

FUNNY  
BOOKS

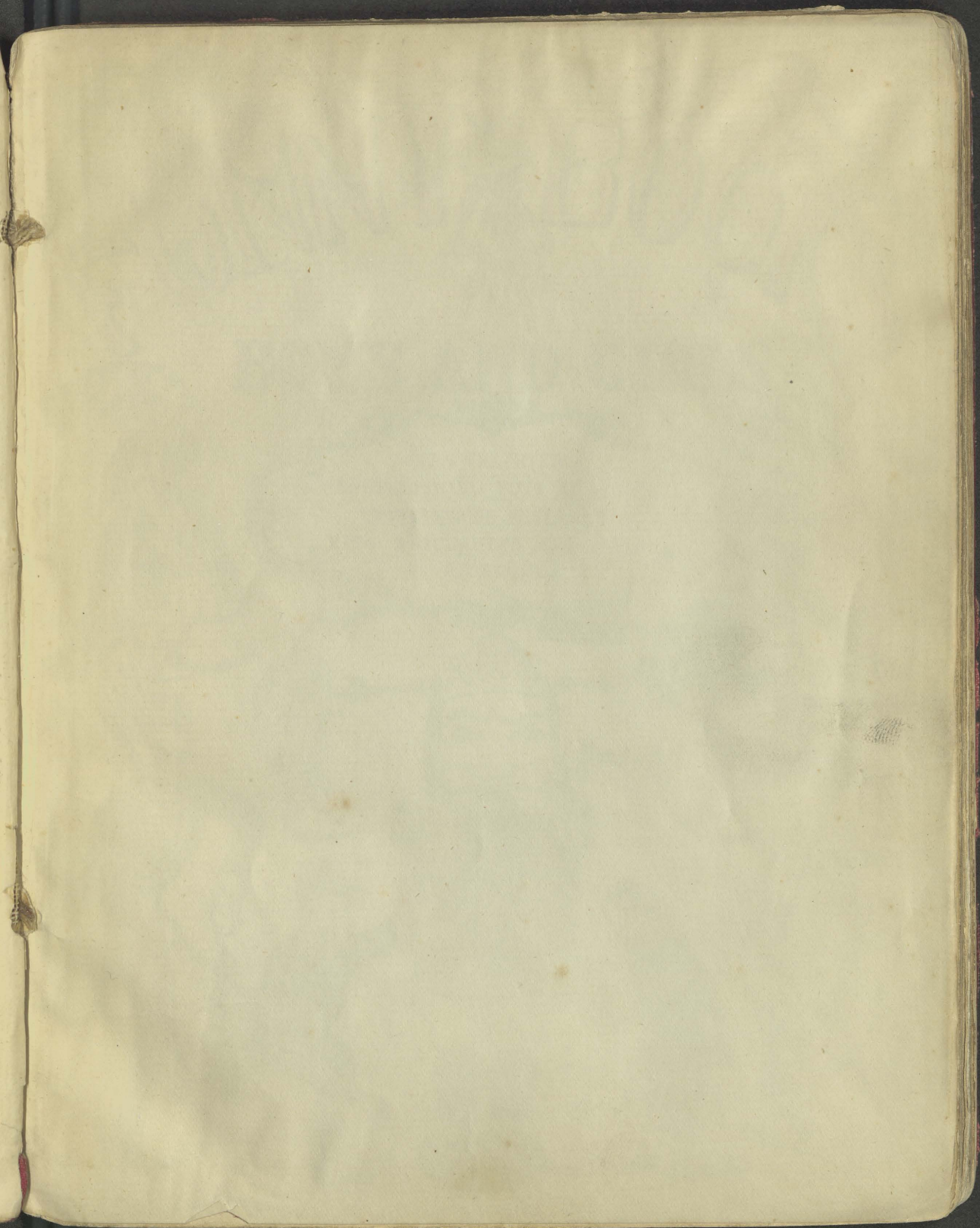




