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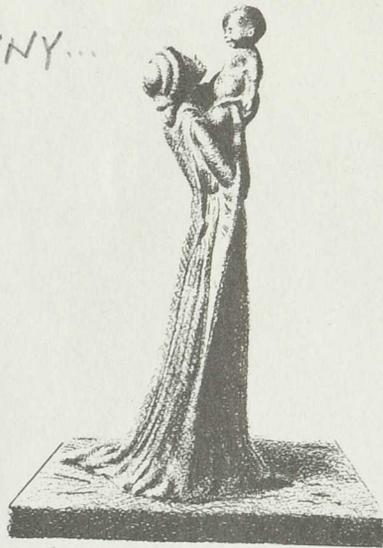
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Malcolm D. W. Greene.

Dec 25th 1867.

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1867

fol.



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FUNNY ANIMALS;

A PICTURE BOOK FOR THE NURSERY:

COMPRISING

1. THE KITTEN COUSINS.
2. MISTER FOX.
3. CHIT CHAT BY A MOTHERLY CAT.
4. STORY OF A ROBBER KITTEN.

WITH

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

Printed in Oil Colours.

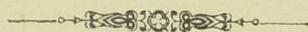


LONDON:

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

1867.

Introductory.



COME, children, draw your chairs anear,
And see what wonders I have here!
Come, listen to my witty rhymes,
Which ring like merry Christmas chimes:
What fun you may both hear and see!
How Puss was teased by Kittens wild
With merry tricks and wanton glee,
Yet only purred, and purred, and smiled,
Until they stole the cream; and then,
Ah, I can tell you, she *was* vext:
But, think you now, what follows next?
Why, shrewd old Reynard in his den,
With his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten,
Whom he feeds upon a plump young duck—
What shame that thieves should have such luck!
Still, sometimes, even *his* tricks will fail,
And if he escapes, 'tis *minus* a tail!
Oh yes! oh yes! Come, listen to me,
And I'll tell you stories one, two, three;
And all the chit-chat of a motherly Cat,
Who was vext, and, indeed, scarce knew *what* she was at;
So full was her young ones of mischief and play,
They teased her by night, and perplexed her by day!
And the tale you shall hear of a thief of a Kit
Who lived on the spoils of his cunning and wit!
Come, children, draw your chairs anear,
And see what wonders I have here!



THE DANCE.



O H, dear, what a merry young kitten I am !
Just see how I dance with my black Cousin Sam.
All girls and all boys who would kittens' joy see,
Should first look at Sammy and then look at me.



THE VISIT.

MY aunt, Sammy's mother—a kind-hearted cat—
Came once to see us and to have a long chat.
She read through a CAT-alogue all by herself,
And mother then left the thick CAT on the shelf.



THE COMPLAINT.



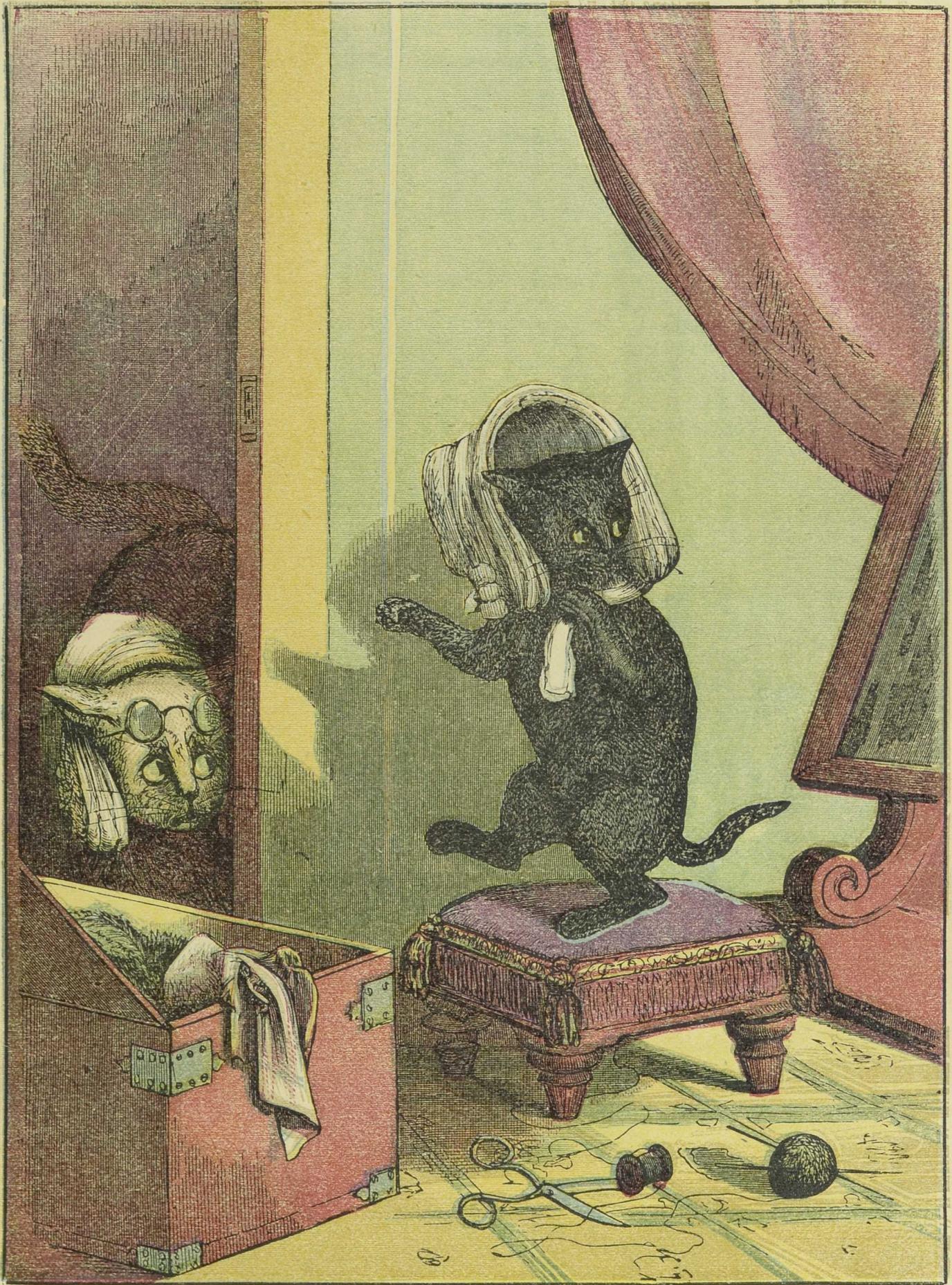
ISTER TAB," said mamma, "that Sam I should slap; Do you know that he tore the strings of my cap?"—"Never mind," said my aunt, "it was but in play, And 'kits will be kittens,' as old people say."



