

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Cole's Funny Picture Book No. 1, by E. W. Cole

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK COLE'S FUNNY PICTURE BOOK NO. 1 \*\*\*

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## Cole's Funny Picture Book No. 1

Written And Compiled By E.W. Cole (1832-1918)  
First Published 1879 By Cole Publications, Melbourne, Australia.  
73rd Edition Totalling 920,000 copies. [✉]



### COLE'S Funny Picture Book No. 1

Or Family Amuser And Instructor;  
To Delight The Children And Make Home Happier;  
The Best Child's Picture Book In All The World.

It Contains Also Choice Riddles, Games  
and pieces of reading for Adults.  
Look through it yourself.

Long ago the Rainbow was a Sign it is said,  
Now 'tis the Sign of Cole's Book Arcade.  
So, when in the sky a bow is displayed,  
Be sure that you think of the Book Arcade.  
Cole's Book Arcade strange as it looks,  
Contains more than a million books.  
New and second-hand, common and rare,

Can get most any book you want there.

[\*] BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE: The reprintings of this book since Cole's death in 1918 have involved very few changes, and in most cases it has been bibliographically misleading to term them "editions". Undoubtedly, somewhere in the past, the distinction between a "printing" and an "edition" has not been understood. However, with due cognisance of the irregularity, the practice of giving each reprint a new edition number accompanied by a running sales total is being maintained for statistical interest.



**Edward William Cole**

Born Woodchurch, Kent, England  
4th January, 1832

Died Essendon, Victoria, Australia  
16th December, 1918

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## **Page 1—Australia**

### **Australia Is The Best Country On Earth**

#### **Australia a Grand Country**

I think that Australia, for it's size, is, all-round, the best country in the world. It's climate is pleasant and health-giving. It has no desolating blizzards, no frost bites, and few sunstrokes. In edible produce, for both size and quality, it stands very high, if not the highest. I have been in many lands, but never saw a country supply such a variety of products as Australia does—potatoes, onions, cabbages, carrots, peas, beans and scores of other vegetables in abundance. In fruits it produces apples, pears, plums, peaches, oranges, grapes, and Northern Australia also produces all the tropical fruits in abundance wherever cultivated. In corn Australia produces superior wheat, oats, barley, maize and all other kinds in abundance, especially when scientifically irrigated. As a milk, butter and meat country, it is one of the best in the world. It is the largest and best wool-producing country in the world. It contains the largest area in the world especially suitable for growing cotton, the most extensively-used clothing material. Flowers grow luxuriantly and beautifully whenever cultivated and watered. A few years ago when writing on the "White Australia" question, I stated that with high culture, water irrigation, and scientific irrigation, Australia was capable of supporting 400 millions of inhabitants. A high literary authority, in reviewing the book, remarked that this seemed like a "gross exaggeration"; but probably he had not thought so much on the subject as I had.

I will here concisely state the principle reasons for my opinion. The great want of Australia, to make it amazingly fruitful, is the complete conservation of water and it's scientific application to the soil. Water, warmth, and soil will grow anything in Australia, if rationally managed.

Australia has abundance of water now running to waste. On thousands of house-roofs water enough is caught for the domestic use of the respective families. Over large areas of the country there are 30 inches of rainfall, and the average rainfall over vast areas is 24 inches, and could be made much greater by cultivation. Four-fifths of this water now runs to waste. Again surface-parched Australia has vast areas of underground water which only require to be tapped and brought to the surface, to irrigate and fertilise the soil.

Australia is also a country where timber grows well and fast, if planted in trenched ground and slightly irrigated. Hundreds of straight trees can be grown upon an acre of land if they are first planted thickly and some gradually thinned out. Many kinds of trees will grow upon very poor soil if they are properly planted and irrigated, as the bulk of their sustenance is derived from the air. One more remark about trees and their possibilities as food providers. Wherever any kind of tree will grow some kind of fruit tree will grow. There are hundreds of millions of gum trees growing in Australia. Where every one of these trees is, some kind of fruit tree would grow if properly planted and looked after.

Again, to utilise Australia to its full extent the whole world should be sought through for the best plants and trees of every kind, and only the very best grown, and those in situations and soil best adapted for them.

One argument against Australia is that much of its surface is sandy, but experiments and developments in various countries show that the planting of marram grass, lupins, and other plants ties even the drifting sand together and gradually, through their decay, turns the sandy wastes into fertile soil. Besides, science can, in many other ways, utilise the elements in the air to enrich the soil.

### **Australia's Mineral Resources**

It has been objected that in the above epitome no mention is made of the great mineral wealth of Australia. The reason is that minerals, exceedingly useful as they are in the arts, are not absolutely necessary (with the exception perhaps of iron) to the feeding, clothing, and housing of mankind. Vast multitudes have lived without them; but it may be remarked that Australia is a country very rich in minerals; some hold it the richest in the world. It possesses immense deposits of iron not yet utilised, and the most extensive gold-fields yet discovered. Australia and Tasmania have, according to the latest estimate of our Commonwealth Statistician, produced minerals to the value of £660,252,694—comprising in round numbers, Gold £474,000,000; Tin £24,000,000; and other kinds £8,000,000. The bulk of the above has been produced during the last 60 years, in a population rising from about 300,000 to 4,000,000 and it forecasts how vast the mineral-producing future of Australia is likely to be. Altogether Australia is a country as highly favoured by nature as any other of equal size upon earth, for the bountiful production of useful animals, vegetables, minerals, and men.

### **The Best Country On Earth—Unknown Australia**

"If we Australians took as much trouble to prepare for our summer as the Canadians take to forestall their winter, Australia would be THE MOST PROSPEROUS COUNTRY ON EARTH."

The speaker was the Rev. A. R. Edgar, head of the Central Mission, Melbourne.

"After circling the globe, then, you are still satisfied that Australia is not a bad country to live in?"

"The best," said Mr Edgar, emphatically. "I have no hesitation in saying that Canada and America are not to be compared with Australia. Unfortunately, England doesn't know it. Australia herself doesn't half realise it, and as for America and Canada, they haven't the remotest ghost of a notion of it. In England they learn with regrettable slowness, and their knowledge is scanty indeed; but across the Atlantic the ignorance is deplorable. "Australia?" says the Canadian. "Oh yes! Let's see, that's the place where it's always droughty—yes, yes, to be sure, the place where y' can't get a drink of water." He laughs at the idea of Australia producing as much wool and wheat as Canada, and bluntly tells you there's no country on the face of the planet can grow wheat and wool like his. But the fact is, there isn't a bit of territory fit to compare with the Western District of Victoria, for example, and conditions are infinitely harder for the agriculturist than in Australia. Canada's western district is icebound in winter, and her eastern lands are strewn over with great boulders, between which the plough works laboriously in and out'."—From the "New Idea."

I often feel for the dweller in Canada; for notwithstanding his beautiful spring and autumn he has six months of ice and snow and freezing winds, and I feel selfishly grateful that my lot is cast in more genial Australia.

Let us well ponder Mr. Edgar's concise and forcible statement: "If we Australians took as much trouble to prepare for our summer as the Canadians take to forestall their winter, Australia

would be the most prosperous country on earth."

This is quite true. The Canadian must thoughtfully and rationally prepare for his winter, or he would freeze and starve. We have no frigid climate to prepare against, but we have possible drought, and our first and greatest consideration should be the conservation of water for irrigation.

This water conservation is exceedingly important thing. Men do not think, and the waste is enormous. When the rain falls it runs into the gully, from the gully to the creek, from the creek to the river, from the river into the sea; and then in the dry season water is deplorably scarce.

I once asked a young squatter from the New South Wales side of the Murray "Have you got a garden?" He answered: "No: it is too dry up our way!" I said, "How do you get water for domestic purposes?" He answered, "We catch it off the roof; we catch it in 11 tanks and are never out of a supply." I asked, "How large an area have all your roofs put together?" He answered, "I think about 20 feet by 100 feet." This would be about a twentieth of an acre. Now just reflect! One acre of rainfall would supply, if caught, 20 establishments like that squatter's home, for the rain would fall fairly alike over that part of the country. A rainfall of 30 inches over an acre of ground measures about 680,000 gallons and weighs about 3000 tons, the bulk of which is allowed to run away every year!

A gentleman said to me the other day, "Since the water was brought to Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, under Sir John Forrest's great scheme, they have very beautiful gardens right along the line of supply. Wherever the water touches the land the vegetation is splendid, and, what is more, the evaporation is bringing heavier rainfall." Of course, wherever cultivation and irrigation are carried on, more evaporation takes place, and, in most cases, causes additional rainfall.

When I affirmed that Australia was capable of supporting 400 millions of people I did not mean Australia as we now have it, but as it might be, and probably will be, when water is carefully conserved and its soil scientifically irrigated and cultivated.

E.W. Cole

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## Page 2—Cole's Funny Picture Book



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### **This Is The Funniest Picture Book In The World For Children**

If you search through the World you will not get a book that will so please a child, if you pay £100 or even £1000 for it. To parents, Grandparents, Uncles, Aunts, and Friends—Every Good Child should be given one of these Books for being Good. Every Bad Child should be given one to try to make it Good.

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READER—There are only 365 pieces mentioned in this index, but the Book contains 2,000 pieces and pictures, large and small. It is a complete cyclopoedia of child-lore, and first-class

kindergarten book—to amuse and teach at the same time. No child's book ever published has been, nor is now, so great a favourite as this one.

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## Page 4—Baby Rhymes



### A Piece of Poetry for Mother and Father to Read

I suppose if all the children,  
Who have lived through ages long,  
Were collected and inspected  
They would make a wondrous throng.

Oh the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss;  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,  
Never used their rosy feet;  
Some have even flown to heaven,  
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.

And indeed, I wonder whether,  
If we reckon every birth,  
And bring such a flock together,  
There is room for them on earth.

Think of all the men and women  
Who are now and who have been;  
Every nation since creation  
That this world of ours has seen.

And of all of them not any  
But was once a baby small;  
While of children, oh, how many  
Never have grown up at all.

## Page 5—Baby Rhymes



Who will wash their smiling faces?  
Who their saucy ears will box?  
Who will dress them and caress them?  
Who will darn their little socks?

Where are arms enough to hold them?  
Hands to pat each smiling head?  
Who will praise them? who will scold them?  
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,  
Little savage children too,  
In all stages of all ages,  
That our planet ever knew;

Little princes and princesses,  
Little beggars, wan and faint—  
Some in very handsome dresses,  
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion  
Such a motley crowd would make;  
And the clatter of their chatter,  
And the things that they won't break

Oh the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss;  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us!



## Page 6—Children's Rhymes

### Children's Rhymes



1. This pig went to market:
2. This pig stayed at home:
3. This pig had meat:
4. This pig had none:
5. And this pig cried, "Wee, wee," all the way home.

### Game of Child's Features

Here sits the Lord Mayor! (forehead)  
Here sits his two men! (eyes)  
Here sits the cock! (right cheek)  
Here sits the hen! (left cheek)  
Here sit the little chickens! (tip of nose)  
Here they run in; (mouth)  
Chinchopper, chinchopper,  
Chinchopper, chin! (chuck the chin)

### Face Game

Ring the bell! (giving its hair a pull)  
Knock at the door! (tapping its forehead)  
Draw the latch! (pulling up it's nose)  
And walk in! (putting finger in mouth)

### Face Game

(Eye) Bo Peeper! (Nose) Nose dreeper!  
(Chin) Chinchopper!  
(Teeth) White Lopper!  
(Mouth) little gap! (Tongue) and red rag!

### Game on the Toes

1. Let us go to the wood, says this pig;
2. What to do there? says that pig;
3. Too look for my mother, says this pig;
4. What to do with her? says that pig;
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.

### Going to Market

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;  
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig.  
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;  
Home again, home again, joggety-jog.

### **Baby Riding**

Ride baby, ride, pretty baby shall ride,  
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side.  
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,  
And away she shall ride to see her grand-mother,  
To see her grandmother.

### **Ride a Cock-Horse**

Ride a cock-horse to banbury-cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy;  
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,  
And a two-penny apple pie.  
Ride a cock-horse to banbury-cross,  
To see a young lady on a white horse,  
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,  
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

### **Baby Riding**

This is the way the ladies ride;  
Tre, tre, tree,  
This is the way the ladies ride;  
Tre, tre, tree.  
This is the way the gentlemen ride;  
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!  
This is the way the gentlemen ride;  
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!  
This is the way the farmers ride;  
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!  
This is the way the farmers ride;  
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

### **Clap Hands**

Clap hands, clap hands,  
Till father comes home;  
For father's got money,  
But mother's got none.

### **When Dad Comes Home**

You shall have an apple,  
You shall have a plum,  
You shall have a rattle,  
When your dad comes home.

### **Pat-A-Cake**

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!  
So I will, master, as fast as I can,  
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,  
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

### **Come, Butter, Come**

Churn, butter, churn! come, butter, come!  
Peter stands at the gate,  
Waiting for a butter cake;  
Come, butter, come!

### **Baby Crying**

When Jacky's a very good boy,  
He shall have cakes and a custard;  
But when he does nothing but cry,  
He shall have nothing but mustard.

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## **Page 7—Children's Rhymes**

### **Hickup, go away.**

Hickup, hickup, go away!  
Come again another day:  
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,  
I'll give to you a butter-cake.

### **Dance, Baby.**

Dance, little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh;  
Crow and caper, caper and crow—  
There, little baby, there you go!  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
Backwards and forwards, round and round.  
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing!  
Merrily, merrily, ding, dong, ding!

### **Dance, Little Baby.**

Dance to your daddy,  
My little babby,  
Dance to your daddy,  
My little lamb.  
You shall have a fishy  
In a little dishy;  
You shall have a fishy  
When the boat comes in.

### **Danty Baby Diddy.**

Danty baby diddy,  
What can a mammy do wid'e,  
But sit in a lap,  
And give 'un a pap?  
Sing danty baby diddy.

### **Hush-a-bye Baa Lamb.**

Hush-a-bye, a baa lamb,  
Hush-a-by a milk cow,  
You shall have a little stick  
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

### **Bye, Baby Bunting.**

Bye, baby bunting,  
Daddy's gone a hunting,  
To get a little rabbit skin  
To wrap a baby bunting in.

### **Hush-a-bye Baby.**

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;  
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.  
Hush-a-bye baby, Daddy is near:  
Mammy's a lady, and that's very clear.

### **Rock-a-bye Baby.**

Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green;  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;  
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring,  
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

### **Kissing Baby.**

My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,  
My darling, my honey, my pretty, sweet boy;  
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,  
Give me thy dear lips to be kiss'd, kiss'd, kiss'd.

### **Good-night Baby**

Baby, baby, lay your head  
On your pretty cradle bed;  
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day  
And the light are gone away;  
All the clothes are tucked in tight,  
Little baby, dear, good night.

### **Lie still with Daddy.**

Hush thee, my babby,  
Lie still with thy daddy,  
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,  
To grind thee some wheat,  
To make thee some meat,  
And so, my babby, lie still.



### **Monkey feeding Baby.**

Oh, my lady! my lady! my lady!  
Here's that funny monkey  
Has put on your night-cap,  
And is feeding  
The baby! the baby! the baby!

### **Baby getting up**

Baby, baby ope your eye,  
For the sun is in the sky,  
And he's peeping once again  
Through the pretty window pane:  
Little baby, do not keep  
Any longer fast asleep.

### **Washing Baby's Hands**

Wash hands, wash,  
Daddy's gone to plough;  
If you want your hands wash'd,  
Have them washed now.

### **Combing Baby's Hair**

Comb hair, comb,  
Daddy's gone to plough;  
If you want your hair comb'd  
Have it combed now.

### **Baby Brother**

My pretty baby-brother  
Is six months old to-day,  
And though he cannot speak,  
He knows whate'er I say.

Whenever I come near,  
He crows for very joy;  
And dearly do I love him,  
The darling baby-boy.

### **Baby**

He opens his mouth when he kisses you;  
He cries very loud when he misses you;  
He says "Boo! boo! boo!" for "How-do-you-do?"  
And he strokes down your face when he's loving you.

### **Learning to walk alone**

Come, my darling, come away,  
Take a pretty walk to-day;  
Run along, and never fear,  
I'll take care of baby dear;  
Up and down with little feet,  
That's the way to walk, my sweet.

### **See-Saw**

See-saw sacradown,  
Which is the way to London town,  
One foot up is the other down,  
That is the way to London town.

### **Naughty Baby**

Baby, baby Charlie,  
Naughty in his play,  
Slapping little Annie,  
Pushing her away.

Patting with his soft hands,  
Laughing in his fun;  
Slapping with such good-will,  
That the tear-drops run.

Do not cry, dear Annie,  
Wipe away the tear;  
Keep away from Charlie,  
Do not come so near,

Or his little hands will  
Pull your curly hair;  
Peep at baby, Annie—  
Peep behind the chair.

Kiss the baby, darling,  
Kiss the little one;  
He is only playing,  
In his baby fun.

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## **Page 8—Little Children's Stories**

### **Tom Thumb's Alphabet**

A was an archer, who shot at a frog;  
B was a butcher, who had a great dog;  
C was a captain, all covered with lace;  
D was a drunkard, and had a red face;  
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow;  
F was a farmer, who followed the plough;  
G was a gamer, who had but ill luck;  
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck;  
I was an innkeeper, who loved to house;  
J was a joiner, and built up a house;  
K was King William, once governed this land;  
L was a lady, who had a white hand;  
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;  
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold;  
O was an oyster girl, and went about town;  
P was a parson, and wore a black gown;  
Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip;  
R was a robber, and wanted a whip;  
S was a sailor, and spent all he got;  
T was a tinker, and mended a pot;  
U was an usurer, a miserable elf;  
V was a vintner, who drank all himself;  
W was a watchman, and guarded the door;  
X was expensive, and so became poor;  
Y was a youth, that did not love school;  
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool;

### **Sing a Song-a-Sixpence**

Sing a song-a-sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie;  
When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing:  
Was that not a dainty dish  
To set before the king?  
The king was in his counting-house,  
Counting out his money,  
The queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey;  
The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes;  
Down came a blackbird,  
And snapt off her nose.

### **Old Chairs to Mend**

If I'd as much money as I could spend,  
I never would cry old chairs to mend;  
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;  
I never would cry old chairs to mend.  
If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry old clothes to sell;  
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;  
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

### **Dad's gane to Ploo**

Cock-a-doodle-doo,  
My dad's gane to ploo;  
Mammy's lost her pudding-poke  
And knows not what to do.

### **Hot Cross Buns**

Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns!  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot-cross buns!  
Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns!  
If you have no daughters,  
Give them to your sons.

### **Rabbit Pie**

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit-pie!  
Come, my ladies, come and buy;  
Else your babies they will cry.



### **A—Apple-Pie**

A apple pie;  
B bit it;  
C cut it;  
D danced for it;  
E eat it;  
F fought for it;  
G got it;  
H had it;  
I ignored it;  
J jumped for it;  
K kept it;  
L longed for it;  
M mourned for it;  
N nodded at it;  
O opened it;  
P peeped in it;  
Q quartered it;  
R ran for it;  
S stole it;  
T took it;  
U uncovered it;  
V viewed it;  
W wanted it;  
X ax'ed for it;  
Y yawned for it;  
Z cried, "Zounds! let's eat it up."

### **Three Men in a Tub**

Rub a dub, dub,  
Three men in a tub;  
And who do you think they were?  
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,  
They all came out of a rotten potato.

### **Dinner**

Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing?  
How many holes in a skimmer?  
Four-and-twenty, my stomach is empty;  
Pray mamma, give me some dinner.

### **The Barber**

Barber, barber, shave a pig,  
How many hairs will make a wig?  
"Four-and-twenty, that's enough,"  
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.



### **Punch and Judy**

Punch and Judy fought for a pie;  
Punch gave Judy a blow on the eye.

### **Pease Pudding**

Pease pudding hot,  
Pease pudding cold,  
Pease pudding in the pot,  
Nine days old.

### **Porridge**

A little bit of powdered beef,  
And a great net of cabbage,  
The best meal I have to-day  
Is a good bowl of porridge.

### **Shaving**

The barber shaved the mason,  
As I suppose cut of his nose,  
And popp'd it in a basin.

### **Captain Duck**

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea;  
And, oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for thee.  
There were comfits in the cabin,  
And apples in the holds;  
The sails were made of silk,  
And the masts were made of gold.  
The four-and-twenty sailors  
That stood between the decks,  
Were four-and-twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.  
The captain was a duck,  
With a packet on his back;  
And when the ship began to move,  
The captain said "Quack quack!"

### **Little Tee Wee**

Little Tee Wee' he went to sea  
In an open boat; and while afloat  
The little boat bended,  
And my story's ended.

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## **Page 9—Children's Rhymes**

### **Jack be Quick**

Jack be nimble, and Jack be quick;

And Jack jump over the candle-stick.

### **Jack Sprat**

Jack Sprat had a cat,  
It had but one ear;  
It went to buy butter  
When butter was dear.

### **Jack Horner**

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,  
Eating a Christmas Pie;  
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

### **Tom Tucker**

Little Tom Tucker  
Sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it  
Without e'er a knife?  
How will he be married  
Without e'er a wife?

### **Georgie Porgie**

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry.  
When the girls came out to play  
Georgie Porgie ran away.

### **See-Saw**

See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Little Jacky shall have a new master;  
Little Jacky shall have but a penny a day,  
Because he can't work any faster.

### **Little Lad**

Little lad, little lad, where wast thou born?  
Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn,  
Where they sup sour milk in a ram's horn.

### **Jack-a-Dandy**

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,  
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;  
He bought some at a grocer's shop,  
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

### **My Son John**

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his stockings on;  
One shoe off, the other shoe on.  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John

## Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

## Who Can Draw Best

Willie drew a little pig,  
Harry drew a mouse,  
Tommy drew a ladder tall  
Leaning on a house.

## Baa, Baa Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
Yes, marry have I,  
Three bags full:  
One for my master,  
And one for my dame,  
But none for the little boy  
Who cries in the lane.



## Hey diddle diddle

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
And the dish ran after the spoon.

## The Quaker's Version

"Hey! diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped under the moon;  
The little dog barked  
to see such sport  
And the cat ran after the spoon!" [\*]

[\*] Our friend, the Quaker, holds that the last verse is the proper one, as it is the truest; but the wonderful is taken out of it, and children, accordingly, prefer the first. There is nothing wonderful in the cow jumping "under" the moon, but there is in the cow jumping "over" the moon, so with the black-birds baked in a pie. It is the fact of their singing when the pie is opened that pleases the children—'twas the wonder of the thing; so with the freaks of Mother Hubbard's Dog, etc. In nearly all nursery rhymes it is the ludicrous and wonderful that arrests

### **Frightened Boy**

There was a little boy, went into a barn,  
And lay down on some hay;  
An owl came out, and flew about,  
And the little boy ran away.

### **Frightened Boys**

Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee  
Resolved to have a battle,  
For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee  
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.  
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,  
As big as a tar-barrel,  
Which frightened both the heroes so,  
They quite forgot their quarrel.

### **Baked in a Pie**

Baby and I  
Were baked in a pie,  
The gravy was wonderful hot;  
We had nothing to pay  
To the baker that day  
And so we crept out of the pot.

### **Maid not at Home**

High diddle doubt, my candle's out,  
My little maid is not at home;  
Saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,  
And fetch my little maid home.

### **Dame not at Home**

Rowsty dowl, my fire's all out,  
My little dame is not at home;  
I'll saddle my goose and bridle my hen,  
And fetch my little dame home again;  
Home she came, tritty trot;  
And asked for the porridge she left in the pot.

### **All in the Dumps**

We're all in the dumps,  
For diamonds are trumps;  
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!  
The babies are bit,  
The moon's in a fit,  
And the houses are built without walls.

### **Hot Rolls**

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!  
That the miller may grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send us some hot in the morn.

Rosemary green,  
And lavender blue,  
Thyme and sweet marjoram,  
Hyssop and rue.

### **Bed Time**

Come, let's to bed, says Sleepy-head  
Tarry a while says Slow;  
Put on the pot, says Greedy-Jock,  
Let's sup before we go.

### **Go to Bed First**

Go to bed first,  
A golden purse;  
Go to bed second,  
A golden Pheasant;  
Go to bed third,  
A golden bird.

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## **Page 10—Girl Land**



**The three Cry-Babies**

### **Cry-Baby Belle**

Cry-baby Belle  
Is always in tears  
Nothing you can give her can ease her!  
Sugar and spice,  
And everything nice,  
Kisses and cakes will not please her.

She'll cry if she happens  
To get a slight fall,  
She'll cry if the naughty boys tease her;  
She'll cry for a spoon,  
And she'll cry for the moon;  
So there's no use in trying to please her.

If the food set before her  
Don't happen to suit—  
Oh, then just as loud as she's able,  
This cry-baby Belle  
Will set up a yell,  
And scare all the folks at the table.

If she wants to go out  
In the street she will cry;  
If she wants to come in how she screeches!  
For nothing at all  
She will set up and bawl,  
Unmindful of comforting speeches,

She screams in the morning  
Because she's not dress'd;  
And at night when they want to undress her  
More loudly she'll roar,  
And roll over the floor  
As if she had pains to distress her.

She cries when she's sick,  
And she cries when she's well,  
And often cries when she's sleeping,  
So that heavy and red,  
And most out of her head  
Are her eyes, on account of such weeping.

She always is fretful,  
Unhappy, and cross,  
No matter what she may be doing,  
And cry-baby Belle  
Pleases nobody well  
Because of her constant boo-hooing.

### **For a Naughty Little Girl**

My sweet little girl should be careful and mild,  
And should not be fretful, and cry!  
Oh! why is this passion? remember, my child,  
God sees you, who lives in the sky.

That dear little face, which I like so to kiss,  
How frightful and sad it appears!  
Do you think I can love you, so naughty as this,  
Or kiss you so wetted with tears?

Remember, tho' God is in heaven, my love,  
He sees you within and without,  
And he always looks down from His glory above,  
To notice what you are about.

If I am not with you, or if it be dark,  
And nobody is in the way,  
His eye is as able your doings to mark,  
In the night as it is in the day.

Then dry up your tears, and look smiling again  
And never do things that are wrong;  
For I'm sure you must feel it a terrible pain,  
To be naughty, and crying so long.

### **Paulina Pry**

Paulina Pry  
Would eat nothing but pie;  
Pie was her daily diet;  
Apple or plum,  
She must have some  
Or else she wouldn't be quiet.

She would not eat  
Any bread or meat,  
Though plenty of these were handy,  
But would pout and cry  
For a piece of pie,  
Or a stick of sugar-candy.

They heard her cry

In the Land of Pie,  
And sent her dozens and dozens,  
Both tender and tough,  
Till she'd had more than enough  
For her sisters, her aunts and her cousins.

### **Tearful Annie**

Poor little Annie, you will find,  
Is very gentle, good, and kind,  
But soon a fault appears.  
The slightest thing will give her pain,  
Her feelings she can ne'er restrain,  
But gives way to her tears.

The other day when Ferdinand—  
And if you search throughout the land,  
No nicer boy you'll find—  
Said something which he never meant  
To cause the slightest discontent,  
For hours she sobbed and whined.

Her father grieved, said: "This must cease  
We never have a moment's peace,  
She cries both day and night."  
A portrait painter then he paid,  
To paint his little tearful maid,  
Crying with all her might.

He set to work that very day,  
Directly he received his pay;  
The picture soon was done.  
Yes, there she was, all sobs and sighs,  
Large tear-drops streaming from her eyes.  
"How like!" said every one.

It was in truth a great success;  
Quite perfect, neither more nor less;  
Her father was so glad.  
He hung the portrait in her room;  
It filled her with the deepest gloom;  
She felt annoyed and sad.

With every relative who came,  
And saw the picture, 'twas the same,  
All startled with affright.  
Uncles, and aunts, and cousins too,  
Found it so striking, life-like, true  
That soon they took to flight.

Annie not long could this endure;  
It brought about a speedy cure,  
She ceased to cry and moan.  
Her father ceased to scold and frown,  
He had the picture taken down,  
And in the garret thrown.



Tearful Annie's Likeness

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## Page 11—Girl Land



Our Christmas Hamper.

### Hattie's Birthday

Oh! This is a happy, beautiful world!  
My heart is light and gay;  
The birds in the trees sing blithely to me  
And I'm six years old to-day.

Yes, six, and father has bought me a book,  
And mother, the sweetest doll,  
All dressed in white with blue eyes bright,  
And the nicest hat and shawl.

My kitty sat quietly near the fire  
As Dolly and I came by;  
Miss Dolly bowed, and pussy meowed,  
And opened her yellow eye.

Ah me! if Kit could only talk,  
And Dolly could but chat,  
We'd social be as any three—  
Talk, sing, and all of that.

I dressed all up in grandma's cap,  
And put on her glasses too;



"Why, Grandma!" I said, as I looked at myself,  
"I'm almost as old as you."

My mother softly kissed my cheek,  
And then she blessed me too,  
Praying that I, as years went by,  
Might be as good and true.

My birthday song is a merry one,  
And my heart is warm and light;  
Kind father, mother, and dear grandma,  
Sweet dolly and pussy, good night.

### **Youth and Age**

A funny thing I heard to-day,  
I might as well relate.  
Our Lil is six, and little May  
Still lacks a month of eight.

And, through the open play-room door,  
I heard the elder say:  
"Lil, run downstairs and get my doll;  
Go quick, now—right away!"

And Lillie said—(and I agreed  
That May was hardly fair):—  
"You might say 'please,' or go yourself—  
I didn't leave it there."

"But, Lillie," urged the elder one,  
"Your little legs, you know,  
Are younger than mine are, child,  
And so you ought to go!"

### **Children**

"I would not be a girl," said Jack,  
"Because they have no fun;  
They cannot go a-fishing, nor  
A-shooting with a gun;  
They cannot climb up trees for fruit,  
Nor bathe without a bathing dress,  
Which is no fun at all."

"I would not be a boy," said May,  
"For boys are nasty things,  
With pockets filled with hooks and knives,  
And nails, and tops and strings  
And when a boy becomes a man,  
He's got to buy girls rings;"

### **A Lost Child**

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please?"  
Poor little frightened baby!  
The wind had tossed her golden fleece,  
The stones had scratched her dimpled knees,  
I stooped and lifted her with ease,  
And softly whispered "Maybe."

"Tell me your name, my little maid:  
I can't find you without it."  
"My name is Shiny-eyes," she said,  
"Yes; but your last name?" She shook her head:  
"Up to my house 'ey never said  
A single word about it."

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"  
"Why, didn't you hear me told you?"

Dust Shiny-eyes." A bright thought came:  
"Yes, when you're good. But when they blame  
You little one,—is it just the same  
When mamma has to scold you?"

"My mamma never scolds," she moans,  
A little blush ensuing,  
"Cept when I've been a-frowning stones;  
And then she says (the culprit owns),—  
Mehitabel Sapphira Jones.  
What has you been a-doing?"

Anna E. Burnham

### Little Mary

Here stands little, little Mary,  
With her face of winning grace,  
Chattering tongue that runs apace,  
And her ways contrary

Who so gay as Mary?  
With her laughs of rippling glee  
Brimming o'er with melody,—  
Bonny, blithesome Mary.

Household pet is Mary—  
Such a merry, joyous sprite,  
Filling all our home with light—  
Pretty winsome Mary!

Mischief-loving Mary,  
Busy as the busiest bee,  
Full of sunshine, life, and glee  
Is our heart's sweet Mary!

### Girl and Angel

As Peter sat at Heaven's gate  
A maiden sought permission,  
And begged of him, if not too late,  
To give her free admission.

"What claim hast thou to enter here?"  
He cried with earnest mien.  
"Please sir," said she, 'twixt hope and fear,  
"I'm only just sixteen!"

"Enough," the hoary guardian said,  
And the gate wide open threw.  
"That is the age when every maid  
Is girl and angel too."



## Page 12—Naughty Girls

### Girl Who Wouldn't Go to Bed

Once I knew a little girl,  
Who wouldn't go to bed,  
And in the morning always had  
A very sleepy head.

At night she'd stop upon the stairs,  
And hold the railings tight  
Then with a puff she'd try to blow  
Out Mary Ann's rushlight.

The bed at last they tuck'd her in,  
The light she vow'd to keep;  
Left in the dark she roar'd and cried;  
Till tired she went to sleep.

### Little Girl that Beat her Sister

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss  
Your little sister dear;  
I must not have such things as this,  
Nor noisy quarrels here.

What! little children scold and fight  
Who ought to be so mild;  
Oh! Mary, 'tis a shocking sight  
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine for my part,  
The reason of your folly,  
As if she did you any hurt  
By playing with your dolly.

### Children Should not Quarrel

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight:  
For 'tis their nature to.

But children you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

### The Sulky Girl

Why is Mary standing there,  
Leaning down upon the chair,  
With pouting lip and frowning brow?  
I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here, my dear, and tell me true,  
Is it because I spoke to you  
About what you just now had done,  
That you are such a naughty one?

When, then, indeed, I'm grieved to see  
That you can so ill-tempered be:

You make your faults a great deal worse  
By being sulky and perverse.

Oh! how much better it appears,  
To see you melting into tears,  
And then to hear you humbly say,  
"I'll not do so another day!"

### **The Little Girl that did not Like to be Washed**

What! cry when I wash you! not love to be clean?  
There, go and be dirty, unfit to be seen;  
And till you leave off, and I see you have smiled,  
I'll not take the trouble to wash such a child.

### **The Girl who Sucked her Fingers**

A little girl, named Mary Kate,  
Whom you may have chance to see,  
Would have been loved by small and great,  
But for one thing, which I'll relate;  
So listen now to me.

A silly habit she's acquired  
Of putting in her mouth,  
The pretty fingers of her hand,  
And sucking them, for hours she'd stand,  
In a manner most uncouth.

Her play-companions used to laugh,  
And jeeringly would say,  
"Oh, pray bring Mary Kate some crumbs,  
Poor thing! she's dining off her thumbs,  
She'll eat them all away."



### **Girl Stealing Treacle**

This is Nelly Pilfer;  
I'll tell you what she earned  
By stealing off the treacle  
When Mary's back was turned.

They caught the greedy Nelly  
With treacle on her hand,  
They put her in the corner,  
And there they made her stand.

### **The Girl who Soiled her Clothes**

Little Polly Flinders,  
Sat among the cinders,  
Warming her pretty toes;  
Her mother came and caught her,  
And scolded her little daughter,  
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

### **The Greedy Little Girl**

I knew a greedy little girl,  
Who all day long did roar;  
Whatever toys were given her,  
She always wanted more.

Five dolls she had—one was black,  
A ball and battledore,  
But held them all so very tight,  
The roar'd and scream'd for more.

Now this was wicked of the child,  
As everyone must own;  
So for the whole of one long day  
They shut her up alone.

### **The Girl Who Played with Fire**

Mamma, a little girl I met,  
Had such a scar, I can't forget!  
All down her arms and neck and face;  
I could not bear to see the place.

Poor little girl! and don't you know  
The shocking trick that made her so?  
'Twas all because she went and did  
A thing her mother had forbid.

For once, when nobody was by her,  
This silly child would play with fire;  
And long before her mother came,  
Her pinafore was all in flame.

In vain she tried to put it out,  
Till all her clothes were burnt about;  
And then she suffer'd ten times more,  
All over with a dreadful sore.

For many months before 'twas cured,  
Both day and night the pain endured;  
And still you see, when passing by her,  
How sad it is to play with fire.

### **Little Miss Consequence**

Little Miss Consequence strutted about,  
Turned up her nose, pointed her toes,  
And thought herself quite a grand person, no doubt.  
Gave herself airs; took many cares,  
To appear old; was haughty and cold.  
She spoke to the servants like a dog or a cat  
And fussed about this, and fussed about that.

### **The Vulgar Little Lady**

"But, mamma, now," said Charlotte, "pray don't you believe  
That I'm better than Jenny my nurse?  
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve;  
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

"I ride in my coach, and have nothing to do.  
And the country folks stare at me so;  
And nobody dares to control me but you,  
Because I'm a lady, you know.

"Then servants are vulgar and I am genteel;  
So, really, 'tis out of the way,  
To think that I should not be better a deal  
Than maids, and such people as they."

"Gentility, Charlotte," her mother replied,  
"Belongs to no station or place;  
And nothing's so vulgar as folly and pride,  
Though dressed in red slippers and lace.

"Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess  
Should teach them the poor to despise;  
For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress,  
That the truest gentility lies."

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### Page 13—Naughty Girls



### Peggy Won't

"I won't be dressed, I won't, I won't!"  
Cried Peggy one morn to mamma.  
"Very well, dear," was quietly said,  
"I'll teach you how silly you are."

Peggy then frowned and set her lips  
Expecting a kiss as of old,

But mother had gravely walked away,  
And Peggy was getting so cold.

The minutes passed, and Peggy sighed,  
For thoughts of her breakfast arose,  
And "Mammy, dear," she loudly wept,  
While stamping her bare little toes.

Then mother came, and firmly said,  
"I'm taking you, dear, at your word;  
'I won't be dressed—I won't, I won't!'  
Has many times lately been heard.

"So now to bed, my little maid,  
For you *will not* be dressed to-day;  
Then Peggy will be taught to think  
Before acting in such a way."

Oh, for the tears that Peggy shed!  
But now every morn, I am told,  
A wee young maid is quietly dressed,  
And is always as good as gold.

### The Shadows

"Mamma! I see something  
Quite dark on the wall;—  
It moves up and down,  
And it looks very strange!  
Sometimes it is large,  
And sometimes it is small;  
Pray, tell me what it is,  
And why does it change?"

"It is Mamma's shadow  
That puzzles you so,  
And there is your own  
Close beside it, my love!  
Now run round the room,  
It will go where you go;  
It rests where you sit,  
When you rise it will move.

"These wonderful shadows  
Are caused by the light  
From fire and from candles  
Upon us that falls;  
If we were not here,  
All that place would be bright,  
But light can't shine  
Through us to lighten the wall.

"And when you are out  
Some fine day in the sun,  
I'll take you where shadows  
Of apple-trees lie;  
And houses and cottages too—  
Every one  
Repose on their shadows  
Beneath the bright sky.

"Now hold up your mouth,  
And give me a sweet kiss;  
Our shadows kiss too!—  
Don't you see it quite plain?"  
"O yes! and I thank you  
For telling me this,  
I'll not be afraid  
Of a shadow again."

Mary Lundie



Girl in Disgrace—Her Dog is Sorry



Another Naughty Girl

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## Page 14—Naughty Girls

### Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home  
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamed she heard them bleating,  
But when she awoke, 'twas all a joke—  
Alas! they still were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them;  
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,  
They'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray  
Over the meadows hard by,  
That there she espied their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and gave by-and-by  
Each careless sheep a banging;  
And as for the rest, she thought it was best  
Just to leave their tails a-hanging.

### Mary's Little Lamb



Mary had a little lamb  
Whose fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That Lamb it would not go;

So Mary took that little Lamb  
And put it on the spit,  
And soon it was so nicely done  
She ate it every bit.

### **Pemmy**

Pemmy was a pretty girl,  
But Fanny was a better;  
Pemmy look'd like any churl,  
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,  
But Fanny had a better;  
Pemmy oft would come to blows,  
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,  
But Fanny had a better;  
Pemmy would sing all day long,  
But Fanny would not let her.

### **Little Husband**

I had a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb;  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,  
That galloped up and down;  
I bridled him, and saddled him,  
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,  
To garter up his hose,  
And a little handkerchief,  
To wipe his pretty nose.

### **I'm Governess**

Now children dear, you all come near  
And do not make a noise;  
But listen here, just take and clear  
That desk of all those toys.

For now I'm Governess you'll find,  
That its myself will make you mind;  
So Alice Brown you do your sum,  
And Betty Snooks don't look so glum.

And Sarah White sit down at once,  
And Susan Black you are a dunce,  
And Annie Grey you needn't think  
I didn't see you spill the ink.

And find your thimble Maggie More,  
And mind your sewing Jennie Shore;  
And Linda Cole you know 'tis wrong  
To make a stitch two inches long.



And you Kate Ross, stop pinching there,  
Don't scratch! nor pull your sister's hair;  
And you, you naughty Lucy Moyes,  
Must not be talking to the boys.

And Bridget Mace don't make that face;  
And Norah Finn keep your tongue in.  
Don't be a Tom-boy Emma Pyke,  
You really must act lady-like.

Now I want all good children in my school,  
Don't want a single dunce, bad girl or fool,  
So I will kindly ask you to be brave,  
And try to very, very well behave.

Yes all be good and learn your lessons well,  
And then I'll ring the little bell to tell  
That school is over for the day,  
And you can all run out to play.

### **Little Governess**

Little Nellie Nipkin, brisk, and clean, and neat,  
Keeps a little baby-school in the village street;  
Teaches little pupils all that she can find,  
And keeps a little birch that teaches them to mind.

### **My Mamma's Maid**

Dingty diddledy, My mamma's maid,  
She stole oranges, I'm afraid;  
Some in her pockets, some in her sleeve,  
She stole oranges, I believe.

### **My Dolly**

I have a little doll, I take care of her clothes;  
She has soft flaxen hair, and her name is Rose.  
She has pretty blue eyes, and a very small nose,  
And a funny little mouth, and her name is Rose.

### **Tommy Snooks**

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks  
Were walking out one Sunday,  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,  
"To-morrow will be Monday."

### **Little Betty Blue**

Little Betty Blue, lost her left shoe,

What can little Betty do?  
Give her another, to match the other,  
And then she may walk in two.

### **Cross Patch**

Cross patch, draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup, and drink it up,  
Then call your neighbours in.

### **Jumping Joan**

Hinx, minx! the old witch winks,  
The fat begins to fry;  
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,  
Father, mother, and I.

### **Princess Lost Her Shoe**

Doodle, doodle, doo,  
The Princess lost her shoe;  
Her highness hopp'd  
The fiddler stopp'd  
Not knowing what to do.

### **Hobble Gobble**

The girl in the lane that couldn't speak plain,  
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble;"  
The man on the hill that couldn't stand still,  
Went "Hobble, hobble, hobble."

### **Our Girl's Rabbits**

Mary, Kate, and Maria went down as agreed,  
To the hutch in the garden, the rabbits to feed;  
There was the mother, a steady old bunny,  
Moving her nose in a manner so funny.

A young rabbit also, tho' seeming to dose,  
Kept munching his breakfast and moving his nose;  
Mary, Kate, and Maria gave the rabbits some food,  
And lovingly stroked them because they were good.

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## **Page 15—Naughty Girls**

### **Meddlesome Matty**

One ugly trick has often spoiled  
The sweetest and the best;  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One ugly trick possessed,  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the teapot lid  
To peep at what was in it;

Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.  
In vain you told her not to touch—  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandma went out one day,  
And by mistake she laid  
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay  
Too near the little maid;  
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,  
As soon as grandmamma is gone,"

Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide;  
And looking round, as I suppose,  
The snuff box she too spied:  
"Oh! what a pretty box is that;  
I'll open it." said little Matt.

"I know grandmamma would say,  
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'  
But then she's far enough away,  
And no one else is near;  
Besides, what can there be amiss  
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid;  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did;  
For all at once, ah! woeful case,  
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth beside,  
A dismal sight presented;  
In vain, as bitterly she cried,  
Her folly she repented.  
In vain she ran about for ease;  
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,  
To wipe her tingling eyes;  
And as in twenty bits they lay,  
Her grandmamma she spies.  
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"  
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,  
And tingling still and sore,  
Made many a promise to refrain  
From meddling evermore.  
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,  
She ever since has kept her word.

### **The Girl who Spilled the Ink**

"Oh! Lucy! Fanny! Make haste here!  
Mamma will be so vexed, I fear,  
For I've upset the ink!  
See, on my frock and pinafore,  
Such great black stains! And there are more  
Upon my socks, I think."

And Lucy cries, with open eyes,  
And hands extended in surprise,  
"Oh, naughty Mary Ann,  
Those stains can never be washed out;  
Whatever have you been about?  
Look at her, sister Fan!"

Mamma comes in: "Heyday! what's this?  
Why, Mary Ann, I told you, Miss,  
The inkstand ne'er to move;  
And little girls who won't obey,

And mind each word their parents say,  
Good people ne'er will love."

### **The Naughty Girl**

A naughty girl had got no toy,  
And didn't know what to do,  
So she rumbled her frock  
And tore her sock,  
And tried to eat her shoe.

### **The Girl who was Always Tasting**

Little Miss Baster, of Sunnyside,  
Was known as a taster, far and wide;  
Picking and licking, spying and prying,  
Each bottle and dish with her fingers trying.  
Dangerous practice! dreadful little fact is!  
Once almost poisoned, and very near dying.  
Little Miss Baster, of Sunnyside,  
Has got some poison in paper tied;  
Harmless she deems it, yes, she must taste,  
Like sugar seems it, ah! but 'tis paste.  
Rat's-bane, the mixture. Oh! woe the day!  
Run for the doctor, bid him not stay.  
Dreadful her anguish—nearly she died,  
Did little Miss Baster, of Sunnyside.



### **Children Stealing Jam**

Four naughty little children thought  
Some jam they'd try and steal;  
But see how nicely they were caught  
With a crash that made them squeal.

Their mother who was just next door,  
And heard the horrid noise,  
Came in and shook those naughty girls,  
And whipped those naughty boys.

### **Sally, the Lazy Girl**

Her sister would come to the bedside and call,  
"Do you mean to sleep here all the day?"  
I saw Kitty Miles up two hours ago,

A-washing and working away.

"The water is boiling, the table is spread,  
Your father is just at the door;  
If you are not quick, we shall eat all the bread,  
And you will not find any more."

Then Sally sat up and half opened her eyes,  
And gave both a grunt and a groan;  
And yawning she said, in a quarrelsome voice,  
"I wish you would let me alone."

But though she was lazy, she always could eat,  
And wished for a plentiful share,  
So tumbled her clothes on, and smeared her white face,  
Forgetting her hands and her hair.

Her frock was all crumpled and twisted away,  
Her hair was entangled and wild,  
Her stockings were down and her shoes were untied,  
She looked a most slovenly child.

She sauntered about till the old village clock  
Had sounded and then died away,  
Before she put on her torn bonnet and went  
To school without further delay.

But soon as she came to the little cake shop,  
She loitered with lingering eyes,  
Just wishing that she had a penny to spend,  
For one of the pretty jam pies.

Again she went on, and she loitered again  
In the same foolish way as before,  
And the clock in the school was just warning for ten,  
As she lifted the latch of the door.

The governess frowned as she went to her place,  
She had often so spoken in vain,  
And now only said, with a sorrowful sigh,  
"There's Sally the latest again!"

She hated her reading, and never would write,  
She neither could cypher nor sew,  
And little girls whispered, "We never will be  
So silly as Miss Sally Slow."

### **Girl who Wouldn't Comb her Hair**

I tell you of a little girl, who would herself have been,  
As pretty a young lady as ever could be seen,  
But that about her little head she had no cleanly care.  
And never, never could be made to brush and comb her hair.

She would have been a pretty child,  
But, oh! she was a fright—  
She looked just like a girl that's wild,  
Yes, quite as ugly, quite;  
She looked just like a girl that's wild—  
A frightful ugly sight.

### **The Nasty, Cross Girls**

The school was closed one afternoon,  
And all the girls were gone;  
Some walked away in company,  
And some walked on alone.

Some plucked the flowers upon the banks,  
Some chatted very fast,  
And some were talking secretly,  
And whispered as you passed.

And if, perchance, a girl came near,  
Then one of these would say,  
"Don't listen to our secrets, Miss,  
You'll please to go away."

As Nelly White ran home from school,  
Her work-bag in her hand,  
She chanced to pass near Lucy Bell,  
And her friend Susan Brand.

"We don't want you," said Lucy Bell,  
"You little tiresome chit;  
Our secrets are not meant for you,  
You little tell-tale-tit."

Then both girls cried, "Tell-tale-tit,"  
And pushed her roughly by;  
Poor Nelly said, "I'm no such thing,"  
And then began to cry.

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## Page 16—Girl's Stories

### Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl whose mother made her a scarlet cloak with a hood to tie over her pretty head; so people called her (as a pet name) "Little Red Riding-Hood." One day her mother tied on her cloak and hood and said,

"I wish you to go to-day, my darling, to see your grandmamma, and take her a present of some butter, fresh eggs, a pot of honey, and a little cake with my love."

Little Red Riding-Hood loved her grandmother, and was very glad to go. So she ran gaily through the wood, gathering wild flowers and gambolling among the ferns as she went; and the birds all sang their sweetest songs to her, and the bluebells nodded their pretty heads, for everything loved the gentle child.

By and by a great hungry Wolf came up to her. He wished to eat her up, but as he heard the woodman Hugh's axe at work close by, he was afraid to touch her, for fear she should cry out and he should get killed. So he only asked her where she was going. Little Red Riding-Hood innocently told him (for she did not know he was a wicked Wolf) that she was going to visit her grandmother, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the wood. Then the Wolf made haste, and ran through the wood, and came to the cottage of which the child had told him. He tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the old woman, who lay sick in bed.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood, Grandmamma," answered the Wolf in a squeaky tone, to imitate the voice of her grandchild.

"Pull the string, and the latch will come up," said the old lady, "for I am ill and cannot open the door."

The cruel Wolf did so, and, jumping on the bed, ate the poor grandmother up.

Then he put on her night-cap and got into bed. By and by Little Red Riding-Hood, who had lingered gathering flowers as she came along, and so was much later than the Wolf, knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the Wolf, mimicking her grandmother's voice.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood, dear Grandmamma," said the child.

"Pull the string and the latch will come up," said the Wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood came in, and the Wolf told her to put down her basket, and come and sit on the bed. When Little Red Riding-Hood drew back the curtain and saw the Wolf, she began to be rather frightened and said,

"Dear Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"All the better to see you with, my dear," said the Wolf, who liked a grim joke.

"And what a large nose you have, Grandmamma!" cried the child.

"All the better to smell you with, my dear."

"And, oh! Grandmamma, what long white teeth you have!"

Alas! she reminded the greedy Wolf of eating.

"All the better to eat you with!" he growled; and, jumping out of bed, sprang at Red Riding-Hood.

But just at that moment Hugh the woodman, who had seen the sweet child go by, and had followed her, because he knew there was a Wolf prowling about the forest, burst the door open, and killed the wicked animal with his good axe. Little Red Riding-Hood clung round his neck and thanked him, and cried for joy; and Hugh took her home to her mother; and after that she was never allowed to walk in the greenwood by herself.

It was said at first that the Wolf had eaten the child, but that was not the case; and everybody was glad to hear that the first report was not correct, and that the Wolf had not really killed Little Red Riding-Hood.

### **Little Miss Jewel**

Little Miss Jewel  
Sat on a stool,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a little spider  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Jewel away.

### **Little Girl**

Little girl, little girl, where have you been;  
Gathering Roses to give to the Queen.  
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?  
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

### **Little Betty Blue**

Little Betty Blue lost her pretty shoe;  
What can Little Betty do?  
Give her another, to match the other,  
And then she can walk in two.



### **I'm Grandmamma**

Last night when I was in bed,  
Such fun it seemed to me;  
I dreamt that I was Grandmamma,  
And Grandmamma was me.

But she was such a tiny girl,  
And dressed in baby clothes;  
And I thought I smacked her face, because  
She wouldn't blow her nose.

And I went walking up the street,



And she ran by my side;  
And because I walked too quick for her,  
My goodness, hoe she cried.

And after tea I washed her face;  
And when her prayers were said,  
I blew the candle out, and left  
Poor Grandmamma in bed.

### **The Babes In The Wood**

A long time ago there lived in an old mansion in the country a rich gentleman and his wife, who had two dear little children, of whom they were very fond. Sad to relate, the gentleman and lady were both taken ill, and, feeling they were about to die, sent for the uncle of the children, and begged him to take care of them till they were old enough to inherit the estates.

Now this uncle was a bad and cruel man, who wanted to take the house, the estates, and the money for himself,—so after the death of the parents he began to think how he could best get rid of the children. For some time he kept them till he claimed for them all the goods that should have been theirs. At last he sent for two robbers, who had once been his companions, and showing them the boy and girl, who were at play, offered them a large sum of money to carry them away and never let him see them more.

One of the two robbers began coaxing the little boy and girl, and asking them if they would not like to go out for a nice ride in the woods, each of them on a big horse. The boy said he should if his sister might go too, and the girl said she should not be afraid if her brother went with her. So the two robbers enticed them away from the house, and, mounting their horses, went off into the woods, much to the delight of the children, who were pleased with the great trees, the bright flowers, and the singing of the birds.

Now, one of these men was not so bad and cruel as the other, and he would not consent to kill the poor little creatures, as the other had threatened he would do. He said that they should be left in the woods to stray about, and perhaps they might then escape. This led to a great quarrel between the two, and at last the cruel one jumped off his horse, saying he would kill them, let who would stand in the way. Upon this the other drew his sword to protect the children, and after a fierce fight succeeded in killing his companion.

But though he had saved them from being murdered, he was afraid to take them back or convey them out of the wood, so he pointed out a path, telling them to walk straight on and he would come back to them when he had bought some bread for their supper; he rode away and left them there all alone, with only the trees, and birds and flowers. They loved each other so dearly, and were so bold and happy, that they were not much afraid though they were both very hungry.

The two children soon got out of the path, which led into the thickest part of the wood, and then they wandered farther and farther into the thicket till they were both sadly tired, but they found some wild berries, nuts and fruits, and began to eat them to satisfy their hunger. The dark night came on and the robber did not return. They were cold, and still very hungry, and the boy went about looking for fresh fruit for his sister, and tried to comfort her as they lay down to sleep on the soft moss under the trees.

The next day, and the next, they roamed about, but there was nothing to eat but wild fruits; and they lived on them till they grew so weak that they could not go far from the tree where they had made a little bed of grass and weeds. There they laid down as the shades of night fell upon them, and in the morning they were both in heaven, for they died there in the forest, and as the sun shone upon their little pale faces, the robins and other birds came and covered their bodies with leaves, and so died and were buried the poor Babes in the Wood.

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## **Page 17—Girl's Stories**

### **Cinderella**

Cinderella's mother died while she was a very little child, leaving her to the care of her father and her step-sisters, who were very much older than herself; for Cinderella's father had been twice married, and her mother was his second wife. Now, Cinderella's sisters did not love her, and were very unkind to her. As she grew older they made her work as a servant, and even sift

the cinders: on which account they used to call her in mockery "Cinderella." It was not her real name, but she became afterwards so well known by it that her proper one has been forgotten.

She was a sweet tempered, good girl, however, and everybody except her cruel sisters loved her. It happened, when Cinderella was about seventeen years old, that the King of that country gave a ball, to which all the ladies of the land, and among the rest the young girl's sisters were invited. So they made her dress them for this ball, but never thought of allowing her to go.

"I wish you would take me to the ball with you, sisters," said Cinderella, meekly.

"Take you, indeed!" answered the elder sister with a sneer, "it is no place for a cinder-sifter: stay at home and do your work."

When they were gone, Cinderella, whose heart was sad, sat down and cried; but as she sorrowful, thinking of the unkindness of her sisters, a voice called to her from the garden, and she went to see who was there. It was her godmother, a good old Fairy.

"Do not cry, Cinderella," she said; "you also shall go to the ball, because you are a kind, good girl. Bring me a large pumpkin."

Cinderella obeyed, and the fairy touched it with her wand, turned it into a grand coach. Then she turned a rat into a coach-man, and some mice into footmen; and touching Cinderella with her wand, the poor girl's rags became a rich dress trimmed with costly lace and jewels, and her old shoes became a charming pair of glass slippers, which looked like diamonds. The fairy told her to go to the ball and enjoy herself, but to be sure and leave the ball-room before the clock struck eleven. "If you do not," she said, "your fine clothes will all turn to rags again.

So Cinderella got into the coach, and drove off with her six footmen behind, very splendid to behold, and arrived at the King's Court, where she was received with delight. She was the most beautiful young lady at the ball, and the Prince would dance with no one else. But she made haste to leave before the hour fixed and had time to undress before her sisters came home. They told her a beautiful Princess had been at the ball, with whom the Prince was delighted. They did not know it was Cinderella herself.

Three times Cinderella went to royal balls in this manner, but the third time she forgot the Fairy's command, and heard eleven o'clock strike. She darted out of the ball-room and ran down stairs in a great hurry. But her dress all turned to rags before she left the palace and she lost one of her glass slippers. The Prince sought for her everywhere, but the guard said no one had passed the gate but a poor beggar girl. However, the prince found the slipper, and in order to discover where Cinderella was gone, he had it proclaimed that he would marry the lady who could put on the glass slipper. All the ladies tried to wear the glass slipper in vain, Cinderella's sisters also, but when their young sister begged to be allowed to try it also, it was found to fit her exactly, and to the Prince's delight, she drew the fellow slipper from her pocket, and he knew at once that she was his beautiful partner at the ball. So she was married to the Prince, and the children strewed roses in their path as they came out of church.

Cinderella forgave her sisters, and was so kind to them that she made them truly sorry for their past cruelty and injustice.

### **The Three Bears**

Once upon a time three bears lived in a nice little house in a great forest.

There was Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Baby Bear.

They had each a bed to sleep in, a chair to sit on, and a basin and a spoon for eating porridge, which was their favourite food.

One morning the three bears went to take a walk before breakfast; but before they went out they poured the hot porridge into their basins, that it might get cool by the time they came back. Mr and Mrs Bear walked arm-in-arm, and Baby Bear ran by their side. Now, there lived in that same forest a sweet little girl who was called Golden Hair. She, also, was walking that morning in the wood, and happening to pass by the bear's house, and seeing the window open, she peeped in.



There was no one to be seen, but three basins of steaming hot porridge all ready to be eaten, seemed to say "Come in and have some breakfast." So Golden Hair went in and tasted the porridge in all the basins, then she sat down in Baby Bear's chair, and took up his spoon, and ate up all his porridge. Now this was very wrong. A tiny bear is only a tiny bear, still he has the right to keep his own things. But Golden Hair didn't know any better.

Unluckily, Baby Bear's chair was too small for her, and she broke the seat and fell through, basin and all.

Then Golden Hair went upstairs, and there she saw three beds all in a row. Golden Hair lay down on Father Bear's bed first, but that was too long for her, then she lay down on Mother Bear's bed, and that was too wide for her, last of all she lay down on Baby Bear's bed, and there she fell asleep, for she was tired.

By-and-by the bears came home, and Old Father Bear looked at his chair, and growled:

"Somebody has been here!"

Mother Bear growled more softly:

"Somebody has been here!"

Baby Bear, seeing his chair broken, squealed out "Somebody has been here, and broken my chair right through!"

Then they went to the table, and looked at their porridge, and Father Bear Growled:

"Who has touched my basin?"

And Mother Bear growled:

"Who has touched my basin?"

And Baby Bear squeaked:

"Somebody has broken mine and eaten up all my porridge!"

They went upstairs and Father Bear growled:

"Who has been lying on my bed?"

And Mother Bear growled:

"Who has been lying on my bed?"

And Baby Bear squeaked out:

"O! here is a little girl in my bed; and it must be she who has eaten my breakfast and broken my chair and basin!"

Then Father Bear growled:

"Let us eat her up!"

Then Mother Bear growled:

"Let us eat her up!"

And Tiny Bear squeaked:

"Let us eat her up!"

But the noise they made awoke Golden Hair; she startled out of bed (on the opposite side) and jumped out of the window. The three bears all jumped out after her, but they fell one on the top of the other, and rolled over and over, and while they were picking themselves up, little Golden Hair ran home, and they were not able to catch her.

## **Bluebeard**

Once there lived in a lovely castle a very rich man called Bluebeard. A short distance off lived an old gentleman with two lovely daughters, named Fatima and Annie. Bluebeard visited their house, and at length proposed to Fatima, was accepted by her, and they were married with great splendour. He took her home with him to his castle, and permitted her sister Annie to reside with her for company for a time.

She lived very happily in her new home, her new husband was very kind to her, and allowed her to have everything she wished for, but one day he suddenly told her that business called him away from home, that he should be away some days, and handed her the keys to his wardrobe, treasures, and all parts of the castle, he also gave her one key of a small closet, and told her that she might unlock every door in the castle, but not the closet door, for if she did so, she should not live an hour longer. He then left home fondly kissing her at the door.

Her sister and herself returned into the castle, and enjoyed themselves in unlocking room after room, looking over the curiosities, treasures, &c, until Annie became tired and lay down to rest on a rich sofa, and fell asleep. Fatima, as soon as she saw that her sister was asleep, felt a womanly curiosity, an irresistible temptation to unlock the forbidden closet, and take a peep.

She tripped lightly up to the door, turned the key in the lock, pushed the door open, and, oh! horror! there were five or six dead ladies lying in the closet, with their marriage rings on their fingers. She at once concluded that they were Bluebeard's previous wives, she let the key drop in her fright into the blood on the floor, she picked it up and attempted to wipe it, but the blood would not come off. She awoke her sister, and they both tried, but they could not get it off, and gave it up in despair.

Just then Bluebeard suddenly returned, and asked his wife if she could please to hand him the keys. She trembling did so. He said "How came the blood on the closet key? You have disobeyed me, and shall die at once."

She begged a few minutes to say her prayers and just as he was going to chop her head off, her two brothers arrived at the castle, burst open the door, killed the cruel wretch, and rescued their sisters.

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## Page 18—Girl Land



Our three little Belles.

### My Girl

A little corner with it's crib.  
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,  
A little tooth so pearly white,  
A little rubber-ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round,  
A little rattle to resound,  
A little creeping—see! she stands!  
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair.  
A little willow rocking chair,  
A little dress of richest hue,  
A little pair of gaiters blue.

A little school day after day,  
A little "schoolma'am" to obey,  
A little study—soon 'tis past—  
A little graduate at last.

A little muff for wintry weather,  
A little jockey-hat and feather,  
A little sac with funny pockets,  
A little chain, a ring, and locket.

A little while to dance and bow,  
A little escort homeward now,  
A little party somewhat late,  
A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June,  
A little talk while shines the moon,  
A little reference to papa,  
A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave,  
A little struggle to be brave,  
A little cottage on the lawn,  
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

### **Good and Bad**

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead  
When she was good  
She was very good,  
But when she was bad, she was horrible.

### **My little Daughter's Shoes**

Two little rough-worn, stubbed shoes  
A plump, well-trodden pair;  
With striped stockings thrust within,  
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,  
A hole is in each toe,  
They might have cost, when they were new,  
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet this little, worn-out pair  
Is richer far too me  
Than all the jewelled sandals are  
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,  
Is satin in my sight;  
These little tarnished buttons shine  
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world!  
You shall not find me there  
So rarely made, so richly wrought,  
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,  
Now sound asleep above,  
Whose form is moving beauty, and  
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;  
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;  
Her gentleness, her innocence,  
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps  
Will long demand my aid;  
For the old road of human life  
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound;  
And, on so rude a way,

Feet that can wear these coverings  
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task  
Thy feeble steps to tend!  
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,  
Thy playmate and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,  
And thine be firm and strong,  
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age  
In cheerful peace along.

### **The Old Cradle**

And this was your cradle?  
Why, surely, my Jenny,  
Such slender dimensions  
Go somewhat to show  
You were a delightfully  
Small picaninny  
Some nineteen or twenty  
Short summers ago.

Your baby-day flowed  
In a much troubled channel;  
I see you as then  
In your impotent strife,  
A tight little bundle  
Of wailing and flannel,  
Perplexed with that  
Newly-found fardel called Life,

To hint at an infantine  
Frailty is scandal;  
Let bygones be bygones—  
And somebody knows  
It was bliss such a baby  
To dance and to dandle,  
Your cheeks were so velvet,  
So rosy your toes.

Ay, here is your cradle,  
And Hope, a bright spirit,  
With love now is watching  
Beside it, I know.  
They guard the small nest  
You yourself did inherit  
Some nineteen or twenty  
Short summers ago.

It is Hope gilds the future—  
Love welcomes it smiling;  
Thus wags this old world,  
Therefore stay not to ask,  
"My future bids fair,  
Is my future beguiling?"  
If masked, still it pleases—  
Then raise not the mask.

Is life a poor coil  
Some would gladly be doffing?  
He is riding post-haste  
Who their wrongs will adjust;  
For at most 'tis a footstep  
From cradle to coffin—  
From a spoonful of pap  
To a mouthful of dust.

Then smile as your future  
Is smiling, my Jenny!  
Tho' blossoms of promise  
Are lost in the rose,  
I still see the face

Of my small picaninny  
Unchang'd, for these cheeks  
Are as blooming as those.

Ay, here is your cradle!  
Much, much to my liking,  
Though nineteen or twenty  
Long winters have sped;  
But, hark! as I'm talking  
There's six o'clock striking,  
It is time Jennie's baby  
Should be in its bed.

Frederick Locker

### A Little Goose

The chill November day was done,  
The working world home a-faring,  
The wind came roaring through the streets,  
And set the gas lamps flaring.

And hopelessly and aimlessly  
The seared old leaves were flying,  
When, mingled with the sighing wind,  
I heard a small voice crying,

And shivering on the corner stood  
A child of four or over;  
No hat nor cloak her small soft arms  
Or wind-blown curls to cover.

Her dimpled face was stained with tears;  
Her round blue eyes ran over;  
She crushed within her wee, cold hands  
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasures,  
While she slipped in mine the other,  
Half-scared, half-confidential, said  
"Oh! please, I want my mother."

"Tell me your street name and number, pet;  
Don't cry, I'll take you to it,"  
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget—  
The organ made me do it."

"He came and played at Miller's steps;  
The monkey took the money;  
And so I followed down the street,  
That monkey was so funny.

I've walked about a *hundred hours*,  
From one street to another;  
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers:  
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name?  
And what's the street? now think a minute."  
"My mother's name is mamma dear,  
The street—I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house,  
Or new—not like the others?"  
I guess you mean my trundle bed—  
Mine and my little brother's.

Oh! dear, I ought to be at home,  
to help him say his prayers;  
He's such a baby, he forgets,  
And we are both such players.

"And there's a bar between, to keep  
From pitching on each other;  
For Harry rolls when he's asleep—

Oh! dear, I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy, people passed,  
All muffled, homeward faring;  
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"  
I said at last, despairing.

I spied a ribbon about her neck.  
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"  
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,  
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name!  
My eyes astonished, met it.  
"For," said the little one, "you see  
I might some time forget it.

And so I wear a little thing  
That tells you all about it;  
For mother says she's very sure  
I might get lost without it.

Eliza S. Turner

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## Page 19—Girl Land



### Girls

There's the pretty girl,  
And the witty girl,  
And the girl that bangs her hair;  
The girl that's a flirt,  
And the girl that is pert,  
And the girl with the baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl,  
And the rowdy girl,  
And the girl that's always late;  
There's the girl of style,  
And the girl of wile,  
And the girl with the mincing gaits

There's the tender girl,  
And the well-read girl,  
And the girl with the sense of duty  
There's the dainty girl  
And the fainty girl  
And the girl that has no beauty.

There's the lazy girl,



And the daisy girl,  
And the girl that has two faces;  
There's the girl that's shy,  
And the girl that's fly  
And the girl that bets on races

There are many others,  
Oh! men and brothers,  
Than are named in this narration.  
There are girls *and* girls,  
Yet they're all of them pearls,  
Quite the best sorts in creation.

### **Girl's Names**

There is a strange deformity  
Combined with countless graces,  
As often in the ladies' names,  
As in the ladies faces;  
Some names fit for every age,  
Some only fit for youth;  
Some passing sweet and musical,  
Some horribly uncouth;  
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,  
Some only fit for scullery maids  
Ann is too plain and common,  
And Nancy sounds but ill;  
Yet Anna is endurable,  
And Annie better still,  
There is a grace in Charlotte,  
In Eleanor a state,  
An elegance in Isabel,  
A haughtiness in Kate;  
And Sarah is sedate and neat,  
And Ellen innocent and sweet  
Matilda has a sickly sound,  
Fit for a nurse's trade;  
Sophie is effeminate,  
And Esther sage and staid;  
Elizabeth's a matchless name,  
Fit for a queen to wear  
In castle, cottage, hut, or hall—  
A name beyond compare;  
And Bess, and Bessie follow well,  
But Betsy is detestable.  
Maria is too forward,  
And Gertrude is too gruff,  
Yet, coupled with a pretty face,  
Is pretty name enough'  
And Adelaide is fanciful,  
And Laura is too fine,  
But Emily is beautiful,  
And Mary is divine  
Maud only suits a high-born dame,  
And Fanny is a baby name  
Eliza is not very choice,  
Jane is too blunt and Bold,  
And Martha somewhat sorrowful,  
And Lucy proud and cold;  
Amelia is too light and gay,  
Fit for only a flirt;  
And Caroline is vain and shy,  
And Flora smart and pert;  
Louisa is too soft and sleek  
But Alice—gentle, chaste and meek  
And Harriet is confiding,  
And Clara grave and mild.  
And Emma is affectionate,  
And Janet arch and wild!  
And Patience is expressive,  
And Grace is cold and rare,  
And Hannah warm and dutiful,  
And Margaret frank and fair

And Faith, and Hope and Charity  
Are heavenly names for sisters three.

### Sarah

Oh, Sarah mine, hark to my song  
Your slumbers soft invading.  
For here beneath your window-sill  
I come a-Sarah-nading.

You know my fond heart beats for you  
In tenderest adoration,  
And then, you know, I long to have  
You be my own Sal-vation.

The day's not far when you'll be mine—  
The thought makes my soul merry;  
You'll be the pride of all my life,  
But not my adver-Sarey.

The tender fates shall crown your lot,  
And sweet contentment parcel;  
And while you're just the world to me,  
Love will be univer-Sal.

With bridal altar draped with flowers  
And everything so tony,  
In crowded church we will be wed  
With lots of Sarah-money.

There's nothing I'll not do for you  
Till life comes to an end, dear.  
I'd brave the battles of the world  
And fight a Sara-cen, dear.

I must to sleep, Sal, soda you,  
For here I must not dally,  
For that bull-dog I hear, like me,  
Is bound to have a Sally.

### Several Kinds of Girls

A good girl to have—Sal Vation.  
A disagreeable girl—Anna Mosity.  
A fighting girl—Hittie Magginn.  
Not a Christian girl—Hettie Rodoxy.  
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.  
A pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.  
A sick girl—Sallie Vate.  
A smooth girl—Amelia Ration.  
A seedy girl—Cora Ander.  
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.  
A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.  
A geometrical girl—Rhoda Dendron.  
A musical girl—Sarah Nade.  
A profound girl—Mettie Physics.  
A star girl—Meta Oric.  
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.  
A nervous girl—Hester Ical.  
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenici.  
A lively girl—Anna Mation.  
An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.  
A sad girl—Ella G.  
A serene girl—Molly Fy.  
A great big girl—Ella Phant.  
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.  
The best girl of all—Your Own.



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## Page 20—Girl Land



### Jumping-Jennie

Jennie has a jumping-rope  
As slender as a whip.  
And all about the street and house  
She'd skip, and skip, and skip.

She knocked the vases from the shelf,  
Upset the stools and chairs,  
And one unlucky day, alas!  
Went headlong down the stairs.

Against the wall, against the door  
Her head she often bumped,  
And stumbled here, and stumbled there,  
Yet still she jumped, and jumped.

She jumped so high, she jumped so hard,  
That—so the story goes—  
She wore her shoes and stockings out,  
Likewise her heels and toes.

### I Don't Care

Matilda was a pretty girl,  
And she had flaxen hair;  
And yet she used those naughty words  
"I'm sure I do not care."

She once her lessons would not learn,  
But talk'd about the fair,  
And lost her tickets, but she said,  
"I'm sure I do not care."

As she advanced to riper years,  
I'm sorry to declare,  
She still preserved those naughty words,  
"I'm sure I do not care."

She grew a woman, and for life  
'Twas time she should prepare,  
But still she said "there's time enough,  
If not, I do not care."

Duties neglected, warnings spurn'd,  
Her mother in despair;  
And though she saw the evil done,  
She said, "I do not care."

Still on she went from bad to worse,  
She spurned her father's prayer;  
Who feared she'd find an awful end,  
Because she would not care.

Afflictions came, and death in view,  
Which filled her with despair;  
Her God neglected, and she feared  
For her He would not care.

Could you have then Matilda seen,  
Or heard her broken prayer,  
She urged her friends never to use  
Those awful words—Don't Care.

### **Little Miss Meddlesome**

Little Miss Meddlesome  
Scattering crumbs,  
Into the library  
Noisily comes—  
Twirls off her apron,  
Tilts open some books,  
And into a work-basket  
Rummaging, looks.

Out goes the spools spinning  
Over the floor,  
Beeswax and needle-case  
Stepped out before;  
She tosses the tape-rule  
And plays with the floss,  
And says to herself,  
"Now won't mamma be cross!"

Little Miss Meddlesome  
Climbs to the shelf,  
Since no-one is looking,  
And mischievous elf,  
Pulls down the fine vases,  
The cuckoo-clock stops,  
And sprinkles the carpet  
With damaging drops.

She turns over the ottoman,  
Frightens the bird,  
And sees that the chairs  
In a medley are stirred;  
Then creeps on the sofa,  
And, all in a heap,  
Drops out of her  
Frolicsome mischief asleep.

But here comes the nurse,

Who is shaking her head,  
And frowns at the mischief  
Asleep on her bed.  
But let's hope when Miss Meddlesome's  
Slumber is o'er,  
She may wake from good dreams  
And do mischief no more.

### Careless Matilda

"Again, Matilda,  
Is your work astray,  
Your thimble is gone!  
Your scissors, where are they?

Your needles, pins, your thread,  
And tapes all lost—  
Your housewife here,  
And there your work-bag tost.

Fie, fie, my child!  
Indeed this will not do,  
Your hair uncomb'd,  
Your frock in tatters too;

I'm now resolv'd  
No more delays to grant,  
This day I'll send you  
To your stern old aunt."

In vain Matilda wept,  
Repented, pray'd,  
In vain a promise  
Of amendment made.

Arriv'd at Austere Hall,  
Matilda sigh'd.  
By Lady Rigid,  
When severely eyed.

"You read, and write,  
And work well, as I'm told,  
Are gentle, kind, good-natur'd,  
Far from bold.

But very careless,  
Negligent, and wild—  
When you leave me,  
You'll be a different child."

The little girl  
Next morn a favour asks:  
"I wish to take a walk,"  
"Go learn your tasks,"

The lady harsh replies,  
"Nor cry nor whine.  
Your room you leave not  
Till you're call'd to dine."

As thus Matilda sat,  
O'erwhelm'd with shame,  
A dame appear'd,  
Disorder was her name.

Her hair and dress neglected,  
Soil'd her face,  
She squinted leer'd,  
And hobbled in her pace.

"Here, child," she said,  
"My mistress sends you this,  
A bag of silks—  
A flow'r not work'd amiss—

A polyanthus bright,  
And wondrous gay;  
You'll copy it by noon,  
She bade me say."  
Disorder grinn'd,  
Then shuffling walk'd away.

Entangled were  
The silks of every hue,  
Confus'd and mix'd  
Were shades of pink, green, blue;

She took a thread,  
Compar'd it with the flow'r;  
"To finish this is  
Not within my pow'r.

Well-order'd silks  
Had Lady Rigid sent,  
I might have work'd,  
If such was her intent."

She sigh'd, and melted  
Into sobs and tears,  
She hears a noise  
And at the door appears

A pretty maiden, clean,  
Well-dress'd, and neat  
Her voice was soft,  
Her looks sedate, yet sweet.

"My name is Order,  
Do not cry my love;  
Attend to me,  
And thus you may improve."

She took the silks,  
And drew out shade for shade,  
In sep'rate skeins,  
Each hue with care she laid;  
Then smiling kindly,  
Left the little maid.

Matilda now resumed  
Her sweet employ,  
And sees the flow'r complete—  
How great her joy.

She leaves the room,  
"I've done my task," she cries.  
But soon her harshness  
The lady look'd  
With disbelieving eyes,  
Chang'd to glad surprise.

"Why this is well!  
A very pretty flow'r,  
Work'd clean, exact,  
And done within the hour!

And now amuse yourself,  
Ride, walk or play."  
Thus passed Matilda  
This much-dreaded day.

At all her tasks  
Disorder would attend  
At all her tasks  
Still Order stood her friend.

With tears and sighs  
Her studies oft began,  
These into smiles  
Were changed by Order's plan;

No longer Lady Rigid

Seem'd severe,  
Her looks the negligent  
Alone need fear.

And when the day  
The wish'd-for day is come  
When young Matilda's  
Suffer'd to go home:

"You quit me, child,  
But oft to mind recall  
The time you spent  
With me at Austere Hall.

And now, my dear,  
I'll give you one of these,  
Your servant she will be;  
Take which you please."

"From me," Disorder asked,  
"Old friend, why start?"  
Matilda clasped  
Sweet Order to her heart.  
"My dearest girl," she cried,  
"We'll never part."

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## Page 21—Girl Land



### Forty Little School Girls

Forty little school girls, running, but not flirty;  
Ten ran into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but thirty.

Thirty little school girls swimming the river Plenty;  
Ten swam into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but twenty.

Twenty little school girls jumping in velveteen;  
One jumped into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were nineteen.

Nineteen little school girls going out a-skating;  
One skated into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but eighteen.

Eighteen little school girls dancing with the queen;

One danced into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were seventeen.

Seventeen little school girls driving a bullock team;  
One drove into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were sixteen.

Sixteen little school girls creeping out unseen;  
One crept into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were fifteen.

Fifteen little school girls hopping on the green;  
One hopped into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were fourteen.

Fourteen little schoolgirls floating down a stream;  
One floated into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were thirteen.

Thirteen little school girls leaping out to delve;  
One leaped into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but twelve.

Twelve little school girls racing out for leaven;  
One raced into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were eleven.

Eleven little school girls dodging a lion when—  
One dodged into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but ten.

Ten little school girls, all skipping in a line;  
One skipped into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but nine.

Nine little school girls swinging on a gate;  
One swung into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but eight.

Eight little school girls, trying to fly to heaven;  
One flew into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but seven.

Seven little school girls tripping out for sticks;  
One tripped into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but six.

Six little school girls, going for a dive;  
One dived into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but five.

Five little school girls, sailing to explore;  
One sailed into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but four.

Four little school girls steaming on the sea;  
One steamed into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but three.

Three little school girls, riding on a moo;  
One rode into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but two.

Two little school girls, sliding about for fun;  
One slid into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there was but one.

One little school girl, the nicest, last and best,  
She walked into Cole's Book Arcade,  
And read books with all the rest.

The following is the way that each girl went into Cole's Book Arcade:

Ada ran into it.  
Agnes ran into it.  
Alice ran into it.  
Amy ran into it.



Annie ran into it.  
Angelina ran into it.  
Bessie ran into it.  
Bridget ran into it.  
Carrie ran into it.  
Clara ran into it.  
Edith swam into it.  
Eliza swam into it.  
Emily swam into it.  
Emma swam into it.  
Fanny swam into it.  
Florence swam into it.  
Hannah swam into it.  
Harriet swam into it.  
Jane swam into it.  
Jessie swam into it.  
Kate jumped into it.  
Lillie skated into it.  
Lizzie danced into it.  
Lottie drove into it.  
Louisa crept into it.  
Lucy hopped into it.  
Mary floated into it.  
Martha leaped into it.  
Matilda raced into it.  
Maggie dodged into it.  
Maria skipped into it.  
Mabel swung into it.  
Maude flew into it.  
May tripped into it.  
Minnie dived into it.  
Nellie sailed into it.  
Olive Steamed into it.  
Rose rode into it.  
Sarah slid into it.  
Tottie walked into it.

N.B.—Any little girl is invited to walk, run, jump, dance, skip, hop, swim, fly, or come into Cole's Book Arcade in any way she chooses, the same as the Forty Little School Girls.

### **Story Of The Funny Monkeys**

Once there was a funny old monkey—and this old monkey had six young monkeys. There was one white monkey, and one black monkey, and one yellow monkey, and one red monkey, and one blue monkey, and one green monkey; and the white monkey's name was Linda, and the black monkey's name was Eddie, and the yellow monkey's name was Vally, and the red monkey's name was Ruby, and the blue monkey's name was Pearl, and the green Monkey's name was Ivy Diamond. And the white monkey liked apples, and the black monkey liked grapes, and the yellow monkey liked cherries, and the red monkey liked strawberries, and the blue monkey liked oranges, and the green monkey liked nuts, and that's all about these FUNNY MONKEYS. The names of any children can be told in this story instead of Linda, Eddie, Vally, Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond.

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### **Tangle Pate**

There was a girl, named tanglepate,  
She lived—I won't say where—  
Who was not willing any one  
Should comb or curl her hair.

She cried and made a dreadful fuss,  
At morning, noon, or night,  
And did not seem at all ashamed  
Of looking like a fright.

Her hair stood out around her head  
Just like a lion's mane,  
And she was scolded, coaxed, and teased  
About it—but in vain.

It caught on buttons, hooks, and boughs  
As here and there she rushed,  
And yet she would not consent  
To have it combed or brushed.

And so she fell asleep one day  
Within the woods, and there  
Two birdies came and built a nest  
Amid her tangled hair.

### **A Careless Girl**

I know a very careless girl,  
Her hair is always out of curl,  
In rags and tatters are her clothes,  
And she's a fright, you may suppose.

Her skirts she catches on a nail,  
And leaves behind an ugly trail;  
Her sashes always are untied,  
Her dresses always gaping wide.

'Tis her delight to tear and rend,  
She does not like to patch or mend,  
And 'tis no wonder that she goes  
So out at elbows and at toes.

### **Naughty Girl**

The naughty girl  
Never minds mamma,  
Always says, "I won't!"

To dear papa!  
Makes a great deal of noise  
About the house.  
When her mother wants her  
As still as a mouse.

She pinches the cat,  
She pulls her tail;  
And takes the bird-cage  
Down from the nail;  
Teases her brothers,  
And spoils her hair,  
And reproved says,  
"I don't care!"

She worries poor grandma,  
Makes baby cry;  
She cannot please him,  
And I know why:—  
She lets him lie  
In the crib and moan,  
While she is amusing  
Herself alone.

At school she forgets  
What the teacher said,  
Sits idly leaning her hands  
On her head;  
She never learns  
The task that's given,  
And cannot tell even  
Seven times seven.

At table she's careless,  
And spills her drink,  
Can never be taught  
To "stop and think;"  
Gets down from the table  
And goes to play,  
To do the same over  
Another day.

### **Mopy Maria**

Mopy Maria  
Would sit by the fire,  
It seemed to be  
Her greatest desire;  
Bent and bowed  
As if wrapped in a shroud,  
And her face as black  
As a thunder-cloud.

She filled the room  
So full of gloom,  
The place was as  
Dismal as a tomb;  
And few would admire  
Her, or desire  
To spend much time  
With Mopy Maria,

She moped and pined  
Yet no-one could find  
That any trouble  
Disturbed her mind;  
Nor reasons good  
Why she should brood  
An such a  
Ridiculous attitude.

It wasn't her style  
To laugh and smile  
She didn't think

It was worth her while;  
So dull and flat  
She daily sat  
Like a Chinese idol,  
Or worse than that,

If the children came  
To propose a game  
Of any sort,  
It was all the same;  
She wouldn't play,  
She wouldn't be gay,  
But sat and pouted  
The livelong day.

Her face grew thin;  
And at length her chin  
Grew long and sharp;  
Oh! as sharp as a pin!  
And one windy day  
She blew away  
Like a great big kite  
That had gone astray.

The winds were high,  
And she had to fly  
Away at their bidding;  
It made her cry;  
But she couldn't get higher  
Than the tall church spire,  
So there she stuck—  
Poor Mopy Maria!

### **Disobedient May**

Naughty May will not obey,  
But will always have her way  
Every moment of the day.

If you say do this, or that,  
She will be amazed thereat,  
Show her claws like any cat.

O she is a naughty child!  
Very fond of running wild,  
Never gentle, meek, or mild.

Some fine day, I don't know when—  
She'll be popp'd in piggy's pen,  
And be most unhappy then.

Pigs are stubborn things indeed,  
Will not go as you would lead,  
Never words of counsel heed.

And pig-headed folks are they  
Who will always have their way,  
Spite of anything you say.

### **Sluttishness**

Oh! Mary, my mary,  
Why, where is your dolly?  
Look here, I protest, on the floor:  
To leave her about  
In the dirt so is folly,  
You ought to be trusted no more.

I thought you were pleas'd.  
And receiv'd her quite gladly,  
When on your birthday she came home;  
Did I ever suppose

You would use her so sadly,  
And strew her things over the room?

Her bonnet of straw  
You once thought a great matter,  
And tied it so pretty and neat;  
Now see how 'tis crumpled,  
No trencher is flatter,  
It grieves your mamma thus to see't.

Suppose (you're my Dolly,  
You know, little daughter,  
Whom I love to dress neat, and see good),  
Suppose in my care of you,  
I were to falter,  
And let you get dirty and rude!

But Dolly's mere wood,  
You are flesh and bone living,  
And deserves better treatment and care;  
That is true, my sweet girl,  
'Tis the reason I'm giving  
This lesson so sharp and severe.

'Tis not for the Dolly  
I'm anxious and fearful,  
Tho' she cost too much to be spoil'd;  
I'm afraid lest yourself  
Should get sluttish, not careful,  
And that were a sad thing, my child.

### **Jane, who Bit her Nails**

When I was living down in Wales,  
I knew a girl who bit her nails;  
Her finger-ends became so sore,  
The blood flowed from them to the floor.

The more she bit the more they bled,  
Until upon herself she fed;  
And as she nibbled day by day,  
The fingers slowly wore away.

See, here she is: she sadly stands  
With only stumps instead of hands;  
The silly girl can never play,  
Yet she was cautioned every day.

Her father said, "You naughty thing,  
Some wooden fingers I must bring,  
And try to get them fastened to  
Your hands with little bits of glue."

### **Poking Fun**

When little Lizzie came across  
A birdie, or a chick,  
A duckling, or a gosling,  
she would poke it with a stick.

She chased the dog, she chased the cat,  
But when she saw a mouse  
She gave a scream so very loud  
It echoed through the house.

She poked the turtles and the frogs  
And thought it was fine fun,  
But when the geese poked out their necks  
At her, she had to run.

One day she chanced to find a hive  
With not a bee about,

And said, "Is any one at home?  
"I'll very soon find out!"

And so she did. As soon as she  
Had poked her stick inside,  
The bees flew out and stung her so  
She very nearly died.

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## Page 23—Girl Land

### The Pin

"Dear me! what signifies a pin,  
Wedg'd in a rotten board?  
I'm certain that I won't begin,  
At ten years old, to hoard!  
I never will be called a miser;  
That I'm determined," said Eliza.

So onward tripped the little maid,  
And left the pin behind,  
Which very snug and quiet lay,  
To its hard fate resign'd;  
Nor did she think (a careless chit)  
'Twas worth her while to stoop for it.

Next day a party was to ride  
To see an air balloon;  
And all the company beside  
Were dressed and ready soon:  
But she a woful case was in,  
For want of just a single pin.

In vain her eager eyes she brings  
To ev'ry darksome crack,  
There was not one! and yet her things  
Were dropping off her back.  
She cut her pincushion in two,  
But no, not one had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor,  
Over a crack she lay,  
The carriage rattled to the door,  
Then rattled fast away:  
But poor Eliza was not in,  
For want of just a single pin.

There's hardly anything so small,  
So trifling or so mean,  
That we may never want at all,  
For service unforeseen;  
And wilful waste, depend upon't  
Brings, almost always, woful want!

Ann Taylor

### Stupid Jane

Oh! she was such a stupid Jane,  
They tried in vain  
To make things plain,  
But she would ask and ask again,  
As if there wasn't any brain  
Inside the head of stupid Jane.

If she was set to do a task,

So many questions she would ask,  
'Twas easier far her teachers said  
To do the work themselves instead,  
Than try to make her understand  
The lesson she had in hand.

If on an errand told to go,  
And cautioned to do thus and so,  
Turn here and there along the way,  
Oh! Jane was sure to go astray;  
For she hade such a crooked pate,  
She could not do an errand straight.

She did not care for books or toys,  
She could not play with girls or boys;  
Because so oft she blocked their games,  
They used to call her dreadful names,  
And in loud, angry tones complain,  
"Oh, what a horrid, Stupid Jane!"

