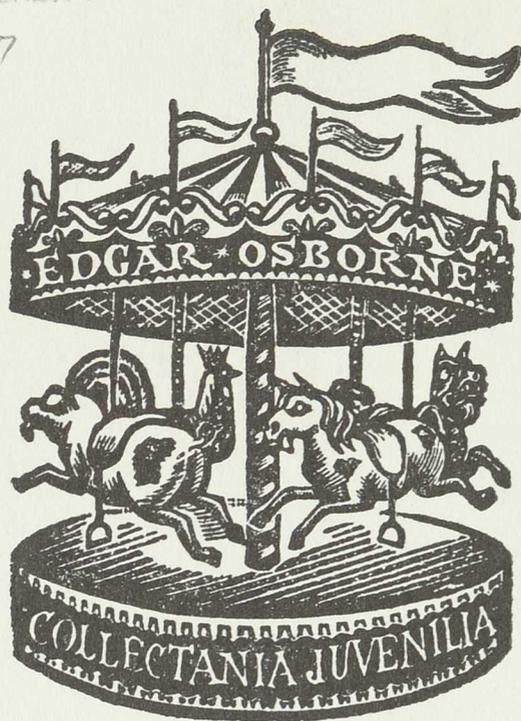


COMICAL CREATURES

A COLOURED PICTURE BOOK
For the Nursery

P. 100 fol
COMICAL...

1867



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*Mrs. Mary Gibson
From Miss Antman
With Cousin Fanny's love to
Godfrey*

COMICAL CREATURES;

A PICTURE BOOK FOR THE NURSERY:

COMPRISING

1. COMICAL FOLKS, THEIR DOINGS AND JOKES.
2. COMICAL CREATURES WITH LAUGHABLE FEATURES.
3. PUSSY'S TEA-PARTY; AND OTHER STORIES.
4. THE WEASEL FAMILY.

WITH

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

Printed in Oil Colours.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1867.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



Introductory.



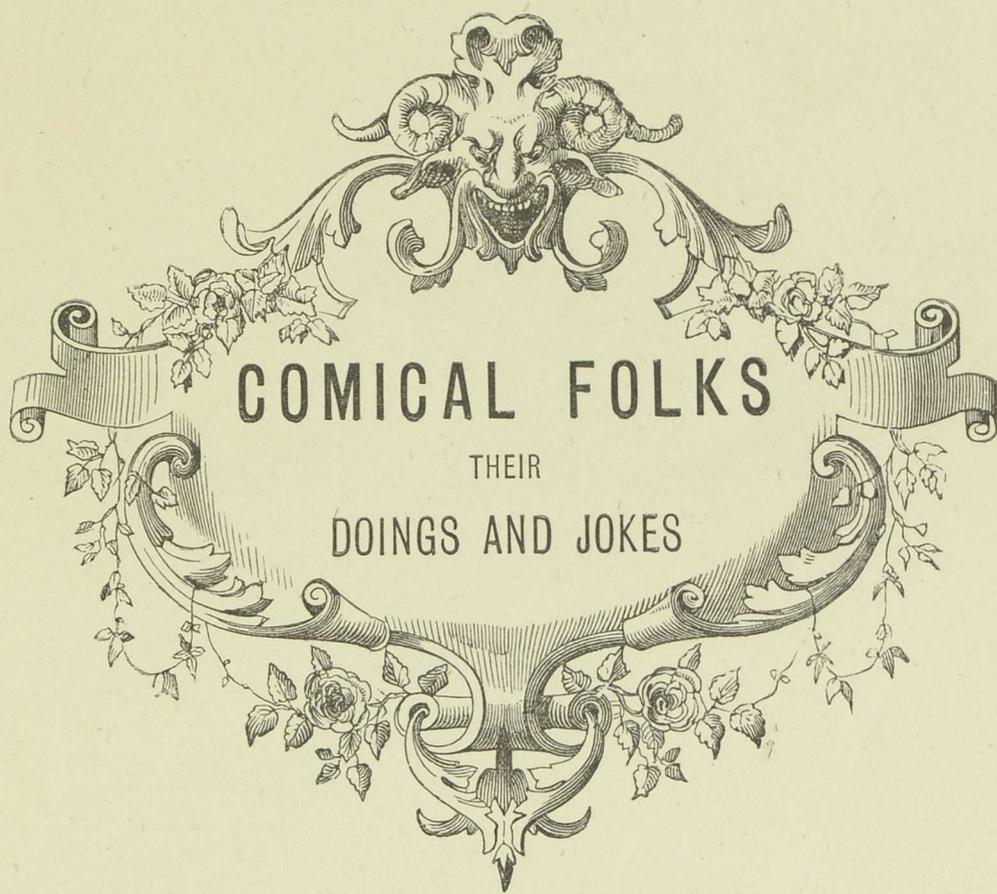
COME, children, and hear all the doings and jokes
Of a great many very comical folks,—
Bully-bird, the rich bachelor; sly Doctor Rook;
And Quill, the great painter, who such portraits took
They could *almost*—not quite—talk, sneeze, and cough;
And old Doctor Snipe, who—took people *off*!

