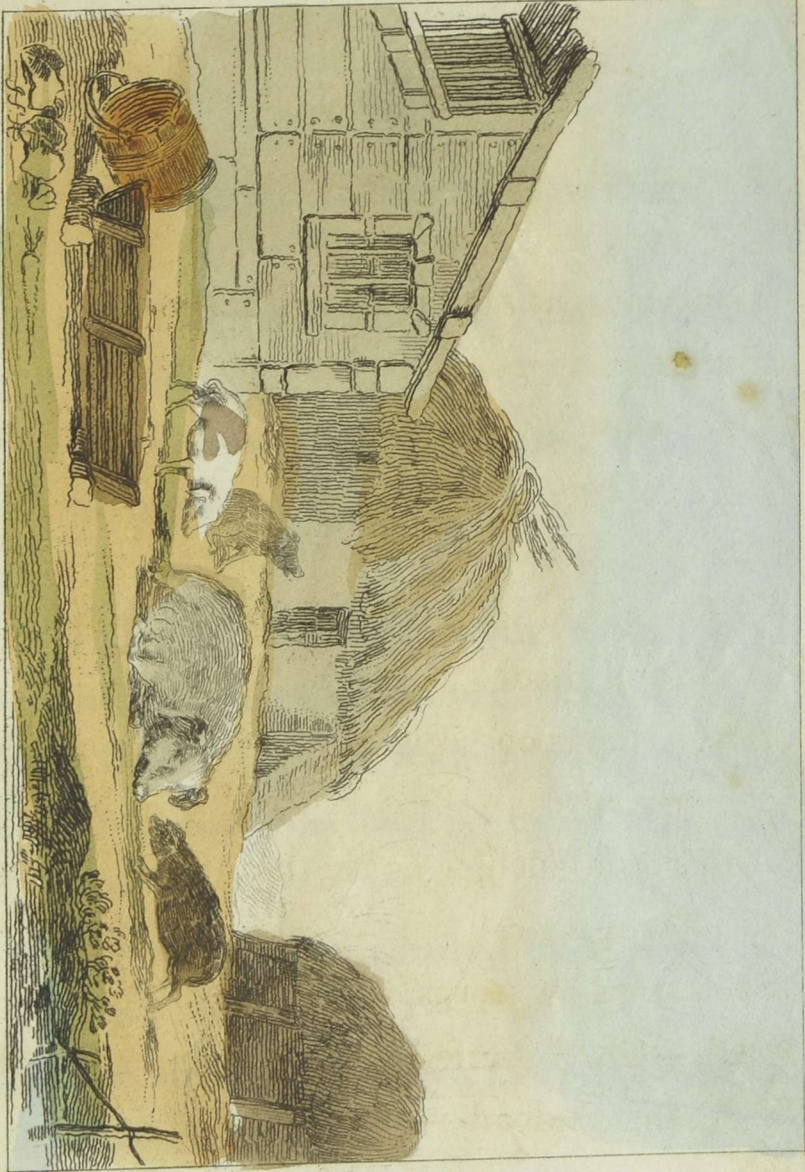
“ For he longs to devour us, by way of a treat,