THE ROBBERY.



O the pantry I went with sly Cousin Sam ;
He went to the jelly—I went to the jam.
He caught on a cloth—and, oh dear ! what a fall !
Down tumbled black Sammy, jam, jelly, and all !



THE DISGUISE.



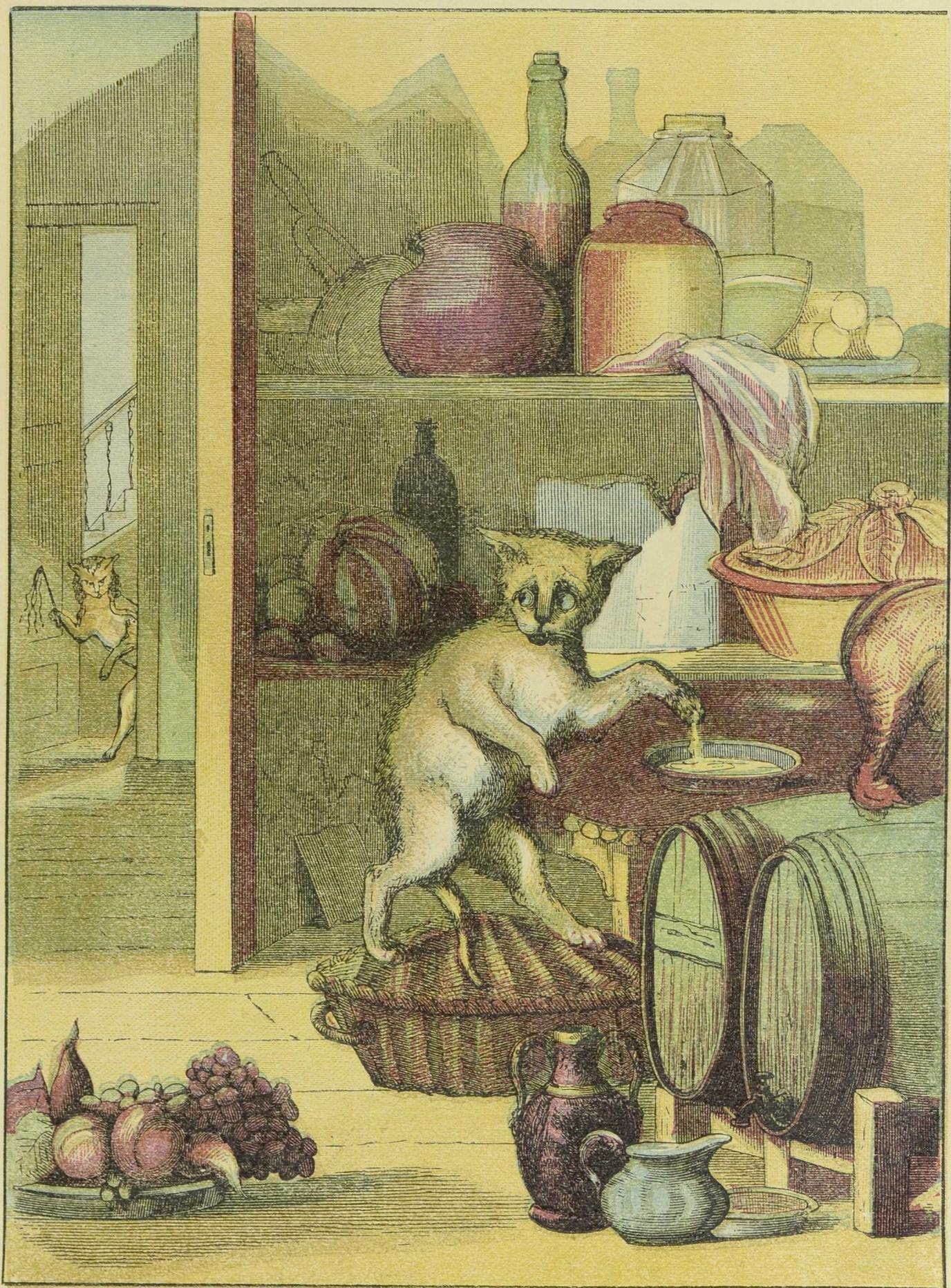
HAT to do Cousin Sam was not long in doubt ;
He put on aunt's bonnet, and meant to go out.
But his mother peeped in, and thought he looked pale,
And something was wrong with the tip of his tail.