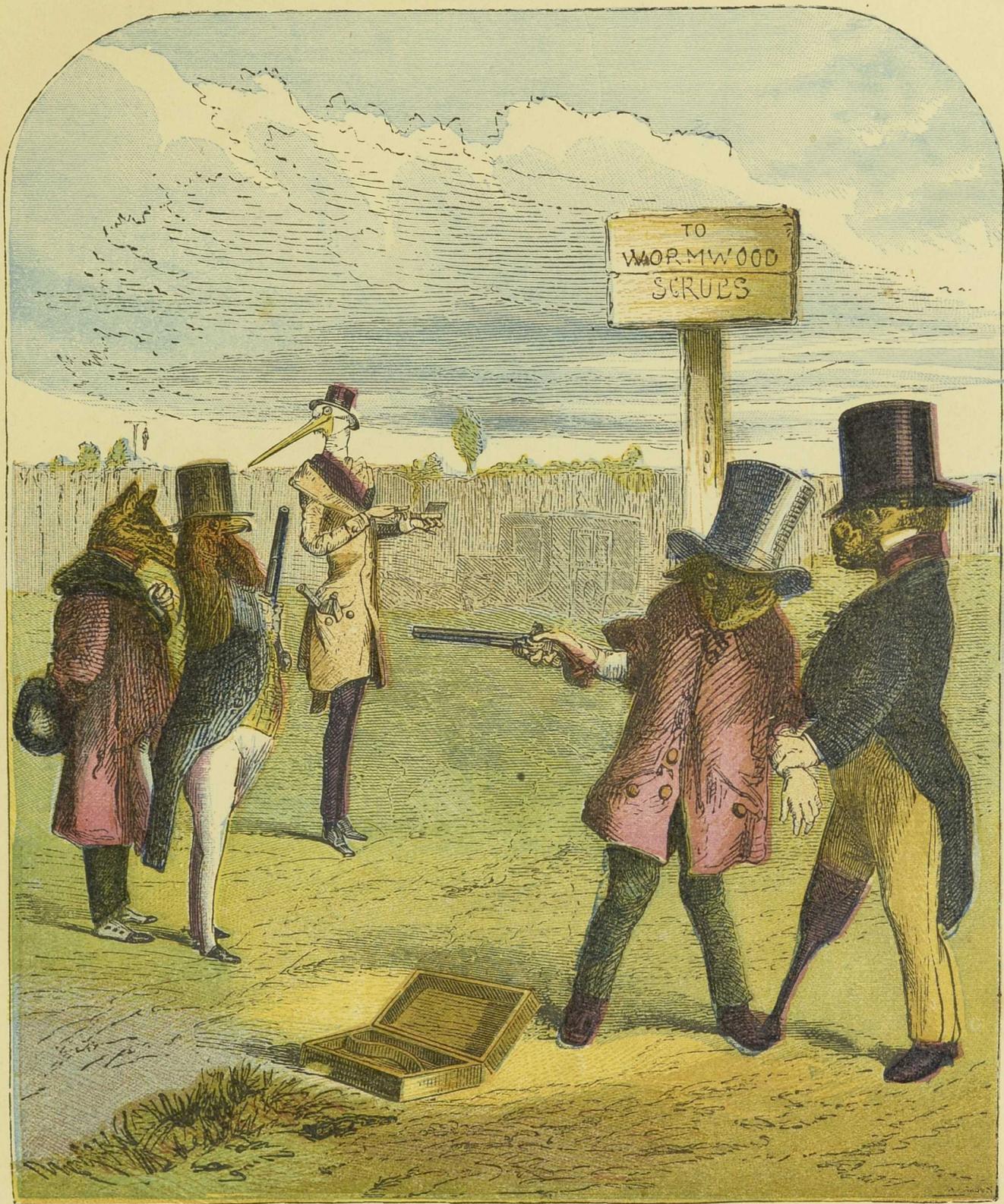
And then I will speak of the gorgeous ball,
Where Miss Zebu danced with Captain Bison so tall.
Well, the banquet was rich, and the spectacle grand,
And the music was played by a regular band;
And the company, brilliant, and happy, and gay,
Never left, I declare, till the following day!