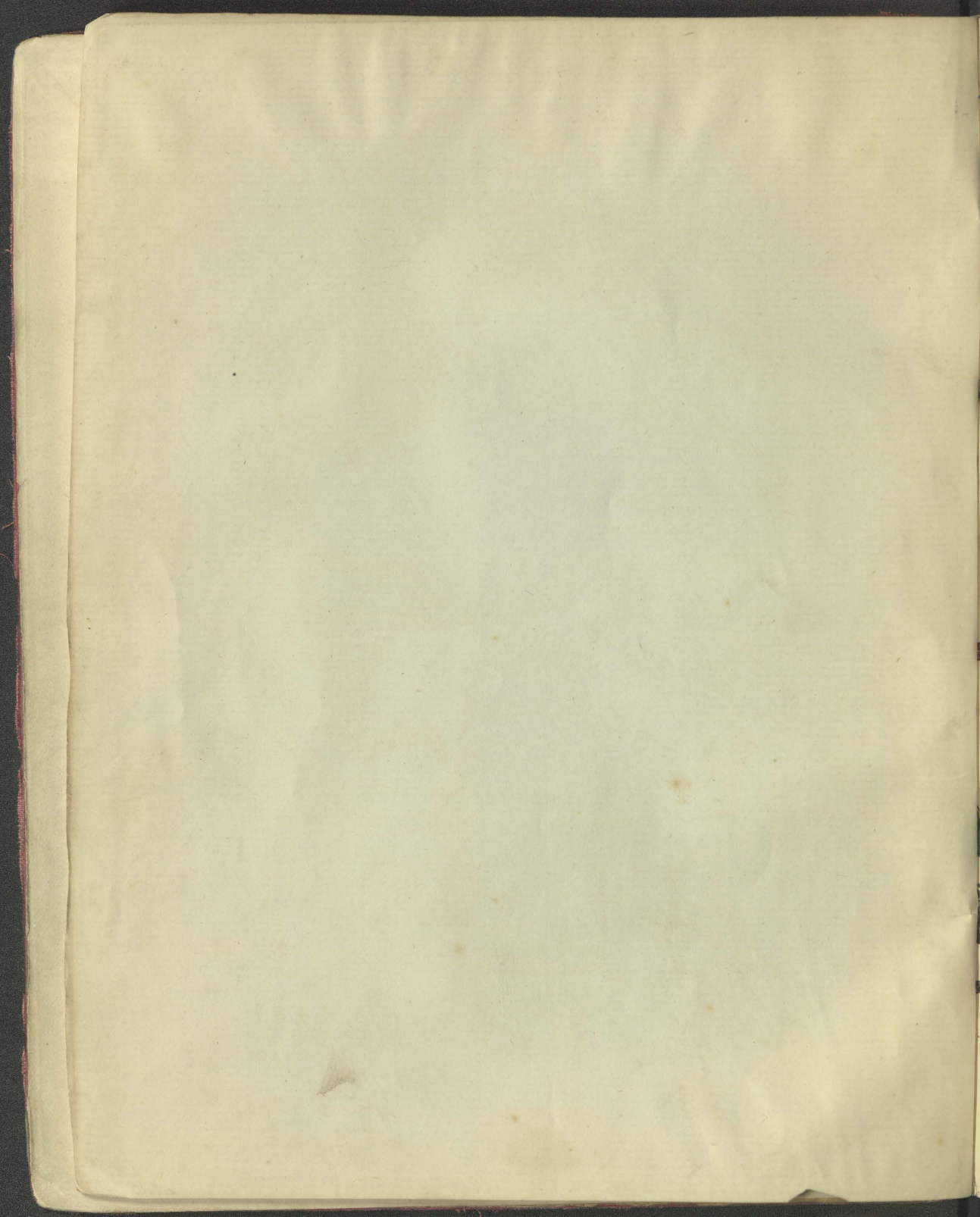
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