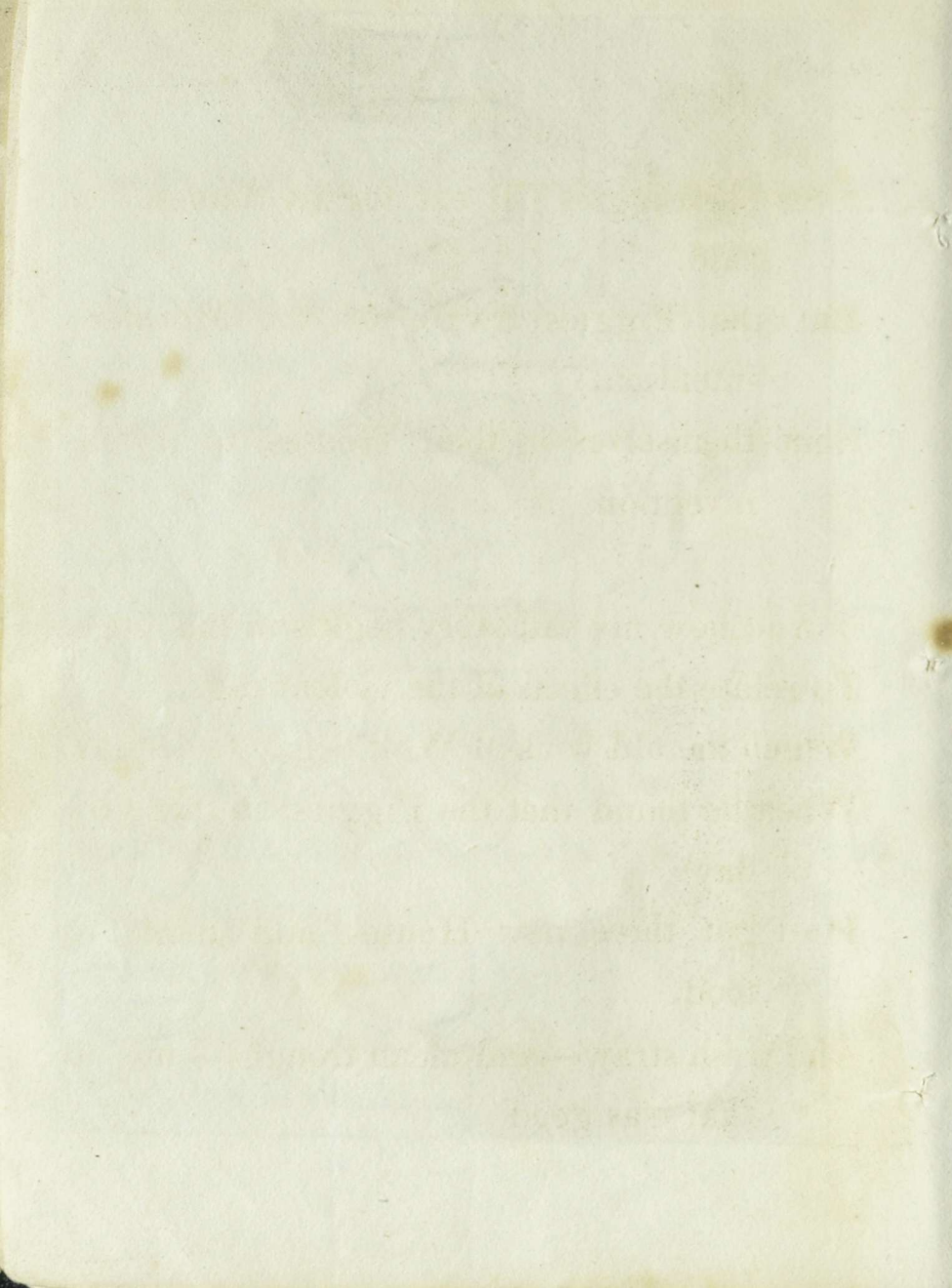
“ As he knows that our Flesh makes most
delicate Meat.”—

The Sow went to work ; and each House
in its place,
Was seen, before “ *Sol* ” had half lather’d his
face

In the *mist of the Morning!* which, between
me and you,
Is nothing at all but a plentiful *dew* ;
But in these *poetical—fanciful* days,
One must use the *sublime*, or forfeit one's
“ *Bays.* ”—

The old Mamma Sow, gave her blessing,—
and died.
Alas! the poor Piggies, they grunted and
cried,
And made such a noise, that the Wolf, who
was near,
Soon saw how it was, as will shortly appear.
“ Oh—Oh! ”—cried the Monster, “ the Mo-
ther is dead ;





“ So her Piggies I’ll eat for my dinner,” he
said.

But the Piggies aware of the Monster’s
intention,
Shut themselves in their Houses, to try his
invention.