Brought to the parlour nicely drest  
To be presented to a guest,  
With finger in her mouth she'd stand  
And stare about on every hand,  
Nor answer by a single word,  
Nor even act as if she heard.

Oh! she was such a stupid Jane,  
They tried in vain  
To make things plain,  
But she would ask and ask again,  
As if there wasn't any brain  
Inside the head of stupid Jane.

### **Little Girl who wouldn't eat Crusts**

The awfulest times that ever could be  
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,  
Who never would finish her crust  
In vain they besought her,  
And patiently taught her  
And told her she must.  
Her grandma would coax,  
And so would the folks,  
And tell her the sinning  
Of such a beginning.  
But no, she wouldn't.  
She couldn't, she shouldn't,  
She'd have them to know—  
So they might as well go.  
And what do you think came to pass?  
This little girl of Dundee, alas!  
Who wouldn't take crusts the regular way,  
Sat down to a feast one summer's day;  
And what did the people that little girl give?  
Why, a dish of bread pudding—as sure as I live!

### **Pouting Polly**

Polly was a little girl,  
Pretty as a posy;  
Rather straight, and rather tall;  
Very round and rosy.

Other little girls and boys  
Always were delighted,  
So if to pretty Polly's house  
They had been invited.

There they'd romp, and have great fun,  
Frolicking and shouting;  
But alas! they soon would find

Pretty Polly pouting!

What had any one done?  
How had they displeased her?  
Was she sad or mad because  
Johnny Dean had teased her?

Why are you so cross and glum  
When the rest are jolly?  
With your under-lip thrust out,  
Tell us, pouting Polly!

Polly loves to have her way;  
Ah! no one can doubt it;  
And whenever she's displeased  
She will pout about it.

Such a funny under-lip!  
You would like to grab it,  
So that little Polly might  
Break this naughty habit.

In the house or out-of-doors,  
Little Polly Horner  
You will find a dozen times  
Pouting in a corner.

Once, when in the garden she  
Stood thus melancholy,  
On her under-lip a bee  
Stung Miss Pouting Polly.

Then she danced, and then she screamed;  
People heard her yelling  
Half-a-mile or more away,  
While her lip was swelling.

Oh, it swelled, and swelled, and swelled,  
Like a great big blister,  
And the pain was very great  
Where the bee had kissed her.

Many days she kept her bed;  
And there is no doubting  
That the sorry little maid  
Had her fill of pouting.

For the buzzing busy-bee  
Cured her of her folly;  
And the remedy will cure  
Any pouting Polly.

### **Untidy Emily**

Oh, here's a sad picture!  
Pray carefully look!  
As sad as was ever  
Yet seen in a book.

'Tis Emily's portrait:  
Not at all flattered.  
Slovenly, dirty, untidy,  
And tattered.

Her mother implores her,  
Again and again,  
To make herself tidy;  
But all is in vain.

Her trimmings are torn;  
There's a hole in her dress;  
Another, still larger;  
Her shoes in a mess;

Stockings down, buttons missing;



Shabby old hat,  
Not for worlds would I  
Wear it, battered and flat.

Her mother does nothing  
But patch, darn and mend,  
Till, saddened and weary,  
She says, "This must end.

"All, all is in vain.  
And now, happen what may,  
I can do nothing more;  
So go your own way."

A terrible thing  
Very soon now befell,  
Oh, horror! I shudder  
The story to tell.

This girl ran quite wild;  
Till at last she became  
All tatters and rags,  
With no feeling of shame.

A man, who was passing,  
Then took her one day,  
And in his field placed her,  
To scare birds away.

She is still standing there;  
Stands there day and night.  
The sparrows fly round her,  
And cry in affright:

"Look at this dreadful thing!  
Take care now, take care!  
Beware of the scarecrow!  
Beware, now, beware!"



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**Page 24—Girl Land**



### **Maidenhood**

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like a dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet!  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields of Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd  
Birds and blossoms many-number'd—  
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd

Gather, then each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand

One touch of that magic wand

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh! that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal:

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

Longfellow

### **Girls that are in Demand**

The girls that are wanted are good girls—  
Good from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From it's heart to its sweet leaf tips.  
The girls that are wanted are home girls—  
Girls that are a mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust to,  
And the little ones understand.

The girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folks,  
Ready and anxious to please.  
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,  
That know what to do and to say;  
That drive with a smile and soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,  
Whom fashion can never deceive;  
Who can follow whatever is pretty,  
And dare what is silly to leave.  
The girls that are wanted are careful girls,  
Who count what a thing will cost.  
Who use with a prudent generous hand,  
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts,  
They are wanted for mothers and wives,  
Wanted to cradle in loving arms  
The strongest and frailest lives.  
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,  
There are few who can understand,  
But, oh! for the wise, loving home girls  
There's a constant steady demand.

### **Girl's Names**

Francis, is "unrestrained and free;"  
Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;"  
Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea;  
Lucy, a star of radiant "light;"  
Catherine, is "pure" as mountain air;  
Barbara, cometh "from afar;"  
Mabel, is "like a lily fair;"  
Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star;"  
Felicia, is a "happy girl;"  
Matilda, is a "lady true;"  
Margaret, is a shining "pearl;"  
Rebecca, "with the faithful few;"  
Susan, is a "lily white;"  
Jane has the "willow's" curve and grace;  
Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight;"  
Sophia, shows "wisdom" on her face;

Constance, is firm and "resolute;"  
Grace, a delicious "favour meet;"  
Charlotte, "noble, of good repute;"  
Harriet, a fine "odour sweet;"  
Isabella, is "a lady rare;"  
Lucinda, "constant" as the day;  
Maria, means a "lady fair;"  
Abigail, "joyful as the May;"  
Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;"  
Adeline, "nice princess, proud;"  
Agatha, "is truly good and just;"  
Leila, "a joy of love avowed;"  
Jemima, "a soft sound in air;"  
Caroline, "a sweet spirit, hale;"  
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"  
Selina, "a sweet nightingale;"  
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"  
Judith, "a song of sacred praise;"  
Julia, "a jewel none excel;"  
Priscilla, "ancient of days."

### Kate

There's something in the name of Kate  
Which many will condemn;  
But listen now while I relate  
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,  
She's worthy of your love!  
She's nice and beautiful a flame,  
And gentle as a dove,

Communi-Kate's intelligent,  
As we may well suppose;  
Her fruitful mind is ever bent  
On telling all she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure  
'Tis hard to find her out;  
For she is often very sure  
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a surly maid,  
She's sure to have her way;  
The cavilling, contrary jade,  
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest;  
Much given to dispute;  
Her prattling tongue can never rest,  
You cannot her refute.

Then dislo-Kate, is quite a fret,  
Who fails to gain her point;  
Her case is quite unfortunate  
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo—  
The thing would be absurd.  
She is so faithless and untrue,  
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,  
And strives with all her might  
Her duty faithfully to do  
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,  
Quite fond of rural scenes;  
She likes to ramble through the grass  
And through the evergreens.

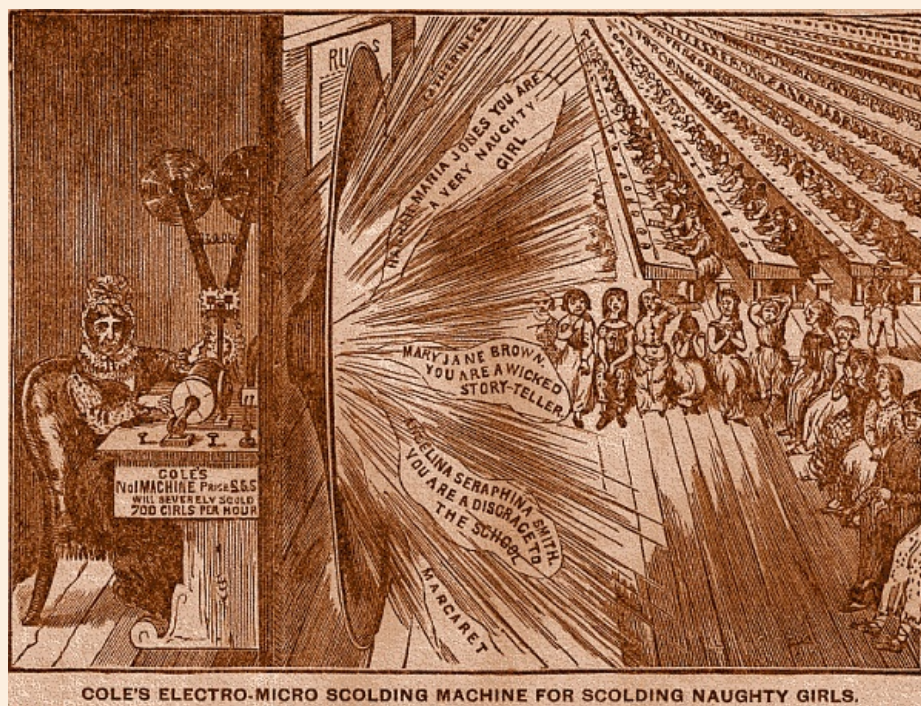
Of all the maidens you can find,

There's none like edu-Kate;  
Because she elevates the mind  
And aims at something great.



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## Page 25—Girl Land



### Coles Electro-micro Scolding Machine For Scolding Naughty Girls

Cole's Electro-micro Scolding Machine is a combination of three instruments, the Phonograph, the Microphone, and the Wonderphone.

The Phonograph is an instrument that will preserve words for any length of time. Any person can speak, sing, whistle, or scold into a Phonograph, and months or years afterwards by simply turning a handle the same sounds can be reproduced a dozen, a hundred, or a thousand times in the exact voice of the person who spoke them in; so that if a man or a woman, who is a great scold, speak some good, loud, severe scolding into a Phonograph, the mildest teacher can then scold her pupils, or the kindest mother her children, just by turning the handle.

The Microphone is an instrument that magnifies sound in the same way as a microscope magnifies objects; a very powerful microphone magnifies the sound of a fly walking into a loud

tramping footstep, the tick of a watch into a deafening clatter, and a whisper into a loud shout. Take a Microphone, then properly affix it to the Phonograph described above, and you have a good Scolding Machine; turn the handle, and as the Phonograph gives out the scoldings, the microphone part magnifies them so loudly that they are heard for a considerable distance.

The Wonderphone (Cole's own secret) is another remarkable instrument; it will cause sound to travel very distinctly, but frightfully and equally loud, for forty miles in all directions; by attaching this powerful instrument to the combination of the other two, Cole's Electro-micro Scolding Machine is formed—and which is the first Scolding Machine ever invented. If the machine is already *charged* by having had some scolding spoken, or even whispered into it, give the handle a turn, and forty miles to the east, forty miles to the west, forty to the north, forty to the south, forty up in the sky, and down in the mines forty miles deep, in fact forty miles in every direction, everybody can clearly hear every word being said to the girl being scolded. Suppose for instance, Hannah Maria Smith had done something wrong in school, the schoolmistress could give the handle of the machine a turn, and it would scold her so loudly that her mother, and father, and brothers, and sisters, and uncles, and aunts, and friends, and those she didn't like would all hear her scolded. The machine can be charged on the instant by anyone scolding into it. In fact the whole value of Cole's Scolding Machine lies in its power to repeat out exceedingly loud whatever is spoken into it.

If the schoolmistress chooses she can put the scolding into verse, so that all who hear it in the forty miles around, can more easily remember it. The machine that I have before me now, was charged this morning for an aristocratic school and speaks as follows:—Silence!! Attention!!!

Ada Alice Arabella Angelina Andal,  
Why do you talk for ever, such a tittle-tattling scandal?  
Betsy Bertha Bridget Belinda Bowing,  
Will you be quiet and go on with your sewing?  
Cora Caroline Christina Clarinda Clare,  
Now do look in the glass at your untidy hair.  
Dorah Dinah Dorothy Dorinda Dresson,  
You really must get on with your short drawing lesson.  
Edith Ellen Evelina Elizabeth Eadle,  
This makes this day your nineteenth broken needle.  
Fanny Florence Frederica Florinda Flynn,  
How cruel of you to prick Jane with a pin.  
Grace Gertrude Genevieve Georgina Grimble,  
You careless girl to lose your silver thimble.  
Hilda Hanna Harriet Henrietta Hawker,  
You really are a most inveterate talker.  
Ida Izod Irene Isabella Inching,  
You spiteful—stop that scratching and pinching.  
Jane Julia Josephine Jemima Jesson,  
Sit down at once and learn your music lesson.  
Kate Kester Katrina Kathleen Kent,  
You're vulgar, saucy, rude and insolent.  
Lizzie Letitia Lucretia Lorinda Loeries,  
You're the champion of the world for telling stories.  
Maud Mary Martha Matilda Moyes,  
Sends letters to, and flirts with, naughty boys.  
Nancy Nelly Ninette Naomi Nations,  
Shame of you to talk 'gainst other girls' relations.  
Olive Osberta Orphelia Octavia O'Dyke,  
Your conduct is outrageous and unladylike.  
Polly Patience Prudence Paulina Pitt,  
You really are our champion tell-tale-tit.  
Quilla Quintina Quinburga Quendrida Quirk,  
How very, very, dirty you have made your fancy-work.  
Rose Ruth Rachel Rebecca Ritting,  
Now stop that crying and get on with your knitting.  
Sarah Sophia Selina Susannah Stacies,  
Don't spoil your face by making those grimaces.  
Tilda Theresa Tabitha Theodora Tapping,  
You'd gain the prize if one was given for slapping.  
Una Ursula Urica Urania Urls,  
You'd gain the prize for teasing little girls.  
Venus Violet Victoria Veronica Vo-shi,  
Just learn your task and put away that crochet.  
Wilmett Walberg Winefride Wilhelmina Wriggling,  
Now once for all do stop that stupid giggling.  
Xenodice Xanthippe Xanthisa Xenophona X-cess,  
You think and talk of nothing else but dress! dress!  
Yana Yulga Yapeena Yestina Young,  
Will you behave yourself and just draw in your tongue.

And lastly and worst of all, you,  
Zoe Zora Zillah Zenobia Zeen,  
How dare you! how dare you!! yes, how dare you!!!  
Sneer at the boy's new whipping Machine.

### Notice To The Public

If a schoolmistress chooses to live a hundred or a thousand miles away from her school, she can use the Scolding Machine by means of a *Telephone* attached thereto.

One great advantage of the Electro-micro Scolding Machine is, that after it has been in use a short time the girls will all have been shamed into good behaviour; but the Machine will not become useless, as it can, without a farthing outlay, be turned into a Praising Machine, for it can be made to praise in a gentle voice as well as scold in a harsh one. In fact, as said above it will repeat in exact tones, anything that is recited, preached, sung, whistled, whispered, shouted, scolded or praised into it—and any of which will be heard for forty miles around.

Cole can supply Scolding Machines from £5 to £50. A very good one (The Excelsior), price £10, can be charged in one minute, and set going like a musical box, and will sing, whistle, recite, preach, or scold away for a full hour without stopping. Cole would particularly recommend this one to the ladies, it would make a fine ornament for their own table.

Final Notice Extraordinary—If the champion male scold of the world, and the champion female scold of the world, will call on Professor Cole, at the Book Arcade, Melbourne, he will give them both good wages, and find them constant employment at charging Scolding Machines. If any wife has got the champion male scold for a husband, she will please to let me know. If any husband has got the champion female scold for a wife, he will please to let me know—£10 bonus for information in each case.

E.W. Cole

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## Page 26—Good Girls

### Jenny Lee

An orphan child was Jenny Lee;  
Her father, he was dead.  
And very hard her mother worked;  
To get the children bread.

In winter time, she often rose  
Long ere the day was light,  
And left her orphan family,  
Till dark again at night.

And she would always say to Jane,  
Before she went away;  
"Be sure you mind the little ones,  
And don't go out to play.

"Keep baby quiet in his bed,  
As long as he will lie;  
Then take him up, and dance him well,  
Don't leave him there to cry.

"And don't let little Christopher,  
Get down into the street,  
For fear he meets an accident  
Beneath the horse's feet.

"And mind about the fire, child,  
And keep a tidy floor;  
We never need be dirty, Jane,  
Although we may be poor.

"Good-by my precious comforter,  
For all the neighbours say,

That I can trust my little maid,  
Whenever I'm away."

Then Jenny she was quite as proud  
As England's noble Queen,  
And she resolved to do the work,  
And keep the dwelling clean.

She did not stop to waste her time,  
But very brisk was she,  
And worked as hard and cheerfully  
As any busy bee.

If down upon the cottage floor  
Her little brother fell,  
She stroked the places tenderly,  
And kissed and made them well.

And when the little babe was cross,  
As little babes will be,  
She nursed and danced it merrily,  
And fed it on her knee.

But when they both were safe in bed,  
She neatly swept the hearth,  
And waited until her mother's step  
Came sounding up the path.

Then open flew the cottage door,  
The weary mother smiled.  
"Ah! Jenny dear, what should I do,  
Without my precious child!"

### **Work Before Play**

"Mother has sent me to the well,  
To fetch a jug of water,  
And I am very glad to be  
A useful little daughter;  
That's why I cannot play  
With you and Mary Ann to-day.

"Some afternoon I'll come with you,  
And make you wreaths and posies;  
I know a place where blue-bells grow,  
And daisies and primroses;  
But not to-day, for I must go  
And help my mother, dears, you know.

"She says, that I am nearly eight,  
So I can fill the kettle,  
And sweep the room and clean the grate,  
And even scrub a little;  
Oh! I'm so very glad to be  
A little useful girl, you see.

"So Johnny, do not ask to-day—  
Perhaps I'll come to morrow;  
But you'd not wish me now to stay,  
And give my mother sorrow.  
When she can spare me, she will say,  
'Now, Susan, you may go and play.'"





### Lucy Gray

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I managed to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Besides a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his book  
And snapped a faggot band;  
He piled his work,—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before it's time;  
She wandered up and down;  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide,  
But there was neither sound or sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood  
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried  
"In heaven we shall meet!"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge

They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn edge,  
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed—  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

### **Mary's Little Lamb**

Mary had a little lamb,  
It's fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day—  
That was against the rule;  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.

The teacher therefore turned him out;  
But still he lingered near,  
And on the grass he played about  
Till Mary did appear.

At once he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if to say, I'm not afraid—  
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
The little children cry;  
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb you know,"  
The teacher did reply.

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## **Page 27—Girl Land**

### **We are Seven**

I met a little cottage girl;  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her head was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie—  
My sister and my brother;  
And in the churchyard cottage I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea;  
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive!  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied;  
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then? said I,  
"If they two are in heaven!"  
The little maiden did reply  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And say, "Nay, we are seven."

### **The Poor, but Kind Girl**

Young Lucy Payne lives on the Village Green;  
Mary, you know the cottage, I am sure,  
Under the hawthorn! 'Tis so neat and clean,  
Though Widow Payne, alas! is blind and poor.

She plies her needles, and she plies them well,  
And Lucy never spends an idle hour;  
On market days their mits and socks they sell,  
And thus their balls of worsted turn to flour.

I pass'd one morning by their cottage door;  
Lucy was talking to a little child,  
A ragged thing that lives upon the moor;  
It's parents leave it to run rude and wild.

Hanger had tamed the little wilding thing,  
It's cheeks were hollow, but it's air was light;  
Young Lucy did not know I saw her bring  
That porringer she kept so clean and bright.

It was her breakfast—all the darling had;  
But oh! she gave it with a heart so glad.



### Grace Darling

"Over the wave, the stormy wave,  
Hasten, dear father, with me,  
The crew to save from a wat'ry grave,  
Deep in the merciless sea.  
Hear ye the shriek, the piercing shriek,  
Hear ye the cry of despair?  
With courage quick the wreck we'll seek;  
Danger united we'll dare.

"Out with the boat, the gallant boat;  
Not a moment to be lost;  
See! she's afloat, proudly afloat,  
And high on the waves we're tossed;  
Mother, Adieu, a short adieu;  
Your prayers will rise to heaven;  
Father to you—your child and you—  
Power to save is given.

"I have no fear, no maiden fear;  
My heart is firm to the deed,  
I shed no tear, no coward tear;  
I've strength in time of need.  
Hear ye the crash, the horrid crash?  
Their mast over the side is gone;  
Yet on we dash, 'mid lightning flash,  
Safe through the pelting storm.

"The wreck we near, the wreck we near,

Our bonny boat seems to fly,  
List to the cheer, their welcome cheer,  
They know that succour is nigh."  
And on that night, that dreadful night,  
The father and daughter brave,  
With strengthened might they both unite,  
And many dear lives they save.

Hail to the maid, the fearless maid,  
The maid of matchless worth;  
She'll e'er abide the cherished pride  
Of the land that gave her birth.  
The send her gold, her name high uphold,  
Honour and praise to impart;  
But, with true regard, the loved reward  
Is the joy of her own brave heart.

### **The Tidy Girl**

Who is it each day in the week may be seen,  
With her hair short and smooth, and her hands and face clean;  
In a stout cotton gown, of dark and light blue,  
Though old, so well mended, you'd take it for new;  
Her handkerchief tidily pinned o'er her neck.  
With a neat little cap, and an apron of check;  
Her shoes and her stockings all sound and all clean?  
She's never fine outside and dirty within.

Go visit her cottage, though humble and poor.  
'Tis so neat and so clean you might eat off the floor;  
No rubbish, no cobwebs, no dirt can be found,  
Though you hunt every corner, and search all around.  
Who sweeps it so nicely, who makes all the bread,  
Who tends her sick mother, and works by her bed?  
'Tis the neat, tidy girl—she needs no other name;  
Abroad or at home, she is always the same.

### **I Will be Good To-Day**

"I will be good, dear mother,"  
I heard a sweet child say;  
"I will be good; now watch me—  
I will be good all day."

Oh, many, many, bitter tears  
'Twould save us, did we say,  
Like that dear child, with earnest heart,  
"I will be good to-day."

### **My Own Dear Little Sister**

I have a little sister,  
She's only three years old;  
I do most dearly love her,  
She's worth her weight in gold.  
We often play together  
And I begin to find,  
To make my sister happy,  
I must be very kind.

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### What Our Ruby Did

She danced like a Fairy,  
She sung like a Frog,  
She squeaked like a Pig,  
She barked like a dog.

Oh yes! Oh yes! She did! She Did!  
And Frog-gy played a tune.

She mooed like a Bullock,  
She baaed like a Ram,  
She leaped like a Goat,  
She skipped like a Lamb—Oh yes!

She brayed like a Donkey,  
She cried like a Hare,  
She neighed like a Horse,  
She growled like a Bear!—Oh yes!

She munched like a Rabbit,  
She gnawed like a Rat,  
She popped like a Mouse,  
She flew like a Bat—Oh yes!

She talked like a Parrot,  
She quacked like a Drake,  
She mewed like a Cat,  
She hissed like a Snake—Oh yes!

She climbed like a Squirrel,  
She flopped like a Seal,  
She ran like a Deer,  
She slid like an Eel—Oh yes!

She crept like a Tortoise,  
She soared like a Lark,  
She drank like a Fish,  
She ate like a Shark—Oh yes!

She roared like a Lion,  
She dived like a Whale,  
She swam like a Goose,  
She crawled like a Snail—Oh yes!

She croaked like a Raven,  
She screeched like an Owl,  
She cawed like a Crow,  
She crowed like a Fowl—Oh yes!

She grinned like a Monkey,  
She hummed like a Bee,  
She buzzed like a Fly,  
She jumped like a Flea—Oh yes!



Our dear little daughter once went to a children's ball dressed as a fairy. She was proud of being a fairy, and looked so nice that I put together the above nursery doggerel to please her, and in honour of the event, little thinking that she would soon leave this world. It might be considered better by some to remove this page, but as children like it I venture to let it stand with this explanation.

E. W. C.



Sacred to the Memory of our dear LITTLE RUBY, who departed this life March 27th, 1890, aged 8 years. She was intelligent, industrious, affectionate and sociable, and is deeply regretted by all who knew her.

There is no flock, however watched and tended  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoever defended  
But has one vacant chair!

There is no death! what seems so is transition  
This life of mortal breath,  
Is but a suburb of life Elysian  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection  
And GOD himself doth rule.

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Our Vally had a Clever Dog,  
whose name was EBENEZER.  
Sometimes this dog was very good,  
At other times a TEASER.



One day they went to take a bath,  
And both sat on a rail;  
Our Vally hung his legs right down,  
The dog hung down his tail.





This funny Dog one Christmas day,  
Directly after dinner,  
Just lean'd his sleepy head against  
Old Tom, our snoozing sinner.

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### Page 30—Boy's Stories

Tommy Trot, a man of law,  
Sold his bed and lay upon straw;  
Sold the straw and slept on grass,  
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

---

Little Jack Jingle,  
He used to live single;  
But when he got tired of this kind of life,  
He left off being single, and lived with his wife.

---

I'll tell you a story  
About Jack Nory,—  
And now my story's begun:  
I'll tell you another  
About Jack his brother,—  
And now my story's done.

---

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
They made him a coat  
Of an old nanny-goat,  
I wonder how they could do so!  
With a ring and a ting tang,  
And a ring and a ting tang,  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

---

"John, come sell thy fiddle,  
And buy thy wife a gown."  
"No; I'll not sell my fiddle  
For any wife in town."

---

Jacky, come give me thy fiddle  
If ever thou mean'st to thrive;  
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle  
To any man alive.  
If I should give my fiddle,  
They'll think that I'm gone mad,  
For many a joyful day  
My fiddle and I have had.

---

Jack was a fisherman  
Who went out one day,  
But couldn't catch a single fish,  
And so he came away.  
And then he came home,  
This angler so bold,  
And found he'd caught something—  
For he'd caught a cold.

—  
The Queen of Hearts,  
She made some tarts,  
All on a summer day;  
The Knave of Hearts  
He stole those tarts  
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts  
Called for the tarts,  
And beat the knave full sore;  
The Knave of Hearts  
Brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.

—  
Charley Wag  
Ate the pudding and left the bag.

### Tom, The Piper's Son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away did run!  
The pig he eat, and Tom they beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Tom, he was a piper's son:  
He learned to play when he was young:  
But all the tunes that he could play  
Was, "Over the hills and far away;  
Over the hills and a great way off,  
And the wind will blow my topknot off."

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,  
That he pleased both the girls and the boys,  
And they stopped to hear him play  
"Over the hills and far away."



Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,  
That those who heard him could never keep still:  
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,  
Even the pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,  
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;  
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"  
Till the pail they broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,  
He used his pipe and she used her legs;  
She danced about till all the eggs she broke,  
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow beating an ass,  
Heavily laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;  
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,  
And the jackass did kick off his load very soon.

Tom met the parson on his way,  
Took out his pipe, began to play  
A merry tune that led his grace  
Into a very muddy place.

The mayor then said he would not fail  
To send poor Tommy off to gaol.  
Tom took his pipe, began to play,  
And all the court soon danced away.

'Twas quite a treat to see the rout,  
How clerks and judges hopped about;  
While Tommy still kept playing the tune,  
"I'll be free this afternoon."

The Policeman Grab, who held him fast,  
Began to dance about at last;  
Whilst Tom, delighted at the fun,  
Slipped out of court and off did run.

—

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef.  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;  
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in.  
Taffy came to my house, and stole a silver pin.  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed.  
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

—

Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe,  
And he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

—

Peter White will ne'er go right;  
Would you know the reason why?  
He follows his nose where'er he goes,  
And that stands all awry.

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## **Page 31—Boy Land**

### **The House That Jack Built**

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That awaked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That awaked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



### Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman  
Going to the fair;  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman:  
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
"Show me first the penny."  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman:  
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing  
For to catch a whale—  
All the water he had got  
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle;  
He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky bird,  
And thought he could not fail  
Because he'd got a little salt  
To put upon it's tail.

Then Simple Simon went-a-hunting,  
For to catch a hare.  
He rode on a goat about the street,  
But could not find one there.

Simon made a great snowball,  
And brought it in to roast;  
He laid it down before the fire,  
And soon the ball was lost.

Simple Simon went a-skating  
When the ice was thin,  
And Simon was astonished quite  
To find he tumbled in.

And Simon he would honey eat  
Out of the mustard pot;  
He bit his tongue until he cried:  
"That was all the good he got."

### Ten Little Niggers

Ten little Niggers going out to dine,  
One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.

Nine little Niggers crying at his fate,  
One cried himself away, and then there were Eight.

Eight little Niggers to travelling were given.

But one kicked the bucket, and then there were Seven.

Seven little Niggers playing at their tricks,  
One cut himself in halves, and then there were Six.

Six little Niggers playing with a hive,  
A bumble bee killed one, and then there were Five.

Five little Niggers went in for law,  
One got into Chancery, and then there were Four.

Four little Niggers going out to sea,  
A ref herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.

Three little Niggers walking in the Zoo,  
A big bear cuddled one, and then there were Two.

Two little Niggers sitting in the sun,  
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.

One little Nigger living all alone,  
He got married, and then there were None.

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## Page 32—Boy Land

### Jack the Giant Killer

Once upon a time there lived in Cornwall, England, a lad whose name was Jack, and who was very brave and knowing. At the same time there was a great Giant, twenty feet high and nine feet round, who lived in a cave, on an island near Jack's house. The Giant used to wade to the mainland and steal things to live upon, carrying five or six bullocks at once, and stringing sheep, pigs, and geese around his waist-band; and all the people ran away from him in fear, whenever they saw him coming.

Jack determined to destroy this Giant; so he got a pickaxe and shovel, and started in his boat on a dark evening; by the morning he had dug a pit deep and broad, then covering it with sticks and strewing a little mould over, to make it look like plain ground, he blew his horn so loudly that the Giant awoke, and came roaring towards Jack, calling him a villain for disturbing his rest, and declaring he would eat him for breakfast. He had scarcely said this when he fell into the pit. "Oh! Mr. Giant," says Jack, "where are you now? You shall have this for your breakfast." So saying, he struck him on the head so terrible blow with his pickaxe that the Giant fell dead to the bottom.

Just at this moment, the Giant's brother ran out roaring vengeance against Jack; but he jumped into his boat and pulled to the opposite shore, with the Giant after him, who caught poor Jack, just as he was landing, tied him down in his boat, and went in search of his provisions. During his absence, Jack contrived to cut a large hole in the bottom of the boat, and placed therein a piece of canvas. After having stolen some oxen, the Giant returned and pushed off the boat, when, having got fairly out to sea, Jack pulled the canvas from the hole, which caused the boat to fill and quickly capsize. The Giant roared and bellowed as he struggled in the water, but was very soon exhausted and drowned, while Jack dexterously swam ashore.

One day after this, Jack was sitting by a well fast asleep. A Giant named Blundebore, coming for water, at once saw and caught hold of him, and carried him to his castle. Jack was much frightened at seeing the heaps of bodies and bones strewed about. The Giant then confined him in an upper room over the entrance, and went for another Giant to breakfast off poor Jack. On viewing the room, he saw some strong ropes, and making a noose at one end, he put the other through a pulley which chanced to be over the window, and when the Giants were unfastening the gate he threw the noose over both their heads, and pulling it immediately, he contrived to choke them both. Then releasing three ladies who were confined in the castle, he departed well pleased.

About five or six months after, Jack was journeying through Wales, when, losing his way, he could find no place of entertainment, and was about giving up all hopes of obtaining shelter during the night when he came to a gate, and, on knocking, to his utter astonishment it was opened by a Giant, who did not seem so fierce as the others. Jack told him his distress, when the Giant invited him in, and, after giving him a hearty supper, showed him to bed. Jack had scarcely got into bed when he heard the Giant muttering to himself:

"Though you lodge with me this night,  
You shall not see the morning light;  
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"Oh, Mr. Giant, is that your game?" said Jack to himself; "then I shall try and be even with you." So he jumped out of bed and put a large lump of wood there instead. In the middle of the night the Giant went into the room, and thinking it was Jack in the bed, he belaboured the wood most unmercifully; he then left the room, laughing to think how he had settled poor Jack. The following morning Jack went boldly into the Giant's room to thank him for the night's lodging. The Giant was startled at his appearance, and asked him how he slept, or if anything had disturbed him in the night? "Oh, no," says Jack, "nothing worth speaking about: I believe that a rat gave me a few slaps with his tail, but, being rather sleepy, I took no notice of it." The Giant wondered how Jack survived the terrific blows of his club, yet did not answer a word, but went and brought in two monstrous bowls of hasty pudding, placed one before Jack, and began eating the other himself. Determined to be revenged on the Giant somehow, Jack unbuttoned his leather provision bag inside his coat, and slyly filling it with hasty pudding, said, "I'll do what you can't." So saying, he took up a large knife, and ripping up the bag, let out the hasty pudding. The Giant, determined not to be outdone, seized hold of the knife, and saying, "I can do that," instantly ripped up his belly, and fell down dead on the spot.

After this Jack fought and conquered many giants, married the king's daughter and lived happily.



### **Jack and the Beanstalk**

At some distance from London, in a small village, lived a widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. Jack's mother had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. But as she had for some time past been growing poorer every year, she felt that now she must part with the cow. So she told Jack to take the cow to be sold, and he was to be sure to get a good round sum for her. On the road to market Jack met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought to be very pretty. The butcher saw how eagerly Jack eyed his beans, and said, "If you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow, I will give you this whole hatful of beans in exchange for her."

Jack was delighted; he seized the hat, and ran back home. Jack's mother was surprised to see him back so soon, and at once asked him for the money. But when Jack said he had sold the cow for a hatful of beans, she was so angry that she opened the window and threw them all out into the garden. When Jack rose up next morning he found that one of the beans had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds. Jack resolved instantly to mount the Beanstalk. So up, up, up, he went till he had reached the very top. Looking round he saw at a distance a large house. Tired and weary, he crawled towards it and knocked on the door. The door was opened by a timid looking woman who started when she saw him, and besought him to run away as her husband was a cruel Giant who would eat him up if he found him there. But Jack begged so earnestly to be admitted that the woman, who was very kind-hearted, had pity on him, and so she brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread, meat, and ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed. Presently the woman started and said, "My husband! quick, quick! he comes—he comes!" and opened the door to the oven and bid Jack jump in. The Giant was in a dreadful passion when he came in, and almost killed his wife by a blow which he aimed at her. He then began to sniff and smell—at last he roared out:

"Fee, fa, fi, fo, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman!  
Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

His wife gave him an evasive answer, and proceeded to lay before him his supper. When the Giant could swallow no more, he called out to his wife to bring him his hen, which, after being brought, whenever the Giant said "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg. The Giant soon fell asleep, and Jack crept out softly and seized the hen, and made off without disturbing the Giant. Away ran Jack till he came to the Beanstalk; he was much sooner at the bottom of it now than at the top in the morning; and running to his mother he told all his adventure.

The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and everything which she desired. A second time Jack climbed the Beanstalk, when he ran away with the Giant's bag of money. A third time Jack climbed the Beanstalk, and again gained admission to the Giant's house. He saw the Giant's wife, and asked her for a night's lodging. She at first said she could not let him into the house, but Jack begged so hard that at last she consented, and gave him some supper and put him to sleep in the copper boiler near the kitchen fireplace, where she thought the Giant would not find him.

When the Giant came in, his good nose served him in a moment: for he cried out "I smell fresh meat." Jack laughed at this, but it was no laughing matter; for the Giant looked all around the room, and even put his finger on the lid of the copper, till it seemed as if a stone of a hundredweight had fallen upon the lid. Just then his wife came in with a whole roasted bullock smoking hot, which the Giant sat down and ate for his supper, and then went down into the cellar, and drank about six gallons of Jamaica rum. The Giant now sat down and went to sleep, and Jack tried to run away with his golden harp, an instrument which, when the Giant said "play," played the most beautiful tunes. Now the harp was a fairy, and as soon as he touched it, it called out "Master! Master!" so loud that the Giant awoke, but he was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but Jack got to the top of the beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great was his horror to see the huge hand of the Giant stretched down to seize him by the hair of the head! He slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk, hardly knowing how, and seeing the Giant just putting his feet over the top, he called out, "Quick, mother! A hatchet, a hatchet!" Jack seized it and chopped away at the beanstalk, when down it fell, bringing along with it the Giant. Jack instantly cut off his head. After this Jack and his mother lived very happily, and Jack was a great comfort to her in her old age.

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## Page 33—Boy Land

### Hop O' My Thumb

Once upon a time there was a woodman and his wife who had so many children that they did not know how to find food for them. So one night, when they were all in bed, the father told his wife that he thought they had better take them into the forest and lose them there. The youngest child, who was so very small that he was called Hop o' my Thumb, overheard his father, and as he was a very clever boy he made up his mind to find his way home again. So he went down to the brook very early the next morning, and filled his pocket with large smooth pebbles as white as snow. Bye-and-bye the woodman and his wife told the children that they might go with them into the wood to have a good game of play. They were all glad except Hop o' my Thumb who knew what his father intended. So they set out; the woodman and his wife first, then the boys, and last Hop o' my Thumb, who sprinkled pebbles all the way they went.

They spent a merry day; but bye-and-bye the parents stole away, and left the children all by themselves. They were very much frightened when they missed their father and mother, and called loudly for them; but when Hop o' my Thumb told them what he had heard, and how they could find their way home by following the track of the pebbles, which marked the way they had come, they set out, and reached home safely, and their father and mother pretended to be very glad to see them back.

But soon after they again resolved to lose their children, if possible, in the forest. This time all the boys feared that they should be left behind, and the eldest brother said he would take some peas to sprinkle, to mark the pathway that led home. By-and-bye the cruel parents stole away, and left the little ones in the dark wood. At first they did not care, for they thought that they could easily find their way home; but, alas! when they looked for the line of peas which they had sprinkled, they found they were all gone—the wood-pigeons had eaten them up, and the children were lost in the wood. Holding each-others' hands and crying sadly they walked on to seek a place to sleep in. By-and-bye they came to a giant's castle, where they were taken in, and told that they might sleep in the nursery with the seven baby daughters of the giant, who were lying all in a row in one bed, with gold crowns on their heads. Hop o' my Thumb thought it was strange that the giant should be so kind, as he had been told that the ogres eat children. So



in the night he got up softly and took off the little giantesses' crowns and put them on his brothers' heads and his own, and lay down again. It was lucky for him that he did so, for in the night the giant came up in the dark to kill the boys, that they might be ready for the next day's breakfast. He felt the beds, and finding the crowns on the boy's heads took them for his own children, left them and went to the other bed and cut off the heads of his daughters instead. Then he went back to bed. Directly he was gone, Hop o' my Thumb and his brothers got up, stole down stairs, opened the door and fled away from the castle. But they did not go far. Hop o' my Thumb knew that the giant would come after them in his seven-league boots. So they got into a hole in the side of a hill and hid. Very soon after, they saw the giant coming at a great pace in his wonderful boots; but he took such long steps that he passed right over their heads. They were afraid to move out till they had seen him go home again. So they remained quietly where they were.

By-and-bye the giant, who had been many miles in an hour, came back tired, and lay down on the hill-side and fell asleep. Then Hop o' my Thumb got out of the hole, and pulled off the giant's seven-league boots, and put them on his own feet. They fitted him exactly, for being fairy boots they would grow large or small just as one liked. He then got his brothers out of the hole, took them in his boots, marched for home, and although it was a great distance, got there in almost no time, but when he arrived at the house his father and mother were not there. He then hastened to make inquiries for them, and found they had been suspected of murdering their children,—who had all disappeared suddenly—that they had owned to leaving them in the wood, and that they were to be put to death for their crime. "We must go and save them," he said. So he took his brothers into the seven-league boots, and set out to the place where their parents were in prison. They arrived only just in time, for the guards were bringing out the woodsman and his wife to put them to death. Hop o' my Thumb took off the boots, and all the children called out, "We are alive! we are alive! Do not kill our mother and father."

Then there was great joy. The woodsman and his wife were set free, and embraced their children. They had repented their wickedness, and were never unkind and cruel any more; and Hop o' my Thumb kept them all in comfort by going on errands for the king in his seven-league boots.



### Tom Thumb

In the days of good King Arthur there lived a ploughman and his wife who wished very much to have a son; so the man went to Merlin, the enchanter, and asked him to let him have a child, even, if it were "*no bigger than his thumb*." "Go home and you will find one," said Merlin; and when the man came back to his house he found his wife nursing a very, very, wee baby, who in four minutes grew to the size of the ploughman's thumb, and never grew any more. The fairy queen came to his christening and named him "Tom Thumb." She then dressed him nicely in a shirt of spider's web, and a doublet and hose of thistledown.

One day, while Tom's mother was making a plum-pudding, Tom stood on the edge of the bowl, with a lighted candle in his hand, that she might see to make it properly. Unfortunately, however, while her back was turned, Tom fell into the bowl, and his mother not missing him, stirred him up in the pudding, and put it and him into the pot. Tom no sooner felt the hot water than he danced about like man; the woman was nearly frightened out of her wits to see the pudding come out of the pot and jump about, and she was glad to give it to a tinker who was passing that way.

The tinker was delighted with his present; but as he was getting over a style, he happened to sneeze very hard, and Tom called out from the middle of the pudding, "Hallo, Pickens!" which so terrified the tinker that he threw the pudding into the field, and scampered away as fast as he could. The pudding tumbled to pieces in the fall, and Tom, creeping out, went home to his mother, who was in great affliction because she could not find him. A few days afterwards Tom went with his mother into the fields to milk the cows, and for fear he should be blown away by the wind, she tied him to a thistle with a small piece of thread. Very soon after a cow ate up the

thistle and swallowed Tom Thumb. His mother was in sad grief again; but Tom scratched and kicked in the cow's throat till she was glad to throw him out of her mouth again.

One day Tom Thumb went ploughing with his father, who gave him a whip made of barley straw, to drive the oxen with; but an eagle, flying by, caught him up in his beak, and carried him to the top of a great giant's castle. The giant would have eaten Tom up; but the fairy dwarf scratched and bit his tongue and held on by his teeth till the giant in a passion took him out again and threw him into the sea, when a very large fish swallowed him up directly. The fish was caught soon after and sent as a present to King Arthur, and when the cook opened it there was Tom Thumb inside. He was carried to the king, who was delighted with the little man.

The king ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice.

This made the queen angry, because she had no a new coach too; therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had spoken insolently to her. The king sent for him. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail shell, and lay there till he was almost starved; when peeping out of the shell he saw a fine butterfly settled on the ground: he now ventured out, and getting on it, the butterfly took wing, and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle or saddle, slipped from his seat and fell into a pool of water, where he was found nearly drowned. The queen vowed he should be beheaded, and while the scaffold was getting ready, he was secured in a mouse-trap; when the cat seeing something stir supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it, and set Tom at liberty.

Sometimes Tom rode out on a mouse for a horse. One day a big black met him along the road, and wanted to kill the mouse. Tom jumped off the mouse's back, drew his sword, and fought the cat, and made her run away.

In order to show his courage and please the queen, the new knight undertook a terrible adventure.

In one corner of the palace garden there was found a great black spider, of which the lady was very much afraid.

Tom undertook to kill this insect; so he took a gold button for a shield, and his sharp needle-sword, and went out to attack the spider; the knights went also, to witness the combat.

Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him.

King Arthur and his whole Court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rose-bush, and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave.

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## Page 34—Naughty Boys



Mr. Brown, the grocer, having nearly emptied a cask of sugar in front of his shop, a number of

naughty boys, seeing his back turned, commenced to steal some. Mr. Brown, spying them through the window, came out, and the reader can see what happened—A bystander informs us that muttered howls of agony arose from the cask, and all the boys' interest in sugar was at an end.

### **Boy Who Stole Out Without Leave**

I remember, I remember,  
When I was a little Boy,  
One fine morning in September  
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted  
Both my cheeks in his kindest mood;  
"Then," said he, "you little Fat-head,  
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—  
I remember gazed upon  
My new top, and said with fervour,  
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John."

While mamma, my form caressing—  
In her eyes the tear-drop stood,  
Read me this fine moral lesson,  
"See what comes of being good."

I remember, I remember,  
On a wet and windy day,  
One cold morning in December,  
I stole out and went to play.

I remember Billy Hawkins  
Came, and with his pewter squirt  
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings  
Till they were all over dirt.

To my mother for protection  
I ran, quaking every limb;  
She exclaim'd, with fond affection,  
"Gracious goodness! look at him!"

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,  
'Twas a newly purchased dress—  
"Oh! you nasty little varment,  
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,  
—Cruel only to be kind—  
And to my exceeding dolour,  
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while I yet smarted,  
As she saw my evil plight,  
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—  
"Little rascal! serve him right!"

I remember, I remember,  
From that sad and solemn day,  
Never more in dark December  
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I  
Well remember: thus they said—  
"Little Boys, when they are naughty,  
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

### **Dirty Jack**

There was one little Jack,  
Not very long back,  
And 't is said to his lasting disgrace,  
That he never was seen  
With his hands at all clean,  
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt  
To see so much dirt  
And often and well did they scour,  
But all was in vain,  
He was dirty again  
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,  
He reluctantly went  
With water to splash himself o'er,  
But he left the black streaks  
Running down both his cheeks,  
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt  
Could not be more expert  
Than he was, in grubbing about;  
And people have thought  
This gentleman ought  
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad  
May, like to this lad,  
Be dirty and black, to be sure.  
But good boys are seen  
To be decent and clean,  
Although they be ever so poor.

### **Throwing Stones**

Johnny Jones, why do you do it?  
Those who throw stones  
Surely will rue it;  
Little of pleasure, evil may flow,  
Mischievous past measure comes of a blow.

Yes, yes! stone flinging.  
Laugh as you may,  
Woe may be bringing  
Upon you some day.

Someone is watching,  
Armed by the law,  
Truncheon from pocket  
Soon he will draw.  
Off he will march you—  
Dreadful to think!—to a dark prison:  
Light through a chink,  
Bread without butter, water for drink.

### **Dirty Dick**

Dirty, noisy, mischievous Dick,  
Struggled and tore, and wanted to fight  
Susan, the nurse, who in the bath  
Began to wash him on Saturday night.

Her hair he tried to pull up by the roots,  
The water he splashed all over the floor,  
Which ran downstairs, and one night made  
A terrible slop at the parlour door.

To give him advice was a waste of time,  
So his father resolved to try a stick,  
And never since then has he been called  
Dirty, noisy, mischievous Dick.

### Boy That Stole the Apples

A boy looked over a wall,  
And spied some lovely apples;  
"But," says he "the tree is tall,  
And belongs to 'Grumpie Chapples!'  
Still, I think some could be got  
By a climbing lad like me:  
I'll try and steal a lot,  
So here goes up the tree."



The wall he then got over,  
And up the tree he went;  
But Chapples, mowing clover,  
Espied the wicked gent.  
He let him fill his school-bag—  
Get over the wall again;  
Rushed up and played at touch-tag,  
Which surprised him much, and then:—

*Look at the Picture!!!*

### Mischievous Fingers

Pretty little fingers,  
Wherefore were they made?  
Like ten smart young soldiers,  
All in pink arrayed.

Apt and quick obedient  
To your lightest thought,  
Doing in an instant  
Everything they're taught.

'T was for play or study,  
Pen to wield or ball;  
Kite, top, needle, pencil,  
Prompt at parents' call.

Picking, poking, soiling  
Costly things and dear,  
Wrecking, cracking, spoiling

All that they come near.

Thus 't was with Robert Chivers,  
Brandishing a swish,  
Broke a vase to shivers  
Filled with silver fish.

"Tick, tick" says the Dutch clock.  
Robert fain would know  
How it's pendulum swinging  
Made it's wheels go.

Who not ask? No! foolish  
Robert takes a stick,  
Pokes and breaks the clock, which  
Ceases soon to tick.

"Puff, puff," sighs the bellows.  
Robert wants to find,  
Yet he will not ask, whence  
Comes it's stock of wind.

With a knife upripping,  
Finds them void and flat.  
Ah! be sure a whipping  
Robert caught for that.

### **The Boy who Played with Fire**

Listen about a naughty boy  
Who might have been a parent's joy,  
But that he had a strong desire  
To always meddle with fire.

One day when his mamma went out,  
She said "Mind, dear, what you're about:  
With your nice books and playthings stay,  
And with the fire, oh! do not play."

But as soon as his mamma was gone,  
And this bad boy left all alone,  
Thought he, "In spite of all ma says,  
Now we'll have a glorious blaze.

"No one is by, 't is quickly done,  
And oh! 't will be such famous fun."  
Quick then about the hearth he strewed  
Some scraps of paper and of wood.

Then lighted them and drew them out,  
And with them, laughing, ran about.  
But soon he changed his merry note—  
The flames, alas, had caught his coat,  
And every moment, mounting higher,  
His body soon was all on fire;  
And though he screamed with shriek and shout,  
No one came near to put it out:  
So it happened, sad to say,  
That boy was burned to death that day.

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### **Wicked Willie**

Willie was a wicked boy,  
Snubbed his poor old mother;

Willie was a dreadful boy,  
Quarrelled with his brother;  
Willie was a spiteful boy,  
Often pinched his sister,  
Once he gave her such a blow,  
Raised a great big blister!

Willy was a sulky boy,  
Sadly plagued his cousins,  
Often broke folks' window panes,  
Throwing stones by dozens,  
Often worried little girls,  
Bullied smaller boys,  
Often broke their biggest dolls,  
Jumped upon their toys.

If he smelled a smoking tart,  
Willie longed to steal it;  
If he saw a pulpy peach,  
Willie tried to peel it;  
Could he reach a new plum-cake,  
Greedy Willie picked it,  
If he spied a pot of jam,  
Dirty Willie licked it.

If he saw a poor old dog,  
Wicked Willie whacked it;  
If it had a spot of white,  
Silly Willy blacked it,  
If he saw a sleeping cat,  
Horrid Willie kicked it;  
If he caught a pretty moth,  
Cruel Willie pricked it.

If his pony would not trot,  
Angry Willie thrashed it;  
If he saw a clinging snail,  
Thoughtless Willie smashed it;  
If he found a sparrow's nest,  
Unkind Willie hit it.  
All the mischief ever done,  
Folks knew Willie did it.

No one liked that horrid boy,  
Can you wonder at it?  
None who saw his ugly head,  
Ever tried to pat it.  
No one ever took him for a ride—  
Folks too gladly skipped him.  
No one ever gave him bats or balls,  
No one ever "tipped" him.

No one taught him how to skate,  
Or to play at cricket;  
No one helped him if he stuck  
In a prickly thicket.  
Oh no! for the boys all said  
Willie loved to tease them,  
And that if he had the chance,  
Willie would not please them.

And they shunned him every one,  
And they would not know him,  
And their games and picture-books  
They would never show him,  
And their tops they would not spin,  
If they saw him near them,  
And they treated him with scorn  
Till he learned to fear them.

They all left him to himself,  
And he was so lonely,  
But of course it was his fault,  
Willie's own fault only.  
If a boy's a wicked boy,  
Shy of him folks fight then,

If it makes him dull and sad,  
Why, it serves him right then!



This is the Naughty Boy  
who would go making Mud  
Pies, and get his nice new  
clothes all over mud.

He said he would be Good,  
but he got into the mud,  
and was a Naughty, Bad,  
Bad Boy!!!

### **The Wicked, Rude, Bad, Naughty, Cross, Nasty, Bold, Dirty-faced Boy**

Boys, stop your noise! Girls, stop your jumping and skipping!  
While I tell you about a bad boy, who often deserves a whipping.  
If this boy to you were named, to speak to him you'd feel ashamed,  
So to-day I'll only say—He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

I won't tell you his age, nor the colour of his hair,  
Nor say anything about the clothes he sometimes does wear;  
You never see them neat and clean, and seldom without a tear,  
Because—He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

If he's sent on a message, such a long time he stops,  
To pelt stones at Chinamen, and stare in the shops;  
Running behind drays, and wastes time so many ways,  
That when he gets home his mother says—  
Oh you wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

If his mother gives him lolly, cake, piece of beef or mutton,  
In a corner he'll eat it by himself, he's such a nasty, greedy glutton.  
And he'll smug from his playmates a marble, top or button,  
That scarcely any one can with him have any fun,  
Because—He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

He's been going to school for years, I can't tell you how long,  
If you ask him to spell three words, two are sure to be wrong;  
If you saw the dirty books and broken slate which to him belong,  
You'd easily guess from such a mess that—  
He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

You can't believe a word he says, he tells so many lies.  
He's such a coward, he'll only hit a girl or boy much less than his size,  
But if he gets a blow himself, he howls, bawls, yelps, and cries,  
That anyone who sees him never tries to please him,  
Because—He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

He won't play any game without being always cheating,  
I often wonder how he so many times escapes a beating,  
And he never says grace before or after eating.  
He's scarcely better in the least than a brute beast,  
Because—He's a wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

What school he goes to at present I won't tell,



But I mean to watch him, and if he don't mind and behave well,  
I'll go to every school and ring a little bell,  
I'll make a great noise, and show all the girls and boys  
This wicked, rude, bad, naughty, cross, nasty, bold, dirty-faced boy!

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## Page 37



### **Little Chinkey Chow-Chow** (The Boy That Ran Away)

There was a little Chinese Boy,  
That ran away from home—  
"Ha! ha!" he said, "I'll see the world  
And through the streets I'll roam.

"I won't go any more to school,  
Or go so soon to bed,  
Nor yet be scolded if I choose  
To stand upon my head."

So little Chinkey ran away,  
His tail flew in the wind;  
He thought not of his good mamma  
Who was so very kind:

He knew she could not follow him  
Along the crowded street,  
Because mammas in China have  
Such very tiny feet.

Now, as he went along he saw  
Such strange and lovely sights,  
Such pretty painted houses—  
Such tops! and oh! such kites!

He saw so many gilded toys,  
and ivory things so white,  
That he forgot about the time,  
Until he found it night.

Ah! then he saw such fireworks!  
They glistened in his eyes;  
The crackers and the lanterns too  
Quite took him by surprise.

He listened to the music of  
The fiddle and the gong,  
And felt that it was jolly, though

He knew that it was wrong.

But after that he began to think  
Things were not so bright;  
The men were going, and there came  
The watchman of the night;

And sleep was stealing over him,  
He scarce could lift his head,  
So he lay on the cold, cold stones,  
Which served him for a bed.

Little Chinkey Chow-Chow  
Woke up with early light,  
And wandered far away from where  
He passed the dreary night;

He was so very worn and cold,  
And sadly wanted food,  
So he sat upon a well  
In not a pleasant mood.

He saw the well was very deep,  
The water too was clear,  
And soon he saw a golden fish  
That looked so very near.

He stretched his hand to catch the fish;  
But oh! how sad to tell,  
He tumbled over and he sank  
To the bottom of the well.

Some other boys were playing there  
And saw him disappear,  
And ran along the road to see  
If anyone was near.

A Great BIG Market Gardener,  
Was soon upon the ground,  
And caught our little Chinkey up,  
Who soon would have been drowned.

The boys began to jeer at him,  
For he was very wet;  
They pulled his dripping tail, and called  
Him names that I forget.

One took his wooden shoes away,  
Another took his hat,  
And someone said, "It serves him right,"  
Now only think of that!

When little Chinkey ran away,  
His tail flew in the wind;  
But when our Chinkey turned again  
His tail hung down behind.

He wandered past the painted shops,  
Where they put up the tea,  
And I am sure the boys at school  
Were happier than he.

Poor Chinkey Chow was very tired,  
And very sore his feet,  
When his mother saw him from  
The corner of a street.

She said he was a wicked boy,  
And ought to have a smack!  
And yet I think she loved him more  
Because she'd got him back.

Now when I see a Chinaman,  
And that is every day,  
I wonder if he is, grown up,  
The boy that ran away.

But what I still think most about  
When I this story tell,  
Is the GREAT BIG Market Gardener  
That raised him from the well

*From Calvert's Australian Toy Books*

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## Page 38—Boy Land

### That Nice Boy

"Nice child—very nice child," observed an old gentleman, crossing to the other side of the car and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. "How old are you, my son?"

"None of your business," replied the youngster, taking aim at another passenger.

"Fine boy," smiled the old man, as the parent regarded her offspring with pride. "A remarkably fine boy. What is your name, my son?"

"Puddin' Tame!" shouted the youngster, with a giggle at his own wit.

"I thought so," continued the old man, pleasantly. "If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now, Puddin', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?"

"You bet!" squealed the boy, delighted at the compliment. "See me take that old fellow over there!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the old gentleman, hastily. "Try it on the old woman I was sitting with. She has boys of her own, and she won't mind."

"Can't you hit the lady for the gentleman, Johnny?" asked the fond parent.

Johnny cleverly landed the pellet on the end of the old woman's nose.

But she did mind it, and rising in her wrath soared down on the small boy like a hawk. She put him over the line, reversed him, ran him backwards, till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of the scared mother, with a benediction whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment to skin him alive.

"She didn't seem to like it, Puddin'," smiled the old gentleman, softly. "She's a perfect stranger to me; but I understand she is the matron of an Orphans' Home, and I thought she would like a little fun; but I was mistaken."

And the old man smiled sweetly as he went back to his seat. He was sorry for the poor little boy, but he couldn't help it.

### A Wicked Boy

Of all the small boys in our town  
That Jones boy was the worst,  
And if the "bad man" came around  
He'd take that Jones boy first.

One day he slipped away from home  
And went out for a skate  
Down on a deep and dangerous pond  
Beyond the garden gate.

His mother missed him after a while,  
And thought he'd gone to skate;  
And running to the fatal pond,  
She found she was too late.

For there, upon the cruel ice,  
Beyond an air-hole wide,

She saw his pretty little hat,  
And a mitten by it's side.

He was her boy, and all the love  
That fills a mother's heart  
Came forth in tears and sobs and moans  
Beyond the strength of art.

She called the neighbours quick to come,  
They scraped along the ground;  
Beneath the water and the ice—  
The boy could no be found.

At last their search was given up  
Until a thaw should come;  
The mother's sobs began afresh,  
Her sorrow was not dumb.

They turned to leave the fatal pool,  
A voice came clear and free—  
"Hallo! If you want Frankie Jones,  
You'll find him up this tree."

And so it was—the mother's tears  
Were changed to smiles of joy;  
But gracious heaven, how she spanked  
Her darling, fair-haired boy!

L'Envoi

### Cooley's Boy

The boy not only preys on my melon-patch and fruit trees, and upon those of my neighbours, but he has an extraordinary aptitude for creating a disturbance in whatever spot he happens to be. Only last Sunday he caused such a terrible commotion in church that the services had to be suspended for several minutes until he could be removed. The interior of the edifice was painted and varnished recently, and I suppose one of the workers must have left a clot of varnish upon the back of Cooley's pew, which is directly across the aisle from mine. Cooley's boy was the only representative of the family at church upon that day, and he amused himself during the earlier portions of the service by kneeling upon the seat and communing with Dr. Jones' boy, who occupied the pew immediately in the rear. Sometimes, when young Cooley would resume a proper position, Jones's boy would stir him up afresh by slyly pulling his hair, whereupon Cooley would wheel about and menace Jones with his fist in a manner which betrayed utter indifference to the proprieties of the place and the occasion, as well as the presence of the congregation. When Cooley finally sank into a condition of repose, he placed his head, most unfortunately, directly against the lump of undried varnish, while he amused himself by reading the commandments and the other scriptural texts upon the wall behind the pulpit.

In a few moments he attempted to move, but the varnish had mingled with his hair, and it held him securely. After making one or two desperate but ineffectual efforts to release himself, he became very angry; and supposing that Jones's boy was holding him, he shouted:

"Leg go o' my hair! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you!"

The clergyman paused just as he was entering upon consideration of "secondly," and the congregation looked around in amazement, in time to perceive young Cooley, with his head against the back of the pew, aiming dreadful blows over his shoulder with his fist at some unseen person behind him. And with every thrust he exclaimed:

"I'll smash yer nose after church! I'll go for you, Bill Jones, when I ketch you alone! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you, or I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yer," etc, etc.

Meanwhile, Jones's boy sat up at the very end of his pew, far away from Cooley, and looked as solemn as if the sermon had made a deep impression upon him.

Max Adeler



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## Page 39—Boy Land

### Jack The Glutton

"Do look at those pigs, as they lay in the straw,"  
Little Richard said to his papa;  
"They keep eating longer than ever I saw,  
What nasty fat gluttons they are!"

"I see they are feasting" his father replied,  
"They eat a great deal I allow;  
But let us remember, before we deride,  
'Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

"But when a great boy, such as you, my dear Dick,  
Does nothing but eat all day  
And keeps sucking things till he makes himself sick,  
What a glutton! indeed, we may say.

"When plumcake and sugar forever he picks,  
And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs;  
Pray let him get rid of his own nasty tricks,  
And then he may laugh at the pigs."

### Tom the Dainty Boy

Never be dainty and throw food away;  
'Tis sinful, as you must have heard many say;  
Besides, you yourself may require food some day,  
Though well fed.

So don't smell your plate and turn over your food,  
And doubt if it's wholesome, or pleasant, or good;  
Such conduct is not only senseless,—but rude  
And ill-bred.

There was a young boy, who so dainty became,  
That whether his dinner was fish, flesh or game,  
He turned up his nose at them all, just the same,

And would cry,

"I cannot eat this,"—and, "I do not like that;"—  
"This chicken's too lean,"—and "That mutton's too fat;  
The dog he may eat it up all, or the cat,  
But not I.

The consequence was that he soon became thin;  
His bones they stuck out, and his cheeks they sunk in,  
And his hands were not stronger nor thicker than tin,  
If so strong.

And his legs grew as slender as little hat-pegs,  
And almost as small was his waist as his legs;  
And he looked like the laths that are fastened round kegs,  
Thin and long.

And thinner, and thinner, and thinner he grew,  
A shadow had been rather fat, of the two;  
In fact, you might easily look him right through,  
If you tried.

And when he was quite the skeleton grown,  
As weak as a reed, and as cold as a stone  
He fell all to pieces, and with a faint groan,  
So he died.

### **Boy that robbed the Bird's nest**

"To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Oh, no;  
Such a thing I'd never do;  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away."

"Coo, coo! said the dove,  
I'll speak a word my love;  
Who stole that pretty nest  
From a little red-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep. "Oh, no.  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so;  
I gave wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine."



"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow,  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,

Don't ask me again!  
Why I hav'nt a chick  
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together;  
I'd scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!  
We will make a great stir;  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry for shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green;  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."

"'Tis very cruel too,"  
Said little Alice Neil:  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And hid his face, so crimson red;  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From little robin redbreast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
I do not like to tell his name.

But during next week  
Dressed in his Sunday best  
This boy set out to seek  
All for another nest.

He robbed a nest up high,  
Suspended in a tree;  
Two birds came through the sky,  
What happened you can see.

### **Cruel Boy**

What! go to see the kittens drowned  
On purpose in the yard!  
I did not think there could be found  
A little heart so hard.

Poor kittens! No more pretty play  
With pussy's wagging tail:  
Why! I'd go far enough away  
Before I'd see the pail.

Poor things! the little child that can  
Be pleased to go and see,  
Most likely, when he grows a man,  
A cruel man will be.

And many a wicked thing he'll do  
Because his heart is hard:  
A great deal worse than killing you,  
Poor kittens in the yard.

### **Tyrannical Pat**

What became of tyrannical Pat,  
Who pelted the dog, and beat the cat,  
Why, puss scratched his face and tore his hat;  
And Dash knocked him over as flat as a mat.  
Mind that!

## The little boy who bit his Nails

See here a naughty boy, John Thales,  
Who had a shocking way  
Of picking at his finger nails,  
And biting them all day.  
And though he had, like other boys,  
Both soldiers, kites and drums,  
He liked, much better than these toys,  
His fingers and his thumbs.

## Boy who tore his Hat

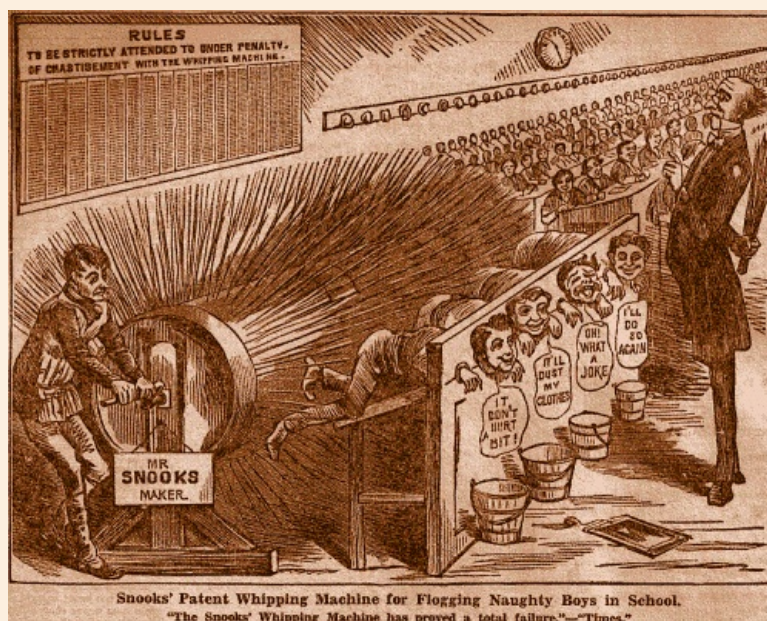
Above on a chair, a little boy sat,  
For he had torn his nice new hat;  
And so was punished for doing that.

## Thief Charley

Charley, Charley, stole the barley  
Out of the baker's shop;  
The baker came out, and gave him a clout,  
And made that Charley hop.

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## Page 40—Whipping Machine



### Snook's Patent Whipping Machine for Flogging Naughty Boys in School

"The Snooks' Whipping Machine has proved a total failure."—"Times."

### Declaration of a Distracted Schoolmaster.

A year ago I took charge of a school of 1000 boys. They were a very bad lot indeed, and I could do nothing with them. Being of a mild disposition, I attempted to reason with them; but I might as well have reasoned with the pigs. I then thought of punishing them, but that was a big task, and, besides, what mode of punishment should I adopt? In my utmost perplexity I wrote to Professor Wilderspin—a great authority on the management of boys—and he wrote as follows:

"Nearly all boys can be managed by an intelligent schoolmaster without punishment, but in a few cases it seems impossible to do without it. In every large school in England, Ireland, and Scotland



some corporal punishment is used, and some must continue to be used as long as very vicious children continue to exist, or as long as parents spoil their children by over indulgence or by wilful criminal neglect before they send them to school.—Yours truly, Professor Wilderspin."

I then wrote to twenty-seven of the principal headmasters in the world, and the following are the replies:—

From the High School of Eton wrote head-master, Mr. Squeers:

"If they don't behave as they should do, why, soundly box their ears."

From the Grammar School of Harrow wrote head-master, Mr. Phfool:

"If they do not behave themselves, expel them from the school."

From the Training School of Rugby wrote head-master, Mr Wist:

"Just take a handful of their hair, and give a sharp, short twist."

From the College School of Oxford wrote Professor Rarey Hook:

"Instead of nearly killing, overawe them with a look."

From the Bible School of Cambridge wrote Professor William Brying:

"Well whip them with a birchen rod, and never mind their crying."

From the Blue Coat School of London wrote Professor Rupert Gower:

"At arm's length make them hold a book the space of half-an-hour."

From the Naval School of Liverpool wrote head-master Mr. Jointer:

"Just rap them on the knuckles with a common teacher's pointer."

From the People's School of Manchester wrote head-master Mr. Flowers:

"Make them kneel down as still as death for just about two hours."

From the Infant School of Birmingham wrote Professor Dory Heller:

"Just put on them a fool's cap, marked 'dunce,' 'thief,' or 'story-teller'."

From the Charity school of Sheffield wrote head-master, Mr. Clay:

"If the boys are disobedient, do not let them out to play."

From the Gentleman's School at Brighton wrote Professor Robert Flask:

"If the boys will act unruly, why, just make them do a task."

From the National School of Bristol wrote Professor Mark Groom:

"If the boys are extra naughty, shut them in a dark room."

From the District School of Edinburgh wrote head-master, Mr. Glass:

"The naughty boys should all be sent to the bottom of the class."

From the Mixed School of Glasgow wrote Professor Duncan Law:

"To keep a proper kind of school, just use the three-tailed taw."

From the Latin School of Dublin wrote Professor Patrick Clayrence:

"If the boys are very bad boys, write a letter to their parents."

From the Mission School, Calcutta, wrote the Rev. Mr. Mac Look:

"Try them by a boy jury, write the verdict in a black-book."

From the Lyceum of New York wrote Professor Henry Bothing:

"Take your delinquent boys one hour and make them sit on nothing."

From the Public School, Chicago, wrote head-master, Mr. Norrids:

"If they will not behave themselves, why, just you slap their foreheads."

From, the Academy of San Francisco wrote head-master, Mr. Power:

"Make them stoop and hold their fingers on the floor for just an hour."

From the Mormon School of Utah wrote Professor Orson Pratt:

"First strip and make them fast, and then just use the little cat."

From the King's College, Lisbon, wrote Professor Don Cassiers:

"If you want to make them good boys, pull, pinch, and twist their ears."

From the Cadet's School of Paris wrote Professor Monsieur Sour:

"Just make them hold their hands above their heads for one full hour."

From the Royal School of Amsterdam wrote Professor Vander Tooler:

"If they will not behave themselves, just trounce them with a ruler."

From the Model School of Pekin wrote Professor Cha Han Co:

"Just put their hands into the stocks and beat with a bamboo."

From the Normal School of Moscow wrote Professor Ivan Troute:

"To make your boys the best of boys, why, just use the knout."

From the Muslim School of Cairo wrote the Mufti, Pasha Saido:

"Upon the bare soles of their feet give them the bastinado."

From the Common School of Berlin wrote Professor Von de Rind:

"There's nothing like the old, old way that ever could I find;

Just lay them right across your knee and cane them well behind.

I've only just been speaking mit mine goot frien', Doctor Whistim,

And he says that it does no harm, but is felt throughout the system."

At last, as I was thinking deep how puzzling all this looks,

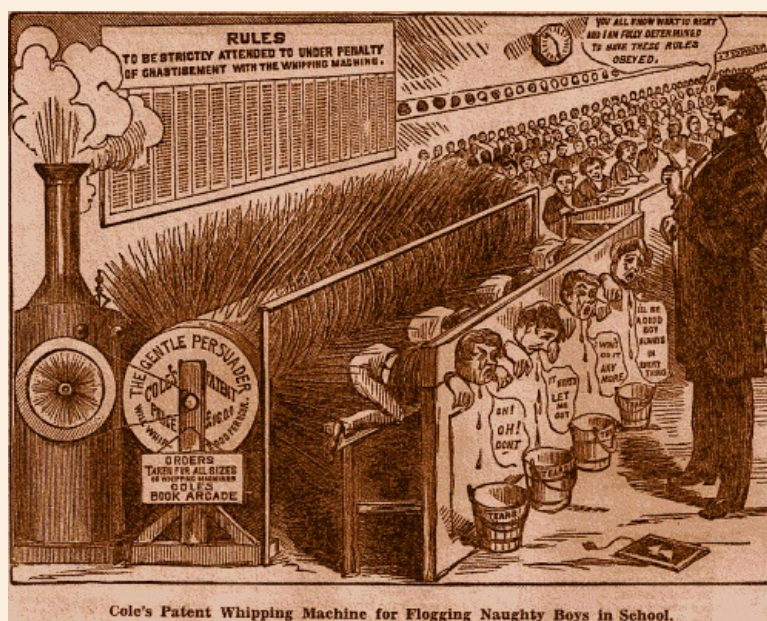
I received a tempting offer from a certain Mr. Snooks.

His "great machine to whip with speed" I brought with flusteration,

But to see just how it did succeed you view the illustration.

**And then look at "Professor Cole's Gentle Persuader." next page.**

## Page 41—Whipping Machine



### Cole's Patent Whipping Machine for Flogging Naughty Boys in School

#### **Testimonial from a Schoolmaster** (To Mr. Cole, Book Arcade, Melbourne)

SIR—Your Patent Flogger is a "keen"  
Success as a labor-saving machine;  
'Twill yet be held in great esteem,  
Already 'tis the Poet's theme;  
It's the greatest patent that's ever been  
In or out of a schoolroom seen;  
And as you have got it to go by steam,  
School-life will now be all serene.

I have not had a bad boy remaining now, but before I used your machine they used to be a frightful lot of young scamps. For instance, in my school of 1000, the first day the machine was introduced, 741 were punished for various misdeeds, and 103 for single offences, were flogged as follows:—

John Hawking, for talking  
William Winning, for grinning  
George Highing, for crying  
Edward Daring, for swearing  
Henry Wheeling, for stealing  
Peter Biting, for spitting  
Robert Hocking, for smoking  
Frederick Mention, for inattention  
Joseph Footing, for pea-shooting  
Luke Jones, for throwing stones  
Matthew Sauter, for squirting water  
Nicholas Storms, for upsetting forms  
Reuben Wrens, for spoiling pens  
Samuel Jinks, for spilling ink  
Simon McLeod, for laughing aloud  
Timothy Stacies, for making faces  
Victor Bloomers, for taking lunars  
Vincent James, for calling names  
Caleb Hales, for telling tales  
Daniel Padley, for writing badly  
David Jessons, for cribbing lessons  
Edmond Gate, for coming late  
Ezra Lopen, for leaving the door open

Edwin Druent, for playing the truant  
Charles Case, for leaving his place  
Ernest Jewell, for eating during school  
Coo Ah Hi, for using a shanghai  
Francis Berindo, for breaking a window  
Harold Tate, for breaking his slate  
Isaac Joys, for making noise  
Jacob Crook, for tearing his book  
Christopher Moyes, for teasing other boys  
Elisha Sewell, for bolting from school  
Conrad Draper, for throwing chewed paper  
Ebenezer Good, for telling a falsehood  
Felix Snooks, for coming without books  
Cyril Froude, for speaking too loud  
Elijah Rowe, for speaking too low  
Gregory Meek, for refusing to speak  
Hannibal Hartz, for throwing paper darts  
Horace Poole, for whistling in school  
Hubert Shore, for slamming the door  
Jesse Blane, for hiding the cane  
Jonah Platts, for hiding boys' hats  
Aaron Esk, for cutting the desk  
Abner Rule, for sleeping in school  
Adam Street, for changing his seat  
Albert Mayne, for splitting the teacher's cane  
Alexander Tressons, for reading during other lessons  
Alfred Hoole, for eating lollies in school  
Ambrose Hooke, for blotting his copy-book  
Amos Blair, for not combing his hair  
Andrew Grace, for not washing his face  
Anthony Sands, for not washing his hands  
Arnold Cootz, for coming in with dirty boots  
Benjamin Guess, for coming with untidy dress  
Clarence Hyneman, for annoying a stray Chinaman  
Michael McToole, for bringing stones to school  
Cuthbert Flindow, for climbing through the window  
Edgar Gasking, for going without asking  
Eric Grout, for kicking boys' hats about  
Enoch McKay, for pinching the next boy  
Gabriel Cook, for tearing a boy's book  
Hiram Pope, for pulling the bell rope  
Humphrey Proof, for getting on the roof  
Jonah Earls, for chasing school-girls  
Jonathan Spence, for climbing over the fence  
Phillip Cannister, for sliding down the bannister  
Lambert Hesk, for sliding on a desk  
Lawrence Storm, for standing on a form  
Lazarus Beet, for stamping with his feet  
Leopold Bate, for swinging on the gate  
Lewis Lesks, for kicking legs of desks  
Mark Vine, for overstepping the toe-line  
Nathan Corder, for not marching in order  
Norman Hall, for scribbling on the wall  
James Mace, for hitting a boy in the face  
Thomas Sayers, for pushing boys down the stairs  
Oswald Hook, for losing a school-book  
Ralph Chesson, for not knowing his lesson  
Sampson Skinner, for eating another boy's dinner  
Solomon Brook, for scribbling in his book  
Stephen Platt, for chasing the master's cat  
Neal M'Kimney, dropping a brick down the chimney  
Theodore Le Soof, for throwing stones on the roof  
Valentine Rapp, for turning on the water-tap  
Walter Hope, for climbing up the bell-rope  
Joshua Gail, for catching flies on the wall  
Raymond Esk, for sticking pins in the desk  
Julian State, for drawing pictures on his slate  
Gerald Astor, for being impudent to the master  
Augustus Roff, for not taking his hat off  
Rupert Keats, for fixing pens in boys' seats  
Maurice Took, for having a dirty copybook  
Esau Klaster, for drawing caricatures of the master  
Paul Bhool, for letting a bird loose in school  
Jabez Breeding, for not knowing the place at reading  
Levi Stout, for stopping too long when let out

Guy M'Gill, sharpening a knife on the window-sill  
Duncan Heather, pinning two boys' coat-tails together  
Ezekiel Black, pinning paper on another boy's back  
Patrick O'Toole, for bursting a paper-bag in school  
Eli Teet, for putting cobbler's wax on master's seat

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## Page 42—Dolly Land



### My Lady Doll

My Lady-doll is pretty,  
My Lady-doll is sweet;  
I like to show my Lady-doll  
To every one I meet

### My Sweet Dolly Rose

O sweet, so sweet,  
Is my Dolly Rose!  
Just all that I know  
My Dolly knows;  
And when I am glad  
The darling is glad  
And when I am sad  
The darling is sad.  
How dear she is,  
O, nobody knows,  
No, no, not even  
My precious Rose

### Polly's Dolly

Shining eyes, very blue,  
Opened very wide;  
Yellow curls, very stiff,  
Hanging side by side;  
Chubby cheeks, very pink,  
Lips red as holly;  
No ears, and only thumbs—  
That's Polly's Dolly.

### Pretty Doll

Oh dear! what a beautiful doll  
My sister has bought at the fair  
She says I must call it Miss Poll,  
And make it a bonnet to wear.

Oh pretty new doll, it looks fine!  
It's cheeks are all covered with red.

But pray will it always be mine?  
And please may I take it to bed?

How kind was my sister to buy  
This dolly with hair that will curl;  
Perhaps, if you want to know why,  
It's because I've been a good girl.

#### POEMS FOR CHILDREN



#### **Puss's Doll**

Now Puss had a doll  
That Dame Trot bought to please her,  
And gave it the beautiful  
Name of Louisa  
And when Kitty was lonesome  
Or wanted to play,  
She'd cry for Loo! Loo!  
In a comical way.

The dolly was petted,  
Was kissed and caressed,  
Though often quite roughly  
It must be confessed  
And so pleased was Miss Puss  
With Louisa's fair charms,  
She took her cat's meat,  
With the doll in her arms



#### **Pussy and Doggy Fighting for Dolly**

And once, I remember,  
Oh, sad was the day,  
The cat answered back  
In an impudent way.  
And tray was so jealous,  
The two had a fight,  
And between them the doll  
Was a terrible fright

## Page 43—Dolly Land



### Dolly Tumbled out of Bed

'Tis very well to smile—now,  
But you gave me such a fright,  
When I missed you, darling Dolly,  
In the middle of the night.

I thought we played together,  
And you fell into a stream;  
Yet I said—just half awaking—  
" 'Tis nothing but a dream.

"For safe upon my pillow  
Lies her curly golden hair,"  
Then I reached my hand to touch you,  
But I couldn't find you there.

I felt so sad and lonely  
That I cried, but all in vain;  
So to see if I could find you,  
I went off to sleep again.

Now, fancy! in the morning  
There you were, all safe and right;  
And nurse said, "Here's poor Dolly,  
Been upon the floor all night!"

Your pretty curls are tangled,  
They were so nice and smooth before;  
So promise, Dolly darling,  
You will tumble out no more!

### Dolly and I

I love my dear dolly;  
I'll tell you her name,  
I called her "Sweet Polly"  
The day that she came.

My Uncle John brought her  
From over the sea;  
And no one shall part us,  
My dolly and me.

She has cheeks like red roses,  
And eyes blue and bright,  
That open with daylight,  
And close with the night.

She cries, and says, "Mam-ma,  
Mam-mam-ma," so well,

That it is not a baby  
You scarcely can tell.

You know, I'm her own ma;  
A small one, you'll say,  
But just right for dolly,  
Who wants nought but play.

No teaching, no training,  
Few clothes and no food;  
And I like being her ma,  
Because she's so good.

### **Dolly's Broken Arm**

Mamma, do send for Doctor Man,  
And tell him to be quick,  
My dolly fell and broke her arm,  
So she is very sick.

I thought that she was fast asleep,  
And laid her on her bed,  
But down she dropped upon the floor;  
O dear! she's almost dead!

Poor dolly! she was just as brave,  
And did not cry at all;  
Do you suppose she ever can  
Get over such a fall?

But when the doctor mends her arm,  
And wraps it up so tight,  
Then I will be her little nurse,  
And watch her all the night.

And if she only will get well,  
And does not lose her arm,  
I'll never let her fall again,  
Nor suffer any harm.

### **Little Polly**

Little Polly,  
Had a dolly,  
With a curly wig;  
And Miss Polly  
And her dolly,  
Often danced a jig.

Also Polly  
had a collie,  
A fine dog was he;  
Blithe and jolly,  
Jumped round Polly,  
Barking loud with glee.

One day Polly  
Knocked her dolly,  
Broke its pretty head.  
"Oh, fie, Polly!  
Don't hurt dolly,"  
Said her brother Ned.

Then did Polly  
Take up Dolly,  
Throw it on the floor.  
Said Miss Polly,  
In her folly  
"I will play no more."

Up ran collie,  
Seized poor dolly,

Ran off to a friend.  
Friend helped collie  
To tear up dolly—  
That was poor dolly's end.



Reading Dolly Land.



Two Dollies Getting Up.

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## Page 44—Dolly Land



### A Little Girl's Song to Her Dolly

Lie down, little Dolly.  
Lie still on my lap,  
It's time now to put on  
Your night dress and cap;  
You have not been to sleep  
All through this long day  
Oh, what a long time  
For a Dolly to play!



The bright sun went down  
More than two hours ago;  
It is long past your bedtime,  
You very well know:  
The stars are now peeping  
From out the blue skies;  
Then go to sleep, Dolly!  
Come, shut your blue eyes.

Mamma says the flowers  
Were asleep long ago—  
Sweet roses and lilies,  
Their heads bending low;  
She says 'tis a lesson  
For me and for you—  
That children and dollies  
Should be asleep too.

Hark! Susan is calling—  
Now out goes the light;  
I will tug you up snugly,  
And kiss you good night.  
It is time you were sleeping  
For do you not know  
The dear little birds  
Went to sleep long ago?

### **Don't Cry My Dolly**

Hushy, baby, my dolly,  
I pray you don't cry,  
And I'll give you some bread  
And some milk by and by;  
Or perhaps you like custard,  
Or maybe a tart,—  
Then to either you're welcome,  
With all my whole heart.

### **The Little Girl and Her Doll**

There, got to sleep, Dolly,  
In own mother's lap,  
I've put on your nightgown  
And neat little cap.  
So sleep, pretty baby,  
And shut up your eye,  
Bye-bye, little Dolly,  
Lie still, and bye-bye.  
I'll lay my clean handkerchief  
Over your head,  
And then make believe  
That my lap is your bed;  
So hush, little dear,  
And be sure you don't cry.  
Bye-bye, little Dolly,  
Lie still, and bye-bye.

There, now it is morning  
And time to get up,  
And I'll give you some milk  
In my doll's china cup.  
So wake up, little baby  
And open your eye,  
For I think it high time  
To have done with bye-bye.

Jane Taylor

### **Sleep, Dolly Sleep**

Sleep, Dolly, sleep.  
You must not, must not weep.  
Now close your eyes so brown,  
And let me lay you down.  
Sleep, Dolly, sleep.  
Wake, Dolly, wake,  
Too long a nap you take;  
It's time to make the tea,  
And you must help, you see.  
Wake, Dolly, wake.  
Run, Dolly, run,  
Run out in golden sun;  
Run up the hill with me,  
And then to the apple-tree.  
Run, Dolly, run.

Mrs Hibbert

### **My Dolly**

Shut your eyes, my darling!  
When the shadows creep,  
When the flowers are closing  
Little ones must sleep.

Don't be frightened, Dolly!  
In my arms you lie;  
Nestle down and slumber  
To my lullaby

Dolly is so active,  
Always full of fun,  
Wakeful still and smiling  
E'en when day is done

Hush thee now, my dearest,  
To my slumber-song;  
Children lose their roses,  
Sitting up too long.

### **My Dolly**

I must go home to dolly,  
And put her to bed;  
I know she's so tired,  
She can't raise her head.

Some dolls are so old,  
They can sit up till eight,  
But mine gets quite ill  
If she stays up so late!

### **Dolly's Asleep**

Tell me a story  
Just one, mother dear.  
Candles are coming  
Bedtime is near  
There is my hand to hold  
Bend down your head,  
Don't speak too loud, mother,  
Dolly's in bed

No! not the story  
Of old Jack and Jill  
They were so stupid  
To tumble down the hill.  
I'm tired of Jack Horner  
And Little Bo-peep.—  
Stay! let me see

If Dolly's asleep.

Hush, Dolly darling!  
I'm watching, you know  
No one shall hurt you;  
I will not go.  
You are so warm,—  
Like a bird in it's nest.  
Go to sleep, darling,—  
Rest, Dolly, rest.

Ah! there is Mary  
Just come in with a light:  
Now there is no time  
For a story to-night,  
Please make the boys, mother,  
Mind how they tread.  
Their boots are so heavy,  
And—Dolly's in bed.

Good night, dear mother!  
Ask papa, please,  
When he comes home,  
Not to cough or to sneeze  
Give me your hand, Mary  
Hush! softly creep;  
We must not wake her,—  
Dolly's asleep.

If at all restless  
Or wakeful she seems,  
Don't be to anxious;  
I fancy she dreams.  
Say to her softly,  
Just shaking your head;  
"Go to sleep, Dolly,—  
Adie's in bed."



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**Page 45—Dolly Land**



### Lost Dolly

The sunflowers hang their heavy heads  
And wish the sun would shine;  
The clouds are grey; the wind is cold.  
"Where is that doll of mine?  
The dark is coming fast," said she.  
"I'm in a dreadful fright.  
I don't know where I left my doll,  
And she'll be out all night

"Twice up and down the garden-walks  
I looked; but she's not there,  
Oh! yes, I've hunted in the hay;  
I've hunted everywhere.  
I must have left her out of doors,  
But she is not in sight.  
No Dolly in the summer-house,  
And she'll be out all night.

"The dew will wet her through and through  
And spoil her dear best dress;  
And she will wonder where I am  
And be in such distress;  
The dogs may find her in the grass,  
And bark or even bite;  
And all the bats will frighten her  
That fly about at night.

"I've not been down into the woods  
Or by the brook to-day.  
I'm sure I had her in my arms  
When I came out to play,  
Just after dinner; then I know,  
I watched Tom make his kite.  
Will anybody steal my doll  
If she stays out all night.

"I wonder where Papa has gone?  
Why, here he comes; and see  
He's bringing something in his hand;  
That's Dolly certainly!  
And so you found her in the chaise,  
And brought her home all right?  
I'll take her to the baby-house.  
I'm glad she's home tonight."

Sarah O. Jewett

### Talking To Dolly

Well, Dolly, what are you saying,  
When you blink and wink your eyes?  
I'm sure your thoughts are straying,  
For you look so very wise.

I wonder what you think about,  
And why you never talk,  
And how it is you never shout,  
And never try to walk!

I wonder if you're ever sad,  
And if you ever weep;  
I wonder if you're ever glad  
When I rock you off to sleep.

I wonder if you love me well—  
As well as I love you.  
I do so wish you'd try and tell;  
Come, Dolly, darling, do!

### Darling Dolly

Darling Dolly's house shall be  
High as lofty apple-tree;  
It shall have a door inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.

It shall have for pictures fair  
Fancies that are rich and rare;  
It shall have a golden roof,  
And tapestry with stars for woof.

And it shall have a dome of blue  
With the moonlight streaming through,  
And stately pillars, straight as firs,  
Bending to each wind that stirs.

Darling Dolly's house shall be  
High as a lofty apple-tree;  
It shall have a door inlaid,  
Of the sweetest light and shade.



### Sour Grapes

"Such a dolly! I wouldn't have it,  
With its trailing baby dress!  
Pooh! a dolly twice as handsome  
I could have for asking, Bess.  
Needn't ask me if it's pretty,  
No, I do not care to wait,  
I am in an awful hurry,  
If you keep me, I'll be late."

Off went Nannie, proud lip curling,  
Head uplifted in disdain,  
Bessie hugged her dolly closely,  
Laughing over truth so plain.  
"Nan was envious, Dolly darling,  
'Twasn't aught of wrong in you,  
But the trouble lay in Nannie,

She would like to own you too."