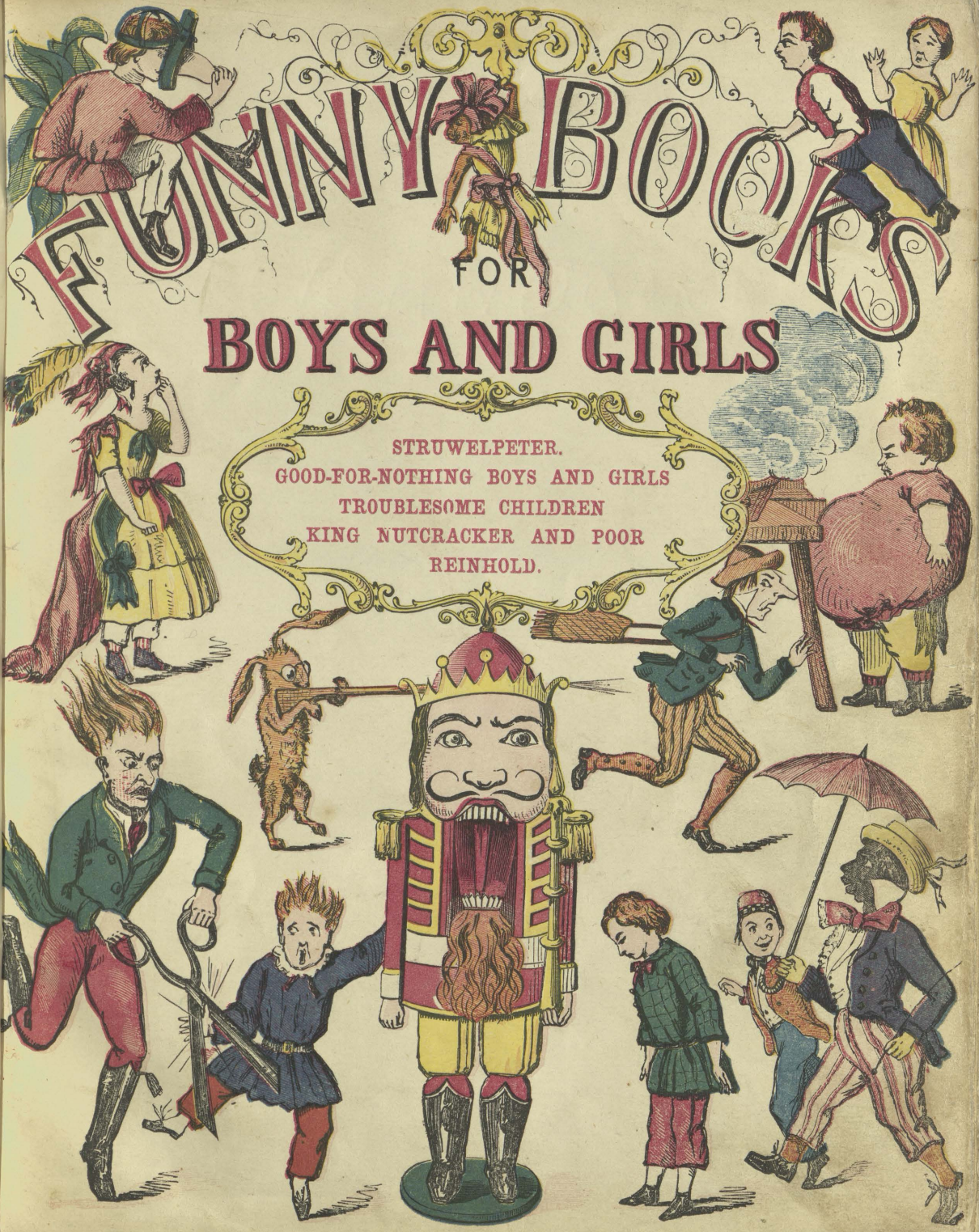