And next how good Pussy, so trim and so sleek,
Gave a grand party only last week;
How Reynard the Fox lived in a dark den,
Where he fattened himself on a hare or a hen;
And how a dread duel was fought one fine night
Between the two Dormice, with swords keen and bright!

And lastly, I'll show you a Weasel chase,
And how the Rabbits ran a swift race,
And how Mr. Marten kept a school,
And taught the Hares full many a rule;
Weasels and Martens!—well, I never!
Who would have thought they were so clever.

So, children, draw your chairs anear,
And see what wonders I have here!





MR BULLY PUG NACIOUS and Squire Sligh Fox
Were on visiting terms with the Hares and the Cocks;
As seconds they came; Doctor Snipe, famed for skill,
The smell of his doses, and the length of his bill,
When he heard of the fight, kindly offered to come,
To kill, heal, or to cure, for a very small sum. [piece,
Young Hare stood his ground and made ready his
When the Doctor exclaimed, "Stop! Here come
the police!"



YOUNG Hare dropped his pistol and he took to his heels ;
But old Gamecock stood still till the Doctor's appeals
To him to remember his poor children and wife
Made him run from the ground as if running for life.
And then how did it end ? Why the very next day,
Gamecock went to London a short visit to pay,
And just by the Queen's Palace, P.C. 51
Took old Gamecock in charge ;—so my story is done.

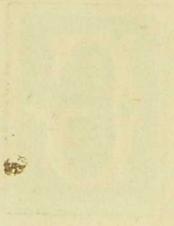


THE DUEL.

DOCTOR ROOK had a mother so old, it is said,
She had not the least sign of a tooth in her head.
To his mother the Doctor a long letter wrote,
And he spoke about several persons of note.
The long letter she read to her friend Justice Owl,
And she read that young Hare called old Gamecock
It pleased the old lady; but she was not aware [a fowl.
That old Gamecock was then very close to her chair.



AMBERG to Lovet: There a challenge was sent
And there with his father then for good advice went
Mr. Vulture, the lawyer, said: "Try me my boy—
Call again in a month, by which time we shall see
Which one kills the other, that I better can tell
What to do in the matter—good night—farewell
Said old Mr. Vulture: "Thanks, my friend, I will say
I think I've got my work, & you try, you can see."





G
 AMECCOCK to Leveret Hare a challenge soon sent ;
 And Hare with his father then for good advice went.
 Mr. Vulture, the lawyer, said, “ Pay me my fee,—
 Call again in a month, by which time we shall see
 Which one kills the other, then I better can tell
 What to do in the matter—good-morning—farewell !”
 Said old Mr. Hare, “ Thanks, sir, that counsel will suit ;
 I think, Leveret my son, if you try, you can shoot.”