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## Page 46—Dolly Land



## Ten Little Dollies

Ten little dollies  
Standing in a line,  
One tumbled down,  
And then there were nine.

Nine little dollies  
Sitting up so late,  
One went to sleep  
Then there were eight.

Eight little dollies—

All their ages even,  
One grew up tall  
And then there were seven.

Seven little dollies,  
Full of funny tricks,  
One snapt her head off  
Then there were six.

Six little dollies—  
Looked almost alive,  
One lost her "pin-back,"  
Then there were five.

Five little dollies,  
Walking by a door,  
One got her nose pinched,  
Then there were four.

Four little dollies  
On their mamma's knee,  
One cried her eyes out,  
Then there were three.

Three little dollies,  
Didn't know what to do,  
One tore her bows off,  
Then there were two.

Two little dollies,  
Very fond of fun,  
One melts her nose off,  
Then there was one.

One little dolly,  
Living all alone,  
Died broken-hearted,  
Then there were none.



## Page 47—Dolly Land



### My Week

On Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,  
On Tuesday smoothly press 'em,  
On Wednesday mend their little hose,  
On Thursday neatly dress 'em.

On Friday I play they're taken ill,  
On Saturday something or other;  
But when Sunday comes, I say, "Lie still,  
I'm going to church with mother."



### Dirty Dolly

Naughty Miss Dolly played out in the mud,  
And got all her clothes quite black;  
And now such a rubbing, and scrubbing and tubbing  
As we have to give them, good lack!

'Tis hard to be mothers and laundresses too,  
And nurses and cooks beside.  
Grown people don't know all we chicks have to do,  
For how can they tell till they've tried?

### Washing Day Troubles

I know a little girl who tried,  
To wash her dolly's clothes, one day,  
In Bridget's great, big tub, and cried  
Because mamma sent her away

To find her own small dolly-tub,



More fit for little girls to use.  
But naughty Sally shook her head  
And all suggestions did refuse.

And when she found herself alone,  
She went to Bridget's tub again,  
But, as is sure to be the case,  
Her disobedience brought her pain.

For, what do you think? she tumbled in,  
And gave herself an awful fright,  
And no one pitied her; in fact,  
They all laughed at her in her plight.

### **Washing Dolly**

Miss Mary standing at the tub  
Giving dolly a thorough scrub.  
Trying to make her nice and sweet  
Before she dresses for the street.  
If health an happiness you'd glean  
Remember always to keep clean.

### **Doll Rosy's Bath**

'Tis time Doll Rosy had a bath,  
And she'll be good, I hope;  
She likes the water well enough,  
But she doesn't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,  
Her eyes and nose and ears,  
And splash her fingers in the bowl  
And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my! what have I done?  
I've washed the skin off—see!  
Her pretty pink and white are gone  
Entirely! oh, dear me!

### **The New Tea-Things**

Come, Dolly, come quick,  
For I want you to see  
The present mamma  
Has just given to me;  
A set of new tea-things  
That really hold tea.

A dear little teapot  
To keep the tea hot,  
And tiny white cups  
With a pretty blue spot,  
And a glass sugar-basin.  
How nice, is it not?

And I am to use them  
This same afternoon;  
So Dolly I'll give you  
Some tea very soon  
In a little white cup,  
With a saucer and spoon.



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## Page 48—Dolly Land



### Doll Dress-making

Making Dolly's dresses,  
Don't you think it's fun?  
Here is one already,  
That I've just begun

Oh, how many stitches!  
And such a tangly thread!  
When I pricked my finger  
I just guess it bled

There! the needle's broken—  
Bending all about—  
That's a sign my dolly'll  
Wear the dresses out

Youth's Companion

### Dolly Town

Have you ever been down to Dolly Town?  
The sight would do you good  
There the dollies walk,  
And the dollies talk,  
And they ride about  
In a grand turn-out,  
With a coachman thin  
Who is made of tin,  
And a footman made of wood

There are very fine houses in Dolly Town,

Red, and green and blue;  
And a doctor, too,  
Who has much to do,  
Just to mend their toes  
And their arms and nose,  
When they tumble down  
And crack their crown  
And the stuff they take is glue

But the finest sight in Dolly Town  
That place to children dear—  
Is no dolly at all,  
Though so neat and small  
If you've time to spare,  
Go on tiptoe there,  
See the pretty girl, the rose, the pearl,  
Who is Queen of Dolly Town

### **My Little Doll Rose**

I have a little doll,  
I take care of her clothes  
She has soft flaxen hair,  
And her name is Rose

She has pretty blue eyes,  
And a very small nose,  
And a cunning little mouth,  
And her name is Rose

I have a little sofa  
Where my dolly may repose,  
Or sit up like a lady;  
And her name is Rose

My doll can move her arms,  
And can stand upon her toes,  
She can make a pretty curtsy  
My dear little Rose

How old is your dolly?  
Very young I suppose,  
For she cannot go alone,  
My pretty little Rose

Indeed I cannot tell  
In poetry or prose  
How beautiful she is,  
My darling little Rose.

E. Follen

### **Sewing For Dolly**

Such a busy little mother!  
Such a pretty little "child"!  
Did you ever see a dolly  
With a face more sweet and mild?

Such a comfort to her mother,  
Who is busy all the day,  
And who never finds a moment  
With her little girl to play

There are dresses to be altered,  
There are aprons to be made,  
"For my child in wardrobe matters  
Must not be thrown in shade"

Says the busy little mother,  
As she clips and works away,  
And a brand new dress for Dolly

Will be made this very day

### **The Lost Doll**

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world;  
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,  
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,  
As I played in the heath one day;  
I cried for her more than a week, dears,  
But I could never find where she lay.

Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,  
For her paint is all washed away,  
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,  
And her hair is not the least bit curled;  
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,  
The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley

### **Dolly's Patchwork Counterpane**

Oh, Mary, see what the nurse has found,  
Such store of pieces in my box!  
Some green, and some with lilac ground.  
They'll make such lovely blocks

She says she'll teach me how to make  
A counterpane for Dolly's bed,  
This lovely piece I first will take,  
With sprays of roses white and red

And thin this piece with purple spots  
Will look so pretty next to that!  
I'll keep my cotton free from knots,  
And make my stitches neat and flat

And "when I've finished it," she says  
She'll line it with a square of white.  
Oh, Dolly dear! your little bed  
Will be a most enchanting sight!

### **The Wooden Doll**

I'm but a wooden doll,  
Have neither wit nor grace;  
And very clumsy in my joints  
And yet I know my place.

Most people laugh at a wooden doll,  
And wooden I may be,  
But little children love me much  
And that's enough for me.

When I am dressed in fine long clothes,  
In fur, and silk, and lace,  
I think myself I'm not so bad  
And yet I know my place.

Let people laugh—I know I'm wood:  
Wax I can never be;  
But little children think I'm grand—  
That's quite enough for me.

### **Buy My Dolls**

Come buy my dolls, my pretty dolls:  
Come buy my dolls, I pray:  
I've such a heap,  
And I sell so cheap,  
I almost give them away.

I've waxen dolls, and china dolls,  
And dollies made of gum,  
Some are small,  
And some are tall,  
Some talk and some are dumb.

Bald head dolls, and dolls with hair,  
All beauties in their way—  
So very nice,  
So low in price,  
Please buy my dolls to-day.

Laughing dolls, and crying dolls;  
Dolls of various ages,  
Infant dolls,  
And lady dolls,  
Dolls in all the stages.

Go where you may, you will not find  
Such bargains as are these  
Make my heart light,  
Buy them to night,  
To grace your Christmas trees.



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## Page 49—Dolly Land



## Doctor Charlie and His Patient

Run for the doctor!

Dolly's very sick!  
Mary, you'll have to go,  
I cannot leave her;  
Tell him to pack his bottles  
And come quick;  
I think she has got  
A very dangerous fever."

In stalks a hat and cane;  
If you look close,  
You'll see Doctor Charlie,  
Somewhere under;  
He takes a pinch of snuff  
And blows his nose,  
While poor sick Dolly  
Seems to stare in wonder.

He feels her pules, he  
Gravely shakes his head:  
His hat dropped o'er his eyes  
With the shake he gave it;  
He says poor dolly  
Must be put to bed  
And have her head shaved—  
He, in fact, will shave it.

Poor mamma sober looks,  
But says at once  
That "Dolly's head shall  
Not be shaved! I guess not!  
Her hair would never grow  
Again, you dunce!"  
"It shall!" "It shan't!"  
"She'll die then, if it's not!"

But Mary, ere the quarrel  
Gets too grave  
(Already in her hand  
A bowl of gruel),  
Says, "Don't you know  
That doctors do not shave?  
And then besides,  
It really would be cruel!"

"I'll give her pills, then,  
When she's safe in bed,  
Plenty and sweet—of sugar  
I will make them;  
As dolly cannot eat,  
'Twill do instead  
For you and me and  
Mary here to take them."

### **Dollies' Broken Noses**

Two little babies  
In carriages two,  
Two little nurses  
With duty to do.

Both little nurses  
Were careful at first,  
Soon both grew careless—  
Which was the worst.

O what a pitiful  
Wail from the street!  
One broken rail  
Trips four little feet.

Over went carriages,  
Babies and all,  
And two china noses  
Were cracked in the fall.

### The Soldier Dolly

There once was a sweet tiny maiden,  
A wee little woman of four,  
Who scarce could reach up to the table,  
Or open the nursery door;

And this poor little maid, she was crying—  
Her dolly had such a fall!  
Yes there on the ground he was lying—  
Her darling, the best of them all.

This dolly had been a brave soldier,  
With uniform, sabre, and all,  
And worshipp'd a doll in the doll's-house,  
That stood by the side of the wall.

She was only a poor tiny maiden,  
A wee little woman of four,  
And she sat with her heart nearly breaking,  
With the doll in her lap on the floor.

And the poor, tiny, sorrowful maiden,  
The wee little woman of four,  
Now lies with her dead soldier dolly,  
Asleep on the nursery floor.

### The Dead Doll

You needn't be trying to comfort me—  
I tell you my dolly is dead!  
There's no use saying she isn't—  
With a crack like that on her head.  
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt  
Much to have my tooth out that day.  
And then when they most pulled  
My head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby,  
When you say you can mend it with glue!  
As if I didn't know better than that!  
Why, just suppose it was you?  
You might make her look all mended—  
But what do I care for looks?  
Why, glue's for chairs and tables,  
And toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter!  
Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!  
It just makes me sick to think of the sound  
When her poor head went whack  
Against this horrible brass thing  
That holds up the little shelf.  
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me?  
I know that I did it myself?

I think you must be crazy—  
You'll get her another head!  
What good would forty heads do her?  
I tell you my dolly is dead!  
And to think that I hadn't quite finished  
Her elegant New Year's hat!  
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers  
List night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—  
I was playing out in the yard—  
She said to me most expressly:  
"Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."  
And I went and put it on Tabby,  
And Hildegarde saw me do it;  
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,

I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now,  
And I just believe, I do,  
That her poor little heart was broken,  
And so her head broke too.  
Oh, my baby! my little baby!  
I wish my head had been hit!  
For I've hit it over and over,  
And it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead,  
She'll want to be buried of course;  
We will take my little wagon, Nurse,  
And you shall be the horse;  
And I'll walk behind and cry;  
And we'll put her in this—you see,  
This dear little box—and we'll bury  
Them under the maple tree.

And papa will make a tombstone,  
Like the one he made for my bird;  
And he'll put what I tell him on it—  
Yes, every single word!  
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde,  
A beautiful doll that is dead;  
She died of a broken heart,  
And a dreadful crack in her head."

Margaret Vandegrift

### **Dolly's Doctor**

Dolly, my darling, is dreadfully sick;  
Oh, dear! what shall I do?  
Despatch to the doctor a telephone quick  
To bring her a remedy new.

Hush! that is the doctor's tap! tap! tap!  
Don't make such a terrible noise—  
Don't you see how the darling lies still on my lap,  
And never looks up at you boys!

Come, doctor, and tell me now just what you think  
Would be best for my darling so sweet.  
'Give dolly a bucket of water to drink,  
In a bowl of hot gruel put her feet.'



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### Christening Dolly

See, this is my Christmas dolly,  
Two weeks ago she came;  
And, oh! the trouble I have had  
To find a pretty name.

At first I thought of Marguerite—  
A French name, meaning "pearl"—  
But Nellie said, "Oh! that's too stiff  
For such a graceful girl."

And then I mentioned, one by one,  
Susanna, Ruth, and Poll,  
"But they are too old-fashioned names  
Said Nell, "to suit your doll."

So the next day I got a great big book,  
And searched it through and through,  
Then shook my head and sadly said:  
"There's not one name will do."

My brother Tom was sitting near,  
He raised his eyes and smiled;  
"Why, Pussy dear," he kindly said,  
"Suppose I name your child."

"Oh! will you Brother Tom?" I cried,  
And then I hugged him, so; (hugging her doll.)  
"We'll play you are the parson  
That christens folks, you know."

So then, he took her in his arms  
And solemnly and slow  
He said: "This baby's name shall be  
Miss Josephine, or Jo."

And there, before I knew it,  
My baby had a name;  
And what I like about it, is,  
That mine is just the same.

E.C. and J.T. Rook

### The Dollies Visit

Three little girls brought each a doll,  
To pass an afternoon;  
The dresses all were soon displayed,  
Their bangles made a tune;  
And when they parted to go home,  
One young girl shrewdly said:  
"Our dollies have behaved real nice—  
They have no scandal spread."

W.

### The Little Girl Over The Way

Whenever I'm tired of reading,  
Or lonely in my play,  
I come to the window here, and watch  
The little girl over the way.

But she will not look nor listen,  
Nor stand for a moment still;  
And though I watch her the livelong day,  
I'm afraid she never will.

For some day some one will buy her,  
And carry her quite away;—  
She is only a doll in a great glass-case,  
The little girl over the way.

### **Maggie's Talk to Doll**

My dolly dear,  
Come sit up here!  
And say why you don't cry.  
I've struck your head  
Against the bed,  
And cracked your pretty eye,

My dolly dear,  
Do sit up here,  
And let me see your face;  
And say, my pet,  
Why you don't fret  
Now Pug has got your place.

My pretty Poll  
My dear, dear doll,  
Why don't you eat or talk?  
Like sister Jane,  
And Sally Blane,  
And then go for a walk?

You have an eye,  
But never cry,  
And lips, but never prattle;  
You've fingers ten,  
Like brother Ben,  
But never shake the rattle.

You never eat,  
Nor drink, nor sleep,  
Nor move unless you're carried:  
And when I pinch,  
You never flinch,  
Nor say that you are worried.

### **Minnie to Dolly**

Your hair is so pretty,  
Your eyes are so blue,  
Your cheeks are so rosy,  
Your frock is so new,  
You're the prettiest dolly  
I ever did see.  
Though your hair is so pretty,  
And your eyes are so blue,  
I'd rather be Minnie  
Than I would be you,

For you can't see the flowers  
When they come up in spring;  
You can't hear the birdies,  
How sweetly they sing;  
Nor run out of doors  
To look in the sky,  
And see the white clouds

As they pass swiftly by.

You've no kind of papa  
Or mamma to be near,  
To love you and teach you;  
So, dolly, my dear,  
Though your cheeks are so rosy,  
And your dress is so new,  
I'd rather be Minnie  
Than I would be you.

### **My Dolly**

My Dolly, Polly Angelina Brown,  
Has a pretty little bonnet,  
And a pretty little gown;  
A pretty little bonnet,  
With a lovely feather on it;  
Oh, there's not another like it  
To be found in all the town!

My Dolly, Polly, is a precious little pet;  
Her eyes are bright as jewels,  
And her hair is black as jet;  
I hug her, and I kiss her!  
And oh, how I should miss her  
If she were taken from me;  
Oh how I should grieve and fret!

My little brother Charley,  
Says my Dolly is "a muff,"  
And he calls her other horrid names  
Though that is bad enough;  
And though he's very clever,  
I never, no, I never  
Let him handle her or dandle her,  
For boys, you know, are rough.

My Dolly's always smiling;  
She was never known to frown.  
And she looks so very charming  
In her Sunday hat and gown.  
You really ought to see her  
To get a good idea  
Of the beauty of my Dolly,  
Polly Angelina Brown.

### **Dolly's Wedding**

Come along; come along;  
The rain has gone away.  
Dingle-dong! dingle dong;  
It is Dolly's wedding-day!

Charley has got his night-gown on.  
Mary has put the chairs:  
Charley is the clergyman  
Who'll marry them up-stairs.  
Come along; come along;  
The rain has gone away.  
Dingle-dong! dingle dong;  
It is Dolly's wedding-day!

Sambo has got an old white hat,  
And a coat with but one tail;  
Sambo's face is very black,  
Dolly's is rather pale.  
Come along; come along;  
The rain has gone away.  
Dingle-dong! dingle dong;  
It is Dolly's wedding-day!

Sambo has got a woolly pate,  
Dolly has golden hair.  
When Sambo marries Dolly,  
They'll be a funny pair!  
Come along; come along;  
The rain has gone away.  
Dingle-dong! dingle dong;  
It is Dolly's wedding-day!



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## Page 51—Dolly Land



### My Doll

I found my old dolls  
In the attic to-day,  
In a box where I long ago  
Laid them away.  
It was silly, I know,  
But 'twas such a surprise,  
The sight of their faces  
Brought tears to my eyes.

There was poor little Flossie,  
With azure eyes closed.  
For many a month  
She had quietly dozed,  
In the little silk gown  
In which I last dressed her—  
That time was brought back  
So I stopped and caressed her;

And then, as I raised her,  
She opened her eyes,  
And stared at her mother  
In such sad surprise  
That I kissed her and laid  
Her again in her place  
To keep her reproachful

Blue eyes off my face.

And next I uncovered  
My little bisque Mabel,  
To meet whose brown eyes  
I was still more unable.  
There gaze was surprised,  
But exceedingly mild,  
My poor little, dear little,  
Led-away child!

And I kissed her, her face  
Looked so childish and sweet,  
And I held for a moment  
Her little kid feet,  
For her stockings were scattered,  
And so were her shoes,  
And then, when I found them,  
They gave me the blues.

I kissed her, and laid her  
Back in the box, but  
She looked at me still  
(For her eyes would not shut)  
And hastily covering  
Her face from my sight,  
I searched till wax Elsie  
I brought to the light.

Now, that poor little doll  
Was only my niece,  
Her eyes were dark blue  
And her curls white as fleece  
But her nose was so flat,  
'Twas no longer a nose,  
And her wax cheeks had faded  
And lost all their rose.

From losing her sawdust  
Her body was slender,  
Yet for those very reasons  
My kiss was more tender,  
And I laid the poor thing  
Away with a sigh,  
And feeling, I must say,  
Like having a cry.

One big doll was missing,—  
My dear Rosabel,—  
How much I did love her,  
I really can't tell.  
It is painful, indeed,  
To be talking about,  
But I loved her so much  
That I quite wore her out.

Well, well, I am older,  
But I'm sure I'm not glad.  
The thought of those old times,  
In fact makes me sad.  
And, although the feeling  
Is silly, I know,  
I cannot help sighing:  
"Oh! why did I grow?"

Bertha Gerneaux Davis



### **Mistress Of Four Dollies**

This little girl, I'm glad to say,  
Is eight years old this very day.  
She makes a hat for the little "Doll,"  
And puts in it a feather tall.

One doll is large, and one is small,  
Another short another tall.  
She talks to them. They won't obey,  
And then she says, "You cannot play."

### **Grandmamma's Visit**

With grandma's cap upon her head,  
And spectacles on her nose,  
And grandma's shawl upon her back,  
Grace to her sister goes.

"My dear grandchild, although I am  
Now getting very old,  
I've toddled all this way to ask  
About your Dolly's cold."

"Dear Grandmamma, I thank you much,  
And I am glad to say  
She had a good sound sleep last night,  
And is quite well to-day."

### **Lucy's Dolls**

Five little dolls  
To claim my care  
To fix their clothes  
And comb their hair;

Five little dolls  
To dress and keep  
And put away  
Each night to sleep.

I don't think grown  
Folks ever know  
What troubles small  
Folks undergo;

I have to cook  
To please all five—  
I wonder much  
That I'm alive!



## Page 52—Dolly Land



### Dolly Is Dead

I can't help crying! Oh dear!  
My doll is dead, I fear,  
Yes, she must be dead,  
For she's lost her head,  
And she looks so horribly queer.  
But they say our doctor's a clever man,  
I'll get him to put on her head if he can.

### The Doll Show

(For seven little girls—six with dolls. The seventh to be the judge.)

*First girl enters, with doll in her arms.*

We're going to have a dolly show,  
This very afternoon—  
The little girls will bring their dolls,  
(I think they'll be here soon),

And then we'll have such lots of fun,  
We'll place them in a row,  
And the one the judge declares the best  
Will take the prize, you know.

My dolly is all ready,  
I've dressed her as a bride;  
Don't she look sweet; She'll take the prize,  
Of that I'm satisfied.

*Places her doll on a bench or chair, and takes a seat.*

#### *Second Girl*

Oh, such a time as I have had,  
I thought I would be late;  
I took so very, very long  
To dress my little Kate,

But here she is, my infant doll,  
So white, and clean, and pure,  
Oh, yes, my precious darling,  
You'll take the prize, I'm sure.

*Places doll next to doll No. 1 and takes a seat.*

*Third Girl—Carrying a handsome French Doll.*

My dolly came from Sunny France,  
Her name is Antoinette,  
She's two years old on Christmas day,  
And she's my dearest pet.

Her feet and hands are very small,  
Her hair is soft and light,  
Her eyes the deepest, darkest blue,  
And very large and bright.

This handsome dress from Paris came,  
Also this stylish hat,  
Why, she of course will take the prize,  
I'm positive of that.

*Places her doll by doll No. 2, and takes a seat.*

*Fourth Girl*

I hope they've saved a little space  
For Jack, my sailor lad,  
The bravest, best, and nicest son  
A mother ever had.

He wears a suit of navy blue—  
I've brought him to the show  
Because he looks so very nice,  
He'll take the prize, I know.

*Places it by doll No. 3, and sits down.*

*Fifth Girl—a very small girl holding by the arm a large rag baby with a long dress.*

My mamma's writing letters,  
And told me—"run away,"  
And so I brought my dolly  
To the baby show, to-day.

She isn't very pretty,  
But she's very nice, I think,  
Her eyes, and nose, and little mouth,  
My mamma made with ink.

I love my Dolly, 'cause she's good—  
She never never cries,  
So don't you think she'll be the one  
To carry off the prize?

*Places her doll by doll No. 4, and takes a seat.*

*Sixth Girl*

They mustn't crowd my baby out,  
Although she's black as night.  
I think she'll stand as good a chance  
As babies that are white.

She's very neat, and nice, and clean,  
Her lips are cherry red,  
She wears a gay bandanna  
Tied round her curly head.

She's a very handsome lady,  
And if the judge be wise,  
I do not have the slightest doubt  
That she will take the prize.

*Places her doll by doll No. 5, and sits down.*

*First Girl—to the girls*

Do not open your mouths,  
Nor shut your eyes!  
For here comes the judge  
To award the prize.

*Seventh Girl—Enters carrying a wand. She views each doll in turn with critical eyes, then pointing to the first doll, says—*



Number one is very pretty,  
But I think she's rather tall.

*Points to No. 2*

And this cunning little baby,  
Is a little bit too small.

*No. 3*

Number three—a fine French lady,  
Too Frenchy is, I fear.

*Points to No. 4*

And Master Jack, I like your looks,  
But I think you dress too queer.

*No. 5*

And this old-fashioned baby doll,  
I guess lived in the ark;

*No. 6*

No, no, Miss Dinah, no prize for you,  
Your skin is much too dark.

*Then turning to the little girls, she continues:*

And now, dear anxious mothers,  
I find I can't decide  
Which doll shall have the premium,  
But I'll be satisfied

If you'll call another meeting  
To-morrow afternoon,  
I need more time to settle this—  
To-day is much too soon.

So, mothers, now I give these babies  
Back to your loving care;  
And I thank you much for bringing them  
To our famous Baby Fair.

*Hands each doll to it's owner.*

*Exit all.*



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### **A Doll's Adventures Round the World**

All round the world and back again  
Dolly and I have been;  
By sea and land we've travelled far,  
The strangest sights have seen.

To Greenland first we sailed away  
To see the snow and ice,  
But Dolly's nose—it nearly froze—  
Oh, dear! that wasn't nice!

So off we tripp'd to Canada,  
There 'twas not quite so cold—  
But there the Indians in the woods  
Rushed after us so bold.

We ran away to Montana,  
O'er Rocky Mountains high,  
To picnic in wild Oregon,  
Famous for pumpkin pie.

Then down to California,  
Through many a field of gold,  
And over ancient Mexico,  
Past temples manifold.

The Sandwich Isles we visited,  
Where grew such radiant flowers,  
And pretty girls danced all the day  
In fragrant, rosy bowers.

We crossed the Equatorial Seas,  
And, sailing round and round  
The lovely islands of the main,  
Sweet coral groves we found.

New Zealand's shores we landed at,  
The country of strange things—  
Cherries that carried the stones out-side,  
And flowers with butterflies' wings.

Oh, when we reach Australia—  
What heaps and heaps of gold!  
And a million sheep and lambs we saw  
Straying from fold to fold.

To buy some tea-pots and some trays,  
We called at quaint Japan,  
Where a very polite old Japanese  
Gave Dolly an ivory fan.

We took a trip to Chinese land  
To take a cup of tea,  
But neither sugar nor cream was given,  
Which didn't suit Dolly and me.

Then travelling to Hindustan,  
We met a tiger there,  
Who looked as though he would eat us up—  
So off we flew elsewhere.

And found ourselves in the Khyber Pass,

In the midst of a Caravan,  
With which we travelled night and day  
To reach Afghanistan.

Across the Red Sea next we sail'd  
And through the Suez Canal,  
To purchase a camel at old Cairo,  
With a trot most magical,

Across the Desert we rode apace,  
No water was there to drink,  
Ah, oh!—while climbing a Pyramid  
Dolly dropped down a chink.

An Arab kindly rescued her—  
(She did so ruffle her hair;  
If ever she plays that trick again  
She'll have to be left down there.)

At last we left the Desert drear,  
To sail upon the Nile,  
In the Pasha's beautiful diabeheh  
Past many a crocodile.

We saw no end of wonders now  
In Africa's strange land—  
Forests full of lions fierce,  
And many a savage band.

Our steamer on the Congo sank—  
We were in a dreadful plight  
Until we met with Stanley true,  
And then we steered aright.

We said good-bye to Africa,  
And, though winds proved contrary,  
Northward our wondrous way we took  
To the Isles of sweet Canary.

Thence favouring gales conveyed us far  
Beyond the Spanish shore;  
Fast by the coast of France we sped  
To our own land once more.

And now we're safe at home again,  
And wise as wise can be;  
For seeing all the world's wonders  
Improves my Doll and me.

Sabina

### **The Story of a Doll**

I stood in the semi-darkness  
And watched a child at her play;  
Her cares were of multiform nature,  
And the daylight was speeding away.

Her dolly demanded attention,  
To be petted and kissed and be fed;  
To have on its little nightgown,  
And then to be put in its bed.

All this with a motherly yearning  
She had learned by the instinct of love;  
And the dolly but faintly presented  
A gift from the heaven above.

The dear little creature had finished  
And was just about turning to go,  
When the scene all changed in a moment  
And turned into weeping and woe.

A boy, almost reaching to manhood,  
Dashed wildly from the room,

And seizing the doll from the cradle  
Rushed out again into the gloom.

There was one wild scream from the maiden,  
A clasp of the hands and a chase;  
But the boy thought the thing was funny  
And was in for a brotherly race.

But soon, when the screaming was louder  
And he saw all the pain he had caused.  
He threw down the doll on the flooring,  
And sneering, he suddenly paused.

"I wouldn't be such a cry-baby," he said,  
With a half-mocking drawl;  
"I can buy plenty more that's just like it,  
"It's only a plaster doll.

"Why don't you get one made of china,  
Instead of that plaster thing?  
An then I would try to respect it,"  
And he took himself off with a fling.

"Oh, my dolly, my dolly is broken,"  
And quick in her bosom she hid  
The maimed little bit of her sunshine,  
"I Loved it, I loved it, I did.

"I don't care if it was only plaster;  
'Twas my dolly, my dolly, my own."  
And she knelt by the mangled plaything.  
"And now I am left all alone."

Ten years from that very evening,  
I stood by the couch of a child,  
While a man knelt and wept beside it,  
With a face both haggard and wild.

'Twas the old scene of the dolly repeated,  
The boy had to manhood grown;  
A hand crushed his plaster idol  
And left him to mourn all alone.

Ah me! how the world is repeated,  
The work of each day o'er and o'er.  
We all have our broken dollies  
Away on the golden shore.  
Did he think, I wonder, of that one  
He threw on the carpetless floor.

Watson



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## I am homesick, Dolly Dear

Dolly knows what's the matter—  
Dolly and I.  
It isn't the mumps nor the measles—  
Oh! dear, I shall die!  
It's the mothering we want, Dolly,  
The—what shall I call it?  
And grandpa says he has sent—  
He put the 'spatch safe in his wallet.

I know well enough that he dropped  
That telegraph 'spatch in the fire,  
If mother just knew, she'd come  
If 'twas on the telegraph wire!  
She'd take my poor head,  
That is splitting this very minute,  
And she'd sing "There's a Happy Land,"  
And the hymn that has "Darling" in it.

Course, I like grandpa's house;  
It's the splndidest place to stay,  
When there's all the outdoors to live in,  
And nothing to do but to play;  
Somehow you forget your mother—  
That is, just the littlest bit,  
Though if she were here, I suppose  
That I shouldn't mention it.

But oh! there's a difference, Dolly,  
When your head is so full of pains  
That ('cepting the ache that's in 'em)  
There's nothing left of your brains,  
Remember how nice it feels, Dolly,  
To have your head petted and "poored."  
Ache? Why I ache all over,  
And my bed is as hard as a board.

Nurse says "It's a sweet, lovely morning."  
It may be for all that I care;  
There's just one spot in this great wide world  
That is pretty—I wish I was there!  
I can see the white roses climbing  
All over the low porch door,  
And the daisies and buttercups growing—  
I never half loved them before.

And mother—let's see! she's standing  
In that very same door, no doubt;  
She loves to look out in the morning  
And see what the world is about,  
In a pale-blue something-or-other—  
A loose sort of wrapper, I guess;  
As if a few yards of sky  
Had been taken to make a dress.

And up from the pine woods yonder  
Comes a beautiful woodsy smell,  
And the breeze keeps a hinting of May flowers—  
The real-pink arbutus bell;  
And I think most likely the robins  
Have built in the cherry tree;  
And by and by there'll be birdies—  
And I shall not be there to see!

Did you hear any noise, Dolly!  
Speak, Dolly, you little witch!  
As if someone was laughing—or crying!  
I couldn't tell which!  
We've kept from crying, so far;  
We've choked but we wouldn't cry;  
I've just talked it out to you, dear;  
I had to, or else I'd die.

But if that is you, mother—  
And I know by your lips that it is—  
I'll just squeeze your head off!—  
You think that all I want is a kiss!  
O mother! to papa and Tom  
You needn't got mention it,  
But you know it was homesickness  
Almost killed your poor little Kit!



American Indian Dolls.



Japanese Dolls.



Dolls of Europe, Africa and Asia.

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## Page 55—A Lady Making Dolls



*Every Dolly Should Have A Name*

**A Thousand Names For Dollies And Babies**

Adam and Madam,  
Hagar and Jagar,  
Lottie and Tottie,  
Dinah and Nina,  
Hebe and Phoebe,  
Claude and Maude,  
Connell and Donnell,  
Dove and Love,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Ruth and Truth,  
Ducie and Lucy,  
Casper and Jasper,  
Mercy and Percy,  
Angeletta and Vangeletta,  
Gilliam and William,  
Luby and Ruby,  
Ada and Saida,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Abihu and Elihu,  
Becky and Jacky,  
Alf and Ralph,  
Giles and Miles,  
Colin and Rollin,  
Lubin and Reuben,  
Arthur and Marthur,  
Marybella and Sarybella,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Hubert and Rupert,  
Nice and Rice,  
Bryan and Ryan,  
Alpin and Galpin,  
Duke and Luke,  
Mulic and Ulic,  
Bessy and Hessy,  
Hildalene and Tildalene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Mose and Rose,  
Gordon and Jordan,  
Donald and Ronald,  
Ervin and Mervin,  
Mirzah and Tirzah,  
Alick and Gallic,  
Handel and Randal,  
Fredelena and Tedelena,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bridget and Midget,  
Louisa and Theresa,  
Hillah and Zillah,  
Milfred and Wilfred,  
Larkin and Martyn,  
Horam and Joram,  
Jael and Shaul,  
Fannyette and Nannyette,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Abisha and Elisha,  
Abitub and Ahitub,  
Crissylene and Sissylene,  
Averil and Daveril,  
Botolph, and Rodolph,  
Lilian and Milian,  
Maynard and Reynard,  
Kizzylene and Lizzylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Prichard and Richard,  
Darian and Marian,  
Dowzabel and Rosabel,  
Artemus and Bartemus,

Dathan and Nathan,  
Germaine and Hermaine,  
Abelard and Ermengarde,  
Dovelene and Loyelene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Nicodemus and Polyphemous,  
Marianne and Sarianne,  
Lucylena and Nucylena,  
Edmond and Redmond,  
Nebulon and Zebulon,  
Jeanette and Mynette,  
Apollyon and Napoleon,  
Jinnylene and Winnylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Coralius and Doralius,  
Horatius and Ignatius,  
Agnes and Dagnes,  
Eldred and Meldred,  
Obijah and Orijah,  
Adriel and Gabriel,  
Ivan and Sivan,  
Claudelius and Maudelius,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Brunius an Junius,  
Simon and Timon,  
Bobab and Hobab,  
Darnell and Parnell,  
Jirah and Sirah,  
Marylena and Sarylena,  
Faban and Laban,  
Lilianette and Millianette,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Lubylene and Rubylene,  
Manuel and Samuel,  
Herodicus and Herodotus,  
Ella and Zella,  
Flavius and Zavius,  
Grace and Mace,  
Borgia and Georgia,  
Dinalene and Minalene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Ira and Myra,  
Claudia and Maudia,  
Laymond and Raymond,  
Gisborn and Lisborn,  
Fernando and Hernando,  
Paul and Saul,  
Hulia and Julia,  
Lancylene and Nancylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Barret and Garret,  
Diamond and Simund,  
Bathilda and Matilda,  
Charissa and Clarissa,  
Minnielene and Tinnielene,  
Abinoam and Ahinoam,  
Clarice and Paris,  
Bessielene and Jessielene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Josiah and Sophia,  
Bariah and Mariah,  
Jeziah and Keziah,  
Amariah and Amaziah,  
Josibiah and Josiphia,  
Uriah and Jeremiah,  
Obadiah and Zachariah,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Florence and Laurence,



Athaliah and Jocaliah,  
Abira and Sapphira,  
Donetta and Johnetta,  
Bidly and Liddy,  
Janette and Nanette,  
Dometta and Tometta,  
Agrippa and Phillipa,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Lucretia and Venetia,  
Criscilla and Priscilla,  
Belinda and Selinda,  
Dara and Hara,  
Ambrose and Lambrose,  
Frances and Nances,  
Bertie and Gertie,  
Ruthelene and Truthelene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dorna and Lorna,  
German and Herman,  
Josanna and Johanna,  
Alfred and Talfred,  
Hamar and Tamar,  
Ashur and Jasher,  
Baruch and Saruch,  
Mollyetta and Pollyetta,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Angelena and Vangelena,  
Cherubima and Seraphima,  
Bede and Reid,  
Josabad and Rosabad,  
Lulia and Tulia,  
Harold and Jarold,  
Jeroboam and Rehoboam,  
Paulina and Saulina,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Tunice and Unice,  
Sambrose and Vambrose,  
Meshach and Sheshach,  
Bertram and Gertram,  
Amon and Samon,  
Claudius and Maudius,  
Borelius and Horelius,  
Bonalene and Monalene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

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## Page 56—Name Land

*The Reading over of these 1000 Names, all different, will give splendid Exercise in Spelling and Pronunciation.*

Gomer and Homer,  
Selah and Telah,  
Rasman and Tasman,  
Barak and Sarak,  
Janet and Nanet,  
Heavenbella and Sevenbella,  
Ahaz and Azaz,  
Antimeg and Antineg,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Allon and Fallon,  
Abdiel and Zabdiel,  
Andronicus and Veronicus,  
Anthony and Vanthony,  
Amery and Zamery,

James and Kames,  
Antonius and Santonius,  
Mattylyene and Pattylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bedrodach and Nedrodach,  
Festus and Vestus,  
Geoffrey and Zeffrey,  
Henry and Kenry,  
Gilbert and Hilbert,  
Anim and Banim,  
Noah and Joah,  
Mercylene and Percylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dovetta and Lovetta,  
Azal and Bazal,  
Corinda and Dorinda,  
Besar and Cesar,  
Doram and Horam,  
Ananiah and Apia,  
Floralius and Horalius,  
Marionette and Sarionette,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Coralene and Doralene,  
Floralene and Noralene,  
Dathan and Nathan,  
Abiram and Ahiram,  
Imon and Dimon,  
Cornelius and Aurelius,  
Ethelene and Bethelene,  
Jera and Terah,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Ben and Glen,  
Neziah and Tiziah,  
Madoc and Zadoc,  
Pauline and Sauline,  
Abihud and Ahihud,  
Kiza and Liza,  
Dius and Pius,  
Nucy and Sucy,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Alfric and Salfric,  
Frank and Hank,  
Kobina and Rosina,  
Florinda and Laurinda,  
Deborah and Ketorah,  
Shebaniah and Shecaniah,  
Sherariah and Shemariah,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Abia, Beriah and Neriah,  
Alberic, Almeric & Alperic,  
Volinda, Wolinda & Zolinda  
Abijah, Ahijah and Elijah,  
Dida, Ida and Fida,  
Dias, Elias and Tobias,  
Quick, Vic and Zic,  
Hugh, Leu and Pugh,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Cora, Dora and Flora,  
Lora, Nora and Zora,  
Biram, Hiram and Miram,  
Vessie, Wessie and Zessie,  
Barrat, Jarrat and Garrat,  
Ham, Lam and Zam,  
Adelia, Afelia and Amelia,  
Dugo, Hugo and Nugo,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Ivy, Livy and Zivy,  
Betty, Hetty and Letty,

Netty, Petty and Zetty,  
Linny, Winny and Zinny,  
Hester, Lester and Nestor,  
Helena, Serena and Sabina,  
Mab, Nab and Rab,  
Dottielene, Lottielene & Tottielene  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bruno, Juno and Uno,  
Eugene, Nugene and Sugene,  
Dorman, Gorman and Norman,  
Jean, Veau and Zeau,  
Hew, Seu and Zue,  
Azur, Kazur and Nazur,  
Davia, Flavia and Pavia,  
Apulias, Julius and Tulas,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Biram, Hiram and Piram,  
Katline, Matline and Patline,  
Seba, Sheba, and Zebah,  
Aubrey, Daubrey and Vaubrey,  
Nebo, Nego and Necho,  
Andrew, Mandrew and Vandrew,  
Dalwin, Talwin and Zalwin,  
Abi, Ahi and Ami,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Larissa, Narissa and Varrissa,  
Di, Guy and Nie,  
Dot, Lot and Tot,  
Delicia, Felicia and Letitia,  
Bona, Jonah and Mona,  
Queenie, Teenie and Weenie,  
Edward, Nedward, Tedward,  
Dom, Pom and Tom,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Muric, Uric and Zurich,  
Doddard, Goddard and Stoddard,  
Heggie, Meggie and Peggie,  
Darvey, Harvey and Jarvey,  
Haddox, Maddox and Zaddox,  
Joel, Loel and Noel,  
Aaron, Saron and Zaron,  
Bilhah, Hillah and Zillah,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Anneline, Fannylene & Nannylene,  
Albina, Aldina and Alvina,  
Annie, Fannie and Nanny,  
Elim, Phelim and Selim,  
Bobbie, Robbie & Zobbie,  
Alma, Palma and Talma,  
Gillis, Phillis and Willis,  
Bettylene, Hettylene & Lettylene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bennet, Jennet and Kennet,  
Dobe, Job and Robe,  
Bruce, Druce and Pruce,  
Lillybella, Millybella & Tillybella,  
Baruch, Karuch and Saruch,  
Kilbert, Wilbert and Zilbert,  
Leo, Neo and Zeo,  
Dosabel, Josabel and Rosabel,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Darion, Marion and Sarion,  
Devalene, Evalene and Nevalene,  
Josephine, Mosephine & Rosephine,  
Ezra, Dezra and Kezra,  
Dollybella, Mollybella & Pollybella,  
Halena, Kalena and Salena,  
Byra, Dyra and Lyra,  
Iralene, Liralene and Miralene,

Are all good names for dolls.

Lavinia, Savinia and Vavinia,  
Duckylene, Luckylene and Zuckylene,  
Tiglath-Pileser and Tilgath-Pilneser,  
Abinadab, Ahinadab and Aminadab,  
Abimelech, Ahimelech and Elimelech,  
Felix, Kelix and Selix,  
Alpheus, Dalpheus and Ralpheus,  
Balak, Halak and Lamech,

Are all good names for dolls.

Randal, Sandal and Vandal,  
Arabella, Carrabella and Clarabella,  
Harriet, Marriet and Varriet,  
Abilene, Mabilene and Rabilene,  
Erwin, Kirwin and Mirwin,  
Agar, Dagar and Zagar,  
Alice, Dalice and Zalice,  
Bab, Tab and Zab,

Are all good names for dolls.

Emmeline, Femmeline and Jemmeline,  
Lemmeline, Pemmeline and Zemmeline,  
Haggylene, Maggylene and Peggylene,  
Hilda, Kilda and Lilda,  
Milda, Tilda and Zilda,  
B—etta, C—etta and D—etta,  
E—etta, G—etta and V—etta,  
Catalina, Matalina and Patalina,

Are all good names for dolls.

Lerman, Merman and Zerman,  
Ariel, Dariel and Zariel,  
Gibeon, Tibeon and Zibeon,  
Jessie, Kessie and Sessie,  
Dias, Pius, Thias and Zius,  
Doll, Moll, Poll and Noll,  
A—etta, J—etta, K—etta and Mayetta,  
Annabella, Fannybella and Nannybella,

Are all good names for dolls.

Boy, Foy, Joy and Moy,  
A—, J—, K—and May,  
Eliza, Ebiza, Ediza, and Egisa,  
Ehiza, Eniza, Eriza and Etiza,  
Bell, Nell, Val and Zell,  
Bem, Em, Sem and Zem,  
Arc, Clark, Mark and Park,  
Kat, Nat, Mat and Pat,

Are all good names for dolls.

Celia, Delia, Melia and Zelia,  
Phil, Till, Will and Zill,  
Binny, Dinny, Finny and Jinny,  
Birza, Girza, Mirza and Tirza,  
Edwin, Fredwin, Nedwin, and Tedwin,  
Jorah, Korah, Nora and Zorah,  
Boswald, Goswald, Oswald and Roswald,  
Carley, Charley, Harley and Varley,

Are all good names for dolls.

Clara, Lara, Sara and Zara,  
Florace, Horace, Morris and Norris,  
Cary, Fairy, Mary and Sary,  
Barry, Carrie, Harry and Larry,  
Crissy, Kissy, Sissy and Melissy,  
Harman, Darman, Jarman and Sharman,  
Ubenia, Igenia, Ulenia and Uphemia,  
Birene, Irene, Mirene and Sirene,

Are all good names for dolls.

Acelius, Adelius, Afelius and Amelius,  
Anelius, Apelius, Arelius and Avelius,  
Dannah, Hannah, Jannah and Mannah,  
Aram, Naram, Saram and Zaram,

Benny, Denny, Jenny and Kenny,  
Albert, Dalbert, Falbert and Salbert,  
Barlo, Carlo, Marlo and Varlo,  
Jemuel, Kemuel, Lemuel and Shemuel,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bon, Con, Don and John,  
Cain, Jane, Mayne and Payne,  
Jimmy, Mimmy, Simmy and Timmy,  
Dick, Hick, Mick and Nick,  
Ally, Lally, Sally and Vally,  
Bill, Hill, Lill, Mill and Phil,  
Bolo, Molo, Polo, Rollo and Solo,  
Levi, Nevi, Sevi, Vevi and Zevi,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Hatty, Katty, Matty, Natty and Patty,  
Billy, Lily, Milly, Tilly and Willy,  
Dolly, Jolly, Molly, Nolly and Polly,  
Dizzy, Kizzy, Lizzy, Sizzy and Tizzy,  
Eddy, Freddy, Neddy, Ready and Teddy,  
Beric, Deric, Eric, Leric and Zeric,  
Eva, Deva, Neva, Seva and Zeva,  
Addi, Daddi, Laddi, Vaddi and Zaddi,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dina, Mina, Nina, Vina and Zina,  
Adar, Badar, Kadar, Nadar and Zadar,  
Bira, Ira, Kira, Lira, Mira and Sira,  
Chloe, Floe, Joey, Loe, Moe and Zoe,  
Agg, Dagg, Greig, Mag, Peg and Zag,  
Bell, Hal, Lal, Mell, Nell and Sal,  
Jim, Kim, Nim, Sim, Tim, Vim and Zim,  
Ann, Dan, Fan, Jan, Nan, Pan and San,  
Are all good names for dolls.

E. W. Cole



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## Page 57—Name Land

*All Old Dollies should be hunted up and Named.*

**Three Hundred more Names for Dollies, Doggies, Pussies, and Babies.**

Abigail and Abihail,  
Allamlech & Anammelech,  
Azariah and Hezekiah,  
Boyetta and Joyetta,  
Hosea and Josea,  
Baxter and Dexter,  
Deleus and Peleus,  
Borcas and Dorcas,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dickylene and Mickylene,  
Dicketta and Micketta,  
Bennylene and Renniylene,  
Billyetta and Willyetta,

Daddylene and Laddilene,  
Dinahlene and Ninalene,  
Claudelene and Maudelene,  
Ruthetta and Truthetta,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Ducylene and Lucylene,  
Jinnyetta and Winnyetta,  
Fidalene and Idalene,  
Adalene and Saidalene,  
Beckylene and Jackylene,  
Arthuretta & Marthuretta,  
Claudelena and Maudelena,  
Marianetta and Sarianetta,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Elizalene and Erizalene,  
Coraetta and Doraetta,  
Millylene and Tillylene,  
Simonetta and Timonetta,  
Lucyetta and Nucyetta,  
Marylene and Sarylene,  
Lubyetta and Rubyetta,  
Claralene and Sarahlene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Bennyetta and Jennyetta,  
Gladdilena and Paddylena,  
Maryetta and Sarietta,  
Borgialene and Georgialene,  
Cyliene and Lyliene,  
Maxalene and Rexaline,  
Maxetta and Rexetta,  
Maxabella and Rexabella,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Selina and Serena,  
Sallyetta and Vallyetta,  
Iralena and Myralena,  
Bessielena and Jessielena,  
Honeylene and Moneylene,  
Bertielina and Gertielina,  
Gilbertine and Wilbertine,  
Julietta and Tulietta,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Biddylene and Liddylene,  
Edwardetta & Tedwardetta,  
Bertielene and Gertieline,  
Henryetta and Kenryetta,  
Carriylene and Harrylene,  
Bennylene and Glennylene,  
Nellyetta and Sellyetta,  
Bobbielene and Robbielene,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Cornelia and Cordelia,  
Sundaylena & Mondaylena,  
Hellen and Tellin,  
Angelus and Vangelus,  
Saletta and Valetta,  
Irene and Ilene,  
Kittylene and Mytilene,  
Iralius and Myralius,  
Are all good names for dolls.



Pussies have Thrown Dolly out of the Cradle.

Southetta and Louthetta,  
Melbalena and Selbalena,  
Lidneylena & Sydneylena,  
Adelena and Madelena,  
Mirthelena and Perthalena,  
Brisbanetta and Lisbonetta,  
Rasmanetta & Tasmanetta,  
Lowrylena and Maorilena,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dollybel, Mollybel and Pollybel,  
Catilius, Matilius, and Patilius,  
Cinalene, Hinalene and Linalene,  
Bess, Chess, Hess and Zess,  
Didas, Fidas and Midas,  
Linalene, Winalene and Zinalene,  
Dillius, Millius and Fillius,  
Hestor, Lestor and Nestor,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dollyus, Mollyus and Pollyus,  
Lene, Mene, Tene and Vene,  
Basalene, Masalene and Vasalene,  
Lucia, Mucia and Nucia,  
Danope, Fanope and Panope,  
Hero, Nero, Pero and Thero,  
Ida, Sida, Vida and Zida,  
Hictor, Rictor and Victor,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Belus, Helus, Nelus and Zelus,  
Eno, Leno and Zeno,  
Daniel, Ananial and Nathaniel,  
Abel, Jabel, Mabal and Nabal,  
Kish, Mish and Wish,  
Dolletta, Molletta and Polletta,  
Haletta, Naletta and Saletta,  
Barryetta, Harryetta & Larryetta,  
Are all good names for dolls.



Abeletta, Mabeletta & Nabeletta,  
Lilyetta, Millyetta and Tillyetta,  
Bonalene, Jonahlene & Monalene,

Deolene, Neolene and Leolene,  
Jimmylene, Simmylene, Timmylene,  
Ino, Dino, Kino and Mino,  
Dana, Hana, Jana and Nana,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Annetta, Fanetta and Nanetta,  
Edicus, Tedicus and Fredicus,  
Eddyetta, Teddyetta & Freddyetta,  
Emilus, Remilus and Zemilus,  
Faula, Paula and Saula,  
Callio, Sallio and Vallio,  
Delios, Helios and Melios,  
Deo, Leo, Neo and Zeo,  
Are all good names for dolls.

Dollian, Mollian and Pollian,  
Dorabella, Florabella, Norabella,  
Lilo, Milo, Philo, Silo and Tilo,  
Bella, Kella, Nella and Stella,  
Dollyetta, Lollyetta & Nollyetta,  
Sunnylena, Honeylena, Moneylena,  
Moonelena, Noonelena, Doonelena,  
Stellalena, Bellalena & Ellalena,  
Are all good names for dolls.

E.W.C.



*P.S. Nebuchadnezzar and Nebuchadrezzar,  
Wandiligong & Croajingoalong,  
Are four good names for pussies.*

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## Page 58—Temper Land





## Good Mamma

Love, come and sit upon my knee,  
And give me kisses, one, two, three,  
And tell me whether you love me.  
My baby.

For this I'm sure, that I love you,  
And many, many things I do,  
And many an hour I sit and sew  
For baby.

And then at night I lie awake,  
Thinking of things that I can make,  
And trouble that I mean to take  
For baby.

And when you're good and do not cry,  
Nor into angry passions fly,  
You can't think how papa and I  
Love baby.

But if my little child should grow  
To be a naughty child, I know  
'Twould grieve mamma to serve her so,  
My baby.

And when you saw me pale and thin,  
By grieving for my baby's sin,  
I think you'd wish that you had been  
A better baby.

## How They Made Up

Two naughty little people  
Had a quarrel one sad day,  
Each said that with the other,  
She never more would play.

And so upon each other  
Their little backs they turned,  
And all the old time fondness  
Alas! they coldly spurned.

But oh! their angry hearts grew weary,  
The anger died away,  
Each hoped that soon the other  
Would have a word to say.

Each waited, oh! how sadly!  
Each moved a little near,  
And each "around the corner"  
Began, at last, to peer.

Then Nellie held her dolly  
To Annie with a smile:  
"You may have it if you want to.  
An play with it awhile."

Then Annie quickly followed  
The rule she knew was right:  
"I've got an apple, Nellie,  
I'll give you a big bite."  
And somehow the sweet faces  
Met fair and square at last,  
And kisses sweet and loving  
Sent the quarrel flying fast.

## Little Wimpy

Whimpy, little Whimpy,  
Cried so much one day;  
His grandma couldn't stand it,  
And his mother ran away!  
He was waiting by the window  
When they all came home to tea.  
And a gladder boy than Whimpy,  
You never need hope to see!



### Master Cross Patch

Cross Patch, cross Patch,  
What's the matter now?  
Why that wail of fretfulness,  
And a scowl upon your brow?

Milk upset and wasted!  
Water in your plate,  
No one's sorry, old cross Patch,  
For your wretched fate.

You began the morning  
With a frown, my lad  
And every word that you have said  
Has made your mother sad.

And by your pettish temper,  
You've spoiled your breakfast, too.  
Cross Patch, cross Patch,  
No one pities you.

### Sulky Sarah

Why is Sarah standing there,  
Leaning down upon a chair,  
With such an angry lip and brow?  
I wonder what's the matter now.

Come here my dear and tell me true,  
It is because I spoke to you  
About the work you'd done so slow,  
That you are standing fretting so?

Why then, indeed, I'm grieved to see,  
That you can so ill-tempered be:  
You make your fault a great deal worse  
By being angry and perverse.

Oh! how much better 'twould appear,  
To see you shed a humble tear,  
And then to hear you meekly say,  
"I'll not do so another day."

Jane Taylor



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## Page 59—Temper Land



### A New Year's Gift

A charming present comes from town,  
A baby-house quite neat;  
With kitchen, parlours, dining-room,  
And chambers, all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,  
From grandpa it came;  
The little Rosa smil'd delight,  
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examin'd all—  
The furniture was gay;  
And in the rooms they plac'd their dolls,  
When dress'd in fine array.

At night, their little candles lit,  
And as they must be fed,  
To supper down the dolls were plac'd,  
And then were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma pass'd each hour  
Devoted to their play;  
And long were cheerful, happy, kind—  
No cross disputes had they.

Till Rose in baby-house would change  
The chairs which were below  
"This carpet they would better suit;  
I think I'll have it so."

"No, no indeed," her sister said,  
"I'm older, Rose, than you;  
And I'm the pet—the house is mine:  
Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height,  
Mamma she heard the noise,  
And coming in, beheld the floor  
All strew'd with broken toys.

"O fie, my Emma! naughty Rose!  
Say, why this sulk and pout?  
Remember this is New Year's Day,  
And both are going out."

Now Betty calls the little girls  
To come upstairs and dress:  
They still revile, with threats  
And angry rage express.

But just prepar'd to leave their room,  
Persisting yet in strife,  
Rose sick'ning fell on Betty's lap.  
As void of sense or life.

Mamma appear'd at Betty's call—  
John for the doctor goes;  
The measles, he begins to think,  
Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But though I stay, my Emma, you  
May go and spend the day."  
"O no, mamma," replied the child,  
"Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,  
And watch her with such care,  
"No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,  
Till she my pleasure share.

"How silly now seems our dispute,  
Not one of us she knows;  
How pale she looks, how hard she breathes,  
Poor pretty little Rose!"

Adelaide Taylor

### **Quarrelling**

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.

Dr Watts

### **Angry Words**

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,  
Bitter poison-drops are they,  
Weaving for the coming morrow,  
Saddest memories of to-day.

Angry words, oh! let them never  
From the tongue unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulse ever  
Check them ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,  
Friendship is too sacred far,  
For a moment's reckless folly  
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken,  
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,  
Brightest links of life are broken,  
By a single angry word.

## The Tear And The Smile

A little tear and a little smile  
Set out to run a race;  
We watched them closely all the while—  
Their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start  
We really feared he'd win,  
He ran so fast and made a dart  
Straight for her dimpled chin.

But somehow, it was very queer,  
We watched them all the while—  
The little, shining, fretful tear  
Got beaten by the smile.

## Love One Another

Silly little Mary,  
Sulking all the day,  
While the other children  
Run about and play.

Silly little Mary  
Wears a peevish look,  
When she sees the others  
Laughing at the brook.

Silly little Mary,  
Will not skip or swing,  
Won't at puss-in-corner play,  
Won't do anything.

Silly little Mary  
Hides behind the bank,  
In among the roots and weeds,  
All so thick and rank.

Mary hears a footstep  
O'er the velvet moss,  
Sees a roguish little face  
It is Willie Ross.

I have found you, Mary.  
Won't you come play too?  
And with cheeks all crimsoned,  
Whispers—I love you.

Ah! but love has conquered  
Fall the tears like rain,  
Then our little Mary  
Is herself again.

Where are sulks and tears now?  
All are fled away.  
And our little Mary  
Will both laugh and play.



A Naughty Sulky Boy.

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## Page 60—Naughtiness Land



A Bad-Tempered Girl.

### Anger

Oh! anger is an evil thing  
And spoils the fairest face;  
It cometh like a rainy cloud  
Upon a sunny place.

One angry moment often does  
What we repent for years:  
It works the wrong we ne'er make right  
By sorrow or tears.

It speaks the rude and cruel word  
That wounds a feeling breast:  
It strikes the reckless sudden blow—  
It breaks the household rest.

We dread the dog that turns in play,  
All snapping, fierce and quick;  
We shun the steed whose temper shows  
In strong and savage kick.

But how much more we find to blame,  
When passion wildly swells  
In hearts where kindness has been taught,  
And brains where reason dwells!

The hand of peace is frank and warm  
And soft as a ring-dove's wing;  
And he who quells an angry thought

Is greater than a king.

Shame to the lips that ever seek  
To stir up jarring strife,  
When gentleness would shed so much  
Of Christian joy through life!

Ever remember in thy youth,  
That he who firmly tries  
To conquer and to rule himself,  
Is noble, brave and wise.

Eliza Cook

### **The Little Girl That Beat Her Sister**

Go, go, my naughty girl, and kiss  
Your little sister dear;  
I must not have such things as this,  
Nor noisy quarrels here.

What! little children scold and fight,  
That ought to be so mild:  
Oh! Mary, 'tis a shocking sight  
To see an angry child.

I can't imagine, for my part,  
The reason of your folly,  
As if she did you any hurt  
By playing with your dolly.

See, see the little tears that run  
So quickly from her eye:  
Come, my sweet innocent, have done,  
'Twill do no good to cry.

Go, Mary, wipe her tears away  
And make it up with kisses:  
And never turn a pretty play  
To such a pet as this is.

### **Home Peace**

"Whatever brawls disturb the street  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet  
Quarrels should never come."

Dr. Watts

### **Little Dick Snappy**

Little Dick Snappy  
Was always unhappy  
Because he did nothing but fret;  
And when he once cried,  
'Twas in vain that you tried  
To make him his troubles forget.

His mother once brought him  
A drum, which she bought him  
Hard by at a neighbouring fair,  
And gave such another  
To Edward his brother,  
And left them their pleasures to share.

Little Edward began,  
Like a nice little man,  
To play with his little new drum;  
But Dick, with a pout,  
Only turned his about

In his hands, and looked sulky and glum.

"What's the matter, dear Dick?  
You look sad; are you sick?  
Come, march like a soldier with me:  
The enemy comes  
Let us beat on our drums,  
And mamma will out merriment see."

"No! I don't like my new toy,"  
Said my ill-humoured boy,  
"And yours is the best and most new;  
If you'll give me yours,  
Then I'll go out of doors;  
But if not, I'll kick mine in two."

"Oh no! brother, no—  
Pray do not say so  
Of a trifle, in anger and haste;  
Though they are equally new,  
Yet my drum I'll give you,  
But I've tied it in knots round my waist."

Then quarrelsome Dick  
Gave his brother a kick;  
But he did not give him another,  
But, saying no more,  
Edward walked to the door,  
Only giving one look at his brother.

Then, bursting with spite,  
With his utmost of might  
Master Dick trod his drum on the floor;  
The parchment did crack,  
When lo; Edward comes back,  
And his drum in his hands then he bore.

"The string is untied,  
Dearest brother," he cried—  
"So now I with pleasure will change;"  
But when Dick's drum he found  
Lying broke on the ground,  
Oh! how did his countenance change.

"I'm really ashamed,"  
Dick, sobbing, exclaimed,  
"At the difference between you and me;  
But continue my friend,  
And I'll try to amend,  
And a good-tempered fellow to be."

### **Which Shall It Be, Dear?**

If fretting pays you, fret;  
And get into a pet,  
And slam and bang  
The doors with a whang,  
And flame and flare,  
And say "Don't care."  
And slip round sly,  
And make the baby cry,  
And thus get sent to bed, to sob it out.

But if it does not pay  
Why then, my dear, do pray  
Just do the other thing,  
And toot and sing,  
And whistle like a bird.  
Letting your voice be heard,  
From morn till night,  
In echoes bright,  
Sending the best of cheer into the home.





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## Page 61—Naughtiness Land



### Govern Your Temper

Oh, Govern your temper!  
For music, the sweetest,  
Was never so sweet—  
Nor one-half so divine,  
As a heart kept in tune,  
Which, the moment thou greetest,  
Breathes harmony dearer  
Than notes can combine!

Never say it is nature.  
And may not be cured;  
One tithe of the time,  
Which to music we yield  
Would render the conquest  
Of temper insured,  
And bring us more music  
Than a song e'er revealed.

Oh, govern your temper!  
For roses, the fairest,  
Were never so fair,  
Nor so rich in perfume,  
As the flowers, which e'en thou,  
Chilly winter sparest—  
The flowers of the heart,  
Which unchangingly bloom!

Never think it is nature—  
For oh! if it be,  
The sooner the spirit  
Of nature is shown

That the spirit of heaven  
Is higher than she,  
The sooner, the longer,  
Will love be our own.



### Where Do You Live

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,  
He used to live at Grumble Corner,—  
Grumble Corner, in Cross Patch Town,—  
And he never was seen without a frown.  
He grumbled at this, he grumbled at that;  
He growled at the dog, he growled at the cat;  
He grumbled at morning, he grumbled at night,  
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife, that she  
Began to grumble as well as he;  
And all the children wherever they went  
Reflected their parents' discontent.  
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,  
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;  
And if there was never a cloud about,  
He'd grumble because of threatened drought.

One day, as I loitered along the street,  
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet.  
Whose face was without the look of care  
And the ugly frown it used to wear.  
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said.  
As, after saluting, I turned my head;  
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner  
Who lived so long at Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,  
In melting weather, in pouring rain;  
When stocks were up and when stocks were down;  
But a smile, somehow, had replac'd the frown.  
It puzzled me much, and so, one day,  
I seized his hand in a friendly way,  
And said "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know  
What can have happened to change you so."

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,  
For it told of a conscience calm and clear,  
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl,  
"Why, I've changed my residence, that is all."  
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner,  
"It wasn't healthy at Grumble Corner,  
And so I've moved: 'twas a change complete;  
And you'll find me now at Thanksgiving Street."

And every day, as I move along  
The streets, so filled with busy throng,  
I watch each face, and can always tell  
Where men, and women, and children dwell.

And many a discontented mourner  
Is spending his days at Grumble Corner,  
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat  
To take a house in Thanksgiving Street.

### Temper

Bad temper, go,  
You shall never stay with me;  
Bad temper, go,  
You and I shall never agree.

For I will always be kind, and mild,  
And gentle pray to be,  
And do to others as I wish  
That they should do to me.

Temper bad  
With me shall never stay;  
Temper bad  
Can never be happy and gay.



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### Page 62—Pride Land



### A Fine Lady

Did ever you see such wondrous airs!  
Oh, oh! my Lady Jane!  
Your airs will blow you quite away,  
You'll go to Vanity-land to stay,  
And ne'er come back again.

Pray, what's the price of your hat my dear?  
And what'll you take for your gloves?  
And how'll you sell each pink kid shoe?  
And your wonderful dressed-up poodle, too?  
You're a precious pair of loves.

You're all too fine for us, you know,  
With your airs and stately tread,  
From your pretty feet to your pretty dress,

And up to your ruffled neck, oh, yes,  
And on to your feathered head.

So go your way, my Lady Jane,  
Till you come from Vanity-land again.

### **To A Little Girl Who Liked To Look In The Glass**

Why is my silly girl so vain,  
Looking in the glass again?  
For the meekest flower of spring  
Is a gayer little thing.

Is your merry eye so blue  
As the violet, wet with dew?  
Yet it loves the best to hide  
By the hedge's shady side.

Is your bosom half so fair  
As the modest lilies are?  
Yet their little bells are hung  
Bright and shady leaves among.

When your cheek the brightest glows,  
Is it redder than the rose?  
But its sweetest buds are seen  
Almost hid with moss and green.

Little flowers that open gay,  
Peeping forth at break of day,  
In the garden, hedge, or plain,  
Have more reason to be vain.

### **The Ragged Girl's Sunday**

"Oh, dear Mamma, that little girl  
Forgets this is the day  
When children should be clean and neat,  
And read and learn and pray!

Her face is dirty and her frock,  
Holes in her stockings, see;  
Her hair is such a fright, oh, dear!  
How wicked she must be!

She's playing in the kennel dirt  
With ragged girls and boys;  
But I would not on Sunday touch  
My clean and pretty toys.

I go to church, and sit so still,  
I in the garden walk,  
Or take my stool beside the fire,  
And hear nice Sunday talk.

I read my bible, learn my hymns,  
My catechism say;  
That wicked little girl does not—  
She only cares to play."

"Ah! hush that boasting tone, my love,  
Repress self-glorying pride;  
You can do nothing of yourself—  
Friends all your actions guide."

### **Criminal Pride**

Hark the rustle of a dress  
Stiff with lavish costliness!  
Here comes on whose cheek would flush  
But to have her garment brush

'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin  
Wove the weary 'broidery in,  
Bending backward from her toil,  
Lest her tears the silk might soil,  
And in midnight's chill and murk,  
Stitched her life into the work.  
Little doth the wearer heed  
Of the heart-break in the brede;  
A hyena by her side  
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.

J. R. Lowell

### **Foolish Fanny**

Oh! Fanny was so vain a lass,  
If she came near a looking-glass,  
She'd stop right there for many a minute  
To see how pretty she looked in it.

She'd stand and prink, and fix her hair  
Around her forehead with great care;  
And take some time to tie a bow  
That must, to please her, lie just so.

Her mother's bonnet she'd put on,  
And all her richest dresses don,  
And up and down the room parade,  
And much enjoy her promenade.

She always liked to wear the best  
She had, and being so much dress'd  
Could not enjoy the romps with those  
Who wore much less expensive clothes.

Each day she grew so fond of dress  
It gave her great unhappiness  
If every day, and all the while,  
She wasn't in the latest style.

If asked to turn the jumping-rope  
Her pretty parasol she'd ope,  
Lest she should freckle in the sun:  
And that was her idea of fun!

She didn't dare to take the cat  
Or poodle-dog from off the mat,  
Lest they should catch their little toes  
In laces, frills, or furbelows.

The very things that gave her joy,  
Her peace and comfort would destroy,  
For oft an ugly nail would tear  
The costly dress she chose to wear.

The foolish girl turned up her nose  
At those who dressed in plainer clothes,  
And lived in quiet style, for she  
With wealthy people chose to be

She never was the least inclined  
With knowledge to enrich her mind;  
And all the mental food she ate  
Was served upon a fashion-plate.

As this was so, you'll see at once  
That Fan grew up a silly dunce:  
An there was nothing to admire  
About her, but her fine attire.



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## Page 63—Pride Land



### Pride

Come, come, Mr. Peacock,  
You must not be so proud,  
Although you can boast such a train,  
For there's many a bird  
Far more highly endowed,  
And not half so conceited and vain.

Let me tell you, gay bird,  
That a suit of fine clothes  
Is a sorry distinction at most,  
And seldom much valued  
Excepting by those  
Who only such graces can boast.

The nightingale certainly  
Wears a plain coat,  
But she cheers and delights with her song;  
While you, though so vain,  
Cannot utter a note  
To please by the use of your tongue.

The hawk cannot boast  
Of a plumage so gay,  
But more piercing and clear is her eye;  
And while you are strutting  
About all the day,  
She gallantly soars in the sky.

The dove may be clad  
In a plainer attire,  
But she is not so selfish and cold;  
And her love and affection  
More pleasure inspire  
Than all your fine purple and gold.

So, you see, Mr. Peacock,  
You must not be proud,  
Although you can boast such a train,  
For many a bird

Is more highly endowed,  
And not half so conceited and vain.

### **Sinful Pride**

How proud we are, how fond to shew  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,  
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore  
That very clothing long before!

The tulip and butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dress'd as fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me.

Dr. Watts

### **Finery**

In a frock richly trimm'd  
With a beautiful lace,  
And hair nicely dress'd  
Hanging over her face,  
Thus deck'd, Harriet went  
To the house of a friend,  
With a large little party  
The ev'ning to spend.

"Ah! how they will all  
Be delighted, I guess,  
And stare with surprise  
At my elegant dress!"  
Thus said the vain girl,  
And her little heart beat,  
Impatient the happy  
Young party to meet.

But, alas! they were all  
To intent on their fun,  
To observe the gay clothes  
This fine lady had on;  
And thus all her trouble  
Quite lost its design,  
For they saw she was proud,  
But forgot she was fine.

'Twas Lucy, tho' only  
In simple white clad,  
(Nor trimmings, nor laces,  
Nor jewels she had,)  
Whose cheerful good nature  
Delighted them more,  
Than all the fine garments  
That Harriet wore.

'Tis better to have  
A sweet smile on one's face,  
Than to wear a rich frock  
With an elegant lace,  
For the good-natur'd girl  
Is lov'd best in the main,  
If her dress is but decent,  
Tho' ever so plain.

T I

### **A Fop**

A little cane,  
A high-crowned hat,

A fixed impression,  
Rather flat.

A pointed shoe,  
A scanty coat,  
A stand-up collar  
Round his throat

A gorgeous necktie  
Spreading wide,  
A small moustache—  
Nine on a side.

Arms at right angles,  
Curved with ease,  
A stilted walk  
And shaky knees.

A languid drawl,  
The "English" swing,  
An air of knowing  
Everything.

A vacant stare,  
Extremely rude,  
And there you have  
The perfect dude.

### **Pride**

Hark the rustle of a dress  
Stiff with lavish costliness!  
Here comes on whose cheek would flush  
But to have her garment brush  
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin  
Wove the weary 'broidery in,  
Bending backward from her toil,  
Lest her tears the silk might soil,  
And in midnight's chill and murk,  
Stitched her life into the work.  
Shaping from her bitter thought,  
Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,  
Satirizing her despair  
With the emblems woven there,  
Little doth the wearer heed  
Of the heart-break in the blede;  
A hyena by her side  
Skulks, down-looking—it is Pride.

J. R. Lowell

### **Vain Lizzie**

It surely is not good to see,  
Lizzie so full of vanity,  
So fond of dress and show.  
For when a fine new frock she wears,  
She gives herself most silly airs,  
Wherever she may go.

She thinks herself a charming girl;  
But when folks see her twist and twirl,  
They stop in every street,  
They smile, or fairly laugh outright,  
And say: "She's really quite a sight,  
Was ever such conceit?"





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## Page 64—Naughtiness Land



### Greedy Ned

Mamma gave our Nelly an apple,  
So round, and big, and red;  
It seemed, beside dainty wee Nelly,  
To be almost as large as her head.

Beside her young Neddie was standing—  
And Neddie loves apples, too,  
"Ah! Nelly!" said Neddie, "give brother  
A bite of your apple—ah! do!"

Dear Nelly held out the big apple;  
Ned opened his mouth very wide—  
So wide, that the startled red apple  
Could almost have gone inside!

And oh! what a bite he gave it!  
The apple looked small, I declare,  
When Ned gave it back to his sister,  
Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,  
Then a thought made her face grow bright;  
"Here, Ned, you can take the apple—  
*I'd rather have the bite!*"

Eva L. Carson, In "St. Nicholas"

### The Biggest Piece Of Pie

Once, when I was a little boy,  
I sat me down to cry,  
Because my little brother had  
The biggest piece of pie.

They said I was a naughty boy,

But I have since seen men  
Behave themselves as foolishly  
As I behaved then.

For we are often thankless for  
Rich blessings when we sigh,  
To think some lucky neighbour has  
A "bigger piece" of pie.

### **The Greedy, Impatient Girl**

"Oh! I am so hungry,  
I'm sure I can't wait,  
For my apple-pudding to cool,  
So, Mary, be quick now  
And bring me a plate,  
For waiting for dinner  
I always did hate,  
Tho' forced oft to do it at school.

"But at home, when mamma  
Is not in the way,  
I surely will do as I choose;  
And I do not care for  
What you please to say—  
The pudding won't burn me—  
No longer I'll stay.  
What business have you to refuse?"

And now a large slice  
Of the pudding she got,  
And, fearful she should have no more,  
She cramm'd her mouth full  
Of the apple so hot,  
Which had but a minute  
Come out of the pot,  
But quickly her triumph was o'er.

Her mouth and her tongue  
Were so dreadfully sore,  
And suffer'd such terrible pain,  
Her pride and her consequence  
Soon were all o'er,  
And she said, now unable  
To eat any more,  
"Oh! I never will do so again!"

And thus, by not minding  
What she had been told,  
Young Ellinor lost all her treat;  
Too greedy to wait  
Till the pudding was cold,  
By being impatient,  
Conceited, and bold,  
Not a mouthful at last could she eat.

C. Horwood.

### **A Story Of An Apple**

Little Tommy, and Peter, and Archie, and Bob  
Were walking, one day, when they found  
An apple: 'twas mellow, and rosy, and red,  
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."  
Said Archie: "I've got it; so there!"  
Said Bobby: "Now, let us divide it in four parts  
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it myself."  
Said Peter: "I want it, I say."

Said Archie: "I've got it, and I'll have it all,  
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy he snatched it, and Peter he fought,  
( 'Tis sad and distressing to tell! )  
And Archie held on with his might and his main,  
Till out from his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew  
And then, down a green little hill  
That apple it roll'd, and it roll'd, and it roll'd  
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass,  
And switching her tail at the flies,  
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down  
And stopped just in front of her eyes.

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two—  
That apple was seen nevermore!  
"I wish," whimpered Archie, and Peter, and Tom,  
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

Sydney Dyer

### **Greedy Richard**

"I think I want some pies this morning"  
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning;  
So down he threw his slate and books,  
And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes  
Round on the jellies and the pies,  
So to select, with anxious care,  
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided:  
As his opinion was divided  
'Twixt pie and jelly, he was loth  
Either to leave, so took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleas'd  
To stop when hunger was appeas'd,  
But he'd go on to eat and stuff,  
Long after he had had enough.

"I shan't take any more," said Dick,  
"Dear me, I feel extremely sick:  
I cannot eat this other bit;  
I wish I had not tasted it."

Then slowly rising from his seat,  
He threw the cheesecake in the street,  
And left the tempting pastry-cook's  
With very discontented looks.

Jane Taylor

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## **Page 65—Greediness Land**

### **The Plum Cake**

"Oh! I've got a plum cake,  
And a rare feast I'll make,  
I'll eat, and I'll stuff, and I'll cram;  
Morning, noontime, and night,

It shall be my delight;—  
What a happy young fellow I am."

Thus said little George,  
And, beginning to gorge,  
With zeal to his cake he applied;  
While fingers and thumbs,  
For the sweetmeats and plums,  
Were hunting and digging besides.

But, woeful to tell,  
A misfortune befell,  
Which ruin'd this capital fun!  
After eating his fill,  
He was taken so ill,  
That he trembled for what he had done.

As he grew worse and worse,  
The doctor and nurse,  
To cure his disorder were sent;  
And rightly, you'll think,  
He had physic to drink,  
Which made him his folly repent.

And while on his bed  
He roll'd his hot head,  
Impatient with sickness and pain;  
He could not but take  
This reproof from his cake,  
"Don't be such a glutton again!"

### **Another Plum Cake**

"Oh! I've got a plum cake,  
And a feast let us make,  
Come, school-fellows, come at my call;  
I assure you 'tis nice,  
And we'll each have a slice,  
Here's more than enough for us all."

Thus said little Jack,  
As he gave it a smack,  
And sharpen'd his knife for the job!  
While round him a troop,  
Formed a clamorous group,  
And hail'd him the king of the mob.

With masterly strength  
He cut thro' it at length,  
And gave to each playmate a share;  
Dick, William, and James,  
And many more names,  
Partook of his benevolent care.

And when it was done,  
And they'd finish'd their fun,  
To marbles or hoop they went back,  
And each little boy  
Felt it always a joy  
To do a good turn for good Jack.

In his task and his book,  
His best pleasures he took,  
And as he thus wisely began,  
Since he's been a man grown,  
He has constantly shown  
That a good boy will make a good man.

Ann Taylor

### **The Great Glutton**

'Twas the voice of the glutton,  
I heard him complain:  
My waistcoat unbutton,  
I'll eat once again.

### **The Glutton**

The voice of the glutton  
I heard with disdain—  
"I've not eaten this hour,  
I must eat again;  
Oh! give me a pudding,  
A pie, or a tart,  
A duck or a fowl,  
Which I love from my heart.

"How sweet is the picking  
Of capon or chicken!  
A turkey and chine  
Are most charming and fine;  
To eat and to drink  
All my pleasure is still,  
I care not who wants  
So that I have my fill."

Oh! let me not be,  
Like a glutton, inclined  
In feasting my body  
And starving my mind,  
With moderate viands  
Be thankful, and pray  
That the Lord may supply me  
With food the next day.

Not always a-craving  
With hunger still raving;  
But little and sweet  
Be the food that I eat.  
To learning and wisdom  
Oh let me apply.  
And leave to the glutton  
His pudding and pie.

J. Taylor

### **Selfish Edith**

Selfish Edith, not to give  
Her sister one, when she has two!  
I wouldn't and I couldn't love  
A selfish girl like her, could you?

Hear Bessie ask in plaintive tone,  
"Please, Edith, let me play with one!"  
While naughty Edith shakes her head:  
I fear she'll have but little fun

With toys unshared so selfishly;  
But when she tires of lonely play,  
Perhaps she'll secretly resolve  
To be more kind another day.

### **Hoggish Henry**

Oh! Henry eats like any pig;  
He drives his mother mad.  
She scolds. He does not care a fig,  
It's really very sad.

She says: "Your sister, little dear,

Is always clean and neat;  
And though she's younger by a year,  
How nicely she can eat."

It's all in vain. He does not care;  
He's shocking to behold.  
The table-cloth and napkin there  
Are smeared in every fold.

Upon the floor, crumbs thickly lie,  
As though for chickens laid,  
Around his mouth and nose, oh fie!  
Is dirt of every shade.

He looks, bedaubed with smear and stain,  
Just like some savage wild,  
His hands as forks are used, it's plain.  
For shame! You dirty child!

### Selfishness

Look at the selfish man! see how he locks  
Tight in his arms his mortgages and stocks!  
While deeds and titles in his hand he grasps,  
And gold and silver close around he clasps.  
But not content with this, behind he drags  
A cart well-laden with ponderous bags;  
The orphan's wailings, and the widow's woe  
From mercy's fountain cause no tears to flow;  
He pours no cordial in the wounds of pain;  
Unlocks no prison, and unclasps no chain;  
His heart is like the rock where sun nor dew  
Can rear one plant or flower of heavenly hue.  
No thought of mercy there may have its birth,  
For helpless misery or suffering worth;  
The end of all his life is paltry pelf,  
And all his thoughts are centred on—himself:  
The wretch of both worlds; for so mean a sum,  
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.



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### Page 66—Lying Land



Bad Boy having broken a Vase told his Mother that the Dog did it, but when his Mother was

going to beat the poor Innocent Dog he felt sorry, and told the truth.

### **Truthful Dottie; Or The Broken Vase**

Nellie and Dottie  
Both here mamma say,  
"Pray from the drawing-room  
Keep away.

Don't take your toys there,  
Lest someone should call:  
Run out in the garden  
With rope, bat and ball."

The garden is lovely,  
This bright summer day;  
But Nellie and Dottie  
Too soon came away.

Into the drawing-room  
Dottie comes skipping,  
With her new rope  
All the furniture flipping:

Down goes the tall vase,  
So golden and gay,  
Smashed all to pieces,  
"What will mamma say?"

Cries Nell with her hands raised,  
"Oh Dottie, let's run;  
They'll think it was pussy,  
Who did it in fun."

Dot answers, through big tears,  
"But, Nell, don't you see,  
Though nobody watched us,  
God knows it was me.

Mamma always says,  
That, whatever we do,  
The harm's not so great,  
If we dare to be true.

So I'll go up and tell her  
It caught in my rope;  
Perhaps she won't scold much,  
At least, so I'll hope."

"That's right!" cries her mother,  
Who stands by the door,  
"I would rather have ten vases  
Were smashed on the floor

Than my children should once break  
The bright words of truth,  
The dearest possession  
Of age or of youth.

The vase can be mended,  
And scarce show a crack,  
But a falsehood once spoken  
Will never come back."

However much grieved for  
By young folks or old,  
An untruth once uttered,  
Forever is told.

### **The Liar Reclaimed**

O! 'tis a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;

To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,  
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true,  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

### **The Truth**

Why should you fear the truth to tell?  
Does falsehood ever do you so well?  
Can you be satisfied to know  
There's something wrong to hide below  
No! let your fault be what it may,  
To own it is the happy way.

So long as you your crime conceal,  
You cannot light or gladsome feel;  
Your heart will ever feel oppressed,  
As if a weight were on your breast:  
And e'en your mother's eye to meet  
Will tinge your face with shame and heat.

### **False Alarms**

Little Mary one day most loudly did call,  
"Mamma! oh, mamma, pray come here!  
A fall I have had—oh! a very sad fall."  
Mamma ran in haste and in fear;  
Then Mary jump'd up, and she laugh'd in great glee,  
And cried, "Why, how fast you can run!  
No harm has befallen, I assure you, to me,  
My screaming was only in fun."

Her mother was busy at work the next day,  
She heard from without a loud cry,  
"The big dog has got me! O help me! Oh! pray!  
He tears me—he bites me—I die!"  
Mamma, all in terror, quick to the court  
And there little Mary she found;  
Who, laughing, said, "Madam, pray how do you do!"  
And curtsy'd quite down to the ground.

That night little Mary, when long gone to bed,  
Shrill cries and loud shriekings were heard;  
"I'm on fire, O mamma, come up or I'm dead!"  
Mamma she believ'd not a word.  
"Sleep, sleep, naughty child," she call'd out from below,  
"How often have I been deceived?  
You're telling a story, you very well know:  
Go to sleep, for you can't be believed."

Yet still the child scream'd—now the house fill'd with smoke.  
That fire is above Jane declares.  
Alas! Mary's words they soon found were no joke,  
When ev'ryone hastened upstairs.  
All burnt and all seam'd is her once pretty face,  
And how terribly mark'd are her arms,  
Her features all scarr'd, leave a lasting disgrace,  
For giving Mamma false alarms.

Adelaide Taylor

### **To A Little Girl That Has Told A Lie**

And has my darling told a lie?  
Did she forget that God was by?  
That God who saw the thing she did,  
From whom no action can be hid;



Did she forget that God could see,  
And hear, wherever she might be?

He made you eyes and can discern  
Whichever way you think to turn;  
He made your ears, and He can hear  
When you think nobody is near;  
In ev'ry place, by night or day,  
He watches all you do and say.

You thought, because you were alone,  
Your falsehood never could be known,  
But liars always are found out,  
Whatever ways they wind about;  
And always be afraid, my dear,  
To tell a lie,—for God can hear!

I wish, my dear, you'd always try  
To act as shall not need a lie;  
And when you wish a thing to do,  
That has been once forbidden to you,  
Remember that, and never dare  
To disobey—For God is there!

Why should you fear to tell me true?  
Confess, and then I'll pardon you:  
Tell me you're sorry, and you'll try  
To act the better by and bye,  
And then whate'er your crime has been,  
It won't be half so great a sin.

But cheerful, innocent, and gay,  
As passes by the smiling day,  
You'll never have to turn aside,  
From any one your faults to hide;  
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,  
That either God or I should hear.

Ann Taylor



The Blind Man reading to the Deaf and Dumb Man after business hours, and their wicked Dog looking out.

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**Page 67—Laziness Land**



### **Idle Mary**

Oh, Mary, this will never do!  
This work is sadly done, my dear,  
And such little of it too!  
You have not taken pains, I fear.

On no, your work has been forgotten,  
Indeed you've hardly thought of that;  
I saw you roll your ball of cotton  
About the floor to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide,  
And others reaching down so far;  
I'm very sure you have not tried  
At all to-day to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew  
Should never be allowed to play;  
But then I hope, my love, that you  
Will take more pains another day.

### **Lazy Sal**

A lazy, lazy, lazy girl!  
Her hair forever out of curl,  
Her feet unshod, her hands unclean,  
Her dress in tatters always seen.

Lounging here and dawdling there,  
Lying out 'most anywhere  
About the barn-yard. Not a thought  
Of studying lessons as she ought;

But happiest when in sunny weather  
She and "the other pig" together  
Are playing tricks. No wonder, then,  
The farmer, jolliest of men,

Is apt to say, when tired out  
With seeing her sprawling round about,  
"Beats all what ails that lazy gal!  
Why, piggy's twice as smart as Sal!"

### **The Work-bag**

To Jane her aunt a work-bag gave,  
Of silk with flowers so gay,  
That she a place might always have  
To put her work away.

And then 'twas furnished quite complete  
With cotton, silk and thread,  
And needless in a case so neat,

Of all the sizes made.

A little silver thimble, too,  
Was there among the rest;  
And a large waxen doll, quite new,  
That waited to be dress'd.

But Jane was very fond of play,  
And loved to toss her ball;  
An I am quite ashamed to say,  
She scarcely worked at all.

But if at any time she did,  
'Twas but a stitch or two;  
And though she often has been bid,  
But little more would do.

The pretty little bag, indeed,  
Was hung upon her chair;  
But cotton, needles, silk, and thread  
Were scattered here and there.

Her aunt, by chance, came in that day,  
And asked if the doll was dress'd;  
Miss Jane has been engaged in play,  
And careless of the rest.

The silk, to make her little dress,  
Was on the table laid,  
And, with an equal carelessness,  
The cap had also strayed.

With gauze and lace the floor was strewed,  
All in disorder lay,  
When, bounding in with gesture rude,  
Came Jane, returned from play.

She little thought her aunt to find,  
And blushed to see her there;  
It brought her carelessness to mind,  
And what her doll should wear.

"Well, Jane, and where's your doll, my dear?  
I hope you've dress'd her now;  
But there is such a litter here,  
You best know when and how."

So spoke her aunt, and, looking round  
The empty bag she spied;  
Poor Jane, who no excuse had found,  
Now hid her face and cried.

"Since," said her aunt, "no work, you do,  
But waste your time in play;  
The work-bag, of no use to you,  
I now shall take away."

But now, with self-conviction, Jane  
Her idleness confessed,  
And ere her aunt could come again,  
Her doll was neatly dressed.

### **The Two Gardens**

When Harry and Dick  
Had been striving to please,  
Their father (to whom it was known)  
Made two little gardens,  
And stocked them with trees,  
And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thank'd his papa,  
And with rake, hoe, and spade,  
Directly began his employ;  
And soon such a neat

Little garden was made,  
That he panted with labour and joy.

There was always some bed  
Or some border to mend,  
Or something to tie or stick:  
And Harry rose early  
His garden to tend,  
While snoring lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose,  
And the lily so white,  
United their beautiful bloom!  
And often the honey-bee  
Stoop'd from his flight,  
To sip the delicious perfume.

A neat row of peas  
In full blossom was seen,  
French beans were beginning to shoot!  
And his gooseb'ries and currents,  
Tho' yet they were green,  
Foretold of plenty of fruit.

But Richard loved better  
In bed to repose,  
And snug as he curl'd himself round,  
Forgot that not tulip,  
Nor lily, nor rose,  
Nor plant in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles  
Disfigur'd his beds,  
Nor cabbage nor lettuce was seen,  
The slug and the snail  
Show'd their mischievous heads,  
And eat ev'ry leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the idle,  
Who shrank from the cold,  
Beheld his trees naked and bare;  
Whilst Harry the active  
Was charmed to behold  
The fruit of his patience and care.

Ann Taylor.

### **Doing Nothing**

I asked a lad what he was doing;  
"Nothing, good sir," said he to me.  
"By nothing well and long pursuing,  
Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;  
"Nothing," said he. "I do declare."  
"Many," said I, "in vile inns drinking,  
By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,  
Which idle hands and minds supply;  
Those who all thought and toil despise,  
Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather,  
When in a sum they all are brought;  
A thousand idle lads together  
Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,  
And sometimes pompous seem, and haughty,  
But still 'tis very plain to most,  
That "nothing" boys are mostly naughty.