# FUNNY BOOKS

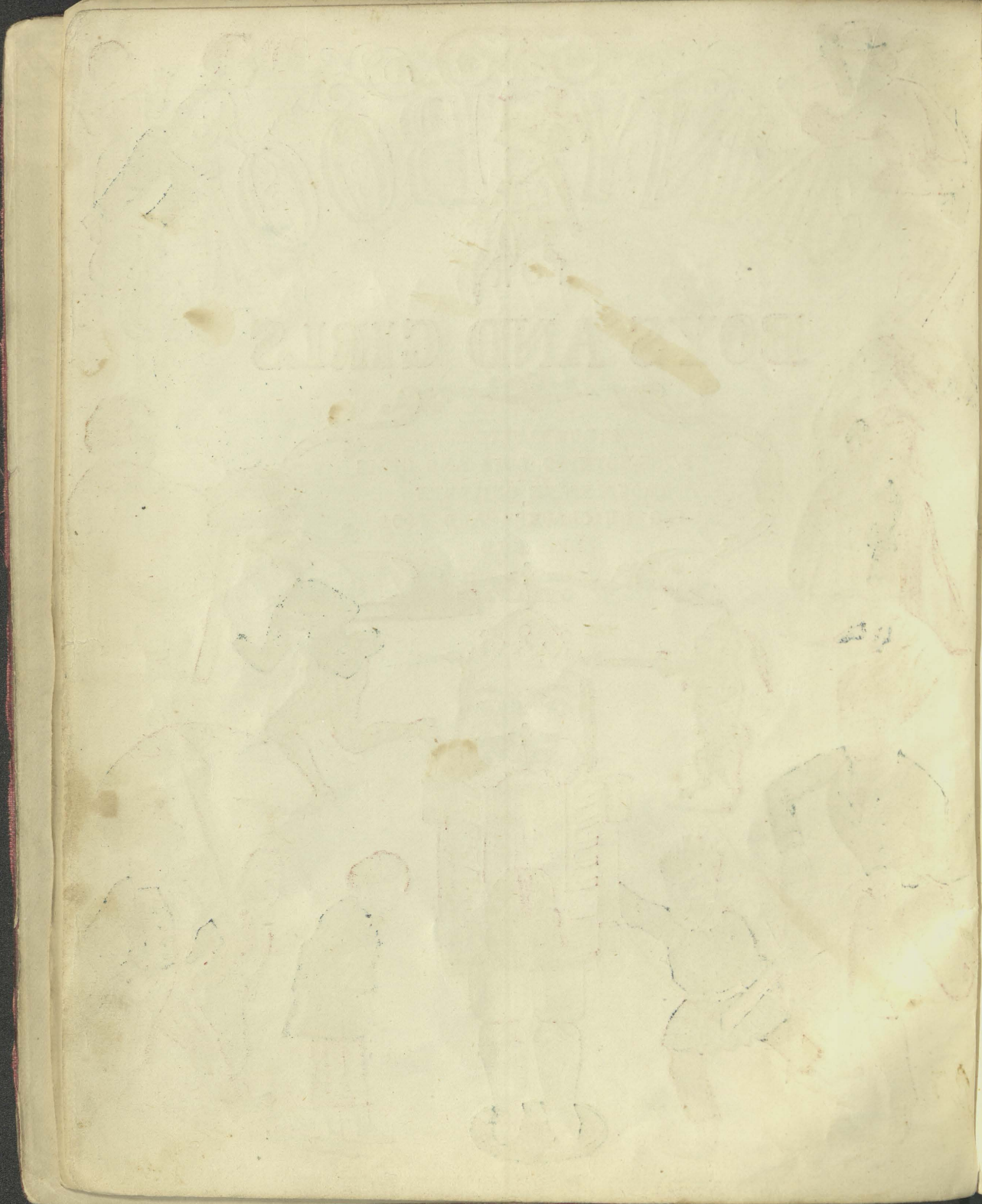
FOR

## BOYS AND GIRLS

STRUWELPETER.  
GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOYS AND GIRLS  
TROUBLESOME CHILDREN  
KING NUTCRACKER AND POOR  
REINHOLD.