And now my sad story begins in this page,
To relate the effects of the violent rage,
Which the old wicked Wolf began to display,
When he found that the Piggies, on that very
day,
Had got three new Houses, and plenty of
food,
And fresh straw—and clean troughs—and all
that was good.

He knock'd at the door of the eldest, and
said,

“ So my Cousin, your Mother, I find is just
dead ;

“ Oh! pray let me in, as I long to express,
“ How wretched I feel at your present dis-
tress ! ”

“ Indeed, I shall not, Mr. Wolf,” Pig replied ;
“ For my Mother declared, at the time when
she died,

“ That you only intended to eat us for
dinner,

“ Though *one* you would keep for your supper
—you sinner.”

“ Oh—oh!—is it so,” said the Wolf, in a
passion,

Provok'd, you perceive, at being us'd in this
 fashion ;

“ I'll *scratch*, and I'll *scrape* down your
 House,” he replied.

“ Pray do, *if you can*, Mr. Wolf,” Piggy
 cried.

Alas ! the poor Pig—how sad his condition !
 But the Muse, being true to a faithful tradition,
 Must declare all the sorrows of Pigs in dis-
 tress,

Whose woes we lament, but cannot redress !
 Imagine how great must have been his
 vexation,

When he saw his House down to the very
 foundation,

All scattered about like a Hillock of Hay,
Which you toss with your foot on a warm
summer's day.

No time had the Pig to reflect on his fate,
Or to try to escape from his perilous state ;
The Wolf soon devour'd him, as part of his
feast,

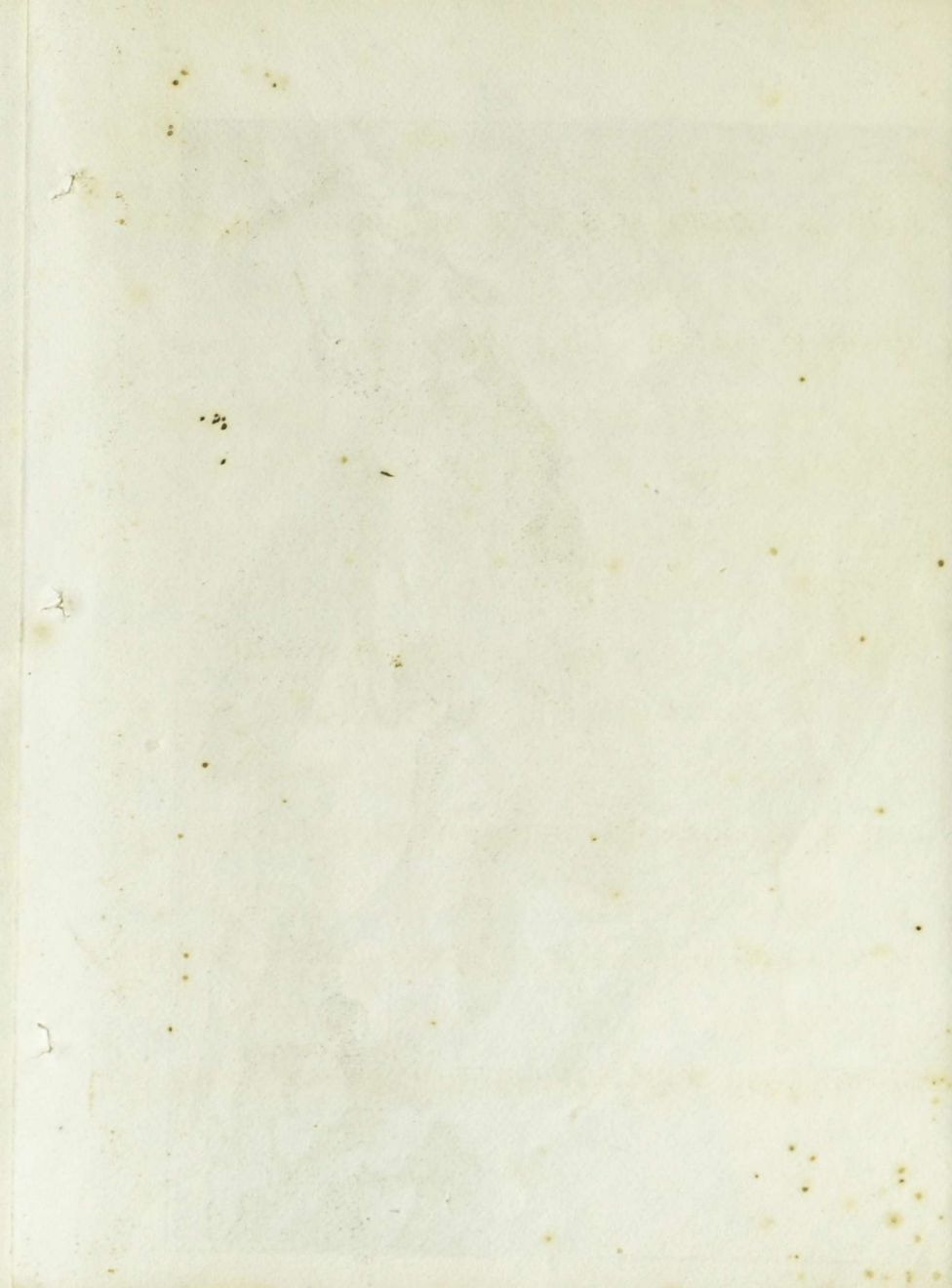
Then prowl'd to the House of the next, a vile
Beast !