## Page 68—Laziness Land

### Lazy Sam

There was a lazy boy named Sam,  
The laziest ever known,  
Who spent his time in idleness,  
Like any other drone.  
He loved to lie in bed till noon,  
With covers closely drawn,  
And when he managed to get up  
He'd yawn, and yawn, and yawn.

If asked to do a simple task  
He always would refuse,  
And say that he was lame or sick,  
His action to excuse,  
And over pretty picture-books—  
Twas really very odd—  
This lazy boy would soon begin  
To nod, and nod, and nod.

If on an errand forced to go,  
He'd slowly, slowly creep,  
Just like a snail; you might suppose  
That he was half asleep.  
And those who would despatch in haste  
A note, or telegram,  
Would chose a swifter messenger  
Than such a lazy Sam.

If he was caught out in a storm  
'Twould drench him to the skin,  
Because he was too indolent  
To hurry to get in.  
Deep in his trouser's pockets he  
His idle hands would cram,  
And children crowded to the doors  
To look at lazy Sam.

This lazy boy would lounge about  
The docks, and often wish  
That he could carry home to cook  
A string of nice, fresh fish;  
But though he was provided with  
A reel extremely fine,  
Said Sam "I do not think 'twill pay  
To wet my fishing line!"

Oh, Sam was always late at meals,  
And always late at school,  
And everybody said that he  
Would be a first-class fool.  
For boys not half so old as he  
Above him swiftly pass,  
While Sam, the great big dunce! remains  
The lowest in the class.

In every way, and every day  
This lazy boy would shirk,  
And never lift his hand to do  
A bit of useful work.  
His clothes were always on awry,  
His shoe-strings left untied,  
His hair uncombed, his teeth uncleaned,  
Alas, he had no pride!

And so he went from bad to worse—  
The good-for-nothing scamp!—

Until he settled down to be  
A ragged, dirty tramp.  
Through cities, towns, and villages,  
He begged his daily bread,  
And slept at night wherever he  
Could chance to find a bed.

Men shuddered as they passed him by,  
And murmured sadly, "Oh!  
How can a human being sink  
So very, very low?"  
And e'en the jackass pricks his ears,  
And brays aloud "I am  
Not such a donkey, I declare  
As yonder lazy Sam!"

### **The Beggar Man**

Abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
See you wretched beggar-man;  
Once a father's hopeful heir,  
Once a mother's tender care.  
When too young to understand,  
He but scorched his little hand,  
By the candle's flaming light  
Attracted—dancing, spiral, bright.  
Clasping fond her darling round,  
A thousand kisses healed the wound,  
Now abject, stooping, old and wan,  
No mother tends the beggar-man.

Then nought too good for him to wear,  
With cherub face and flaxen hair,  
In fancy's choicest gauds arrayed,  
Cap of lace with rose to aid,  
Milk-white hat and feather blue,  
Shoes of red, and coral too,  
With silver bells to please his ear,  
And charm the frequent ready tear.  
Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
Neglected is the beggar-man.

See the boy advance in age,  
And learning spreads her useful page;  
In vain! for giddy pleasure calls,  
And shows the marbles, tops, and balls,  
What's learning to the charms of play?  
The indulgent tutor must give way.  
A heedless, wilful dunce, and wild,  
The parents' fondness spoil'd the child;  
The youth in vagrant courses ran;  
Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,  
Their fondling is the beggar-man.

Lamb

### **Good-for-nothing Lazy Man**

A good for nothing lazy lout,  
Wicked within and ragged without.  
Who can bear to have him about?  
Turn him out! Turn him out!

### **The Old Beggar Man**

I see an old man sitting there,  
His withered limbs are almost bare,  
And very hoary is his hair.

Old man, why are you sitting so?

For very cold the wind doth blow:  
Why don't you to your cottage go?

Ah, master, in the world so wide,  
I have no home wherein to hide,  
No comfortable fire-side.

When I, like you, was young and gay,  
I'll tell you what I used to say,  
That I would nothing do but play.

And so, instead of being taught  
Some useful business as I ought,  
To play about was all I sought.

An now that I am old and grey,  
I wander on my lonely way,  
And beg my bread from day to day.

But oft I shake my hoary head,  
And many a bitter tear I shed,  
To think the useless life I've led.

J. T.

### Lazyland

Three travellers wandered along the strand,  
Each with a staff in his feeble hand;  
And they chanted low:  
"We are go-o-o-  
Ing slow-o-ow-  
Ly to Lazyland.

"They've left off eating and drinking there;  
They never do any thinking there;  
They never walk,  
And they never talk,  
And they fall asleep without winking there.

"Nobody's in a hurry there;  
They are not permitted to worry there;  
'Tis a wide, still place  
And not a face  
Shows any symptom of flurry there.

"No bells are rung in the morning there,  
They care not at all for adorning there;  
All sounds are hushed,  
And a man who rushed  
Would be treated with absolute scorning there.

"They do not take any papers there;  
No politicians cut capers there;  
They have no 'views,'  
And they tell no news,  
And they burn no midnight tapers there.

"No lovers are ever permitted there;  
Reformers are not admitted there;  
They argue not  
In that peaceful spot,  
And their clothes all come ready-fitted there.

"Electricity has not been heard of there;  
And steam has been spoken no word of there;  
They stay where they are,  
And a coach or a car  
They have not so much as a third of there.

"Oh, this world is a truly crazy land;  
A worrying, hurrying, mazy land;  
We cannot stay,  
We must find the way—  
If there is a way—to Lazyland."



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## Page 69—Laziness Land



### Lazy Willie

Oh! Willie is a lazy boy,  
A "Sleepy Head" is he,  
"Wake up!" his little sister cries,  
"Wake up and talk to me."

The birds are singing in the trees,  
The sun is shining bright,  
But sleepy Willie slumbers on  
As though it yet were night.

Oh! lazy boys will never grow  
To clever manhood, you must know,  
So lift your eyelids, sleepy head,  
Wake up, and scramble out of bed.

### The Lazy Boy

The lazy boy! and what's his name?  
I should not like to tell;  
But don't you think it is a shame,  
That he can't read or spell.

He'd rather swing upon a gate,  
Or paddle in a brook,  
Than take his pencil and his slate,  
Or try to con a book.

There, see! he's lounging down the street,  
His hat without a brim,  
He rather drags than lifts his feet—  
His face unwashed and grim.



He's lolling now against a post;  
But if you've seen him once,  
You'll know the lad among a host  
For what he is—a dunce.

Don't ask me what's the urchin's name;  
I do not choose to tell;  
But this you'll know—it is the same  
As his who does not blush for shame  
That he don't read or spell.

### **The Sluggard**

'Tis the voice of the sluggard;  
I heard him complain,  
"You have waked me too soon,  
I must slumber again."  
As the door on it's hinges,  
So he on his bed  
Turns his sides, and his shoulders,  
And his heavy head.

"A little more sleep  
And a little more slumber;"  
Thus he wastes half his days  
And his hours without number,  
And when he gets up  
He sits folding his hands,  
Or walking about sauntering,  
Or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden,  
And saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle  
Grow broader and higher;  
The clothes that hung on him  
Are turning to rags,  
And his money still wastes  
Till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit,  
Still hoping to find  
That he took better care  
For improving his mind;  
He told me his dreams,  
Talked of eating and drinking,  
But he scarce reads his Bible,  
And never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart,  
"Here's a lesson for me;  
This man's but a picture  
Of what I might be;  
But thanks to my friends  
For their care in my breeding,  
Who taught me bedtimes  
To love working and reading."

Watts

### **Idle Dicky And The Goat**

John Brown is a man  
Without houses or lands,  
Himself he supports  
By the work of his hands.  
He brings home his wages  
Each Saturday night,  
To his wife and his children,  
A very good sight.

His eldest boy, Dicky,

On errands when sent,  
To loiter and chatter  
Was very much bent;  
The neighbours all call'd him  
An odd little trout,  
His shoes they were broke,  
And his toes they peep'd out.

To see such old shoes  
All their sorrows were rife;  
John Brown he much grieved,  
And so did his wife,  
He kiss'd his boy Dicky,  
And stroked his white head,  
"You shall have a new pair,  
My dear boy," he then said.

"I've here twenty shillings,  
And money has wings;  
Go first get this note changed,  
I want other things."  
Now here comes the mischief—  
This Dicky would stop  
At an ill-looking, mean-looking  
Greengrocer's shop.

For here lived a chattering  
Dunce of a boy;  
To prate with this urchin  
Gave Dicky great joy.  
And now, in his boasting,  
He shows him his note,  
And now to the green-stall  
Up marches a goat.

The laughed, for it was  
This young nanny-goat's way  
With those who pass'd by her  
To gambol and play.  
All three they went on  
In their frolicsome bouts,  
Till Dick dropt the note  
On a bunch of green sprouts.

Now what was Dick's wonder  
To see the vile goat,  
In munching the green sprouts,  
Eat up his bank note!  
He crying ran back  
To John Brown with the news,  
And by stopping to idle  
He lost his new shoes.

Adelaide Taylor

### **Idleness and Mischief**

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell;  
How neat she spreads the wax;  
And labours hard to store it well;  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play  
Let my first years be passed;

That I may give you every day  
Some good account at last.

Watts

### **Come and Go.**

Dick Dawdle had land  
Worth two hundred a year,  
Yet from debt and from dunning  
He never was free,  
His intellect was not  
Surprisingly clear,  
But he never felt satisfied  
How it could be.

The raps at his door,  
And the rings at his gate.  
And the threats of a gaol  
He no longer could bear:  
So he made up his mind  
To sell half his estate,  
Which would pay all his debts,  
And leave something to spare.

He leased to a farmer  
The rest of his land  
For twenty-one years;  
And on each quarter-day  
The honest man went  
With his rent in his hand,  
His liberal landlord  
Delighted to pay.

Before half the term  
Of the lease had expired,  
The farmer, one day  
With a bagful of gold,  
Said, "Pardon me, sir,  
But I long have desired  
To purchase my farm,  
If the land can be sold.

"Ten years I've been blest  
With success and with health,  
With trials a few—  
I thank God, not severe—  
I am grateful. I hope,  
Though not proud of my wealth,  
But I've managed to lay  
By a hundred a year."

"Why how," exclaimed Dick,  
"Can this possibly be?"  
(With a stare of surprise,  
And a mortified laugh.)  
"The whole of my farm  
Proved too little for me,  
And you it appears,  
Have grown rich upon half."

"I hope you'll excuse me,"  
The farmer replies,  
"But I'll tell you the cause,  
If your honor would know;  
In two little words  
All the difference lies,  
I always say Come,  
And you used to say Go."

"Well, and what does that mean,  
My good fellow?" he said.  
"Why this, sir, that I  
Always rise with the sun;

You said 'Go' to your man,  
As you lay in your bed,  
I say 'Come, Jack, with me,'  
And I see the work done."

R. S. Sharpe

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## Page 70—Cruelty Land



The Tables turned—Instead of the Bad Boys setting the poor Dogs fighting, the bad Dogs are setting the poor Boys fighting.

### The Cruel Boy

Tom sat at the kitchen window  
Watching the folks go by,  
But what he was really doing  
Was pulling the legs from a fly.

Yes, there he sat in the twilight,  
Tormenting the tiny things;  
First pulling their legs from their sockets,  
And afterwards pulling their wings.

He knew not that his father  
Was standing behind his back;  
And very much wished to be giving  
His cruel young fingers a crack.

But he waited till after dinner,  
When Tommy was having a game;  
Then he thought he would give him a lesson,  
And treat him a little the same.

So catching his son of a sudden,  
And giving his elbow a twist;  
He pulled his two ears till he shouted,  
Then hit him quite hard with his fist.

And did he not roll on the carpet?  
And did he not cry out in pain?  
But, when he cried out "Oh, you hurt me!"  
His father would hit him again.

"Why, Tom, all this is quite jolly,  
You don't seem to like it, my boy;  
And yet, when you try it on others,  
You always are singing with joy;

"It seems very strange," said his father,  
And this time his nose had a pull;  
But Tommy could stand it no longer;  
He bellowed and roared like a bull.

"Hush! hush! while I pull your right leg off,

And scrape off the flesh from your shin;  
What you often yourself do to others,  
Sure you do not think harm or a sin.

"Now, Tommy, my boy," said his father,  
"You'll leave these poor things alone,  
If not, I go on with my lesson."  
"I will," cried poor Tom, with a groan.

But hark! from the woodlands the sound of a gun,  
The wounded bird flutters and dies;  
Where can be the pleasure for nothing but fun,  
To shoot the poor thing as it flies?

Or you, Mr. Butcher, and Fisherman, you  
May follow your trades, I must own:  
So chimneys are swept when they want it—but who  
Would sweep them for pleasure alone?

If men would but think of the torture they give  
To creatures that cannot complain,  
They surely would let the poor animals live,  
And not make a sport of their pain.

### **The Worm**

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,  
Nor crush that helpless worm  
The frame thy wayward looks decide  
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,  
From whom thy being flow'd,  
A portion of His boundless love  
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars He made  
To all the creatures free;  
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade  
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,  
Their lowly bliss receive;  
Oh, do not lightly take away  
The life thou canst not give.

Gisborne

### **Story Of Cruel Frederick**

Here is cruel Frederick, see!  
A horrid wicked boy was he:  
He caught the flies, poor little things,  
And tore off their tiny wings;

He kill'd the birds, and broke the chairs,  
And threw the kitten down the stairs;  
And Oh! far worse than all beside,  
He whipp'd his Mary till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray  
Came out to drink one sultry day;  
He wagg'd his tail, and wet his lip,  
When cruel Fred snatch'd up a whip,  
And whipp'd poor Tray till he was sore,  
And kick'd and whipp'd him more and more.

At this, good Tray grew very red,  
And growl'd and bit him till he bled;  
Then you should only have been by,  
To see how Fred did scream and cry!

So Frederick had to go to bed,

His leg was very sore and red!  
The doctor came and shook his head  
And made a very great to-do,  
And gave him nasty physic too.

### **Don't Throw Stones**

Boys, don't throw stones!  
That kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with leaves that fall,  
Now jumping to and fro,  
Now crouching soft and low,  
Then grasps them with a spring,  
As if some living thing.  
As happy as can be,  
Why cause her misery?  
It is foolish stones to fling  
Boys, do as you'd be done by.

Boys, don't throw stones!  
That squirrel in the tree,  
Frisking in fun and glee,  
Is busy in his way,  
Although it looks all play,  
Picking up nuts—a store  
Against the winter hour  
Frisking from tree to tree,  
So blithe and merrily,  
It is cruel stones to fling,  
Boys, do as you'd be done by.

Boys, don't throw stones!  
That bird upon the wing,  
How sweet its song this Spring,  
Perchance it seeks the food,  
To feed its infant brood,  
Whose beaks are open wide,  
Until they are supplied;  
To and fro to and fro,  
The parent bird must go.  
It is sinful stones to throw  
Boys, do as you'd be done by.

Boys, don't throw stones!  
That stray dog in the street,  
Should with your pity meet,  
And not with shout and cry,  
And brick-bat whirling by:  
The dog's a friend to man,  
Outvie him if you can:  
So faithful, trusty, true,  
A pattern unto you;  
It is wicked stones to throw,  
Boys, do as you'd be done by.

Boys, don't throw stones!  
It can no pleasure give  
To injure things that live;  
That beauteous butterfly,  
The bird that soars on high,  
The creatures every day  
That round our pathway play;  
If you thought of your cruelty;  
You wouldn't wish even one to die.  
Only cowards stones will throw  
Boys, do as you'd be done by.



Instead of the Bad Boys Beating the Poor Dog, the Bad Dogs are beating the poor Boy.

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## Page 71—Stealing Land



### No One Will See Me

"No one will see me,"  
Said little John Day,  
For his father and mother  
Were out of the way,  
And he was at home  
All alone;

"No one will see me,"  
So he climbed on a chair,  
And peeped in the cupboard  
To see what was there,  
Which of course he ought  
Not to have done.

There stood in the cupboard,  
So sweet and so nice,  
A plate of plum-cake  
In full many a slice,  
And apples so ripe,  
And so fine;

"Now no one will see me,"  
Said John to himself,  
As he stretched out his arm  
To reach up to the shelf;  
"This apple, at least,  
Shall be mine."

John paused and put back  
The nice apple so red,  
For he thought of the words  
His kind mother had said,  
When she left all these  
Things in his care;

"And no one will see me,"  
Thought he, "'tis not true;  
For I've read that God sees us  
In all that we do,  
And is with us  
Everywhere."

Well done, John;  
Your father and mother obey,  
Try ever to please them;  
And mind what they say,  
Even when they  
Are absent from you;

And never forget that,  
Though no one is nigh,  
You cannot be hid from  
The Glance of God's eye,  
Who notices all  
That you do.

### **Principle Put To The Test**

A youngster at school,  
More sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity  
Put to the test:—  
His comrades had plotted  
The orchard to rob,  
And asked him to go  
And assist in the job.

He was very much shocked,  
And answered, "Oh no!  
What! rob our poor neighbour!  
I pray you don't go;  
Besides, the man's poor,  
His orchard's his bread;  
Then think of his children,  
For they must be fed."

"You speak very fine,  
And you look very grave,  
But apples we want,  
And apples we'll have;  
If you will go with us,  
We'll give you a share,  
If not, you shall have  
Neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—  
"I see they will go;  
Poor man! What a pity  
To injure him so!  
Poor man! I would save him  
His fruit if I could,  
But staying behind  
Will do him no good.

"If this matter depended  
Alone upon me,  
His apples might hang  
Till they dropped from the tree;  
But since they *will* take them,  
I think I'll go too,  
He will lose none by me,  
Though I get a few."

His scruples this silenced,  
Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades  
The apples to seize;  
He blamed and protested  
But joined in the plan,



He shared in the plunder,  
But pitied the man.

Cowper

### Advice

Who steals a pin  
Commits a sin  
Who tells a lie  
Has cause to sigh.

When ask'd to go  
And sin, say, No!  
The guilty breast  
Is ne'er at rest.

You must not sin  
A world to win  
Why should you go  
The way to woe.

### The Boy And His Mother

In Aesop, we are told, a boy,  
Who was his mother's pride and joy,  
At school a primer stole one day,  
And homeward then did wend his way.

He told his mother of the theft,  
While she, of principle bereft,  
Patted him on the head and smil'd.  
And said, "You are my own dear child."

She praised him for the cunning feat,  
And gave him a nice apple sweet.  
In course of years the boy grew fast,  
Till he became a man at last;

But all the time he slyly stole—  
Sometimes a piece—sometimes the whole,  
Till, finally, he grew so bold,  
He kill'd a man and took his gold.

The day on which he had to swing  
Did a large crowd together bring.  
Among the rest his mother came,  
And called him fondly by his name.

The sheriff gave him leave to tell  
The broken-hearted dame farewell!  
About his neck her arms she flung,  
And cried, "Why must my child be hung?"

He answered, "Call me not your dear."  
And by one stroke bit off her ear;  
While all the crowd cried, "Oh! for shame!  
Not satisfied to blast her name.

You add this violence to one  
Whose happiness you have undone!"  
"Good people," he replied, "I'll vow  
I would not be a felon now.

If my mother had only tried  
To win me to the better side.  
But when in infancy I took  
What was not mine, a small torn book,

Instead of punishing the feat  
She gave to me an apple sweet;  
She prais'd me too, and softly smil'd,  
And said, 'You are my own dear child!'

I tell you here, both foe and friend,  
This is the cause of my sad end."



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## Page 72—Stealing Land



## The Boys And The Apple Tree

As Billy and Tommy  
Were walking one day,  
They came by a fine orchard side;  
They'd rather eat apples  
Than spell, read, or play,  
And Tommy to Billy then cried,

"O brother, look! see  
What fine clusters hang there,  
I'll jump and climb over the wall;  
I will have an apple,  
I will have a pear,  
Or else it shall cost me a fall."

Said Billy to Tommy,  
"To steal is a sin,  
Mamma has oft told this to thee;  
O never yet stole,  
Nor now will begin,  
So red apples hang on the tree."

"You are a good boy,  
As you ever have been,"  
Said Tommy; let's walk on, my lad;  
We'll call on our school-fellow  
Little Bob Green,  
And to see us I know he'll be glad."

They came to a house,  
And they rang at the gate,  
And asked, "Pray, is Bobby at home?"  
But Bobby's good manners  
Did not let them wait;  
He out of the parlour did come.

Bob smil'd, and he laughed,

And he caper'd with joy,  
His little companions to view.  
"We call'd in to see you,"  
Said each little boy.  
Said Bobby, "I'm glad to see you.

"Come walk in our garden,  
So large and so fine;  
You shall, for my father gives leave;  
And more, he insists  
That you'll stay here to dine:  
A rare jolly day we shall have!"

But when in the garden,  
They found 'twas the same  
They saw as they walk'd in the road;  
And near the high wall,  
When these little boys came,  
They started, as if from a toad.

"That large ring of iron,  
Which lies on the ground,  
With terrible teeth like a saw,"  
Said Bobby, "the guard  
Of our garden is found;  
It keeps wicked robbers in awe.

"The warning without,  
If they should set an nought,  
This trap tears their legs—O! so sad!"  
Said Billy to Tommy,  
"So you'd have been caught,  
A narrow escape you have had."

Cried Tommy, I'll mind  
What my good mamma says,  
And take the advice of a friend;  
I never will steal  
To the end of my days,  
I've been a bad boy, but I'll mend."

Adelaide

### **Honesty**

With honest heart go on your way,  
Down to your burial sod,  
And never for a moment stray  
Beyond the path of God;  
And everything along your way  
In colours bright shall shine;  
The water from the jug of clay  
Shall taste like costly wine!

Holte

### **Thou Shalt Not Steal**

On the goods that are not thine,  
Little child, lay not a finger;  
Round thy neighbour's better things  
Let no wistful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing;  
Touch it not, howe'er thou need it,  
Though the owner have enough,  
Though he know it not, nor need it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,  
Though resistance be a trial;  
Grasping hand and roving eye,  
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name  
To the poorest are a treasure;  
Better than ill-gotten wealth,  
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,  
Gladly take what God has given;  
With clean hands and humble heart,  
Passing through this world to heaven.

### **The Thief**

Why should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will?  
Hands were meant for honest labour,  
Not to plunder, nor to steal.

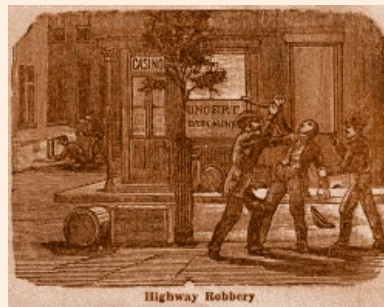
'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
By such tricks to hope for gain:  
All that's ever got by thieving  
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Oft we see the young beginner  
Practice little pilfering ways,  
Till grown up a hardened sinner,  
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,  
Though we fancy none can spy;  
When we take a thing forbidden,  
God holds it with His eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
Lest I covet what's not mine;  
Lest I take what is not given,  
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

Watts



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## **Page 73—Stealing Land**

### **The Thieves' Ladder**

The girls were helping in the house,  
With bustle and with show,  
And told the boys to go away,  
And not disturb them so.  
And the boys went whistling down the streets,  
And looking in the shops  
At tempting heaps of oranges,  
And piles of sugar-drops.

"Here, Willie, to the grocer's run;  
Be sharp, now—there's a man,

And bring me home a pound of plums  
As quickly as you can!  
"Don't touch a plum—be sure you don't;  
To-morrow you shall eat."  
"I won't." he said, and, like a top,  
Went spinning down the street.

The grocer weigh'd them in his scales,  
And there was one too much;  
He took it out, and all was right,  
The scale was to a touch.  
He wrapp'd them up in whitey-brown,  
And tied them with a string,  
And put the money in the till,  
As 'twere a common thing.

Young Willie watched, with greedy eyes,  
As this affair went on.  
The plums—they look'd so very nice!  
He wouldn't take but *one*.  
So going quick behind a post,  
He tore the paper so  
That he could take out two or three,  
And nobody would know.

There was a little voice that said,  
Close by, in Willie's heart,  
"Don't tear the hole—don't take the plum—  
Don't play a thievish part!"  
The little voice—it spoke in vain!  
He reach'd his mother's door;  
She did not see the hole he'd made,  
His trouble then was o'er.

And what a trifling thing it seem'd,  
To take one single plum!  
A little thing we hold between  
Our finger and out thumb.  
And yet upon that Christmas eve,  
That period so brief,  
Young Willie set his foot upon  
"The ladder of the thief!"

And as he lay awake that night,  
He heard his parents speak;  
He heard distinctly what they said,  
The blood rush'd to his cheek.  
He lay and listn'd earnestly;  
They might have found him out,  
And he might get a flogging too,  
'Twas that he thought about.

A guilty person cannot rest,  
He always is in fear;  
Not knowing what may happen next  
To make his guilt appear.  
So, when he heard his mother speak,  
He rose up in his bed,  
And did not lose a syllable  
Of every word she said:—

"We have not any turnips, John,  
I could not spare the pence;  
But you can go and get us some  
Through Farmer Turner's fence.  
"There's nobody to see you now,  
The folks are off the road;  
The night looks dark and blustering,  
And no one is abroad.

"It is not far—you'll soon be back—  
I'll stand outside to hear;  
The watchman now is off his track,  
And won't be coming near."  
The father he went softly out,  
And down the lane he crept,

And stole some turnips from the field  
Whilst honest people slept!

'Tis not the words that parents say,  
It is their very deed;  
Their children know the difference,  
And follow where they lead.  
How often, if their lives are good,  
Their children's are the same;  
Whilst, if they're thievish, drunken,  
Their children come to shame!

Now, Willie laid him down in bed,  
His conscience found relief;  
"I'm not the only one," he said—  
"My father is a thief!  
"How foolish 'twas to be afraid  
About a little plum!"  
He pull'd the bed-clothes o'er his head,  
And dream'd of feasts to come.

On Christmas-day they had the pies.  
The turnips, and the beef;  
And Willie's foot was firm upon  
The ladder of the thief.  
And ere the snow was on the plain,  
And Christmas-day came round,  
And boys were sliding, once again,  
Upon the frozen ground,

He, step by step, had further gone  
Upon that dreadful road  
That brings a man to misery,  
And takes him far from God.  
He cheated with his marbles first,  
And then at other play;  
He pilfered any little thing  
That came within his way.

His parents did not punish him;  
He went from bad to worse,  
Until he grew so confident,  
He stole a lady's purse.  
Then he was seized, and brought before  
The city magistrate;  
And the police and lady came  
The robbery to state.

And Willie he was proved a thief,  
And nothing had to say;  
So to the dreadful prison-house  
He soon was led away.  
In vain he cried, and pleaded hard  
They would not take him there;  
He would not do such things again  
If they would hear his prayer.

It was too late! The prison door,  
With bolt, and bar, and chain,  
Was opened to take Willie in,  
And then was shut again.  
He saw the handcuffs on the wall,  
The fetters on the floor;  
And heavy keys with iron rings  
To lock the dungeon door.

He saw the little, lonely cells  
Where prisoners were kept,  
And all the dreary passages,  
And bitterly he wept.  
And through the strong-barred iron grate,  
High up and far away,  
He saw a piece of clear blue sky  
Out in the blessed day.

And "Oh!" he said, "my brothers now

Are out of school again,  
And playing marbles on the path,  
Or cricket on the plain.  
"And here am I, shut up so close  
Within this iron door;  
If ever I get out again  
I'll give this business o'er."

And Willie went to sleep that night  
In his dark cell alone;  
But often in his troubled dreams  
He turned with heavy moan.  
What sound is that at early morn  
That breaks upon his ear?  
A funeral bell is tolling slow,  
It tolls so very near.

And in the court he sees a crowd,  
So haggard and so pale,  
And they are whispering fearfully  
A sad and awful tale.  
And all seem looking at a man  
Who stands with fetters bound,  
And guards and executioner  
Are gathered close around.

And he beheld that wretched man,  
Who trembled like a leaf:  
His foot no more would stand upon  
The ladder of the thief.  
For he had climbed it step by step,  
Till murder closed the whole;  
The hangman came to take his life,  
But where would be his soul?

And still the bell went tolling on;  
It tolled so heavily  
As that young man went up the stairs,  
Out to the gallows-tree.  
It tolled—it tolled—Oh! heavy sound!  
It stopped—the deed is o'er;  
And that young man upon the earth  
Will now be seen no more:

Oh! parents watch your little ones,  
Lest you have such a grief;  
Help not their tender feet to climb  
The ladder of the thief.  
I have not heard young Willie's end,  
I hope he learned that day;  
But 'tis a thing most difficult  
To leave a wicked way.

Sewell



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I have given no Fairy Tales in this Childland. For in this *matter-of-fact* age belief in Fairy Tales and all kinds of wonderful fictions is fast vanishing. Santa Claus, the "bestest" "goodest" fairy of all alone remains: and even he is gradually being doubted by all but the most innocent children, but as he as a personality is still largely amongst us, I give his popular history culled from many sources.

### Santa Claus Land

At the top of the earth, which they call the North Pole,  
Is where Santa Claus lives, a right jolly old soul!  
And the ice and the snow lie so thick on the ground  
The sun cannot melt them the whole summer round.

All wrapped up in furs from his head to his toes,  
No feeling of coldness dear Santa Claus knows,  
But travels about with a heart full of joy,  
As happy as if he were only a boy.

His cheeks are like roses; his eyes are as bright  
As stars that shine out overhead in the night,  
And they twinkle as merrily too all the while,  
And broad as a sunbeam is Santa Claus' smile.

He never is idle except when asleep,  
And even in dreams at his labours will keep,  
And all thro' the day and the night, it is true,  
He is working and planning, dear children, for you.

On top of his tower with spy-glass in hand,  
He goes every morning to look o'er the land,  
And though there are hills all around, I suppose,  
He sees, oh, much further than any one knows.

He peeps into houses whose doors are tight shut;  
He looks through the palace, and likewise the hut;  
He gazes on cities, and villages small,  
And nothing, no, nothing is hidden at all.

He knows where the good children live beyond doubt,  
He knows where the bad boys and girls are about,  
And writes down their names on a page by themselves;  
In a book that he keeps on his library shelves.

For good little children, the gentle and kind,  
The prettiest presents of toys are designed,  
And when Christmas comes round, as it does once a year,  
'Tis certain that Santa Claus then will appear.

His work-shop is, oh! such a wonderful place,  
With heaps of gay satins, and ribbons, and lace;  
With houses and furniture, dishes and pans,  
And bracelets and bangles, and all sorts of fans.

There are horses that gallop, and dollies that walk,  
And some of the pretty doll-babies can talk.  
There are pop-guns, and marbles, and tops for the boys,  
And big drums and trumpets that make a big noise.

There are games for all seasons, the base-ball and kite,  
And books which the children will seize with delight,  
And the skates and the sleds, far too many to count,  
And the bicycles ready for wheelmen to mount.

There are farm-yards in plenty, with fences and trees,  
And cows, sheep, and oxen, all taking their ease,  
And turkeys and ducks, and fine chickens and hens,  
And dear little piggies to put in their pens.

There are gay Noah's Arks, just as full as can be  
Of animals, really a wonder to see;  
There are lions and tigers, and camels and bears,  
And two of each kind, for they travel in pairs.

There are elephants stretching their noses quite long;  
And reindeer and elks with their antlers so strong,



And queer kangaroos all the others amid,  
With their dear little babies in pockets well hid.

Is Santa Claus happy? There's no need to ask,  
For he finds such enjoyment indeed in his task,  
That he bubbles with laughter, and whistles and sings,  
While making and planning the beautiful things.

He's a jolly good fellow, but ever so shy,  
And likes to do all his good deeds on the sly,  
So there's no use spoiling a good winter's nap  
For you'll not catch a glimpse of the jolly old chap.

When Christmas Eve comes, into bed you must creep,  
And late in the night when you are asleep,  
He is certain to come; so your stockings prepare,  
And hang them up close by the chimney with care.

The baby's wee stockings you must not forget,  
For Santa will have something nice for the pet,  
And those who are thoughtful for others will find  
The good saint at Christmas time has them in mind.

There is Tommy, who tended the baby with care,  
A nice train of cars he shall have for his share,  
And how happy will Eliza be when she looks  
For her presents, and finds such a budget of books.

For dear little Mary, a doll there will be;  
And for Alice and Jenny a gay Christmas tree;  
And wee little Georgie, the baby, will find  
A big stick of candy, just suiting his mind.

Oh, a jolly good sight is this funny old chap  
When he's dressed in his bear-skin and fur-bordered cap,  
All ready to start on his way through the cold,  
In a sleigh covered over with jewels and gold.

While his deer from the mountains all harnessed with care,  
Like race-horses prance through the clear frosty air;  
'Tis fun just to watch them, and hear the bells ring,  
And the stars seem to think it a comical thing.

For old Santa is bundled so close to the chin,  
That there is not a chance for the cold to get in,  
His cheeks are so rosy, his eyes how they flash!  
No horses nor driver e'er cut such a dash!

He cracks his long whip, and he whistles a tune,  
While he winks at the stars, and he bows to the moon,  
And over the tree-tops he drives like the wind,  
And leaves all the night-birds a long way behind.

His steeds speed away on a journey so fleet,  
That they seem to have wings to their swift-flying feet,  
For there's work to be done by a cheery old man,  
And his coursers will help him as well as they can.

His sleigh is with toys and trinkets well packed,  
You never beheld one with pleasures so stacked;  
And though of good children he has such a list,  
Not one is forgotten, not one will be missed.

An army he gives to the boy who is neat,  
And never is rude in the house or the street;  
And a farm to the lad who goes smiling to school,  
Who knows all his lessons and minds every rule.

And if you would please him—dear Bertie and Jack—;  
And win a nice prize from the old fellow's pack,  
Be good little children, your parents obey,  
And strive to be happy at work or at play.

At Christmas old Santa Claus toils like a Turk,  
For the cheery old fellow is fond of his work.  
With his queer looking team through the air he will go,  
And alight on the house-tops all covered in snow.

Then down through the chimneys he'll dart without noise  
And fill up the stockings with candy and toys.  
There'll be presents for Julia, and Nellie, and Jack,  
And plenty more left in the old fellow's pack.

And if Frank behaves well, and minds what is said,  
Quits teasing the cat and goes early to bed;  
He'll find for his present a sled or a gun,  
A ready companion in frolic and fun.

On Santa Claus hurries, and works with a will,  
For many tall Christmas trees he has to fill,  
And loads them with treasures from out his rich store,  
Till they blossom as trees never blossomed before.

Though round as a dumpling, and ever so fat,  
In running and climbing he's spry as a cat,  
And if the long ladder should happen to break,  
And he should fall down, what a crash it would make!

I told you his home was up North by the Pole,  
In a palace of hives lives this worthy old soul,  
And though out of doors it may furiously storm,  
Indoors as we know, it is sunny and warm.

When Christmas is over old Santa Claus goes  
To his home in the North, and his well-earned repose,  
And when he is rested and feeling tip-top,  
The good-natured workman goes back to his shop.

And there he will labor from morning till night,  
To make others happy his aim and delight,  
And if his good-will the dear children would earn,  
They must strive to be happy and good in return.

He comes like an angel of light from above,  
To do on the earth sweetest errands of love;  
And our hearts and our homes to so fill with good cheer  
That we cannot help knowing when Christmas is near.

Then let us be glad, so that Christmas may be  
A real Merry Christmas to you and to me!  
And now that the story is ended we'll give  
Three cheers for old Santa Claus! Long may he live!

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Children Praying for Christmas Presents.

### A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in there beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name;  
"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!  
On Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too;  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack,  
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out sight;  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

Clement C. Moore

### **What Santa Claus Brings**

Lovely little girls and boys,  
Santa brings all sorts of toys.  
Boxes filled with wooden bricks,  
Monkeys climbing yellow sticks.

Dollies' houses painted red,  
Tiny soldiers made of lead,  
Noah's Arks, and Ninepins too,  
Jack in boxes, painted blue.

Cups and Saucers, Pots and Pans,  
China figures, Chinese fans,

Railway trains, with Tops and Tables,  
Fairy Tales and Aesop's Fables,

Clockwork Mice, and Coloured Marbles  
Painted Bird that sweetly warbles,  
Dolls of every age and size,  
With flaxen hair and moving eyes.

Cows and horses, Chickens, Cats,  
Rattles, Windmills, Boats and Bats,  
Ducks and Geese, and golden Fishes,  
Skipping ropes and copper Dishes.

Books and coloured pictures, too,  
And a thousand other things for you;  
Dainty maidens, merry boys,  
Santa brings all sorts of toys.

### **Little Mary**

Dear little Mary,  
With eyes so blue,  
What has Santa Claus  
Brought for you?

He has brought me a cup,  
And a curly sheep,  
And a cradle where dolly  
May go to sleep.

The best of all  
Is this funny box  
That winds with a key  
Just like the clocks.

And when you've wound  
The spring up tight,  
The monkey dances  
With all his might,

And Fido barks  
And the puppies play:  
We're all very happy  
This Christmas day.

### **Christmas**

Dainty little stockings  
Hanging in a row,  
Blue, and grey, and scarlet,  
In the firelight's glow.

Curly-pated sleepers  
Safely tucked in bed;  
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops  
Dancing through each head.

Funny little stockings  
Hanging in a row  
Stuffed with sweet surprises,  
Down from top to toe.

Skates, and balls, and trumpets,  
Dishes, tops, and drums,  
Books and dolls and candles,  
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking:  
Bless me, what a noise!  
Wish you merry Christmas,  
Happy girls and boys!



Santa Claus making Toys for Good Girls and Good Boys.

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Santa Claus looking in his Big Diary for the Names of Boys and Girls who have been Good since last Christmas.

## Christmas

When the children have been good,  
That is, be it understood,  
Good at meal-times, good at play,  
Good all night and good all day,—  
They shall have the pretty things  
Merry Christmas always brings.



Santa Claus starting to distribute Toys.

## A Christmas Eve Adventure

Once on a time, in a queer little town,  
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee,  
When all the good people were fast asleep,  
A strange thing happened to me.

Alone, the night before Christmas,  
I sat by the glowing fire,  
Watching the flame as it rose and fell,  
While the sparks shot high and higher.

Suddenly one of these sparks began  
To flicker and glimmer and wink  
Like a big bright eye, till I hardly knew  
What to do or to say or to think.

Quick as a flash, it changed to a face,  
And what in the world did I see  
But dear old Santa Claus nodding his head,  
And waving his hand to me!

"Oh! follow me, follow me!" soft he cried,—  
And up through the chimney with him  
I mounted, not daring to utter a word  
Till we stood on the chimney's rim.

"Now tell me, I beg you, dear Santa Claus,  
Where am I going with you?"  
He laughingly answered, "Why, don't you know?  
To travel the whole world through!"

"From my crystal palace, far in the North,  
I have come since dark,—and see  
These curious things for the little folk  
Who live on the Zuyder Zee."

Then seating himself in his reindeer sledge,  
And drawing me down by his side,  
He whistled, and off on the wings of the wind  
We flew for our midnight ride.

But first, such comical presents he left  
For the little Dutch girls and boys,—  
Onions and sausages, wooden-faced dolls,  
Cheeses and gingerbread toys!

Away we hurried far to the South,  
To the beautiful land of France;  
And there we showered the loveliest gifts,—  
Flaxen-haired dolls that could dance.

Soldiers that marched at the word of command,  
Necklaces, bracelets and rings,  
Tiny gold watches, all studded with gems,  
And hundreds of exquisite things.

Crossing the Channel, we made a short call  
In Scotland and Ireland, too;  
Left a warm greeting for England and Wales,  
Then over the ocean we flew

Straight to America, where by myself,  
Perched on a chimney high,  
I watched him scramble and bustle about  
Between the earth and the sky.

Many a stocking he filled to the brim,  
And numberless Christmas trees  
Burst into bloom at his magical touch!  
Then all of a sudden a breeze

Caught us and bore us away to the South,  
And afterwards blew us "out West;"  
And never till dawn peeped over the hills  
Did we stop for a moment's rest.

"Christmas is coming!" he whispered to me,  
"You can see his smile in the sky,—  
I wish Merry Christmas to all the world!  
My work is over,—good-bye!"

Like a flash he was gone, and I was alone,—  
For all of this happened to me

Once on a time, in a queer little town  
On the shore of the Zuyder Zee!

M. M.

### Little Bennie

I had told him, Christmas morning,  
As he sat upon my knee,  
Holding fast his little stockings,  
Stuffed as full as can be,  
And attentive listening to me,  
With a face demure and mild,  
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,  
Did not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't we, moder?"  
And from off my lap he slid,  
Digging deep among the goodies  
In his crimson stockings hid.  
While I turned me to my table,  
Where a tempting goblet stood,  
Brimming high with a dainty custard,  
Sent me by a neighbour good.

But the kitten, there before me,  
With his white paw, nothing loth,  
Sat, by way of entertainment,  
Lapping off the shining froth;  
And, in not the gentlest humour  
At the loss of such a treat,  
I confess I rather rudely  
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled;  
Gathering up the precious store  
He had busily been pouring  
In his tiny pinafore,  
With a generous look that shamed me  
Sprang he from the carpet bright,  
Showing, by his mien indignant,  
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back Harney," called he loudly,  
As he held his apron white,  
"You shall have my candy wabbit;"  
But the door was fastened tight.  
So he stood, abashed and silent,  
In the centre of the floor,  
With defeated look, alternate  
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,  
Quickly ran he to the fire,  
And while eagerly his bright eyes  
Watched the flames grow high and higher,  
In a brave, clear key he shouted,  
Like some lordly little elf,  
"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney,  
Make my mother 'have herself."

"I'll be a good girl, Bennie,"  
Said I, feeling the reproof;  
And straightway recalled poor Harney,  
Mewing on the galley roof.  
Soon the anger was forgotten,  
Laughter chased away the frown,  
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks,  
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber  
Harney purred beneath my chair,  
And my play-worn boy beside me  
Knelt to say his evening prayer:

"God bess fader, God bess moder,  
God bess sister," then a pause,  
And the sweet young lips devoutly  
Murmured "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping: brown and silken  
Lie the lashes, long and meek,  
Like caressing, clinging shadows,  
On his plump and peachy cheek;  
And I bend above him, weeping,  
Thankful tears; O undefiled;  
For a woman's crown of glory,  
For the blessing of a child.

Annie C. Ketchum

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## Page 77—Santa Claus Land



Santa Claus filling the Stockings.

### Old Santa Claus

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den,  
With his leg crossed over his knee;  
While a comical look peeped out at his eyes,  
For a funny old fellow was he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,  
And his wig it was all awry;  
But he sat and mused the whole day long,  
While the hours went flying by.

He had been busy as busy can be,  
In filling his pack with toys;  
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,  
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls, and whips for the boys,  
With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,  
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes;  
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy too, both twisted and striped,  
He had furnished a plentiful store,  
While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes,  
Hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,  
"And Christmas is almost here;  
But one thing more—I must write a book,  
And give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs on his little round nose,



And seizing the stump of a pen,  
He wrote more lines in one little hour  
Than you ever could write in ten.

He told them stories all pretty and new,  
And wrote them all out in rhyme;  
Then packed them away with his box of toys  
To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas Eve, when all were in bed,  
Right down the chimney he flew;  
And stretching the stocking-leg out at the top,  
He clapped in a book for you.

### **Santa Claus and the Mouse**

One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus  
Came to a certain house,  
To fill the children's stockings there,  
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"  
Said Santa, good and kind.  
"The same to you, sir!" said the mouse,  
"I thought you wouldn't mind

If I should stay awake to night,  
And watch you for a while."  
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"  
Said Santa, with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up,  
Before the mouse could wink,—  
From toe to top, from top to toe,  
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"  
Said Santa Claus with pride.  
A twinkle came in mousie's eyes,  
But humbly he replied:

"It's not nice to contradict—  
Your pardon I implore,—  
But in the fullest stocking there,  
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!  
Don't I know how to pack?  
By filling stockings all these years,  
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down  
From where it hung so high,  
And said: "Now put in one thing more;  
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,  
And then he softly stole  
Right to the stocking's crowded toe,  
And gnawed a little hole!

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,  
I've put in one thing more;  
For you will own, that little hole  
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh;  
And then he gaily spoke;  
"Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese,  
For that nice little joke."

"Our Santa Claus," cried Bettie,  
"Is nice as any other;  
He brought the nicest present  
To me and to my mother.

"It was—oh, you can't guess it—  
A darling little brother.  
He kicks and cries, and shuts his eyes,  
And he's sweet enough to eat.

"I'd rather have my baby brother  
Than dolls or candy—so would my mother."

### **The Night Before Christmas**

Curly heads, so softly pillowed;  
Chubby arms outspread;  
Thousand fancies swiftly flying  
Through each little head.

Clasping treasures newly garnered,  
Dolly, book, and ball,  
Still they dream of coming pleasures  
Greater than them all.

Christmas-trees of gorgeous beauty,  
Filled with presents rare;  
Toys unheard of, joys unnumbered,  
All delights are there.

Angel forms, with smiling faces,  
Hover round the bed;  
Angel feet make echoing music  
As they lightly tread.

Angel voices, softly thrilling,  
Chant a lullaby:  
"Darlings, dream, and sweetly slumber,  
We are watching by."

Who from dreams like these would waken  
To a world of pain?  
"Hush, then, dear ones! Have we roused you?  
Turn and dream again."



Baby waking up nearly caught Santa Claus.

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### **Annie And Willie's Prayer**

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good night had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;

For to-night their stern father's command had been given,  
That they should retire precisely at seven  
Instead of at eight; for they had troubled him more  
With questions unheard of than ever before.

He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;  
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been;  
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly tosses on their soft, downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;  
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;

When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?"  
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;  
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;

"For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear Papa has said there is no Santa Claus.  
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied  
For he came every year before dear mamma died;

"But then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray,—  
And God would hear everything dear mamma would say,—  
And, maybe, she asked him to send Santa Claus here  
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why tannot we p'ay, dust as mamma did, den,  
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"  
"I've been thinking so, too;" and without a word more  
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,

And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,  
"Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe  
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;

"You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'  
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.—  
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee.

"I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and a ring,  
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.  
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he.

"Don't let hem get fretful and angry again,  
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."  
"Dear Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to night  
And bring us some p'esents before it is 'ight;

"I want he sood div' me a nice little sled,  
Wid bight shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed  
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,  
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,  
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;  
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,  
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten  
Ere the father had thought of his children again;  
He seems now to hear Annie's self-suppressed sighs,  
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
"And should not have sent them so early to bed:  
But then I was troubled: My feelings found vent;  
For the bank-stock to-day has gone down two percent.;

"But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,  
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;  
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door—  
To my darlings I have never spoke harshly before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;  
His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange, strange! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,  
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh  
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown.  
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,  
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,  
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,  
That the various presents outnumbered a score.

Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,  
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stow'd.  
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
And the side of a table spread out for her tea;

A work-box, well-filled, in the centre was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had pray'd.  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,  
With bright shining runners, and all painted red.

There were balls, dogs, horses; books pleasing to see;  
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

Now, as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;  
As he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,  
"I'm happier to night than I have been for a year;

"I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;  
What care I if bank-stock fell two per cent. more!  
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have Santa Clause visit us each Christmas-eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,  
And, slipping downstairs, retired for the night.  
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied.

Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.

And they laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night  
(Just the things they wanted!), and left before light.

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be;

And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said  
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.

"Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,  
And Dod answered our p'ayer, now wasn't He dood?"  
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,  
And knew just what presents my children would please."

("Well, well, let them think so, dear little elf!  
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,  
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?  
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs  
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

Mrs. Sophia P. Snow

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## Page 79—Santa Claus Land



### Budds' Christmas Stocking

It was Christmas-time, as all the world knew;  
It stormed without, and the cold wind blew,  
But within all was cheerful, snug, and bright,  
With glowing fires and many a light.

Budd B. was sent quite early to bed,  
His stocking was hung up close to his head,  
And he said to himself "When all grows still  
I will find a big stocking for Santy to fill."

Now, good, honest Hans, who worked at the house,  
Had gone to his bed as still as a mouse;  
The room where he slept was one story higher  
Than Budd's little room, with gaslight and fire.

Now, Hans loved "the poy," and petted him too,  
And often at night, when his task was all through,  
He would tell him strange stories of over the sea,  
While Budd listened gravely or laughed out in glee.

This night Hans had promised to wake Budd at four;  
He would softly come down and open his door;  
But suddenly Budd bounded out of his bed,  
And stole softly up to the room overhead.

On his hands and his knees he crept softly in,  
"I'll borrow Han's stocking," he said, with a grin;  
Old Santy will fill it up to the top,  
And Hans—oh, such fun! will be mad as a hop."

He moved very slowly, and felt near the bed;  
No stocking was there, but down on his head  
Came a deluge of water, well sprinkled with ice,  
While honest Hans held him as if in a vice.

"Vat is dat?" he cried out; "von robber I find,  
Den I pound him, and shake him, so much as I mind"  
"It's me," called out Budd; "Stop, Hans! oh, please do;  
I'm only a boy; I could not rob you."

But Hans did not pause—his temper was hot—  
And he dragged the young robber at once from the spot,  
When he reached the hall light great was his surprise  
To find his young master with tears in his eyes.

"I wanted your stocking," muttered Budd B.;  
It is bigger than mine; boo hoo! I can't see,  
And I'm all wet and cold." thus cried Budd aloud,  
Until guests and his parents ran up in a crowd.

He was wrapped up with care and taken to bed,  
But, strangest of all, not a harsh word was said.  
He flattered himself as he fell asleep  
That Hans and his friends the secret would keep.

Next morning, when Christmas songs filled all the air,  
Budd found, to his grief and boyish despair,  
That his neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head,  
And must spend the whole day alone in his bed.

What was worse, his own stocking hung limp on a chair,  
And on it these words were written most fair:  
"To him who is greedy I leave less than all;  
The world is so large and my reindeer so small.

"My pack is elastic when children are kind,  
But it shuts with a snap and leaves nothing behind,  
When a boy or girl is selfish or mean.  
Good-bye, little Budd, I am off with my team.  
(Signed) Santa Claus."

### **Christmas**

Again the Christmas holidays have come,  
We soon will hear the trumpet and the drum;  
We'll hear the merry shout of the girls and boys  
Rejoicing o'er their gifts of books and toys.

Old Santa Claus comes by at dead of night,  
And down the chimney creeps—a funny sight;  
He fills the stockings full of books and toys,  
But puts in whips for naughty girls and boys.

One Christmas-eve the moon shone clear and bright;  
I thought I'd keep awake and watch all night,  
But it was silent all around and stilled,  
Yet in the morn I found my stockings filled.

### **Christmas Morning**

They put me in a square bed, and there they bade me sleep;  
I must not stir; I must not wake; I must not even peep;  
Right opposite that lonely bed, my Christmas stocking hung;

While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.

I counted softly, to myself, to ten and ten times ten,  
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;  
I repeated that Fifth-Reader piece—a poem called "Repose,"  
And tried a dozen various ways to fall into a dose—

When suddenly the room grew light. I heard a soft, strong bound,  
'Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.  
'Twas nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,  
And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.

"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;  
Twas daylight—brother Bob was up! and oh, that splendid stocking!

St. Nicholas



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## Page 80—Santa Claus Land



### Little Nellie's Visit From Santa Claus

Santa Claus is coming to-night, papa;  
Please let me sit up and see him, mamma;  
Loaded with presents, I'm sure he'll be.  
He'll have something nice for you and for me.

"Mamma, do find something fresh and quite new,  
For dear old Santa Claus, when he comes through,  
I'll give it myself; I'll keep wide awake;  
I know he'll be glad my present to take.

"Now all go to bed as quick as you please,  
I'll wait for him," said the bright little tease,  
"He surely will ring, no doubt about that,  
I'll bid him come in and then have a chat."

Soon came a quick step on the piazza floor,  
Just then a loud ring was heard at the door.  
The little miss rose with dignified air,

Quick ushered him in, and set him a chair.

All covered o'er with little bells tinkling,  
Shaking and laughing, twisting and wriggling,  
A funny old man, with little eyes blinking,  
Looking at Nellie, what was he thinking?

Not a word did he say—tired of waiting,  
Nellie arose, her little heart quaking,  
Held out her present, courage most failing,  
"Santa Claus, take this"—now she is smiling.

"His furry old hand, twisting and trembling,  
Took the sweet gift—"You dear little darling,"  
Uttered quite softly, tenderly kissing,  
The bright little face, ne'er a bit shrinking.

Lots of presents quickly bestowing,  
Thanking her kindly—he must be going,  
Shaking and laughing, his little bells jingling,  
Down the steps, hastening off in a twinkling.

Brave little lady! all are now saying,  
Santa Claus truly! bright eyes are asking;  
See her dear papa, secretly laughing  
At her true faith in Santa Claus' coming.

Yes! she believes it, ever so truly,  
Dear precious darling! rob her not surely,  
Of childhood's sweet faith, now in its glory,  
While she's relating her own simple story.

Mrs. C. E. Wilbur

### **Christmas Stockings**

'Tis Christmas day,  
And little May  
Peeps from her bed in the morning grey.

She looks around,  
But not a sound  
Breaks on the quietness profound.

So, heaving sighs,  
She shuts her eyes,  
And hard to go to sleep she tries.

But sleep has fled  
That little bed.  
And weary moves the curly head,

Until the light  
(Oh, welcome sight!)  
Has banished every trace of night.

Then out of bed,  
With hurried tread,  
She runs to waken brother Fred;

For oh, what joys,  
In the shape of toys,  
Does Christmas bring to girls and boys!

Fred gives a groan,  
Or a sleepy moan,  
And mutters, "Do let me alone!"

But bonnie May  
Will not have nay;  
She whispers, "It is Christmas day!"

Oh, magic sound!  
For Fred turns round,  
And in a trice is on the ground.



"Our stockings, where?"  
"They're on that chair."  
"Oh, what has Santa Claus put there?"

May laughs with glee,  
The sight to see,  
Of stockings filled from toe to knee

With parcels queer,  
That stick out here,  
Before, behind, in front and rear.

"Oh, Fred! a dolly!  
I'll call her Molly."  
"Why, may, a penknife here; how jolly!"

"A necktie blue!  
A paintbox too!"  
"Oh, Fred, a pair of kid gloves new!"

"May, here's a gun!  
Won't we have fun,  
Playing at soldiers!—You'll be one."

"Now that is all.  
No; here's a ball;  
Just hold it, or these things will fall."

"What's in the toe,  
May, do you know?  
Biscuits and figs!—I told you so."

"I think," said May,  
That Christmas day  
Should come at least every second day."

And so say we;  
But then you see  
That Santa Claus would tired be.

And all his toys  
And Christmas joys  
Would vanish then from girls and boys.

From "The Prize"

### **Hang Up Baby's Stocking**

Hang up the baby's stocking:  
Be sure you don't forget:  
The dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it,  
And he opened his big blue eyes;  
I'm sure he understood it,  
He looked so funny and wise.

Ah, what a tiny stocking;  
It doesn't take so much to hold  
Such little toes as baby's  
Safe from the frost and cold.

But then, for the baby's Christmas  
It never will do at all;  
For Santa Claus wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby;  
I've thought of a first-rate plan;  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma—  
The longest that I ever can.

And you shall hang it by mine, mother,  
Right here in the corner—so;

And write a letter for baby.  
And fasten it on the toe.

"Old Santa Claus, this is a stocking  
Hung up for our baby dear;  
You never have seen our darling,  
He has not been with us a year,

"But he is a beautiful baby;  
And now, before you go,  
Please cram this stocking with presents,  
From the top of it down to the toe.

"Put in a baby's rattle,  
Also a coral ring,  
A bright new ribbon for his waist;  
Some beads hung on a string

"And mind a coloured ball please,  
And a tiny pair of shoes;  
You'll see from this little stocking,  
The size you have to choose."

### **Santa Claus**

A health to good old Santa Claus,  
And to his reindeer bold,  
Whose hoofs are shod with elder-down,  
Whose horns are tipped with gold.

Ho comes from utmost fairyland  
Across the wintry snows;  
He makes the fir-tree and the spruce  
To blossom like the rose.

Over the quaint old gables,  
Over the windy ridge,  
By turret wall and chimney tall,  
He guided his fairy sledge;

He steals upon the slumbers  
Of little rose-lipped girls,  
And lays his waxen dollies down  
Beside their golden curls.

He scatters blessings on his way,  
And sugar-coated plums;  
He robs the sluggard from his rest  
With trumpets, guns, and drums.

Small feet, before the dawn of day,  
Are marching to and fro,  
Drums beat to arms through all the house,  
And penny trumpets blow.

A health to brave old Santa Claus,  
And to his reindeer bold,  
Whose hoofs are shod with elder-down,  
Whose horns are tipped with gold.

S. H. Whitman

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### **The Rabbit on the Wall**

The children shout with laughter,  
The uproar louder grows;  
Even grandma chuckles faintly,  
And Johnny chirps and crows.  
There ne'er was gilded painting,  
Hung up in lordly hall,  
Gave half the simple pleasure  
As this rabbit on the wall.

The cottage work is over,  
The evening meal is done;  
Hark! thro' the starlight stillness  
You hear the river run.  
The little children whisper,  
Then speak out one and all;  
"Come, father, make for Johnny,  
The rabbit on the wall."

He—smilingly assenting,  
They gather round his chair;  
"Now, grandma, you hold Johnny;  
Don't let the candle flare."  
So speaking, from his fingers  
He throws a shadow tall,  
That seems, a moment after,  
A rabbit on the wall.

### **Holiday Time**

With these three little girls and two little boys  
There is sure to be plenty of laughter and noise;  
But nobody minds it, because don't you see,  
At school they are quiet with lessons to say—  
But when the holidays come they can play the whole day.

### **The Fairy Queen**

Let us laugh and let us sing,  
Dancing in a merry ring;  
We'll be fairies on the green,  
Sporting round the Fairy Queen.

Like the seasons of the year,  
Round we circle in a sphere;  
I'll be Summer, you'll be Spring,  
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Harry will be Winter wild;  
Little Annie, Autumn mild;  
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,  
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Spring and Summer glide away,  
Autumn comes with tresses grey;  
Winter, hand in hand with Spring,  
Dancing in a fairy ring.

Faster! faster! round we go  
While our cheeks like roses glow;  
Free as birds upon the wing,  
Dancing in a fairy ring.

### **Come and Play in the Garden**

Little sister, come away,  
And let us in the garden play,  
For it is a pleasant day.

On the grassplot let us sit,  
Or, if you please, we'll play a bit,  
And run about all over it.

But the fruit we will not pick,  
For that would be a naughty trick,  
And, very likely, make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers  
That grow about the beds and bowers,  
Because, you know, they are not ours.

We'll pluck the daisies, white and red,  
Because mamma has often said,  
That we may gather them instead.

And much I hope we always may  
Out very dear mamma obey,  
And mind whatever she may say.

### **Little Romp**

I am tired to death of keeping still  
And being good all day.  
I guess my mamma's company  
Forgot to go away,  
I've wished and wished they'd think of it,  
And that they would get through;  
But they must talk for ever first,  
They almost always do.

I heard Tom calling to me once,  
He's launched his boat, I know;  
I wanted to get out and help,  
But mamma's eyes said no.  
The ladies talk such stuff to me,  
It makes me sick to hear—  
"How beautiful your hair curls!" or,  
"How red your cheeks are, dear!"

I'd ten times rather run a race,  
Then play my tunes and things;  
I wouldn't swop my dogs and balls  
For forty diamond rings.  
I've got no 'finement, aunty says,  
I 'spect she knows the best;  
I don't need much to climb a tree,  
Or hunt a squirrel's nest.

"Girls are like berries," papa says,  
"Sweeter for running wild,"  
But Aunt Melissa shakes her head,  
And calls me "Horrid child!"  
I'll always be a romp she knows—  
But sure's my name is Sadie,  
I'll fool 'em all some dreadful day,

By growing up a lady.

### Hide and Seek

"We will have a game of hide and seek,  
Now mind you do not look."  
And Willie went and hid himself  
In a dark and lonely nook.

Then the children went to find him;  
They hunted all about.  
It was a funny way in which  
At last they found him out.

Just as they got where he was hid,  
In his nose he felt a tickling  
That made him sneeze, and so you see  
They found him in a twinkling.



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### Tired of Play

Tired of play! tired of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong day?  
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up temple and tree;

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves  
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves.  
Twilight gathers and day is done,  
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

Playing? But what has thou done beside,  
To tell thy mother at eventide?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?

Whom hast thou pitied and whom forgiven,

How with thy faults has duty striven,  
What hast thou learned by field and hill?  
By greenwood path, and singing rill?

Well for thee if thou couldst tell,  
A tale like this of a day spent well,  
If thy kind hand has aided distress,  
And thou pity hast felt for wretchedness;

If thou hast forgiven a brother's offence,  
And grieved for thine own with penitence;  
If every creature has won thy love  
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,  
Then with joy and peace on the bed of rest,  
Thou wilt sleep as on thy mother's breast.

### **Sea-side Play**

Two little boys, all neat and clean,  
Came down upon the shore:  
They did not know old Ocean's ways—  
They'd ne'er seen him before.

So quietly they sat them down,  
To build a fort of sand;  
Their backs were turned to the sea,  
Their faces toward the land.

They had just built a famous fort—  
The handkerchief flag was spread—  
When up there came a stealthy wave,  
And turned them heels over head.

### **After School Hours**

School is closed and tasks are done,  
Flowers are laughing in the sun;  
Like the songsters in the air,  
Happy children, banish care!

### **Riding on a Gate**

Sing, sing,  
What shall we sing,  
A gate is a capital  
Sort of thing.

If you have not a horse,  
Or haven't a swing,  
A gate is a capital  
Sort of thing.

Cry, cry,  
Finger in eye,  
Go home to mother  
And tell her why;

You've been riding,  
And why not I?  
Each in turn, isn't that the rule  
For work or play, at home or school.

### **Walking Song**

Come, my children, come away,  
For the sun shines bright to-day;  
Little children, come with me,  
Birds, and brooks, and posies see;

Get your hats and come away,  
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop and bring the ball,  
Come with happy faces all,  
Let us make a merry ring,  
Talk, and laugh, and dance, and sing  
Quickly, quickly come away,  
For it is a pleasant day.

### **The Lost Playmate**

The old school-house is still to day,  
The rooms have no gay throng;  
No ringing laugh is on the air,  
There is no snatch of song.  
The white-haired master sits upon  
The seat beneath the tree,  
And thinks upon the vanished face,  
With all its boyish glee.

But a few short days ago, the lad  
Was gayest of the gay,  
Quick at the page of knowledge, and  
The heartiest in play.  
The pride of the home beside the stream,  
With his pigeons in their cots,  
And finding life a very dream,  
In pleasant homely spots.

His school companions loving him,  
And old folks speaking praise,  
Of the well-loved boy, with frankest eyes,  
And cheery, happy ways.  
All in the village knew the boy,  
From parson down to clerk,  
And his whistle in the village street  
Was clear as the song of lark.

But like a dream he's passed away,  
And from the chamber dim,  
In the fair light of summer day,  
The peasants carry him.  
And playmates gather at the grave,  
The old schoolmaster there,  
While blossomed boughs wave over-head,  
And all around is fair.

True is the grief that brings the tear,  
There is no empty show;  
The simple neighbours see their loss,  
And there is heart-felt woe.  
They talk of the bright and lively lad,  
Cut down in boyish prime,  
And old folks think how strange is life,  
More strange with passing time!

Oh! simple sight on green hill-side,  
Away from pomp and power;  
Here are the truths so oft denied  
To the imperial hour.  
Dear child, how precious are the tears,  
Suffusing friendly eyes!  
Sublimity is in their gleam,  
A light from God's own skies.



Naughty Mice Teasing the Poor Kitten.

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## Page 83—Play Land



Chinese Toy Merchant.

### In the Toy Shop

Cups and saucers, pots and pans,  
China figures, Chinese fans,  
Railway trains, with tops and tables,  
Fairy tales, and Aesop's fables.

Clockwork mice, and colored marbles,  
Painted bird that sweetly warbles,  
Dolls of every age and size,  
With flaxen curls and moving eyes.

Cows and horses, chickens, cats,  
Rattles, windmills, boats and bats,  
Ducks and geese, and golden fishes,  
Skipping ropes, and copper dishes.

Books with coloured pictures, too,  
And a thousand other things for you;  
Dainty maidens, merry boys,  
Here you are, all sorts of toys.

### Neat Little Clara

"Little Clara, come away,  
Little Clara, come and play;  
Leave your work, Maria's here,  
So come and play with me, my dear."

"I will come, and very soon,  
For I always play at noon;  
But must put my work away,  
Ere with you I come and play.

First my bodkin I must place  
With my needles in their case;  
I like to put them by with care,



And then I always find them there.

There's my cotton, there's my thread  
Thimble in its little bed;  
All is safe—my box I lock,  
Now I come—'tis twelve o'clock."

### **Playing Store**

"Ting-a-ling!" Now they  
Have opened the store,  
Never was such  
An assortment before;  
Mud pies in plenty,  
And parcels of sand,  
Pebbles for sugar plums,  
Always on hand.

Plenty of customers  
Coming to buy,  
"Brown sugar, white sugar  
Which will you try?  
Paper for money;  
Their wealth, too, is vast;  
In spite of the plenty,  
They scatter it fast.

Quick little hands  
Tie bundles with care,  
Summer's glad music  
Is filling the air;  
Birdies fly over,  
And wonder, no doubt,  
What all these gay  
little folks are about.



### **Fishing**

He took a stick, he took a cord,  
He took a crooked pin,  
And went a-fishing in the sand  
And almost tumbled in.  
But just before he tumbled in,  
By chance it came about,  
He hooked a whiting and a sole,  
And made them tumble out.

### **Hide and Seek**

When the clean white cloth is laid,  
And the cups are on the table,

When the tea and toast are made,  
That's a happy time for Mabel.

Stealing to her mother's side,  
In her ear she whispers low,  
"When papa comes I'll hide;  
Don't tell him where I go,"

On her knees upon the floor,  
In below the sofa creeping;  
When she hears him at the door,  
She pretends that she is sleeping.

"Where is Mabel?" father cries,  
Looking round and round about.  
Then he murmurs in surprise,  
"Surely Mabel can't be out."

First he looks behind his chair,  
Then he peers beneath the table,  
Seeking, searching everywhere  
All in vain for little Mabel;

But at last he thinks he knows,  
And he laughs and shakes his head,  
Says to mother, "I suppose  
Mabel has been put to bed."

But when he sits down to tea,  
From beneath the sofa creeping,  
Mabel climbs upon his knee,  
Clasps her hands: "I was not sleeping."

When he asks, "Where is my girl's  
Very secret hiding-place?"  
Mabel only shakes her curls,  
Laughing, smiling, in his face.



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## Page 84—Play Land



## Little Sailors

Now, Harry, pull the chairs up,  
And, Fanny, get the shawl;

We'll play that we are sailors,  
And that we're in a squall.

The fire will be a lighthouse,  
To warn us off the shore;  
And we will place the footstools  
For rocks, out on the floor.

Now this chair is the stern  
And that one is the bow;  
But there, you must be careful,  
And not lean hard, you know.

Now, sailors, pull that sail up,  
And tuck the corners in—  
Well if you want it tighter,  
Ask mother for a pin.

Now couldn't we sing something  
About the "Ocean Blue"?  
Well, never mind, "By-baby"  
Or anything will do.

Take care, you careless sailors,  
And mind what you are about,  
You know the sea will drown you,  
If you should tumble out.

### **Brother Playing**

Up and down the play-room,  
Then behind the door,  
Now upon the sofa,  
Now upon the floor.

In below the table,  
Round the big arm-chair,  
Goes my little brother,  
Crying "Are you there?"

And when brother sees me,  
Then away I run;  
And he follows after,  
Merry with the fun.

So at hide and seek we play.  
And pass the happy hours away.

### **Girls and Boys, Come Out to Play**

Girls and boys,  
Come out to play,  
The sun is shining  
Away, away.

Into the meadow  
Over the way,  
Tumbling and tossing  
The new-mown hay.

Into the hedgerow  
Picking the May;  
Over the hills  
And far away.

Down by the brook  
Where the ripples play,  
Whirling and winding  
Their silvery way,

Then home again  
By a different way,  
Picking an armful

Of wildflowers gay.

For mother dear  
To gladden her way,  
And wake in her heart  
A cheerful lay.

For every leaf  
Has it's sunny ray;  
All nature is happy  
And seems to say:

Girls and boys,  
Come out to play.  
The sun is shining  
Away, away.

### **Two Merry Men**

Two merry men,  
One summer day,  
Forsook their toys,  
And forgot their play.

Two little faces,  
Full of fun,  
Two little hearts  
That beat as one.

Four little hands,  
At work with a will,  
Four little legs  
That can't keep still.

For labour is sweet,  
And toil is fun,  
When mother wants  
Any work to be done.

### **Mud Pies**

Tell me little ladies,  
Playing in the sun,  
How many minutes  
Till the baking's done?

Susy gets the flour,  
All of golden dust;  
Harry builds the oven,  
Lily rolls the crust.

Pat it here, and pat it there;  
What a dainty size!  
Bake it on a shelf of stone,  
Nice mud pies!

Now we want a shower—  
For we need it so—  
It would make a roadside,  
Such a heap of dough.

Turn them in, and turn them out,  
How the morning flies!  
Ring the bell for dinner—  
Hot mud pies!

### **The Playful Girl**

I know a little girl,  
Who is very fond of play:  
And if her ma would let her,

Would do nothing else all day.

She has a little doll,  
And another one quite large.  
She plays she has a little home,  
And house cares to discharge.

But when her mamma calls her,  
Some real work to do,  
She does not like to leave her play,  
And pouts till she is through.

### Hay Making

In the hay, in the hay,  
Toss we and tumble;  
No one to say us nay,  
All through this Summer's day!  
No one to grumble.

In the hat, in the hay,  
Arthur we'll smother;  
Bring armfuls, heap them high,  
Pile them up—now good-bye,  
Poor little brother!

In the hay, in the hay,  
Snugly reclining,  
Shaded from the noontide heat,  
Smelling the clover sweet,  
See us all dining;

While the haymakers sit  
Under the willows,  
Each with his bread and cheese  
Spread out upon his knees,  
Hay for their pillows.

Hark! how the laugh and chat,  
Happy, light hearted!  
Now to their work they go,  
Raking up one long row,  
Fit to be carted.

Now comes the wagon near,  
Quickly they're loading;  
Rake away! rake away!  
While it's fine make the hay—  
Rain is foreboding.

Now that the sunset ray  
Says the day's over,  
Homeward we make our way,  
In the cart strewn with hay,  
Smelling of clover.

Mrs. Hawtrey



American Indian Boys at Play



Thomas Mending his Bat.



My Dog and I Dancing.

### Johnny the Stout

"Ho! for a frolic!"  
Said Johnny the stout;  
"There's coasting and sledding;  
I'm going out."

Scarcely had Johnny  
Plunged in the snow,  
When there came a complaint  
Up from his toe:

"We're cold" said the toe,  
"I and the rest;  
There's ten of us freezing,  
Standing abreast."

Then up spoke an ear;  
"My, but it's labor—  
Playing in winter. Eh!  
Opposite neighbour!"

"Pooh!" said his nose,  
Angry and red;  
"Who wants to tingle?  
Go home to bed!"

Eight little fingers,  
Four to a thumb,  
All cried together—  
"Johnny, we're numb!"

But Johnny the stout  
Wouldn't listen a minute;  
Never a snow-bank  
But Johnny was in it.

Tumbling and jumping,  
Shouting with glee,  
Wading the snow-drifts  
Up to his knee.

Soon he forgot them,  
Fingers and toes,  
Never once thought of  
The ear and the nose.

Ah! What a frolic!  
All in a glow,  
Johnny grew warmer  
Out in the snow.

Often his breathing  
Came with a joke;  
"Blaze away, Johnny!  
I'll do the smoke."

"And I'll do the fire,"  
Said Johnny the bold.  
"Fun is the fuel  
For driving off cold."



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### **Training Time**

Supper is over,  
Now for fun,  
This is the season  
Children must run;

Papa is reading;  
Says, of these boys;  
"Pray did you ever  
Hear such a noise?"

Riding on "camels"  
Over the floor,  
See, one's a squirrel  
Climbing the door;

There goes the baby  
Flat on his nose,  
Brother was trying  
To tickle his toes.

Little he minds it,  
Though he would cry,  
Changed it to laughter  
As Lyn galloped by;

Order is nowhere,  
Fun is the rule;  
Think, they are children  
Just out of school.

Home is their palace;  
They are the kings  
Let them be masters,  
Of just a few things;

Only one short hour  
Out of all day,



Give them full freedom;  
Join in their play.

Do not be angry  
Do not forget  
You liked to make noise  
Sometimes do yet;

Home will be sweeter  
Till life is done  
If you will give them  
An hour of fun.



Our Puss Playing Cricket.



Our Frogs Playing Cricket.

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## Page 87—Play Land

### Playtime

Play-time, play-time, hurrah!  
Out in the fields together!  
Don't let us lose a moment's time,  
This fine, bright, glorious weather.

Run, boys! Run, boys! faster!  
Ball and the bats for cricket;  
Jack, you're the fastest runner here,  
Be off, and pitch the wicket.

Football for those who choose—  
The goal stick—go, Jim, fix it;  
Give us the ball; who's won the toss?  
Now, for the first who kicks it.

No lazy ones today;  
Off, stretch your legs running!

Now for the hip, hip, hip, hurrah!  
And let the noise be stunning.

Hear how it echoes round!  
Another and another!  
No fear of noise, it won't disturb  
Old granny and poor mother.

Hullo there! no foul play!  
Dick, what is that you're saying?  
No bad words and no cruel sport;  
We're come for fun and playing.

### **Romping**

Why now, my dear boys, this is always the way,  
You can't be contented with innocent play;  
But this sort of romping, so noisy and high,  
Is never left off till it ends in a cry.

What! are there no games you can take a delight in,  
But kicking and knocking, and tearing, and fighting?  
It is a sad thing to be forced to conclude  
That boys can't be merry, without being rude.

Now what is the reason you never can play  
Without snatching each other's playthings away?  
Would it be any hardship to let them alone,  
When every one of you has toys of his own?

I often have told you before, my dear boys,  
That I do not object to your making a noise;  
Or running and jumping about, anyhow,  
But fighting and mischief I cannot allow.

So, if any more of these quarrels are heard,  
I tell you this once, and I'll keep to my word,  
I'll take every marble, and spintop and ball,  
And not let you play with each other at all.

### **Nurse's Song**

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.

"Then come home my children, the sun is gone down  
And the dews of the night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,  
Till the morning appears in the skies."

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are covered with sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed."  
The little ones leaped, and shouted and laughed,  
And all the hills echoed.

W. Blake



Our See-Saw



Our Owls See-Sawing



Our Pigs See-Sawing

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## Page 88—Play Land

### Swinging

Here we go on the garden swing,  
Under the chestnut tree.  
Up in the branches birdies sing  
Songs to Baby and me,  
Baby and Kitty and me.  
Then up, high up, for the ropes are long,  
And down, low down, for the branch is strong.

And there's room on the seat for three,  
Just Baby and Kitty and me  
Merrily swinging,  
Merrily singing,  
Under the chestnut tree.

Up to the clustering leaves we go,  
Down we sweep to the grass,  
Touching the daisies there below,  
Bowing to let us pass,  
Smiling to us as we pass.  
Then up, high up, for the ropes are long,  
And down, low down, for the branch is strong.

And there's room on the seat for three,  
Just Baby and Kitty and me  
Merrily swinging,  
Merrily singing,  
Under the chestnut tree.

## Skating

One day it chanced that Miss Maud did meet  
The poet's little son,  
"I'm going skating, Sir," she said;  
"And so am I," said John.

"If you can skate and I can skate,  
Why let me skate with you,  
We'll go the whole world round and round,  
And skate the whole year through."

They skated left, and skated right,  
Miss Maud and little John,  
That is—as long as there was ice  
For them to skate upon.

And then they did unstrap their skates  
Like other girls and men,  
And never used them once—until  
They put them on again!

## The Skipping Rope

Lessons now at last are over,  
Books and slates are put away;  
Hymns attentively repeated,  
Copy without a blot completed,  
Now's the time for fun and play.

Lessons done with cheerful spirit  
Bring the sure reward of merit,  
Smiling face and heart so gay;  
In this bright and smiling weather,  
Merrily they all together,  
With the skipping rope will play;

And if only Tom and Polly  
Will come too, it will be jolly!  
Here they are now, foot it lightly,  
Hand in hand they skip so sprightly,  
Bees are humming,  
Summer's coming.

Birds are singing as they're bringing  
Twigs from many a distant tree;  
Lined with down, and moss, and feather,  
Where they'll sit and chirp together,  
Oh! how snug those homes will be!

O'er the ropes so lightly skipping,  
O'er the grass so lightly tripping,  
The children are as glads as they.  
Lessons are done with cheerful spirit,  
Bring the sure reward of merit;

And remember, too, that they  
Who work hardest day by day,  
Always most enjoy their play.





Our Kangaroos Jumping.



Our Kangaroos Skipping.

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## Page 89—Play Land

### The Baby's Debut

My brother Jack was nine in May,  
And I was eight on New Year's day;  
So in Kate Wilson's shop  
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)  
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,  
He thinks mine came to more than his;  
So to my drawer he goes,  
Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!  
He pokes her head between the bars,  
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,  
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,  
And bang with might and main,  
It's head against the parlor door:  
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,  
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:  
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.  
A pretty thing, forsooth!  
If he's to melt, all scalding hot.  
Half my doll's nose, and I am not  
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,  
And cried "O naughty Nancy Lake,  
Thus to distress your aunt:  
No Drury-lane for you to-day!"  
And while papa said "Pooh, she may!"  
Mamma said "No she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,  
They got into a hackney coach,  
And trotted down the street.  
I saw them go: one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill  
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,  
Stood in the lumber-room:  
I wiped the dust from off the top,  
While molly mopp'd it with a mop,  
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes,  
(I always talk to Sam:)  
So what does he, but takes, and drags  
Me in the chaise among the flags,  
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,  
But not so tall and not so thick  
As these; and, goodness me!  
My father's beams are made of wood,  
But never, never half so good  
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!  
The carpet, when they lay it down,  
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;  
And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!  
How they do blaze! I wonder why  
They keep them on the ground.

### Let the Child Play

He who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error  
But a great and grievous wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it;  
Active life is no defect.  
Never, never break its spirit;  
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,  
Thinking it would cease to flow?  
Onward in must flow forever;  
Better teach it where to go.



Our Pussies' Fan Dance.



Our Dog Dance.



Our Round Dance.

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## Page 90—Reading Land



Our Fuzzies Reading Childland.



Our Monkey Learning from Childland.

### Reading

"And so you do not like to spell,  
Mary, my dear, oh, very well:  
'Tis dull and troublesome,' you say,  
And you had rather be at play.

"Then bring me all your books again;  
Nay, Mary, why do you complain?  
For as you do not choose to read,  
You shall not have your books, indeed.

"So, as you wish to be a dunce,  
Pray go and fetch me them at once;  
For if you will not learn to spell,  
'Tis vain to think of reading well.

"Do you not think you'll blush to own  
When you become a woman grown,  
Without one good excuse to plead,  
That you have never learnt to read?"

"Oh, dear mamma," said Mary then,  
"Do let me have my books again;  
I'll not fret any more indeed,  
If you will let me learn to read."

Jane Taylor

### Mrs Grammar's Ball

Mrs Grammar once gave a fine ball  
To the nine different parts of our speech;  
To the short and the tall,  
To the stout and the small,  
There were pies, plums and puddings for each.

And first little Articles came,  
In a hurry to make themselves known—  
Fat *A*, *An*, and *The*;  
But none of the three  
Could stand for a minute alone.

The Adjectives came to announce  
That their dear friends the Nouns were at hand,  
*Rough*, *rougher* and *roughest*,  
*Tough*, *tougher* and *toughest*,  
*Fat*, *merry*, *good-natured* and *grand*.

The Nouns were indeed on their way,  
Tens of thousands, and more, I should think;  
For each name we could utter,  
*Shop*, *shoulder*, or *shutter*,  
Is a noun: *lady*, *lion* or *link*.

The Pronouns were hastening fast  
To push the Nouns out of their places:  
*I*, *thou*, *he*, and *she*,  
*You*, *it*, *they*, and *we*,  
With their sprightly intelligent faces.

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!  
A great crowd is coming in view!"  
To *light* and to *smile*,  
To *fight* and to *bite*,  
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

The Adverbs attended on the Verbs,  
Behind as their footmen they ran;  
As this, "to fight *badly*,"  
And "run *away gladly*,"  
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came *in*, *by*, and *near*;  
With Conjunctions, a wee little band,  
As *either you or he*,  
But *neither I nor she*;  
They held their great friends by the hand.

Then, too, with a *hip*, *hip*, *hurrah*!  
Rushed in Interjections uproarious;  
*Dear me!* *well-a-day!*  
When they saw the display,  
"*Ha! Ha!*" they all shouted out, "glorious!"

But, alas! what misfortunes were nigh!  
While the fun and the feasting pleased each,  
Pounced on them at once  
A monster—a Dunce!  
And confounded the nine parts of speech!

Help! friends! to the rescue! on you  
For aid Verb and Article call;  
Oh! give your protection  
To poor Interjection,  
Noun, Pronoun, Conjunction, and all!



## Grammar In Rhyme

Three little words we often see,  
And Article, *a, an, the*.

Noun's the name of anything,  
As *school* or *garden, hoop* or *string*.

Adjective tells the kind of noun,  
As *great, small, pretty, white* or *brown*.

Instead of nouns, the Pronoun stand  
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.

Verbs tell us of something being done,  
To *read, write, count, sing, jump*, or *run*.

How things are done, the Adverbs tell,  
As *slowly, quickly, ill*, or *well*.

A Preposition stands before  
A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

Conjunctions join the nouns together  
as men *and* children, wind *and* weather.

The Interjection shows surprise,  
As *Oh*, how pretty! *Ah*, how wise!

The whole are called nine parts of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

## Value of Reading

The poor wretch who digs the mine for bread,  
Or ploughs so that others may be fed,—  
Feels less fatigue, than that decreed  
To him that cannot think or read!

Hannah More

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## Page 91—Reading Land

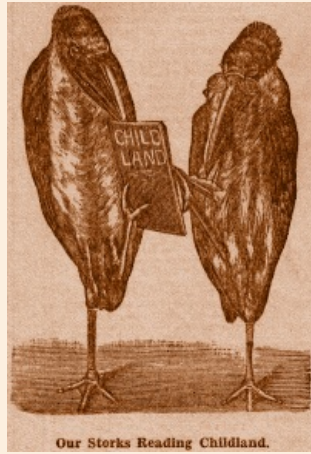




Our Book Reading Childland.



Our Rabbit Reading Childland.



Our Storks Reading Childland.

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## Page 92—Writing Land



### Little Flo's Letter

A sweet little baby brother

Had come to live with Flo,  
And she wanted it brought to the table,  
That it might eat and grow.  
"It must wait a while," said grandma,  
In answer to her plea,  
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth  
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"  
Asked Flo in great surprise,  
"O my, but isn't it funny?—  
No teeth, but nose and eyes.  
"I guess," after thinking gravely,  
They must have been forgot.  
Can't we buy him some like grandpa's?  
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon, to the corner,  
With paper, and pen, and ink,  
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;  
If you do, it'll 'sturb my think.  
I'm writing a letter, grandma,  
To send away to-night,  
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,  
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,  
A wonderful thing to see,  
And directed to "God, in Heaven."  
Please read it over to me,"  
Said little Flo to her grandma,  
"To see if it's right, you know."  
And here is the letter written  
To God by little Flo:—

"Dear God: The baby you brought us  
Is awful nice and sweet,  
But 'cause you forgot his tooffies  
The poor little thing can't eat.  
That's why I'm writing this letter,  
A purpose to let you know.  
Please come and finish the baby,  
That's all—From Little Flo."

Eben. E. Rexford

### **Exercise Makes Perfect**

True ease in writing  
Comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest  
Who have learned to dance.

Pope

### **Hurrah for the Postman**

Hurrah for the postman  
Who brings us the news!  
What a lot it must take  
To pay for his shoes.

For he walks many miles  
Each day of the week,  
And though he would like to,  
Must not stay to speak.

Red stripes round his blue cap,  
With clothing to match it;  
If he lost any letters,  
Oh, wouldn't he catch it!

## Two Letters

### FIRST

Dear Grandmamma—I write to say  
    (And you'll be glad, I know,)  
That I am coming, Saturday,  
    To spend a week or so.

I'm coming, too, without mamma,  
    You know I'm eight years old!  
And you shall see how good I'll be,  
    To do as I am told.

I'll help you lots about your word—  
    There's so much I can do—  
I'll weed the garden, hunt for eggs,  
    And feed the chickens, too.

And maybe I will be so good  
    You'll keep me there till fall;  
Or, better still, perhaps you'll say  
    I can't go home at all!

Now grandmamma, please don't forget  
    To meet me at the train,  
For I'll be sure to come—unless  
    It should cloud up and rain!

### SECOND

Dear Mamma—Please put on your things,  
    And take the next express;  
I want to go back home again—  
    I'm very sick, I guess!

My grandma's very good to me,  
    But grandma isn't you;  
And I forgot, when I came here,  
    I'd got to sleep here, too!

Last night I cried myself to sleep,  
    I wanted you so bad!  
To day, I cannot play or eat,  
    I feel so very sad.

Please, mamma, come, for I don't see  
    How I can bear to wait!  
You'll find me, with my hat and sack  
    Out by the garden gate.

And grandma will not care a bit  
    If you should come, I know;  
Because I am your own little girl,  
    And I do love you so.

## Nell's Letter

Dear Grandmamma, I will try to write  
    A very little letter;  
If I don't spell the words all right,  
    Why next time I'll do better.

My little rabbit is alive,  
    And likes his milk and clover,  
He likes to see me very much,  
    But is afraid of Rover.

I have a dove as white as snow,  
    I call her "Polly Feather";  
She flies and hops about the yard,  
    In every kind of weather.

The hens are picking off the grass,  
And singing very loudly;  
While our old peacock struts about,  
And shows his feathers proudly.

I think I'll close my letter now,  
I've nothing more to tell;  
Please answer soon, and come to see  
Your loving, little Nell.

### **Baby's Letter to Uncle**

Dear Old Uncle—I dot oor letter;  
My dear mamma, she ditten better;  
She every day a little bit stronger,  
Don't mean to be sick very much longer.

Dear little baby had a bad colic;  
Had to take three drops of nassy palagolic.  
Toot a dose of tatnip—felt worse as ever;  
Shan't tate no mors tytnip, never!

Wind on tomit, felt pooty bad;  
Worse fit of sickness ever I had!  
Ever had stomit ate, ole uncle Bill?  
Ain't no fun, now, say what oo will.

I used to sleep all day, and cry all night;  
Don't do it now, 'cause it ain't yite.  
Got a head of hair jess as black as night  
And big boo eyes, yat look very bright.

My mamma say, never did see  
Any ozzer baby half as sweet as me.  
Grandma come often, aunt Sarah, too;  
Baby loves zem, baby loves oo.

Baby sends a pooty kiss to his uncles all,  
Aunties and cousins, big folks and small.  
Can't say any more, so dood by—  
Bully old uncle wiz a glass eye!

### **The First Letter**

"Did you ever get a letter?  
I did the other day.  
It was in a real envelope,  
And it came a long, long way.

A stamp was in the corner  
And some printing when it came,  
And the one that wrote the letter  
Had put 'Miss' before my name.

Then there came a lot more written,  
I forget now what it read,  
But it told the office people  
Where I lived, mamma said.

Don't you s'pose those letter-persons,  
If they hadn't just been told,  
Would have thought 'twas for a lady  
Who was awful, awful old?

For it looked real big and heavy,  
The outside was stuck with glue,  
So they couldn't know I'm little,  
I don't think they could. Do you?"

## Page 93—Writing Land

### I'm Going to Write to Papa

I'm going to write to papa,  
I guess he'd like to hear  
What his little girl is doing,  
The same as when he is near;

I'll tell him how I miss him,  
And how I'd wish he'd come,  
And never, never, leave us,  
But always stay at home.