THE DECEIT.



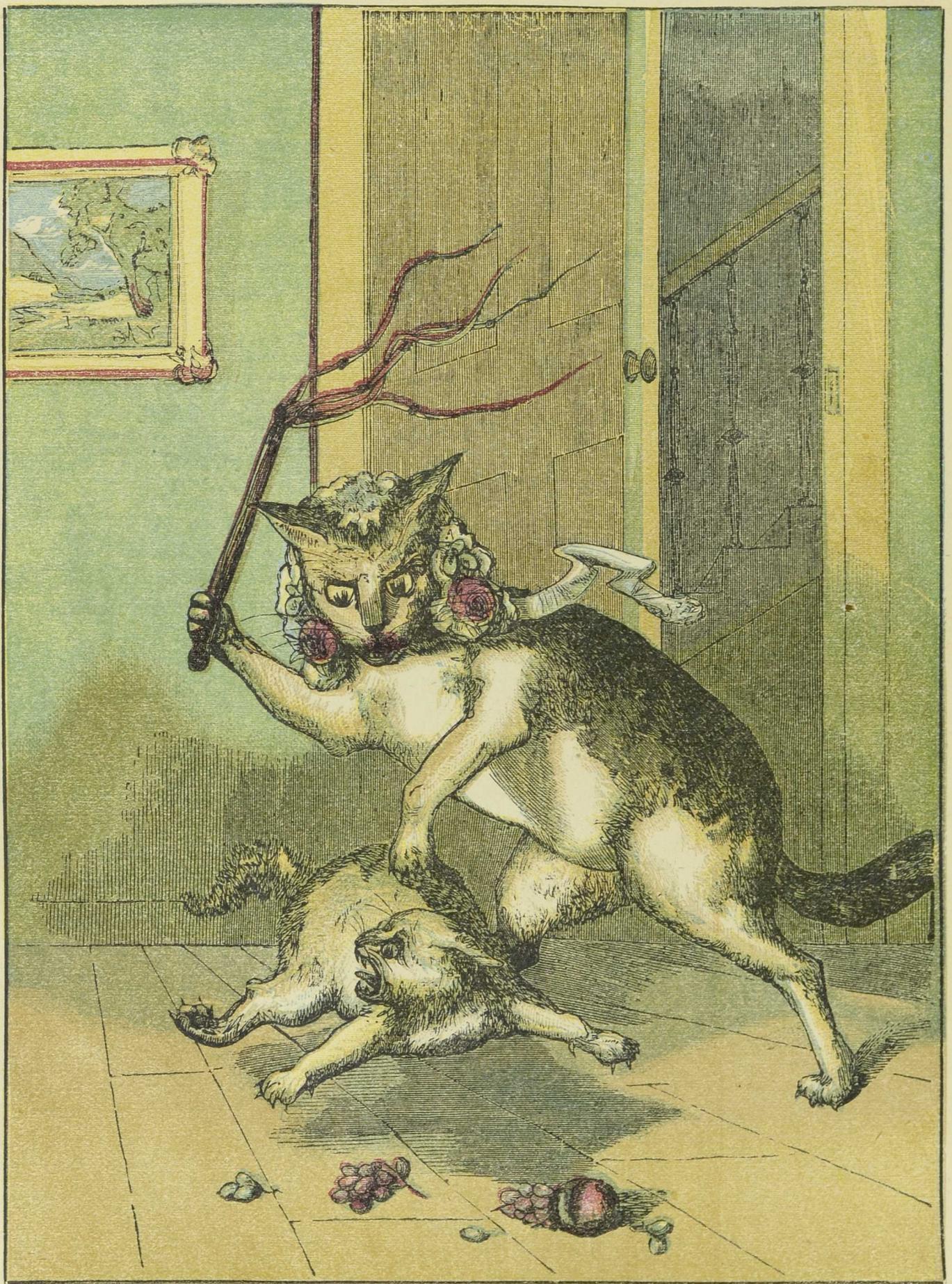
HE kissed him, and cuddled him, called him her dear,
Till Sammy himself tried to bring out a tear.
His mother, I think, would have been much more sad
Had she known what a thieving kitten she had.



THE DISCOVERY.