He knock'd at the door of the *second*, and
said,—

“ So my Cousin, your Mother, I find is just
dead ;

“ Oh! pray let me in, as I long to ex-
press,





“ How wretched I feel at your present distress.”

’Twas in vain that the Pig most politely declined

To receive him just then, for indeed he had dined,

And was stretched on his straw, for an afternoon’s nap,

And could not get up to attend to the rap.

The Wolf, in his fury, kick’d up such a rout,

That the House of the Pig was *turn’d inside out*,

And the innocent Pig was devour’d in a trice!

For this Wolf had less feeling than Cats have
for Mice,
Who, sometimes, I've seen, in a frolicsome
mood,
Play gambols a while with their victims for
food.

The Sun was just set, and the Moon, in
the Sky,
Had settled herself for the Night,—when
the Sty,
Or the House, I should say, of *Pigweeney the*
Wise,
Was assail'd by the Wolf, who repeated his cries,
Of “ Ill *scratch*, and I'll *scrape*, and I'll pull
down your House,

“And gobble you up as a cat would a mouse.”

To work the Wolf set when he'd finish'd his speech,

But he found that *Pigweeney* was out of his reach;

For the House was so strong it oblig'd him to feel,

'Twas no joke to scratch against “*Iron and Steel.*”

When the treach'rous Wolf found the Pig was secure,

He determined to throw out a powerful lure,
To decoy this young Pig from his place of retreat;

For he burnt with revenge at his recent defeat.

“ Have you heard of the Fair, Pigweeney, my dear !

“ On the top of the Hill, which, to-morrow, I hear,

“ Will be kept all the day ?—I hope you will go,

“ And take me for your guide ;—pray do not say no,

“ To this offer of mine, which in Friendship I make,

“ For I love you, my dear, for your poor Mother’s sake ;

“ Do permit me to call to-morrow at nine,

“ If the Roads, and the Weather, be dry and quite fine.”

Pigweeney replied, behind his strong door,

“ Why really to walk is a *positive Bore* !

“ But I think, Cousin Wolf, I shall take your advice ;

“ As I want a new Kettle—a Trap to catch Mice,

“ A Gridiron—a Spit—and a Washing Tub too,

“ I’ll be ready at *Nine* to walk there with you.”

Next Morning Pigweeney arose with the Sun,

For his mind was made up to have excellent
fun

With this rogue of a Wolf—this wicked old
Sinner,

Who long'd to be munching the Pig for his
dinner.