I'll tell him 'bout my dolly,  
She's sleeping on the floor,  
I fear that noise will wake her,  
Oh! please don't slam the door.

For I must not be bothered,  
That's just what ma would say,  
When she begins a letter,  
And sends me off to play.

I'll send him lots of kisses,  
And one bright shining curl,  
I'll ask him to remember  
His lonely little girl;

I want so much to see him,  
But I won't cry a wink,  
Cause when I write my letter,  
The tears would blot my ink.

I'm going to write to papa,  
And oh! how glad he'll be.  
To get a little letter  
That was written all by me.

### Old Letters

I gaze upon ye, once again,  
Old records of the past,  
And o'er the dim and faded lines  
My tears are falling fast;

I deem'd not there was a power yet,  
In these few simple words,  
To stir within my quiet heart  
Such old familiar chords.

Ye bring me back mine early dreams—  
Oh, but to dream them now,  
With childhood's fresh, unwearied heart,  
And pure unsadden'd brow!

The loved—the lost—the changed—  
The dead—all these we conjure up,  
And mingled in the draught  
That lies in memory's magic cup.

Old letters—sad mementoes ye,  
Of friendship's shatter'd chain,  
Oh! that the hand these pages traced,  
My own might clasp again.

They tell me yet of early love,  
Of feelings glad and gay,  
Of childhood's April hopes and fears—

The writers, where are they?

Time's changes are for deeper things  
Than folly's vain pursuit,  
Spring blossoms fade, to leave a place  
For autumn's ripen'd fruit.

Look back upon the buried past,  
But not with vain regret,  
Be grateful for the many joys  
That bloom around thee yet.

Bend heavenward thine onward course,  
That years of coming age  
May leave an impress in life's book,  
Pure as its opening page!

### **Papa's Letter**

I was sitting in my study,  
Writing letters, when I heard:  
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me  
That you mustn't be disturbed.

But I'se tired of the kitty,  
Want some ozzer thing to do.  
Writing letters is 'ou mamma?  
Tan't I write a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;  
Run and play with kitty now."  
"No—no mamma; me wite letter,  
Ten you will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,  
As his sweet eyes searched my face—  
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,  
Form of childish witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,  
As I slowly shook my head,  
Till I said: "I'll make a letter,  
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses  
From his forehead high and white,  
And a stamp in sport I pasted,  
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said: "Now, little letter,  
Go away and bear good news,"  
And I smiled as down the staircase  
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried  
Down to Mary in his glee:  
"Mamma's witting lots of letters;  
I'se a letter, Mary, see."

No one heard the little prattler,  
As once more he climbed the stair.  
Reached his little cap and tippet,  
Standing on the table there.

No one heard the front door open,  
No one saw the golden hair,  
As it floated o'er his shoulders  
On the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,  
Till he reached the office door:  
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman,  
Is there room for any more?"

'Cause this letter's going to papa;

Papa lives with God, 'ou know:  
Mamma sent me for a letter;  
Does 'ou fink at I tan do?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,  
"Not to-day, my little man;"  
"Den I'll find anoizzer office,  
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,  
But the pleading face was gone,  
And the little feet were hastening,  
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,  
People fled to left and right,  
As a pair of maddened horses  
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure,  
No one saw the golden hair,  
Till a voice of frightened sweetness  
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late: a moment only  
Stood the beauteous vision there:  
Then the little face lay lifeless  
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Rev'rently they raised my darling,  
Brushed away the curls of gold,  
Saw the stamp upon the forehead  
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark left the face disfigured,  
Showing where a hoof had trod;  
But the little life was ended—  
"Papa's letter" was with God.

### **Bessie's Letter**

I have got a letter,  
A letter of my own,  
It has my name upon it,  
Miss Bessie L. Stone.

My papa sent it to me,  
He's away from home—you see  
I guess the postman wondered  
Who Bessie Stone could be.

I'd like to send an answer,  
But I don't know how to spell;  
I'll get mamma to do it,  
And that will do as well.

### **A Little Boy's Valentine**

Little girl across the way,  
You are so very sweet,  
I shouldn't be a bit surprised  
If you were good to eat.

Now what I'd like if you would too,  
Would be to go and play—  
Well, all the time, and all my life,  
On your side of the way.

I don't know anybody yet  
On your side of the street,  
But often I look over there  
And watch you—you're so sweet.



When I am big, I tell you what,  
I don't care what they say,  
I'll go across—and stay there, too,  
On your side of the way.

### **Letter Writing**

Heaven first taught letters  
For some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover,  
Or some captive maid.

They live, they speak,  
They breathe what love inspires,  
Warm from the soul,  
And faithful to its fires;

The virgin's wish  
Without her fears impart,  
Excuse the blush,  
And pour out all the heart—

Speed the soft intercourse  
From soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh  
From Indus to the pole.

### **Boil it Down**

Whatever you have to say my friend,  
Whether witty, grave, or gay,  
Condense as much as ever you can,  
And that is the readiest way;  
And whether you write of rural affairs,  
Or particular things in town,  
Just take a word of friendly advice—  
"Boil it down."

### **Letters from Home**

Letters from home! How musical to the ear  
Of the sailor-boy on the far-off main,  
When, from the friendly vessel drawing near,  
Across the billow floats the gentle strain,  
The words the tear-drops of his memory move;  
They tell a mother's or a sister's love;  
And playmates, friends, and sweetheart to him come  
Out to him on the sea, in letters from his home.  
How warmly there the tender home-light shines!  
What household music lives in those dear tender lines.

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## **Page 94—Writing Land**

### **Polly's Letter to Brother Ben**

Dear Brother Ben,  
I take my pen  
To tell you where,  
And how, and when,  
I found the nest  
Of our speckled hen.  
She would never lay,

In a sensible way,  
Like other hens,  
In the barn or the hay;

But here and there  
And everywhere,  
On the stable floor,  
And the wood-house stair,  
And once on the ground  
Her eggs I found.  
But yesterday  
I ran away,  
With mother's leave,  
In the barn to play.

The sun shone bright  
On the seedy floor,  
And the doves so white  
Were a pretty sight  
As they walked in and out  
Of the open door,  
With their little red feet  
And their features neat,  
Cooing and cooing  
More and more.

Well, I went out  
To look about  
On the platform wide,  
Where side by side  
I could see the pig-pens  
In their pride;  
And beyond them both,  
On a narrow shelf,  
I saw the speckled hen  
Hide herself

Behind a pile  
Of hoes and rakes  
And pieces of boards  
And broken stakes.  
"Ah! ha! old hen,  
I have found you now,  
But to reach your nest  
I don't know how,  
Unless I could creep  
Or climb or crawl  
Along the edge  
Of the pig-pen wall."

And while I stood  
In a thoughtful meed,  
The speckled hen cackled  
As loud as she could,  
And flew away,  
As much as to say,  
"For once my treasure  
Is out of your way."  
I did not wait  
A moment then:  
I couldn't be conquered  
By that old hen!

But along the edge  
Of the slippery ledge  
I carefully crept,  
For the great pigs slept,  
And I dared not  
even look to see  
If they were thinking  
Of eating me  
But all at once,  
Oh, what a dunce!

I dropped my basket  
Into the pen,

The one you gave me,  
Brother Ben;  
There were two eggs in it,  
By the way,  
That I found in the manger  
Under the hay.  
Then the pigs got up  
And ran about  
With a noise between  
A grunt and a shout.

And when I saw them,  
Rooting, rooting,  
Of course I slipped  
And lost my footing,  
And tripped,  
And jumped,  
And finally fell  
Right down among  
The pigs pell-mell.  
For once in my life  
I was afraid;  
For the door that led  
Out to the shed

Was fastened tight  
With an iron hook,  
And father was down  
In the fields by the brook,  
Hoeing and weeding  
His rows of corn,  
And here was his Polly  
So scared and forlorn,  
But I called him, and called him,  
As loud as I could.  
I knew he would hear me—  
He must and he should.

"O father! O father!  
(Get out, you old pig).  
O father! oh! oh!"  
For their mouths are so big.  
Then I waited a minute  
And called him again,  
"O father! O father!  
I am in the pig pen!"  
And father did hear,  
And he threw down his hoe,  
And scampered as fast  
As a father could go.

The pigs had pushed me  
Close to the wall,  
And munched my basket,  
Eggs and all,  
And chewed my sun-bonnet  
Into a ball.  
And one had rubbed  
His muddy nose  
All over my apron,  
Clean and white;

And they sniffed at me,  
And stepped on my toes,  
But hadn't taken  
The smallest bite,  
When father opened  
The door at last,  
And oh! in his arms  
He held me fast.

E. W. Denison

**Writing**

Little pens of metal,  
Little drops of ink,  
Make the wicked tremble,  
And the people think.

### **Value of Writing**

Blest be that gracious power  
Who taught mankind  
To stamp a lasting image  
On the mind:

Beasts may convey,  
And tuneful birds may sing  
Their mutual feelings  
In the opening spring;

But man alone has skill  
And power to send  
The heart's warm dictates  
To the distant friend:

Tis his also to please,  
Instruct, advise,  
Ages remote,  
And nations yet to rise.

Crabbe

### **Use the Pen**

Use the pen! there's magic in it,  
Never let it lag behind;  
Write thy thought, the pen can win it  
From the chaos of the mind.

Many a gem is lost forever  
By the careless passer-by,  
But the gems of thought should never  
On the mental pathway lie.

Use the pen! reckon not that others  
Take a higher flight than thine.  
Many an ocean cave still smothers  
Pearls of price beneath the brine.

So thy words and thoughts securing  
Honest praise from wisdom's tongue,  
May, in time, be as enduring  
As the strains which Homer sung.

J. E. Carpenter

### **Power of the Pen**

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword.

Lord Lytton

### **Letters**

Such a little thing—a letter,  
Yet so much it may contain:  
Written thoughts and mute expressions  
Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,

Comes a gleam of comfort bright,  
In the mutual promise given:  
"We will not forget to write."

Plans and doings of the absent;  
Scraps of news we like to hear,  
All remind us, e'en though distant,  
Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter  
Turns the sunshine into shade;  
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,  
Blights our hopes and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,  
Life or death, success, despair,  
Bearers of affection's wishes,  
Greetings kind or loving prayer.

Prayer or greeting, were we present,  
Would be felt, but half unsaid;  
We can write—because our letters—  
Not our faces—will be read?

Who has not some treasured letters,  
Fragments choice of other's lives;  
Relics, some, of friends departed,  
Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,  
Will their words unspoken last?  
Voiceless whispers of the present,  
Silent echoes of the past!

### **The Right Method of Composition**

Never be in haste in writing:  
Let that thou utterest be of nature's flow,  
Not art's, a fountain's, not a pump's. But once  
Begun, work thou all things into thy work:  
And set thyself about it, as the sea  
About the earth, lashing it day and night:  
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it  
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay:  
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,  
Like to a spirit in its tomb at rising,  
Rending the stones, and crying—Resurrection.

P. J. Bailey



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**Our Lady Artist.**





**Our Gentleman Artist.**

## The Sunday Fisherman.

A fisherman, on angling bent,  
One Sabbath morning left his tent.

The Tent, 


He took his can, and very quick,  
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.

The Pick,  The Worms, 


He thought he'd try for bass and smelt  
And fix'd his fish-bag to his belt.

The Belt,  The Bag, 

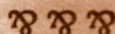
In case some fish of size he'd get,  
He took along his landing net.

The Landing-Net, 


As fishermen get very dry,  
They always have a flask hard by.

The Flask, 


As fishermen get hungry, too,  
Of pretzels he procured a few.

The Pretzels, 


Some lines he took along on spools,  
To teach them to the finny schools.

The Spools, 


He had some entertaining books  
Of highly-tempered Limerick hooks.

The Hooks, 

And thus prepared, he got his boat,  
And out upon the stream did float.

The Boat, 


Whene'er the wind began to fail,  
He used the paddle with the sail.

The Paddle, 


He stopped to fish among the sedge,  
A mile or so below the bridge.

The Bridge, 


Some bites he straight began to get,  
It was the gallinippers bite.

The Gallinippers, 


One of his lines spun off the reel,  
He landed in the boat an eel.

The Eel, 


Then quickly it began to rain,  
But his umbrella was in vain.

The Umbrella, 


Above his head the thunder crashed,  
And all around the lightning flashed.

The Lightning, 


The storm blew, and the boat upset,  
The man went down into the wet.

The Upturned Boat, 

And as he sank, his bubbles rose,  
Smaller and smaller towards the close.

The Bubbles, 

Oh, Sunday fishers, old and young,  
You'll get drowned, or you'll get hung!

The Gallows, 



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## Page 96—Drawing Land

**Just cast your beautiful, your sparkling,  
your penetrating, your discriminating**



**Over this page, and read, mark, learn,  
and inwardly digest its Contents.**



THE two greatest educating powers in the ancient world were Pictures and Poetry—the two greatest educating powers are pictures and poetry still, and pictures and poetry blended in an interesting manner is the intended educating feature of this PLEASANT-LEARNING-LAND, but my object in this place is to speak of pictures only, as perhaps the greatest of all educating powers, and to demonstrate that they are not sufficiently used for educational purposes. Firstly: pictures are in a universal language—when they are true to nature every person on the earth can understand them. Show a picture of a person or a bird, a horse or a house, a ship, a tree, or a landscape, and everyone knows what is meant, and this is why most of the peoples of the ancient world conveyed their ideas in picture language. FLETCHER, in his *Cyclopedia of Education*, says:— "It has long been accepted as an axiom that the best explanation of a thing is



the sight and study of the thing itself, and the next best a true picture of the thing." DRYDEN, speaking of poetry and painting says:—

"The poets are confined to narrow space,  
To speak the language of their native place;  
The painter widely stretches his command,  
*His pencil speaks the tongue of every land.*"

Many writers, ancient and modern, have taught the great educational power of pictures. HORACE says:—A picture is a poem without words". SYDNEY SMITH says:—"Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures." O. S. FOWLER says:—"A single picture often conveys more than volumes." W. M. HUNT says:—"From any picture we can learn something." HENRY WARD BEECHER says:—"A picture that teaches any affection or moral sentiment will speak in the language which men understand, without any other education than that of being born and of living." GARRICK, speaking of Hogarth, says:—

"His pictured morals mend the mind,  
And through the eye improve the heart."

But pictures are not only a means of education, for they bring pleasure, comfort, and education combined. STEELE says:—"Beautiful pictures are the entertainment of pure minds." G. P. PUTMAN says:—"How many an eye and heart have been fascinated by an enchanting picture." CICERO says:—"The eyes are charmed by pictures, and the ears by music." JOHN GILBERT says:—"Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul, they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves." UGO FOSCOLIO says:—"Pictures are the chickweed to the gilded cage, and make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amid the smoke and din, the bustle and noise of an overcrowded city." PANDOLFINI says:—"Many an eye has been surprised into moisture by pictured woe and heroism; and we are mistaken if the glow of pleasure has not lighted in some hearts the flame of high resolve, or warmed into life the seeds of honorable ambition."

Many pictures, particularly portraits, by bringing up reminiscences, are a great source of consolation. In millions of houses the most-loved and treasured possession is the photographic album containing the likenesses of dear absent or departed friends. SHEE, writing of the soothing influences of the portrait, says:—

"Mirror divine! which gives the soul to view,  
Reflects the image, and retains it too!  
Recalls to friendship's eye the fading face,  
Revives each look, and rivals every grace:  
In thee the banished lover finds relief,  
His bliss in absence, and his balm in grief:  
Affection, grateful, owns thy sacred power,  
The father feels thee in affliction's hour;  
When catching life ere some lov'd cherub flies.  
To take its angel station in the skies,  
The portrait soothes the loss it can't repair,  
And sheds a comfort, even in despair."

Or—

"The widow'd husband sees his sainted wife  
In pictures warm, and smiling as in life,—

And—

While he gazes with convulsive thrill,  
And weeps, and wonders at the semblance still,  
*He breathes a blessing on the pencil's aid,  
That half restores the substance in the shade.*"

But it is more particularly with pictures as a direct means of education that I have to speak. MR. STEAD holds that in the coming education of the world the magic lantern will play a very great part, for through its aid you can portray any object you wish—pictures of scenery, of buildings, of distant countries, of the microscopic world, and in fact any kind of pictures you choose, in a most beautiful, life-like, interesting, and educational manner. I think and earnestly hope that MR. STEAD'S prediction will be fulfilled.

There are two other ways which I think that pictures should be used for educational purposes. Firstly, in books, as in this one, and secondly, on the walls of buildings—outside and inside if you like—but I will speak only of the inside in this paper. Why should not every room of every house be covered with pictures where it is not covered with furniture? In millions of rooms there is a great waste of opportunity. Many times I have thought why do they not have varying patterns of different scenery, etc, in the different rooms of the houses instead of the wall paper, with its uninteresting pattern perpetually repeated. There is no reason why a house of twelve rooms should not represent on its walls twelve different countries, or twelve histories of striking events, etc. Possibly this may take place later on. With respect to hanging pictures everywhere on the walls, it may be objected that it would be too expensive—so it would if they

were costly pictures—but really good pictures are produced by the million now so cheaply, that the objection of expense vanishes. The walls can be covered now almost as cheaply with intellectual pictures as with unintellectual wall paper. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS says:—"A room hung with pictures, is a room hung with thoughts." JOHN GILBERT says:—"A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and to other spheres, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted."

I was convinced many years ago of the almost criminal waste of wall space, and issued the following doggerel lines, partly from trade and partly from sentimental motives:—

Every cottage,  
Two-roomed cottage,  
Should contain full  
Twenty PICTURES.

Every cottage,  
Four-roomed cottage,  
Should contain full  
Forty PICTURES.

Every cottage,  
Six-roomed cottage,  
Should contain full  
Sixty PICTURES.

Every villa,  
Eight-roomed villa,  
Should contain full  
Eighty PICTURES.

Every mansion,  
Ten-roomed mansion,  
Should contain a  
Hundred PICTURES.

Every large school  
For instruction  
Should contain a  
THOUSAND PICTURES.

Walls are made to  
Keep out weather  
And also to  
Display PICTURES.

Count your PICTURES  
All your walls on.  
See if you have  
Quite the number,  
You will want more  
You will wish more,  
You will get more  
Shouldn't wonder.

PICTURES they are  
Made to please you—  
First to please you  
When you buy them;  
Next to please your  
Own dear children,  
Pictures please and  
Teach them too.  
Next to please your  
Friends and neighbours  
When they kindly  
Call on you.

They'll admire them,  
Then they'll praise them.  
Then that pleases  
You again.  
PICTURES please and  
Teach for ever,

All the Children,  
Women, Men.

Even in the poorest houses pictures must always be a blessing. Many a poor man's cheerless home would be made much more comfortable and endurable if a few shilling's worth of good pictures were posted or hung round its bare walls. If houses were universally decorated with true speaking pictures what an immense influence for good it would bring them. What intellectual and refined tastes it would create and nurture. One most important thing in selecting pictures to cover the walls it to always choose good subjects. A poor picture takes up as much room as a good one, and generally costs as much. Always choose live speaking pictures that will interest and instruct. There is an immense multitude of poor, tame, an uninteresting pictures produced in the world, and which in millions of instances keep out the good ones. If these poor ones could be kept back or destroyed, and the best ones only take their place, the world would be better for it. In choosing materials to build up a bright, happy home, always select the best—the best books—the best music—the best pictures. In conclusion, there is one more suggestion I would make on the picture question, and I think it is the most important of all; it is that a good clear map of the world should be hung in every house in the world, to give every person an idea of the world they live in. For it is a most deplorable fact that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the inhabitants, even of the civilized world, have a very poor conception of the geography and ethnology of the world. And this should not be, for every person ought to have a clear idea of their world-fatherland, and of their fellow creatures, and a knowledge of the map of the world is the first lesson to be learned in that most desirable direction.

E W COLE, Book Arcade, Melbourne.



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## Page 97—Drawing Land



### The New Slate

See my slate. I dot it new  
Cos I b'oke the other,  
Put my 'ittle foot right froo,  
Runnin' after modder.

I tan make you lots of sings,  
Fass as you tan tell 'em,  
T's and B's and O rings,  
Only I tan't spell 'em

I tan make an elephant,  
Wid his trunk a hangin';  
An' a boy—who says I tan't?  
Wid his dun a bangin'

An' the smoke a tummin' out;

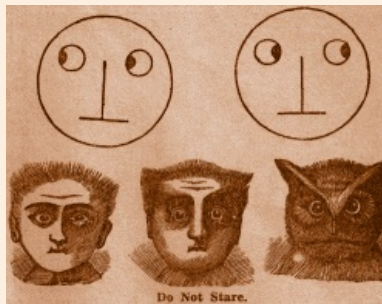
(Wid my t'umb I do it,  
Rubbin' all the white about,  
Sparks a flying froo it.

I tan make a pretty house,  
Wid a tree behind it,  
And a 'ittle mousey-mouse  
Runnin' round to find it.

I tan put my hand out flat  
On the slate and draw it;  
(Ticklin' is the worst of that!)  
Did you ever saw it?

Now, then, s'all I make a tree  
Wid a birdie on it?  
All my pictures you s'all see  
If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'll make a man  
Juss like Uncle Rolly,  
See it tummin', fass it tan!  
Bet my slate is jolly!



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### Learning to Draw

Come, here is a slate,  
And a pencil, and string.  
And now sit you down, dear,  
And draw pretty thing;  
A man and a cow,  
And a horse and a tree,  
And when you have finished  
Pray show them to me.

What! cannot you do it?  
Shall I show you how?  
Come, give me your pencil;  
I'll draw you a cow.  
You've made the poor creature  
Look very forlorn!  
She has but three legs, dear,  
And only one horn.

Now look, I have drawn you  
A beautiful cow;  
And see, here's a dicky-bird,  
Perched on a bough,  
And there are some more  
Flying down from above;  
There now, is not that  
Very pretty, my love?

Oh, yes, very pretty!  
Now make me some more—  
A house with a gate,  
And a window, and a door,  
And a little boy flying  
His kite with a string;  
Oh, thank you, mamma,  
Now I'll draw pretty thing.





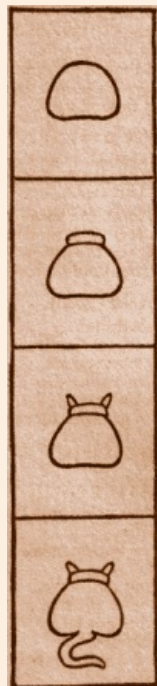
A Fairy in Great Danger.



Our Picture Gallery.

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## Page 99—Drawing Land



### A Lesson in Drawing

I.

Take a pencil, black or red.  
Draw a little loaf of bread  
On a piece of paper white—  
Make the bread extremely light.

II.

Then, before your work you stop,  
Draw a little loop on top,  
And a satchel will be found  
Such as ladies carry round.

III.

Then you may, my pretty dears,  
Add a pair of little ears;  
And, if Art is not in fault,  
There's a bag of extra salt.

IV.

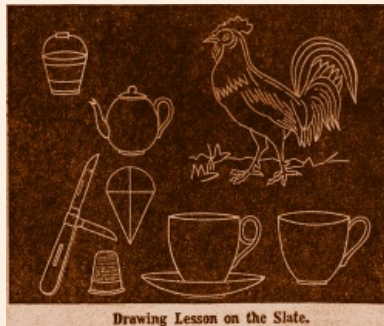
Pause, and in rapture fine,  
Contemplate the great design—  
Add a flowing tail, and that  
Makes a perfect pussy cat.



Wounded.



Drawing Lesson on the Slate.



Drawing Lesson on the Slate.



Drawing Lesson on the Slate.

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## Old Man and His Wife

There was an old man who lived in a wood,  
As you may plainly see,  
He said he could do as much work in a day  
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,  
"If that you will allow;  
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,  
And I'll go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,  
For fear she may go dry.  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she lay away;  
And you must reel the spool of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a whip in her hand,  
And went to drive the plough;  
The old man took a pail in his hand,  
And went to milk the cow.

But Tidy hunched and Tidy flinched,  
And Tidy broke his nose,  
And Tidy gave him such a blow  
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi! Tidy! Ho! Tidy! Hi!  
Tidy! do stand still!  
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,  
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,  
That were within the sty;  
He hit his head against the beam  
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she'd lay away;  
And he forgot the spool of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, the stars,  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,  
She should never be ruled by he.

## John Ball Shot Them All

John Ball shot them all.  
John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,  
And John Brammer made the rammer,  
And John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,  
And John Wyming made the priming,  
And John Brammer made the rammer,  
And John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,  
And John Block made the stock,  
And John Wyming made the priming,  
And John Brammer made the rammer,  
And John Scott made the shot,



But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,  
And John Crowder made the powder,  
And John Block made the stock,  
And John Wyming made the priming,  
And John Brammer made the rammer,  
And John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,  
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,  
And John Crowder made the powder,  
And John Block made the stock,  
And John Wyming made the priming,  
And John Brammer made the rammer,  
And John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,  
John Clint made the flint,  
John Puzzle made the muzzle,  
John Crowder made the powder,  
John Block made the stock,  
John Wyming made the priming,  
John Brammer made the rammer,  
John Scott made the shot,  
But John Ball shot them all.

### **The Funny Old Man**

There was an old man, and though 'tis not common,  
Yet if he said true, his mother was a woman;  
And though it's incredible, yet I've been told  
He was a mere infant, but age made him old.  
Whene'er he was hungry he wanted some meat,  
And if he could get it, 'twas said he could eat;  
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.  
He seldom or never could see without light,  
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night.  
He has oft been awake in the daytime 'tis said,  
And has fall'n fast asleep as he lay in his bed.  
'Tis reported his tongue always moved when he talked,  
And he stirred both his arms and his legs when he walk'd,  
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd burst,  
For one leg or t'other would always be first.  
His face was the saddest that ever was seen,  
For if 'twere not washed it was seldom quite clean;  
He showed most his teeth when he happened to grin,  
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.  
At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
And then, as folk said, he was not very well!  
And what is more strange, in so weak a condition,  
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.  
What a pity he died; yet 'tis said that his death  
Was occasioned at last by the want of his breath.  
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,  
Had he lived a day longer he'd been a day older.



### **Piper and His Cow**

There was an old piper who had a cow,  
But he had no hay to give her,  
So he took his pipes and played her a tune  
"Consider, old cow, consider."

### **Old John Brown**

Poor old John Brown is dead and gone,  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He used to wear an old brown coat,  
All button'd down before.

### **Three Wise Men**

Three wise men of Gotham,  
Went to sea in a bowl;  
If the bowl it had been stronger,  
My song would have been longer.

### **Frightened Old Man**

There was a man and he had nought,  
And robbers came to rob him;  
He crept up the chimney pot,  
And then they thought they had him;  
But he got down on t'other side,  
And so they could not find him;  
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,  
And never look'd behind him.

### **A Man with a Wife**

I had a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,  
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean;  
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,  
She brought it home in less than an hour;  
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,  
She sat by the fire and told me many a fine tale.

### **Crooked Old Man**

There was a crooked man,  
And he went a crooked mile,  
He found a crooked sixpence,  
Against a crooked stile.  
He bought a crooked cat,  
Which caught a crooked mouse,

And they all lived together  
In a little crooked house.

### **King Arthur**

When good King Arthur ruled this land,  
He was a goodly King;  
He stole three pecks of barley meal,  
To make a bag pudding.  
A bag pudding the King did make,  
And stuffed it well with plums;  
And in it put great lumps of fat,  
As big as my two thumbs.  
The King and Queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside;  
And what they could not eat that night  
The Queen next morning fried.

### **Barney Bodkin**

Barney Bodkin broke his nose,  
Without feet we can't have toes,  
Crazy folks are always mad,  
Want of money makes us sad.

### **Funny Man**

A man of words and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds;  
And when the weeds begin to grow,  
It's like a garden full of snow;  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall;  
And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky;  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door;  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a stick across your back;  
And when your back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife in your heart;  
And when your heart begins to bleed,  
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

### **Strange Man**

There was a man and he was mad,  
And he jumped into a pea-pod;  
The pea-pod was over-full,  
So he jumped into a roaring bull;  
The roaring bull was over-fat,  
So he jumped into a gentleman's hat;  
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,  
So he jumped into a bottle of wine;  
The bottle of wine was over-dear,  
So he jumped into a bottle of beer;  
The bottle of beer was over-thick,  
So he jumped into a club-stick;  
The club-stick was over-narrow,  
So he jumped into a wheel-barrow;  
The wheel-barrow began to crack,  
So he jumped into a hay-stack;  
The hay-stack began to blaze,  
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze.

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### Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so between them both  
They licked the platter clean.  
Jack ate all the lean,  
Joan ate all the fat,  
The bone they both picked clean,  
Then gave it to the cat.

When Jack Sprat was young,  
He dressed very smart,  
He courted Joan Cole,  
And soon gained her heart;  
In his fine leather doublet  
And old greasy hat,  
Oh! what a smart fellow  
Was little Jack Sprat.

Joan Cole had a hole  
In her petticoat,  
Jack Sprat, to get a patch,  
Gave her a groat.  
The groat bought a patch  
Which stopped the hole,  
"I thank you, Jack Sprat,"  
Says little Joan Cole.

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,  
Joan Cole was the bride,  
Jack said from the church  
His Joan home should ride.  
But no coach could take her,  
The road was so narrow;  
Said Jack, "Then I'll take her  
Home in a wheelbarrow."

Jack Sprat was wheeling  
His wife by a ditch,  
Then the barrow turned over,  
And in she did pitch.  
Says Jack, "She'll be drown'd!"  
But Joan did reply,  
"I don't think I shall,  
For the ditch is quite dry."

Jack brought home his Joan,  
And she sat in a chair,  
When in came his cat,  
That had got but one ear.  
Says Joan "I've come home, Puss,  
Pray how do you do?"  
The cat wagg'd her tail  
And said nothing but "mew."

Jack Sprat took his gun,  
And went to the brook;  
He shot at the drake,  
But he killed the duck.  
He bought it home to Joan,  
Who a fire did make,  
To roast the fat duck  
While Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming  
With his curly tail,  
Jack Sprat came to soot him,  
But happened to fail.

He let off his gun,  
But missing the mark,  
The drake flew away  
Crying "Quack, quack, quack."

Jack Sprat to live pretty  
Now bought him a pig,  
It was not very little,  
It was not very big;  
It was not very lean,  
It was not very fat,  
"It will serve for a grunter,"  
Said little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market  
To buy her some fowls,  
She bought a jackdaw  
And a couple of owls;  
The owls were white,  
The jackdaw was black,  
"They'll make a rare breed,"  
Says little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow,  
His Joan to please,  
For Joan could make  
Both butter and cheese;  
Or pancakes or puddings  
Without any fat;  
A notable housewife  
Was little Joan Sprat.

Joan Sprat went to brewing  
A barrel of ale,  
She put in some hops  
That it might not turn stale;  
But as for the malt—  
She forgot to put that;  
"This is a brave sober liquor."  
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market  
And bought him a mare,  
She was lame of three legs,  
An as blind as she could stare.  
Her ribs they were bare,  
For the mare had no fat;  
"She looks like a racer,"  
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad,  
Puss looked after the house;  
She caught a large rat,  
And a very small mouse,  
She caught a small mouse,  
And a very large rat,  
"You're an excellent hunter,"  
Said little Jack Sprat.

Now I've told you the story  
Of little Jack Sprat,  
Of sweet Joan Cole  
And the poor one-ear'd cat;  
Now Jack he loved Joan,  
And good things he taught her,  
Then she gave him a son,  
Then after a daughter.

Now Jack has got rich,  
And has plenty of pelf;  
If you know any more  
you may tell it yourself.



### **Cross Old Man**

There was a cross old man and what do you think,  
He lived on nothing but victuals and drink;  
Victuals and drink were his principal diet,  
Yet this crabbed old man would never be quiet.

He teased a poor monkey, who lived in a cage,  
Till the animal got in a terrible rage,  
And seized on his nose with finger so strong,  
That it stretched it until it was quite a yard long.

### **Old Man in the Moon**

The man in the moon came tumbling down,  
And asked his way to Norwich,  
He went by the south, and burnt his mouth,  
With supping cold pease-porridge.

### **A Funny Man**

There was a man of Newington,  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He jump'd into a quickset hedge  
And scratch'd out both his eyes.  
But when he saw his eyes were out  
With all his might and main  
He jump'd into another hedge.  
And scratched them in again.

### **Dr. Faustus**

Doctor Faustus was a good man,  
He whipt his scholars now and then.  
When he did he made them dance  
Out of Scotland into France;  
Out of France into Spain,  
And then he whipped them back again.

### **If! If! If!**

If all the world was apple pie,  
And all the seas were ink,  
And all the trees were bread and cheese,  
What would we have to drink?  
It's enough to make an old man  
Scratch his head and think.

### **Funny Men**

Alderman Absolute Always Adjudicated with Astonishing Ability  
After he had read some books from Cole's Book Arcade.

Benjamin Bouncer Banged a Brown Bear with a Blunderbuss,  
In a lane at the back of Cole's Book Arcade.

Christopher Crabstick was Cross, Captious, Cutting, and Caustic,  
Whenever he could not get a book brought from Cole's Book Arcade.

Francis Fizgig Ferociously Fought and Frightened a Fiddler,  
At midday, right in front of Cole's Book Arcade.

Gregory Gimcrack Grinned and Gaped at the Geese and Ganders  
Exposed for sale in the Eastern Market, just above Cole's Book Arcade.

Horatio Headstrong Hurlled a Hatchet at the Head of a Hawk  
Which sat on top of Cole's Book Arcade.

Isaac Ichabod Inhabited an Isolated and Inhospitable Indian Island,  
At an enormous and disheartening distance from Cole's Book Arcade.

Lugubrious Longface Loved Learning and Literary Lore,  
Which he always got out of the books he bought at Cole's Book Arcade.

Marmaduke Meddlesome Munificently Meted out Mercy to a Miserable Man  
Who stole a book at Cole's Book Arcade.

Obadiah Orpheus Opened an Original Overture Outrageously Oddly,  
With a small whistle and a big drum, in front of Cole's Book Arcade.

Quinton Querulous Queerly Questioned a Quibbling and Querulous Quidnunc,  
And asked Quizzingly if he had ever seen the inside of Cole's Book Arcade.

Reuben Ramble Ran a Ridiculous Rattling Race on a Railway,  
And beat the train in hasting to get a book at Cole's Book Arcade.

Theodore Thunderbolt Told Terrible and Tremendous Tales of Travelling,  
Which were afterwards printed in books and sold at Cole's Book Arcade.

Valentine Valiana Valorously Vanquished a Vapouring Villager,  
Who spoke ignorantly and slightinglly of Cole's Book Arcade.

Xenophon Xenocles eXhibited eXtraordinary and eXcessive eXcitability  
Whenever he was not calmed down by books from Cole's Book Arcade.

Young Yokel, a Youthful Yorkshire Yeoman Yawned at York,  
For want of a few interesting and entertaining books from Cole's Book Arcade.

Zachariah Zany Zealously studied Zoology  
Out of the works which he bought at Cole's Book Arcade.

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## Page 102—Old Men Tales

### Utter Nonsense

There was an Old Person of Prague,  
Who was suddenly seized with the plague,  
But they gave him some butter, which caused him to mutter,  
And cured that Old Person of Prague.

There was an Old Man with a gong,  
Who bumped at it all the day long,  
But they called out, "Oh, law! you're a horrid old bore!"  
So they smashed that Old Man with a gong.

There was an Old Man of the Isles,  
Whose face was pervaded with smiles,  
He sang "Hi dum diddle," played on the fiddle,

That amiable Old Man of the Isles.

There was an Old Person of Dover,  
Who rushed through a field of blue clover;  
But some very large Bees stung his nose and his knees,  
So he very soon went back to Dover.

There was an Old Man of Quebec,—  
A beetle ran over his neck:  
But he cried, "With a needle I'll slay you, O beetle!"  
That angry Old Man of Quebec.

There was an Old Man of Vesuvius,  
Who studied the works of Vitruvius;  
When the flames burned his book, to drinking he took,  
That morbid Old Man of Vesuvius.

There was an Old Person of Buda,  
Whose conduct grew ruder and ruder,  
Till at last with a hammer they silenced his clamour,  
By smashing that Old Person of Buda.

There was an Old Man of Marseilles,  
Whose daughters wore bottle-green veils,  
They caught several fish which they put in a dish,  
And sent to their Pa at Marseilles.

There was an Old Man of Coblenz,  
The length of whose legs was immense,  
He went with one prance from Turkey to France,  
That surprising Old Man of Coblenz.

There was an Old Person of Gretna,  
Who rushed down the crater of Etna;  
When they said, "Is it hot?" he replied, "No, it's not!"  
That mendacious Old Person of Gretna.

There was an Old Person of Bangor,  
Whose face was distorted with anger;  
He tore off his boots and subsisted on roots,  
That borascible Person of Bangor.

There was an Old Person of Spain,  
Who hated all trouble and pain;  
So he sat on a chair, with his feet in the air,  
That umbrageous Old Person of Spain.

There was an Old Man of the West,  
Who never could get any rest;  
So they set him to spin on his nose and his chin,  
Which cured that Old Man of the West.

There was an Old Man in a tree,  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?" he replied, "Yes it does!"  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

There was an Old Man who said, "How,  
Shall I flee from this horrible Cow?  
I will sit on this stile and continue to smile,  
Which may soften the heart of this Cow."

There was an Old Man of Calcutta,  
Who perpetually ate bread and butter,  
Till a great bit of muffin, on which he was stuffing,  
Choked that horrid Old Man of Calcutta.

There was an Old Man of the South,  
Who had an immoderate mouth;  
But in swallowing a dish that was quite full of fish,  
He was choked, that Old Man of the South.

There was an Old Person of Dutton,  
Whose head was as small as a button;  
So to make it look big, he purchased a wig,  
And rapidly rushed about Dutton.



There was an Old Man of some rocks,  
Who shut his wife up in a box;  
When she said, "Let me out," he exclaimed, "Without doubt  
You will pass all your life in that box,"

There was an Old Person of Rheims,  
Who was troubled with horrible dreams;  
So to keep him awake they fed him with cake,  
Which amused that Old Person of Rheims.

There was an Old Man with a flute,  
A "sarpent" ran into his boot;  
But he played day and night, till the "sarpent" took flight,  
And avoided that Man with a flute.

There was an Old Man of Berlin,  
Whose form was uncommonly thin;  
Till he once, by mistake, was mixed up in a cake,  
So they baked that Old Man of Berlin.

There was an Old Man of the Hague,  
Whose ideas were excessively vague;  
He built a balloon to examine the moon,  
That deluded Old Man of the Hague.



A horrid Old Gentleman from Monaghan,  
Sat down and refused to go on again,  
Till they gave him a crown for leaving the town,  
That wretched old humbug of Monaghan.

There was an Old Man if Nepaul,  
From his horse had a terrible fall;  
But, though split quite in two, with some very strong glue  
They mended that Man of Nepaul.

There was an Old Man of Aoster,  
Who possessed a large cow, but he lost her;  
But they said, "Don't you see she has rushed up a tree?  
You invidious Old Man of Aosta!"

There was an Old Man of the Nile,  
Who sharpened his nails with a file,  
Till he cuts of his thumbs, and said calmly, "This comes  
Of sharpening one's nails with a file!"

There was an Old Person of Rhodes,  
Who strongly objected to toads;  
He paid several cousins to catch them by dozens,  
That futile Old Person of Rhodes.

There was an Old Man of Cape Horn,  
Who wished he had never been born;  
So he sat on a chair until he died of despair,  
That dolorous Man of Cape Horn.

There was an Old Person whose habits  
Induced him to feed upon rabbits;  
When he'd eaten eighteen, he turned perfectly green,  
Upon which he relinquished those habits.

There was an Old Man with a nose,

Who said, "If you choose to suppose  
That my nose is too long, you are certainly wrong!"  
That remarkable Man with a nose.

There was an Old Man of Apulia,  
Whose conduct was very peculiar;  
He fed twenty sons upon nothing but buns,  
That whimsical Man of Apulia.

There was an Old Man of Madras,  
Who rode on a cream-coloured ass;  
But the length of its ears so promoted his fears  
That it killed that Old Man of Madras.

There was an Old Person of Sparta,  
Whose had twenty-five sons and one daughter;  
He fed them snails, and weighed them on scales,  
That wonderful Person of Sparta.

There was an Old Person of Chilli,  
Whose conduct was painful and silly;  
He sat on the stairs, eating apples and pears,  
That imprudent Old Person of Chilli.

There was an Old Man of the East,  
Who gave all his children a feast;  
But they all ate so much, and their conduct was such  
That it killed that Old Man of the East.

There was an Old Man of Peru,  
Who never knew what he should do;  
So he tore off his hair, and behaved like a bear,  
That intrinsic Old Man of Peru.

There was an Old Man in a boat,  
Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"  
When they said, "No you a'int!" he was ready to faint,  
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

There was an Old Man of Bohemia,  
Whose daughter was christened Euphemia,  
But one day, to his grief, she married a thief,  
Which grieved that Old Man of Bohemia.

There was an Old Person of Basing,  
Whose presence of mind was amazing;  
He purchased a steed, which he rode at full speed  
And escaped from the people of Basing.

There was an Old Man on a hill,  
Who seldom if ever stood still;  
He ran up and down in his Grandmother's gown,  
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.

There was an Old Man of Kilkenny,  
Who never had more than a penny,  
He spent all that money on onions and honey,  
That wayward Old Man of Kilkenny.

There was an Old Person of Perth,  
The stingiest fellow on earth;  
He fed—oh! 'twas cruel—on seaweed and gruel,  
This stingy Old Person of Perth.

A dogmatic Old Fellow of Shoreham,  
Would snub his companions and bore 'em,  
By flat contradiction, which was an affliction  
To the friends of this party of Shoreham.

There was an Old Person of Ischia,  
Whose conduct grew friskier and friskier;  
He danced hornpipes and jigs, and ate thousands of figs,  
That lively Old Person of Ischia.

There was an Old Person of Hurst,  
Who drank when he was not athirst;  
When they said, "You'll grow fatter!" he answered, "What matter?"

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## Page 103—Old Men Tales

### The Diverting History Of John Gilpin

John Gilpin was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-bound Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.  
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
Though we have wedded been,  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we then will repair  
Unto the "Bell" at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair,  
My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride  
On horse-back after we.

He soon replied—I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done,  
I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the Calender,  
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs Gilpin—That's well said;  
And for that wind is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear;  
John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife,  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
And yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud;  
So three doors off the post was stayed,  
Where they did all get in,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad;  
John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in;  
So down he came—for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

"Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty, screaming, came down the stairs,  
"The wine is left behind."  
Good lack! quoth he, yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound,  
Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw,  
Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat,  
So, "Fair and softly," John, he cried,  
But John, he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must,  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might,  
His horse, who never in that sort,  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig,  
He little dreamt when he set out  
Of running such a rig;  
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As had been said or sung,  
The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he,  
His fame soon spread around—  
He carries weight, he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!  
And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open flew.

And now as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shatter'd at a blow;

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horses flanks to smoke,  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced,  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist;  
Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
And till he came into the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.  
At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—  
They all at once did cry,  
The dinner waits, and we are tired—  
Said Gilpin—So am I;  
But yet this horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there—  
For why? His owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow, swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.  
Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the Calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:—  
What news? what news? your tidings tell!  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bare-headed you are come,  
Or why you come at all?

Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke,  
And thus unto the Calender,  
In merry guise he spoke—  
I came because your horse would come,  
And if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.

The Calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in.  
When straight he came with hat and wig—  
A wig that flow'd behind;  
A hat not much the worse of wear—  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in its turn  
Thus showed his ready wit—  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.  
But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face,  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.  
So, turning to his horse, he said—  
I am in haste to dine,  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast,  
For which he paid full dear;  
For while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear,  
Whereat his horse did snort as he  
Had heard a lion's roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;  
He lost them sooner than the first,  
For why? they were too big.  
Now, Mistress Gilpin when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country, far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown.

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the "Bell"—  
This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well;  
The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back again,  
Whom in a trice, he tried to stop  
By catching at his rein.

But, not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run;  
Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels—  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:—  
Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!  
An all and each that pass'd the way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space—  
The toll-men thinking as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race;  
And so he did, and won it, too,  
For he got first to town:  
Nor stopp'd till, where he had got up,  
He did again get down,

Now let us sing: Long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see.

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Books teach the children of men in many million schools;  
Books make the difference between earth's learned and its fools.

### Song Of The Book Arcade

Cole's Book Arcade, Cole's Book Arcade  
It is in Melbourne town,  
Of all the book stores in the land  
It has the most renown,

It was the first, first Book Arcade  
That in the world was found;  
It's still the finest Book Arcade  
In all the world around.

A lovely rainbow sign appears  
Above the Book Arcade  
And 'tis the very grandest sign  
Was ever yet displayed.

Full forty thousand sorts of books  
Are stored within its walls,

Which can be seen, looked at or bought,  
By anyone that calls.

The book you wish, the book you want,  
Is almost sure to be  
Found somewhere in the Book Arcade,  
If you will call and see.

(Our Australian Choir has Cockatoos, Laughing Jackasses, Native Bears, Platypusses, Black Swans, Emus, Magpies, Opossums, and Lyre Birds, also a BUNYIP to sing deep bass, all the other Animals in the World sing the chorus, each in his natural voice. The tune is "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.")

### **Value Of Books**

BOOKS should be found in every house  
To form and feed the mind;  
They are the best of luxuries  
'Tis possible to find.

For all the books in all the world  
Are man's greatest treasure;  
They make him wish, and bring to him  
His best, his choicest pleasure.

BOOKS make his time pass happily  
Through many weary hours;  
Amuse, compose, instruct his mind,  
Enlarge his mental powers.

BOOKS give to him the history  
Of each and every land;  
BOOKS show him human action's past—  
The bad, the good, the grand.

BOOKS show him arts, laws, learnings, faiths  
Of every time and place;  
BOOKS show him how each thing is made  
Used by the human race.

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# BOOK ARCADE.



BOOKS give to him descriptions of  
The world in which we live,  
Of the universe around us,  
And better still they give.

BOOKS give to him the greatest thoughts  
Of all the good and wise;  
BOOKS treasure human knowledge up,  
And so it never dies.

BOOKS show him all that men have done,  
What they have thought and said;  
BOOKS show the deeds and wisdom of  
The living and the dead.

BOOKS shew him all the hopes and fears  
Of every race and clan;  
BOOKS clearly prove beyond a doubt  
The brotherhood of man.

BOOKS give him hopes beyond the grave  
Of an immortal life;  
BOOKS teach that right and truth and love  
Shall banish every strife.

BOOKS teach and please him when a child  
In youth and in his prime;  
BOOKS give him soothing pleasure when  
His health and strength decline.

BOOKS please him in his lonely hours,  
Wherever he may roam:  
BOOKS please when read aloud among  
His loving friends at home.

BOOKS like strong drink will drown his cares,  
But do not waste his wealth;  
BOOKS leave him better, drink the worse,  
In character and health.

BOOKS therefore, are, of all man buys,  
The choicest thing on earth,  
BOOKS have, of all his household goods,  
The most intrinsic worth.

BOOKS are the greatest blessing out,  
The grandest thing we sell,  
BOOKS bring more joy, BOOKS do more good  
Than mortal tongue can tell.

E. W. COLE.



Emus, Magpies, Opossums, and Lyre Birds, also a BUNYIP to sing deep bass, BARRY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, Lady PUSSY, Master GOOSE, Doctor FISH, Baron RAT

BOOKS give to him descriptions of  
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E. W. Cole

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## Page 106—Old Woman Tales



### The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children—such naughty ones too!  
She cried, "Oh, dear me, I don't know what to do,  
Who would be an old woman and live in a shoe?"

Once ninety little fellows sat down on the floor  
And lustily screamed, "We won't cry any more!"  
"Then stop crying now," the old woman said,  
"The noise you are making goes right through my head."

"Then she gave the boys broth without any bread,  
And whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.  
She scolded the girls, and said, "Don't make a noise,  
Or you shall be served just the same as the boys."

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**Mother Goose**

Old Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,  
'Twas built of wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack,  
A plain-looking lad,  
He was not very good,  
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market;  
A live goose he bought;  
Here, mother, says he,  
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander  
They grew very fond;  
They'd both eat together,  
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,  
As I have been told,  
His goose had laid him  
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,  
The news for to tell,  
She call'd him a good boy,  
And said it was well.

Hack sold his gold egg  
To a rogue of a Jew,  
Who cheated him out of  
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting  
A lady so gay,  
As fair as the lily,  
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire  
Came behind his back,  
And began to belabour  
The sides of poor Jack.

Then old Mother Goose  
That instant came in,  
And turned her son Jack  
Into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand  
Touch'd the lady so fine,  
And turn'd her at once  
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea  
Was quickly thrown, when  
Jack gave a quick dive,  
And soon got it again.

The Jew got the goose,  
Which he vow'd he would kill,  
Resolving at once  
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,  
And caught the goose soon,  
And mounting its back,  
Flew up to the moon.

### **Old Woman under a Hill**

There was an old woman lived under a hill,  
Put a mouse in a bag, and sent it to mill;  
The Miller declar'd by the point of his knife,  
He ne'er saw such a big mouse in his life.

### **Old Woman under a Hill**

There was an old woman lived under a hill;  
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.

### **Old Woman and Three Sons**

There was an old woman had three sons;  
Jerry, and James, and John.  
Jerry was hung, James was drowned;  
John was lost, and never was found;  
And there was an end of the three sons,  
Jerry, and James, and John.



### **Old Woman who Lived in a Shell**

A little old woman, as I've heard tell,  
Lived near the sea, in a nice little shell;  
She was well off, if she wanted her tea—  
She'd plenty of water from out of the sea.

Then if for her dinner she had the least wish,  
Of course she had nothing to do but to fish;  
So, really, this little old woman did well,  
As she didn't pay any rent for the use of the shell.

### **Old Woman Swallowed**

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,  
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;  
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,  
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

### **Old Woman's Calf**

There was an old woman sat spinning,  
And that's the first beginning;  
She had a calf, and that's half;  
She took it by the tail,  
And threw it over the wall, and that's all.

### **Old Woman Drowned**

There was an old woman, her name it was Peg;  
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork-leg.  
The neighbours all pitched her into the water,  
Her leg was drown'd first, and her head followed a'ter.

### **Old Woman of Stepney**

At Stepney there lived,  
As every one knows,  
An old woman who had  
A plum tree on her nose!

The boys, while she slept,  
Would cautiously take  
The plums from her tree  
Before she could wake.

This old woman went  
One day to the lawn  
Of my Lord Cockagee,  
And there saw a fawn.

Having shot him, she tied  
His hind legs to her tree,  
And so quitted the lawn  
Of my Lord Cockagee.

She'd nearly reached home,  
When the constable came,  
And put her in prison  
For killing the game.

While locked in her cell,  
She thought again and again  
Of how to escape,  
But kept thinking in vain.

She considered each plan,  
Till she found out a way  
Of escaping the prison  
In the course of the day.

She cut the plum tree  
close off from her nose,  
And made a scarecrow,  
Dress'd up in her clothes;

This she set on a stool,  
With it's back to the wall,  
And watch'd near the door  
For fear it would fall.

Soon the jailor came in  
With her water and bread;  
He stared at the figure,  
While from prison she fled.

The old woman reached home,  
Singing diddle-dee-dee;  
And again on her nose  
There grew a plum tree.

## Page 108—Old Woman Tales

### Funny Old Women

There was an old person of Smyrna,  
Whose Granny once threatened to burn her;  
But she seized on the cat,  
And said "Granny, burn that!  
You incongruous old woman of Smyrna!"

There was an old lady of Bute,  
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;  
She played several jigs  
To her Uncle's white pigs,  
That amusing old lady of Bute.

There was an old lady of Ryde,  
Whose shoe-strings were seldom untied,  
She purchased some clogs,  
And some small spotted dogs,  
And frequently walked about Ryde.

There was an old lady of Parma,  
Whose conduct grew calmer and calmer,  
When they said "Are you dumb?"  
She merely said "Hum!"  
That provoking old lady of Parma.

There was an old lady of Troy,  
Whom several large flies did annoy;  
Some she killed with a thump,  
Some she drowned at the pump,  
And some she took with her to Troy.

There was an old person of Crete,  
Whose toilet was far from complete,  
She dressed in a sack  
Spickle-speckled with black,  
That ombliferous old person of Crete.

There was an old lady of Wales,  
Who caught a large fish without scales;  
When she lifted her hook,  
She exclaimed "Only look!"  
That ecstatic old lady of Wales.

There was an old lady of Clare,  
Who was sadly pursued by a bear;  
When she found she was tired,  
She abruptly expired,  
That unfortunate lady of Clare.

There was an old lady of Dorking,  
Who bought a large bonnet for walking;  
But it's colour and size,  
So bedazzled her eyes,  
That she very soon went back to Dorking.

There was an old lady of Russia,  
Who screamed so that no one could hush her;  
Her screams were extreme,  
No one heard such a scream,  
As was screamed by that lady of Russia.

There was an old lady of Norway,  
Who casually sat in a doorway;  
When the door squeezed her flat,  
She exclaimed, "What of that?"  
That courageous old lady of Norway.

There was an old lady of Chertsey,

Who made a remarkable curtsy;  
She twirled round and round,  
Till she sank underground,  
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey.

There was an old woman of Anerley,  
Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly.  
She rushed down the Strand,  
With a pig in each hand,  
But returning in the evening to Anerley.

There was an old lady of Welling,  
Whose praise all the world was a-telling;  
She played on the harp,  
And caught several carp,  
That accomplished old lady of Welling.

There was an old lady of Turkey,  
Who wept when the weather was murky;  
When the day turned out fine,  
She ceased to repine,  
That capricious old lady of Turkey.



### **Old Woman who went up in a Basket**

There was an old woman went up in a basket,  
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;  
What she did there I could not but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,  
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"  
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,—  
And I shall be back again by and by!"

—

There was an old woman of Prague,  
Whose ideas were horribly vague,  
She built a balloon,  
To examine the moon,  
That deluded old woman of Prague.

There was an old woman of Hull,  
Who was chased by a virulent bull;  
But she seized on a spade,  
And called out "Who's afraid?"  
Which distracted that virulent bull.

There was an old lady of Poole,  
Whose soup was excessively cool;  
So she put it to boil,  
By the aid of some oil,  
That ingenious old lady of Poole.

There was an old lady of Burton,  
Whose answers were rather uncertain;  
When they said "How d'ye do?"  
She replied "Who are you?"  
That distressing old person of Burton.

There was an old lady of Lucca,  
Whose lovers completely forsook her;  
She ran up a tree,  
And said "Fiddle-de-dee!"  
Which embarrassed the people of Lucca.

There was an old woman of Norwich,  
Who lived on nothing but porridge;  
Parading the town,  
She turned cloak into gown,  
That thrifty old woman of Norwich.

There was an old woman of Leeds,  
Who spent all her time in good deeds;  
She worked for the poor,  
Till her fingers were sore,  
That pious old woman of Leeds.

There was an old woman in Surrey,  
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;  
Called her husband a fool,  
Drove the children to school,  
That worrying old woman in Surrey.

There was an old lady whose bonnet  
Came untied when the birds sat upon it;  
But she said "I don't care!  
All the birds in the air  
Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!"

There was an old lady whose nose  
Was so long that it reached to her toes;  
So she hired an old lady,  
Whose conduct was steady,  
To carry that wonderful nose.

There was an old lady whose chin  
Resembled the point of a pin;  
So she had it made sharp,  
And purchased a harp,  
On which to play tunes with her chin.

There was an old lady whose eyes,  
Were unique as to colour and size;  
When she opened them wide,  
People all turned aside,  
And started away in surprise.

There was a young lady of Hexham,  
Contradicted her friends just to vex 'em;  
She talked about horses,  
And rode on racecourses,  
This forward young lady of Hexham.

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## Page 109—Strange History of Twenty-Six Funny Women

### Strange History of Twenty-Six Funny Women

Angelina Armstrong Abruptly Asked an Advertising Agent About an Alliterating Advertisement Appearing, Announcing An Astonishing, Admirable, Attractive, Agreeable, Artistic, And Advanced Australian Arcade.  
Meaning **Cole's Book Arcade**.



Bridget Bradshaw Bamboozled the Barber's Beautiful Baby By Bouncing it into Believing a Bandbox to Be a Big Book.

From **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Clarissa Cox Cautiously Crept & Caught with a Candle extinguisher a Congregation of Catterwauling Cats Conducting a Confounded Corroboree.

On the roof of **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Dorothy Dwight in the Dark Drew a Decidedly Delightful Drawing, Depicting a Dictating, Domineering Despot; a Desperate Despoiling Demagogue; a Disdainful Duchess Dowager; a Dainty, Dressy Dandy, and a Downright Double-Dealing Dodger.

Which drawing can be inspected at **Cole's Book Arcade** by anyone who can see clearly in the Dark.

Eudocia Emul, the Eccentric Epicurian Empress of Ethiopia, Electrified the East End of Egypt by Eagerly and Easily Eating, as an Experiment, an Egg, an Eagle, an Emu, and Electrical Eel, and an Enormous Elephant, larger than the one Exhibited next to **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Fanny Fagan's Fine, Flossy, Fashionable Feathers Frequently Flopped, Flirted, and Flounced Forcibly From Fun.

When she read some of the lively books from **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Georgina Gubbins Gently, Gracefully, Gravely, Grammatically, Graphically, and Grandiloquently Grumbled at her Great-Grandmother.

Because she so seldom went to **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Harriet Hopkins Had an Habitual, Haughty, Harsh, Hasty, Huffy, Hateful, Hideous, Horrid, Headstrong, Heedless, Hysterical, Habit of Henpecking Her Husband at Home.

When he would not take her to **Cole's Book Arcade**, to get a book on Saturday night.

Isabella Ingram Ironically Inquired of the Illustrious Imperial Indian If Idleness, Ignorance, Impudence, Intemperance, Intolerance, Inhumanity, and Infamy.

Were the seven cardinal virtues. She was referred for an answer to the Instructive books in **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Jemima Jenkins, the Jerusalem Jewess, Judiciously Jotted Jokes in her Journal in June on her Journey through Judea to Jericho, beyond Jordan.

[N.B.—Jericho, beyond Jordan, is about 10,000 miles from **Cole's Book Arcade**.]

Kate Kearney Kidnapped a Knave, a Knight, a Khan, a Kaiser and a King, and Kindly Kept them upon Ketchup, Kale, Kidneys, Kingfishes, Kittens and Kangaroos.

She did not buy her cookery book at **Cole's Book Arcade**: he doesn't sell books showing how to cook Kittens.

Lucy Larkins Lately Let a Lovely, Lonely Lady Look Leisurely at a Large Live Lobster by the aid of a Lucid Little Lime-Light, Borrowed from **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Mary Muggin's Mother Made a Mighty, Monstrous, Mammoth, Monument of Marmalade jars; Mounted up, and Minutely Minced the Moon into a Multitude of Magnificent stars.

[N.B.—About 300 bushels of said stars fell on top of **Cole's Book Arcade** and may be seen on application.]



Nancy Nuttall was a Nonsensical, Noodlesome, Nincompoopish, Namby-pamby, Numskulled, Needle-woman; Nevertheless, at Ninety-Nine she Neatly and Nimbly Nabbed in the Nuptial Noose a Notable Noble Nabob of Nagpoor.

And directly after the marriage Nagged him into sending for books to **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Olivia Oliphant, of Omeo, ordered an Obstinate Old Organ-grinding Ostrich to Overwhelm with Oil an Olive, an Onion, an Orange, an Onion, an Orange, an Ocean, and an Oat.

And then go to **Cole's Book Arcade** and get a book.

Papline Potts, a Poor, Penniless Peasant, Prettily, Pleasantly, Pathetically and Perfectly Played a Piece of music in a Parlour at a Pleasure-Palace to a Picked, Packed Party of Particular Personages, consisting of Peers, Peeresses, Princes and Princesses.

The piece of music was bought Quarter-Price at **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Quintina Quirk Quarrelled with the Queer, Quaint, Quadroon Queen of Quito, and Quizzingly Questioned her Quivering, Quaking Quartermaster.

If he was Quite sure he bought all his pens and pencils at **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Ruth Robertson's Rich Rival, Regardless of Right, Rhyme, or Reason, Recently Ran a Rapid, Rattling Race Round a Regiment of Royal Russian Red Republicans,

Instead of Running into **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Seraphina Susanna Selina Sally Snooks, a Sober, Serious, Staid, Seraphic, and Sentimental Sailoress, Solicited a Situation as Superior Saloon Stewardess on the Splendid Spanish Steamship *Salamanca*, and Straightway Stipulated with the Sprightly Supercargo to Slyly and Suddenly Sail Southward at Sunrise for Six Shillingsworth of Select Stationery to **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Theresa Toodles Thatched a Trumpery Tipperary Theatre Three Thousand and Thirty-Three Times, and Then Took To Table-Turning and Table-Talking.

But never Turned into nor Talked about **Cole's Book Arcade** until afterwards.

Urania Upton was Uncouth, Ungraceful, Unfashionable, Unladylike, Uninteresting, Unpresentable, and Ugly. She was Unpoetical, Unmusical, Unlearned, Uncultured, Unimproved, Uninformed, Unknowing, Unthinking, Unwitty and Unwise. She was Unlively, Undersized, Unwholesome and Unhealthy. She was Unlovely, Ungentle, Uncivil, Unsociable, Untameable, and altogether Unendurable. She was Unkind, Unfeeling, Unloving, Unthankful, Ungrateful, Unwilling, Unruly, Unreasonable, Unwomanly, Unworthy, Unmotherly, Undutious, Unmerciful, Untruthful, Unfair, Unjust and Unprincipled. She was Unpunctual, Unthrifty, Unskilful, Unready, Unsafe, Unfit, and totally Unprofitable. She was Unknown, Unnoticed, Unheeded, Unobeyed, Unloved, Unfriended, Unemployed, Unvalued, Unpopular, and actually Unpitied. She was Unsuccessful, Unfortunate, Unlucky, Unpaid, Unshod, Unfed, Unquiet, Unsettled, Uncertain, Undecided, Unhinged, Uneasy, Upset, Unhappy, and Utterly Useless.

Until, by chance, she went to **Cole's Book Arcade**, and got some good instructive books, and now she is the very best person in Australia, and the best but two in the world.

Victoria Vincent Valiantly Vaccinated a Vapouring, Verbose Varmit of a Vulgar Villainous Vagabond, who Very Verdantly Ventured on a Versatile, Veteran, Valueless Velocipede to Visit the Viceroy of Venice, instead of Visiting **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Wilhelmina Wilkins Was a Worthy, Witty, Widow Washerwoman, Who Washed Woollen Waistcoats, Worsted Waistbands, and Water-proof Wrappers With a Washing-Machine, and lived Well upon Water-gruel; Whereupon William Watson, a Wide-awake Widowed Waterman, Wisely Walked With her—Whispered, Winked, Wooded, Won, Wedded, and Wafted her across the Wide Waste of Water Waves, and got her a Weird Waltz.

Quarter-Price at **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Xantippe Xman, the eXiled eXqueen of the eXquimaux, eXceedingly eXcelled in eXerting an eXquisite eXactness in eXpense in general; but eXhibited the most eXceptional, eXtensive, eXtraordinary, eXcessive, eXtravagant, but eXcusable eXuberance.

When she visited **Cole's Book Arcade**, to buy books.

Yellena Yellat, the Yellow Yahoo of Yokohama, Yawned Yesterday at Yon Yelping Yokel of the Yankee Yeomanry.

And told him that he, being ignorant, should go at once and get educated at **Cole's Book Arcade**.

Zenobian Zoziman, the Zouave Zemindaress of Zululand, was no Zany, but rode on a Zanzibar Zebra, resided in a Zing-Zag Zenana, Zealously studied Zanyism, Zealotism, Zoology, Zoonomy, Zoophytology, Zoolatry, Zymology, Zincography  
And many other 'isms, 'ologies, 'olatries, 'ographies, etc., out of the works she bought at **Cole's Book Arcade**.

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## Page 110—Forty Ways Of Travelling

### **A Wonderful Search Journey by the 40 principal modes of travelling in The World, and a Prize of £1000 offered for a Flying Machine.**

I have always been a man of one idea at a time, and that one idea I have followed with unwavering determination until success has rewarded my efforts. Now listen to my story:—A short time ago, much desiring to obtain a particular article, I determined to get it if it was possible to do so in this world, and so started on my search journey. I ran into Melbourne and asked



His Excellency the GOVERNOR of Victoria if he knew where I could get it, he said he did not but I might ask the RAJAH of Sarawak. I took ship to Sarawak, asked the Rajah, he said he did not know, but referred me to the MIKADO of Japan. I jumped into a boat, pulled



to Jedo, asked His Dual Majesty, Lord Paramount of Japan, and head of the Sintoo Faith, he said he did not know, but perhaps the TYCOON of Japan did. I got into a jimriksha and was trotted



away to the house of the unfortunate Tycoon, he said he could not help me, but referred me to the GREAT CHAM of Tartary. I jumped into a Chinese junk,



bore away to Pekin and saw the Great Cham of the Celestials, "Son of Heaven," "Brother to the Sun, Moon and Stars," "Father of Mankind," "Governor of the World" and head of the Confucian Faith. He condescendingly said he did not know, but maybe the TIANG of Nankin could inform me; I took a sailing wheelbarrow to the Centre of Wise Learning, saw the head



of the Taoist Faith, he could not tell me where to get it but perhaps the GRAND LAMA of Thibet could, I jumped on the back of a Yak, rode to Lassa,



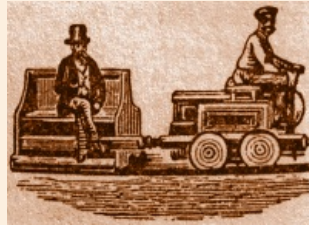
interviewed the head of the Buddhist Faith he said he wanted one himself, but did not know where to get it, go, says he, to the CZAR of Russia, present my compliments and ask him for one for yourself and one for me. I took passage in a reindeer sleigh to St.



Petersburg, saw the CZAR, he referred me to his brother monarch the KEIZAR of Austria. I jumped on a horse, galloped away to Vienna, saw the Keizar,



he did not know, but I could try the QUEEN of England, I jumped into an electric train, made



of the world, saw Her Royal, Imperial, and Republican Majesty the "Queen of England," "Empress of India," Sovereign of Canada, Australia, and forty other countries, the most powerful and beloved ruler of the finest race of men, and the largest, mightiest, and grandest Empire the world ever saw. I now said to myself I surely shall get the article I want from the vast resources of Her Majesty, but in answer to my query she politely remarked that she did not think I should get in her dominions, but was almost certain that I could get it from the CHIEF of the Greenland Esquimeaux, I rose up in



a balloon, flew through the air across the Atlantic, saw the Chief, he could not say, but referred me to the VICEROY of the Dominion, I jumped on the back of a reindeer, trotted away to Ottawa, saw



the Viceroy, he was positively ignorant on the subject and referred me to the Mormon PROPHET. Got into an ice ship,



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dog-sleigh, scampered away, hailed the



Sachem, but he did not know, but perhaps the PRESIDENT of Peru did, rode on a one-man sedan to the City of Earthquakes,



saw the President, he did not know, but would I be so good as ask the EMPEROR of Brazil, I sprang on to the back of a llama, flopped away to Rio;



the American Emperor said he did not know himself, but surely the SHEIKH of Timbuctoo ought to tell. I jumped into a canoe, crossed the Atlantic,



reached the Negro city, asked the Sheikh, he said it was like my impudence asking him, how should he know such a thing? none of the traditions of the negro continent mentioned it, but if I thought such a thing existed I had better ask his Sublime Mightiness the SULTAN of Zanzibar, I jumped on the back of an ostrich, strode away to the



Isle of Beauty, saw the Sultan, he shook his head and referred me to the NEGUS of Abyssinia, I

was carried rapidly in a head palenkeen on the heads of four



negroes to Magdala, spoke to the Negus, he referred me to the KHEDIVE



of Egypt, I got into a water-velocipede, trod away up the Red Sea to the city of the Pyramids, saw the Khedive, he referred me to the SHERIF of Mecca, I at once bestrode a donkey, cantered



away to the Sacred City, asked the custodian of the Precious Tomb of the Great Prophet, the query nonplussed him, and he desired me to wait on the IMAUN of Muscat, I mounted a camel,



ambled across to the hot city of the Imaun, he could not say but referred me to the RAO of Cutch, I made for Bhooj on a raft, spoke to the Rao, he



had not got one, but referred me to the GUICOWAR of Gujerat and considerably lent me a pair of ten-feet stilts for the



journey. I waded from the City of Dismal Swamps and finally reached Baroda on my stilts, saw the Guicowar, he had never heard of the article, but referred me to the HIGH PRIEST of the Parsees, I got into a sedan, was borne



to Bombay, saw the head of the Parsee Faith, he had not the article, did not believe that it existed, as it was not mentioned in any of the sacred books of the Parsees, but finally referred me to the BIBY of Canonore, I mounted an Elephant



stamped down the coast, addressed the Biby, she said it was the first time she had heard of the article, but the MAHARAJAH of Mysore might have one. I stepped into a palenkeen

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## Page 112—Forty Ways Of Travelling



and four men trotted away to Mysore, the Great Rajah said he had not got one, perhaps the NIZAM of Hyderabad could assist me. I got into a horse-sedan, went





to Hyderabad, saw the Nizam, he did not know and suggested the GRAND MAHUNT of Benares. I got into a horse-palenkeen, made straight for the



City of the Sacred Shrines, saw the head of the Hindoo Faith, he did not know where it could be got, but had I asked the THACKOOR of Bhrownnuggar? No!—or the Swat of Ackoond, or the Mudor of Cassala, or the Hospodar of Wallachia, or the Aboona of Gondar or the Patriarch of Constantinople, or the Archbishop of Canterbury? I said most decidedly not—that I would not waste my time consulting such insignificant magnates, then, says he, just you ask the GURO of the Sikhs. I jumped astride of a Bramah Bull, and



trotted away to Amritsar; saw the head of the Sikh Faith, he had not got the article, had not heard of it, but advised me to apply to the AMEER of Afghanistan. I got into an ox dooly and at



length reached Cabul, saw the Ameer, he had not got it, had not seen it, nor heard of it, did not believe the article existed, but the KHAN of Bokhara could speak more positively about it. I got into a Tocan or Hamockeen and was



carried by two men to Bokhara, interviewed the Khan, he said it was absurd for the Ameer to send to him, he knew nothing about it, but the SHAH of Persia probably did. I got into a mule sleigh,



glided away to Teheran, enquired of the Shah, could get no satisfaction, he never heard of it, was I sure there was such an article in existence? I told him that I wanted to find out, but I thought there must be somewhere. Oh, then, said he, try the CHIEF RABBI of Jerusalem. I got into a coach, tore away to



the Holy City of the Jews, asked the head of the Jewish Faith, he had not one, I had better ask the PASHA of Damascus. I jumped astride of a bicycle,



trundled away to the oldest city in the world; asked the Pasha, he could not say, I had better ask the EMIR of the Druses. I crept up the Lebanon in a bullock-waggon, saw and asked the



head of the Druse Faith, he referred me to the BEY of Tunis. I got on to a tricycle, rode to Tunis, saw the Bey,



he could not tell, perhaps the POPE of Rome could. I jumped into a ship,



made for the Eternal City, asked the head of the Christian Church, His Holiness could not tell, perhaps the GRAND SEIGNEUR of Turkey might. I stepped into a railway steam carriage, swept



around to the Golden Horn; saw His Sublime Mightiness the PADISHAW, he

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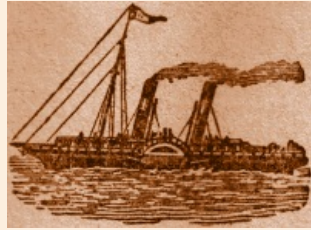
## Page 113—Forty Ways Of Travelling

said that he had not got one and never heard of it; but when I described to him, in clear, concise and glowing terms, the real value of the article to the whole human race, he said that every person black or white, or brown, or yellow, or red, or any other colour whatever, in the world, should have one and that it was the duty of all Kings and Queens and Emperors, and Sultans, and Czars, and Keizars, and Khedives and Khans, and Shahs, and Ameers, and Deys, and Beys, and Great Chams, and Grand Lamas, to see that every one of their subjects obtained one without delay. I said those were exactly my sentiments; but where was it to be got. He again graciously assured me that he did not know, bit I might ask the GRAND MUFTI of Turkey, the fountain of all human knowledge, and custodian of the sacred Koran. I tore along in a goat-carriage, interviewed the head of



the Mahometan Faith; but in answer to my query this Mighty Spiritual Magnate seemed taken aback; he affirmed that the Koran did not mention the article, and, therefore, he believed that it could not exist, but had I made a thorough search for it; had I tried the Dey of Algiers. I answered no! Had I tried the Doge of Venice—the Elector of Saxony—the Begum of Oude—the Stadholder of Holland—the Peishwa of Poona—the Nabob of Bengal—the Caliph of Bagdad—the Inca of Peru, or the great Mogul. I looked at the Grand Mufti in speechless astonishment; he might as well have asked me if I had enquired of Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar. I shook my head and rushed from his presence, completely nonplussed, bewildered, frantic. Where on earth was I to get the article? I had asked, and asked, and asked again, and was tired of asking. I had travelled fifty thousand miles by forty different modes of conveyance; consulted in their own capitals with thirty secular monarchs, governing three-fourths of the world; and I had with earnest, respectful enquiry approached the sacerdotal thrones of the spiritual monarchs of the eleven principal religions of mankind, and yet I could get no tidings of it. What was I to do? I was now standing in front of the great Mosque at Constantinople almost frantic with perplexity; some one approached and handed me a printed announcement. I read it! It sent an

inexpressible thrill through me. I immediately took a steamer



for Melbourne, landed there, jumped into a cab, went straight to Cole's Book

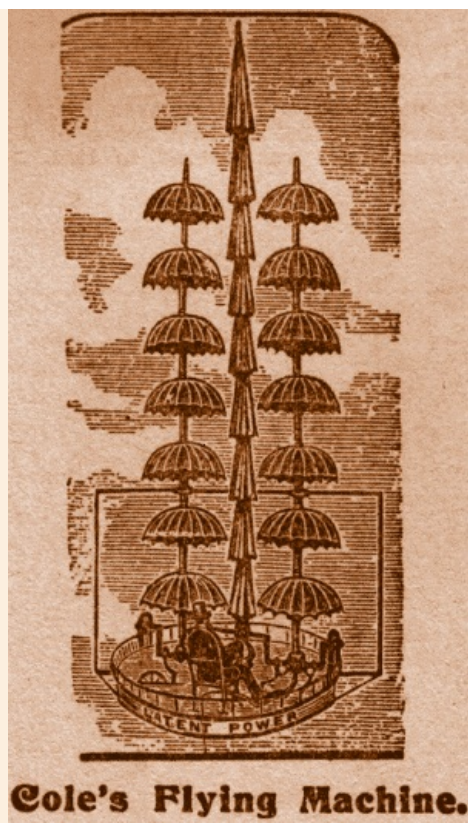


Arcade, and saw a drawing of the very article I had ransacked the world over to obtain, and what do you think it was? It was a FLYING MACHINE! I wanted a flying machine, Mr. Cole informed me that he had not got his machine to fly yet, and that in all the world a machine was not yet invented that would fly, but that, through the active and progressive ingenuity of the human intellect, such a machine was certain to be invented in the future, and as an earnest of his strong conviction he handed me a document, which ran as follows:—

October 31st. 1882

I, the undersigned, firmly believe that as man has already made machines to run over the land and float over the water faster than the swiftest animal, so shortly he will make machines to fly through the air as fast, and finally faster, than the swiftest birds do now. And I hereby offer a bonus of £1,000 to any person who shall (in consequence of said bonus) within the next two years invent a flying machine, to go by Electrical, Chemical, Mechanical, or any other means, except by gas, a distance of 100 miles, and shall come and stop in front of the Book Arcade, Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia, as easily and as safely as a carriage stops there now.

—E. W. Cole



### **Cole's Flying Machine**

A workable flying machine would be the grandest invention of the age. My offer may not bring it about, but suppose a shilling subscription was made throughout the civilised world; say twenty million people gave 1/- each. That would be one million pounds, and offer that as a bonus for a useful flying machine, that bonus, I am sure, would produce the article. The shillings would be well spent, and it would immortalise the twenty million people who put their names down.

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### **Page 114—Miss Cole's Aerial Flight in a Flying Machine**



My prophecy with regard to flying machines, as may well be seen by the original statement herewith, was made twenty-eight years before the French aviator brought his machine to Australia which was on 2nd November, 1910, or two weeks before his successful flight.

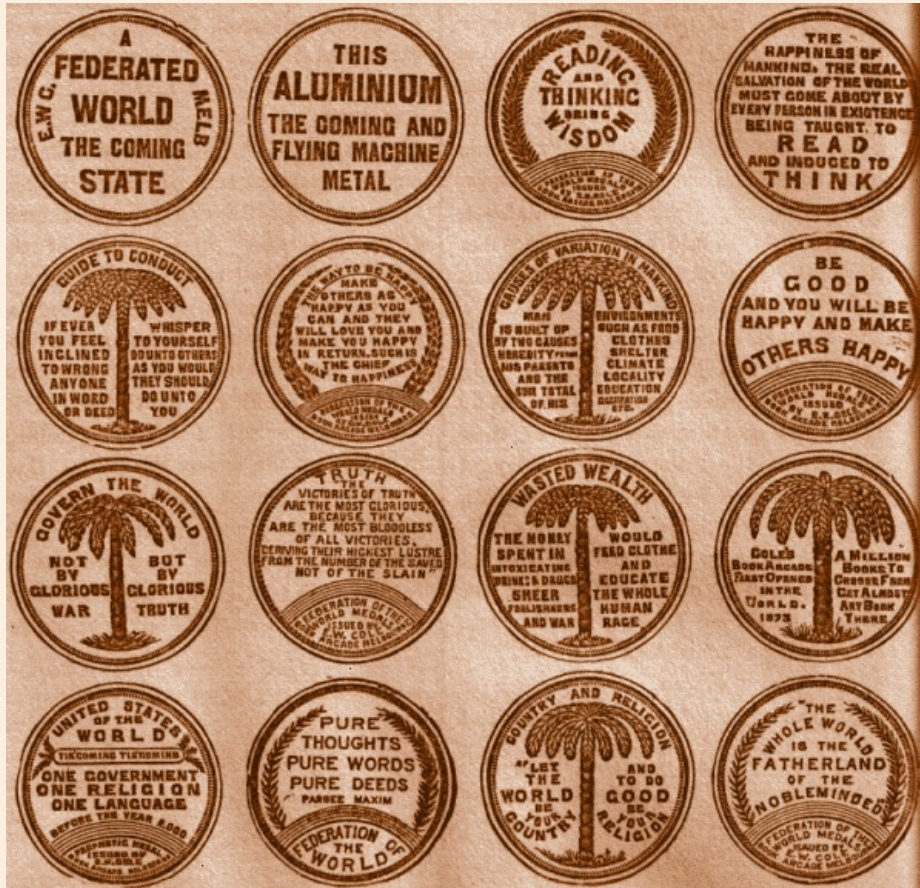
Subsequently Mr. Hammond flew over the city. He remarked: "I was too early for breakfast, and just thirty years too late to claim E. W. Cole's prize of £1,000."

I believe that the advance of flying machines will be so rapid that within the next decade they will be used with as much ease and safety as any other means of present locomotion.

I will further state that their utility will be so great as to enable China, with her three hundred millions, to succeed in taking correct statistics.

And eventually the velocity with which they will fly may materially assist in establishing the peace of the world and the Parliament of Man.

My prophecy with regard to flying machines was made in 1868, and the bonus of £1,000 (see previous page) was offered in 1882.



The above are facsimiles of 16 of 50 of E. W. Cole's World Federation Motto-Medals.



**Mr. H. Hawker,**  
The Man Who Flew.

Mr. Hawker was born at Brighton, Victoria, on 22nd January, 1889. He went to England in 1911, returning to Victoria in 1914, after three years experience of aviation in England. He just missed the £5000 prize given by the "Daily Mail" for a flight around the British Isles, meeting with an accident off the coast of Ireland.



**Miss Linda Cole**  
Whose Flight with Mr. Hawker attained 4000 ft.



**Mr. E. W. Cole**

Prophesied Flying Machines and lived to see one of his daughters fly, and thus fulfilled his prophecy.



**Miss Cole Entering The Sopwith Biplane Preparatory To Flying**

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**Page 115—Miss Cole's Aerial Flight in a Flying Machine**



**Miss Cole And Mr. Harry Hawker**



### **Companions In Space**

Our World surrounded by one of the latest Inventions of man—"The Flying Machine."

### **Aviation In Melbourne**

Passengers Accompany Harry Hawker To The Clouds.

It was Mr. E. W. Cole's enthusiasm and belief in the ultimate success of aerial navigation that induced Miss Linda Cole to fly with Mr. Hawker, the daring young aviator, at Elsternwick recently. Miss Cole was perfectly calm and collected when entering the biplane, and showed no signs of "nerviness." During the flight around St. Kilda, Brighton and Sandringham, and across the waters of Hobson's Bay, she conversed freely with Mr. Hawker, and commented on the panoramic views which unfolded themselves below. Miss Cole, having heard that Mr. Hawker had some intention of flying on a non-stop journey from Sydney to Melbourne—a distance of 500 miles—was most anxious to accompany him, provided the Sopwith biplane would carry two persons in addition to the tank of petrol which would, of course, be indispensable. Mr. Hawker, however, says he would not take a passenger should he undertake the journey. Miss Cole is most anxious for another sea flight, as she is of opinion that the power to see through the water to the bottom of the ocean is one of the utmost importance, as it would, in warfare, enable aviators to locate with accuracy mines in harbours and any other submerged dangers. Her most ardent wish is to become a lady aviator, and she is contemplating a trip to Europe to obtain up-to-date instruction in the aerial art.

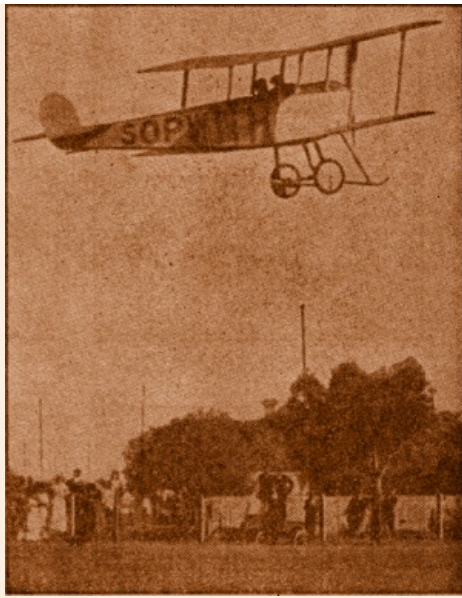
The reason Miss Cole went up was because her father has always taken a great interest in aviation, and many years ago offered substantial prizes to constructors of airships. He has ever evinced great faith in the ultimate triumph of aerial navigation, and she is glad that his dreams are being realised. Miss Cole went up on Friday, on the thirteenth of the month. Friday and the number 13 are considered unlucky; but all big events in her life have been associated with the number 13.



### **Miss Cole Leaves The Aeroplane**

After Having Experienced Her First Trip in the Art of Flying, at Elsternwick, on Friday, 13th February, 1914.





**Minister Of Defence (Mr. Millen) Soars Aloft.**

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**Page 116—Various Early Types of Aeroplanes**



**"Farman" Biplane**



**"Gastambide and Mengin" Monoplane**



**Wright Bros.' Biplane**



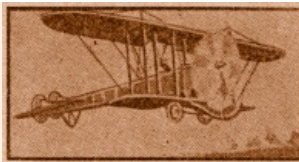
**Lilienthal Gliding Machine**



**"Piquerez" Biplane**



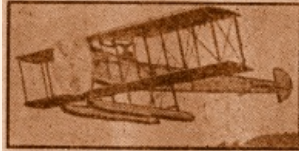
**The R.E.P. Monoplane**



Coventry Ordnance Military Biplane



"Avro" Aerial Taxicab



"Avro" Hydro-Aeroplane



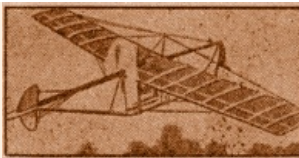
"Short" Biplane



Santos Dumont's Monoplane, No. XIX



Paulman's New Aeroplane



"Ponche and Primard" Monoplane



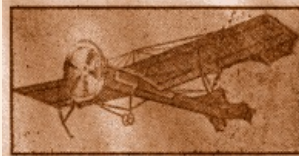
"Short" Hydro-Aeroplane



"Curtiss" Hydro-Aeroplane



"Bleriot XI" Monoplane



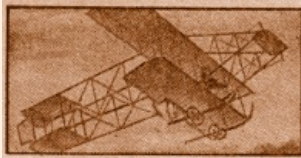
The "Antoinette" Monoplane



French Military Aeroplane

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**Page 117—Various Early Types of Aeroplanes**



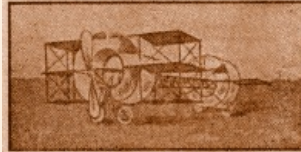
"Bristol" Military Biplane



"Vedovelli" Multiplane



Howard-Wright Biplane



"Givaudin II" Triplane



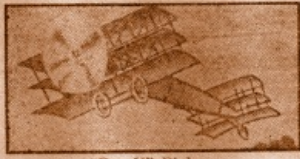
"Voisin" Type Biplane



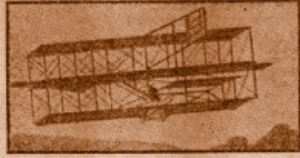
"Farman" Hydro-Aeroplane



"Maxim" Biplane, 1910



"Roe II" Biplane



"Vanniman" Triplane



"Tellier" Monoplane



"Goupy III" Biplane



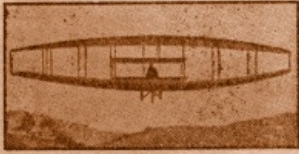
"Herring-Curtiss" Biplane



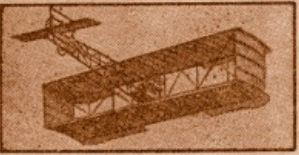
"Rickman" Helicopter



"Jerme" Biplane



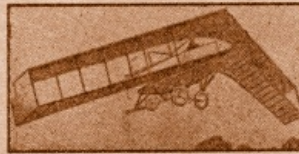
"Silver Dart" Biplane



New "Voisin" Biplane, 1911



"Cody" Biplane



"Dunne V" Biplane

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## Page 118—Girls Names



### **This is perhaps the Choicest Collection of Girls' Names in the English Language**

To the Reader.—I beg to make one very important remark upon this immense variety of girl's names, and that is:—Be sure and preserve the list carefully, as it will serve from which to choose names for your daughters up to the number of 555, without using the same name over again. P.S.—If you should be very, very lucky, and have more than 555 daughters, and want more names, call on Professor Cole, at the Book Arcade, Melbourne, Australia, and he will give you an extra list.