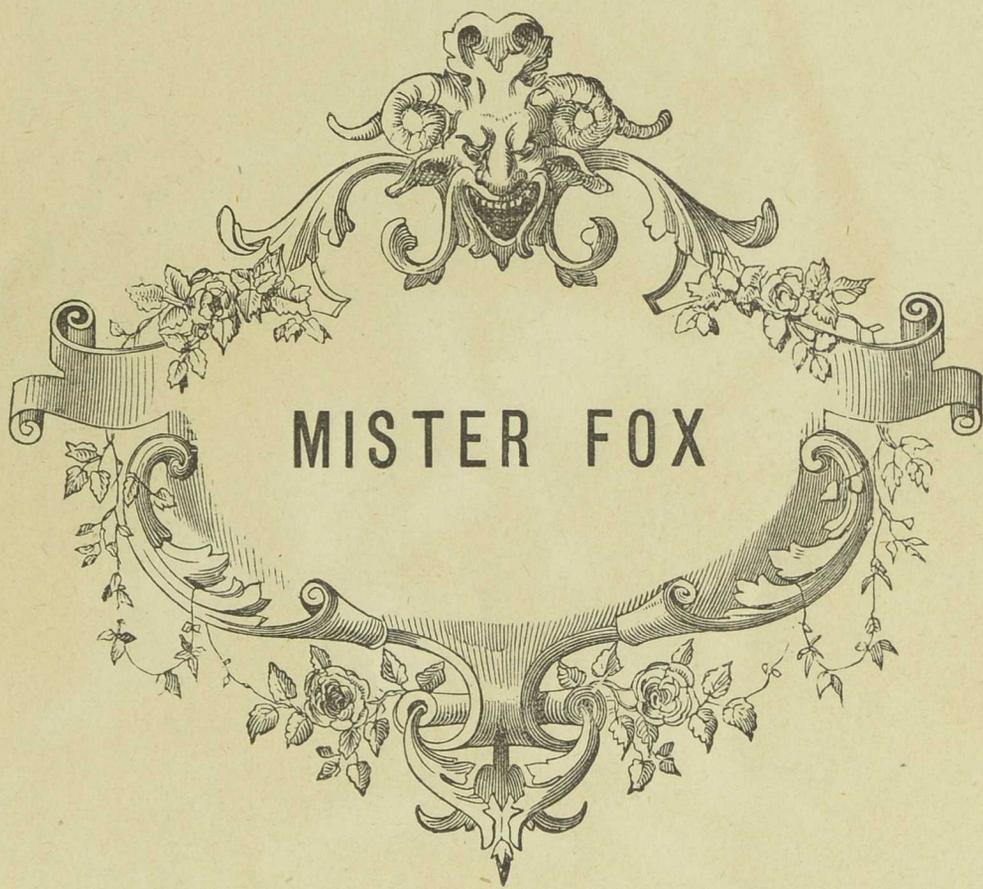


WAS not much hurt, so I thought I would try
To have a nice lick at the cream on the sly.
I was just about taking some cream from the pan,
When my mother I saw—and quickly I ran.



THE PUNISHMENT.

BUT mother can run quite as fast as poor I ;—
Oh, didn't she whip me ! and didn't I cry !
Kittens, pray take advice : though odd it may seem,
Take jam, if you like it, but never steal cream.