By *Six* the young Pig, in the midst of the
Fair,

Was purchasing Kettles and Crockery-ware ;

By *Seven* his Goods were in a Wheelbarrow,

By *Eight* he was trudging in Lanes rather
narrow,

By *Nine* he was safe in his "*Iron and Steel*"
House,

Preparing his Trap to catch a vile Mouse ;

At a *quarter past Nine*, by the Clock of the
Church,

Mr. Wolf ascertain'd he'd been *left in the
lurch*;

For on asking Pigweeney if ready to go,
His pride and his hunger alike met a blow,
In finding Pigweeney had been to the Fair,
And was cleaning his Kettles, and Crockery-
ware.

“Pigweeney, dear Coz, I really shall
weep,

“If you will not allow me a look—a mere
peep—

“At the things you have bought : I'm anxious
to see,

“ How you manag’d so well at the Fair
without me.”

Pigweeney — Pigweeney — ’tis treachery
all !

Do not listen a minute,—obey not his call :

If you open your door you are lost like the
Sheep,

Who stray’d out of the fold for the sake of a
leap.

I’d relate all this story of innocent Mutton,
Devour’d by this Wolf, who cared not a
button,

For all their intreaties, and heart-rending
cries,



When he ate them as fast as Fish swallow
Flies !

But my Story is placed in a critical state,
While bewailing these Sheep and their tra-
gical fate.

The wise Solomon said, “take care of your
heart,”

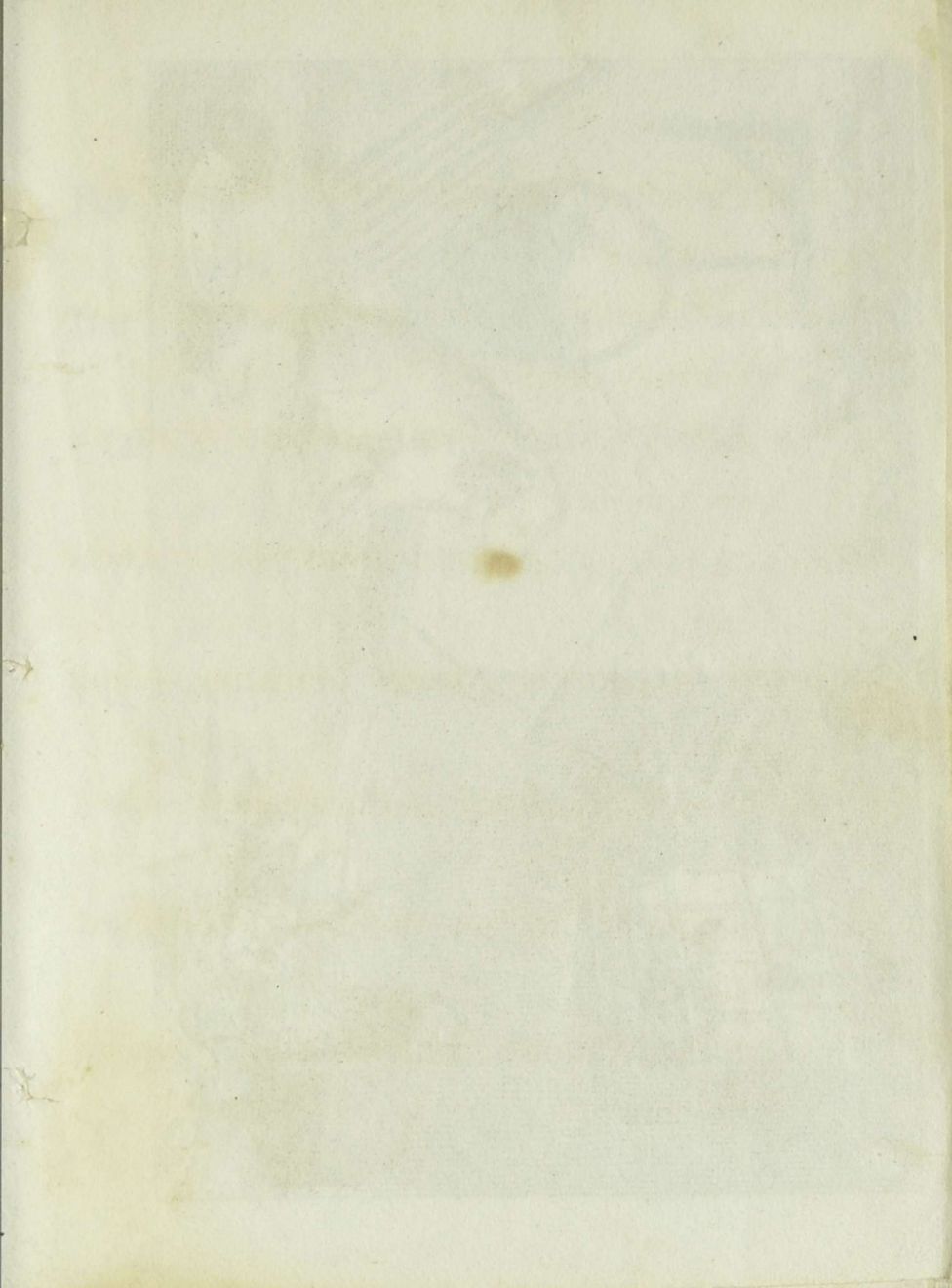
“For it oftentimes plays you a treach’rous
part ;