## 555 NAMES

Abigail, my father's joy  
Ada, happiness, rich gift  
Adah, ornament  
Adamena, red earth  
Adela, noble cheer  
Adelaide, noble cheer  
Adeleve, noble gift  
Adelia, of noble birth  
Adelina, noble manner  
Adeline, noble snake  
Agatha, good or honest  
Agnes, pure, holy, chaste  
Agneta, pure  
Alberta, female Albert  
Albina, white  
Aldgitha, noble gift  
Alethea, truth  
Alexandra, helper  
Alexandrina, helper  
Alice, a princess  
Alicia, noble cheer  
Alison, holy fame  
Almira, lofty  
Althea, wholesome  
Amabel, lovable  
Amalia, work, industry  
Amanda, worthy of love  
Amata, she that is loved  
Amelia, busy, energetic  
Amice, beloved  
Amicia, beloved  
Amy, beloved  
Anastasia, shall rise again  
Andromache, heroic fight  
Angel, angel  
Angela, angel  
Angelica, lovely, angelic  
Angelina, angel  
Angelletta, a messenger  
Angelot, angel  
Anisia, complete  
Ann, grace  
Anna, grace  
Annabel, grace  
Annabella, grace  
Annaple, grace  
Anne, grace  
Annette, grace  
Annice, grace  
Annor, grace  
Annora, eagle of Thor  
Annie, grace  
Anstace, resurrection  
Antoinette, small Antonia  
Antonia, inestimable  
Antonina, inestimable  
Arabella, eagle heroine  
Arbella, God hath avenged  
Athaliah, time for God  
Auda, rich  
Augusta, female Augustus  
Aurelia, golden  
Aureola, little, pretty  
Aurora, fresh, brilliant  
Averil, battle-maid  
Avice, war refuge  
Avis, war refuge  
Barbara, stranger  
Basilia, kingly  
Bathilda, battle-maid  
Bathsheba, 7th daughter  
Beata, blessed

Beatrix, making happy  
Becky, noosed cord  
Bega, life  
Belinda (uncertain)  
Belle, oath of Baal  
Bellona, warlike  
Bernice, bringing victory  
Bertalda, bright warrior  
Bertha, bright, beautiful  
Bessie, God's oath  
Bessy, God's oath  
Bethia, life  
Beatrice, making happy  
Benedicta, making happy  
Betsy, oath of God  
Biddulph, ruling wolf  
Bidly, strength  
Blanche, white  
Bona, good  
Brenda, sword  
Bride, strength  
Bridget, shining bright  
Camilla, sacrificer  
Caroline, noble-spirited  
Carrie, noble-spirited  
Cassandra, love-inflaming  
Catharina, pure  
Catherine, pure  
Cecil, blind  
Cecilia, blind  
Cecily (or Cicily), blind  
Celia, female Coelius  
Celestine, heavenly  
Charissa, love  
Charley, man-girl  
Charlotte, noble-spirited  
Cherry, love  
Chloe, blooming  
Christabel, fair Christian  
Christiana, Christian  
Christina, Christian  
Clare, she that is fair  
Claribel, brightly fair  
Clarissa, rendering famous  
Clara, bright, fair  
Clarice, light Clara  
Clarinda, brightly fair  
Claudia, female Claude  
Clemeney, merciful, gentle  
Clementina, merciful  
Clementine, merciful  
Cleopatra, father's fame  
Colinette,  
Columba, dove  
Columbine, dove  
Constancia, firm, constant  
Constancia, firm  
Cora, maiden  
Cordelia, warm-hearted  
Cornelia, born  
Corinda, fair-maiden  
Custance, firm  
Cynthia, of Cynthus  
Cyrilla, lordly  
Damaria, little wife  
Deborah, bee  
Delia, of Delos  
Delicia, delightful  
Delilah, poor, small  
Di, goddess  
Diana, goddess  
Dinah, judgement  
Dionetta, of Dionysos  
Dolly, gift of God  
Dora, gift of God



Doralice, gift  
Dorothea, divine gift  
Dorothy, divine gift  
Dowsabel, sweet, fair  
Drusilla, dew-sprinkled  
Dicia, sweet  
Dulce, sweet  
Duleibella, sweet, fair  
Dye, goddess  
Edeva, rich, gift  
Edith, happiness  
Edna, pleasure  
Effie, fair speech  
Ela, holy  
Elaine, light  
Elayne, light  
Elenor, light  
Elenora, light  
Elfleda, hail increase  
Elfrida, elf threatener  
Elinor, light  
Eliza, God's oath  
Elizabeth, God's oath  
Ella, elf friend  
Ellen, light  
Ellinor, light  
Ellis, God the Lord  
Elsie, noble cheer  
Elspeth, God's oath  
Emelin, work ruler  
Emily, work, industry  
Emlyn, work, serpent  
Emm, grandmother  
Emma, diligent nurse  
Emmeline, industrious  
Emmott, grandmother  
Enaid, the soul  
Enid, soul  
Eppie, soul  
Ermengarde, public guard  
Ernestine, earnest, serious  
Essa, nurse  
Essie, star  
Esther, good fortune  
Estienne, crown  
Ethel, noble, noble lady  
Ethelburga, protector  
Etheired, threatener  
Ethelind, noble snake  
Ethelinde, noble snake  
Etta, home rule  
Eucaria, happy hand  
Eucharis, happy grace  
Eudora, happy gift  
Eugenia, well-born  
Eugenie, well-born  
Eulalia, fair speed  
Eunice, happy victory  
Euphemia, fair fame  
Euphrasia, mirth  
Eva, life  
Evangeline, happy herald  
Eve, life-giving  
Eveleen, pleasant  
Evelina, little Eve  
Eveline, pleasant  
Eveline, little Eve  
Everhilda, battle-maid  
Fanny, free, liberal  
Faith, faith  
Faustina, lucky  
Felicia, happy  
Fenella, white-shouldered  
Fidelia, faithful  
Flora, flowers

Florence, flourishing  
Florinda, pretty flower  
Frances, free, liberal  
Frederica, peace ruler  
Frediswid, peace, strength  
Frewissa, strong peace  
Gabrielle, God's hero  
Ganore, white wave  
Gatty, spear maid  
Genevieve, white wave  
Georgina, thrifty wife  
Georgiana, thrifty wife  
Geraldine, spear power  
Gerda, enclosure  
Gertrude, spear maiden  
Gill (or Gillet), downy  
Gillespie, bishop's servant  
Gillian, downy  
Gladuse, lame  
Godiva, divine gift  
Grace, grace, favour  
Griselda, stone heroine  
Guda, divine  
Gundrada, war council  
Gundred, war council  
Gunhilda, war heroine  
Gunnilda, war battle-maid  
Gunnora, war protection  
Gwendolen, white-browed  
Gytha, happy  
Hagar, a stranger  
Hannah, grace, gracious  
Harriet, a rich lady  
Hatty, home rule  
Havisia, war refuge  
Helaine, light  
Helen, light  
Helewise, famous holiness  
Henrietta, little Henry  
Henny, home rule  
Hepsy, my delight in her  
Hermione, of Hermes  
Hester, good fortune  
Hetty, little Henry  
Hilaria, cheerful, merry  
Hilda, battle-maid  
Honor, honour  
Honora, honourable  
Honorina, honourable  
Hope, hope  
Hortensia, gardener  
Huldah, a weasel  
Ida, happy, godlike  
Inez, chaste, pure  
Irene, peaceful  
Isa, iron  
Isabel, fair Eliza  
Isabella, fair Eliza  
Isadora, strong gift  
Isbel, God's oath  
Isobel, oath if God  
Isolde, fair  
Isolt, fair  
Izod, fair  
Jacintha, purple  
Jacobina, supplanter  
Jaquetta, supplanter  
Jacqueline, beguiling  
Jamesina, supplanter  
Jane, grace of God  
Janet, little Jane  
Jeanette, beguiling  
Jean, grace of God  
Jemima, a dove  
Jenny, grace of God

Jessica, grace of God  
Jessie, grace of God  
Jezebel, oath of Baal  
Joan, the Lord's grace  
Jodoca, sportive  
Johanna, the Lord's grace  
Joletta, violet  
Joscelind, just  
Josephine, addition  
Josepha, addition  
Joy, joy  
Joyce, sportive, merry  
Judith (or Judy), praise  
Julia, soft-hearted  
Juliana, downy-bearded  
Juliet, downy-bearded  
Justina, just  
Kate, pure  
Katharine, pure  
Katherine, pure  
Kathleen, pure  
Katrina, pure  
Katie, pure  
Katrina  
Kester, Christ bearer  
Keturah, sweet perfume  
Kezia, Cassia  
Kissy, Cassia  
Kitty, Pure  
Laurinda, a laurel  
Laura, laurel  
Laurentia, laurel  
Lavinia, of Latium  
Leah, weary  
Leonora, light  
Letitia, gladness or mirth  
Lettie, gladness  
Letty, truth  
Lilian, lily  
Lilly, lily  
Lizzie, oath of God  
Lora, laurel  
Lorinda, a laurel  
Lottie, noble-spirited  
Lotty, man  
Louisa, famous holiness  
Louise, an Amazon  
Love, love  
Loys, famous holiness  
Lucia, shining  
Lucilla, light  
Lucinda, light  
Lucrece, gain  
Lucretia, gain  
Lucy, light-shining  
Lydia, born in Lydia  
Mab, mirth  
Mabel, beloved  
Mabella, my fair maiden  
Madeline, magnificent  
Madge, pearl  
Margaret, pearl  
Maria, bitter  
Marian, bitter grace  
Marianne, bitter grace  
Marion, bitter  
Marjorie or Marjory, pearl  
Martha, becoming bitter  
Martina, of Mars, warlike  
Mary, bitter  
Matilda, battle-maid  
Matty, becoming bitter  
Maud (or Maud), noble  
May, pearl  
Melania, black

Melicent, work, strength  
Melissa, bee  
Melony, dark  
Melva, chief  
Menie, bitter  
Mercy, compassion  
Mercia, work rule  
Meriel, nymph  
Milcah, queen  
Mildred, mild threatener  
Millicent, work, strength  
Milly, work, strength  
Minella, resolute  
Mingala, soft and fair  
Minna, memory  
Minnie, little  
Miranda, to be admired  
Miriam, bitter  
Moina, soft  
Menchu, adviser  
Monica, adviser  
Moore, great  
Morgana, sea dweller  
Morna, beloved  
Moroli, sea protection  
Mynette, resolute  
Myra, a weeper  
Mysie, pearl  
Nancy (or Nanny), grace  
Naomi, pleasant  
Nelly, light  
Nellie, light  
Ninon (or Ninette), grace  
Nora, honourable  
Norah, honourable  
Octavia, eighth-born  
Olive, olive  
Olympis, heavenly  
Ophelia, serpent  
Osberga, divine pledge  
Osberta, divinely bright  
Osyth, divine strength  
Parnel, a little stone  
Patience, bearing up  
Patricia, noble  
Patty, becoming batter  
Paulina, little Paul  
Pauline, little Paul  
Paula, little  
Peace, peace  
Peggy, pearl  
Penelope, weaver  
Pernel, stone  
Petrina, stone  
Petronella, stone  
Phebe, light of life  
Phemie, fair fame  
Philadelphia, fraternal  
Philippa, lover of horses  
Phyllis, a little leaf  
Phoebe, shining  
Piety, piety  
Polly, bitter  
Portia, of the pigs  
Priscilla, ancient  
Prudence, prudent  
Quenburga, queen of pledge  
Rachel, ewe  
Rebecca, full fed  
Rebekah, enchanting  
Rhoda, rose  
Robina, bright fame  
Rose, a rose  
Rosabel, fair rose  
Rosabella, fair rose

Rosalia, blooming rose  
Rosalie, blooming rose  
Rosalind, like a rose  
Rosaline, famed serpent  
Rosamond, protection  
Rosamuad, rose of peace  
Rosanne, rose  
Rose, rose  
Rosecleer, fair rose  
Rosina, rose  
Rowena, white skirt  
Roxana, dawn of day  
Ruth, watered or filtered  
Sabina, religious  
Sabrina, the Severn  
Sally, princess  
Sarah, princess  
Sarai, lady or princess  
Selina, moon or parsley  
Selma, fair  
Serena, serene  
Sibella, wise old woman  
Sidonia, of Sidon  
Sigismunda, conquering  
Sissie, little sister  
Soloma, peace  
Sophia, wisdom  
Sophronia, of sound mind  
Stella, star  
Stephana, crown  
Stratonice, army victory  
Susie, a lily  
Susan, a rose or lily  
Susannah, lily  
Sylvia, living in a weed  
Tabitha, gazelle  
Tamar, palm  
Tamasine, twin  
Temperance, moderation  
Thalia, bloom  
Thecla, divine fame  
Theobalda, people's prince  
Theodora, divine gift  
Theophila, divinity-loved  
Theresa, carrying corn  
Thomasine, twin  
Thyrza, pleasantness  
Tibelda, people's prince  
Tilda, mighty battle-maid  
Timothea, fear God  
Tirzah, pleasantness  
Tracy, carrying corn  
Trix, blessed  
Tryphena, dainty  
Tryphosa, dainty  
Ulrica, noble ruler  
Una, famine  
Urania, heavenly  
Ursula, she bear  
Valeria, female Valerius  
Vanora, white wave  
Vashti, one that drinks  
Venetia, blessed  
Venice, blessed  
Veronica, a true image  
Verosa, true  
Vevina, melodious woman  
Victoria, conqueror  
Vida, life  
Violet, violet  
Viola, a violet  
Virginia, flourishing  
Walburg, gracious  
Wenefride, white wave  
Werburcha, protection

Wilfred, white stream  
Wilhelmina, defendress  
Williamina, defendress  
Wilmott, cap of resolution  
Winefride, lover of peace  
Winifrid, white stream  
Zenobia, sire's ornament  
Zerah, rising of light  
Zillah, shadow  
Zoe, life  
Zora, dawn

### Be Sure And Pick A Nice Name For The Baby

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### Page 119—Boys Names



### This is perhaps the Choicest Collection of Boys' Names in the English Language

To the Reader.—I beg to make one very important remark upon this immense variety of boy's names, and that is:—Be sure and preserve the list carefully, as it will serve from which to choose names for your sons up to the number of 555, without using the same name over again. P.S.—If you should be very, very lucky, and have more than 555 sons, and want more names, call on Professor Cole, at the Book Arcade, Melbourne, Australia, and he will give you an extra list.

### 555 NAMES

Aaron, lofty, inspired  
Abel, vanity  
Abelard, noble  
Abiathar, sire of plenty  
Abijah, child of God  
Abijam, father of the sea  
Abimelech, king's father  
Abner, father of light  
Abraham, sire of many  
Abram, elevated father  
Absalom, father of peace  
Achilles, without lips  
Adam, red earth  
Adin, tender, delicate  
Adolphus, noble wolf  
Adrian, rich or wealthy  
Aeneas, praise  
Ahaz, visionary  
Alan, cheerful  
Alaric, noble ruler  
Alban, white  
Alberic, elf king, or all rich  
Albert, nobly, bright  
Aleuin, hall friend  
Aldebert, nobly bright  
Aldhelm, noble helmet

Alexander, helper of men  
Alexis, helper  
Alfred, good counsellor  
Algernon, with whiskers  
Alick, helper of men  
Allan (or Allen), cheerful  
Almeric, work ruler  
Alphonso, eager, willing  
Alphin, elf  
Amadas, husbandman  
Amasa, a burden  
Ambrose, immortal, divine  
Amos, a burden  
Andrew, manly, valiant  
Angus, excellent virtue  
Anselm, divine helmet  
Anstice, resurrection  
Anthony, inestimable  
Antony, inestimable  
Appolos, of Apollo  
Aquila, eagle  
Archibald, powerful, bold  
Aristides, son of the best  
Arkles, noble fame  
Arnold, strong as an eagle  
Artemus, gift of Diana  
Arth, high  
Arthur, high, noble  
Asa, physician or healer  
Ascelin, servant  
Asher, blessed, fortunate  
Ashur, black or blackness  
Athanasius, undying  
Athelstan, noble stone  
Athelwold, noble power  
Aubrey, ruler of spirits  
Audrey, noble threatener  
Augustin, venerable  
Augustus, majestic  
Aureilus, golden  
Austin, venerable  
Aymar, work ruler  
Bab, stranger  
Baldie, sacred prince  
Baldred, prince council  
Baldric, prince ruler  
Baldwin, bold friend  
Banquo, white  
Baptist, baptiser  
Barak, lightning  
Bardolf, bright helper  
Barnabas, son of consolation  
Barnard, bold as a bear  
Barry, looking bright  
Bartholomew, warlike son  
Barthram, bright raven  
Bartley, son of furrows  
Bartram, bright raven  
Barzillai, son of iron  
Basil, kingly  
Bat, son of furrows  
Beavis, beautiful  
Ben, son of the right hand  
Benedict, blessed  
Benjamin, same as Ben  
Bennet, blessed  
Benoni, son of sorrow  
Berenger, bear spear  
Beriah, son of evil  
Bernard, bold as a bear  
Bertram, bright raven  
Bertran, fair and pure  
Blase (or Blaze), babbler  
Bohemond, God's love  
Boniface, well-doer

Botolph, ruling wolf  
Boyd, yellow  
Brithric, bright king  
Brockwell, champion  
Bruno, brown  
Brush, immortal  
Bryan, strong  
Cadoe, war  
Cadogan, war  
Cadwallader, a general  
Caesar, hairy  
Cain, possession  
Caleb, dog  
Calvin, bald  
Canute, hill  
Caradoc, beloved  
Carmichael, Michael's friend  
Caswallon, hating lord  
Cecil, blind  
Charinas, grace  
Charles, noble spirited  
Christian, of Christ  
Christopher, Christ bearer  
Chrysostom, gold mouth  
Clarence, illustrious  
Claude, lame  
Clement, merciful gentle  
Colbert, cool, bright  
Colborn, black bear  
Colin, dove  
Colomb, dove  
Conachar, strong help  
Coniah, appointed  
Conmor, strength great  
Connal, chief's courage  
Connor, slaughter hound  
Conrad, able speed  
Constant, firm, faithful  
Constantine, firm  
Cornelius, horn  
Cradock, beloved  
Crispin, curly-haired  
Cuthbert, noted splendour  
Cymbeline, lord of the sun  
Cyprian, of Cyprus  
Cyril, lordly  
Cyrus, the sun  
Dan, a judge  
Daniel, the judging God  
Darcy, dark  
Darius, king, preserver  
David, beloved, the darling  
Dennis, of Dionysos  
Derrick, people's wealth  
Dick, firm ruler  
Didymus, twin  
Diggory, the almost lost  
Dionysius, of Dionysos  
Dodd, of the people  
Dominic, Sunday child  
Donald, proud chief  
Dougal, black stranger  
Douglas, dark grey  
Dudley, people's ruler  
Duff, black  
Dugold, black stranger  
Duncan, brown chief  
Ebenezer, stone of help  
Edgar, protector of wealth  
Edmund, rich protection  
Edward, happy keeper  
Edwin, rich friend  
Egbert, formidably bright  
Eldred, fierce in battle  
Eli, a foster son



Elias, God the Lord  
Elihu, He is my God  
Elijah, God the Lord  
Elisha, God the Saviour  
Elizur, God my rock  
Ellis, God the Lord  
Emanuel, God with us  
Emilius, work  
Enoch, dedicated  
Enos, mortal man  
Ephriam, very fruitful  
Erasmus, amiable, lovely  
Erastus, lovely, amiable  
Eric, era king, rich  
Ernest, serious  
Esaias, salvation of God  
Esau, covered with hair  
Esbert, bright for ever  
Esdras, rising of light  
Etheired, noble council  
Eugene, well-born  
Eusebius, pious  
Eustace, healthy, strong  
Evan, young warrior  
Everard, strong as a boar  
Ezekiel, strength of God  
Ezra, rising of light  
Farquhar, manly  
Feargus, man of strength  
Felim, ever good  
Felix, happy, prosperous  
Ferdinand, brave  
Fergus, man's strength  
Fernando, brave  
Festus, joyful  
Fingal, white stranger  
Flavian, yellow  
Francis, free, liberal  
Frank, free  
Franklin, free  
Frederic, peaceful ruler  
Frewen, free friend  
Fulbert, bright resolution  
Faulk, people's guard  
Gabriel, hero of God  
Gaius, rejoiced  
Gamaliel, gift of God  
Garratt, spear firm  
Gavin, hawk of battle  
Geoffrey, God's peace  
George, husbandman  
Gerald, spear power  
Germaine, German  
Gervas, war eagerness  
Gibbon, bright pledge  
Gideon, destroyer  
Gilbert, bright as gold  
Gilchrist, servant of Christ  
Giles, a kid  
Gillespie, bishop's servant  
Gillies, servant of Jesus  
Gisborn, pledge bearer  
Goddard, pious, virtuous  
Gedfrey, God's peace  
Godric, divine king  
Godwin, divine friend  
Greg, fierce  
Gregory, watchful  
Griffith, strong-faithed  
Grimbald, self-controlled  
Gustavus, a warrior  
Guy, a leader  
Hadassah, myrtle  
Halbert, bright stone  
Hamlyn, home

Hanan, grace  
Hannibal, grace of Baal  
Harold, a champion  
Harry, home rule  
Harvey, bitter  
Haymon, home  
Heber, a companion  
Hector, a defender  
Henry, a rich lord  
Herbert, bright warrior  
Hercules, lordly fame  
Hereward, sword guardian  
Herman, a warrior  
Herodias, of a hero  
Herodotus, noble gift  
Hezekiah, strength of God  
Hilary, cheerful  
Hildebert, a nobleman  
Hildebrand, a warbrand  
Hiram, most noble  
Hodge, spear of fame  
Homer, a pledge  
Horace, worthy of love  
Horatio, worthy of love  
Hoshea, salvation  
Hubbard, mind bright  
Hubert, mind bright  
Hugh, mind  
Hugo, mind  
Humphrey, home peace  
Ian, grace of God  
Ignatius, fiery  
Immanuel, God with us  
Increase, more faith  
Ingram, Ing's raven  
Inigo, fiery  
Innocent, harmless  
Ira, watchful  
Isaac, laughter  
Issiah, salvation of God  
Israel, soldier of God  
Ivan, gift of God  
Ives, archer  
Izaak, laughter  
Jabez, sorrow  
Jacob, supplanter  
James, superior  
Japhet, extender  
Jarratt, spear firm  
Jason, healer  
Jasper, treasure master  
Jeffrey, good peace  
Jehu, the Lord is he  
Jenkin, Grace of God  
Jeremiah, exalted of God  
Jerome, holy name  
Jervis, spear war  
Jesse, wealth  
Joachim, God will judge  
Joab, son of God  
Job, persecuted  
Joel, strong-willed  
John, the Lord's grace  
Jonah (or Jonas), dove  
Jonathan, gift of God  
Jordan, descender  
Joscelin, just  
Joseph, addition  
Joshua, a Saviour  
Josiah, fire of God  
Judah, praised  
Julian, downy bearded  
Julius, downy bearded  
Justin, just  
Justus, just

Kay, rejoicing  
Kenelm, a defender  
Kenneth, a leader  
Laban, white  
Lachlan, warlike  
Lambert, illustrious  
Lancelot, servant  
Laurence, laurel crowned  
Lawrence, laurel crowned  
Lazarus, God will help  
Leander, lion-hearted  
Lear, sea  
Leonard, lion-strong  
Leopold, bold for men  
Levi, adhesion  
Lewis, people's refuge  
Lionel, lion  
Llawellyn, lightning  
Lloyd, grey  
Lodowic, famed piety  
Lorenzo, laurel crowned  
Lot, lion  
Lothar, glorious warrior  
Lothario, great warrior  
Louis, famous holiness  
Lubin, love friend  
Lucian, light  
Ludovic, bold warrior  
Luke, light  
Luther, glorious warrior  
Maddox, beneficent  
Madoc, beneficent  
Magnus, great  
Malachi, angel of God  
Malcom, of Colbumia  
Manfred, mighty peace  
Manual, God with us  
Marcus, of Mars, a hammer  
Mark, warlike  
Marmaduke, sea leader  
Martin, great, martial  
Martyn, great, martial  
Matthew, gift of God  
Matthias, gift of God  
Maurice, dark coloured  
Maynard, great firmness  
Meredith, sea protector  
Merlin, sea hill  
Michael, who is like God  
Miles, crusher  
Moore, great  
Morgan, seaman  
Morris, sea warrior  
Moses, drawn from water  
Napoleon, forest king  
Narcissus, daffodil  
Nathan, a gift  
Nathanael, gift of God  
Nero, strength, fortitude  
Nicodemus, conqueror  
Nicholas, conquered  
Nicol, conquered  
Niel, brave, dark  
Niell, brave  
Nigel, black  
Noah, rest, comfort  
Noel, Christmas-born  
Norman, a Northman  
Obadiah, servant of God  
Octavius, the eighth-born  
Odo, rich  
Olave, ancestor's relic  
Oliver, olive tree  
Orlando, fame of the land  
Orson, dear

Osbert, divinely bright  
Osborn, divine bear  
Oscar, bounding warrior  
Osfred, divine peace  
Oslaf, divine legacy  
Osmond, divine perfection  
Osrice, divine rule  
Oswald, divine power  
Osyth, young warrior  
Palmerin, sign of victory  
Pancras, all-ruler  
Pascoe, Easter child  
Passion, suffering  
Patrick, noble  
Paul, little  
Payne, countryman  
Percival, holy cup-bearer  
Peregrine, stranger  
Peter, stone  
Phelim, good.  
Philadelphius, brotherly  
Phillip, lover of horses  
Phineas, mouth of brass  
Pius, pious  
Pierce (or Piers), stone  
Pilgrim, traveller  
Polycarp, much fruit  
Pompey, of Pompeii  
Quentin, fifth-born  
Ralph, help, counsel  
Ranald, judging power  
Randal, house wolf  
Raphael, healing of God  
Ravelin, council wolf  
Raymond, wise protector  
Raymund, quiet peace  
Rayner, judge warrior  
Redmond, counsel  
Redwald, council, power  
Reginald, judging power  
Renfred, peace, judgement  
Restyn, restored to  
Reuben, behold a son  
Reynard, firm judge  
Reynold, judging power  
Richard, stern king  
Robert, bright in fame  
Roderick, famous king  
Rodolph, wolf of fame  
Rodolphus, famous wolf  
Roger, spear of fame  
Roland, fame of the land  
Rollo, wolf of fame  
Rolph, wolf of fame  
Ronan, seal  
Ronald, judge power  
Roswald, horse power  
Rowland, fame of the land  
Roy, red  
Rufus, red-haired  
Rupert, bright fame  
Sampson, splendid sun  
Samuel, asked of God  
Saul, longed for  
Saunders, helper of men  
Sayer, conquering army  
Seabert, bright victory  
Seaforth, peace victory  
Seaward, defender  
Sebastian, venerable  
Seth, appointed  
Shawn, grace of God  
Sholto, sower  
Sibbald, conquering  
Sigismund, conquering

Silas, living in a wood  
Sim, obedient  
Simeon, obedient  
Simon, obedient  
Solomon, peaceable  
Stephen, crown  
Swain, youth  
Swithun, strong friend  
Sylvanus, god of the wood  
Sylvester, a rustic  
Tancard, grateful guard  
Tancred, grateful speech  
Teague, poet  
Terence, tender  
Thaddaeus, praise  
Theobald, people's prince  
Theodore, divine gift  
Theodosius, genius of God  
Theodric, people's ruler  
Theodoric, people's ruler  
Theophilus, friend of God  
Thias, gift of God  
Thomas, a twin  
Thorold, Thor's power  
Thurstan, Thor's jewel  
Tibal, people's prince  
Tiernan, kingly  
Timothy, God-fearing  
Titus, safe  
Tobias, goodness of God  
Tom, a twin  
Tristram, grave, sad  
Tudor, divine gift  
Turgar, Thor's spear  
Tybalt, people's prince  
Ulfric, wolf ruler  
Ulick, mind, reward  
Ulysses, a hater  
Urban, of the town  
Uria, light of God  
Uric, noble ruler  
Valentine, healthy, strong  
Victor, conqueror  
Vincent, conquering  
Virgil, flourishing  
Vivian, lively  
Vortigern, great king  
Vyvyan, living  
Waldemar, powerful fame  
Walstan, slaughter stone  
Walter, powerful warrior  
Warner, protector  
Warren, protecting friend  
Water, powerful warrior  
Wattles, powerful warrior  
Wawyn, hawk of battle  
Wayland, artful  
Wenceslaus, crown, glory  
Wilfred, resolute peace  
Wilfrith, resolute peace  
Willfroy, resolute peace  
William, protector  
Willibald, much power  
Wilmot, resolute mood  
Winifred, friend of peace  
Wulstan, comely  
Yestin, just  
Zachariah, man of God  
Zaccheus, pure, clean  
Zebulon, dwelling  
Zechariah, man of God  
Zedekiah, justice of God  
Zephaniah, secret of God  
Zerah, rising of light  
Zoroaster, gold star

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Page 120—Game Land

Cole's Game Of Hats And Bonnets  
Or Husbands And Wives



One Hundred Little Ladies

Showing the 24 various modes by which they came into Cole's Book Arcade

One hundred *Little* ladies,  
All clever, learned and trained,  
Half *WALKED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And fifty then remained.

Fifty *Thoughtful* little ladies,  
All lovers of book-lore,  
Ten *RAN* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And there remained two-score.

Forty *Pretty* ladies,  
Racing but not flirty,  
Ten *RACED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
An then there were but thirty.

Thirty *Famous* ladies,  
Swimming in the Plenty.  
Ten *SWAM* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but twenty.

Twenty *Wealthy* ladies,  
Jumping in velveteen,  
One *JUMPED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were nineteen.

Nineteen *Noble* ladies,

Going out a-skating,  
One *SKATED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but eighteen.

Eighteen *Royal* ladies,  
All dancing with the Queen,  
On *DANCED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And there were seventeen.

Seventeen *Grand* ladies,  
Driving a bullock team,  
One *DROVE* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were sixteen.

Sixteen *Gentle* ladies,  
All hopping on the green,  
One *HOPPED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were fifteen.

Fifteen *Modest* ladies,  
All creeping out unseen,  
One *CREPT* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were fourteen.

Fourteen *Handsome* ladies,  
All floating down a stream,  
One *FLOATED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were thirteen.

Thirteen *Lovely* ladies,  
All leaping out to delve,  
One *LEAPED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but twelve.

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## Page 121—Game Land

### Cole's Game Of Hats And Bonnets Or Husbands And Wives



Twelve fine *Blooming* ladies,  
Flitting out for leaven,  
One *FLITTED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were eleven.

Eleven *Frightened* ladies,  
Dodging a lion when—  
One *DODGED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but ten.

Ten most *Charming* ladies,  
All skipping in a line,  
One *SKIPPED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but nine.

Nine most *Splendid* ladies,  
All swinging on a gate,  
One *SWUNG* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but eight.

Eight most *Superb* ladies,  
Flying under heaven,  
One *FLEW* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but seven.

Seven *English* ladies,  
All tripping out for sticks,  
One *TRIPPED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but six.

Six fine *Irish* ladies,  
All going for a dive,  
One *DIVED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but five.

Five fine *Scottish* ladies,  
All sailing to explore,  
One *SAILED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but four.

Four fine *Yellow* ladies,  
All steaming on the sea,  
One *STEAMED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but three.

Three fine *Jet-black* ladies,  
All riding on a moo,  
One *RODE* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there were but two.

Two most *Comic* ladies,  
Sliding about for fun,  
One *SLID* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And then there was but one.

One most *Frisky* lady,  
The nicest, last, and best,  
She *BOUNCED* in-to Cole's Book Arcade,  
And read books with the rest.

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## Page 122—Game Land

**Cole's Game Of Hats And Bonnets**  
Or Husbands And Wives





**PROCLAMATION BY AUTHORITY.**

Be it known unto all of you that to find your own portrait and the fashion of your hat or bonnet, your Christian name and the Alphabet are used.

The Alphabet is divided into four parts for the second letter of each person's name as follows:— The letters A B C D E F belong to No. 1 portrait in each row, and in the case of the first of the letter A include such names as Abigail, Ada, Aaron, Abraham, Adolphus. The letters G H I J K L belong to the second portrait in each row, and in the case of the second portrait, of the letter A include such name as Agnes, Alice, Ahaz, Alfred. The letters M N O P Q R belong to the third portrait of each row, and in the case of the letter A include such names as Amy, Anna, Arabella, Amos, Andrew, Arthur. The letters S T U V W X Y Z belong to the fourth portrait in each row, and in the case of the letter A include such names as Athalia, Augusta, Asa, Augusta. The same rule is followed with each letter of the Alphabet: for instance, the first portrait in the row B belongs to such names as Barbara, Bessie, Bartholomew, Benjamin, and so on throughout the whole collection of portraits.

If a woman is looking for her future husband, she must find the number of her own portrait and then the corresponding number amongst the men's, and THAT IS TO BE HER HUSBAND: for instance, if her own portrait is No. 27, No. 27 amongst the men's is the portrait of her future darling. The same rule is to be followed by the men. If a man's portrait is No. 93, No. 93 amongst the ladies' IS TO BE HIS WIFE, his own future angel.

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**Page 123—Game Land**

**Cole's Game Of Hats And Bonnets**  
Or Husbands And Wives



If the persons who consult this oracle are single, the sweetheart that falls to their lot will be their first husband or wife, and if they are married it will be their second husband or wife, and if they have been married twice, it will be their third one, and so on up to 144 times of being married; and after that no one will be allowed to consult this oracle, look at it, speak of it, or even think about it, such objectionable persons being entirely excluded from its benefits.

Persons who consult this oracle must accept the husband or wife that falls to their lot just the same as if they married them in the usual way, but if dissatisfied on account of ugliness, dress, or any other cause the consulter, by doing penance in the shape of a pilgrimage to a certain place in the exact centre of the world and paying a small sum, can obtain a DIVORCE.

The place to which the pilgrimage is to be made is Cole's Book Arcade, Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia, where they must buy a book of some kind, and that act DIVORCES them at once.

Bashful persons need not mention their pilgrimage to the Book Arcade, when they purchase the book, unless they choose.

Anyone having obtained a DIVORCE will be allowed to choose out of 9 other portraits. If the number of the portrait that fell to their lot was 8, they can choose any other number ending with 8, as 18, 28, 38, 48, 58, 68, 78, 88 and 98, or if their first number was 65 they can choose from 5, 15, 25, 35, 45, 55, 75, 85, 95 and so on; whatever their number was, they may choose from the corresponding figures throughout the table.

If, after making a choice out of the 9 portraits, anyone is still dissatisfied, by making 10 pilgrimages to the Book Arcade, or by buying and giving away 10 copies of this Funny Picture Book, they can claim the indulgence of a GRAND DIVORCE and choose which they like out of the whole 104 portraits.

Given under our Royal hand and Seal at the Palace of the Book Arcade, this 21st day of November, 1890.—COLE, REX.

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**Page 124—Riddles And Catches**

**Riddles And Catches**

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?  
Because they run when exposed to fire.

Why is hot bread like a caterpillar?  
Because it's the grub that makes the butter fly.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves?  
Because they ought to be taken up.

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun?  
Because he is taken up, charged, and then let off.

Why is a beggar like a barrister?  
Because he pleads for his daily bread.

Why are lawyers like scissors?  
Because they never cut each other, but only what is placed between them.

Why is a newspaper like an army?  
Because it has leaders, columns, and reviews.

Why is a prosy story-teller like a railway tunnel?  
Because he is a great bore.

Why is a dun like a woodcock?  
Because he bores with his bill.

Why is grass like a mouse?  
Because the cat'll (cattle) eat it.

Why is the sun like a good loaf?  
Because it's light when it rises.

Why is a plum-cake like the ocean?  
Because it contains many curra(e)nts.

Why are tears like potatoes?  
Because they spring from the eyes.

Why is Queen Victoria like a hat?  
Because they both have crowns.

What is the difference between a steep hill and a large pill?  
One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.

What is the difference between a pastry-cook and a billsticker?  
One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

What is the difference between an auction and seasickness?  
One is the sale of effects and the other is the effects of a sail.

Why is a photographic album like a drainer on a bar counter?  
Because it is often a receptacle for empty mugs.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose?  
Because it is read (red) to the end.

What relation is your uncle's brother to you, if he is not your uncle?  
Your father.

What is the best throw of the dice?  
To throw them away.

What tree clothes half the world?—Cotton.  
What tree gives milk? The cow tree.  
What tree is a city in Ireland?—Cork.  
What plant is a letter of the alphabet?—The Tea (T).  
What kind of bat flies without wings?—A brickbat.

Why is a dog biting his own tail like a good manager?  
Because he makes both ends meet.

Why is a dog's tail like the pith of a tree?  
Because it's the farthest from the bark.

Why does a dog's tail resemble happiness?  
Because, run after it as he will, he cannot catch it.

If the Devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?  
To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retailed there.

What key is hardest to turn?—A donkey.

Why is a whirlpool like a donkey?  
Because it is an eddy.



What is it that smells most when you go into a chemist's shop?  
Your nose.

Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?  
Because he's an ass.

Why is a lollypop like a horse?  
Because the more you lick it, the faster it goes.

Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?  
Because it stops at the sound of woe.

I went to a wood and got it, I sat down to look for it, and brought it  
home because I could not find it—  
A thorn in my foot.

Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp?  
Because he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his  
letters.

What is the difference between twice twenty-eight and twice eight and  
twenty.  
Twenty; because twice twenty eight is fifty-six, and twice eight and  
twenty is thirty-six.

What grows less tired the more it works?  
A carriage wheel.

What is that which increases the more you take from it?  
A hole.

Why is a tight boot like an oak-tree?  
Because it produces a-corn.

Who killed one-fourth of the people in the world?  
Cain, when he killed Abel, there being then only four people in it.

Why is a retired milkman like the whale that swallowed Jonah?  
Because he took the profit out of the water.

Where was Moses when the candle went out?  
In the dark.

Why is your ear like a band of music?  
Because it has a drum in it.

Why are book-keepers like chickens?  
Because they have to scratch for a living.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?  
Because it must be ground before it is used.

Why is a red herring like a mackintosh?  
Because it keeps one dry all day.

Where are balls and routs supplied gratis?  
On the field of battle.

Why is an omnibus like a medical student?  
Because it is crammed and allowed to pass.

When has a person got as many heads as there are days in the year?  
On the 31st of December.

What word is shorter for having a syllable added to it?  
Short.

If I shoot at three birds on a tree, and kill one, how many will remain?  
None; they will all fly away.

What should you keep after you have given it to another?  
Your word.

Which would travel fastest—a man with one sack of flour on his back,  
or a man with two sacks?  
The man with two sacks, as they would be lighter than one sack of  
flour.

Did you ever see a bun dance on a table?  
I often see abundance on the table.

What does your ship weigh before she sets sail?  
She weighs anchor.

What is an old woman like who is in the midst of a river?  
Like to be drowned.

What is the difference between a school-master and an engine driver?  
One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

Who was the first man who went round the world?  
The man in the moon.

### **Important Notice**

Wanted known to all of the name of Crooks, that Cole's Book Arcade  
contains 80,000 sorts of books.

Wanted known to all not of the name of Crooks, that Cole's Book  
Arcade contains 80,000 sorts of books.

Wanted known to all of the name of Blair that they can get almost any  
book they want there.

Wanted known to all not of the name of Blair that they can get almost  
any book they want there.

Wanted known to all of the name of Fitzgerald, Cole's was the first  
Book Arcade opened in the World.

Wanted known to all not of the name of Fitzgerald, Cole's is still the  
only Book Arcade in the World.

Wanted all intelligent persons of the name of Hall, to give Cole's  
Unique Book Arcade an early call.

Wanted all intelligent persons not of the name of Hall, to give Cole's  
Unique Book Arcade a very early call.

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## **Page 125—Riddles And Catches**

### **Riddles About Babies And Ladies**

Why is a new-born baby like a gale of wind?  
Because it begins with a squall.

When is a baby not a baby?  
When it is a little duck.

Why is an infant like a diamond?  
Because it is a dear little thing.

When is a soldier like a baby?  
When he is in arms.

When is butter like Irish children?  
When it is made into little Pats.

Why is a church-clock like a little boy often receiving a beating?  
Because it's hands move over it's face.

Why is a boy like a potato?  
Because they both wear jackets.

Why is the earth like a school black-board?  
Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

Why does a ladies' school, out for a walk, resemble the notes of a flute?  
Because it goes two, two, two, two (toot-oot-oot-oot).

What tree is a lady's name?—Olive.

When do young ladies eat a musical instrument?  
When they have a Piano-for-tea.

Why is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle?  
Because it holds a gall-on.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?  
Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Why is a flirt like a hollow India-rubber ball?  
Because she is very empty and has a deal of bounce.

What is the difference between a soldier and a fashionable young lady?  
One faces the powder and the other powders the face.

Why does an engine resemble a young lady?  
Because it has a train behind, and puffs in the air (hair).

If a bear were to go into a linen-draper's shop, what would he want?  
He would want muzzlin'.

What is the difference between a bantam cock, and a dirty housemaid?  
One is a domestic fowl and the other a fowl domestic.

What were the first words Adam said to Eve?  
Nobody knows.

How is it proved that woman was created before man?  
Because Eve was the first maid (made).

What Christian name is spelt the same way backwards and forwards?  
Hannah.

What is the difference between a person late for the train and a school-mistress?  
One misses the train and the other trains the misses.

What Miss is always making blunders?  
Mistake.

What Miss plays more tricks than a schoolboy?  
Mischief.

What miss occasions a great many quarrels?  
Mismanagement.

What is that which ladies look for, and never wish to find?  
A hole in their stocking.

What is that which a man nearly always wears in his sleep, frequently takes off and never puts on again?  
His beard.



This nice looking man with a beard,  
Remarked, "It's just as I feared;  
Four larks and a hen, two owls and a wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard."

What is that which has neither flesh nor bone, and yet has four fingers and a thumb?  
A glove.

Why are ladies' dresses about the waist like a meeting?  
Because there is a gathering there, and sometimes a good deal of bustle.

How does a well-fitting bonnet lose its identity?  
Because it "becomes" the lady who wears it.

What is the sweetest thing in bonnets this season?  
The ladies' faces.

Why is a kiss like a rumour?  
Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

What is the difference between an accepted and rejected lover?  
The one kisses his misses, and the other misses his kisses.

Why are pretty girls like fire-works?  
Because they soon go off.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies?  
Because they want carrying out.

Why are lovers like apples?  
Because they are often paired (pared).

Why is first love like a potato?  
Because it shoots from the eyes and becomes all the less by pairing (paring).

Which age do most girls wish to attain?  
Marri-age.

What kind of men do women like best?  
Husband-men.

What ties two people together, yet touches one?  
A wedding ring.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen?  
Because by doing so he rings his own Nell (knell).

Why is the bridegroom more expensive than the bride?  
Because the bride is given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.

Why are ladies like bells?  
Because you seldom know what metal they are made of till you ring them.

What money lasts longest when you get it?  
Matrimony.

Why is matrimony like a besieged city?  
Because those who are in it wish to be out, and those who are out wish to be in.

Why are some women like facts?  
Because they are stubborn things.

Why are rough seats like domineering wives?  
Because they wear the breeches.

Why are husband and wife ten, instead of one?  
Because the wife is number one and the husband goes for nought.

Why was the Archbishop of Canterbury like the late Prince Consort?  
Because he married the Queen.

Why is a nugget of gold found at Bendigo like the Prince of Wales?  
Because it is the produce of Victoria and like to become a sovereign.

Why are ladies great thieves?  
Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, and crib their babies.

In what month do ladies talk the least?  
In February; because it's the shortest.

What is the difference between ladies and clocks?  
One makes us remember time, and the other makes us forget it.

Why is an empty room like another full of married people?  
Because there is not a single person in it.

### **Popular Errors**

The commonly received notion that a man may marry his first cousin, but must not marry his second is not true; but it is quite true that Cole's Book Arcade is in Bourke Street, Melbourne, about half-way between Swanston and Elizabeth Sts.

The rumour that a Yankee Gentleman had invented a machine to take the noise out of thunder has turned out not to be true; but it is quite true that Cole's Book Arcade is open from nine in the morning to ten at night, every working day in the year.

The fact that Cole's Book Arcade contains 80,000 sorts of books is not the cause of the sea being salt—of coca-nuts containing milk— of the growth of big gooseberries, nor of the multitude of great big fibs told annually about a sea-serpent.

It is not true that cats will suck the breath of children when they are asleep, but it is quite true that Cole's Book Arcade contains one interesting cat and 80,000 sorts of interesting books.

N.B.—The likeness of Cole's Cat can be seen on page 153.

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## **Page 126—Riddles And Catches**

### **Riddles And Catches**

Which is the greatest peer that England ever produced?  
Shakespeare.

What is the grandest verse in existence?  
The universe.

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilisation?  
The inkstand.

What is that which, although black itself, enlightens the world?  
Ink.

What is that which is full of knowledge, and yet knows nothing?



A book-case.

What is that which you and every living man have seen, but can never see again?  
Yesterday.

What is that which no man ever did see, which never was, but always is to be?  
To-morrow.

What thing is that that is lower with a head than without one?  
A pillow.

What volume is sure to bring tears to your eyes?  
A volume of smoke.

What is that which has form without substance, and size without weight?  
A shadow.

Name me and you break me.  
Silence.

What is that which renders life inert, and yet restores it?  
Sleep.

Formed long ago, yet made today,  
Employed while others sleep,  
What few would like to give away,  
Nor any wish to keep.  
A bed.

What is that which flies high, flies low, wears shoes, and has no feet?  
Dust.

What is that of which the common sort is best?  
Sense.

What is that which we often return yet never borrow?  
Thanks.

Name that bird which, if you do not, you must die?  
Swallow.

What is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes although it is "as light as a feather?"  
Your breath.

What is that which never was seen, felt, nor heard, never was and never will be, and yet has a name?  
Nothing.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children?  
Parents.

What is that we wish for, and when we have obtained we never know we have it?  
Sleep.

When is it that a person ought not to keep his temper?  
When it is a bad one.

What is yours, and is used by others more than yourself?  
Your name.

Can a man's pocket be empty when he's got something in it?  
Yes: when he's got a big hole in it.

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?  
Absence of body.

Melbourne, Hotham, Collingwood, Prahran, Richmond, Emerald Hill, and Cole's Book Arcade, all begins with an A.

Why is a penny like a black cat at Cole's Book Arcade?  
Because it has a head and a tail.



Why is Cole's Book Arcade like a Crocodile?  
Because it can't jump over the moon.

Why is Cole's Book Arcade like a learned man?  
Because it is well stocked with literature.

What is that which goes every morning at eight o'clock from the Post Office to Cole's Book Arcade, and every evening at six o'clock from the Parliament House to Cole's Book Arcade, without moving?  
Bourke Street.

How many sides are there to Cole's Book Arcade?  
Four. 1st, the right side; 2nd, the left side; 3rd, the outside; and 4th, the inside, where the 80,000 sorts of books are.

What are the oldest tops in the world?  
Mountain tops.

Which is the oldest table in the world?  
The multiplication table.

What kind of ship has two mates and no captain?  
A courtship.

What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends?  
A ditch.

What is that which one can divide, but cannot see where it has been divided?  
Water.

What is that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?  
A draft.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on?  
Warfare.

What vice is it that the greatest criminals shun?  
Ad-vice.

What is that which is often found where it is not?  
Fault.

What is that which we often catch hold of, and yet never see?  
A passing remark.

What is that which is often brought to the table, often cut, but never eaten?  
A pack of cards.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water?  
A sponge.

What window in your house is like the sun?  
The skylight.

What word is it of five letters, of which two being removed one only one

will remain?  
St-one.

What is that from which if the whole be taken some will remain?  
The word "wholesome".

What word contains all the vowels in their proper order?  
Facetious.

How would you express in one word having met a doctor of medicine?  
Metaphysician.

Why is a nobleman like a book?  
Because he has a title.

Why is the alphabet like the mail?  
Because it consists of letters.

Why is a book like a tree?  
Because it has many leaves.

### **Mechanical Advertisement**

The idea of a machine to go by perpetual motion is perpetual nonsense. Multitudes of boys and men have wasted much valuable time in trying to find it, but they never can, as it is contrary to natural laws, and therefore impossible; but one certainty of the future is, that a million useful flying machines will flit hither and thither; and one certainty of the present is, that while Cole's Book Arcade contains 80,000 sorts of books, not a single person has yet been able to come to it for a supply in a flying machine.—Laggard inventors, think of this!

N.B.—Cole once invented a flying machine, but it wouldn't work!

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## **Page 127—Riddles And Catches**

### **Riddles And Catches**

If a man has twenty sick (six) sheep and one of them dies, how many will remain?  
Nineteen.

Can a leopard change his spots?  
Yes: when he is tired of one spot he can go to another.

Why does a piebald pony never pay a toll?  
Because his master pays it for him.

Where are you sure to find pity in the worst of misfortunes?  
In the dictionary.

Where did the witch of Endor live?  
At Endor.

What is most like a cat's tail?  
A kitten's tail.

What is that which no other animal but a cat possesses?  
Kittens.

What is the colour of a green-plot covered with snow?  
Green.

When is a man not a man?  
When he is a muff.

If a stone were thrown at you and fell into the water, what would it become?  
Wet.

What is the oldest tree in Australia?  
The Elder.

What trees bear the most fruit for the Market?  
The axle-trees.

Why is a clock not wound up, like a mile-stone?  
Because it stands still.

What is the easiest thing for a nigger to do?  
Keep dark.

How can you make a currant cake without currants?  
Put only one currant into it.

Which letters are never out of fashion?  
F A S H I O N.

Why is your nose like St. Paul's?  
Because it is flesh and blood.

Why do white sheep furnish more wool than the black ones?  
Because there are more of them.

What makes a pair of boots?  
Two.

What did Adam first plant in his garden?  
His foot.

How can a boy make his jacket last?  
By making his coat and waistcoat first.

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her; she hated him, yet woman-like, she strove to catch him. What was he?  
He was a flea.

What is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?  
One is six gross and the other is six dozen.

What is that which a man can put into his right hand but never into his left?  
His left elbow.

What is that which a man with two eyes cannot see with one?  
T'other eye.

Spell and pronounce the word Pot, without saying Teapot?

Cautiously start a conversation about coins, and then ask, "Did you ever see any of those coins two of which make eighteen pence?"  
Of course they will say "no"; then show them a shilling and a sixpence, and you "have" them.

Would you rather an elephant killed you or a gorilla?  
Rather the elephant killed the gorilla.



**When Shall We Three Meet Again?**

One donkey has met another donkey and now there are two donkeys, as you see and you have to guess where the third donkey is: if you cannot guess it, some kind friend will tell you.

There was a donkey on one side of a river and some hay on the other side. The donkey wanted the hay, but he couldn't swim over the river, jump over it, nor cross the bridge. How could he manage it? Do you give up? Yes.

Answer—That is what the other donkey did.

### Repeat This With A Friend

1. I went up one pair of stairs; 2. Just like me.

1. I went up two pair of stairs; 2. Just like me.

1. I went into a room; 2. Just like me.

1. I looked out of a window; 2. Just like me.

1. And there I saw a donkey; 2. Just like me.

"Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran a truly rural race."  
Repeat this five times quickly without a mistake and see what it will come to?

A room with eight corners had a cat in each corner seven cats before each cat and a cat on every cat's tail. What was the total number of cats?

Eight cats.

Speaking of persons who have educated themselves, I once knew a person who educated himself, and guess how the fellow spelt "Cat." You could not guess in a year?

Answer.—"Kat," No. "Catt," No. "Katt," No. Give it up? Yes. "Cat."

Why is a cow's tail like a swan's bosom?

Because it grows down.

When is a horse's head where it's tail should be?

When his tail is towards the manger.

What should a clergyman preach about?

About half-an-hour.

Although I've neither legs nor feet,  
I'm only useful when I go;  
I have no tongue, but yet I tell  
What hundreds want to know.

A watch.

My sides are firmly laced about,  
Yet nothing have within;  
You'll find my head is straight indeed,  
'Tis nothing else but skin.

A drum.

### Repeat This With A Friend

1. I am a gold lock; 2. I am a gold key.

1. I am a silver lock; 2. I am a silver key.

1. I am a brass lock; 2. I am a brass key.

1. I am a lead lock; 2. I am a lead key.

1. I am a monk lock; 2. I am a monk key.

### Mind Your Punctuation

King Charles 1. spoke half-an-hour after his head was cut off.

Every lady in this land  
Has twenty nails upon each hand  
Five and twenty hands and feet  
All this is true without deceit.

I saw a peacock with fiery tail  
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail  
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round  
I saw an oak creep upon the ground  
I saw a monkey swallow up a whale  
I saw the sea brimful of ale  
I saw an ale glass full fifteen feet deep  
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep

I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire  
I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher  
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night  
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

### **The Husband's Petition**

Come hither my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee  
And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee.  
I felt a bitter craving—a dark and deep desire  
That glows beneath my bosom like coals of kindled fire.  
Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly this I speak—  
I feel thine arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek;  
I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with mine—  
I know my soul's emotion is doubly felt by thine.

And deem not that a shadow has fallen across my love;  
No, sweet, my love is shadowless as yonder heaven above.  
Oh, then, do not deny me my first and fond request,  
I pray thee, by the memory of all we cherish best—  
By that great vow that made thee my darling and my bride;  
Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task.  
*Put buttons on my shirt love—that's all the boon I ask!*

### **Literary Advertisement**

To the inhabitants of the World! Will be published shortly by E. W. COLE, if he can see his way clear, a volume containing all that has ever been written, said, or thought by mankind. Price 1s. Also, a second volume, containing all that has NOT been written, said, or thought by mankind. Price 1s.

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## **Page 128—Ten Picture Puzzles**

### **Ten Picture Puzzles**

He or She is Clever Who Discovers Nine of them,

Here is a Jew looking out for his Brother.



Where is he?

The embarrassment of the Cook.



Where is the Rabbit?

Here is the Showman and his learned Dog.



Where is his Wife?

The Donkey and the Persian in the Water.



Find the Persian.

Brother Jonathan lamenting the loss of his wife.



And she is there. Find her out.

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## Page 129—Ten Picture Puzzles

### Ten Picture Puzzles

and Exceedingly Clever Who Finds Out the Whole Ten

Here is the Hunter.



Where is the Game?



This is a Newfoundland Dog.



Find out his Master.

You can see the Goat plainly.



Find out the Milkmaid.

The Queen looking for the King.



Where is he?

Here is a Nurse looking for the Patient.



Find him out.

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### Page 130—Picture Puzzle Land



Here is the Cat. Where are the Rats?



Here is the Ox. Where is the Dog?

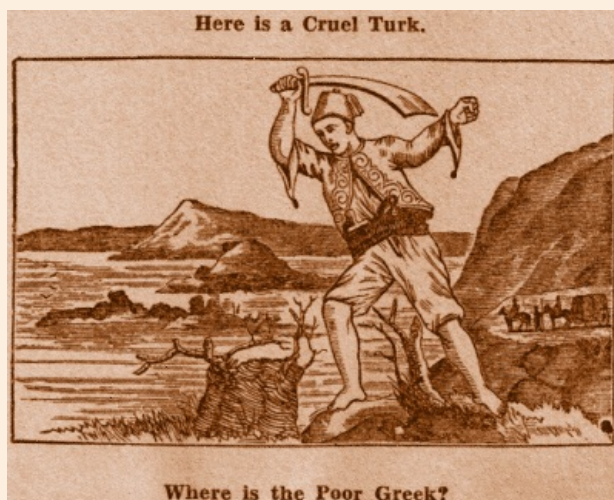
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**Page 131—Picture Puzzle Land**



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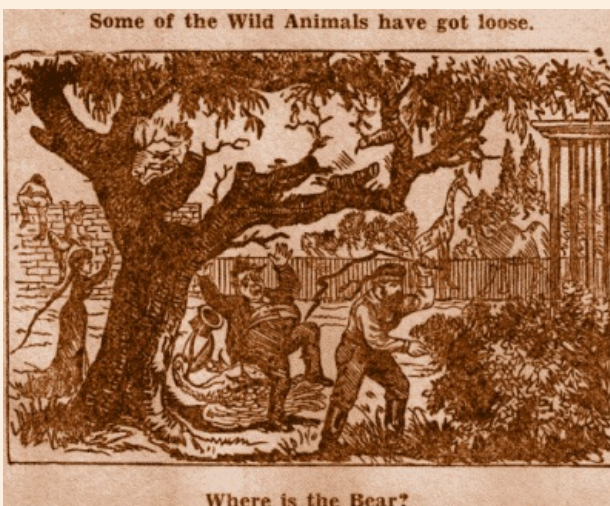
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**Page 133—Picture Puzzle Land**



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**Page 134—Picture Puzzle Land**



Find her Landlord.



Find their Father.



Find the Other Five Children.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Baker.



Find the Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress.

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**Page 135—Picture Puzzle Land**



Attack on a United States Mail Coach by  
Indians.



Indian War Dance.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Publican.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Undertaker.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Hatter.

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Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Tailor.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Hosier.



Old Mother Hubbard.—Find the Shoemaker.

B one day drove a flock of geese,  
And met with Farmer A:  
Says Farmer A, "How much a piece  
For this flock did you pay?"  
Says B, "I paid for all I drive  
Just six pounds and a crown;  
And I'm going to sell them, all but five,  
At yonder market town;  
When fifteen pence a head I'll charge  
Above what they cost me,  
And thus obtain a sum as large  
As I gave for all you see."

How many geese did B buy? How much did he give for each? and What price did he ask?

He bought 25 geese at 5s each, and meant to ask 6s 3d each.



Of sought in the country, much prized in the town?  
Like a king, above all, I can boast of a crown;  
If not found in the palace, I grace the chateau;  
Both the peer and the peasant my usefulness know.  
When I've not seen six months I am said to be old;  
Though exalted by nobles, I'm bought and I'm sold.  
Though ne'er in a sermon, I take part in all chat;  
Yet I'm ne'er found in this, but I'm always in that.  
I'm seen in most colours, am brown, black, or white,  
But am rarely found red and, when good, I am light;  
In demand with both sexes, selected with care,  
I'm prized by most men and add grace to the fair.  
Of no use to my owner when kept in his sight,  
I attend him by day, and oft serve him by night;  
As his slave I am passive; yet, strange it may sound,  
To keep me in order, I'm frequently bound.  
My fetters are silken; I'm useless at home,  
Though a constant companion whenever you roam;  
And, though no enchantment within me doth dwell,  
Pray tell me my name—for in that lies a spell!

A Hat.

'Twas born in anguish, 'twas cradled by care,  
And has lived ever since in the depths of despair.  
It dwells in the valley, it glides on the wave,  
It is laid with our ashes when cold in the grave.  
In darkness it brightens, in sunshine it dies,  
As far from the smile of enjoyment it flies.  
In the rainbow it sits, in the stars it has birth,  
And with angels descending it visits the earth.  
With Adam it dwelt, and so to Paradise came,  
But eve knew it not, though it shared in her shame.  
It mingles in battle, yet still it loves peace.  
It joins in the banquet, the dance, and the chase  
From the dream of our childhood it ne'er can depart  
And it lies, like a gem, in the core of the heart.  
The traveller bears it o'er desert along;  
The nightingale loves it, though strange to her song.  
On the point of an arrow it cleaves through the air  
Yet the pinions of birds cannot follow it there.  
The bosom disowns it, yet bright through our tears,  
When shed in affection, it ever appears.  
The cataract fearfully hurries it on,  
But, search it through billows and tempest—'tis gone.  
From the joys of our mortal existence 'tis driven;  
Yet finds an unchanging asylum in heaven.  
With the harp of the minstrel it ever shall dwell  
And it comes to my lips as I utter "Farewell".

The Letter A.

Though grief gives me birth, I'm a stranger to care.  
I scorn the dull earth, and float in the air.  
No lover claims me, though I revel in bliss.  
I taste of each lip, and melt in each kiss.  
I'm an egotist's pride, though in silence I reign;  
And, through free from sorrow, I'm always in pain.  
Though in laughter ne'er seen, in mirth I delight;  
In blindness I grope, though perfect in sight.  
In foolishness, Wisdom, and wit I've a place;  
Though dwelling in virtue I live in disgrace.  
Though frost knows me not, with winter I blend;  
And always to ice I'm a capital friend.  
I'm never in heat, though I live in the fire.  
Though never in want, I'm in every desire.  
I am I—, but the end of my paper I spy;  
So I'll wind up my stave and wish you good-by.

The Letter I.

Page 137—Picture Puzzle Land



Buffalo Hunt on the Prairie.



The Falls of Niagara.



A Giant's Castle—Where is the Giant.



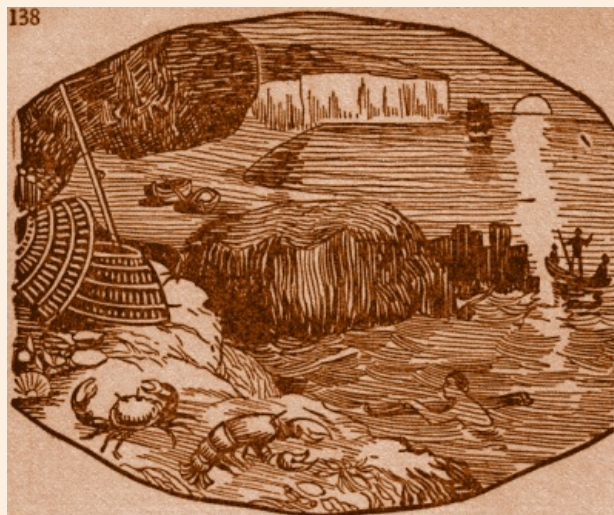
Old Mother Hubbard—Find the Cat.



The Giant's Father—Where is He.

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**Page 138—Picture Puzzle Land**



Here is a Fishing Station—Where is the Bird?



**Here is a Scene in Africa—Where is the Hippopotamus?**



**Here is Bluebeard and his Wife—Where is the Donkey?**



**Here is a House in the Jungle—Where is John Bright?**



Here is a Village. Where is the Highlandman Fishing?














































Here is a lot of Furniture in a Room. Where is the Cup?

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**Page 139—Picture Puzzle Land**

AUSTRALIAN  
**PICTURE PUZZLE.**



's    It is   town,  
 Of  the   this  it has the m  renown,  
 It was the  st first  t  the  was found;  
 It's  the f    the  around.  
 A lovely  sogn apQs above the ,  
 And 'tis the very q'ndest sogn wa  yet dis  ed.  
 A  ion, yes! a  ion  are  d with  its w's  
 Which   n, looked at or  t by anyone t  c's.  
 The  U wish the  U w  is  most sure to    
 Found  where  the   if U will c' & C.

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**Page 140—Picture Puzzle Land**



Don Quixote Charging the Wine Casks—Puzzle: Find the Princess.



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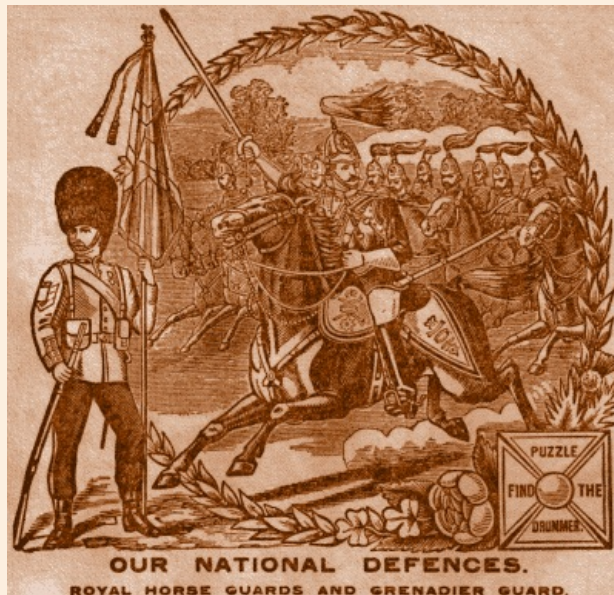
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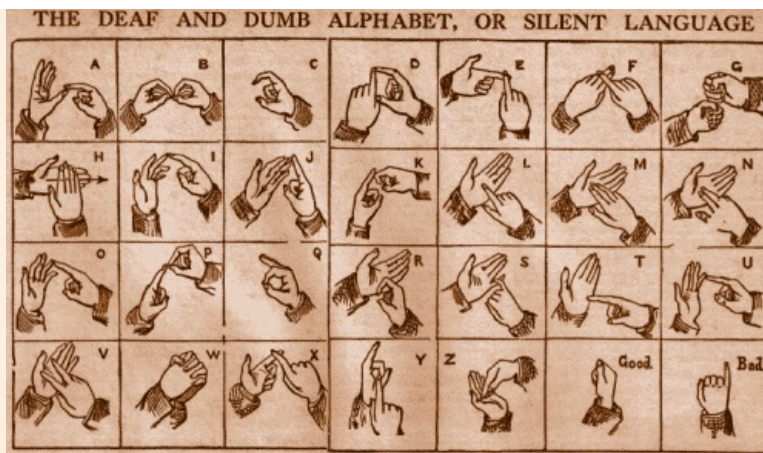
### Page 144—Shadows On The Wall



This game is a kind of Magic Lantern Exhibition. It is very Interesting, always pleases the children, and is very easily learnt, and for amusing poor, sick children it is invaluable.

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### Page 145—The Deaf And Dumb Alphabet



The Alphabet of HAND-SIGNS is a great blessing to deaf and dumb persons, enabling them to converse almost as efficiently as others can by the organs of speech. It is also extensively used throughout the world as a useful accomplishment by those who are not deaf and dumb, and besides it has this recommendation:—It is the most easily learnt language in the world.



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## Page 146—Language Of Flowers

### Language Of Flowers

The language of flowers is pre-eminently the language of refined and modest Courtship; millions have conveyed a message by presenting a flower which they dare not have uttered in their mother tongue.

In some countries this "LANGUAGE OF LOVE" is extremely common in the words of the poet:

"In Eastern lands, amid fragrant bowers,  
They tell the tale of Affection in Flowers."

Abatina, Fickleness  
 Abecedary, Volubility  
 Acacia, Friendship  
 Acacia, Rose, Elegance  
 Acacia, Yellow, Secret Love  
 Acanthus, The Fine Arts  
 Acalia, Temperance  
 Achillea Millefolia, War  
 Achimenes, Such worth is rare  
 Aconite, Misanthropy  
 Adonis, Flos, Sad memories

Agnus Castos, Coldness  
Agrimony, Thankfulness  
Almond (common), Indiscreet  
Almond (flowering), Hope  
Almond, Laurel, Perfidy  
Allspice, Compassion  
Aloe, Affliction  
Amaranth (Globe), Immortal  
Amaranth (Cockscomb), Foppery  
Amaryllis, Splendid Beauty  
Ambrosia, Love returned  
American Elm, Patriotism  
American Linden, Matrimony  
Amethyst, Admiration  
Andromeda, Self-sacrifice  
Anemone (Garden) Forsaken  
Angelica, Inspiration  
Angrec, Royalty  
Apricot Blossom, Doubt  
Apple, Temptation  
Apple Blossom, Preference  
Apple, Thorn, Deceitful Character  
Arbor Vitae, Live for me  
Arum (Wake Robin), Zeal  
Ash, Mountain, Prudence  
Ash Tree, Grandeur  
Aspen Tree, Lamentation  
Asphodel, My Regrets Follow  
Auricula, Painting  
Auricula (Scarlet) Avarice  
Austurtium, Splendour  
Azalea, Temperance  
Bachelor's Buttons, Celibacy  
Balm, Sympathy  
Balm (Gentle), Pleasantry  
Balm of Gilead, Cure  
Balsam, Yellow, Impatience  
Barberry, Sharpness of temper  
Basil, Hatred  
Bay Berry, Instruction  
Bay Leaf, I change but in death  
Bay Tree, Glory  
Bay Wreath, Reward of merit  
Bearded Crepis, Protection  
Beech Tree, Prosperity  
Bee Orchis, Industry  
Bee Ophrys, Error  
Begonia, Deformity  
Belladonna, Silence. Hush!  
Bell Flower (White) Gratitude  
Betony, Surprise  
Bilberry, Treachery  
Bindweed, Great Insinuation  
Bindweed, Small, Humility  
Birch, Meekness  
Bittersweet, Truth  
Blackthorn, Difficulty  
Bladder Nut Tree, Amusement  
Bluebell, Sorrowful Regret  
Bonus Henricus, Goodness  
Borage, Bluntness  
Box Tree, Stoicism  
Bramble, Lowliness  
Broom, Neatness  
Buckbean, Calm repose  
Buglos, Falsehood  
Bulrush, Indiscretion  
Bundle of Reeds, Music  
Burdock, Touch me not  
Bur, You weary me  
Buttercup, Childishness  
Butterfly Orchis, Gaiety  
Butterfly Weed, Let me go  
Cabbage, Profit. Gain  
Cacalia, Adulation

Cactus, Warmth  
Calycanthus, Benevolence  
Camellia, Red, Excellence  
Camellia, White, Loveliness  
Camomile, Energy in adversity  
Carnation, Striped, Refusal  
Carnation, Deep Red, Poor me  
Cardamine, Paternal error  
Candytuft, Indifference  
Canary Grass, Perseverance  
Campanula, Aspiring  
Carnation, Yellow, Disdain  
Cardinal Flower, Distinction  
Catchfly, Selene, False love  
Catchfly, Red, Youthful love  
Catchfly, White, Betrayed  
Cattleya, Mature charms  
Cedar, Strength  
Cedar of Lebanon, Incorruptible  
Cedar Leaf, I live for thee  
Celandine, Joys to come  
Centaury, Bluebottle, Felicity  
Champignon, Suspicion  
Cherry Tree, Good education  
Chestnut Tree, Do me justice  
Chinese Primrose, Lasting love  
Chickweed, Rendezvous  
Chicory, Frugality  
China Aster, Afterthought  
China Aster, Double, I agree  
China Aster, Single, I will think if it  
Chrysanthemum, Red, I love  
Chrysanthemum, White, Truth  
Chrysanthemum, Yellow, Slighted Love  
Cineraria, Always delightful  
Cinquefoil, Maternal Affection  
Circaea, Spell  
Cistus, Popular favour  
Citron, Ill-natured beauty  
Clematis, Mental beauty  
Clematis, Evergreen, Poverty  
Clianthus, Worldliness  
Clotbur, Rudeness  
Clover, Four-leaved, Be mine  
Clover, Red, Industry  
Clover, White, Think of me  
Cloves, Dignity  
Cobaea, Gossip  
Columbine, Folly  
Columbine, Red, Fearful  
Convolvulus, Bonds  
Convolvulus, Blue, Repose  
Convolvulus, Pink, Hopeless  
Coreopsis, Always Cheerful  
Coriander, Hidden worth  
Corn, Riches  
Corn Bottle, Delicacy  
Corn Cockle, Gentility  
Cornel Tree, Duration  
Coronella, Success to you  
Cosmelia, Charm of a blush  
Cowslip, Winning grace  
Crab (Blossom), Ill-nature  
Cranberry, Cure headache  
Cress, Stability  
Crocus, Cheerfulness  
Crocus, Saffron, Mirth  
Crown Imperial, Power  
Crowsbill, Envy  
Crowfoot, Ingratitude  
Cuckoo Plant, Ardour  
Cudweed, Remembrance  
Cuscuta, Meanness  
Cyclamen, Diffidence  
Cypress, Death

Daffodil, Yellow, Regard  
Dahlia, Instability  
Daisy, Innocence  
Daisy, Michaelmas, Farewell  
Daisy, Variegated, Beauty  
Daisy, Wild, Will think of it  
Dandelion, Love's oracle  
Daphne, Glory  
Dew Plant, A serenade  
Dianthus, Make haste  
Dipteracanthus, Fortitude  
Dipladema, You are too bold  
Dittany, Pink, Birth  
Dittany, White, Passion  
Dock, Patience  
Dodder of Thyme, Baseness  
Dogbane, Falsehood  
Dogwood, Durability  
Dragon Plant, Snare  
Dragonwort, Horror  
Dried Flax, Usefulness  
Ebony, Blackness  
Echites, Be Warned in Time  
Elder, Zeal  
Elm, Dignity  
Endive, Frugality  
Escholzia, Do Not Refuse Me  
Eupatorium, Delay  
Evergreen Thorn, Solace  
Fern, Flowering, Magic  
Fern, Sincerity  
Fever Root, Delay  
Fig, Argument  
Fig Marigold, Idleness  
Fig Tree, Prolific  
Filbert, Reconciliation  
Fir, Time  
Fir, Birch, Elevation  
Flax, I Feel Your Kindness  
Fleur-de-lis, I burn  
Fleur-de-Luce, Fire  
Fly Orchis, Error  
Flytrap, Deceit  
Fools Parsley, Silliness  
Forget-me-not, Forget-me-not  
Foxglove, Insincerity  
Foxtail, Grass, Sporting  
Frog Ophrys, Disgust  
Fumitory, Spleen  
Fuchsia, Scarlet, Taste  
Furze, Love for all Seasons  
Garden Chervil, Sincerity  
Gardenia, Refinement  
Geranium, Dark, Melancholy  
Geranium, Horse-show Leaf, Stupidity  
Geranium, Ivy, Bridal Favour  
Geranium, Lemon, Unexpected Meeting  
Geranium, Nutmeg, Expected Meeting  
Geranium, Oak-leaved, True Friendship  
Geranium, Variegated, Ingenuity  
Geranium, Rose-scented, Preference  
Geranium, Scarlet, Comforting, Kindness  
Geranium, Silver-leaved, Recall  
Geranium, Wild, Steadfast Piety  
Gladioli, Ready Armed  
Glory Flower, Glorious Beauty  
Goat's Rue, Reason  
Golden Rod, Encouragement  
Goosefoot, Goodness  
Gooseberry, Anticipation  
Gourd, Extent, Bulk  
Grape, Wild, Rural Felicity  
Grass, Utility  
Hand Flower Tree, Warning  
Harebell, Submission

Hawkweed, Quicksightedness  
Hawthorn, Hope  
Hazel, Reconciliation  
Heart's-ease, Thought  
Heath, Solitude  
Helenium, Tears  
Heliotrope, I Turn to Thee  
Hellebore, Scandal  
Hemlock, You will be my death  
Hemp, Fate  
Henbane, Imperfection  
Hepatica, Confidence  
Hibiscus, Delicate Beauty  
Holly, Foresight  
Holy Herb, Enchantment  
Hollyhock, Fecundity  
Honesty, Honesty  
Honey Flower, Love, Sweet  
Honeysuckle, Affection  
Hop, Injustice  
Horehound, Fire  
Hornbeam, Ornament  
Horse, Chestnut, Luxury  
Hortensia, You are Cold  
Houseleek, Vivacity  
Houstonia, Content  
Humble Plant, Despondency  
Hyacinth, Sport, Game, Play  
Hyacinth, Purple, Adversity  
Hyacinth, Blue, Constancy  
Hydrangea, A Boaster  
Hyssop, Cleanliness  
Iceland Moss, Health  
Ice Plant, You Freeze Me  
Imbricata, Uprightness  
Imperial Montague, Power  
Indian Cress, Warlike Trophy  
Indian Jasmine, Attachment  
Iris, Common, Message  
Iris, German, Flame  
Ivy, Marriage  
Jacob's Ladder, Come Down  
Jasmine, White, Amiability  
Jasmine, Cape, Too Happy  
Jasmine, Carolina, Separation  
Jasmine, Spanish, Sensuality  
Jasmine, Yellow, Grace  
Judas Tree, Betrayal  
Juniper, Succour  
Justicia, Perfection  
Kennedia, Mental Beauty  
Kingcups, Desire of Riches  
Laburnum, Pensive Beauty  
Lady's Slipper, Win Me  
Lagerstroemia, Eloquence  
Lantana, Rigour  
Larch, Audacity  
Larkspur, Lightness, Levity  
Larkspur, Double, Happiness  
Larkspur, Pink, Fickleness  
Larkspur, Purple, Haughtiness  
Laurel, Glory  
Laurel, Common, Perfidy  
Laurel, Ground, Perseverance  
Laurel, Mountain, Ambition  
Lavender, Distrust  
Leaves, Dead, Sadness  
Lemon, Zest  
Lemon Blossom, Fidelity  
Lettuce, Cold-heartedness  
Lichen, Dejection  
Lilac, Field, Humility  
Lilac, White, Innocence  
Lily, Day, Coquetry  
Lily, Imperial, Majesty

Lily, White, Purity  
Lily, Yellow, Falsehood  
Linden, Conjugal Love  
Lint, I feel my obligations  
Liverwort, Confidence  
Lobelia, Malevolence  
Locust, True, Elegance  
London, Pride, Frivolity  
Lote Tree, Concord  
Lotus, Eloquence  
Lotus Flower, Estranged Love  
Lotus Leaf, Recantation  
Love in a Mist, Perplexity  
Love Lies Bleeding, Desertion  
Lucurn, Life  
Lupine, Voraciousness  
Madder, Calumny  
Magnolia, Love of Nature  
Maiden Hair, Secrecy  
Mallow, Wildness  
Mallow, Marsh, Beneficence  
Marrow, Syrian, Persuasion  
Manchineal Tree, Duplicity  
Mandrake, Rarity  
Maple, Reserve  
Marianthus, Hope for Better  
Marigold, Grief, Chagrin  
Marigold, French, Jealousy  
Marigold and Cyprus, Despair  
Marjoram, Blushes  
Marvel of Peru, Timidity  
Meadow Lychnis, Wit  
Meadowsweet, Uselessness  
Mercury, Goodness  
Mesembryanthemum, Idleness  
Mezereon, I Desire to Please  
Mignonette, You are Good  
Milfoil, War  
Milkwort, Hermitage  
Mint, Virtue  
Mistletoe, I Surmount  
Mock Orange, Counterfeit  
Monkshood, Deadly Foe Near  
Moonwort, Forgetfulness  
Morning Glory, Affectation  
Moschatel, Weakness  
Moss, Maternal Love  
Mosses, Ennui  
Motherwort, Concealed Love  
Moving Plant, Agitation  
Mulberry, White, Wisdom  
Mushroom, I Can't Trust You  
Musk Plant, Weakness  
Myrobalan, Privation  
Myrrh, Gladness  
Myrtle, Love  
Narcissus, Egotism  
Nasturtium, Patriotism  
Nemophila, Success  
Nettle, Stinging, You Spiteful  
Nettle Burning Slander  
Nettle Tree, Conceit  
Night Convolvulus, Night  
Nightshade, Dark Thoughts  
Oak (Live), Liberty  
Oak Leaves (Dead) Bravery  
Oats, Harmony  
Oleander, Beware  
Olive, Peace  
Orange Blossoms, Purity  
Orange Flowers, Chastity  
Orange Tree, Generosity  
Orchis, Common, a Beauty  
Osier, Frankness  
Osmunda, Dreams

Ox-eye, Patience  
Palm, Victory  
Pansy, I think of you  
Parsley, Festivity, Feasting  
Passion Flower, Superstition  
Pea, Common, Respect  
Pea, Everlasting, A meeting  
Peach, Matchess Charms  
Peach Blossom, Your Captive  
Pear, Affection  
Pear Tree, Comfort  
Pennyroyal, Flee away  
Peony, Shame, Bashfulness  
Peppermint, Warm Feeling  
Periwinkle, Early Friendship  
Persicaria, Restoration  
Peruvian Heliotrope, Devotion  
Petunia, Keep your Promise  
Pheasant's Eye, Remembrance  
Phlox, Unanimity  
Pigeon Berry, Indifference  
Pimpernel, Change  
Pine, Black, Pity  
Pine-apple, You are perfect  
Pine, Pitch, Philosophy  
Pink, Boldness  
Pink, Indian, Always lovely  
Pink, Indian, S. Aversion  
Pink, Mountain, Aspiring  
Pink, Red, Single, Pure Love  
Pink, Variegated, Refusal  
Pink, White, Ingeniousness  
Pink, Yellow, Disdain  
Plantain, What Man's Footstep  
Plane Tree, Genius  
Plum, Indian, Privation  
Plum Tree, Fidelity  
Plum, Wild, Independence  
Polyanthus, Pride of Riches  
Polyanthus, Crimson, Mystery  
Pomegranate, Foolishness  
Pomegranate, Flower, Elegance  
Poor Robin, Compensation  
Poplar, Black, Courage  
Poplar, White, Time  
Poppy, Red, Consolation  
Poppy, Scarlet, Fantastic Folly  
Poppy, White, Sleep—My Bane  
Potato, Benevolence  
Prickly Pear, Satire  
Pride of China, Dissension  
Primrose, Early Youth  
Primrose, Evening, Inconstance  
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Rose, Cabbage, Ambassador of Love  
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Rose, Damask, Beautiful Complexion  
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Rose, Dog, Pleasure and Pain  
Rose, Guelder, Age  
Rose, Hundred-Leaved, Pride, Dignity  
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Rose, Maiden Blush, Show me Love  
Rose, Multiflora, Grace  
Rose, Moss, Superior Merit  
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Rose, Musk, Capricious Beauty  
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Rose, Unique, Call me not beautiful  
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Rose, York and Lancaster, War  
Rose, White & Red together, Unity  
Roses, Crown of, Reward of  
Rosebud, Red, Pure & Lovely  
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Sorrel, Wild, Wit Ill-timed  
Sorrel, Wood, Joy  
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Spearmint, Warm, Sentiment  
Speedwell, Female Fidelity  
Speedwell, Spiked, Semblance  
Spider, Ophrys, Adroitness  
Spiderwort, Esteem, not Love  
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Stock, Ten-week, Promptness  
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Strawberry Tree, Esteem, not Love  
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Sultan, White, Sweetness  
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Sunflower, Dwarf, Adoration  
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Swallow-wort, Cure Heartache  
Sweet Basil, Good Wishes  
Sweetbrier, I wound, but love  
Sweet Flag, Yellow, Fitness  
Sweet Pea, Delicate Pleasures  
Sweet Sultan, Felicity  
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Sycamore, Curiosity  
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Throatwort, Neglected Beauty  
Thyme, Activity  
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Verbena, Pink, Family Union  
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Verbena, Scarlet, Unite Against Evil  
Verbena, Sweet-scented, Sensibility  
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Virginia Creeper, I cling to you  
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Volkamenia, may you be happy  
Walnut, Intellect  
Wall-flower, Fidelity  
Water Lily, Purity of Heart  
Water Melon, Bulkiness  
Wax Plant, Susceptibility  
Wheat Stalks, Riches  
Whin, Anger  
Whortleberry, Treason  
Willow, creeping, Love forsaken  
Willow, Water, Freedom  
Willow, Weeping, Mourning  
Willow Herb, Pretension  
Woodbine, Fraternal Love  
Wormwood, Absence  
Xanthium, Pertinacity  
Yew, Sorrow

Flowers smell the sweetest and look the loveliest of all earthly things, and most men and woman throughout the World dearly love them, and hope to dwell beyond the grave where "Everlasting Spring abides, and NEVER WITHERING FLOWERS".

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## Page 147—Kindness To Animals

### Kindness To Animals

#### Power of Kindness to Animals

Thousands of pathetic tales could be told of the sufferings of poor dumb animals and the sympathy of some kind human souls for them. The following one is from the Secretary of a Humane Society:—

The wife of a small country farmer wrote to me: "I can't bear sending the cattle to market. I always keep out of the way, for every animal on the place knows me, and they look at me so sadly, and, knowing what they're going to, I feel sometimes that I'd rather give the whole thing up, than go on rearing them to be knocked about and killed.

"I went to the market once myself to see a young beast being sold, but I'll never go again. I had fed it with my own hands every day, till it was like a child. I went to the market-town by train, and the young bullock was driven by road. I walked a little way out to meet it, and at last met it coming tramping along, and the drover told me he had had the greatest difficulty to get it along the last few miles; it had become so tired. You see it had not had much exercise, as when you are fattening things, it does not do to let them run about too much, or they'll 'run all the meat off their bones' again, as the saying is.

"When I went to Smithfield, I was ready to faint as I saw the men shouting and swearing, and slashing away with thick sticks. The poor things were so confused and knocked about that they didn't know what to do, and I went up to the man who seemed to be in charge of the pens that our auctioneer was going to sell from, and asked him if he would be kind to my poor bullock when it came. He only cursed it and laughed a mocking laugh, and said, 'Oh, yes, ---- it, I'll be gentle with it. You wait, missis, and see! Do you think I'm here to coddle any ---- beasts? If you do, you're ---- well mistaken.'

"I couldn't bear to see what would happen. I couldn't stand it, so I went away, and then the men (dealers) simply stood and talked, and haggled with the farmers; and the drovers shouted and yelled, and hooted, and knocked the things about, and hit them on the nose and over the eyes, and poked and prodded them with sharp pointed sticks; and the dogs yapped and barked, and I never heard a single word of pity, or saw a sign of pity for the poor, tired, bruised, panting, and terrified creatures.

"It was a terribly hot day, and I wandered about the town all the afternoon, able to think of little else than of my poor bullock, and of what had become of it, when, as I was going to the station to my train, I met three or four cattle coming driven along. Suddenly one of them caught sight of me, and in spite of all the men could do came rushing up towards me. It was my poor bullock; but, oh, so terribly altered. I should hardly have known it.

*"It seemed beside itself with joy to see me, and stood by me lowing so pitifully, as much as to say, 'Oh, I'm so glad I've found you! I know I'm safe now, and you won't let these awful men carry me off again'.*

"At last they managed to get it to move on by flogging it savagely, and, heart-sick and conscience-smitten, I went to the station; and when I got the money that it was sold for it seemed to me like 'the price of blood.' But what can I do?

"I suppose the proper thing is to get hardened and to think nothing about it, like other people; but it is so dreadful that I can never go to market to see another of my poor beasts sold."

Kind Miss Cobbe

Miss Frances Power Cobbe gave herself, heart and soul, to the defence of the animals, not because she loved them more than human beings but because she could not bear to see the men acting so wickedly towards them, nor to hear the groans of the helpless victims.

In the account of her life, written by herself, she says: "It is not the four legs nor the silky or shaggy coat of a dog which should prevent us from discerning his inner nature of thought and love; limited thought, it is true, but an unlimited love. That he is dumb, is to me only another claim (as it would be in a human child) on my consideration... Another dog, whom I sent away at one year old to live in the country, was returned to me eight years afterwards old and diseased. The poor beast knew me again after a few moments' eager examination, and uttered *an actual scream of joy* when I called her by name, exhibiting every token of tender affection for me ever afterwards."

In her books entitled "Dogs whom I Have Met," she says: "The dog who really loves his master delights in mere propinquity, likes to lie down on the floor resting against his feet, better than on a cushion a yard away, and after a warm interchange of caresses for two or three minutes asks no more, and subsides into perfect contentment. That a short tender touch of the dog's tongue to hand or face corresponds exactly, as an expression of his feelings, to our kisses of affection, there can be no sort of doubt. All dogs kiss the people they love."

Tennyson, when on a visit to Miss Cobbe, bade her go bravely on as she had begun, and "fight the good fight," by which he meant the warfare against cruelty in which she was engaged. After his death it was sad to hear the wail of three dogs, a collie, a Scotch terrier, and a Russian wolf-hound, constant companions and friends of the poet. Thousands of dogs have pined, and died of grief, for their loved masters.

#### At a Bull Fight

The following is a pathetic narrative entitled "El Moro."

A Cadiz letter says: "Notice had been posted on all the public places that on a certain day the bull called 'El Moro' would be introduced into the arena, and that, when he should have been goaded to the utmost fury, a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of 'El Moro' as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl just advertised was a peasant girl of Espara, who had petted the bull, and fed it and cared for it during the years of its growth. On the appointed day the vast amphitheatre was filled with an anxious, eager crowd. Several bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then the flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep, terrific roar, 'El Moro' entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent; a bovine monarch, black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils, and wicked-looking horns. The picadores attacked him warily, hurling their banderillos (small, dart-like javelins ornamented with ribbons, and intended to jade and infuriate). The bull had killed three horses offhand, and had received eight banderillos in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the picadores and matadores suddenly withdrew leaving the infuriated beast alone in his wild paroxysm of wrath. Presently a soft musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and directly afterwards a girl of not more than fifteen years of age, an the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with a pretty face, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name—'Moro! Moro! Va voy!' At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased his fury, and turned towards the place whence it came, and, when he saw the girl, he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head, and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and, while she sang, the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillos, after which, with her arms around 'El Moro's' neck, she led him towards the gate of the torril."

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## Page 148—Funny Australian Natives

### Funny Australian Natives



### **Kangaroo**

The Kangaroo is the largest native animal in Australia. He is about 5 feet high when he sits up, he has a head somewhat like a rabbit's, his hands or fore feet are small but his hind feet are large, and he has a very thick tail. He can kick and tear with his sharp hind claws in a very dangerous manner. He frequently kills dogs with his claws, but, when he is chased by dogs, if he is near water he makes for it and often drowns the dogs if they come into the water after him. He leaps or hops about 15 feet at a time and goes very fast. The mother carries her young in a pouch, as seen in the picture, and when the baby kangaroos are frightened they run at once into their mother's pouch for safety, like any other babies running to their mother.



### **Australian Native Cat**

It is a wild Cat, generally brown or black with many large and small white spots on it. It lives on small animals, including birds and their eggs, and is a great pest to farmers, killing their poultry.