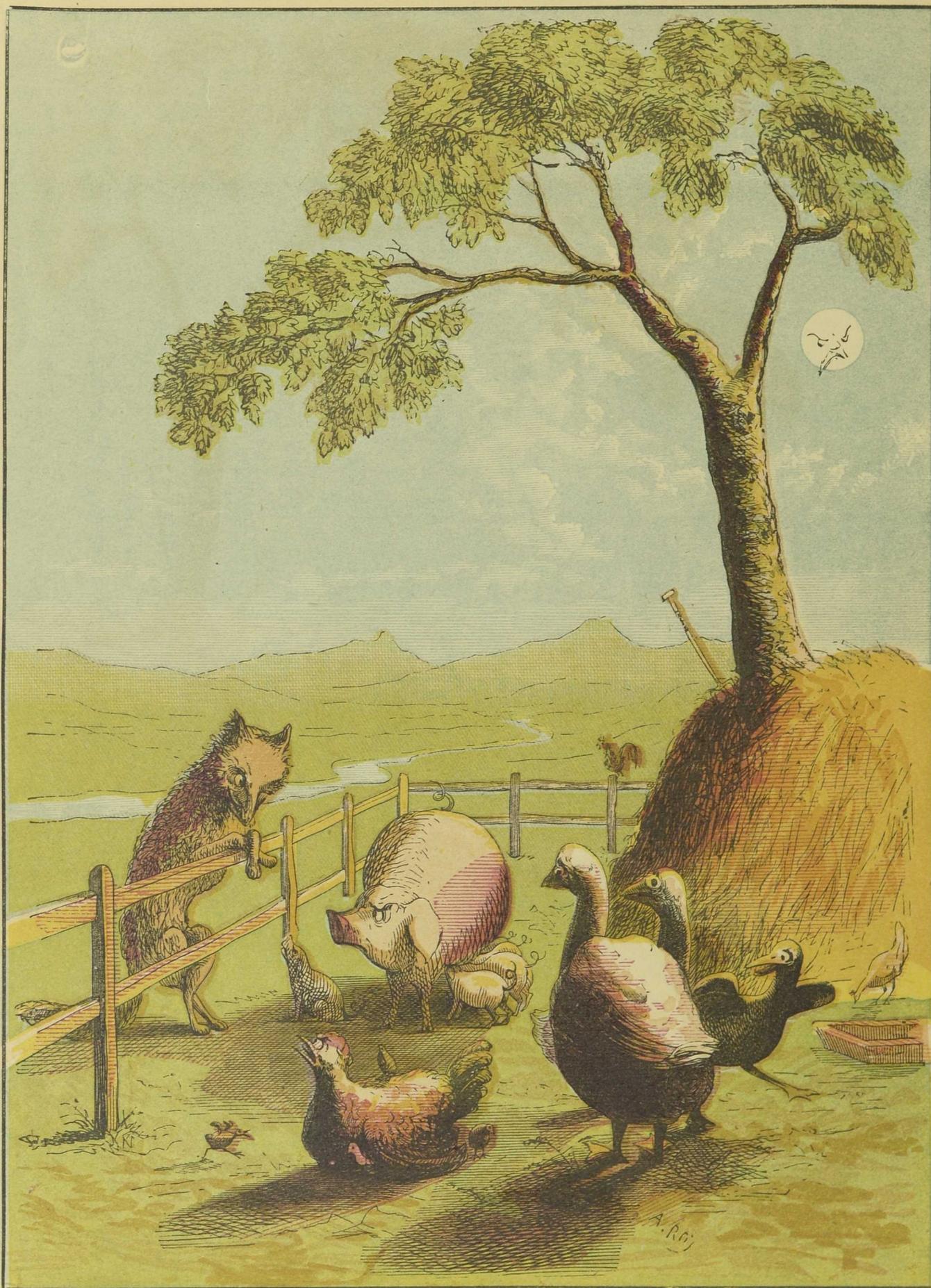




THE START.



FOX went out in a hungry plight,
And he begg'd of the moon to give him light,
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he could reach his den, O!



THE FARM-YARD.



AND first he came to a farmer's yard,

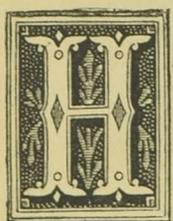
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard

That their nerves should be shaken and their rest

By the visit of Mister Fox, O! [be marr'd,



THE FIRST PRIZE.



HE took the gray goose by the sleeve;
Says he, "Madam goose, and by your leave,
I'll take you away without reprieve,
And carry you home to my den, O!"



THE SECOND PRIZE.



HE seized the black duck by the neck,

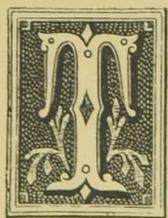
And swung her all across his back ;

The black duck cried out “Quack! quack! quack!”

With her legs hanging dangling down, O!



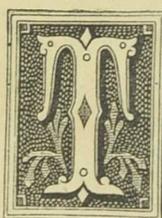
THE ALARM.



WHEN old Mrs. Slipper-slopper jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head,—
“John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den, O!”



THE CHASE.



WHEN John he went up to the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill ;
Says the fox, “ This is very pretty music—still
I’d rather be at my den, O ! ”



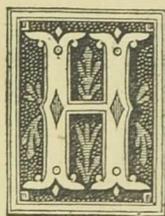
THE FAMILY.



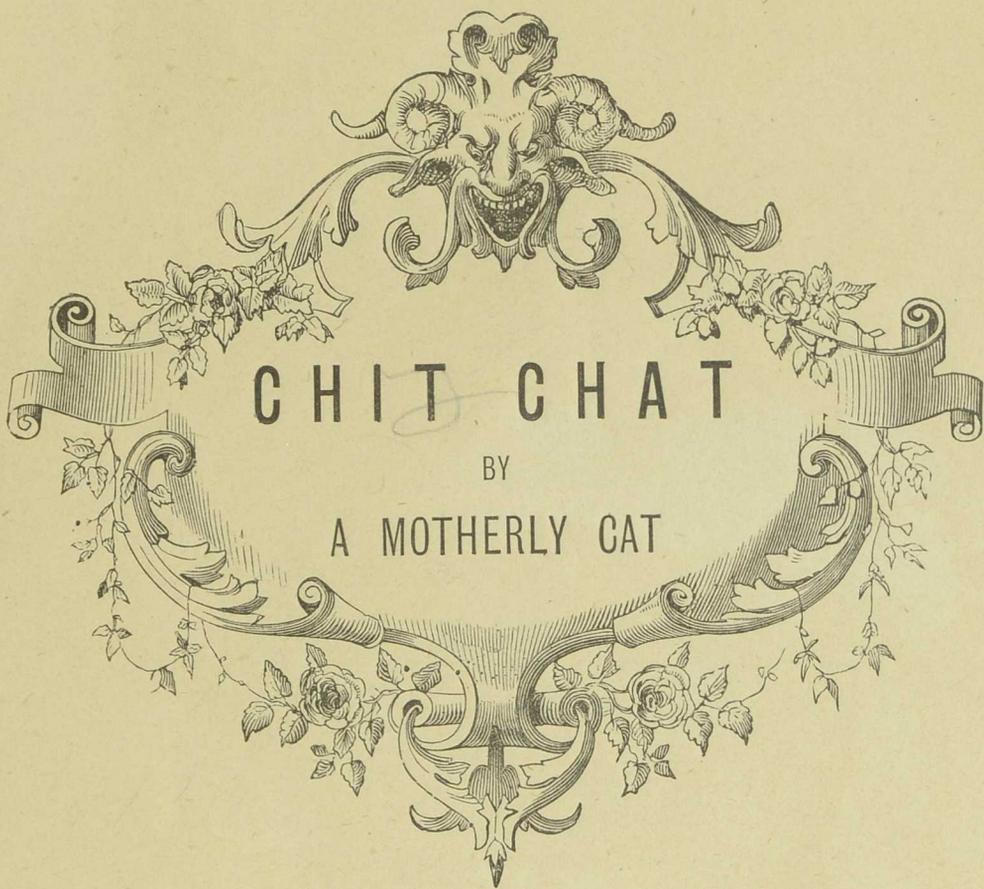
At last the fox got home to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten ;
Says he, “ You’re in luck, here’s a good fat duck,
With her legs hanging dangling down, O ! ”