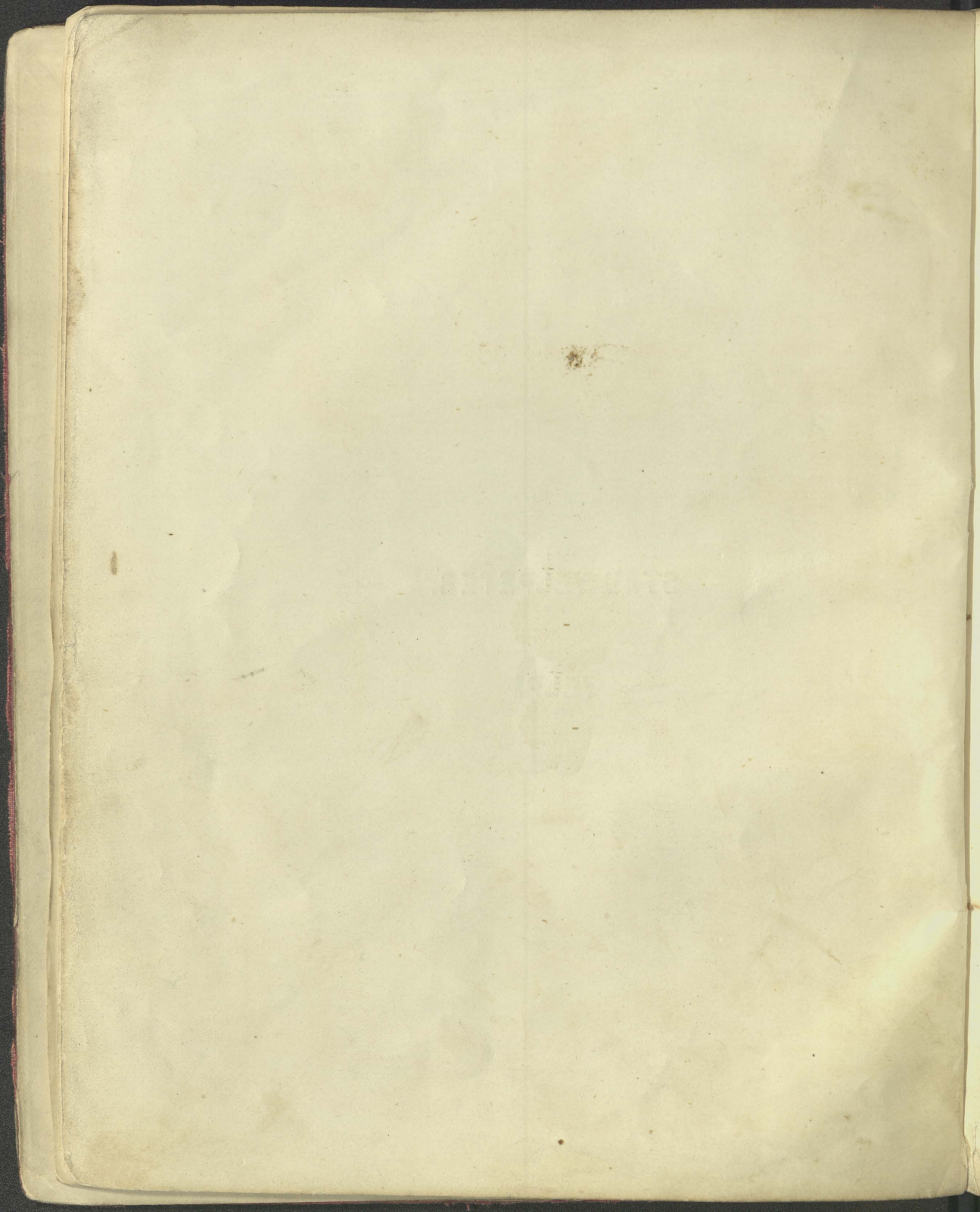






STRUWELPETER.









YOU Naughty Girls, and Naughty Boys,  
 How dare you spoil your clothes and toys  
 And fib, and steal, and pout, and cry,  
 And your fond parents' tempers try?  
 Be good this minute! all of you;—  
 You won't? I see what I must do.  
 Of BEN THE BEAR, and CRYING KATE,  
 The histories I must relate;  
 Of BOB THE STORY-TELLER, too;  
 And STUPID SAM, a dunce who grew;  
 Of TASTING LUCY, served quite right;  
 Of TRUANT CHARLES, left out all night;  
 Of MISS FAL-LALL, in rags deck'd out;  
 And him, who pull'd his nose about;  
 The fates of all I'll quickly show;  
 Then, say where you expect to go!