THE LIMNER.



MY name is Quill, I portraits take ;
 Coarse faces, mild and fair I make ;
 A tiger, both in heart and feature,
 I make a gentle-looking creature ;
 A mischief-making jackanapes
 Looks wondrous wise, and bows and scrapes ;
 The lion for a lamb might pass,
 And very learned looks the ass.



THE SHOWMAN.



ALL sorts of animals we see
In every crowd ;
Folks of high and of low degree—
The mean—the proud—
Odd fish—strange birds—and beasts of prey,
Are gathered there :
The Showman bows, and begs that they
Some pence will spare.



OLD BULLYBIRD.



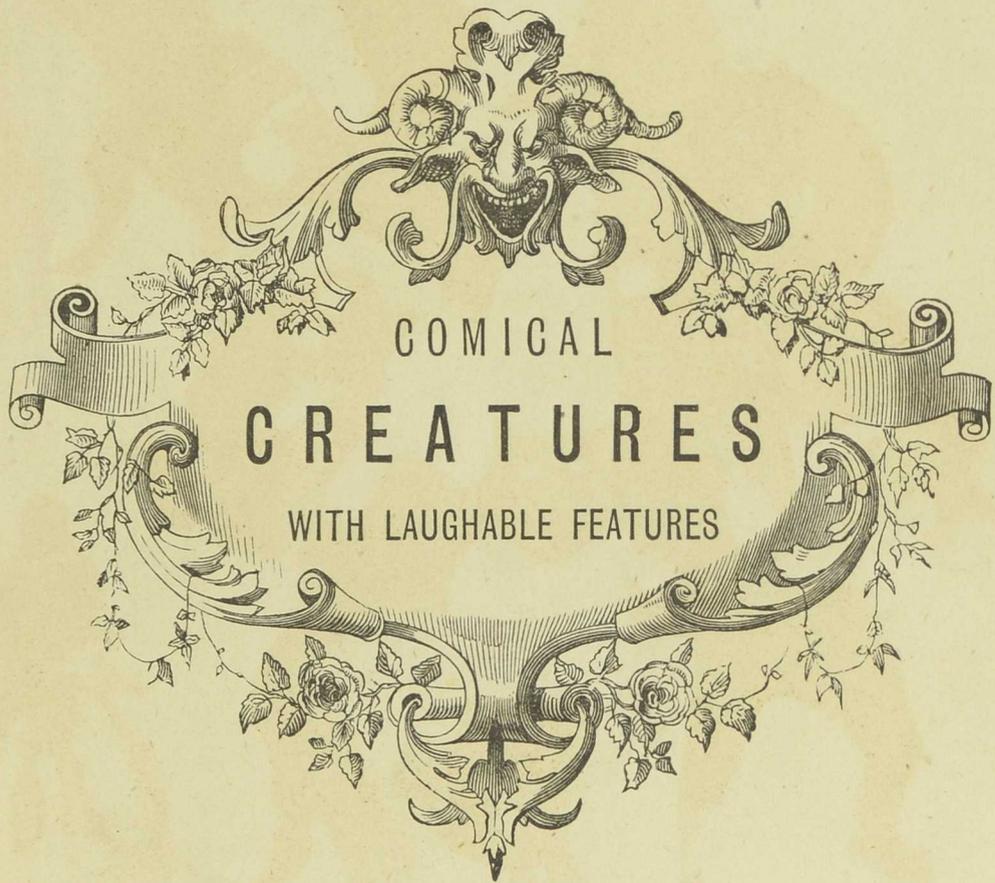
BULLYBIRD the batchelor, never had a wife—
 Walks about the country, and leads an easy life—
 Has no end of relatives, all with diff'rent names ;
 But Bullybird is rich, each one his kindred claims.
 He likes his cousin Waddle—calls her “ pretty duck ;
 With her he struts about, just like a youthful buck.
 His nephews and nieces are fond of play and noise ;
 He takes them out walking, and buys them lots of toys.