### **Emu**

The Emu lives upon vegetable food such as fruits, roots, and grass. It has a great curiosity and is easily tamed. It is very inoffensive except when violently attacked; then it kicks like a horse. It is said that its kick will break a man's leg. Its flesh is eaten by the natives and is said to look and taste like beef. It can run very fast. It lays from 6 to 12 dark green coloured eggs and its young are pretty little striped things as in the above picture. It is, next to the Ostrich, the

largest bird in the world, being 5 or 6 feet high, its colour is a mixture of grey and brown, and its voice has a low booming sound. It is generally coupled with the Kangaroo in the Australian Arms.



### **Platypus**

The Platypus is sometimes called the Water Mole. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful animal in the world in its combination, being part bird, part beast, part fish. It has a bill like a duck; five toes with claws and webbed feet; it is covered with thick glossy fur like a seal; it has cheek pouches like a monkey to keep its food in; it lays two eggs, its voice resembles that of a young puppy, and the young platypuses play like puppies; it lives in rivers and makes burrows often 20 or 30 feet long; it feeds upon water insects, shell fish, etc.

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## **Page 149—Funny Australian Natives**

### **Funny Australian Natives**



### **Native Bear**

The Australian Native Bear is a dear little harmless fellow, and is easily tamed. He lives in the gum trees, feeds upon gum leaves, and loves his mother who carries him on her back and is very fond of him. He has a thick fluffy coat, big bushy ears, and no tail. He cries like a child if he misses his mother. The cry very pathetically if they are wounded, which they frequently are in the bush, by cruel wicked boys and men who think it is sport to shoot at the poor harmless creatures.



### **Bower Bird**

The Australian Bower Bird is an extensive builder; it not only builds its nest in a tree but it builds a palace on the ground in the shape of a bower hut, furnishes it with nick-nacks such as shells, bones, pieces of mineral, metals, bright parrots' feathers and other trifles. What the English magpie would steal and hide away the Bower Bird openly decorates his pavilion with. Often several birds collect together and play like children, running in, out, and around their wonderful bower-palace as shown in our picture.

### **Lyre Bird**

The Australian Lyre Bird is a most beautiful creature, said to be a variety of the Bird of Paradise. It runs very quickly, and springs very high, and calls very loudly. It lays but one egg a year and, consequently, only has one baby per annum. It is a great mimic. Mr. Metcalfe in his "Australian Zoology", describing it, says: "It is a consummate mimic and ventriloquist. It imitates to perfection the notes of all other birds, the united voices of a flock of parrakeets, the barking of dogs, the sawing of timber and the clink of the woodman's axe. This it has earned for itself the title of the Australian Mocking Bird."

### **Our Seven Funny Australian Natives**

The Kangaroo says, whenever I jump,  
I always come down with a great big thump.

The Emu can give a nasty kick;  
Which is worse than getting a hit with a brick.

I'm but a funny wild, little, spotted Native Cat,  
With claws and tail like a squirrel and a nose like a rat.

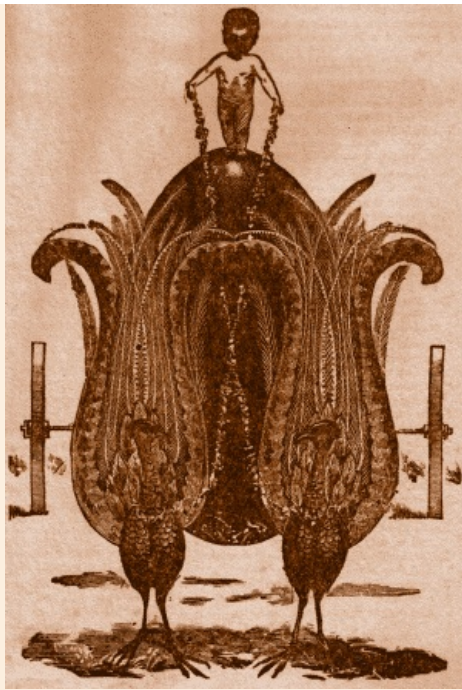
Common people call me simply Mr. PLATYPUS,  
Learned people call me Mr. OR-NI-THO-RINK-KUS.

I'm bit a little Native Bear, and am so happy and bright,  
I sleep and dream in a tree by day, and climb about at night.

The clever Bower Bird builds his nest up a tree,  
And his beautiful palace down on the lea.

Here we see a pretty bird, of its voice you will never tire,  
But tho' it mocks the sounds it hears the bird is still a Lyre.

*(By a Company of Three Particularly Poor Poets.)*



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## **Page 150—Pussy Land**

### **Cat Stories**

#### **Puss in the Well**

Ding dong dell, pussy's in the well!  
Who put her in?—little Tommy Lin.  
Who pulled her out?—dog with long snout.  
What a naughty boy was that  
To drown poor pussy cat,  
Who never did any harm  
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

#### **The Singing Cat**

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,  
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;  
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,  
The mouse has married the bumble-bee.  
Pipe cat—dance, mouse,  
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

#### **Puss in London**

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?  
I've been to London to visit the Queen.  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?  
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

#### **Pussy-Cat and Mousey**

Pussy-Cat lives in the servant's hall,  
She can set up her back and purr;



The little mice live in a crack in the wall,  
But they hardly dare venture to stir;  
For whenever they think of taking the air,  
Or filling their little maws,  
The Pussy-cat says, "Come out if you dare;  
I will catch you all with my claws."  
Scramble, scramble, scramble, went all the little Mice,  
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese,  
The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,  
Now do come out, if you please."  
"Squeak," said the little Mouse; "squeak, squeak, squeak,"  
Said all the little ones too;  
"We never creep out when cats are about,  
Because we're afraid of you."  
So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat  
By the fire in the servants' hall:  
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep;"  
So she rolled herself up like a ball.  
"Squeak," said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out  
And eat some Cheshire cheese,  
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,  
And we may sup at our ease."  
Nibble, nibble, nibble went all the little mice,  
And they licked their little paws;  
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,  
And caught them all with her claws.

### **Puss in the Pantry**

Hie, hie, says Anthony, puss in the pantry  
Gnawing, gnawing a mutton, mutton-bone;  
See now she tumbles it, see now she mumbles it,  
See how she tosses the mutton, mutton-bone,

### **Dick killed Puss**

Do look at the cat! why, what is she at?  
She's catching a rat that's hid in Dick's hat.  
Dick ran for a bat to knock him down flat,  
But, crossing the mat the foolish young brat  
Tripped up and fell flat, He half killed the cat  
Instead of the rat, Hal cried out that that  
Was just tit for tat.



### **Puss and the Monkey**

Says Mr. Monkey, giving a wink;  
"It would be exceedingly funny, I think,  
To catch the cat, and give her a drink,  
Out of a great big bottle of ink."

So, suiting the action to word,  
He caught up Puss, but she demurred;

And made such a noise you never heard,  
And said it 'twas worse than eating a bird.

The Puss she didn't like ink at all!  
She didn't like bottles great or small;  
Ink to her was worse than gall,  
And so she did nothing but spit, mew, and squall.  
And that's all!

### **Sing Sing**

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?  
The cat has ate the pudding-string!  
Do, do, what shall I do?  
The cat has bit it quite in two.

### **Good Puss**

Poor Puss, dear, lovely pretty puss,  
Content at home to stay;  
Thy pleasure's shown in gambol tricks  
And loves to skip and play.

Grateful for every sup of milk,  
And for every bit of meat;  
Gives lively proof of gratitude  
By singing while you eat.

See, how she cleans her sleeky skin!  
A soil would prove a flow;  
She licks her neck, her sides and back,  
And don't forget her paw.

### **Mary's Puss Drowned**

Mary had a little cat,  
With long snow-white hair.  
Such a merry little cat,  
Jumping everywhere.

When Mary went to take a walk,  
Pussy ran to meet her,  
Rubbed its head against her frock  
And said, 'Purr, purr,' to greet her.

Once, when Mary was at school,  
Some cruel bad boys found it,  
And in a pond beside the road,  
Oh, sad to tell, they drowned it!

Poor Mary's face was wet with tears,  
When she found Pussy lying:—  
I would not be a cruel boy,  
To set poor Mary crying.

### **My Pussy**

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm;  
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm,  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I very gently will play.  
She'll sit by my side, and I'll give her some food;  
And Pussy will love me, because I am good.  
Oh! here is Miss Pussy, she's drinking her milk;  
Her coat is as soft and as glossy as silk.  
She sips the milk up with her little lap-lap;  
Then, wiping her whiskers, lies down for a nap.  
My kitty is gentle, she loves me right well;

How funny her play is I'm sure I can't tell.  
Now under the sofa, now under the table.  
She runs and plays bopeep as well as she's able.  
Oh! dearly I love her! you never did see  
Two happier playmates than kitty and me.

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## Page 151—Pussy Land

### Dame Trot

Dame Trot once went to a neighbouring fair.  
And what do you think she bought herself there?  
A pussy! the prettiest ever was seen;  
No cat was so gentle, so clever and clean.

Each dear little paw was as black as a sloe,  
The rest of her fur was white as the snow,  
Her eyes were bright green, and her sweet little face  
Was pretty and meek, full of innocent grace.

Dame Trot hurried home with this beautiful cat;  
Went upstairs to take off her cloak and her hat;  
And when she came down she was astonished to see  
That Pussy was busy preparing the tea.

"Oh, what a strange cat!" thought poor little Dame Trot,  
"She'll break my best china and upset the pot."  
But no harm befell them: the velvety paws  
Were quite sure; the Dame for alarm had no cause.

Next morning when little Dame Trot came downstairs,  
To attend as usual, to household affairs,  
She found that the kitchen was swept up as clean  
As if Puss a regular servant had been.

The tea stood to draw, and the toast was done brown;  
The Dame very pleased to her breakfast sat down;  
While Puss by her side on an armchair sat up,  
And lapped her warm milk from a nice china cup.

Now Spot, the old house-dog, looked on in amaze,  
He'd never been used to such queer cattish ways,  
Put Puss mewed so sweetly, and moved with such grace,  
That Spot at last liked her, and licked her white face.

Poor little Dame Trot had no money to spare,  
And only too often her cupboard was bare;  
Then kind Mrs Pussy would catch a nice fish,  
And serve it for dinner upon a clean dish.

The rats and the mice, who wished Pussy to please,  
Were now never seen at the butter and cheese;  
The Dame daily found that their numbers grew thinner,  
For Puss ate a mouse every day for her dinner.

If Puss had a weakness, I need but confess  
'Twas a girl of the period's fancy for dress,  
Her greatest desire a high chignon and hat,  
And a very short dress *a la mode* for a cat.

So one day when Dame Trot had gone out to dine,  
Puss dressed herself up, as she thought, very fine,  
And coaxed kind old Spot, who looked at her with pride,  
To play pony for her, and give her a ride.

Now Spot, who to welcome his mistress desired,  
And to "company manners" had never aspired,  
Jumped up to fawn on her—and down came the cat,  
And crushed, in her tumble, her feather and hat.

"Oh, puss!" said Dame Trot, "what a very sad mess!  
You'd best have remained in your natural dress;  
The graces which Nature so kindly bestows  
Are more often hid than improved by fine clothes.

### **Mistress Puss and Doggy**

A little dog said, and he looked very wise,  
"I think, Mistress Pus,  
You make a great fuss  
With your back and your great green eyes  
And you, Madam Duck,  
You waddle and cluck,  
Till it gives one the fidgets to hear you;  
You'd better run off  
To the old pig's trough,  
Where none but the pigs, ma'am, are near you."

The duck was good-natured, and she ran away;  
But old pussy-cat  
With her back up sat,  
And said she intended to stay;  
And she showed him her paws,  
With her sharp, long claws,  
So the dog was afraid to come near,  
For Puss if she pleases,  
When a little dog teases  
Can give him a box on the ear.

### **Don't Hurt Puss**

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I very gently will play.



### **Head In The Milk Jug**

Ho! Master, Mistress, Mary, run,  
Your Tabby is in grief;  
This broken jug caught hold of me  
As though I were a thief.

### **Cat Up The Plum Tree**

Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty,  
The cat ran up the plum tree  
I lay you a crown  
I'll fetch her down;  
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

## Pussy-Cat Mole

Pussy Cat Mole  
Jumped over a coal,  
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole  
Poor Pussy is weeping, she'll have no more milk  
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

## The Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
"Oh! mammy dear, we sadly fear,  
Our mittens we have lost."  
"What! lost your mittens,  
You naughty kittens,  
Then you shall have no pie."  
Miew, miew miew, miew.

The three little kittens had need of mittens:  
The winter was now nigh.  
"Oh! mammy dear, we fear, we fear,  
Our mittens we shall need."  
"Go, seek your mittens,  
You silly kittens;  
There's a tempest in the sky."  
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens, in seeking their mittens,  
Upset the table high.  
"Oh! mammy dear, we doubt and fear,  
The house is tumbling down,"  
"You foolish kittens,  
Go find your mittens,  
And do not make things fly."  
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
"Oh! mammy dear, see here, see here,  
Our mittens we have found."  
"What! found your mittens,  
You little kittens;  
Then you shall have some pie."  
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie;  
"Oh! mammy dear, we greatly fear,  
Our mittens we have soiled."  
"What! soiled your mittens,  
You naughty kittens!"  
Then they began to sigh.  
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,  
And hung them up to dry.  
"Oh! mammy dear, look here, look here,  
Our mittens we have washed,"  
"What! washed your mittens,  
You darling kittens!—  
But I smell a rat close by!  
Hush! Hush!" Miew, miew.

The three little kittens put off their mittens,  
A hunting match to try.  
"Oh! mammy dear, his hole is here:  
Our mittens down we fling."  
Both cat and kittens  
Flung down their mittens;  
When—whisk!—the rat ran by.  
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

## The Dunce of a Kitten

Come, Pussy, will you learn to read?  
I've got a pretty book:  
Nay, turn this way, you must indeed,  
Fie, there's a sulky look!

Here's a pretty picture, see  
An apple with a great A;  
How stupid you will ever be  
If you do nought but play!

Come, A B C, an easy task,  
What anyone can do,  
I will do anything you ask,  
For dearly I love you.

No, no, your lesson is not done,  
You have not learnt it half;  
You'll grow a downright simpleton,  
And make the people laugh.

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## Page 152—Pussy Land

### Old Daddy Hubbard and His Cat

Old Daddy Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get poor Puss some meat;  
But when he got there,  
I do declare,  
There was nothing but two pig's feet.

Daddy went to the fish shop  
To get Puss a sprat,  
And when he came back,  
She was watching a rat.

Daddy went to the carpenter's  
To get Puss a house,  
And when he came back  
She was catching a mouse.

Daddy went to the miller's  
To get Puss some meal,  
And when he came back  
She was skinning an eel.

Daddy went to a meadow  
To get milk from a cow,  
And when he came back,  
Puss cried: "Me-ow, Me-ow."

Daddy went to the crockery shop  
To get Puss a dish,  
And when he came back  
She had caught Ma's goldfish.

Daddy went to the dairy  
To get Puss some curd,  
And when he came back  
She'd ate Ma's pet bird.

Daddy went to the brewer's  
To get Puss some beer,  
And when he came back

She's a flea in her ear.

Daddy went for some water,  
To give Puss some souse,  
And when he came back  
Puss was top of the house.

Daddy went to the ironmonger's  
To get Puss a saw,  
And when he came back  
She had scalded her paw.

Daddy went to the photographer's  
To get Puss some pictures,  
And when he came back,  
She had burnt off her whiskers.

Daddy went to the garden  
To get Puss a snail,  
And when he came back  
She'd a bottle-brush tail.

Daddy went to the grocer's  
To get Puss some tea,  
And when he came back  
She had run up a tree.

Daddy went to the draper's  
To buy Puss some mittens,  
And when he came back  
She was licking her kittens.

Daddy went to the stable  
To get Puss a donkey,  
And when he got back  
She was teaching the monkey.

Daddy went to the confectioner's  
To buy Puss a lollie,  
And when he came back  
She was nursing the dolly.

Daddy went to get clothes  
To make Puss a lady,  
And when he came back  
She was kissing the baby.

Daddy took Cole's balloon  
And got Puss a cloud,  
But Puss when she saw it  
Laughed right out loud.



Daddy went to the store

To get Puss a herring,  
And when he came back  
She kept loving and purring

Daddy went to the furrier's  
To get Puss a muff,  
And when he came back  
She was taking some snuff.

Daddy went to the baker's  
To get Puss a bun,  
And when he came back  
She was beating a drum.

Daddy went to the dressmaker's  
To buy Puss a frock,  
And when he came back  
She was winding the clock.

Daddy went to the jeweller's  
To get Puss a brooch,  
And when he came back  
She'd caught a cockroach.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
Some cheap music to buy,  
And when he came back  
Puss had made a mud pie.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy Puss some pens,  
And when he came back  
She was feeding some hens.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy Puss a slate,  
And when he came back  
She opened the gate.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy Puss some ink,  
And when he came back  
She gave him a wink.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
For an exercise book,  
And when he came back  
Puss gave a wise look.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy Puss a purse,  
And when he came back  
She was singing a verse.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
And Oh me! Oh my!  
And when he came back  
Puss had swallowed a fly.

Daddy went to Cole's Book Arcade  
Some paper to buy,  
And when he came back  
Puss thought she would die.

Daddy went to the doctor's  
To get Puss a pill,  
And when he came back  
She still looked very ill.

Daddy went to the auction sale  
To buy Puss a bed,  
And when he came back  
Puss Shammed to be dead.

This was a very wise, knowing Puss; she could read and write, and liked books very, very much, and didn't want to die and be buried, and leave all the mice, and milk, and sausages, and nice



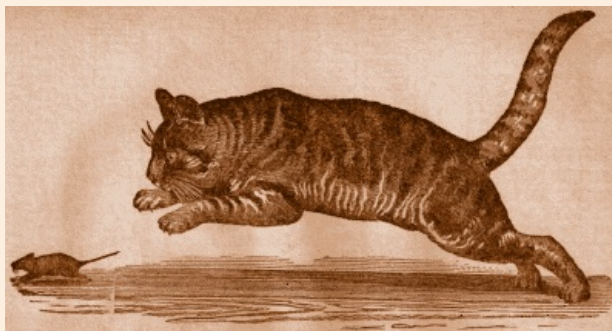
books; so she made haste and got better, and when

Daddy went to the cemetery  
To dig her a grave,  
Puss rushed off at once  
Into Cole's Book Arcade.

And that is the present residence of Miss Puss.

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## Page 153—Pussy Land



### **The Story of a Little Mouse: Or, Our Happy Family.**

Once there was a little mouse,  
Who came to live in our house;  
She came because she was terribly frighten'd  
To stay outside as it thunder'd and lighten'd.

When she came in 'twas nearly dark,  
And Ponto he began to bark;  
But she ran round at a rapid rate,  
Then darted in behind the grate.

Ponto smelt, and sniff'd, and bark'd and scratch'd,  
But Mousey was safe and couldn't be catch'd;  
So Ponto, when tired laid down to sleep,  
And Mousey quite quiet determined to keep.

Mousey stayed there a month, as she thought it was better,  
And Ponto could smell her, but never could get her,  
But every morning when Ponto went out,  
Miss Mousey crept forth, and for crumbs looked about.

Now one day as Ponto came into the house,  
Thinks he, I'll be KIND to that poor little mouse;  
"So come out Miss Mousey," our Ponto he said,  
"And if anyone hurts you I'll bite off his head."

So the poor little mouse came out of the grate,  
And ate with our Ponto out of his plate,  
And always when Ponto laid down on the mat,  
Beside him Miss Mousey in her little chair sat.

But one rainy night as Miss Mousey sat still,  
A thing called a bat, came over the hill;  
But Ponto says to him, "You are not wanted here,"  
And sent the bat off with a flea in his ear.

The very same night as they lay on the mat,  
What should come rushing in but a great big rat;  
Up jumped Mr. Ponto and gave a loud bark,  
And that rat scampered off out into the dark.

They had just got rid of the bat and the rat,  
And what should come in but a GREAT TOM CAT;

Came jumping, springing, and bounding along,  
And frightened Miss Mousey more than a gong.

He raced after mousey, around, in and out,  
Through the house and the yard, and all round about;  
To the East, to the West, to the North, to the South,  
And at last caught her up in his great big mouth.

He squeezed her back hard and frighten'd her so,  
She scarcely could say, "O, please let me go!"  
But Tom spoke and said, "Mouse is very good meat,  
And as I feel hungry, why, it's you I shall eat."

Tom let her go once, but caught her afresh,  
Although Mousey made a most desperate dash;  
And again Mousey pleaded, "Oh, please let me go";  
But Tom only answered, "Decidedly No!"

But as luck should now have it, our Ponto came in,  
And asked Mr. Puss, "What's this horrible din?"  
Says Puss to our Ponto, "I've caught this sly thief,  
And now I intend to bring her to grief."

Says Ponto to Puss, "The mouse is my friend,  
And if you would hurt her, why I must defend  
That nice little, kind little, good little mouse,  
As long as she ever remains in this house."

Says Pussy to Ponto, "I pray you don't fret;  
I'll love and I'll cherish your poor little pet;  
She shall sleep on the mat, and we'll find her in food,  
Because she is nice and because she is good."

So the nice little mouse, the dog and the cat,  
all three ate together, and slept on the mat;  
They sung, danc'd and romp'd with joy and merry laughter,  
And as the old take says, "Lived happy ever after."

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## Page 154—Pussy Land



### History of Mr. Tom Puss And The Rats

Mrs. Puss stayed at home, minded and played with young Master John Puss, Miss Mary Puss, and Baby Puss, while Mr. Puss went out to get them something to eat. He went into a barn, tied a piece of cheese to the tip of his tail, and put it through a hole in a door, thinking that he would catch a rat that way. Some very knowing rats on the other side of the door got a piece of string, tied it to his tail, pulled all together, and made Mr. Puss me-ow very loud, and he found that instead of his catching a rat, the rats had caught him. Mrs. Puss, finding that Mr. Puss did not come home, put little John Puss and Mary Puss to bed without any supper, and then sang little deaf Baby Puss off to sleep by means of the ear trumpet. The rats ate their supper off Mr. Puss's tail, and then let him go. You see what a fine long tail he had when he put it through the hole to catch rats in that foolish manner; and look at his short tail now, in the corner of the page.

**Wasn't He A Foolish Puss!!!**



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## Page 155—More Pussy Land

### Puss In Boots

Once upon a time there was a miller who had three sons. When he was dying he left each of them a legacy. To his eldest son he left his mill; to his second his ass; and to his youngest his cat. The poor boy was very sad when he found that he had nothing belonging to him but a cat; but, to his great surprise, puss jumped on the table and said in a friendly manner: "Do not be sad, my dear master, only buy me a pair of boots and a bag and I'll provide for you and myself." So the miller's son, who had a shilling or two in his pocket, bought a smart little pair of boots and a bag, and gave them to puss, who put some bran and sow-thistles into his bag, opened the mouth of it, and lay down in a rabbit warren. A foolish young rabbit jumped into it; puss drew the string and soon killed it. He went immediately to the palace with it. He found the king and queen sitting on the throne, and, bowing low, he laid the rabbit at the king's feet, saying: "Please, your majesty, my master, the Marquis de Carabas, has sent you a rabbit from his warren, as a mark of respect." "I am much obliged to the Marquis," said the king, and he ordered the rabbit to be taken to the cook, and a piece of money to be given to the cat.

During two or three months the cat continued to carry game every now and then to the king, which was supposed to be the produce of his master's sport. One day when he happened to hear the king was going to take a drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, puss desired the master to go and bathe in the river at the spot that he should point out, and leave the rest to him. The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him. Just as he was bathing the king came past, when the cat bawled out as loud as he could—"Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!" On hearing this, the king looked out of the carriage window, and recognising the cat, ordered his bodyguards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas. As the poor Marquis was being fished out

of the river, the cat informed his majesty that, while his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes. The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses. No sooner had this been done and the Marquis suitably attired, then he looked to such advantage that the king took him to be a very fine gentleman; while the princess was so struck with his appearance, that at once she became head and ears in love with him.

The king insisted that the Marquis should get into the carriage. The cat, highly delighted at the turn things were taking, now ran on before, and having reached a meadow where there were some peasants, he thus accosted them; "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the king that this field belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mince-meat." The king did not fail to inquire of the peasants to whom the meadow belonged? "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath.

And the cat kept running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the labourers he met with, so that the king was astonished at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas.

At length the cat reached a magnificent castle belonging to a giant who was immensely rich. The cat having inquired what sort of person the giant might be, and what he was able to do, sent in a message to request leave to speak with him.

The giant received him civilly. "I have been told," said the cat, "that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals." "So I have," replied the giant, "and to prove the truth of what I say you shall see me become a lion." When the cat beheld a lion standing before him, and saw the monster quietly light his pipe, he was seized with such a panic that he clambered up to the roof. After a time, the cat perceiving that the giant had returned to his natural shape, came down again.

"And do you possess the power of assuming the shape of the smallest animals likewise?" "You shall see;" and the giant immediately assumed the shape of a mouse, when the cat pounced upon him and ate him up.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the Giant's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. The cat ran out to meet the king, saying—"Your majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

The king was so delighted with the Marquis of Carabas, that he accepted him as a son-in-law, and that very same day he was married to the princess.

The cat became a great lord, and ever after hunted mice only for his own amusement.



### **Monkey And The Cats**

Two hungry cats having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide their booty; therefore they went to the law, and a cunning monkey was to decide their case.

"Let us see," said the judge (with as arch a look as could be); "ay, ay, this slice truly outweighs the other;" and with this he bit off a large piece, on order, as he told them, to make a fair balance.

The other scale had now become too heavy, which gave this upright judge a pretence to make free with a second mouthful.

"Hold, hold!" cried the two cats; give each of us our share of what is left and we will be content.

"If you are content," said the monkey, "justice is not; the law, my friends, must have its course."

Upon this he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten up, most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, to give them what still remained.

"Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, I beseech you, good ladies," said the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you: and what remains is due to me as the lawyer." Upon this he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court.

This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss, than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to the law.

### **Dick Whittington And His Cat**

There was once a Lord Mayor of London, whose name was Sir Richard Whittington. He rose to that office from being a poor orphan, living in a distant village. Dick was a sharp boy, and was always picking up knowledge from some of the villagers. Dick heard of the great City of London; he often heard it said that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day seeing a waggon and team of horses on the road to London; he took courage and asked the waggoner to let him walk by his side. Having gained permission, they set off together. When Dick got to London, he was very eager to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, but the poor boy saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, so he crouched down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great merchant. Here he was soon found by an ill-tempered cook, who ordered him to go about his business. But just at this moment Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home, and finding that the poor boy was willing to work, he took him into his house, and said that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook. The cook was always scolding him from morning till night, and was very cruel to him. Poor Dick had another hardship. His bed was placed in a garret where there were great numbers of rats and mice, which ran over his face, and made a great noise. Dick at last bought a cat which was famous for being an excellent mouser.

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, asked his servants if they would send any goods abroad. All the servants mentioned something they were willing to venture but poor Whittington, who said he had nothing but a cat which was his companion.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go." Dick hesitated for some time; at last he brought poor Puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes. The cook continued to be so cruel to him that the unhappy fellow determined to leave his place. He accordingly packed up his few things, and travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone. While he was there musing, Bow-bells began to ring; and it seemed to him that their sound said:

*"Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London."*

So back went Dick, and got into the house before the cook came down stairs.

The ship with Dick's cat on board happened to be driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, who showed great eagerness to purchase the things with which the ship was laden. The captain seeing this, took patterns of the choicest articles he had to the King of the Moors. While he was showing them to him, dinner was brought in, and at once lots of rats and mice came in and ate up all the dainties. The captain was astonished when the King told him that this often happened. The captain rushed off at once to the ship, and brought Puss to the palace. The second dinner had been brought in, and, as usual, in came the rats and mice; Puss at the sight of them sprang out of the captain's arms and killed lots of them, and the rest ran off to their holes. The King was greatly pleased with the wonderful Puss, and gave two sackfuls of gold for the cat, and the captain at once sailed for London. When Mr. Fitzwarren heard the news, he ordered Dick Whittington to be called, and showed him all the riches which the captain had brought in exchange for his cat. Dick was now a rich man, and soon after married the merchant's daughter, at the very church whose bells seemed to call him back to London. He grew richer and richer, became Sheriff, and at length Lord Mayor of London.

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Our Kate Washing our Kitties.



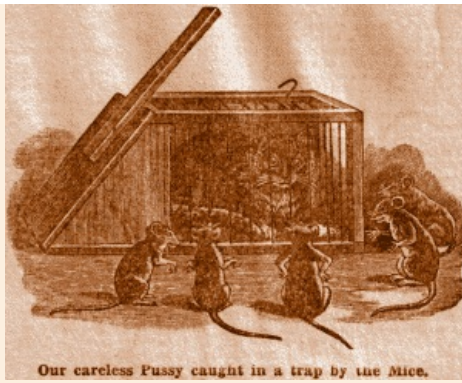
Burying our poor dead Bird—Pussy looking very suspicious.



Our Pussies driving their Rabbit Sleigh.



Our very lazy Pussy.



Our careless Pussy caught in a trap by the Mice.

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## Page 157—More Pussy Land



Our Toby giving our Tabby a Ride.



Weighing our Pussy against our Doggy

### The White Kitten

My little white kitten's  
Asleep on my knee;  
As white as snow  
Or the lily is she;  
She wakes up with a purr  
When I stroke her soft fur;  
Was there ever another  
White kitten like her?

My little white kitten  
Now wants to go out  
And frolic, with no one

To watch her about:  
"Little kitten," I say,  
"Just an hour you may stay;  
And be careful in choosing  
Your places to play."

But night has come down,  
And I hear a loud "mew";  
I open the door, and my  
Kitten comes through;  
My white kitten! ah me!  
Oh! can it be she—  
This sad looking beggar-like  
Cat that I see?

What ugly grey marks  
On her side and her back!  
Her nose, once as pink  
As a rosebud, is black!  
Oh! I very well know,  
Though she does not say so,  
She has been where white kittens  
Ought never to go.

If little good children  
Would wish to do right,  
If little white kittens  
Would keep themselves white,  
It is needful that they  
In their houses should stay,  
Or be careful in choosing  
Their places to play.

### **Kitty**

Pretty little Kitty  
Sat upon a stile,  
Sang a little ditty  
To herself for a while,  
Watching how the sparrows—  
Seeking grain to eat—  
Dart about like arrows  
In among the wheat.

Pretty little Kitty  
Liked the birds to see!  
Though it was a pity  
They were wild and free.  
So she stopped her singing—  
Left the stile forlorn;  
And went gaily springing  
In among the corn.

Pretty little Kitty  
Fond of country things,  
Cares not for the city  
Where no birdie sings.





Our Jacko, our Jessie, our Jemmy.



Our Pussies riding Horseback.

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## Page 158—More Pussy Land



Our naughty Kitten caught stealing jam.

### Naughty Pussy

"Oh, for shame,  
Baby Cat,  
Mother's pet  
Her cupboard at.

"With a spoon  
Eating Jam  
Quite ashamed  
Of you I am.

"If she comes  
And catches you  
You'll be punished  
Rightly too.

"She will send you  
Straight to bed,  
With for supper  
Plain dry bread."



### **Little Pussy**

I love little Pussy,  
Her coat is so warm;  
And if I don't tease her,  
She'll do me no harm.

I'll not pull her tail,  
Nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I  
Very gently will play.

She'll be gentle with me,  
If I'm gentle with her,  
And if I speak kindly,  
I know she will purr.

She shall sit by my side,  
And I'll give her some food  
And Pussy will love me  
Because I am good.

It's true, if I tease her,  
Her claws she will show;  
But Pussy knows well  
That I never do so.

### **Puss and the Crab**

"I wonder," says puss,  
"If a thing like that  
Would presume to bite  
A respectable cat?"

'Tis the queerest thing  
That ever I saw;  
I'll hit it a slap  
With my strong forepaw.

No! No! On the whole  
I had better not;  
But what curious claws  
The creature has got!

I'll just step up  
And quietly ask it  
How it got out  
Of that market-basket.

I'll play with the animal,

Just to see  
If it wants to do  
Any harm to me.

No! I thank I had better  
Get out of its way,  
And I surely am safer  
Not even to play.

For I'll get into trouble,  
And horribly wail,  
If that thing with the claws  
Takes a grip on my tail."

Rev. A. Taylor

### Little Pussies

Three little pussies,  
All in a row,  
Ranged on the table,  
Two down below.

Five little pussies  
Dressed all in silk,  
Waiting for sugar,  
Waiting for milk.

Dear little pussies,  
If you would thrive,  
Breakfast at nine o'clock,  
Take tea at five.



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## Puss in the Corner

You are a naughty pussy-cat;  
I think it right to mention that  
For all who see your picture here—  
'Twas you who broke my bunny dear.

An hour ago, as you can tell,  
I left him here, alive and well;  
And now he's dead, and, what is more  
You've broke his leg, I'm pretty sure.

For you, my puss, I'll never care,  
No—never, never, never—there!  
And you are in disgrace, you know,  
And in the corner you must go.

What, crying? Then I must cry too,  
And I can't bear to punish you;  
Perhaps you've only stunned his head.

And though I'm sure you broke his leg,  
It may be mended with a peg;  
And though he's very, very funny,  
My bunny's not a real bunny;  
And I'll forgive and tell you that  
You are my precious pussy-cat.

Robert Mack

## Tabby

Tabby was a kitten,  
Tabby was a thief.  
Tabby tried to steal the cream,  
And so she came to grief.

Jumping on the table  
(Nobody was nigh),  
On the pretty cream-jug  
Tabby cast her eye:

Wondered what was in it;  
Thought she'd like to see;  
Crept a little nearer,  
Slyly as could be.

Cream was very low down;  
Jug was very high;  
"Must have some," said Tabby.  
"Even if I die!"

Then into the cream-jug  
Popped her naughty nose;  
Just what happened after,  
Only Tabby knows.

This is how we found her,  
Naughty little cat!  
Did she get a whipping,  
Think you, after that?

Tabby was a kitten,  
Tabby was a thief,  
Tabby tried to steal the cream,  
And so she came to grief.

## Old Puss

Don't hurt the poor old cat,

There can be no fun in that;  
And it would be cruel too—  
She never tried to injure you.

She, for years, has kept the house  
Free from thievish rat and mouse;  
Puss has always faithful been,  
And has kept herself so clean.

True, she now is getting old,  
Though she once was strong and bold;  
At her prey she cannot leap,  
And, if caught, can scarcely keep.

Poor old puss! 'Twould be a shame  
Thee for uselessness to blame;  
When though canst not active be—  
Useless through infirmity.

### **In the Park**

I'm a rich little kitten:  
I live at my ease,

I keep my own carriage,  
I go where I please;

My turn-out is stylish,  
I nothing neglect,

And often I notice  
That all recollect

That a rich little kitten  
Deserves much respect.



Our Kitten in her Perambulator.



Our Puss and her Dog Carriage.



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## Page 160—More Pussy Land



### The Dead Kitten

Don't talk to me of parties, Nan;  
I really cannot go;  
When folks are in affliction  
They don't go out, you know.  
I have a new brown sash, too;  
It seems a pity—eh?  
That such a dreadful trial  
Should have come just yesterday!

The play-house blinds are all pulled down  
As dark as it can be;  
It looks so very solemn  
And so proper, don't you see?  
And I have a piece of crape  
Pinned on my dolly's hat,  
Tom says it is ridiculous  
For only just a cat.

But boys are all so horrid!  
They always, every one,  
Delight in teasing little girls  
And kitties, "just for fun."  
The way he used to pull her tail—  
It makes me angry now—  
And scat her up the cherry tree,  
To make the darling "meow!"

I've had her all the summer.  
One day, away last spring,  
I heard a frightful barking,  
And I saw the little thing  
In the corner of a fence;  
'T would have made you laugh outright  
To see how every hair stood out,  
And how she tried to fight.

I shooed the dog away,  
And she jumped upon my arm;  
The pretty creature knew  
I wouldn't do her any harm;

I hugged her close, and carried her  
To mamma, and she said  
She should be my own wee kitty,  
If I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was,  
With silky, soft, grey fur;  
She'd lie for hours on my lap,  
And I could hear her purr;  
And then she'd frolic after  
When I pulled a string about,  
Or try to catch her tail,  
Or roll a marble in and out.

Such comfort she has been to me  
I'm sure no one could tell,  
Unless some other little girl  
Who loves her pussy well.  
I've heard about a Maltese cross;  
But my dear little kit  
Was always sweet and amiable,  
And never cross a bit!

But oh, last week I missed her!  
I hunted all around;  
My darling little pussy-cat  
Was nowhere to be found.  
I knelt and whispered softly,  
When nobody could see:  
"Take care of little kitty, please,  
And bring her back to me."

I found her lying yesterday  
Behind the lower shed;  
I thought my heart was broken  
When I found that she was dead.  
Tom promised me another one;  
But even he can see  
No other kitty ever will be  
Just the same to me.

I can't go to your party, Nannie,  
Maccaroons, you say?  
And ice-cream? I know  
I ought to try and not give way;  
And I feel it would be doing wrong  
To disappoint you so.  
Well, if I'm equal to it  
By to-morrow, I may go!

Sydney Dayre

### **The Monkey and the Nuts**

A monkey, being fond of nuts,  
Thought he would have some roasted;  
But how was he to get them done,  
Not liking to be toasted?  
A poor young cat was passing by,  
And innocently watches;  
The wicked monkey saw her stop,  
And at his victim snatches.

"Dear pussy, you are just the one  
That I've been looking out for;  
How beautiful you look to-day,  
But tell me what you pout for!  
Upon my word I long have had  
For you a fond affection;  
Now you shall stay and dine with me,  
Or take some slight refection."

"Twas no use for poor puss to speak,  
Or offer to deny him,

The monkey had her in his grasp,  
And she could not deny him.  
So he began to laugh and chat,  
And show a few grimaces;  
Oh! if you had but seen, like me,  
The contrast of their faces.

He put some nuts into her paw,  
And he the fire approaches,  
As if a salamander she.  
Or made of young cockroaches.  
The poor cat now began to squall,  
Her face the fire attacking;  
And sadly too, her paw was burnt,  
The while the nuts were cracking.

The monkey having feasted well  
Began to snarl and grumble,  
That he should be so taken in  
With nuts he scarce could mumble.  
"Dear me," he said, "how they are burnt,"  
And at poor pussy looking,  
"I cannot think how I could bear  
Such miserable cooking.

And what a fuss you make about  
A little bit of warning;  
I've often done the thing myself—  
There's nothing so alarming.  
Now take this for yourself," he said,  
"And next time be less squalling:"  
Then gave the cat a hearty cuff,  
Which sent the poor thing sprawling.

"Now let me give you this advice,  
For I am one of letters:  
Leave off your rude, obstreperous way,  
When you are with your betters.  
And think yourself well off," he said,  
"That I had mercy on you;  
For many would have sent you home  
Without a dress upon you."

Mrs. W. Taylor



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**Page 161—More Pussy Land**

**My Own Puss**

I wish you could just see my cat:  
She's a darling, there's no doubt of that:  
So soft, and so sleek, and so fat.



Her eyes are a beautiful green,  
The brightest that ever were seen:  
Of cats she is truly the queen.

She loves to lie stretched in the sun  
But as soon as my lessons are done,  
She is ready for frolic and fun.

My kitty has two sets of claws,  
Tucked away in those velvety paws:  
She can use them, too, when there is cause.

I cannot thin what I should do,  
If, my pussy, I ever lost you:  
We're so happy together, we two!

I call her my bundle of fur:  
Hark! now she's beginning to purr:  
Kit loves me, and oh, I love her!

### **The Frolicsome Kitten**

Dear kitten, do lie still, I say,  
How much I want you to be quiet,  
Instead of scampering away,  
And always making such a riot.

There, only see! you've torn my frock,  
And poor mamma must put a patch in;  
I'll give you a right earnest knock,  
To cure you of this trick of scratching.

Nay, do not scold your little cat,  
She does not know what 'tis you're saying;  
And every time you give a pat,  
She thinks you mean it all for playing.

But if your pussy understood  
The lesson that you want to teach her,  
And did not choose to be so good,  
She'd be, indeed, a naughty creature.

### **Putting Kitty to Bed**

Kitty, Kitty, go to sleep,  
Shut your eyes, and don't you peep.  
Sing with me your little song,  
We will not make it very long.

Hurry Kitty for to see  
Mamma soon will come for me,  
And I must see you safe in bed  
All covered up except your head.

And while I rock you in my chair,  
You must purr your little prayer,  
Altho' you say it soft an low,  
'Twill all be just the same you know.

Mamma makes me bend my knee,  
But Kitty dear, you can't, you see,  
For you're too little yet to try—  
See! I'm so big, and tall, and high.

And then you can't say any words,  
No more than chicks, or little birds.  
But I've heard the Bible tell  
That even birds are cared for well.



Our Puss and her Shoe Coach.



Our Doggy and Pussy growling at each other.



Our Pussies' Party.

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## Page 162—Doggy Land

### Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor Dog a bone;  
But when she got there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's  
To buy him some bread,  
And when she came back  
The poor Dog looked dead.

She went to the joiner's  
To buy him a coffin,  
But when she came back  
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the ale-house  
To get him some beer,

But when she came back  
The Dog sat on a chair.

She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat,  
But when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig,  
But when she came back  
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit,  
But when she came back  
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's,  
To buy him a coat,  
But when she came back  
He was riding a goat.

She went to the seamstress  
To buy him some linen,  
But when she came back  
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose,  
But when she came back  
He was dressed in his clothes.

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes,  
But when she came back  
He was reading the news.

She went to the hotel  
To get him some ale,  
But when she came back,  
He was wagging his tail.



She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red,  
But when she came back  
The Dog stood on his head.

The dame made a curtsy,  
The Dog made a bow;  
The dame said "Your servant,"  
The Dog said "Bow-wow."

This wonderful Dog  
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;  
He could sing, he could dance,  
He could read, he could write.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him a book,  
And when she came back  
He at once took a look.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book two,  
And when she came back  
He was tying his shoe.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book three,  
And when she came back  
He getting his tea.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book four,  
And when she came back  
He sat at the door.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book five,  
And when she came back  
He was out for a drive.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book six  
And when she came back  
He was picking up sticks.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book seven,  
And when she came back  
He was brewing some leaven.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book eight,  
And when she came back  
He was baking a cake.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book nine,  
And when she came back  
He said it was fine.

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book ten,  
And when she came back  
He took it an then

She went to Cole's Book Arcade  
To buy him book eleven,  
And when she came back  
He had gone up to heaven.

### **To Parents And Schoolmasters**

I have been blamed for printing and distributing "Mother Hubbard." My answer is:—"Old Mother Hubbard" has done more towards the education of young children than perhaps any piece of reading in existence. Amongst the hundreds of millions of English speaking people in all parts of the earth, there are very few but can repeat a part or the whole of "Mother Hubbard," and I have seen it somewhat asserted that it is to be found in almost every home in the civilised world. Its rude style of poetry tells nothing against it. The child knows nothing of correct metre: as long as there is a jingling rhyme it is satisfied. The dog is the domestic animal in millions of families, and in numberless cases is actually a more loved companion than brothers and sisters. A simple rhyme, therefore, about this attached, playful, and constant companion is sure to fascinate the young, and it has fascinated more than a thousand millions of the little dears. I firmly believe that it would produce grand results if a pretty illustrated edition of the principal nursery rhymes were made a text-book in infant schools. You may try, and try, and try again, to drive an ordinary dry school-book lesson into the infant mind, and make very little progress—it is up-hill work. But take an illustrated edition of a nursery rhyme, say the "Death of Cock Robin," or "Mother Hubbard," and call the little one to you, begin to teach it—how eagerly, how intently does it begin to learn now! What animation in its little eyes! What music in its little, joyous, interested voice! It learns this lesson ten times as fast as the

other one, and gives you ten times the pleasure in teaching it, and this kind of teaching gradually and insensibly leads the child into a love of learning: it interests and sets the young inquiring mind at work. We all know how much easier it is to do a work we are interested in than a work we are not. It is just so with the child, and for that reason I would commence to teach the infant mind with that which pleased it best, and so gradually create a love for reading. For years I have allowed numbers of little children, of their own accord, to stand and read nursery rhymes to themselves, and to teach other youths to read interesting and instructive fiction, gratis, in the Book Arcade; and I hold that, by its enticingly creating a love for reading, which will lead to something higher, time is one of the best and most effective schools in the country.

—E. W. Cole

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## Page 163—Doggy Land

### Tom Tinker's Dog

Bow, wow, wow, whose dog art tho?  
I'm Tom Tinker's dog, and I'll bite you.

### Puppy

There was an Old Man of Leghorn,  
The smallest as ever was born;  
But quickly snapt up he  
Was once by a puppy,  
Who devoured that Old Man of Leghorn.

### Doggy

The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,  
The mistress snored loud as a pig;  
Jack took up his fiddle by doggy's desire,  
And struck up a bit of a jig.

### Hark, the Dogs bark

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,  
Beggars are coming to town;  
Some in jags, some in rags,  
And some in velvet gown.

### Poor Dog Bright

Poor dog Bright  
Ran off with all his might,  
Because the cat was after him:  
Poor dog Bright.

### Dog Blue Bell

I had a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,  
I gave him some work, and he did it very well;  
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,  
He stepped into the coal-scuttle up to the chin;  
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,  
He tumbled down and fell in a rage;  
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,

He came up again and said there was none there.

### **Little Dog Buff**

I had a little Dog, and they called him buff,  
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff;  
But he lost the bag and spilled the snuff.  
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

### **Dog Burnt his Tail**

Ding, dong, darrow,  
The cat and the sparrow;  
The little dog has burnt his tail,  
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

### **Thievish dog Fan**

Thievish dog Fan, to yell aloud began,  
She burnt her mouth through stealing tripe:  
Thievish dog Fan.

### **The Quarrelsome Dogs**

Old Tray and rough Growler are having a fight,  
So let us get out of their way;  
They snarl, and they growl, and they bite,  
Oh dear, what a terrible fray!

### **Good Little Dog**

I will not hurt my little dog,  
But stroke and pat his head;  
I like to see him wag his tail,  
I like to see him fed.

Poor little thing, how very good,  
And very useful too.  
For don't you know that he will mind  
What he is bid to do?

Then I will never hurt my dog,  
Nor ever give him pain;  
But treat him kindly every day,  
And he'll love me again.



### **Puss And Rover**

Our Pussy she is white,  
Our Rover he is black,  
And yet he licks Pussy's face  
While she stands on his back.

Our Pussy she is little,  
Our Rover he is big,  
And yet he likes the Pussy  
Much better than the pig.

Our Pussy she is young,  
And Rover he is old,  
And yet he likes the Pussy  
More than tons of gold.

Our Pussy she is good,  
And so is Rover too,  
So Pussy says, "Ta, ta." "Good-bye,"  
And Rover says "Adieu."

### **Don't Tease Dogs**

Foolish Edward runs away,  
From the large dog with the bone;  
If we do not tease or chide,  
Dogs will leave us quite alone.

### **No Breakfast for Growler**

No, naughty Growler, get away,  
You shall not have a bit;  
Now when I speak, how dare you stay?  
I can't spare any, Sir, I say,  
And so you need not sit.

Poor Growler! do not make him go,  
But recollect, before,  
That he has never served you so,  
For you have given him many a blow,  
That patiently he bore.

Poor growler! if he could but speak,  
He'd tell (as well as he might)  
How he would bear with many a freak,  
And wag his tail, and look so meek,  
And neither bark nor bite.

Upon his back he lets you ride,  
All round and round the yard;  
And now, while sitting by your side,  
To have a bit of bread denied,  
Is really very hard.

And all your little tricks he'll bear,  
And never seem to mind;  
And yet you say you cannot spare  
One bit of breakfast for his share,  
Although he is so kind.

### **Good Dog Tray**

Good Dog Tray  
Watched Tommy t'other day,  
In the garden fast asleep:  
Good Dog Tray.

### **Poor Old Tray**

See, here is poor old Tray;  
Good dog to run so fast,  
To meet my sister May and me,  
Now school is o'er at last.

Oh! how I love you, Tray,  
You are so kind to me;  
You run beside me in my walks,  
You sit by me at tea.

'Tis true that I give you bits  
Of cake and bread and meat;  
But I'm sure you'd love as well  
If you had nought to eat.

For faithful, true, and kind  
Is our old darling Tray;  
He guards our dwelling all the night,  
And plays with us by day.

### **Doggy minds the House**

"Come hither, little puppy dog,  
I'll give you a nice new collar,  
If you will learn to read your book  
And be a clever scholar."

"No, no!" replied the puppy dog,  
"I've other fish to fry,  
"For I must learn to guard your house,  
And bark when thieves come nigh."

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### **Page 164—Goat Land**



### **O'Grady's Goat**

O'Grady lived in shanty row,  
The neighbours often said  
They wished that Tim would move away  
Or that his goat was dead.  
He kept the neighbourhood in fear,  
And the children always vexed;  
They couldn't tell jist whin or where  
The goat would pop up nexht.

Ould Missis Casey stood wan day  
The dirty clothes to rub  
Upon the washboard, when she dived  
Head foremost o'er the tub;  
She lit upon her back an' yelled,



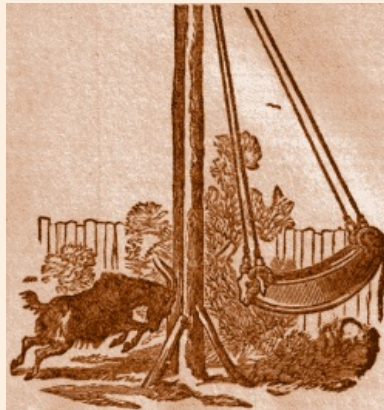
As she was lying flat:  
"Go git your goon an' kill the bashte."  
O'Grady's goat did that.

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash,  
Upon the line to dry.  
She wint to take it in at night,  
But stopped to have a cry.  
The sleeves av two red flannel shirts,  
Tat once was worn by Pat,  
Were chewed off almost to the neck.  
O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,  
And they were having foon,  
Whin suddinly there was a crash  
An' ivrybody roon.  
The iseter soup fell on the floor  
An' nearly drowned the cat;  
The stove was knocked to smithereens.  
O'Grady's goat doon that.

O'Hoolerhan brought home a keg  
Ave dannymite wan day  
To blow a cistern in his yard  
An' hid the stuff away.  
But suddinly an airthquake coom,  
O'Hoolerhan, house an' hat,  
And ivrything in sight wint up,  
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Will S. Hays



### **The Goat and the Swing**

A little story with a moral  
For the young folks who are prone to quarrel.  
Old folks are wise, and do not need it,  
Of course they, therefore, will not read it.

A vicious goat, one day, had found  
His way into forbidden ground  
When coming to the garden-swing,  
He spied a most prodigious thing,—  
A ram, a monster, to his mind,  
With head before and head behind!

Its shape was odd—no hoofs were seen,  
But, without legs, it stood between  
Two uprights, lofty posts of oak,  
With forehead ready for a stroke.

Though but a harmless ornament  
Carved of the seat, it seemed intent  
On barring the intruder's way;  
While he, advancing, seemed to say,  
"Who is this surly fellow here,

Two heads, no tail—it's mighty queer!  
A most insulting countenance!"

With stamp of foot and angry glance  
He curbed he threatening neck and stood  
Before the passive thing of wood.  
"You winked as I was going by!  
You did not? What! tell me I lie?  
Take that!" And at the swing he sprung.

A sounding thump! It backward swung,  
And set in motion by the blow,  
Swayed menacingly to and fro.  
"Ha! you will fight! A quarrelsome chap,  
I knew you were! You'll get a rap!  
I'll crack your skull!" A headlong jump;  
Another and a louder bump!

The swing, as with kindling wrath,  
Came rushing back along the path.  
The goat, astonished, shook his head,  
Winked hard, turned round, grew mad, and said,  
"Villain! I'll teach you who I am!"  
(Or seemed to say,)"—"you rascal ram,  
To pick a fight with me, when I  
So quietly am passing by!  
Your head or mine!" A thundering stroke—  
The cracking horns met crashing oak!

Then came a dull and muffled sound,  
And something rolled along the ground,  
Got up, looked sad—appeared to say,  
"Your head's too hard!"—and limped away  
Quite humbly, in a rumpled coat—  
A dustier and a wiser goat!

J. T. Throwbridge



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**Page 165—Monkey Land**



MEEDLESOME JACKO.

## The Adventures of Meddlesome "Jacko"

These pictures we hope  
Will our little folks please,  
And also to each one  
This moral convey:  
"Be contented and happy,  
Whatever your lot,  
And don't try, as some do,  
To have your own way."

Master Jacko, you see,  
Had a very snug home,  
With plenty to eat  
That was wholesome and good;  
But still he did not,  
We are sorry to say,  
Behave in a way  
That a pet monkey should.

For one day he said,  
"Come, I don't like at all  
The life that I lead,  
And I cannot see why  
I should not live just  
As my own master does;  
This chain is not strong,  
Can I break it? I'll try."

After some little time  
Jacko snapped it in two;  
Said he to himself,  
"Well, now where shall I go?  
To the larder, I think;  
For my appetite's good,  
And I'm sure to find  
Something to eat there, I know."

He entered, and as he  
Was looking about  
A lobster just brought  
From the shop seized his tail,  
And pinched him, and nipped him,  
Until our young friend  
Jumped about, and set up  
A most piteous wail.

Next he went to the kitchen,  
And there he espied  
A bottle of something—  
"Ha, ha, I must taste!"  
But he found it was curry,  
Which burnt his poor throat,  
So he let drop the bottle,  
And he ran off in haste.

To the dining-room the  
He repaired, and he said,  
"Into master's tea-pot  
The hot water I'll pour;"  
But he upset the kettle,  
And scalded himself,  
And loudly screamed out  
As he rolled on the floor.

Quoth Jacko, "the house  
Doesn't suit me at all,  
I had better go back  
To the garden again,  
And gather some peaches,  
Or grapes, or some plums,  
And try to forget  
All my trouble and pain."

In the corner the rogue

Saw a bee-hive—"Why, here  
Must be honey! Delicious!"  
Said he; "Just the thing!"  
So he put in his hand,  
But he brought out the bees,  
And they punished poor Jacko  
With many a sting.

Pinched, scalded, and stung,  
To his home he returned.  
Reasoned he, "My past folly  
I shall not regret;  
For I'm sure the misfortunes  
I've gone through to-day  
Have taught me a lesson  
I ne'er shall forget."

### **A Fruitless Sorrow**

A little monkey,  
Dusky, ugly, sad,  
Sat hopeless, curled  
Within his narrow cage;  
Dark was the stifling room,  
No joy he had;  
The sick air rang  
With tones of pain and rage.

From many a prisoned  
Creature held for sale,  
Stolen from the happy  
Freedom of its life:  
Dull drooping birds,  
That uttered shriek and wail,  
And beast and reptile  
Full of woe and strife.

Into the place  
A cheerful presence came,  
And kind eyes lighted  
On the monkey small;  
Straightway the weary  
World was not the same  
Such fortune did  
The little thing befall.

Safe in a basket  
Fastened, he was sent  
Across the city,  
Trembling and afraid.  
But once he saw his new home,  
What sweet content  
Was his, while petted  
And caressed, he played.

A week of bliss,  
Alas! that it should end!  
He had forgotten  
Darkness, pain, and all;  
But there were monkeys  
Finer than our friend,  
His master's eyes  
On such a one must fall!

So fate had ordered,  
And the frisky sprite,  
Dun-coloured, grey,  
And streaked with cinnamon,  
Born in far bright Brazil,  
Was bought at sight,  
And all the first  
Poor pet's fortune won.

They brought into

The bright and cheerful room  
The basket small  
In which he had been borne  
To such a happy life.  
He saw his doom  
At once, the misery  
Of his lot forlorn.

The moment that  
The basket met his sight,  
He dropped his head,  
And hid his sorrowing eyes  
Against his arm,  
Nor looked to left nor right,  
As any thinking  
Human creature wise.

They took him back  
Into his noisome den,  
His tiny face  
Concealed as if he wept,  
So helpless to resist.  
Heroic men  
Might such despairing  
Patient calm have kept.

Poor little thing!  
And if he lingers yet,  
Or death has ended  
Life so hard to bear  
I know not;  
But I never can forget  
His brief rejoicing  
And his mute despair.



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**Page 166—Gee Gee Land**



**The Horse**

The horse, the brave.  
The gallant Horse—  
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!  
He hath good claim  
To praise and fame;  
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

Behold him free  
In his native strength,  
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;  
With a skin as sleek  
As a maiden's cheek,  
And an eye like a Polar star.

Who wonders not  
Such limbs can deign  
To brook the fettering firth;  
As we see him fly  
The ringing plain,  
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide  
With snorting pride,  
His fiery veins expand;  
And yet he'll be led  
With a silken thread,  
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's  
Spirit and might,  
But the voice he has learnt to love  
Needs only be heard,  
And he'll turn to the word,  
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise  
Who learns to prize  
His barb before all gold;  
But us his barb  
More fair than ours,  
More generous, fast or bold?

A song for the steed,  
The gallant steed—  
Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;  
For we owe much more  
To his strength and speed,  
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—  
The yoke, the chase,  
The war-field, road, or course,  
One of Creation's  
Brightest and best  
Is the Horse, the noble Horse!

Eliza Cook

### **The Wonderful Horse**

I've a tale to relate.  
Such a wonderful tale  
That really I fear  
My description must fail;  
'Tis about a fine horse  
Who had powers so amazing.  
He lived without eating,  
Or drinking, or grazing;  
In fact this fine horse  
Was so "awfully" clever.  
That left to himself  
He'd have lived on forever.

He stood in a room,

With his nose in the air,  
And his wide staring eyes  
Looking no one knows where.  
His tail undisturbed  
By the sting of a fly  
One foot slightly raised  
As if kicking he'd try,  
This wonderful horse  
Never slept or yet dozed,  
At least if he did so,  
His eyes never closed.

"Come, gee up, old Dobbin.  
Look sharp, don't you see  
I want to be there  
And get back before tea?"  
But this obstinate horse  
Never offered to prance,  
Or made an attempt  
At the slightest advance;  
Harry slashed him so hard.  
That he slashed off one ear,  
Then his mane tumbled off,  
And poor Dobbin looked queer.

With spur, and with whip,  
And with terrible blows,  
He soon was deprived  
Of one eye, and his nose,  
While his slightly-raised foot  
Found a place on the floor.  
The tail once so handsome  
Was handsome no more,  
And Harry, the tears  
Raining down as he stood,  
Cried, "Bother the horse,  
It is nothing but wood!"

### **The Pony**

Oh, Brownie, our pony,  
A gallant young steed,  
Will carry us gaily  
O'er hill, dale, and mead.

So sure is his foot,  
And so steady his eye.  
That even our baby  
To mount him might try.

We haste to his stable  
To see him each day,  
And feed him with oats  
And the sweetest of hay.

We pat his rough coat,  
And we deck him with flowers,  
Oh, never was seen  
Such a pony as ours.

### **The Horse**

No one deserves to have a horse  
Who takes delight to beat him:  
The wise will choose a better course,  
And very kindly treat him.

If ever it should be my lot—  
To have, for use or pleasure,  
One who could safely walk or trot  
The horse would be a treasure.

He soon would learn my voice to know  
And I would gladly lead him;  
And should he to the stable go,  
I'd keep him clean and feed him.

I'd teach my horse a steady pace.  
Because, if he should stumble  
Upon a rough or stony place,  
We might both have a tumble.

Should he grow aged, I would still  
My poor old servant cherish;  
I could not see him weak or ill,  
And leave my horse to perish.

For should he get too weak to be  
My servant any longer,  
I'll send him out to grass quite free,  
And get another stronger.

### **Good Dobbin**

Oh! thank you, good Dobbin,  
You've been a long track,  
And have carried papa  
All the way on your back;  
You shall have some nice oats,  
Faithful Dobbin, indeed,  
For you've brought papa home  
To his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew,  
And the pelting rain beat,  
And the thick mud has covered  
His legs and his feet,  
But yet on he galloped  
In spite of the rain,  
And has brought papa home,  
To his darling again.

The sun it was setting  
A long while ago,  
And papa could not see  
The road where he should go,  
But Dobbin kept on  
Through the desolate wild,  
And has brought papa home  
Again safe to his child.

Now go to the stable,  
The night is so raw,  
Go, Dobbin, and rest  
Your old bones on the straw:  
Don't stand any longer  
Out here in the rain,  
For you've brought papa home  
To his darling again.

### **A Horse's Petition to his Master**

Up the hill, whip me not;  
Down the hill, hurry me not;  
In the stable, forget me not;  
Of hay and corn, rob me not;  
With sponge and brush, neglect me not;  
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not;  
If sick or cold, chill me not;  
With bit and reins, oh! jerk me not;  
And when you are angry, strike me not.





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## Page 167—Gee Gee Land



### Work-Horses in a Park on Sunday

'Tis Sabbath-day, the poor man walks  
Blithe from his cottage door,  
And to his parting young ones talks  
As they skip on before.

The father is a man of joy,  
From his week's toil released;  
And jocund is each little boy  
To see his father pleased.

But, looking to a field at hand,  
Where the grass grows rich and high,  
A no less merry Sabbath band  
Of horses met my eye.

Poor skinny beasts, that go all week  
With loads of earth and stones,  
Bearing, with aspect dull and meek,  
Hard work, and cudgel'd bones.

But now let loose to roam athwart  
The farmer's clover-lea  
With whisking tails, and jump and snort,  
They speak a clumsy glee.

Lolling across each other's necks,  
Some look like brother's dear;  
Other's are full of flings and kicks—  
Antics uncouth and queer.

**Superannuated Horse to His Master,  
who has Sentenced him to Die**

And hast thou sealed my doom, sweet master, say?  
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?  
A little longer let me live, I pray;  
A little longer hobble round the door.

For much it glads me to behold this place—  
And house me in this hospitable shed;  
It glads me more to see my master's face,  
And linger on the spot where I was bred.

For oh! to think of what we have enjoyed,  
In my life's prime, e'er I was old and poor!  
Then from the jocund morn to eve employed,  
My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice ten years have danced on down along,  
Since first to thee these way-born limbs I gave;  
Sweet smiling years! When both of us were young—  
The kindest master and the happiest slave.

Ah! years sweet smiling, now for ever flown,  
Ten years, thrice fold, alas! are as a day.  
Yet as together we are aged grown,  
Together let us wear that age away.

And hast thou fixed my doom, sweet master, say?  
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?  
A little longer let me live, I pray,  
A little longer hobble round thy door.

But oh! Kind Nature, take thy victim's life!  
And thou a servant feeble, old, and poor;  
So shalt thou save me from the uplifted knife,  
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

### **The Arab and His Horse**

Come, my beauty; come, my desert darling!  
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!  
Fear not, though the barley sack be empty,  
Here's half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!  
And thou knowest my water skin is free;  
Drink and be welcome, for the wells are distant,  
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead, now, to take my kisses!  
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye;  
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle—  
Thou art proud he owns thee; so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his broadest horses,  
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;  
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness,  
When they course with thee the desert plains.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!  
And the splendour of the pachas there;  
What's their pomp and riches? Why, I would not  
Take them for a handful of thy hair.

### **The Cab Horse**

Pity the sorrows of a poor cab horse,  
Whose jaded limbs have many a mile to go.  
Whose weary days are drawing to a close,  
And but in death will he a rest e'er know.

When the cold winds of dreary winter rage,  
And snow and hail come down in blinding sheet,  
And people refuge see 'neath roof or arch,  
The cab-horse stands unsheltered in the street.

Though worn and weary with useful life,  
In patient service to his master—man;  
No fair retirement waits his failing years,  
He yet must do the utmost work he can.

His legs are stiff, his shoulders rubbed and sore,  
His knees are broken and his sight is dim,  
But no physician comes his wounds to heal,  
The lash is all the cure that's given him.

Ye kindly hearts that spare the whip, and stroke,  
Just now and then, with kindly hand, his mane;  
Or pat his sides, or give a pleasant word,  
Your tender-heartedness is not in vain.

He has not many friends to plead his cause;  
He has not speech his own wrongs to outpour.  
Pity the sorrows of a poor cab-horse;  
Give him relief, and Heaven will bless your store.



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## Page 168—Gee Gee Land



### Farmer John

Home from his journey Farmer John  
Arrived this morning safe and sound,  
His black coat off, and his old clothes on:  
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John.  
And he thinks, "I'll look around!"  
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup,  
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"  
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him.  
The horses prick up their ears, to meet him.  
Well, well, old Bay!  
Ha, ha, old Grey!

Do you get good food when I'm away?"

"You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John:  
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;  
The colt is going to be a roan,  
And a beauty too, how he has grown!  
We'll wean the calf, next week."  
Says Farmer John, when I've been off,  
To call you again about the trough,  
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,  
Is a greater comfort than you can think."  
And he pats old Bay,  
And he slaps old Grey;  
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away."

"For after all," says Farmer John,  
"The best of the journey is getting home!  
"I've seen great sights, but would I give  
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,  
For all their Paris and Rome?  
These hills for the City's stifled air,  
And big hotels, all bustle and glare,  
Lands all horses, and roads all stones,  
That deafen your ears and batter your bones,  
Would you, old Bay?  
Would you, old Grey?  
That's what one gets by going away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,  
"That happiness is not bought and sold  
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,  
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,  
And wealth isn't all in gold,  
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent.,  
But in simple ways of sweet content.  
Few wants pure hopes, and noble ends,  
Some land to till and a few good friends,  
Like you, old Bay,  
And you, old Grey,  
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John,  
Oh! a rich and happy man is he;  
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,  
The corn in tassel, and buckwheat blowing;  
And fruit on vine and tree.  
The large kind oxen look their thanks,  
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks,  
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;  
Says Farmer John: "I'll take you too,  
And you, old Bay,  
And you, old Grey,  
The next time I travel so far away."

### **The Horse**

A horse, long us'd to bit and bridle,  
But always much disposed to idle,  
Had often wished that he was able  
To steal unnotic'd from the stable.

He panted from his utmost soul,  
To be at nobody's control;  
Go his own pace, slower or faster.  
In short, do nothing—like his master.

But yet he ne'er had got at large,  
If Jack (who had him in his charge)  
Had not, as many have before,  
Forgot to shut the stable door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling,  
Now rose to quit he present dwelling,  
But first peep'd out with cautious fear,

T' examine if the coast was clear.

At length he ventured from his station,  
And with extreme self-approbation,  
As if delivered from a load,  
He gallop'd to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating,  
(Till he was almost tired of waiting)  
Which way he'd please to bend his course,  
Now there was nobody to force.

At last, unchecked by bit or rein,  
He saunter'd down a pleasant lane,  
And neigh'd forth many a jocund song  
In triumph, as he pass'd along.

But when dark nights began t'appear,  
In vain he sought some shelter near,  
And well he knew he could not bear  
To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt damp and raw,  
Much colder than his master's straw,  
Yet on it he was forc'd to stretch,  
A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly,  
Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly;  
Perhaps a feeling like remorse  
Just now might sting this truant horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,  
Dobbin, with long and weary yawn,  
Arose from this his sleepless night,  
But in low spirits and bad plight.

"If this" (thought he) "is all I get,  
A bed unwholesome, cold and wet,  
And thus forlorn about to roam,  
I think I'd better be at home."

'Twas long ere Dobbin could decide  
Betwixt his wishes and his pride,  
Whether to live in all this danger,  
Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way,  
To thought of savoury oats and hay  
To hungry stomach, was a reason  
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set, with look profound,  
Right glad that he was homeward bound;  
And, trotting fast as he was able,  
Soon gain'd once more his master's stable.

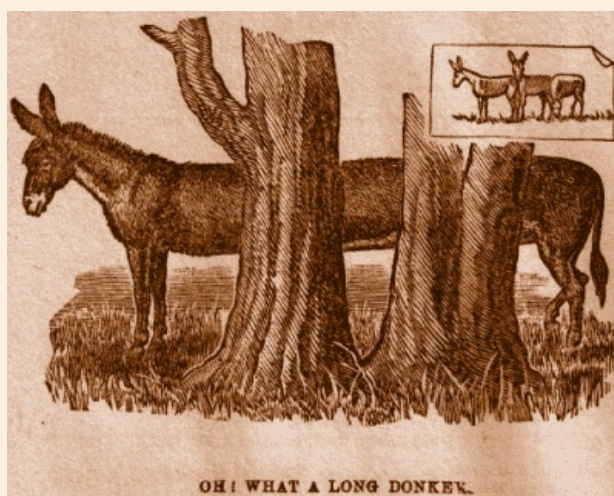
Now Dobbin, after his disaster,  
Never again forsook his master,  
Convinc'd he'd better let him mount.  
Than travel on his own account.

Jane Taylor



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## Page 169—Donkey Land



### The Cottager's Donkey

No wonder the Cottager  
Looks with Pride  
On the well-fed donkey  
That stands at his side;  
For he works, and he lives  
As hard as he,  
And a creature more useful  
There cannot be.

He knows the Cottager's  
Wife and child,  
And he loves to play  
With that dog so wild;  
And though sometimes  
So staid and still,  
He can roll in the meadow  
With right good will.

He knows the road  
To the market well,  
Where garden vegetables  
He goes to sell:  
And though it is hilly,  
And far, and rough,  
He thinks—for a donkey,  
It's well enough.

So he trudges along,

And little he cares  
How hard he works,  
Or how ill he fares!  
Content when his home  
Appears in sight,  
If his kindly master  
Smiles at night.

S. V. Dodds

### **The Donkey**

Poor Donkey! I'll give him  
A handful of grass;  
I'm sure he's an honest,  
Though stupid, old ass.  
He trots to the market  
To carry the sack,  
And lets me ride all the  
Way home on his back;  
And only just stops  
By the ditch for a minute,  
To see if there's any  
Fresh grass for him in it.

'Tis true, now and then  
He has got a bad trick  
Of standing stock-still,  
And just trying to kick:  
But then, poor old fellow!  
You know he can't tell  
That standing stock-still  
Is not using me well;  
For it never comes into  
His head, I dare say,  
To do his work first,  
And then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey!  
I'll give you some grass,  
For you know no better,  
Because you're an ass;  
But what little donkeys  
Some children must look,  
Who stand, very like you,  
Stock-still at their book,  
And waste every moment  
Of time as it passes—  
A great deal more stupid  
And silly than asses!

### **The Ride**

Up and down on Neddy's back,  
Taking turns they go,  
Part the time with trot so fast,  
Part with pace so slow.

Little sisters side by side,  
Sharing each the fun and ride.  
Neddy thinks, "it can't hurt me,  
But gives the children fun, you see."  
And so he lends himself that they  
May happy be this pleasant day.

### **Old Jack, the Donkey**

Old Jack was as sleek  
And well looking an ass  
As ever on common

Munched thistle or grass;  
And—though 'twas not gaudy,  
That jacket of brown—  
Was the pet of the young  
And the pride of the town.

And indeed he might well  
Look so comely and trim,  
When his young master, Joe,  
Was so gentle to him;  
For never did child  
More affection beget  
Than was felt by young Joe  
For his four-footed pet.

Joe groomed him and fed him,  
And, each market day,  
Would talk to his darling  
The whole of the way;  
And Jack before dawn  
Would be pushing the door,  
As though he would say,  
"Up Joe; slumber no more."

One day Jack was wandering  
Along the roadside,  
When an urchin the donkey  
Maliciously eyed;  
And aiming too surely  
At Jack a sharp stone,  
It struck the poor beast  
Just below the shin bone.

Joe soothed and caressed him  
And coaxed him until  
They came to a stream  
By the side of the hill;  
And with cool water  
He washed the swoll'n limb,  
And after this fashion  
Kept talking to him:—

"Poor Jack did they pelt him—  
The cowards, so sly!  
I wish I'd been there,  
With my stick, standing by:  
It doesn't bleed now—  
'Twill be well in a trice;  
There, let me just wash it—  
Now isn't that nice?"

And Jack nestled down  
With his soft velvet nose,  
And close as he could,  
Under Joe's ragged clothes;  
And he looked at his master,  
As though he would say—  
"I'm sure I can never  
Your kindness repay."

S. W. P.

### **The Donkey's Song**

"Please, Mr Donkey, Sing a song,"  
A black-bird said, one day.  
The don-key o-pened wide his mouth,  
The black-bird flew a-way.

### **The Ass**

The Ass, when treated well by man,



To pleas him will do all he can;  
But if his master uses him ill,  
He will not work, but stand stock-still,

To market he will carry peas,  
And coals, or any thing you please;  
He is not over-nice with meat,  
For thorns and thistles he will eat.

He drinks no water but what's clean;  
His nose he puts not in the stream;  
His feet he does not like to wet,  
But out of dirty roads will get.

### **Poor Donkey's Epitaph**

Down in this ditch poor donkey lies,  
Who jogg'd with many a load;  
And till the day death clos'd his eyes,  
Brows'd up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,  
Whatever winds might blow;  
A neighb'ring commons was his bed,  
Tho' drest in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often stray'd  
To nip the dainty grass;  
And friendly invitations bray'd  
To some more hungry ass.

Each market-day he jogg'd along  
Beneath the gard'ner's load,  
And snor'd out many a donkey's song  
To friends upon the road.

A tuft of grass, a thistle green,  
Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,  
Were all the dainties, he was seen  
For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport, the sober soul  
Was such a steady Jack,  
He only now and then would roll,  
Heels upward, on his back.

But all his sport, and dainties too,  
And labours now are o'er.  
Last night so bleak a tempest blew,  
He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs grow cold,  
His blood was freezing slow,  
And presently you might behold  
Him dead upon the snow.

Poor donkey! travellers passing by,  
Thy cold remains shall view;  
And 'twould be well if all who die  
To duty were as true.

Anne Taylor

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### The Cow and The Ass

Beside a green meadow  
A stream us'd to flow,  
So clear one might see  
The white pebbles below;  
To this cooling brook  
The warm cattle would stray,  
To stand in the shade,  
On a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppress'd  
With the heat of the sun,  
Came here to refresh  
As she often had done,  
And standing quite still,  
Leaning over the stream,  
Was musing, perhaps;  
Or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass,  
Of respectable look  
Came trotting up also,  
To taste of the brook,  
And to nibble a few  
Of the daisies and grass.  
"How d'ye do?" said the cow:  
"How d'ye do?" said the ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow,  
Gently waving her hand.  
"By no means, dear madam,"  
Said he, "while you stand."  
Then stooping to drink,  
With a complaisant bow,  
"Ma'am, your health." said the ass;  
"Thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments  
More had been pass'd,  
They laid themselves down  
On the herbage at last;  
And waited politely  
(As gentlemen must),  
The ass held his tongue,  
That the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh,  
She directly began,  
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass,  
We are injured by man?  
'Tis a subject that lies  
With a weight on my mind:  
We certainly are much  
Oppress'd by mankind.

"Now what is the reason  
(I see none at all)  
That I always must go

When Suke pleases to call?  
Whatever I'm doing  
('Tis certainly hard),  
I'm forc'd to leave off  
To be milked in the yard.

"I've no will of my own,  
But must do as they please,  
And give them my milk  
To make butter and cheese;  
I've often a great mind  
To kick down the pail,  
Or give Suke a box  
On the ears with my tail."

"But ma'am," said the ass,  
"Not presuming to teach—  
O dear, I beg pardon—  
Pray finish your speech;  
I thought you had finish'd,  
Indeed," said the swain,  
"Go on, and I'll not  
Interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only  
Just going to observe,  
I'm resolved that these tyrants  
No longer I'll serve;  
But leave them for ever  
To do as they please,  
And look somewhere else  
For their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment,  
To see if she'd done,  
And then, "Not presuming  
To teach," he begun.  
"With submission, dear madam,  
To your better wit,  
I own I am not quite  
Convinced by it yet.

"That you're of great service  
To them is quite true,  
But surely they are  
Of some service to you.  
'Tis their pleasant meadow  
In which you regale;  
They feed you in winter,  
When grass and weeds fail.

"And then a warm cover  
They always provide,  
Dear madam, to shelter  
Your delicate hide,  
For my own part, I know  
I receive much from man,  
And for him, in return,  
I do all I can."

The cow, upon this,  
Cast her eyes on the grass,  
Not pleas'd at thus being  
Reproved by an ass,  
Yet, thought she, "I'm determin'd  
I'll benefit by't,  
For I really believe  
That the fellow is right."

Jane Taylor

### **The Cow**

Come, children, listen to me now,

And you will hear about the cow;  
You'll find her useful, alive or dead,  
Whether she's black, or white, or red.

When milkmaids milk her morn and night  
She gives them milk so fresh and white,  
And this we, little children, think  
Is very nice for us to drink.

The curdled milk they press and squeeze,  
And so they make it into cheese;  
The cream they skim and shake in churns,  
And then it soon to butter turns.

And when she's dead, her flesh is good,  
For beef is a very wholesome food,  
But though 'twill make us brave and strong,  
To eat too much, you know, is wrong.

Her skin, with lime and bark together,  
The tanner tans, and makes into leather,  
And without that, what should we do  
For soles of every boot and shoe?

The shoemaker cuts it with his knife  
And bound the tops are by his wife;  
And so they nail them to the last,  
And then they stitch them tight and fast.

The hair that grows upon her back  
Is taken, whether white or black,  
And mix'd with plaster, short or long,  
Which makes it very firm and strong.

And, last of all, if cut with care,  
Her horns make combs to comb our hair;  
And so we learn—thanks to our teachers—  
That cows are very useful creatures.



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## Page 171—Moo Moo Land



## The Cowboy's Song

"Mooly cow, mooly cow,  
Home from the wood  
They sent me to fetch you  
As fast as I could.  
The sun has gone down—  
It is time to go home,  
Mooly cow, mooly cow,  
Why don't you come?  
Your udders are full,  
And the milkmaid is there,  
And the children are all waiting,  
Their suppers to share.  
I have let the long bars down—  
Why don't you pass thro'"  
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow,  
Have you not been  
Regaling all day  
Where the pastures are green?  
No doubt it was pleasant,  
Dear Mooly, to see  
The clear running brook  
And the wide-spreading tree,  
The clover to crop,  
And the streamlet to wade,  
To drink the cool water  
And lie in the shade;  
But now it is night—  
They are waiting for you."  
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow,  
Where do you go  
When all the green pastures  
Are covered in with snow?  
You can go to the barn,  
And we feed you with hay,  
And the maid goes to milk  
You there, every day;  
She pats you, she loves you,  
She strokes your sleek hide,  
She speaks to you kindly,  
And sits by your side:  
Then come along home,  
Pretty Mooly cow, do."  
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Mooly cow, mooly cow,  
Whisking your tail  
The milkmaid is waiting,  
I say, with her pail;  
She tucks up her petticoats,  
Tidy and neat,  
And places the three-legged  
Stool for her seat.  
What can you be staring at,  
Mooly? You know  
That we ought to have gone  
Home an hour ago.  
How dark it is growing!  
O, what shall I do?"  
The mooly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

## That Calf

To the yard, by the barn,  
Came the farmer one morn,

And calling the cattle, he said,  
While they trembled with fright:  
"Now which of you, last night,  
Shut the barn door while I was abed?"  
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf Spot,  
She was down in the lot,  
And the way the rest talked was a shame;  
For no one, night before,  
Saw her shut up the door;  
But they said that she did, all the same,  
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray),  
"I was not up that way  
Last night, as I recollect;"  
And the bull, passing by,  
Tossed his horns very high,  
And said, "Let who may be here object,  
I say this, that calf I suspect.

Then out spoke the cow,  
"It is terrible now,  
To accuse honest folks of such tricks."  
Said the cock in the tree,  
"I'm sure 'twasn't me;"  
And the sheep all cried, "Bah! (there were six)  
Now that calf's got herself in a fix."

"Why, of course we all knew  
'Twas the wrong thing to do,"  
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat.  
"I suppose," cried the mule,  
Some folks think me a fool,  
But I'm not quite as simple as that;  
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

Just that moment, the calf,  
Who was always the laugh  
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.  
"Did you shut my barn door?"  
Asked the farmer once more,  
"I did, sir, I closed it last night,"  
Said the calf; "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head,  
"She will catch it," they cried,  
"Serves her right for her meddlesome ways."  
Said the farmer, "Come here,  
Little bossy, my dear,  
You have done what I cannot repay,  
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"For a wonder, last night,  
I forgot the door quite,  
And if you had not shut it so neat,  
All my colts had slipped in,  
And gone right to the bin,  
And got what they ought not to eat,  
They'd have founded themselves on wheat."

The each hoof of them  
All began to loudly to bawl,  
The very mule smiled, the cock crew;  
"Little Spotty, my dear,  
You're a favourite here,"  
They cried, "we all said it was you,  
We were so glad to give you your due."  
And the calf answered knowingly, "Boo!"



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## Page 172—Baa Baa Land



### The Lost Lamb

Storm upon the mountain,  
Rainy torrents beating,  
And the little snow-white lamb,  
Bleating, ever bleating!  
Storm upon the mountain,  
Night upon its throne,  
And the little snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Down the glen the shepherd  
Drives his flock afar;  
Through the murky mist and cloud,  
Shines no beacon star.  
Fast he hurries onward,  
Never hears the moan  
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Up the glen he races,  
Breasts the bitter wind,  
Scours across the plain, and leaves  
Wood and wold behind;—  
Storm upon the mountain,  
Night upon its throne—  
There he finds the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing,  
Kneeling on the ground,  
Round the pretty creature's neck  
Both his arms were wound;  
Soon, within his bosom,  
All its bleatings done,  
Home he bears the little lamb,

Left alone, alone!  
Oh! the happy faces,  
By the shepherd's fire!  
High without the tempest roars,  
But the laugh rings higher,  
Young and old together  
Make that joy their own—  
In their midst the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

T. Westwood

### **The Pet Lamb**

The dew was falling fast,  
The stars began to blink;  
I heard a voice; it said,  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"  
And looking o'er the hedge  
Before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain lamb,  
With a maiden by its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near;  
The lamb was all alone,  
And by a slender cord  
Was tethered to a stone;  
With one knee on the grass  
Did the little maiden kneel,  
While to this mountain lamb.  
She gave its evening meal.

"What ails thee, young one; what?  
Why pull so at thy cord?  
Is it not well with thee?  
Well both for bed and board?  
Thy plot of grass is soft,  
And green as grass can be;  
Rest, little young one, rest;  
What is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou would'st seek?  
What is wanting to thy heart?  
Thy limbs, are they not strong?  
And beautiful thou art.  
This grass is tender grass;  
These flowers they have no peers;  
And that green corn all day long  
Is rustling in they ears!

"Rest little young one, rest;  
Hast thou forgot the day  
Why my father found the first  
In places far away;  
Many flocks were on the hills,  
But thou wert owned by none,  
And thy mother from thy side  
For evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms,  
And in pity brought thee home;  
Oh! blessed day for thee!  
Then whither would'st thou roam?  
A faithful nurse thou hast;  
The dam that did the yean  
Upon the mountain top  
No kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that thrice a day  
I have brought thee in this can  
Fresh water from the brook,  
As clear as ever ran.  
And twice, too, in the day,



When the ground is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk—  
Warm milk it is, and new.

"Here, then, thou need'st not dread  
The raven in the sky;  
Night and day thou'rt safe;  
Our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me?  
Why pull so at thy chain?  
Sleep, and at break of day,  
I will come to thee again."

Wordsworth

### **A Visit to the Lambs**

Mother, let's go and see the lambs;  
This warm and sunny day  
I think must make them very glad,  
And full of fun and play.

Ah, there they are. You pretty things!  
Now, don't you run away;  
I'm come on purpose, that I am,  
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,  
And such good-natured eyes!  
And ruff of wool all round your necks—  
How nicely curl'd it lies!

Come here, my little lambkin, come,  
And lick my hand—now do!  
How silly to be so afraid!  
Indeed I won't hurt you.

Just put your hand upon its back,  
Mother, how nice and warm!  
There, pretty lamb, you see I don't  
Intend to do you harm.

Easy Poetry



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### The Pet Lamb

Once on a time, a shepherd lived  
Within a cottage small;  
The grey thatched roof was shaded by  
An elm-tree dark and tall;  
While all around, stretched far away,  
A wild and lonesome moor,  
Except a little daisied field  
Before the trellised door.

Now, it was on a cold March day,  
When on the moorland wide  
The shepherd found a trembling lamb  
By its mother's side;  
And so pitiful it bleated,  
As with the cold it shook,  
He wrapped it up beneath his coat,  
And home the poor lamb took.

He placed it by the warm fireside,  
And then his children fed  
This little lamb, whose mother died,  
With milk and sweet brown bread,  
Until it ran about the floor,  
Or at the door would stand;  
And grew so tame, it ate its food  
From out the children's hand.

It followed them where'er they went,  
Came ever at their call,  
And dearly was this pretty lamb  
Beloved by them all.  
And often on a market-day,  
When cotters crossed the moor,  
They stopped to praise the snow-white lamb,  
Beside the cottage door;

They patted it upon its head,  
And stroked it with the hand,  
And vowed it was the prettiest lamb  
They'd seen in all the land.

Now, this kind shepherd was as ill,  
As ill as he could be,  
And kept his bed for many a week,  
And nothing earned he;  
And when he had got well again,  
He to his wife did say,  
"The doctor wants his money, and  
I haven't it to pay.

"What shall we do, what can we do?  
The doctor made me well,  
There's only one thing can be done,  
We must the pet lamb sell;  
We've nearly eaten all the bread,  
And how can we get more,  
Unless you call the butcher in  
When he rides by the door?"

"Oh, do not sell my white pet lamb,"  
Then little Mary said,  
"And every night I'll go up stairs  
Without my tea to bed;  
Oh! do not sell my sweet pet lamb;  
And if you let it live,  
The best half of my bread and milk  
I will unto it give."

The doctor at that very time  
Entered the cottage door,  
As, with her arms around her lamb,  
She sat upon the floor.  
"For if the butcher buys my lamb,  
He'll take away its life,  
And make its pretty white throat bleed  
With his sharp cruel knife;

"And never in the morning light  
Again it will me meet,  
Nor come again to lick my hand,  
Look up upon me and bleat."  
"Why do you weep, my pretty girl?"  
The doctor then did say.  
"Because I love my little lamb,  
Which must be sold to-day;

It lies beside my bed at night,  
And, oh, it is so still,  
It never made a bit of noise  
When father was so ill.  
"Oh do not let them sell my lamb,  
And then I'll go to bed,  
And never ask for aught to eat

But a small piece of bread."  
"I'll buy the lamb and give it you,"  
The kind, good doctor said,  
"And with the money that I pay  
Your father can buy bread.  
"As for the bill, that can remain  
Until another year."  
He paid the money down, and said,  
"The lamb is yours, my dear:

You have a kind and gentle heart,  
And God, who made us all,  
He loveth well those who are kind  
To creatures great and small;  
"And while I live, my little girl,  
Your lamb shall not be sold,  
But play with you upon the moor,  
And sleep within the fold."

And so the white pet lamb was saved,  
And played upon the moor,  
And after little Mary ran  
About the cottage-floor.  
It fed upon cowslips tall,  
And ate the grass so sweet,  
And on the little garden-walk  
Pattered its pretty feet;

And with its head upon her lap  
The little lamb would lay  
Asleep beneath the elm-tree's shade,  
Upon the summer's day,  
While she twined the flowers around its neck,  
And called it her, "Sweet May."

Thomas Miller



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## Page 174—Piggy Land



### The Pig, He is a Gentleman

The pig, he is a gentleman,  
And never goes to work;  
He eats the very best of food  
Without knife or fork.

The pig, he is a gentleman,  
And drinks the best of milk;  
His clothes are good, and thick, and strong  
And wear as well as silk.

The pig he, is a gentleman,  
And covers up his head,  
And looks at you with one eye,  
And grunts beneath his bed.

He eats, and drinks, and sleeps all day  
Just like his lady mother,  
His father, uncle, and his aunt,  
His sister, and his brother.

E. W. Cole

### The Pigs

"Do look at those pigs, as they lie in the straw,"  
Little Richard said to papa;  
"They keep eating longer than ever I saw,  
What nasty fat gluttons they are!"

"I see they are feasting," his father replied,  
"They eat a great deal, I allow;  
But let us remember, before we deride,  
'Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

"But when a great boy, such as you my dear Dick,  
Does nothing but eat all the day,  
And keeps sucking good things till he makes himself sick,  
What a glutton, indeed, we may say.

"When plumcake and sugar for ever he picks,  
And sweetmeats, and comfits, and figs;  
Pray let him get rid of his own nasty tricks,  
And then he may laugh at the pigs."