BOB, THE WICKED STORY-TELLER.

WHENEVER Bob a window smash'd,  
 Or ink upon the table splash'd,  
 To save himself from words of chiding,  
 And what low boys would call a "hiding,"  
 He always vow'd that Jane had done it!  
 (A bad example—mind you shun it.)  
 But, worse than all, when Jane was beaten  
 For things that he had filch'd or eaten,  
 Bob laugh'd to see his sister throb  
 With suffering: (very wrong of Bob!)



Bob by the pantry passed one day,  
 Where juicy ripstone pippins lay;  
 (His mother had forgot to lock it,)  
 Our young friend, Robert, fill'd his pocket.  
 His Mother miss'd the apples ta'en,  
 And ask'd who stole them—"Oh, 't was Jane!"  
 "Indeed, I did n't!" Jenny cried.  
 "You wicked story!" Bob replied;





But as he speaks, three apples roll  
 Down from his trousers' pocket hole.  
 His father flogg'd him well that night—  
 Serving our young friend Robert right.

And since that most disgraceful job,  
 None would believe a word from Bob :  
 No matter what it was he said,  
 His parents shook a doubtful head.  
 One day to play with fire he sought,  
 The flames his coat and waistcoat caught.  
 "Help! murder! I'm on fire!" his roar is.  
 "Bob," cried his father, "do n't tell stories;"  
 And thinking 't was some idle caper,  
 In the next room resumed his paper.  
 Bob scream'd : but only wasted breath ;  
 So Master Bob was burnt to death.

My MORAL if you would inquire :—  
 Never tell lies, nor play with fire.







## LUCY LICKFINGER.

I JUST have come before you  
To sing a little song,  
About a girl, named Lucy—  
I won't detain you long.  
So take your time Miss Lucy,  
Before you do what's wrong—  
Don't eat things from the cupboard,  
You may find them rather strong.

Her mother often told her  
If she to cupboards went,  
And tasted what she found there,  
She would certainly repent.  
So take your time, &c.



Miss Lucy she neglected  
This very sound advice ;  
One day she thought she'd met with  
A pot of something nice.  
So take your time, &c.

It was in the parlour closet,  
In a little earthen cup—  
It tasted rather sweetish,  
So Miss Lucy lick'd it up.  
So take your time, &c.

Oh Lucy! silly Lucy!  
Oh! what have you been at?  
The dose that you have taken  
Was poison for the rat!  
So take your time, &c.



They sent to fetch the doctor,  
 And physicked her right well,  
 But, like new made bread, Miss Lucy  
 Began to rise and swell.  
 So take your time, &c.

She swell'd, and swell'd, and swell'd, till  
 It seem'd she'd never stop—  
 And they thought that, like the Weasel,  
 She'd certainly go Pop.  
 So take your time, &c.

The window being open,  
 And Lucy being light,  
 She in the air rose quickly,  
 And vanish'd out of sight.  
 So take your time, &c.

“Balloon!” the street boys shouted,  
 As she rose above the town—  
 And from all that I can gather,  
 She has n't yet come down.  
 So take your time, &c.



### STUPID SAM

WHO WOULD NOT GO TO SCHOOL.

“OH dear! oh dear! Boo-hoo-oo-oo!”  
 The noise alarm'd the whole street through.  
 The butcher sent young Tom, his lad,  
 To see if Dash was going mad;  
 The milkmaid ran towards the house  
 To see what ail'd her master's cows;  
 Said Mr. Jones, at number four:  
 “They're always killing pigs next door!”





The cows were quiet, ev'ry one ;  
Old Dash was sleeping in the sun ;  
And all the pigs were kill'd, we know,  
At number three a week ago.  
Then what could be the dreadful noise,  
That startled women, men, and boys ?