STUFFED ANIMALS.



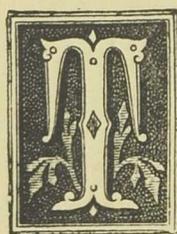
At the Great Exhibition—the first one, I mean—
 Stuffed animals brought from abroad could be seen.
 They were viewed by stuffed animals six days a week;
 Yes, by animals stuffed, and yet able to speak!
 All people are animals, you very well know;
 And some are in their ways like dumb creatures also.
 Their food is their stuffing, or their stuffing is pride;
 And all sensible people such creatures deride.





THE BALL.

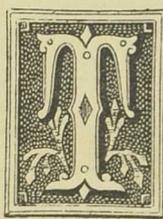
LORD LYON DASHER lived in state;
His looks were fierce, his wealth was great;
His wife deserved as queen to reign,
He said, because she ruled his mane.
She kept her tiger and her horse;
She knew both Wolfe and Will-by-Force;
And all the animals declare
Her lord and her a well matched pair.



THEIR cousins lived not far away—
A very comely pair were they;
They dressed in fur, they fed on mice,
And never asked about the price.
Lord Lyon sent to them one day
A message by his footman Gray,
Inviting them to feast and ball,
On Tuesday night at Dasher Hall.



WITH Captain Bison, stout and tall,
Miss Zebu went to grace the ball.
She took the gallant Captain's arm,
And just by Pig and Peacock Farm,
Before them, in full dress, they saw
Admiral Chataway Macaw.
He bowed politely, so did they,
And to the Hall they went their way.



THE feast, I'm told, was very grand;
And in addition to the band,
Some of the company so gay
Agreed by turns to sing and play.
Great Monsieur Frog, who came from France,
Showed, at the Ball, how he could dance;
The learned Doctor Rook was there,
And brought Miss Dove, his lady fair.



HE graceful Miss Giraffe came too,
And so did Madame Kangaroo;
Earl Alligator came there drest
In bob-tailed coat, and splendid vest.
'T would take more time than I can spare
To tell of all the grand folk there;
For names of those, and names of these,
Ask Lady Dasher's tiger, please.



THE POACHER.

(TIKE.)

PLEASE your honour, Rover there,
Killed your friend the Parson's hare.
I caught him in the very act,
So, sir, he can't deny the fact.

(ROVER.)

That keeper there, with shabby hat,
Is quite as sharp as any cat;
To talk to him I don't incline,
So, if you please, I'll pay a fine.



THE ADVICE.



THE Honourable Paunchyboy Ivory Ind
Was great, but not proud, nor was he thin-skinned;
By the Royal Exchange his cigar he would smoke;
And though he looked grave he was fond of a joke.
Mr. Starling Stuckupper who followed the law,
And old Parrot the banker, who slept upon straw,
Advised Mr. Ind of his trunk to take care,
And of lounging about in the streets to beware.



THE VISIT.

