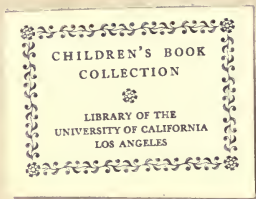




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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

MR PIG AND MISS CRANE ESQ

A

NURSERY TALE.

EMBELLISHED WITH DESIGNS.





Young Master Pig you here may see
Upon his tender Mother's knee
No longer he with patience sucks
For see", he's cutting both his tusks.



V.





Behold him now in Gyo Cart safely tied
His pretty feet go trotting side by side
Old Granny smiles and grunting seems to say
"Ce petit prodige c'est moi qui l'ai fait."



To Master Goat next Pig is sent
Whose learning is most excellent
But all his pains can't make this block
Say A. B. C. or "hic, haec, hoc."





Our Piggy next an Oxford fop
With Cravat large and Brutus Top
And when young Stag his coat has slipt on
Hell strut away like any Skipton.





For Hunting now he takes his Cue
But other Game soon comes in View
Miss Crane he spies! he feels the fire
And falls in Love as into mire.







At Concert met with lengthen'd Throat
Miss Crane screams out the dulcet Note
The wondering Piggy takes his Bow
And draws in Love "Con Strepito".





To Discord now I tune my tale
The Captain bows, Miss Crane is frail
The jealous Pig grunts loud and sore
And vows this Greyhound's quite a bore.







A Challenge sent, the Foes are met,
On blood and murder both are set
Miss Crane looks on well pleased to see
The Captain stuck by bold Piggy.





With conquest flushed Pig struts away
To Mam and Dad while drinking tea
Old Mam looks cross but Miss looks kind
And takes the note he slips behind.



Telope's the word and down she goes
With fur on neck and veil on nose
While Poll her maid with light and rope-a
At once assists and saves a faux-pas.





Now side by side in Dickey plac'd
To Greta Green they speed with haste
While Poll and Stag sit Vis a' Vis
And quiz the Pupil of the B. D. C.*

* Barouche, Driving Club.





Twixt cup and lip Alas! we see
Both wine and lovers spilt may be.
Against the Post, the horses run
The Reins are lost the Coachman's flung
Pig flies aloft, Miss tumbles down
Brokee is hir neck, and crack'd his crown!

Moral.

Behold the crisis of our awful story
And catch this Moral from the scene before ye
If e'er at Greta Green a lover glances
Crane-necks remember, and beware mischances.



To Gretna Green .