No pig, nor cow, nor ox, nor mule,  
But Sam, just wash'd to go to school !  
"I won't—I shan't—it isn't fair—  
I don't want cakes—I won't go there !  
I won't have apples—how would you  
Liked to be served so—Yah ! Boo-hoo !"

His mother asks, and begs, and prays ;  
Old Mr. Birch the rod displays  
In vain—Sam will not go to school,  
So Sam grows up an utter fool !  
A dunce he is—he nought would learn—  
His living knows not how to earn.  
So Sam must beg : all clothed in rags  
His wretched life about he drags,  
Jeer'd by the boys upon their way  
To school ; the very donkeys bray !  
And say, (in donkey speech,) "I am  
Not such an ass as Stupid Sam !"





## FANNY FAL-LAL.



Miss Fanny Fal-lal was a maiden of taste,  
She plastered her ringlets and pinch'd in her waist ;  
Not content with neat slippers, and pretty white frocks,  
She must go, if you please, to her grandmamma's box ;  
And ransacking all the old lady's fine clothes,  
Must deck herself out in frills, ribbons, and bows :  
Like a peacock who struts in his plumes, on the mall,  
At the looking glass strutted Miss Fanny Fal-lal.

"I'll walk in the fields," said Miss Fanny, with pride,  
As she shook out the frounces and lace at her side ;  
"The people shall see me, and seeing admire,  
And own to my beauty and splendid attire !"

But the butcher-boys grinn'd, whom she met on her way,  
And said, as they glanced at her tawdry array :  
"Oh my ! what a regular guy of a gal !"  
Which was vulgar, but true, of Miss Fanny Fal-lal.





She walk'd through the town; every passenger mocks,  
And cries, "What Dutch doll has got out of her box!"  
She reach'd the broad meadows, the corn was in bloom;  
The reapers all laugh'd at her ribbons and plume.  
A scarecrow she sees, and around it, quite near  
Some starlings are feeding, without any fear.  
But lo! when they see her—believe it who shall?  
They are all scared away by Miss Fanny Fal-lal!

She went back to her room, with a heart ill at ease,  
When—oh horror!—her grandmamma's monkey she sees,  
Perch'd up at the glass. Jack has been to *her* box,  
He has torn into rags her pelisses and frocks;  
And is dressing himself, as Miss Fanny had done.  
"Help! help!" cried the maiden; the servants all run,  
But seeing the pair, neither Susan nor Sal  
Can tell which is Jack or which Fanny Fal-lal.





## RUNAWAY CHARLEY.



“How often have I told you, sir,  
That from our side you’re not to stir?  
Come back!” His mother’s words are lost,  
For Charley has the meadow cross’d.  
“Odds! butter tubs!” his father cries;  
“Charles! do you hear?” but still he flies,  
Till out of sight, and out of hearing,  
And quite unconscious where he’s steering.



The sky grew dark, the thunder grumbled,  
The rain like pails of water tumbled,  
The lightning fizz’d, and flash’d, and sputter’d,  
The rough winds howl’d, and moan’d, and mutter’d.

Charley began (and so would you)  
To howl, and moan, and mutter too;  
He’d lost his way, was getting wet,  
The night was falling black as jet.  
Between a flowing brook he stood,  
And on the other side a wood;  
To stay all night in this condition  
Was Charley’s fate—a nice position!