THE FEAST.



HE then sat down with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife,
They never ate a better goose in all their life;
And the little ones picked the bones, O!



CHIT CHAT

BY

A MOTHERLY CAT



OUR LOVE.

 M a motherly Cat, with two Kits, you see,
And one on the table sits, you see.
My Blacky is good, because, you see,
He has gone to sleep in my paws, you see.



OUR MIRTH.



AND my Kittens can dance, you see;
We skip, and jump, and prance, you see.
Blacky will fly at the nail, you see,
And Tab makes a boa of my tail, you see.



OUR GRIEF.

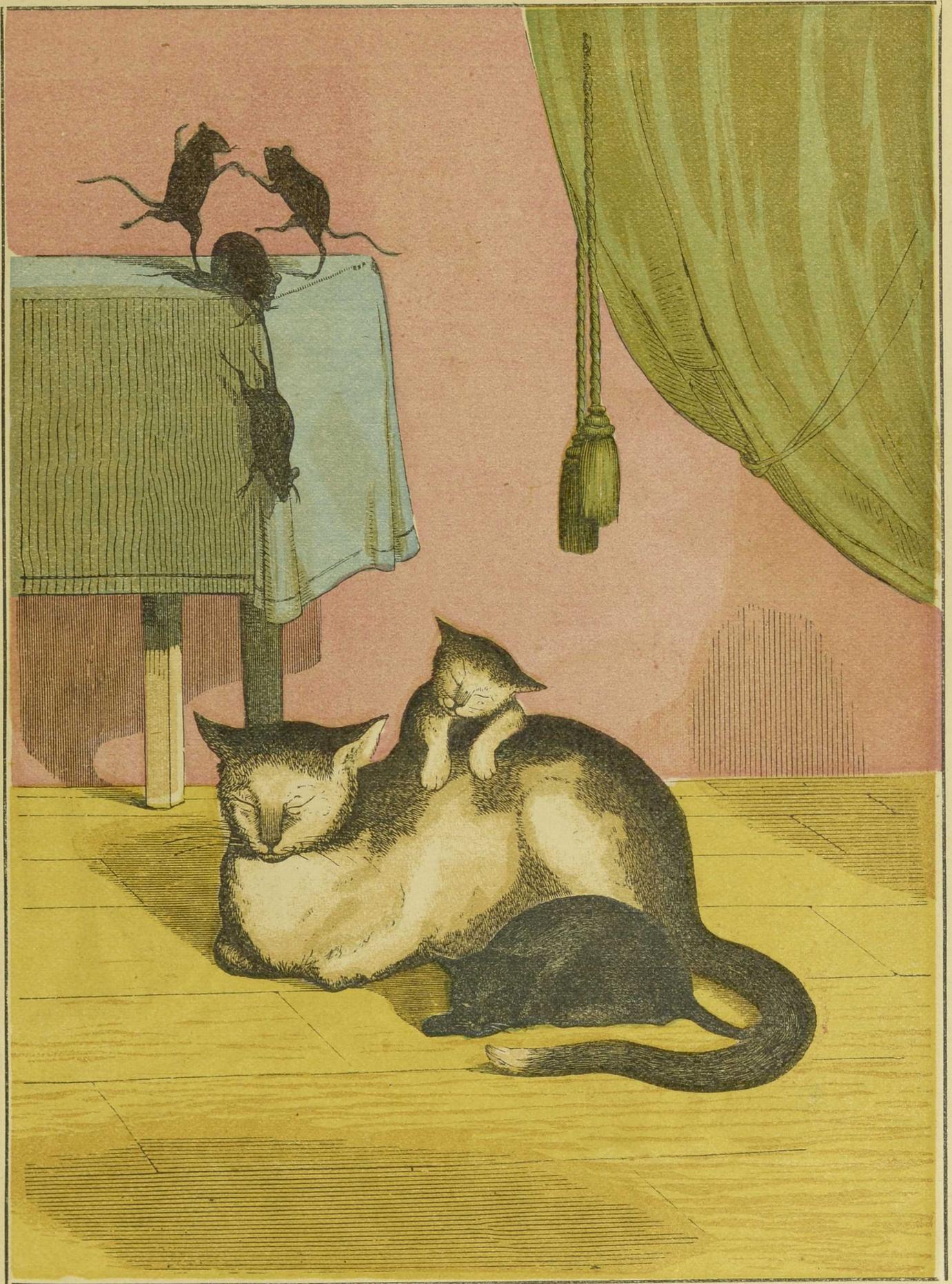


Y troubles are sometimes great, you see;
My Blacky has broken a plate, you see.
The cook will come with a cane, you see;
And beating causes us pain, you see.