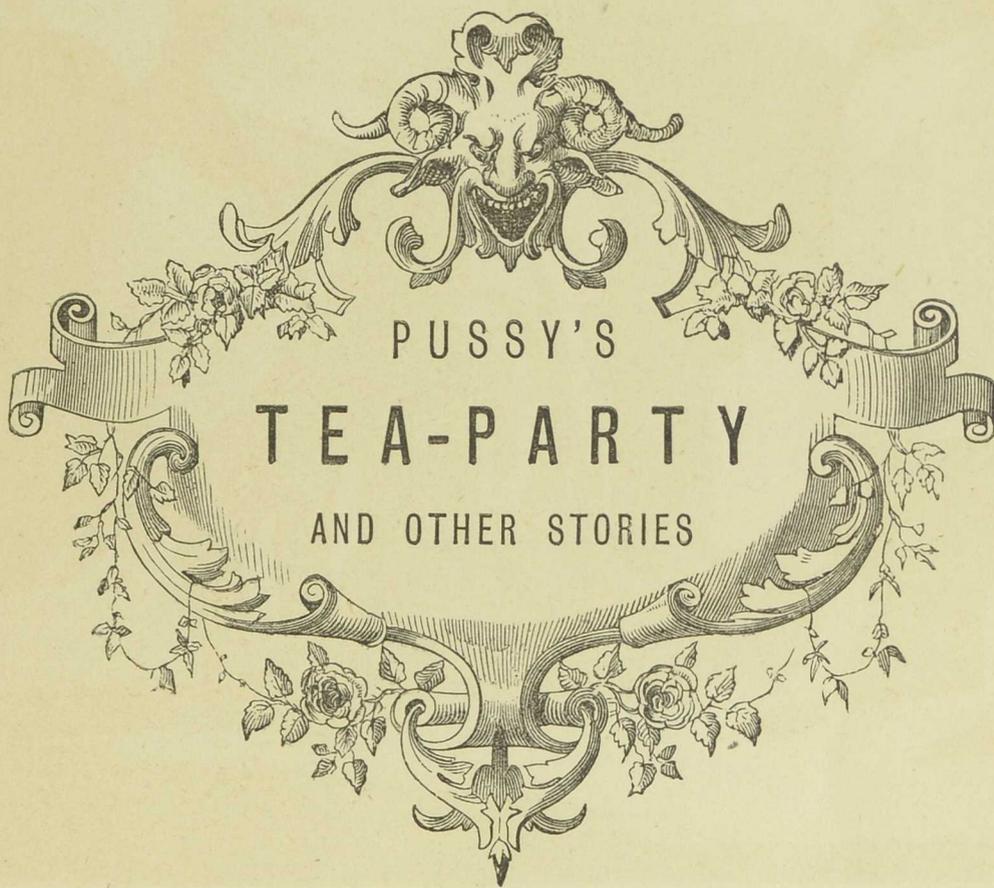
(THE ALDERMAN.)



Y lord, my name is Alderman Bell;
Of me and Miss Owlet no doubt you've heard tell.
Because I'm so stout that I scarcely can hobble,
The boys in the street call me Alderman Gobble.
We have come here to see you—my lord, here we be;
I am sure you have heard of Miss Owlet and me.

(LORD FALCON.)

Well, Madam and Sir, I have nothing to say.
You have seen me, I hope, so I bid you good-day.



PUSSY'S

TEA-PARTY

AND OTHER STORIES



PUSSY'S TEA PARTY.



WHEN the cat is away the mice will all play,—
So some persons think, and so some persons say;
But Miss Puss too is gay when Miss Brown is away
To see her young friends on a bright summer day.
It is funny to see four cats having tea,
And sitting at table like you or like me.
I think that the artist has made much too free,
For I cannot make out how such parties can be.
Puss Tabby is giving Puss Tiddy a riddle—
“What is that that has neither a north end nor middle?”
Whilst a young lady cat plays a tune in K flat—
A strange key, of course, but the words come in pat.
They are, “Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle;”
I am sure ev’ry cat who learns music knows THAT.



THE WALK.



PIGGIE and Pussie went out for a walk;
Pussie spoke of the mice she hunted;
Piggie knew that Miss Puss liked to hear herself talk,
So he very politely grunted.
But Puss felt afraid when his cutlass she saw;
So, to give him no chance to use it,
She said, "Mister Piggie, pray give me your paw;"
And how could young Piggie refuse it?



PUSSY'S TROUBLES.



Y dear Mr. Marten, pray what shall I do?

No friend have I left in the field except you;
That bad Tom of mine has gone out on the tiles,—
You know he thinks nothing of running two miles.
Then my three youngest kittens are drowned in a pail,
And that lout of a butcher-boy trod on my tail;
Not a mouse for a fortnight at least have I had,—
Such trouble I'm sure would drive any cat mad.