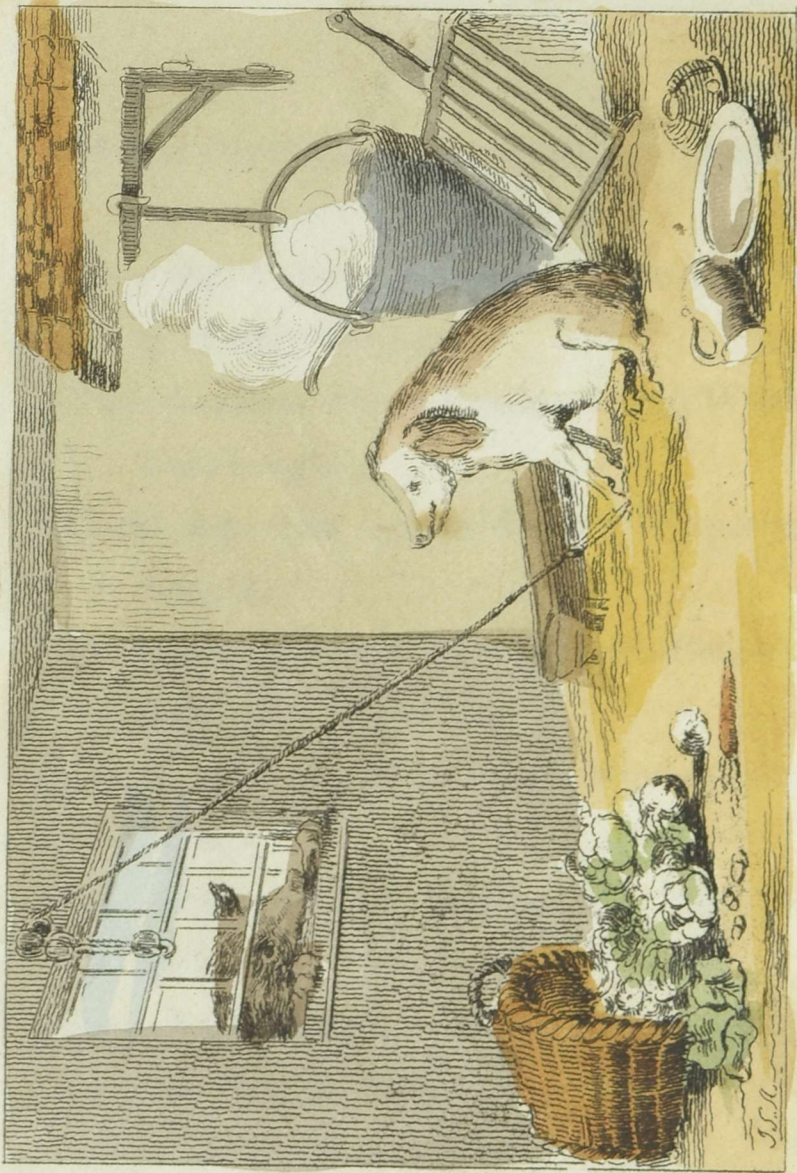
“And the head,” he observ’d, “was equally
bad,”

So between the *heart*, and the *head*, it is
sad,

To see what confusion and wickedness reigns,
From vices in hearts, and follies in brains !