J. T.

### **Five Little Pigs**

Five lit-tle fingers  
And five lit-tle pigs,  
Of each I've a story to tell;  
Look at their faces  
And fun-ny curl-ed tails,  
And hear what each one be-fell.

Ring-tail, that stead-y  
And good lit-tle pig,  
To mark-et set off at a trot;  
And brought him his bas-ket  
Quite full of nice things,  
Con-tent-ed and pleas-ed with his lot.

Young Smil-er, the next,  
Was a stay at home pig,  
Lik-ed his pipe, and to sit at his ease;  
He fell fast a-sleep,  
Burned his nose with his pipe,  
And a-woke with a ve-ry loud sneeze.

Num-ber three was young Long-snout  
Who ate up the beef.  
He was both greed-y and fat;  
He made him-self ill  
By eat-ing too much,  
And then he was sor-ry for that.

And poor lit-tle Grun-ter—  
You know he had none—  
A pig-gy so hun-gry and sad!  
He si-lent-ly wiped  
The salt tears from his eyes,  
I think it was real-ly too bad.

Young Squeak-er cried, "Wee, wee, wee,"  
All the way home,  
A pig-gy so fret-ful was he;  
He got a good whip-ping,  
Was sent off to bed,  
And de-served it, I think you must see.

Oh, these five lit-tle pigs,  
How they've made child-ren laugh  
In ages and ages now past!  
And they'll be quite as fun-ny,  
In years yet to come,  
While small toes and small fing-ers last.

### **The Self-willed Pig**

It happened one day,  
As the other pigs tell,

In the course of their walk  
They drew near to a well,  
So wide and so deep,  
With so smooth a wall round,  
That a pig tumbling in  
Was sure to be drowned.

But a perverse little brother,  
Foolish as ever,  
Still boasting himself  
Very cunning and clever,  
Now made up his mind  
That, whatever befell,  
He would run on before  
And jump over the well.

Then away he ran fast  
To one side of the well,  
Climbed up on the wall,  
Slipped, and headlong he fell;  
And now from the bottom  
His pitiful shout  
Was, "Oh mother! I'm in;  
Pray do help me out!"

She ran to the side  
When she heard his complaint,  
And she then saw him struggling,  
Weakly and faint,  
Yet no help could she give!  
But, "My children," cried she,  
"How often I've feared  
A sad end his would be!"

"Oh, mother, dear mother;"  
The drowning pig cried,  
"I see all this comes  
Of my folly and pride!"  
He could not speak more,  
But he sank down and died,  
Whilst his mother and brothers  
Wept round the well-side!



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### **Three Naughty Pigs**

Three naughty pigs,  
All in one pen,  
Drank up the milk  
Left by the men,  
Then all the three  
Fast as they could,  
Dug their way out  
To find something good.

Out in the garden  
A maiden fair  
Had set some flowers  
Of beauty rare.

Out in the garden  
A merry boy  
Had planted seeds,  
With childish joy,

One naughty pig  
Ran to the bed;  
Soon lay the flowers  
Drooping and dead.

To naughty pigs  
Dug up the seeds,  
And left, for the boy,  
Not even weeds.

Three naughty pigs,  
Back in the pen,  
Never could do  
Such digging again.

For, in their noses,  
Something would hurt  
Whenever they tried  
To dig in the dirt.

### **Little Biddy**

Little Biddy O'Toole, on her three-legged stool,  
Was 'atin' her praties so hot;  
Whin up stepped the pig,  
Wid his appetite big,  
And Biddy got down like a shot.

### **The Spectre Pig**

It was the stalwart butcher man  
That knit his swarthy brow,  
And said the gentle pig must die,

And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle pig  
Lay stretched upon the ground,  
And ah! it was the cruel knife  
His little heart that found.

They took him then those wicked men,  
They trailed him all along;  
They put a stick between his lips,  
And through his heels a thong.

And round and round an oaken beam  
A hempen cord they flung,  
And like a mighty pendulum  
All solemnly he swung.

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man  
And think what thou hast done,  
And read thy catechism well,  
Thou sanguinary one.

For if its sprite should walk by night  
It better were for thee,  
That thou were mouldering in the ground,  
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then  
That made a mock of sin,  
And swore a very wicked oath,  
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,  
His voice was broke with sighs,  
And with his pocket handkerchief  
He wiped his little eyes.

All young and ignorant was he,  
But innocent and mild,  
And, in his soft simplicity,  
Out spoke the tender child—

"Oh! father, father, list to me;  
The pig is deadly sick,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
And fed him with a stick."

It was the naughty butcher then  
That laughed as he would die,  
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child  
And bid him not to cry.

"Oh! Nathan, Nathan, what's a pig,  
That thou shouldst weep and wail?  
Come bear thee like a butcher's child,  
And thou shalt have his tail."

It was the butcher's daughter then,  
So slender and so fair,  
That sobbed as if her heart would break  
And tore her yellow hair.

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone—  
Fell fast the tear-drops big:  
"Ah! woe to me! Alas! alas!  
The pig! the pig! the pig!"

Then did her wicked father's lips  
Make merry wit her woe,  
And call her many a naughty name,  
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,  
In vain your tears are shed,  
Ye cannot wash the crimson hand,  
Ye cannot sooth the dead.



The bright sun folded on his breast,  
His robes of rosey flame,  
And softly over all the west  
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered pigs  
Were busy in his dreams;  
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,  
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve; the dead hath heard;  
He opened both his eyes,  
And sullenly he shook his tail  
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord—  
One struggle and one bound—  
With stiffened limb and leaded eye,  
The pig was on the ground.

And straight towards the sleeper's house  
His fearful way he wended;  
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,  
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, uprose the latch,  
And open swung the door,  
And little mincing feet were heard  
Pat, pat, along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,  
And two upon the bed;  
And they are breathing side by side,  
The living and the dead.

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!  
What makes your cheeks so pale?  
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear  
To clasp a spectre's tail?"

Untwisted every winding coil;  
The shuddering wretch took hold,  
Till like an icicle it seemed,  
So tapering and so cold.

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!"  
He strives to loose his grasp,  
But, faster than the clinging vine,  
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open, swung the door,  
And fleeter than the wind,  
The shadowy spectre swept before,  
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
And morn rose faint and dim;  
They called full loud, they knocked full long  
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,  
A trampled pathway ran;  
A ghastly shape was swinging there—  
It was the butcher man.

O. W. Holmes

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Little Dame Crump,  
With her little hair broom,  
One morning was sweeping  
Her little bedroom,  
When, casting he little  
Grey eyes on the ground,  
In a sly little corner  
A penny she found.

"Dear me!" cried the Dame,  
While she started with surprise,  
"How lucky I am  
To find such a prize!  
To market I'll go,  
And a pig I will buy,  
And little John Grubbins  
Shall make him a sty."

So she washed her face clean,  
And put on her gown,  
And locked up the house,  
And set off for town.  
Then to market she went,  
And a purchase she made  
Of a little white pig,  
And a penny she paid.

Having purchased the pig,  
She was puzzled to know  
How they both should get home;  
So fearing least piggie  
Should play her a trick,  
She drove him along  
With a little crab stick.

Piggie ran till they came  
To the foot of a hill,  
Where a little bridge stood  
O'er the stream of a mill;  
Piggie grunted and squeaked,  
But not further would go:  
Oh, fie! Piggie, fie!  
To serve little Dame so.

She went to the mill,  
And she borrowed a sack  
To put the pig in,  
And take him on her back:  
Piggie squeaked to get out,  
But the little Dame said,  
"If you won't go of yourself,  
You then must be made."

At last when the end  
Of her journey had come,  
She was awfully glad  
She had got the pig home:  
She carried him straight  
To his nice little sty,  
And gave him some hay  
And some straw, nice and dry.

With a handful of peas  
Then Piggie she fed,  
And put on her night-cap,  
And got into bed:  
Having first said her prayers,  
And put out the light;  
And being quite tired,  
We'll wish her good night.

Old Madam Grumph, the pig, had got  
A pig-sty of her own;  
She is a most un-com-mon pig,  
And likes to live alone.

A red-tiled roofing covers in  
The one half of her sty;  
And, half sur-round-ed by a wall,  
Is open to the sky.

There stands the trough, they keep it fill'd  
With pig-wash and with parings;  
And all the other pigs declare  
Dame Grumph has dainty fairings.

They like to see what she's about,  
And poke their noses through  
A great hole in the pig-sty door,  
From whence they get a view.

The pigs, that run about the yard,  
Are very lean and tall,  
With long hind legs—but Madam Grumph  
Is round as any ball.

One autumn day, when she awoke  
('Twas very cold and raw),  
She found a litter of young pigs  
Half buried in the straw.

"Humph," said the dame, "now let me see  
How many have I got."  
She counted, "Six and four are ten,—  
Two dead ones in the lot.

"Eight—That's a nice round family;  
A black one and two white;  
The rest are spotted like myself,  
With prick ears—that's all right.

"What's to be done with those dead things,  
They'd better be thrown out,"  
Said she, and packed the litter round  
The others with her snout.

"What's that, old Grumphy?" said a pig,  
Whose snout peeped through the door;  
"There's something moving in the straw  
I never saw before."

"I wish you'd mind your own affairs,"  
Said she, and stepp'd between  
The young pigs and the pig-sty door,  
Not wishing to be seen.

"I hope you slept well," said the pig,  
"The wind was very high;  
You are most comfortably lodged—  
A most con-ve-ni-ent sty."

"I thought I told you once before  
To mind your own affairs,"  
Said she, and bristling up her back,  
She bit the lean pig's ears.

"Squeak," said the bitten pig, "sque-e-ak,  
Old Grumphy's biting hard;"  
And all the lean pigs scamp-ed'd up  
From all sides of the yard.

They grumbled and they grunted loud,  
The squeak'd in every key;  
At last another pig peep'd through,  
To see what he could see.

Dame Grumph was standing by her pigs,  
And looking very proud,

And all the little piggy-wigs  
Were squeaking very loud.

"These lovely creatures," said old Grumph,  
"These lovely pigs are mine;  
There're fat and pink like human babes,  
Most pro-mi-sing young swine."

"Indeed," ex-claim'd the peeping pig,  
"I never should have thought,  
They were so very promising."  
Old Grumph gave a snort.

"They're of a most dis-tin-guished race;  
My mother and her brother  
Were both im-por-ted from Pekin,—  
My pigs are like my mother.

"They never shall as-so-ci-ate  
With long-legged pigs like you."  
Said she, ad-dress-ing the lean pig,  
Whose snout was peeping through.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am  
I really think," said he,  
"The dif-fer-ence is not so great  
As it appears to be.

"If you and I were bacon, ma'am  
The dif-fer-ence between  
An Irish and a Chinese pig  
Would hardly then be seen.

"Give me your comfortable sty,  
And some of your nice food,  
Our little fa-mi-lies might prove  
In-dif-fer-ent-ly good."

Aunt Effie's Rhymes



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## Page 177—Piggy Land

### The Old Woman and Her Pig

Once an old woman was sweeping her house, and found a crooked sixpence, and went to market to buy a pig. As she was coming home she came to a stile, and the pig would not get over it: so she went a little farther and met a dog, and said to the dog:—

"Dog, dog, bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the dog would not.

She went a little farther and met a stick, and said:

"Stick, stick, beat dog; dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the stick would not.

She went a little farther and met a fire, and said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick; stick won't beat dog,  
Dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the fire would not.

She went a little farther and met some water, and said:

"Water, water, quench fire,  
Fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the water would not.

She went a little farther and met an ox, and said:

"Ox, ox, drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the ox would not.

She went a little farther and met a butcher, and said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox,  
Ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther and met a rope, and said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher.  
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther and met a rat, and said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;  
Rope won't hang butcher,  
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the rat would not.

She went a little farther and met a cat, and said:

"Cat, cat, kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope,  
Rope won't hang butcher,  
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow, and said:

"Cow, cow, give me some milk, cat won't kill rat,  
Rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher,  
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away the old woman went to the haymakers and said:

"Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay;  
Cow won't give me milk, cat won't kill rat,  
Rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher,  
Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water,  
Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick,  
Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig,  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the haymakers said to her, "If you will go and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay." So away the old woman went; but she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers; and they gave her a wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had drank the milk, the cat began to kill the rat, the rat began to gnaw the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher, the butcher began to kill the ox, the ox began to drink the water, the water began to quench the fire, the fire began to burn the stick, the stick began to beat the dog, the dog began to bite to pig, the pig in a great fright jumped over the stile, and so the old woman got home that night in time to boil some apple dumplings for her husband's supper.



### **The Flying Pig**

Dickery, dickery dare,  
The pig flew up in the air,  
But Patrick Brown soon brought him down,  
Dickery, dickery, dare.

### **The Story of the Three Little Pigs**

Once there was an old pig, who had three little pigs, and sent them out to seek their fortune. The first one went and built a house with straw, and soon after a wolf came and knocked at the door and said, "Little pig, let me come in." But the little pig said, "No, no by the hair of my chin." The wolf then said, "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed, and he puffed, and blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The next little pig built a house with sticks, and the old wolf came along and called out, "Little

pig, let me come in." And the little pig answered, "No, no, by the hair of my chin." "Then," says the wolf, "I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed, and blew the house down, and ate up the little pig also.

The third little pig built a house with bricks. Just after along came the old wolf, and said, "Little pig, let me come in." The little pig said, "No, no, by the hair of my chin." "Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down." Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed; but he could not get the house down.

When he found he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips." "Where?" said the little pig. "Oh, in Mr. Smith's home field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?" "Oh, at six o'clock." Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came, which he did about six, and said, "Little pig, are you ready?" The little pig said, "Ready; I've been and come back again and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree." "Where?" said the little pig. "Down at Merry Garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples."

Well, the pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what; are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig, "I will throw you down one." And he threw it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon, will you go?" Oh, yes," said the pig, "I will go: what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf.

So the little pig went off before the time as usual, got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by doing so turned it around, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the little pig said "Ha! I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you I got into it and rolled down the hill." Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him.

When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung onto the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

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## Page 178—Rabbit Land



## The Wild Rabbits

Among the sand-hills,  
Near by the sea,  
Wild young rabbits  
Were seen by me.

They live in burrows  
With winding-ways,  
And there they shelter  
On rainy days.

The mother rabbits  
Make cosy nests,  
With hairy linings  
From their breasts.

The tender young ones  
Are nursed and fed,  
And safely hidden  
In this warm bed.

And when they are older,  
They all come out  
Upon the sand-hills  
And frisk about.

They play and nibble  
The long, dry grass,  
But scamper away  
Whenever you pass.

## Disobedient Bunny

A pert little rabbit,  
Once lived in a hole,  
And just did whatever he pleased;  
His ways were so funny,  
His antics so droll,  
That his parents were terribly teased.

"Now, dear," said his mother,  
"You'd best stay at home,  
And try to be patient and good."  
But No! he was fully  
Determined to roam  
Through the green and beautiful wood.

So what did he do?  
On a fine summer day,  
When mother was not to be seen,  
He took to his heels,  
And scampered away  
Right over the meadow so green.

He shook his long ears,  
And he whisked up his tail,  
His eyes dancing with glee,  
As onward he ran  
Through a beautiful vale,  
And oh! how delighted was he!

'Twas not very long  
Till he found a haystack,  
Where of course there was shelter and food.  
Said he to himself,  
"Now, I'll never go back  
To my stupid old home in the wood.

"I'll dig myself a nice den  
For myself in the hay;  
How warm it will be and how nice!  
Why in my old burrow



Full many a day  
I've often felt colder than ice!"

So bunny soon dug him  
A nice little hole,  
And made it as round as an O;  
And really he looked  
So exceedingly droll,  
You'd have laughed had you seen him, I know.

But evening drew on,  
It was lonely and dark,  
So Bunny lay down in his den;  
Said he to himself,  
"I'll get up with the lark,  
And won't I be ravenous then!

"For really this hay,  
Though it does for a nest,  
Is somewhat too dry for my food;  
At home there is clover,  
The thing I love best,  
And lettuce and carrots so good.

"I wish I had some  
At this moment! but then  
I'm out on my travels just now,  
And I greatly prefer  
To reside in this den,  
Than at home where there's often a row!

"Ah, well! I feel sleepy,  
I'd best go to bed—  
But what is that noise that I hear?  
There seems to be someone  
Right over my head,  
I hope that no wild beasts are near!"

Meanwhile an old fox  
With a great bushy tail  
Was prowling about and around,  
But poor little Bunny  
Was hidden so well  
That never a bit was he found!

When morning had come,  
And the fox disappeared,  
Then Bunny came forth to the light,  
Said he to himself,  
"It was just as I feared,  
A fox has been here through the night.

"I think I had better  
Go scampering home  
To the dear little home in the wood,  
And never, oh never  
Again will I roam,  
Or leave my dear mother so good."

Away then he ran,  
Without once looking back,  
Till he saw the dear home he loved best.  
And mother came hopping  
Along the hard track  
To welcome him home to the nest.

And, oh! such a breakfast  
Before him there lay,  
Such clover and grass from the wood;  
And always I've heard,  
From that terrible day,  
That Bunny is patient and good.

B. R. McKean

## The Pet Rabbit

I have a little Bunny  
With his coat as soft as down,  
And nearly all of him is white  
Except one bit of brown.  
The first thing in the morning,  
When I get out of bed,  
I wonder if my bunny's still  
Safe in his shed.

And then the next thing that I do,  
I daresay you have guessed;  
It's at once to go and see him,  
When I am washed and dressed.  
And every day I see him,  
I like him more and more,  
And each day he is bigger  
Than he was the day before.

I feed him in the morning  
With bran and bits of bread.  
And every night I take some straw  
To make his little bed.  
What with carrots in the morning  
And turnip-tops for tea,  
If a bunny can be happy,  
I'm sure he ought to be.

Then when it's nearly bed-time  
I go down to his shed,  
And say "Good-night, you bunny!"  
Before I go to bed,  
I think there's only one thing  
That would make me happy quite,  
If I could take my bunny dear  
With me to bed at night.

Robert Mack



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### **The Little Hare**

Beyond the palings of the park  
A Hare had made her form,  
Beneath a drooping fern, that made  
A shelter snug and warm.

She slept until the daylight came,  
And all things were awake,  
And then the Hare, with noiseless steps,  
Crept softly from the brake.

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,  
Looked timidly around  
With open eyes and ears erect  
That caught the smallest sound.

The Field-Mouse rustled in the grass,  
The Squirrel in the trees,  
But Puss was not at all afraid  
Of common sounds like these.

She frisked and gambolled with delight,  
And cropped a leaf or two  
Of clover and of tender grass,  
That glistened in the dew.

What was it, then, that made her start,  
And run away so fast?  
She heard the distant sound of hounds,  
She heard the huntsman's blast.

Tally-ho!-hoy tally-ho!  
The hounds are in full cry;  
Ehew! ehew—in scarlet coats  
The men are sweeping by.

So off she set with a spring and a bound,  
Over the meadows and open ground,  
Faster than hunter and faster than hound  
And on—and on—till she lost the sound,  
And away went the little Hare.

Aunt Effie

### **Peter and the Hare**

Thoughtless little Peter,  
With his little gun,  
Went out by the woodside  
For a little fun;  
Saw a happy little hare,  
Who on clover fed—  
With his little gun took aim  
And shot him in the head.

Thoughtful little Peter,

Sad for what he'd done,  
Sat down on a stump, and there  
By it laid his gun;  
Wished that he could bring to life  
That little hare so still;  
"Never more," said he, "will I  
A harmless creature kill."

### **Epitaph on a Hare**

Here lies whom hound did ne'er pursue,  
Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew  
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nursed with tender care,  
And to domestic bounds confined,  
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And when he could he would bite.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
On pippin's russet peel;  
And when his juicy salads fail'd,  
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound,  
To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours  
For then he'd lost his fear!  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,  
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade,  
He finds his long last home,  
And waits, in snug concealment laid  
Till gentler puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks  
From which no care can save;  
And partner once of Tiney's box,  
Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper

### **Punch's Appeal for the Hunted Hare**

All on the bare and bleak hillside,  
One night this merry Christmastide,  
A shivering hunted hare did hide;  
Poor Pussy!

Though we had hunted puss all day,  
The wind had blown her scent away,  
And balked the dogs, so there she lay,  
Poor Pussy!

There to the earth she humbly crept,  
There brooding o'er her lot she wept,  
There, on her empty stomach she slept.  
Poor Pussy!

And there, while frozen fell the dew,  
She dreamt an ugly dream or two,  
As starved, wet folk are apt to do,  
Did Pussy!

Loud hungry hounds of subtle ken,  
And thundering steeds, and hard-eyed men,  
Are fast on Pussy's trail again,  
Poor Pussy!

Onwards she strains, on, as they tear  
Foremost amongst the foremost there,  
Are ruthless women's faces fair;  
Poor Pussy!

One moment's check, to left, to right,  
In vain she spends her little might,  
Some yokel's eyes have marked her flight,  
Poor Pussy!

What use her fine small wits to rack!  
Closer, and faster on her track  
Hurries the hydra-headed pack,  
Lost Pussy!

"For pity's sake, kind huntsman, stop!  
Call off the dogs before I drop,  
And kill me with your heavy crop."  
Shrieks Pussy!

With shuddering start and stifled scream,  
She wakes!—She finds it all a dream;  
How kind the cold, cold earth doth seem  
To Pussy!



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A Gentleman Rat

**The Pied Piper of Hamelin**  
—or—  
**The Vanished Children**

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick  
By famous Hanover city;  
The river Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its wall on the southern side.  
A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!  
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chats,  
By drowning their speaking,  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking:  
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;  
And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

The mayor and Town Councillors were greatly perplexed what to do, when there entered a strange-looking piper, and offered to charm away all the rats for a thousand guilders. The council joyfully agreed to this, and at once:—

Into the street the Piper swept,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while:  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
Until they came to river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished  
—Save one.

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face  
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

The mayor and Councillors abused the Piper, refused to pay him the thousand guilders, and offered him fifty and a drink, he refused to take less than they had offered, and said:

"Folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion,"  
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook  
Being worse treated than a crook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"  
Once more he stept into the street:  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air),  
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds bustling, at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,  
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,  
Out came the children running,  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were carved into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by—  
And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However he turned from South to West,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see out children stop!"  
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed  
And the Piper advanced and the children followed.  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast,  
Did I say all? No! one was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way!

And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say—  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all they pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me;  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue.

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## Page 181—Rat Land

And everything was strange and new;  
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fellow deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings;  
And horses were born with eagles' wings,  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped, and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more!"  
Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate  
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate  
Opens to the Rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children all behind him.  
But at length they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,  
For Piper and dancers were gone for ever.

Browning

## The Wicked Bishop Hatto

The summer and autumn had been so wet  
That in winter the corn was growing yet;  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For all the neighbourhood could tell  
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay:  
He bade them to his great Barn repair  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near;  
So the great Barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;  
And while for mercy with shrieks they call,



He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all,

"A rare and excellent bonfire!" quoth he,  
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,  
For ridding it in these times forlorn  
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;—  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm;—  
"I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the Rats had eaten all the corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be;—  
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, without delay,  
Ten thousand rats are coming this way."

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," quoth he,  
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is long and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower, and barred with care  
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes.  
But soon a scream made him arise:  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened, and looked—it was only the cat;  
But the Bishop grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And up the tower their way is bent,  
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score—  
By the thousands they come, and by myriads, and more;  
Such numbers have never been heard of before,  
Such a judgement had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The gnawing by their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,  
And down from the ceiling, and up from the floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below;  
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgement on him.

## What became of them!

He was a rat, and she was a rat,  
And down in one hole they did dwell,  
And both were as black as a witch's cat,  
And they loved one another well.

He had a tail, and she had a tail,  
Both long and curling and fine,  
And each said, "Yours is the finest tail  
In the world, excepting mine."

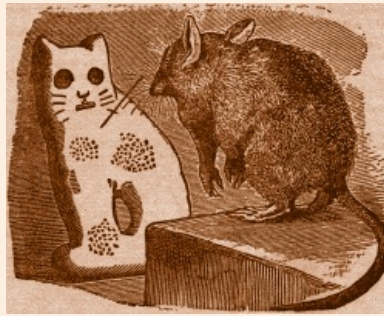
He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,  
And they both pronounced it good;  
And both remarked it would greatly add  
To the charms of their daily food.

So he ventured out, and she ventured out,  
And I saw them go with pain;  
But what befel them I never can tell,  
For they never came back again.



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## Page 182—Mousey Land



### The Gingerbread Cat

A baby-girl, on Christmas night  
Had filled her little apron white  
With all a happy child could take  
Of Christmas toys and Christmas cake;

But on the stairway she let fall  
The chiefest treasure of them all—  
A little cat of gingerbread  
All frosted white from tail to head.

Now in the moonlit midnight time,  
When merry mice do run and climb,  
A plump gray mouse come down the stair  
And saw the Christmas cake-cat there.

She stood still in her cruel fright  
And gazed upon the monster white  
Who seemed to feel as great surprise,

And stared with both his raisin eyes.

Poor mousie dared not, could not stir!  
Her little brain was in a whirr!  
Five minutes—ten—but not a paw  
Had puss put forth! "I never saw

A cat like this!" the poor mouse said.  
A brave bold thought came in her head—  
Her wee heart beating pit-a-pat,  
She moved her own paw—touched the cat—

Then sprang upon it with a squeal  
And made a most delicious meal  
"Ho! ho!" she cried, "Sugar! spice!  
And everything that's good and nice—

That's what cats are made of,  
The cats that we're afraid of!"  
Then up the stairs she madly pranced,  
And o'er the attic floor she danced

And then she stood upon her head  
And to her 'stonished friends she said,  
"O, joy to every mouse and rat,  
For I have eaten up the cat!"

### **The Mice**

The mice are in their holes,  
And there they hide by day;  
But when 'tis still at night,  
They all come out to play.

They climb up on the shelves,  
And taste of all they please;  
They drink the milk and cream,  
And eat the bread and cheese.

But if they hear the cat,  
At once they stop their fun;  
In fright they seek their holes  
As fast as they can run.

### **Three Mice**

Three Mice went into  
A hole to spin,  
Puss came by,  
Puss peeped in;  
What are you doing,  
My little old men?  
We're weaving coats  
For gentlemen.  
Shall I come and help you  
To wind up your threads?  
Oh, no, Mrs. Pussy,  
You'd bite off our heads!

Says Pussy, "You are  
So wondrous wise  
I love your whiskers  
And round black eyes;  
Your house is the prettiest  
House I see.  
And I think there is room  
For you and me."  
The mice were so pleased  
That they opened the door,  
And Pussy soon laid them  
All dead on the floor.

## "Run Mousey, Run!"

I am sitting by the fireside,  
Reading, and very still,  
There comes a little sharp-eyed mouse,  
And run about he will.

He flies along the mantelpiece  
He darts beneath the fender;  
It's just as well that Jane's not here,  
Or into fits he'd send her.

And now he's nibbling at some cake  
She left upon the table.  
He seems to think I'm somebody  
To hurt a mouse unable.

Run, mousey, run! I hear the cat,  
She's scratching at the door,  
Once she comes in, you'll have no chance  
Beneath her savage claw.

Run, mousey, run! I hear Jane's foot,  
She's coming up to bed,  
If puss but makes a spring at you,  
Poor mousey, you'll be dead!

## A Mouse Caught in a Cage

I'm only a poor little mouse, ma'am!  
I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!  
With a fragment of cheese, and a very few peas,  
I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!  
I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!  
If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,  
And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!  
She's waiting foe me to come back, ma'am!  
She hoped I might find a bit of rind,  
Or the children their dinner will lack, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!  
(Don't look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)  
The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,  
'T is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

In your eyes I see mercy I'm sure, ma'am!  
Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!  
I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,  
Oh I'll never come back any more, ma'am!

## The Foolish Mouse

In a crack, near the cupboard,  
With dainties provided,  
A certain young mouse  
With her mother resided;  
So securely they lived,  
In that snug, quiet spot,  
Any mouse in the land  
Might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse,  
Which was given to roam,  
Having made an excursion  
Some way from her home,  
On a sudden returned,

With such joy in her eyes,  
That her grey, sedate parent  
Expressed some surprise,

"Oh mother," said she,  
"The good folks of this house  
I'm convinced, have not any  
Ill-will to a mouse;  
And those tales can't be true  
You always are telling,  
For they've been at such pains  
To construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood,  
And the walls are of wires  
Exactly the size that  
One's comfort requires;  
And I'm sure that we there  
Shall have nothing to fear,  
If ten cats, with kittens,  
At once should appear.

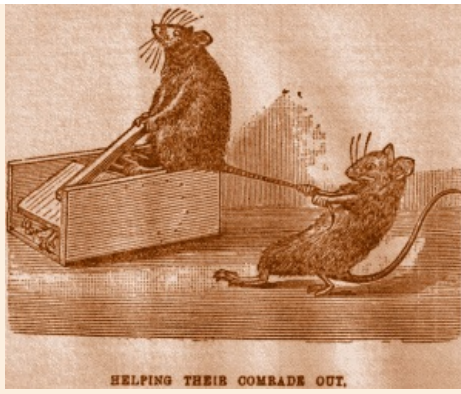
"And then they have made  
Such nice holes in the wall,  
One could slip in and out,  
With no trouble at all;  
But forcing one through  
Such rough crannies as these,  
Always gives one's poor ribs  
A most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is,  
They've provided, as well,  
A large piece of cheese,  
Of most exquisite smell;  
'Twas so nice, I had put  
In my head to go through,  
When I thought it my duty  
To come and fetch you."

"Ah, child," said the mother,  
"Believe, I entreat,  
Both the cage and the cheese  
Are a terrible cheat;  
Do not think all that trouble  
They took for our good,  
They would catch us and kill us  
All there if they could.

"Thus they've caught and killed scores,  
And I never could learn,  
That a mouse who once entered  
Did ever return."  
Let young people mind  
What the old people say.  
And, when danger is near them,  
Keep out of the way.

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### **A Clever and Good Mother Mouse**

One Summer day the sun shone bright,  
Mid sweet flowers roved the bee,  
And I wandered in a garden old  
Beside the deep blue sea.

But close at hand, a shady path,  
Beneath some beech trees wound,  
And there, that sultry summer day,  
A pleasant seat I found.

Suddenly, just beside my chair,  
A little sound I heard;  
A scratch upon the gravel path,  
As of a mouse or bird.

I turned my head; there, on the path,  
What strange sight did I see!  
A little mouse, and in her mouth  
Another still more wee.

Softly she crept across the path,  
And then, her journey done,  
In a hole beneath the green grass verge  
She laid her little one.

And back and forth from side to side,  
I watched her carry five  
Sweet little mice, her own dear brood,  
Long tailed, and all alive.

She never wearied in her work,  
Yet oh! so small was she!  
And thus, that bright, hot summer day  
She moved her nursery.

Dear mother mouse! My verse has told  
Your patient loving deed;  
Methinks our boys and girls may learn  
Some lessons as they read.

Francis E. Cooke

### **The True History of a Poor Little Mouse**

A poor little mouse  
Had once made him a nest,  
And he fancied, the warmest,  
And safest, and best,  
That a poor little mouse could enjoy;  
So snug and convenient,  
So out of the way.  
This poor little mouse  
And his family lay,  
They fear'd neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a store  
That was seldom in use,  
Where shavings and papers  
Were scattered in loose,  
That this poor little mouse made his hole,  
But alas! Master Johnny  
Had seen him one day,  
As in a great fright  
He had scampered away,  
With a piece of plum pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny  
(Who, wicked and bad,  
No pitiful thoughts  
For dumb animals had)  
Descried the poor fellow's retreat,  
He crept to the shavings  
And set them alight,  
And, before the poor mouse  
Could run off in its fright,  
It was smother'd to death in the heat!

Poor mouse! how it squeak'd  
I can't bear to relate,  
Nor how its poor little  
Ones hopp'd in the grate,  
And died, one by one, in the flame!  
I should not much wonder  
To hear, that, some night,  
This wicked boy's bed-curtains  
Catching alight,  
He suffered exactly the same.

Ann Taylor

### **The Mouse's Call**

A little mouse crept out one day,  
When all was still about;  
To dollie's house he took his way,  
The lady being out.

He skipped about with bead-bright eyes  
From table down to chair;  
He thought the house was just the size  
For him to settle there.

He found some jelly cake so nice,  
This naughty little mouse;  
He nibbled first, then in a trice  
'Twas gone from dollie's house.

He curl'd himself upon the floor,  
To have a little nap,  
When suddenly upon the floor  
There came a fearful rap.

The mouse who had not left a crumb,  
With fear began to shake,  
For dollie's mistress back had come  
To get her piece of cake.

She opened wide the little house,  
Her doll lay on her arm,  
And when she spied the trembling mouse  
She cried out with alarm.

She tumbled back upon the ground,  
Her dear doll falling too,  
While the mouse went rushing round,  
Not knowing what to do.

At last he tumbled down the stair,  
Then to his hole he flew;

And which did most the other scare  
They never, never knew.



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## Page 184—Froggy Land



### The Foolish Frog

In a tank at the foot of the hill  
Lived Mr. and Mrs. Frog,  
At the head of the sparkling rill,  
By the side of a queachy bog;  
And they had children ten—  
All froggies as yellow as gold,  
Who loved to play on the fen,  
But they often were over-bold.

Now it fell out one bright day,  
As it never had done before,  
When Father Frog was away  
A stickleback sailed to the door.  
"Oh! Mrs. Frog," said he,  
"Your sister is very ill;  
And much she wants to see  
You down at the water mill."

Then Mother frog showed her grief  
In such tears as you never saw;  
And, having no handkerchief,  
She wiped her eyes with a paw.  
Said she, "Now, froggies dear,  
You must not go to the fen:  
There is no danger here,  
And I'll soon come back again!"

But the naughty little froggies,  
Disobeyed their mother and went.



Then a duck, which had lazily swum  
For hours in a reedy pool,  
Seeing the shadows come,  
And feeling the air grow cool.  
With a "Quack, quack, quack," came out  
She meant, "It is time to sup!"  
So finding the froggies about,  
She gobbled them quickly up.

So Mr. and Mrs. Frog,  
By the peeping stars made bold,  
Came back by the queachy bog,  
To their froggies all yellow as gold.  
They never saw them again—  
Alas! that it should be so.  
They were told not to go to the fen;  
But the did not obey, you know.

"Early Days"

### **Marriage of Mr. Froggie**

There was a Frog  
Lived in a bog—  
A Frog of high degree—  
A stylish youth,  
And yet, forsooth,  
A bachelor was he.

He had not wed  
Because, he said,  
He'd ne'er in all his life  
Seen in the bog  
A pollywog  
He cared to make his wife.

But one fine day,  
When drest up gay,  
He passed a pretty house,  
And there beside  
The window spied  
A most attractive mouse.

He raised his hat,  
And gazing at  
Miss Mouse, in suit of gray,  
He made a bow,  
Likewise a vow  
To marry her straightway.

When he was drest  
In scarlet vest,  
And coat of velvet sheen  
With frills of lace,  
And sword in place,  
His like was nowhere seen.

His smile was bland,  
His style so grand,  
He said with pride, "I know  
Miss Mouse so fair,  
Can find nowhere  
So suitable a beau!

"If she'll agree  
To live with me,  
And be my faithful wife,  
Oh, she shall dine  
On dishes fine,  
And lead an easy life."

When he went by,  
Miss Mouse so shy,  
Would hide her blushing face;

But truth to tell  
Could see quite well  
Through curtains of thin lace.

And from her nook,  
Ah! many a look  
She gave, with heart a-stir;  
And oft did she  
Confess that he  
Was just the beau for her.

At last so blue  
Poor froggie grew,  
He went up to the house  
And rang the bell,  
In haste to tell  
His love for Mistress Mouse.

He passed the door,  
And on the floor  
He knelt and kissed her hand,  
"Wilt marry me?"  
He asked, while she  
Her burning blushes fanned.

She answered "Yes,"  
As you may guess,  
To Mister Frog's delight;  
His arm he placed  
Around her waist,  
And joy was at its height.

The wedding-day  
Was set straightway,  
The town was all agog;  
And gifts, not few,  
Were sent unto  
Miss Mouse and Mister Frog.

And never yet  
Was banquet set,  
In country or in town,  
With fare more rich  
Than that to which  
The wedding guests sat down.

And, after all,  
There was the ball,  
For which the band was hired,  
And frogs and mice  
Were up in a trice,  
And danced till their toes were tired.

### **Frogs at School**

Twenty froggies went to school,  
Down beside a rushy pool;  
Twenty little coats of green,  
Twenty vests all white and clean,  
"We must be in time," said they;  
"First we study, then we play;  
That is how we keep the rule  
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,  
Called the classes in their turn;  
Taught them how to nobly strive,  
Likewise how to leap and dive;  
From his seat upon the log  
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"  
Also, how to dodge a blow  
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;

Bullfrogs they became at last;  
Not one dunce among the lot,  
Not one lesson they forgot.  
Polished in a high degree,  
As each froggie ought to be,  
Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.



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## Page 185—Froggy Land

### Mouse that Lost her Tail

Once upon a time a Cat and Mouse were playing together, when, quite by accident, the cat bit off the Mouse's tail.

It was very strange that the Cat did not bite off the Mouse's head. But this Mouse was a good Mouse, and never stole any cheese; and so the Cat only bit off her tail. Mousey was very much vexed to see that her tail was gone, so she said to Pussy—

"Oh, dear Pussy! do give me my tail again."

"No, that I will not," said Pussy, "till you get me some milk for my breakfast."

"Oh, the Cow will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran  
Till she came to the Cow, and thus began:—

"Please, Cow, give me some milk. I want to give Pussy milk, and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you will get me some hay for my breakfast," said the Cow.

"Oh, the Farmer will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran  
Till she came to the Farmer, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Farmer, give me some hay; I want to give the Cow hay The Cow will give me some milk; I will give Pussy milk; and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some bread for my breakfast," said the Farmer.

"Oh, the Baker will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran  
Till she came to the Baker, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Baker, give me some bread; I want to give the Farmer bread. The Farmer will give me some hay; I will give the Cow hay, the Cow will give me some milk; I will give Pussy milk; and Pussy will give me my own tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you get me some meat for my breakfast," said the baker.

"Oh, the Butcher will give me some," said the Mouse.

So she frisked and jumped, and then she ran  
Till she came to the Butcher, and thus began:—

"Please, Mr. Butcher, give me some meat. I want to give the Baker meat. The Baker will give me some bread; I will give the Farmer bread. The Farmer will give me some hay; I will give the Cow hay, the Cow will give me some milk; I will give Pussy milk; and Pussy will give me my own

tail again."

"So I will, Mousey, if you will eat up the crumbs that have fallen at my breakfast," said the Butcher.

"Oh, that I will," said the Mouse, and she soon cleared the floor of every crumb.

Then the Butcher gave the Mouse some meat, and the Mouse gave the Baker the meat, and the Baker gave the Mouse some bread, and the Mouse gave the Farmer the bread, and the Farmer gave the Mouse some hay, and the Mouse gave the Cow the hay, and the Cow gave the Mouse some milk, and the Mouse gave Pussy the milk, and then Pussy gave poor little Mousey her own tail again.

So she frisked and jumped, and away she ran  
And cried out to Pussy, "Catch me if you can!"

### **Mouse Gruel**

There was an Old Person of Ewell,  
Who chiefly subsisted on gruel,  
But to make it taste nice, he inserted some mice,  
Which refreshed that Old Person of Ewell.

### **Wise Mice**

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,  
Pussy came by and she popped her head in.  
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"  
"Oh, no, kind sir, you will bite our heads off!"

### **Mouse Ran up the Clock**

Hickory, diccory dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one, the mouse ran down,  
Hickory, diccory, dock.

### **A Frog he would a-Wooing Go**

A Frog he would a-wooing go,  
Whether his mother would have it or no;  
So off he set with his nice new hat,  
And on the road he met a rat.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,  
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see!"  
When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,  
They gave a loud knock, and gave a loud call.



"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, Will you give us some beer?  
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song—  
But let it be something that's not very long!"  
"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,  
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog."

"Since you have a cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,  
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."  
But while they were all a merry-making,  
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;  
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.  
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright:  
He took up his hat, and wished them good-night.  
But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,  
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,  
So there was an end of one, two, and three.  
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-ee.

### **Man that Caught a Mouse**

The Little priest of Felton,  
The little priest of Felton,  
He killed a mouse within his house,  
And ne'er a one to help him.

### **Three Blind Mice**

Three blind mice! three blind mice!  
See how they run! see how they run!  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
They cut off their tails with a carving knife;  
Did you ever see such a thing in your life  
As three blind mice?

### **The Three Unfortunate Mice**

Three little dogs were basking in the cinders;  
Three little cats were playing in the windows;  
Three little mice hopped out of a hole,  
And a piece of cheese they stole;  
The three little cats jumped down in a trice,  
And cracked the bones of the three little mice.

### **The Foolish Mouse**

In a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,  
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;  
So securely they lived in that snug, quiet spot,  
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

But one day the young mouse, which was given to roam,  
Having made an excursion some way from her home,  
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,  
That her grey, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

"O mother," said she, "The good folks of this house,  
I'm convinced, have not any ill-will to a mouse;  
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,  
For they've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

"The floor is of wood, and the walls are of wires,  
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;  
And I'm sure that we there shall have nothing to fear,  
If ten cats, with kittens, at once should appear.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,  
One could slip in and out, with no trouble at all;  
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,  
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

"But the best of all is, they've provided, as well,  
A large piece of cheese, of most exquisite smell;  
'T was so nice, I had put in my head to go through,  
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

"Ah, child," said the mother, "believe, I entreat,  
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;  
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good,  
They would catch us and kill us there if they could.

"Thus they've caught and killed scores, and I never could learn,  
That a mouse who once entered did ever return."  
Let young people mind what the old people say,  
And, when danger is near them keep out of the way.

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## Page 186—Mixed Animal Land



### The Fox and the Cat

The fox and the cat as they travelled one day,  
With moral discourses cut shorter on the way:  
"'Tis great," says the fox, "to make justice our guide!"  
"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin replied.

Whilst thus they proceeded, a wolf from the wood,  
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,  
Rushed forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep—  
And seized for his supper an innocent sheep.

"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat;  
When mutton's at hand," says the wolf, "I must eat."  
Grimalkin's astonished—the fox stood aghast,  
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

"What a wretch!" says the cat—"tis the vilest of brutes;  
Does he feed upon flesh when there's herbage and roots?"  
Cries the fox, "While our oaks give us acorns so good,  
What a tyrant is this to spill innocent blood!"

Well, onward they marched, and they moralised still.  
Till they came where some poultry picked chaff by a mill.  
Sly Reynard surveyed the them with gluttonous eyes,  
And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize!  
A mouse, too, that chanced from her covert to stray,  
The greedy Grimalkin secured as her prey!

A spider that sat in her web on the wall,

Perceived the poor victims, and pitied their fall;  
She cried, "Of such murders how guiltless am I!"  
So ran to regale on a new-taken fly!

### **Sour Grapes**

A fox was trotting one day,  
And just above his head  
He spied a vine of luscious grapes,  
Rich, ripe, and purple-red.

Eager he tried to snatch the fruit,  
But, ah! it was too high;  
Poor Reynard had to give it up,  
And, heaving a deep sigh,

He curl'd his nose and said, "Dear me!  
I would not waste an hour  
Upon such mean and common fruit—  
I'm sure those grapes are sour!"

'Tis thus we often wish thro' life,  
When seeking wealth and pow'r  
And when we fall, say, like the fox,  
We're "sure the grapes are sour!"

### **The Fox and the Mask**

A fox walked round a toyman's shop  
(How he came there, pray do not ask),  
But soon he made a sudden stop,  
To look and wonder at a mask.

The mask was beautiful and fair,  
A perfect mask as e'er was made;  
At which a lady meant to wear  
At the ensuing masquerade.

He turned it round with much surprise,  
To find it prove so light and thin;  
"How strange!" astonished Reynard cries,  
"Here's mouth and nose, and eyes and chin.

"And cheeks and lips, extremely pretty;  
And yet, one thing there still remains  
To make it perfect—what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains!"

Thus, to some boy or maiden pretty;  
Who to get learning takes no pains,  
May we exclaim, "Ah! what a pity,  
So fine a head should have no brains!"

### **The Fox and Crow**

In a dairy a crow,  
Having ventured to go,  
Some food for her young ones to seek,  
Flew up in the trees  
With a fine piece of cheese,  
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox who lived by,  
To the tree saw her fly,  
And to share in the prize he made a vow,  
For, having just dined,  
He for cheese felt inclined,  
So he went and sat under the bough.

She was cunning he knew,

But so was he, too,  
And with flattery adapted his plan;  
For he knew if she'd speak,  
It must fall from his beak,  
So, bowing politely, began:

"'Tis a very fine day,"  
(Not a word did she say),  
"The wind, I believe, ma'am, is south:  
A fine harvest for peas;"  
He then looked at the cheese,  
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,  
He plumage admired:  
"How charming! how brilliant its hue!  
The voice must be fine  
Of a bird so divine,  
Ah, let me hear it, pray do.

Believe me I long  
To hear a sweet song;"  
The silly crow foolishly tries;  
She scarce gave one squall,  
When the cheese she let fall,  
And the fox ran away with the prize.

Jane Taylor

### **The Blind Men and the Elephant** (A Hindoo Fable)

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see an elephant,  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The FIRST approached the Elephant,  
And happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl:  
"God bless me!—but the Elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The SECOND feeling of the tusk,  
Cried: "Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp!  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear!"

The THIRD approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
This boldly up and spake:  
"I see," quoth he, "The Elephant  
Is very like a snake!"

The FOURTH reached out his eager hand,  
And felt about the knee,  
"What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is very like a tree!"

The FIFTH, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: "E'n the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most,  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan."

The SIXTH no sooner had begun



About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong.



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## Page 187—Mixed Animal Land

### An Address to a Mouse

Sly little, cowering, timorous beastie!  
Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!  
You need not start away so hasty,  
    With bickering speed:  
I should be loth to run and chase thee  
    I should indeed!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Hath broken Nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
    Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
    And fellow mortal.

Sometimes, I doubt not, thou dost thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou must live;  
A little barley in the shieve  
    Is small request;  
And all thou tak'st, I do believe,  
    Will ne'er be missed.

R. Burns

### Song of the Toad

I am an honest toad,  
Living here by the road;  
Beneath a stone I dwell,  
In a snug little cell.

When the rain patters down,  
I let it wet my crown;  
And now and then I sip  
A drop with my lip.

And now a catch a fly,  
And now I wink my eye,  
And now I take a hop,  
And now and then I stop.

And this is all I do,  
And yet they sat it's true  
That the toad's face is sad,  
And his bite is very bad.

Oh! naughty folks they be  
Who tell such tales of me!  
For I'm an honest toad  
Just living by the road,  
Hip, hip, hop.

### **Mosquito Song**

In a summer's night I take my flight  
To where the maidens repose;  
And while they are slumbering sweet and sound,  
I bite them on the nose;  
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks,  
To me is precious dear,  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill,  
And sound my tiny horn;  
And off I fly to mountain high  
Ere breaks the golden morn;  
But at eve I sally forth again  
To tickle the sleeper's ear;  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.

On the chamber wall about I crawl,  
Till landlord goes to bed;  
Then my bugle I blow, and down I go  
To light upon his head.  
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,  
And regret to hear him swear;  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.

### **The Nightingale and Glow-worm**

A Nightingale, that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel—as well he might—  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When looking eagerly around,  
He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;  
So; stooping down, from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him this, quite eloquent—  
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
"As much as I your minstrelsy?  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the self-same power divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine:  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Released him as my story tells,

And found a supper somewhere else.

Cowper

### **The Glow-worm**

Beneath this hedge, or near the stream,  
A worm is known to stray,  
That shows by night a lucid stream  
That disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
From whence his rays proceed;  
Some give the honor to his tail,  
And others to his head;

But this is sure—the hand of might  
That kindles up the skies,  
Gives him a modicum of light,  
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,  
By such a lamp bestow'd,  
To bid the traveller as he went,  
Be careful where he trod.

Cowper

### **Happiness of the Grasshopper**

Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared with thee!  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine;  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy verdant cup does fill.  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee:  
All that summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with easy juice;  
The country hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year!

Cowley

### **The Whale**

Warm and buoyant, in his oily mail,  
Gambols on seas of ice th' unwieldily whale;  
Wide waving fins round boating islands urge  
His bulk gigantic through the troubled surge;  
With hideous yawn, the flying shoals he seeks,  
Or clasps with fringe of horn his massy cheeks;  
Lifts o'er the tossing wave his nostril bare,  
And spouts the watery columns into air;  
The silvery arches catch the setting beams,  
And transient rainbows tremble o'er the streams.

Darwin

### **The wasp and the Bee**

A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by,  
And he said "Little Cousin, can you tell me why  
You are loved so much better by people than I.

"My back shines as bright, and as yellow as gold  
And my shape is most elegant too to behold,

And yet nobody likes me for that, I am told,"  
Bz.

"Ah! Cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true,  
But if I were half as much mischief to do,  
Then I'm sure they would love me no better than you.  
Bz.

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing,  
And they say you are handsome; but then there's one thing  
They never can put up with; and that is your sting.  
Bz.

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,  
But yet no one is angry or scolding at me,  
Just because I'm a harmless and busy bee."  
Bz.

From this little story let people beware,  
For if, like the cross wasp, ill-natured they are,  
They will never be loved, though they're ever so fair.

### **My Pets**

I bring my little doggies milk;  
I bring my rabbits hay;  
I feed and tend, and love them well—  
Such helpless things are they!  
See! now in soft and cozy bed  
They roll about and play;  
They've milk and bones, and all they want—  
Such happy pets are they!



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**Page 188—Squirrel Land**



## The Squirrel

I'm a merry, merry squirrel,  
All day I leap and whirl  
Through my home in the old beech-tree  
If you chase me I will run  
In the shade and in the sun;  
But you never, never can catch me  
For round a bough I'll creep,  
Playing hide and seek so sly;  
Or through the leaves bo-peep,  
With my little shining eye.

Up and down I run and frisk,  
With my bushy tail to whisk  
All who mope in the old beech-trees.  
How droll to see the owl  
As I make him wink and growl,  
While his sleepy, sleepy head I tease!  
And I waken up the bat,  
Who flies off with a scream,  
For he thinks that I'm the cat  
Pouncing on him, in his dream.

Through all the summer long  
I never want a song  
From birds in the old beech-trees  
I have singers all the night,  
And with the morning bright  
Come my busy, humming, fat, brown bees.  
When I've nothing else to do  
With the nursing birds I sit;  
And we laugh at the cuckoo  
A-coo-cooing to her tit!

When winter comes with snow  
An its cruel tempests blow  
All my leaves from the old beech-trees,  
Then beside the wren and mouse  
I furnish up a house,  
Where, like a prince, I live at ease.  
What care I for hail or sleet,  
With my cozy cap and coat;  
And my tail about my feet,  
Or wrapped about my throat?

Norman Macleod

## Ducks and Ducklings

One little white duck,  
One little grey,  
Six little black ducks  
Running out to play;  
One white lady-duck,  
Motherly and trim,  
Eight little baby ducks  
Bound for a swim.

One little white duck  
Running from the water,  
One very fat duck—  
Pretty little daughter—  
One little grey duck  
Holding up its wings.  
One little bobbing duck  
Making water rings.

One little black duck  
Standing on a stone,  
One little grey duck  
Swimming all alone,  
One little grey duck

Holding down it's head.  
One sleepy little duck,  
It has gone to bed!

One little what duck  
Running to its mother,  
Look among the water-reeds,  
May be there's another.  
One hungry little duck  
Going out to dine,  
Two dainty little ducks,  
Snowy-white and fine.

Merry little brown eyes  
O'er the picture linger,  
Point all the ducks out,  
Chubby little finger;  
Make the picture musical,  
Merry little shout;  
Now where's that other duck?  
What is he about?

I thank that other duck  
Is the nicest duck of all,  
He hasn't any feathers,  
And his mouth is sweet and small;  
He runs with a light step  
And jumps upon my knee,  
And though he cannot swim  
He is very dear to me.

One white lady-duck,  
Motherly and trim,  
Eight little baby ducks  
Bound for a swim;  
One sleepy little duck  
Taking quite a nap,  
One precious little duck  
Here on mother's lap.

A. L.

### **The Squirrel**

The pretty red squirrel  
Lives up in a tree,  
A little blithe creature  
As ever can be;  
He dwells in the boughs  
Where the stock-dove broods,  
Far in the shades  
Of the green summer woods;

His food is the young  
Juicy cones of the pine,  
And the milky beech-nut  
Is his bread and his wine.  
In the joy of his nature  
He frisks with a bound  
To the topmost twigs,  
And then down to the ground.

Then up again like  
A winged thing,  
And from tree to tree  
With a vaulting spring;  
Then he sits up aloft,  
And looks ragged and queer,  
As if he would say:  
"Ay, follow me here!"

And then he grows pettish,  
And stamps his foot;  
And then with a chatter,

He cracks his nut;  
And thus he lives  
All the long summer through,  
Without either a care  
Or a thought of rue.

### **The Mountain and the Squirrel**

The mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big,  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken together  
To make up a year,  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I.  
And not half so spry;  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track.  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack an nut!"

R. W. Emerson



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**Page 189—Wonderful Bird Nests**

**Wonderful Birds' Nests**



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**Page 190—Cole's Poems On Books**







### What Books Do For Mankind

1.

Books should be found in every house,  
To form and feed the mind;  
They are the best of luxuries  
To happify mankind.

2.

For all good books throughout the world  
Are man's most precious treasure;  
They make him wise, and bring him  
His best, his choicest pleasure.

3.

Books make his time pass happily,  
Relieve his weary hours;  
Amuse, compose, instruct his mind;  
Enlarge his mental powers.

**4.**

Books teach the boys and girls of earth  
In quite ten million schools;  
Books make the difference between  
Earth's learned and its fools.

**5.**

Books teach earth's teeming artisans  
The proper way to take,  
To find, to plan, to build, to mix,  
And every product make.

**6.**

Books teach schoolmasters, clergymen,  
Of every rank and grade;  
And doctors, lawyers, judges, too—  
Books are their tools of trade.

\* \* \* \* \*

**128.**

Books thus, by print, and pictures, bring  
The whole world into view,  
And show what all men think about,  
And everything they do.

**129.**

Books give to man the history  
Of each and every land;  
Books show him human actions past,  
The bad, the good, the grand.

**130.**

Books show him human arts and laws  
Of every time and place;  
Books show the learnings and the faiths  
Of all the human race.

**131.**

Books give the best and greatest thoughts  
Of all the good and wise;  
Books treasure human knowledge up,  
And thus it never dies.

**132.**

Books show men all that men have done,  
Have thought, have sung, have said,  
Books show the deeds and wisdom of  
The living and the dead.

**133.**

Books show that mankind's leading faiths,  
In morals are the same;  
That in their main essentials  
They differ but in name.

**134.**

Books show that virtue, goodness, love,  
Exist in every land;  
That some with kindly sympathies  
Are found on every strand.

**135.**

Books show the joys, griefs, hopes and fears,  
Of every race and clan;  
Books show, by unity of thought,  
The brotherhood of man.

**136.**

Books thus will cause the flag of peace  
Through earth to be unfurled—  
Produce "the parliament of man,"  
And federate the world.

**137.**

Books give the reader vast delight,  
The bookless never know;  
Books give him pleasure, day and night,  
Wherever he may go.

**138.**

Books show narcotics, toxicants,  
Of each and every kind;  
Insidious destroyers all,  
Of body and of mind.

**139.**

Books, like strong drink, will drown man's cares  
But do not waste his wealth;  
Books leave him better, drink the worse,

In character and health.

**140.**

Books teach and please him when a child,  
In youth and in his prime;  
Books give him soothing pleasure when  
His health and strength decline.

**141.**

Books teach, from their beginning, of  
Higher beings than man;  
That One Almighty Goodness was  
Before the world began.

**142.**

Books give us hope beyond the grave,  
Of an immortal life;  
Books teach that right, and truth, and love,  
Shall banish every strife.

**143.**

Books therefore are, of all we own,  
The choicest things on earth;  
Books have, of all our worldly goods,  
The most intrinsic worth.

**144.**

Books are the greatest blessing brought,  
The grandest thing we sell;  
Books bring more joy,  
Books do more good,  
Than mortal tongue can tell.

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**Page 191—Comic Advertiser**



**Cole's Comic Advertiser**  
(Or Fun Doctor's Assistant)

## Laughter as a Medicine.

"The physician tells us of the physical benefits of laughing. There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tided of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does a new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces."

"Fun is worth more than  
physic, and whoever  
invents or discovers a new  
supply deserves the name  
of public benefactor."

## Man Made to Laugh, not to Morn.

Man warnt made tew mourn, man waz made tew laff. He iz the onla creeter or thing that God made tew laff out loud. It iz true he knows how to mourn, do duz animills know how, the birds kan tell their sorrows, and the flowers kan hang their pretty heds. Man was made tew smile, tew laff, to haw! tew throw up his hat, and sing halleluger. Man was made tew praze God, and he can't dew it by mourning. Awl the mourning there iz in this wurd was introduced bi man; man warnt made tew mourn any more than he was made to crawl. Tharfore i sa tew awl men and women, stop crying and go tew laffing, you will last longer, and git fatter, and stand just as good a chanse tew git tew heaven with a smile on your countenance as yu will with yure face leaking at every pore.—*Josh Billings*

## Josh Billing's Prayer.

"From a wife who don't  
luv us, from fluky mutton,  
and tite butes, and from  
folks who won't laff, good  
Lord deliver us."



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Page 192—Comic Advertiser

Testimonials to the astonishing Curing Power of Cole's Fun Doctor.



### Most Astonishing Cure of the Age

Dear Sir—Many years ago it was my misfortune to be jilted in love by a cruel-hearted woman. I pined away, and fell into a bad state of health, and was advised by my friends to take some physic. I never took a single dose except somebody told me that it was exactly what I wanted to make me well—but it all did me no good. I only got worse until I came across the right thing, which I will presently describe. I find, in looking over my paid bills, the following are the kinds and quantities of physic I have used during my illness:— Holloway's Pills, 227 boxes; Cockle's Pills, 121 boxes, Beecham's Pills, 80 boxes; Parr's Life Pills, 76 boxes, Blue Pills, 849 boxes. One friend advised me to give up Pills and take some good old-fashioned physic. I took of Jalap, 37 pounds; Caster Oil, 180 bottles, Salts and Senna, 800 doses; Rhubarb and Magnesia, 300 doses; Brimstone and Treacle, 800 doses—but this did me no good. Another friend advised me to take some world-famous patent medicines, so I took of Eno's Fruit Salt 190 bottles, Warner's Safe Cure, 200 bottles; Townsend's Sarsaparilla, 120 bottles; Hop Bitters, 180 bottles; Dandelion Ale, two hogsheads. I took Hayter's Nerve Tonic, Hayter's Blood purifier, Hayter's

Invigorator, and Hayter's Pick-Me-Up, of each 100 bottles; and Wolfe's Schnapps, 630 bottles—but I felt no better. Another friend came along, and said for my complaint it was no use taking medicines internally, and I must use the "Rub On Remedies," so I rubbed on Holloway's Ointment, 241 boxes; Davis's Pain Killer, 70 bottles; Moulton's Pain Paint, 60 bottles; St. Jacob's oil, Weston's Wizard Oil, and Croton Oil, of each 100 bottles: and of Eucalyptus Oil, 900 quart bottles—but I felt no better. Another friend advised the Herb Cure, so I took strong decoctions of Chamomile, Pennyroyal, Peppermint, Rue, Tansy, Quassia, Horehound, Wormwood, Aconite, Belladonna, Hemlock, Nux Vomica, Lungwort, Liverwort, Moonwort, Sneezewort, and Snakeweed—altogether I took about 1700 quarts of these horrid decoctions—but I felt no better. Another friend told me my stomach was out of order, and required cleansing, so I took of Ipecacuanha Wine 139 quarts—but this did not cure me. Another friend said all diseases come from insects, and I had insects in me, and must take special medicine for them, so I took of Keating's insecticide 730 packets—but got no better. Another friend advised me to try Homoeopathy. I took 111 tubes of pilules and 80 bottles of tinctures—but they did me no good. Another friend advised me to try the water cure. I took cold baths, warm baths, tepid baths, and Turkish baths in hundreds, and drank about twenty hogsheads of mineral waters—but it did me no good. Another friend advised the Acid Cure, so I took Acetic Acid, Muriatic Acid, Nitric Acid, Sulphuric Acid, Oxalic Acid, and Prussic Acid, of each about twenty quarts—but got no better. Another friend advised Soothing Medicines, so I took over 400 of Steedman's Soothing powders, and 130 bottles of Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup—but I was still irritable and nervous. My last course of medicine consisted of Steel Drops, Balm of Gilead, Turpentine, Chloroform, Cod Liver Oil, Assafoetida, Spanish Flies, and Cayenne Pepper—about fifteen pounds of each—but it all did me no good. I simply got worse and worse, and was reduced to a mere shadow of skin and bone, but, as luck would have it, another friend came along—a true friend this time—and suggested Cole's FUN DOCTOR. I got it, and was well and stout in a Week, at a cost of 1s 6d.

Sworn at Temple Court, and Signed in Everlasting Gratitude,  
Government House, Melbourne  
JOHN SMITH

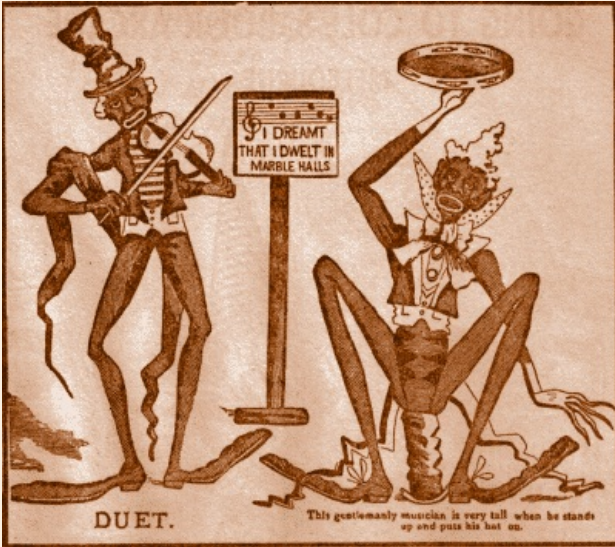


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**Page 193—Comic Advertiser**



A man on a train was heard to groan so frightfully that the passengers took pity on him, and one of them gave him a drink out of a whisky flask. "Do you feel better?" asked the giver. "I do," said he who had groaned. "What ailed you anyway?" "Ailed me?" "Yes; what made you groan so?" "Groan! Great Land o'Goshen! I was singing!" The generous man will never quite cease to regret the loss of that drink of whisky.







Cole's Book Arcade. Cole's Book Arcade,  
it is in Melbourne town,  
Of all the book stores in this land,  
it has the most renown.



TUNE: All the Tunes there are mixed.

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**Page 194—Comic Advertiser**

**Going To Cole's Book Arcade, Melbourne**



All the way from Persia on this Bicycle

All the way from Persia on this bicycle.



Why are these two nice children like thousands of knowledge-loving individuals? Because they frequently visit Cole's Book Arcade.



Guess where this young gentleman is going?  
To Cole's book arcade. Right. You're a Witch.

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## Page 195—Comic Advertiser



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## Page 196—Wonderful Sea Serpent

### The Sea-Serpent as a Carrier

The world-renowned sea-serpent has been specially chartered to bring a fresh supply of books every week from England to Cole's Book Arcade, Melbourne; and also to show upon the coils of his body 2000 rainbows, being so many copies of that establishment. The sea-serpent, upon being communicated with, demanded a heavy price for his services, but Mr. Cole agreed to his terms, as he considered that 2000 of his rainbow signs travelling round the world on the sides of the famous sea-serpent would be a good advertisement for the Book Arcade.



### True History of the Great Sea Serpent

John Smith, the sea-serpent, was born in a swamp near Sydney, about 5000 years ago. He was hatched by a female Bunyip from an immense three cornered egg, which is supposed to have fallen out of the moon, and he is the only sea-serpent that ever existed. He never had relations, and is the only being in the world of whom the verse is true. He never had a father. He never had a mother. He never had a sister. He never had a brother. He also never had a wife. He is of a very shy disposition, and many fascinating mermaids have made love to him, and practiced all their well-known wiles upon him—but in vain: he is a bachelor still. Like some other animals mentioned in history, he thinks and talks like a man. He is exceedingly intelligent, and seems to have as much sense as 20,000 ordinary men or 21,000 women. He can sing with a voice of tremendous compass, from the sweet piping of a nightingale down to far below the deepest tones of the largest organ, or the noise made by discharges of artillery. Sometimes when he sings it shakes the ground for miles around, and if at sea causes a storm. His favourite songs are "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "What are the Wild Waves Saying," "Down by the Deep Sad Sea," and such like. He plays all the musical instruments in the world. His whistle can be heard a distance of 100 miles, his shout 50 miles, and his whisper 10 miles. Of course, in an active life of 5000 years, a life almost as long as some Hindoo patriarchs, he has seen and heard, and done, many astonishing things. He relates that he once rescued a travelling menagerie at sea, he swallowed the whole lot of animals, and the woman in charge of them, let them roam about inside of him and enjoy themselves, and then landed them safely on dry land at the end of 48 hours. He says that he was in Arabia, and saw that remarkable occurrence of the moon coming down and going into Mahomet's sleeves, and there and then he objected to the whole proceeding. The sea-serpent is 15 miles long and 50 feet in diameter, his skin is of a horny nature, but harder than steel, and about 5 feet thick. He travels at the rate of 200 miles per hour, and can carry 120 times as much as the "Great Eastern." If he was coming up to the Queen's Wharf, Melbourne, when his head was at the wharf, his body would reach right down the River Yarra out in the Bay past Williamstown, and the Traffic would have to be stopped in the river whilst he was unloading. The sea-serpent is rather a large eater. Since he reached full growth, namely, for the last 4000 years, he has swallowed a whole whale every morning for breakfast except once. The reason of his going without his breakfast that once is explained in the following manner:—

The reader will remember the account of Jonah and the Whale in the Talmud. It states that when Jonah was in the whale's belly, it went out of the Mediterranean right around Africa into the Red Sea, and that Jonah looked out through the eyes of the whale and saw the place where the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. The sea-serpent states that he can corroborate this piece of history, as he happened to be after that very whale for breakfast when he saw Jonah looking out through its eyes. He says he did not swallow that whale, as he had found that the whales which he had previously swallowed with prophets inside of them did not agree with him, and consequently he had to go that morning without his breakfast, the first time in 4000 years. Those who want any further information about the famous sea-serpent can acquire it at Cole's Book Arcade, Melbourne, or come and interview and question the sea-serpent himself when he arrives.

P.S.—Some people don't believe in the existence of the sea-serpent, but if he did not exist how could we have got his likeness and his history? That's a question for the unbelievers to answer.



A Servant Girl dressed in four absurdities of fashion—a Tight Corset, Tight High-heeled Boots, a Bustle Improver, and Fifteen-button Gloves.

She appears very conceited, but with her tight-lacing must feel very uncomfortable and unwell, and wall sensible people must feel that she is very silly, and with her absurd boots her feet must pain her almost as much as the Chinese woman's shown above [right] pained her when first compressed.



European Woman with her Waist Fashionably Tightened to 15 inches. Chinese Woman with her Feet Fashionably Compressed to 3 inches. Long-Nailed Fashion of an Annamese Noble, and a Marquesian Chief. Chinese Ladies' Fashionable Pinched Feet and Shoes, shewing also deplorable foolishness in China.



Old English Fashions, showing our ancestors were as foolish as we are.



Costume of an Ancient Greek Youth, very easy, elegant and suitable for a Lady's Reform Dress. This is a much more sensible dress than the one opposite it [servant girl] and the two below it—look at them.



Crinoline, 1859.  
The Dog has got through all right,  
but how will the lady manage.

Crinoline, 1859.  
The Dog has got through all right,  
but how will the lady manage.



Crinoline, 1859  
Coach licensed to carry four. The coachman and the  
horse are both wondering how it can be done.

Crinoline, 1859.  
Coach licensed to carry four. The coachman and the  
horse are both wondering how it can be done.

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Persian Lady in Out-door  
Costume.



French Costume.



Costume, beginning of  
the 19th Century.



A German Crinoline Frame.



Indians of the Rio Colorado.



Roumanian Costume.



An English and French  
Costume.



A North American  
Indian Maiden.





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**Page 199—Funny, Foolish, and Useful Fashions**



Ancient English Costume.



A British Lady and the Chinese Ambassador's Wife and Daughter at the Queen's First Drawing Room, Buckingham Palace, 1893.

**A British Lady and the Chinese Ambassador's Wife and Daughter at the Queen's First Drawing Room, Buckingham Palace, 1893.**

The Chinese ladies are dressed more rationally, but they have such fashionably small feet that they have to lean against the table to enable them to stand with safety. The European lady and the Asiatic ladies are each alike martyrs to foolish fashion, one with the waist and the other with the feet.



Old Alsatian Costume.



"Mother, do put on a shawl, please, before you go down."  
"Why, Sonnie?"  
"Oh, because some one's sure to see you if you go down like that!"

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## Page 200—Useful Fashions





Jewess of Tunis.



Reform Costume, 1892.



A Reform Dress for Travelling, 1894.



Bloomer Costume.



An Afghan Lady.



Syrian Costume. Mo



Mountain Climbing Costume,  
1892.

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## Page 201—Funny, Foolish, and Useful Fashions



The Maharajah of Jodhpore.



Japanese Court Dress.



Chinese laborer, dressed in  
bamboo leaves.



Gentleman, 1614.



King Munza of Central Africa.



An Ancient Fop.

Ashamed to show his face. A few frivolous fops and other foolish men still wear corsets.



English Costume of the era of Wicliffe.



A Canadian Indian.



A Zulu Kaffir.



A Kaffir.



A Mandan Chief, A Gen  
1833. of t





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## Page 202—Boy Smoking



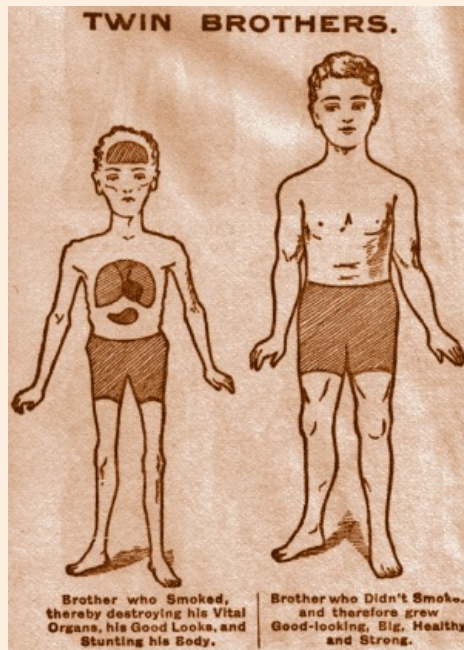
Boy's First Smoke.  
Enjoying the Tobacco Poison.



Shortly Afterwards.  
Suffering from the Tobacco Poison.



A Youth stunted,  
wasted and wasting by



### **Twin Brothers.**

Brother who Smoked,  
thereby destroying his Vital  
Organs, his Good Looks, and  
Stunting his Body.

Brother who Didn't Smoke,  
and therefore grew  
Good-Looking, Big, Healthy  
and Strong.

**Multitudes of Employers, both in England and America, will not employ Boy Smokers, and publicly announce the same.**



[From the "Social Gazette," also from the "Australian War Cry."]

The following statements show some of the large establishments that are closed against cigarette smokers in America:—

"Swift & Co. (Packing House, Chicago), and other Chicago business houses, employing hundreds of boys, have issued this announcement, or similar ones—*So impressed with the danger of Cigarette using that we do not employ a Cigarette user.* Marshall Field, the Mammoth Universal Provider, gave similar notice.

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not employ cigarette users."

"Morgan and Wright Tyre company, large employers, announce, "No cigarettes can be smoked by our employees."

"At John Wanamakers.—The application blank to be filled out by boys applying for a position reads: 'Do you use tobacco or cigarettes?' A negative answer is expected, and is favourable to their acceptance as employes."

"Heath and Milligan, Chicago, bar cigarette users."

"Carson, Pirie and Scott, Chicago, bar cigarette smokers as employes."

Ayer's Sarsparilla Company, Lovell, employs hundreds of boys. —"March 1, 1902—Believing that the smoking of cigarettes is injurious to both mind and body, thereby unfitting young men for their best work—therefore after this date we will not employ any young man under twenty-one years of age who smokes cigarettes."

"I've got a boy for you, sir." Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master workman, "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir; what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth; I don't want smokers!"

"The Lehigh Valley Railroad bars cigarette smokers."

"The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad bars cigarette smoking."

"The New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad bars employes who smoke cigarettes."

"The Central Railroad, Georgia, forbids cigarette smoking."

"The Union Pacific Railroad forbids cigarette smoking."

The following is a public notice: "The Western Union Telegraph Company will discharge from their messenger service boys who persist in smoking cigarettes."

A Telephone Company.—Order: "You are directed to serve notice that the use of cigarettes after August 1 will be prohibited; and you are further instructed to, in the future, refuse to employ anyone who is addicted to the habit."—Leland Hume, Assistant General Manager of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company.

"In the United States Weather Bureau.—'Chief of United States Weather Bureau, Willis M. Moore, has placed the ban on cigarettes in this department of Government service'."

### **Smoking Does Some Good, but More Evil**

Smoking soothes and comforts millions of the worried and the weary, and brings much pleasure to the habitual smoker, but it always more or less injures the health of the smoker and sometimes kills him. The vast majority of the medical fraternity condemn smoking, especially by the young.

Smoking injures multitudes of boys in many respects.

Smoking often leads to boys into bad company.

Smoking often makes them precocious, undutiful, impudent and callous.

Smoking often ruins the health.

Smoking generally stunts their growth.

Smoking generally sallows their complexion.

Smoking often leads them to lying.

Smoking often leads them to stealing.

Smoking often leads them to drinking.

Smoking degenerates the boy physically, mentally, and morally.

Smokers cannot excel in athletic sports, such as boating, cricket, cycling.

Smokers are always at the bottom of the class in school and college, and backward at all kinds of study.

Excessive smoking causes mental and physical laziness in boys and men.

The following organs, fluids, functions, etc., of the body, especially of the young, are frequently more or less affected by the use of tobacco:—The blood, the heart, the nerves, the brain, the liver, the lungs, the stomach, the throat, the saliva, the taste, the voice, the eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the tongue, the palate, the pancreas, the lips, the teeth, the bones, the skin.

Medical men and observing experts affirm many diseases are caused or accelerated by the use of tobacco, among which are the following:— Heart disease, consumption, cancer, ulceration, asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, paralysis, palsy, apoplexy, indigestion, dysentery, diarrhoea, constipation, sleeplessness, melancholia, delirium tremens, insanity.

Smoking frequently leads to prolonged suffering.

Smoking often destroys the appetite.

Smoking sometimes weakens the will power.

Smoking sometimes leads to loss of memory.

Smoking often leads to despondency.

Smoking sometimes leads to suicide.

Smoking frequently leads to loss—loss by bad health and waste of valuable time—direct loss in money required for other purposes, and immense loss through reckless, thoughtless, or unfortunate smokers being the cause of partial or total destruction by fire of buildings, ships, factories, homesteads, crops, stores, and property of many kinds; also loss of life and property by explosions in mines, explosive factories, powder magazines, explosive stores, etc.

Tobacco using is an unclean habit, and offensive habit, an enslaving habit, often it is an intensely selfish habit.

Tobacco fumes, especially in small and poorly-ventilated houses or rooms, injure or destroy the health of multitudes of wives, and injure the health of multitudes of infants and children.

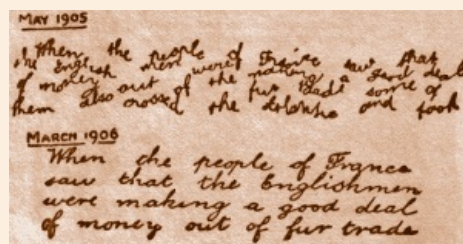
Tobacco using injures the unborn child by giving it a puny body and an imperfect start in life.

Tobacco using is fast degenerating the race.

A third of the recruits for the Army are disqualified through smoking.

The following Governments have passed laws against juvenile smoking: Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Japan, Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, the North West Territories, Cape Colony, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, and about 48 of the States and Territories out of 53; and so terrible and deplorable an effect has juvenile smoking upon the race that most other Governments are considering the advisability of passing laws against it.

The insidious influence of cigarette smoking by boys is shown in these examples of handwriting, taken from a London Country Council health report. The first was written by a boy when he was a victim of the habit; the second is the same boy's writing when he had given it up, ten months later.



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## Page 204—Narcotics and Intoxicants

### Narcotics and Intoxicants

In most parts of the world man has found out some way of stimulating, soothing, or deadening his animal system by means of plants or drugs. Hundreds of these stimulating, intoxicating, soothing, and stupefying substances have been discovered and used in various countries, chief amongst which may be mentioned—

Opium, Tobacco, Indian Hemp, Betel Nut, and Alcohol; and others are used in a less degree, such as Coca, Kola Nut, Thorn Apple, Cocculus Indicus, Intoxicating Toadstool, Deadly Nightshade, Henbane, Rhododendron, Azalea, Emetic Holly, Bearded Darnel, etc. The first five among those human pleasers and human destroyers are—

1. Alcohol, now drunk in the shape of spirits, wine, beer, or some

- other form probably by 500,000,000 persons.
2. Opium, smoked, inhaled, drank or swallowed by probably 100,000,000.
  3. Tobacco, now smoked, chewed, and snuffed by probably 300,000,000
  4. Haschish, made from Indian Hemp, now smoked, chewed, or swallowed by probably 150,000,000.
  5. Betel Nut, chewed probably by 50,000,000.

These five narcotising and intoxicating poisons are used, more or less, by half the people in the world, giving some considerable pleasure at times, but destroying, more or less, the health of all who use them, and gradually stunting the form and otherwise undermining the well-being of the entire human race.

Chemistry also produces many things which are taken in the same way and for the same purpose, such as Laudanum, Morphia, Cocaine, Chloral, Chloroform, Ether, &c., and many so-called patent medicines. These all tend to form habits which soothe and please for a time, but they all damage or destroy in the end.

The great bulk of easy-going, unreflecting people have no idea what an amount of mischief and misery the habit of using these things inflict upon poor humanity.

*Books show **narcotics, toxicants,**  
Of each and every kind;  
Insidious destroyers all,  
Of body and of mind.*

These four pages show at a glance the effects of the three most fascinating and seductive Drugs in the world—Tobacco, Opium, and Alcohol, and which physically, mentally, and morally injure or ruin the greatest number of mankind.



A good-looking young man soothing, comforting, poisoning, and gradually destroying himself with Tobacco.



Chinese Smoking Opium.



First Shoeblack—What yer doin', Bill?  
Second Shoeblack—Learnin' to Smoke.

### **The Drink Craving**

Probably the best use a man can make of his leisure time is to read good books and to follow their advice, and the worst use he can make of it is to indulge in intoxicating liquor, and to go where that will lead or take him.

It is said that "Dipsomania," "Alcoholism," or the "Craving-for-Drink" disease can be cured in most persons by certain remedies an proper management, and the time has come now when the lovers of human progress everywhere feel that this fearful curse must be grappled with, and, if possible, stamped out like the smallpox, or any other terrible disease. One writer sums up the evils of drinking as follows:—

"It injures the health.  
It shortens life.  
It originates hereditary disease.  
It ruins the character of thousands.  
It destroys the peace of families and of individuals.  
It causes husbands and wives to neglect each other, their children,  
and their homes.  
It makes wives widows, and children orphans.  
It bereaves parents of their children.  
It reduces families to penury.  
It hinders the amelioration of the poorer classes of society.  
It makes time hard and trade bad.  
It is a cause of quarrels, robberies, and murders.  
It is a cause of suicide.  
It fills our prisons.  
It fills our poorhouses.  
It fills our hospitals.  
It fills our madhouses."

*Books, like strong drink, will drown a man's cares  
But do not waste his wealth,  
Books leave him better, drink the worse,  
In character and health.*



Two talented men soothing, comforting,  
and gradually poisoning themselves  
with Brandy and Tobacco.

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## **Page 205—Pipes of the World**

### **Pipes of the World**

Showing one of Cole's "Similarities of Mankind"



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## Page 206—The Supreme Being

### GOD

Go to the top of a mountain so that you can see 50 miles in all directions; you then observe a space 100 miles in diameter. Now the *world* contains 25,000 such areas as that. Our world is amazingly vast, but our sun is a million times as large; yet we see rolling in space thousands as large as our own, which probably have accompanying worlds. And again, beyond this the telescope and astral-photography reveal to us that *to the right, and to the left, before and behind, above and below, and to every point of the heavens, and at immense distances*, millions and millions again of enormous stellar bodies exist, roll, revolve and travel through space. Multitudes of these suns and worlds around us in every direction are at such immense distances that a person travelling with the speed of light, namely, 200,000 miles, or 8 times round our earth, in a *second*, would take *1000,000 years* to reach them. Nor can we imagine an end to this stupendous universe, or an end to space, for if we try to do so the question immediately occurs, *what is still outside and beyond that?* And so on to incomprehensible and overwhelming infinitude. And these many millions of suns and worlds and systems and all their parts are clearly working together, like the most exquisitely designed clockwork. Look at the marvellous mechanism of the human brain, the human eye, the human hand, the human heart, and in fact the whole human structure and composition; they all prove the truth of the affirmation that man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." Nay further, examine carefully every object in existence, however stupendously large or, as shown by the microscope, infinitesimally small, and they each and all appear equally perfect for their purpose. Can we see all this, and think on it, and not imagine a Designer and Controller of infinite attributes? It always appeared to me that there must be in this vast, illimitable, and beautiful universe, myriads of beings, superior to our weak mortal selves, and at the head of all and over all, an immortal Being of infinite perfections, which thinking men in all countries and ages have called GOD. And shall not we, immortal souls, increase in knowledge and wisdom, and as the ages roll on, more and more perceive and understand this mighty universe and its Author? I firmly believe we shall, and that as yet we are only beginning to live and think and understand and appreciate.

The Supreme Being was believed in, praised and worshipped by all the ancient peoples, and is



now believed in, praised and worshipped by the vast majority of the people of the world—it is true under different names, but still it is the same idea—a Being without beginning and without end—Infinite in Wisdom—Infinite in Goodness —Infinite in Power—Infinite in Action and, at all times, everywhere and present.

E. W. Cole

### **The Ancients' Idea of God**

God extends from eternity to eternity.—*Aristotle*.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for He was never created; nothing more beautiful than the world, it is the work of that same God.—*Thales*.

Nature herself has imprinted on the minds of all the idea of a God; for what nation or race of men is there that has not, even without being taught, some idea of a God.—*Cicero*.

There is one God; Him the Christians, Him the Jews, Him all the Gentile people worship.—*Emperor Adrian*.

Amid so much war, contest, and variety of opinion, you will find one consenting conviction in every land that there is one God, the King and Father of all.—*Maximus Tyrius*.

If we suppose a God, to Him there can be nothing mean and nothing great. The most trivial things must be equal under His regard as the most august. All-powerful, omniscient, and omnipresent, He must encompass all things, and pervade all things. Ignorant of nothing, forgetting nothing, despising nothing, He must direct the operations of the universe with perfect skill, and sustain every part in consummate order.—*Plato*.

What land or what sea will man find without God? Into what part of the earth wilt thou descend and hide thyself, O unhappy wretch! where thou canst escape from God?—*Plutarch*.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth, is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all.—*David*.

He is God, the Great, the Mighty, the Tremendous, the Merciful, the Gracious, the Benign, the Wise, the Faithful, the Just, and the Virtuous; Omniscience, Omnipresence, Omnipotence, are His alone, whose Being knew no beginning, and can know no end.—*The Mishna Torah*.

### **The Name of God in 48 Languages**

"Aeolian and Doric—Ilos. Arabic—Allah. Armorian—Teuti. Assyrian —Eleah. Celtic and Gallic—Diu. Chaldaic—Eilah. Chinese—Prussa. Coromandel—Brama. Cretan—Thios. Danish and Swedish—Gut. Dutch— Godt. English and Old Saxon—God. Finch—Jumala. Flemish—Goed. French—Dieu. German and Swiss—Gott. Greek—Theos. Hebrew— Elohim, Eloha. Hindostanee —Rain. Irish—Dia. Italian—Dio. Japanese—Goezur. Lapp—Jubinal. Latin—Deus. Low Breton—Done. Low Latin—Diex. Madagascar—Zannar. Malay—Alla. Modern Egyptian —Teun. Norwegian—Gud. Olalu Tongue—Deu. Old Egyptian—Teut. Old German—Diet. Pannonian—Istu. Persian—Siie. Peruvian— Puchecammae. Pollaacca—Bung. Portuguese—Deos. Provencal—Diou. Runic—As. Slav—Buch. Spanish—Dios. Syriac and Turkish—Alah. Tartar—Magatal. Teutonic—Goth. Zemblain—Fetiza."

### **The Moderns' Idea of God**

Father of ALL! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.—*Pope*.

The Supreme Being whom we call God, is a necessary, self-existent,

eternal, immense, omnipotent, omniscient, and best Being; and therefore also a Being who is and ought to be esteemed most sacred of holy.—*N. Grew*.

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, He is making a ring of one hundred thousand miles in diameter, to revolve round a planet like Saturn, and with the other as forming a tooth in the ray of a feather of a humming-bird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a microscopic insect. When he works in miniature, everything is gilded, polished, and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, etc., when viewed by a microscope, appears rough, and coarse, and bungling.—*Bishop Law*.

Nothing is easier than to say the word—*universe*, and yet it would take us millions of millions of years to bestow one hasty glance upon the surface of that small portion of it which lies within the range of our glasses. But what are all the suns, comets, earths, moons, atmospheres, seas, rivers, mountains, valleys, plains, woods, cattle, wild beasts, fish, fowl, grasses, plants, shrubs, minerals, and metals, compared with the meaning of the one name—God!—*Pulsford*.

The whole evolution of times and ages, from everlasting to everlasting, is, collectedly and presentifically represented to God at once, as if all things and actions were at this very instant really present and existent before Him.—*Sir T. More*.

Who taught the bird to build her nest,  
Of wool and hay and moss?  
Who taught her how to weave it best,  
And lay the twigs across?  
Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest flowers—  
And lay her store of honey by,  
To eat in winter hours?  
Who taught the little ants the way  
Their narrow holes to bore,  
And through the pleasant summer's day  
To gather up their store?

—

There's not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or marks the humblest flower that grows  
But God has placed it there.  
There's not of grass a simple blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heav'nly skill is not displayed,  
And heav'nly goodness seen.  
There's not a star whose twinkling light  
Illumes the distant earth,  
And cheers the solemn gleam of night,  
But mercy gave it birth.  
There's not a cloud whose dews distil  
Upon the parching clod,  
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,  
That is not sent by God.  
There's not a place on earth's vast round,  
In ocean deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found,  
For God is everywhere.  
Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There Heaven displays its boundless love,  
And power with mercy blends.—*Wallace*.

### **Eternal Goodness**

I dimly guess from blessings known,  
Of greater out of sight,

And, with the chastised Psalmist, own  
His judgements, too, are right.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift  
I only know I cannot drift  
Their froned palms in air;  
Beyond His love and care.

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## Back Cover

Northern Portion Of  
**COLE'S BOOK ARCADE,**  
Melbourne, Australia.



### More than Two Million Books to choose from

Every sightseer in the City of Melbourne should visit COLE'S BOOK ARCADE. It is entirely an Australian institution, being the first of its kind opened anywhere, and at the present time unequalled in any city of the world. It is 3 stories high, 600 feet deep, and an average width of 45 feet, with frontages to Bourke and Collins Sts., the two main arteries of Melbourne; its public walkways are half a mile long, its galleries are supported on brass pillars, while hundreds of rainbows (the trade mark) decorate the interior and exterior of the establishment. There are 100 mirrors tastefully placed throughout the building. The present Arcade was opened on Cup Day, 1883, and has been visited every day (except Sundays), year in, year out, by an average of 5000 people, so that during the first 35 years of its existence, more than 50 million visits were paid to it.

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