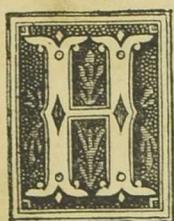
SLY FOX.



LY Reynard the Fox fed on chicks, hens, and cocks:
His house was a cave in a wood;
It was lonely and grim, but it well suited him,
For he never did anything good.
He said, "I like ease, and to do as I please;
On a soft couch for hours I lie.
No game-cocks I fear, for if they come here,
By my claws and my teeth they shall die."



THE CRUEL TEMPTER.



HE liked to insnare a fine fleshy hare ;
In a week he would coax four or five
To come to his house to see a white mouse—
But no hare ever came out alive.
Young people are apt to be quickly intrapped
By fair words and promises too.
Of the wily beware,—may the Fox and the Hare
Be a lesson of warning to you !



A CASE.



INDEED, Doctor Weasel, my Maggie is bad;
Do, pray, make her better and I shall be glad.
She has a bad tongue, and she has a bad jaw,
And, oh, I can't tell you the weight of her paw!
Last night, shortly after I got into bed,
She knocked her right paw on my poor tender head.
'Twas as hard as a stick, and as heavy as lead;
And, for three hours after, I thought I was dead.



THE DUEL.



IF Dormice fight with swords at night,
It may be wrong, it may be right ;
But till you chance to see the sight,
You need not, dear, believe it quite.
The Moles think not the Dormice brave ;
They stand with spades to dig a grave.
To bury ONE they are not loath,
But they would rather bury BOTH.



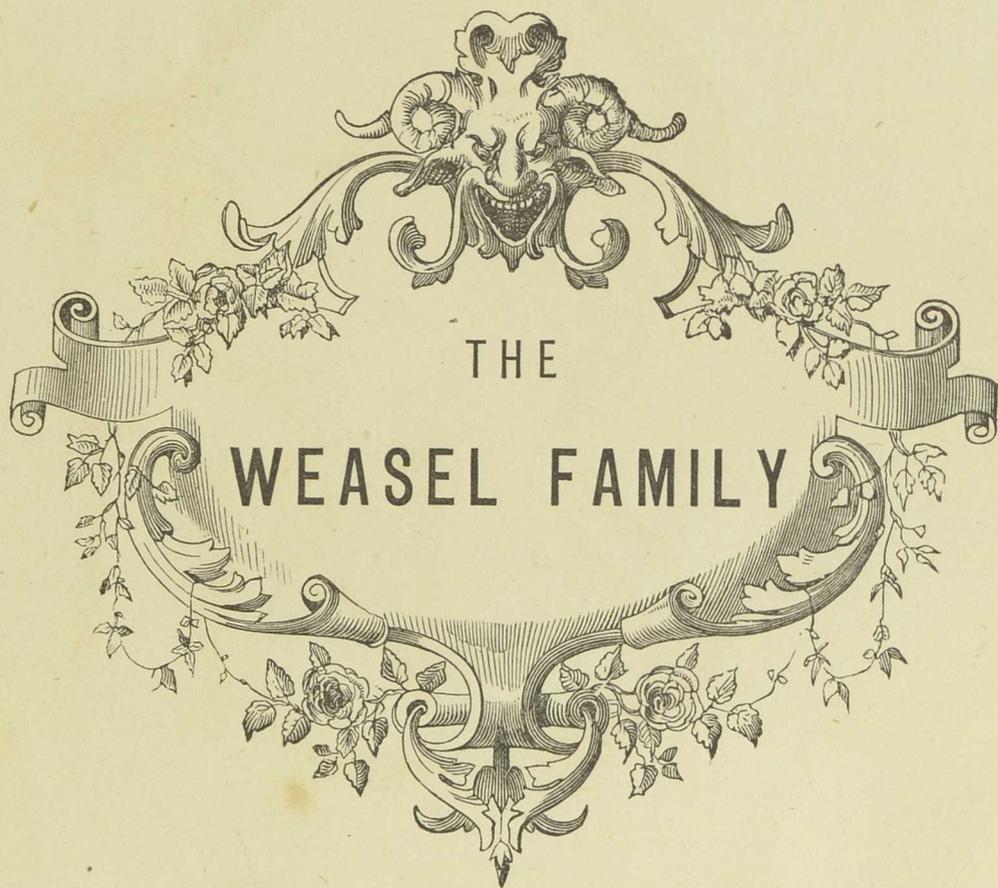
CECILIA BROWN
First Lady of the Republic
Washington, D.C.
1800-1862