When Pigweeney was humble, Pigweeney
was wise ;
When the Young grow presumptuous, how
soon they despise
All the Lessons which Prudence and Wisdom
have taught ;
Which Age has acquir'd from Experience
bought.
But I'll finish my Moral hereafter,—and
now
Proceed with my Story :—Pigweeney, some-
how,
Was persuaded to let the old Wolf just
look in,
Through the Window, which rested upon his
vile chin ;





For Pigweeney just rais'd it enough for a
peep;

But the Wolf began howling, pretending to
weep;

“ Oh my Chin—Oh my Chin! 'twill be se-
ver'd in two,

“ Pray let my poor Head in, I beg of you,
do!”

Pigweeney now lifted the Window still
higher;

“ It is breaking my Neck,” said the wicked
old Liar,

“ I feel in such pain 'twixt my Shoulder, and
Back,

“ That I verily think my Bones will soon
crack.”

The Window was rais'd to a moderate
height,

When in jump'd the Wolf!—the Pig, in a
fright,

Ran behind his new Gridiron, more dead
than alive ;

At this moment of horror! a Bee, from its
hive,

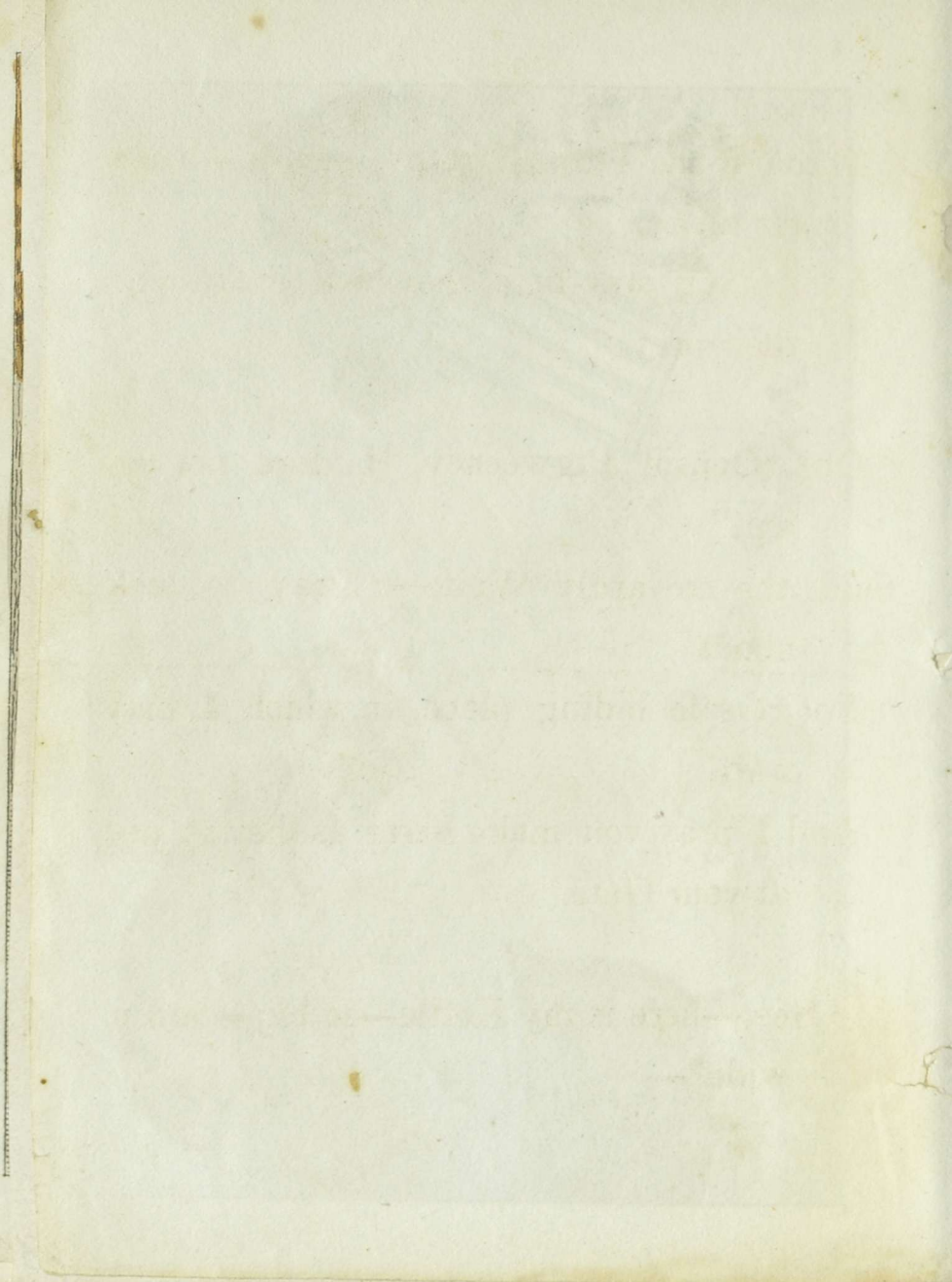
Flew into the Room, stung the Wolf in his
Eye,