OUR WOE.

IT was only last Friday week, you see,
We all looked clean and sleek, you see.
Blacky was soft as silk, you see,
Till he tumbled into the milk, you see.



OUR REST.



AND if we all go to sleep, you see,
The mice are so very deep, you see;
They gambol and dance about, you see,
As though we had all gone out, you see.



OUR FEAR.

WHEN if we all keep awake, you see;
There are things to make us quake, you see.
Just look at the picture now, you see—
We're alarmed to hear "Bow-wow," you see.



OUR FRIGHT.



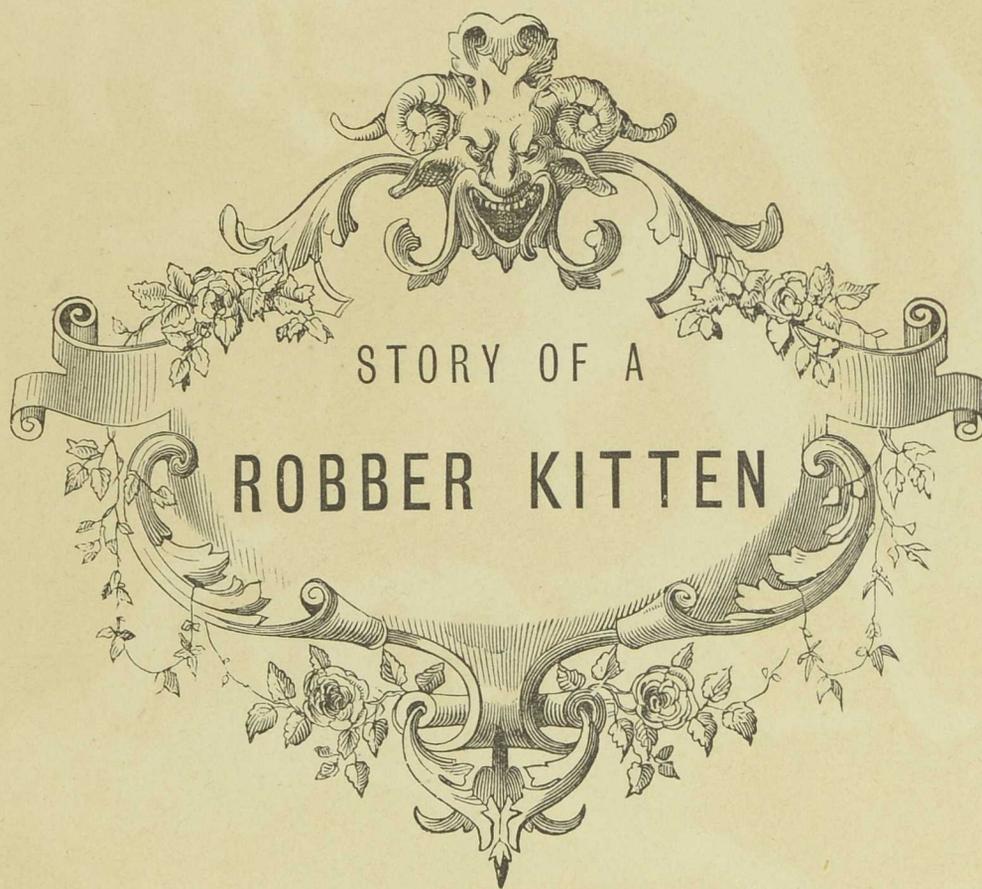
DOG FIDO will bark so loud, you see;
Because he is petted, he's proud, you see.
He barks at me and my Kits, you see;
And frightens us out of our wits, you see.



OUR WAY.



BUT I and my Kits can fight, you see ;
We can fuff, and scratch, and bite, you see.
But when you stroke our fur, you see,
To "you" we gently purr, you see.



STORY OF A

ROBBER KITTEN



SO ARE YOU ANOTHER!



KITTEN only six months old
Was very bad and very bold;
He scorned his mother's good advice,
He left off looking out for mice,
And daily practised at the glass,
That he might for a robber pass;
With pistols and with broadsword stout,
And bandit hat, he then set out.



A SHOCK TO A COCK.



HE ran as far as Oak-tree Park,
In which he meant to hide till dark;
But just at half-past three o'clock
He met a fat loud-crowing cock.
“Old cock,” said he, “I thought ’twas you!”
The cock said, “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”
The kitten fired, the cock fell dead;
The kitten was alarmed, and fled.



TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH!



HE kitten's uncle, Tom Green-eye,
Soon after that event came by ;
The kitten said, " That old Tom cat
Won't know me in my bandit hat."
He drew his sword, his pistol cocked—
How greatly Tom Green-eye was shocked !
" I'll tell your mother, sir ! " he said ;
" 'Tis time for you to be in bed."



PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.