CLEVER FROGS.



YOUNG Longleap Frog of Greenfield Bog
Was brave—no frog was braver;
And what I tell is known full well,—
He was a clever shaver.
His brother Tad, a nice frog lad,
Lived close to where geese cackle,
Umbrellas sold, and, I am told,
Made first-rate fishing tackle.

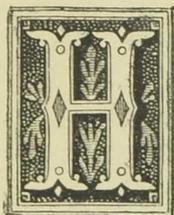


THE

WEASEL FAMILY



MAMMA WEASEL'S SONG.



USHABY Weasie bunting,
Papa has gone out hunting ;
You three little Weasels silence keep,
I am trying to get baby Weasel to sleep ;
Then down the hill you all may run,
With windmill, horse, and whip, and gun ;
But baby is playful, and baby will peep,
No wonder folks can't catch a Weasel asleep.



THE DENTIST.

(MISS WEASEL.)



H, dear Doctor Ferret, I would not complain,
But my poor lower jaw is in very great pain.

(DR. FERRET.)

Indeed, my dear madam, to tell you the truth,
The pain all proceeds from a very bad tooth.

(MISS WEASEL.)

Your skill, sir, no young lady Weasel will doubt ;
The tooth shall be yours—will you please take it out?



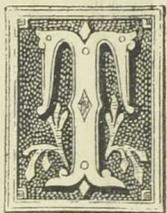
THE MERCHANT.



AYS Weasel, the lawyer, "I have mended my quill,
And now, Mr. Marten, I'll write out your bill."
Mr. Marten replies, "Whilst smoking my pipe,
I will read from my pocket-book goods sent to Snipe:
Five ounces of pepper, ten boxes of pills,
A fine feather pillow of porcupine quills,
Six bottles of blacking, two dozen of wine,
And one ton of coals from Newcastle-on-Tyne."



THE HUNT



HE Martens, and the Weasels too, for hunting were inclined ;

So those who carried guns before all left their tails behind ;

And those who never fired a shot were not left in a fix,—

As beaters bold they all set out, and carried good stout sticks.



ING PARTY.

AND when they came to Fairview field, the hares and rabbits fled,
Until their nimble race was run, and they were all shot dead.

Then merrily the Martens and the wily Weasels went

To tell their wives and daughters how they their time had spent.



POLITENESS.



H! Mr. Cock-a-doodle-doo,
I did not think of meeting you ;
I'm glad to see you out to-day—
Do come and dine with me, I pray.
Dear Mr. Marten, 'tis most true,
I never thought of meeting you ;
I can't accept your kind invite,
For I expect some friends to-night.



THE SCHOOLMASTER.



SCHOOLMASTER Marten oft declares
He never saw such stupid hares ;
They are as bad as any rabbits,
But he will cure their idle habits :
So one he beats just like a drum
Because he has not done his sum ;
Look at the picture, you will see
The rest are doing Rule of THREE.



THE WALK.



MISS MILLY MOLLY MARTEN and Mr. Jack Hare
Are going out walking—a fine looking pair!
For what people say, Milly cares not a pin;
And as for Jack Hare, he does nothing but grin.
Miss Milly has told him a laughable tale
Of a mole who went out for a walk with a snail,
And cried, quite enough to make any cat laugh,
Because a fat boy ran away from a calf.