Which Pigweeney observing, cried, “ Fly—
Cousin —fly ”

“ I see Huntsmen, and Hounds, at the foot of
the Hill,

“ And hark!—I now hear the Horn blowing
shrill





“ Through the Valley just by:—haste—haste
far away,

“ For if you stay here, they will make you
their prey.”

“ Oh! Cousin Pigweeney, I dare not go
out,”

Said the cowardly Wolf,—“ Pray do look
about

“ For a safe hiding place, in which I may
wait,

“ And I pray you make haste as they're just
at your Gate.”

“ See,—here is my Kettle—so big—and so
wide”—

Said the Pig, "in which you can easily
hide;"—

In went the Wolf—down went the lid—

"Stay there," said Pigweeney, "and do as
I bid,

"I will tell you the time when the Hounds
shall have past,

"Now, I'll run to the Window, and make it
quite fast."

'Twas not to the Window Pigweeney did
go,

He ran to the Fire, and beginning to blow,
Very soon made a Kettle of Water quite
hot,

"Then lifted the Cover, and into the Pot,



All over the Wolf, pour'd the scalding hot
water ;

For the Pig had determin'd to give him no
quarter.

When the Wolf op'd his Mouth to express his
surprise,

Down went the hot stream ! out went both
his eyes !—

He made a great Yell—stretched himself on
his side—

Hung over the edge of the Kettle—and died !

And now for my Moral ;—you'll own its
but fair,

That our Lives should command our particular
care :

And self-int'rest, you know, has its natural
source

In a love for ourselves as a matter of
course ;—

On this same opinion, a Poet, of note*,

Esteem'd for his sense, thus facetiously wrote ;

“ 'Tis self-defence in each profession,

“ Sure self-defence is no transgression.”—

* Gay.

FINIS.

The following is a list of the
 names of the persons who
 were present at the meeting
 held on the 1st of June
 1850 at the residence of
 Mr. J. W. Smith, in the
 town of New York, in the
 State of New York.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

From the first settlement of the
English in 1630 to the present time

OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND
FROM 1660 TO 1688

By JOHN MITCHELL

Author of the History of the City of Boston
from the first settlement to the present time

Vol. II. Part II.

BOSTON: Printed and Sold by
J. MITCHELL, at the Sign of the Crown,
in the City of Boston.

1764.

THE CHAIN OF AFFECTION, A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES. BY MRS. MARY
MORRIS.

37131 032 429 433

Rich^d B.

Rowley