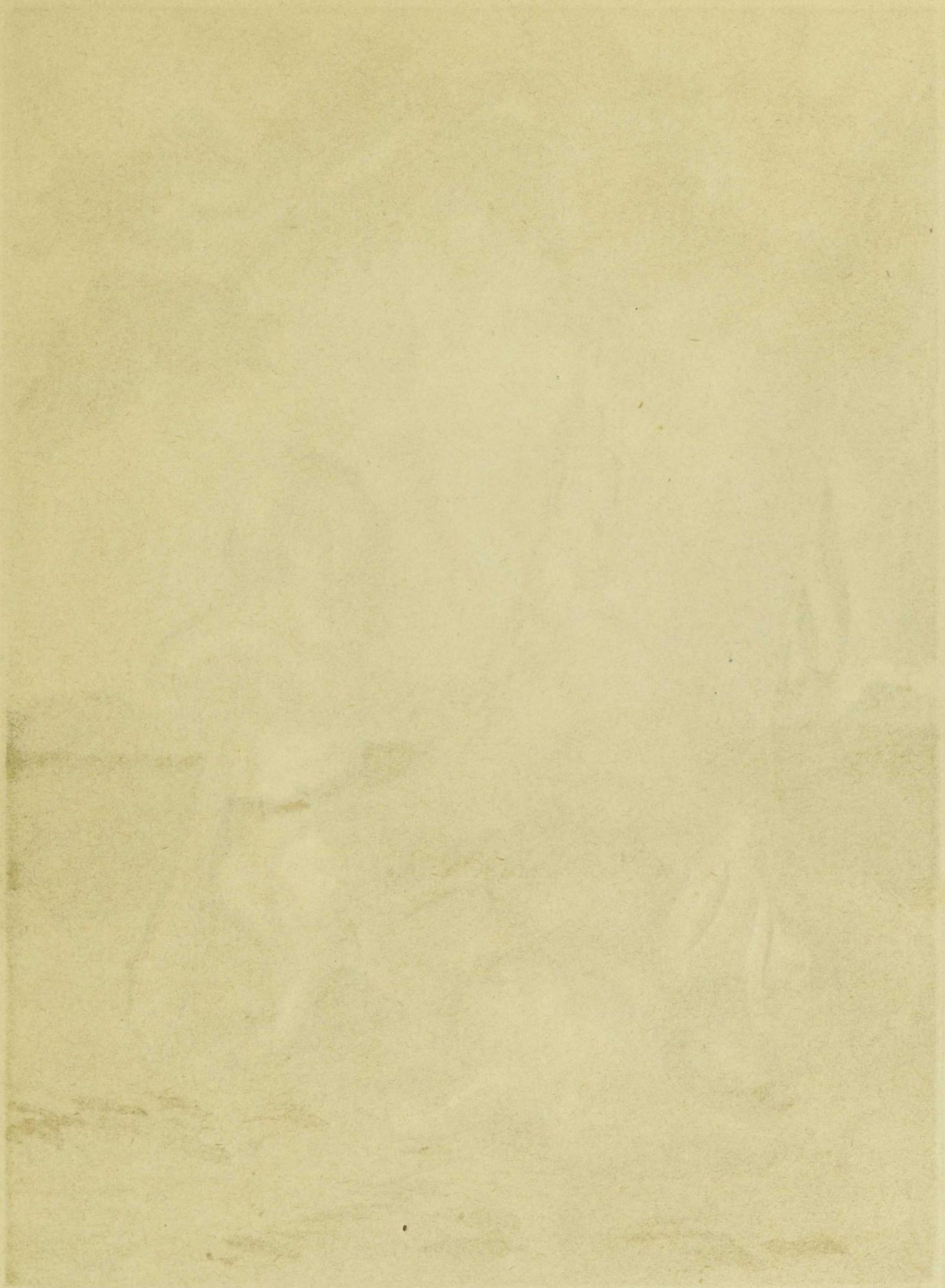
HE would-be robber climbed a tree,
He reached a bough, but, oh dear me!
'Twas quite decayed, it broke, he fell—
How far is more than I can tell.
An owl, with owlets in her nest,
The fallen kitten thus addressed:—
“ Brave sir, we thank you for your call ;
'Tis said that Pride must have a fall.”



GETTING DARK.



HE kitten from the ground arose
With blackened eye and damaged nose ;
One pistol, I can't tell you which,
Was lost—it sank deep in a ditch.
Toby, the keeper, through the Park
Walked club in hand, Puss heard him bark ;
Hurt was his nose, his eye, his pride ;
He lay down on the earth and cried.





A FRIEND IN NEED.



OW Toby was a dog so kind
He grieved to see the kitten blind ;
He raised him and said, " Do not cry,
I'll strap your nose, and bathe your eye.
I never saw so young a cat
With pistol, sword, and bandit hat ;
I fear you met with usage rough,
But you will soon be right enough."



WARNING AND ADVICE.



SOON then the kitten tried in vain
To seem as though he felt no pain;
Said Toby, "Sir, 'tis my belief
That robber kittens come to grief;
This flask holds poison, sir, for cats,
As well as kittens, mice, and rats,
So leave this Park, go home and try
To mind your mother and—your eye."



MAMMA, I'LL BE GOOD!



HE kitten said, "'Tis good advice ;
I'm hungry, now you talk of mice ;
Good-b'ye."—" Good-b'ye," said Toby, " go ;
When you want poison, let me know."
The kitten to his mother ran,—
Threw down his arms,—to cry began ;
His mother saw his plight, and said,
" Yes, I'll forgive you, go to bed !"

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