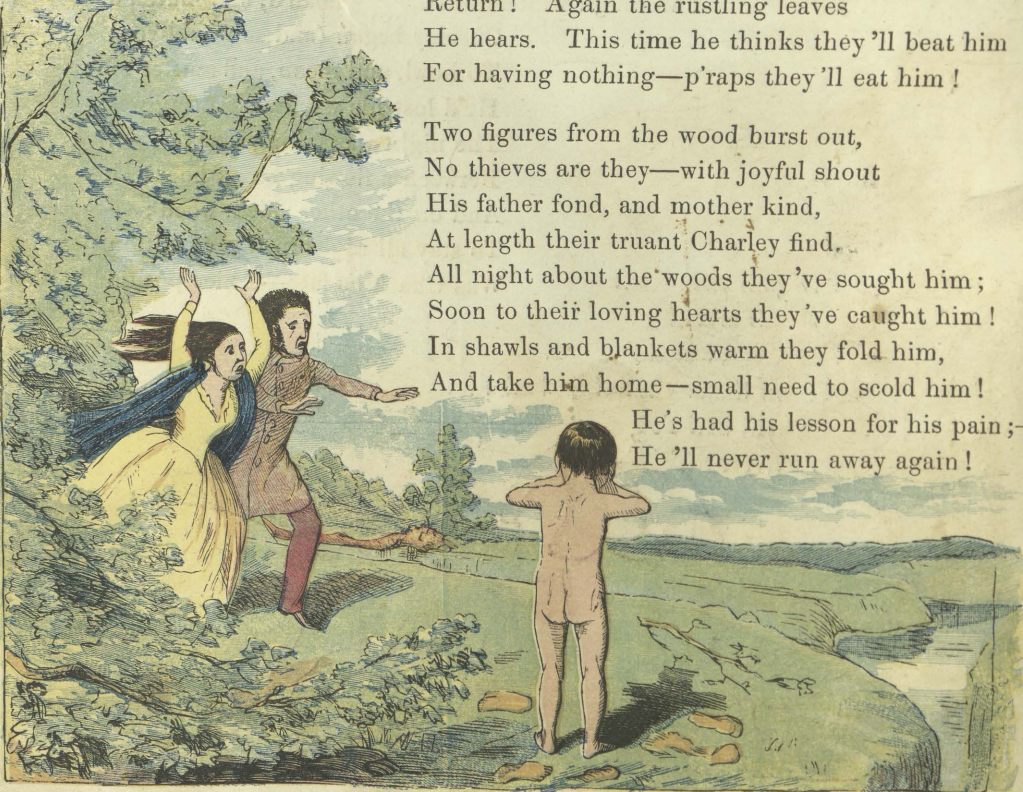
But hark! a noise among the trees!  
Two robbers upon Charley seize:  
They clean his pockets out of tops,  
Handkerchief, marbles, lollipops;  
And not content with this, they strip him,  
(Charley believes they're going to whip him;) His socks, shirt, trousers, all, they take,  
And leave him there to freeze and shake.

With nothing on to keep him warm,  
All night he shivers in the storm.

What can he do? Suppose the thieves  
Return! Again the rustling leaves  
He hears. This time he thinks they'll beat him  
For having nothing—p'raps they'll eat him!

Two figures from the wood burst out,  
No thieves are they—with joyful shout  
His father fond, and mother kind,  
At length their truant Charley find.  
All night about the woods they've sought him;  
Soon to their loving hearts they've caught him!  
In shawls and blankets warm they fold him,  
And take him home—small need to scold him!

He's had his lesson for his pain;—  
He'll never run away again!





## BEN THE BEAR.

I KNEW a boy, and never want  
To meet with such another ;  
He used to kick the servant's shins  
And beat his little brother,  
And tear and pull his sister's hair ;  
And so they call'd him Ben the Bear.

He never played ; but always spoil'd  
Whatever games were playing.  
He liked to torture dogs and cats—  
A wicked heart displaying.  
I think you'll all agree, they were  
Quite right to call him Ben the Bear.



If any toy his sister had,  
Ben would be sure to break it ;  
Whate'er in other children's hands  
He saw, he'd try to take it ;  
And use his whip, if they should dare  
Refuse him—was n't Ben a Bear ?

One day as Tom, the blacksmith's boy,  
An iron bar was carrying,







Ben fell upon him with his whip,  
Tom's sides and shoulders harring ;  
And tried from him the bar to snatch—  
But Master Ben had met his match.

Tom would n't yield—they struggled long,  
The bar was large and weighty ;  
It struck Ben's forehead—pok'd his skull—  
His little sister Katie  
Seeing the wound, and how it bled,  
Ran to him, thinking Ben was dead.

She with her kerchief bound the wound,  
And bathed it well with spirits ;  
She stopp'd the blood, and was she thank'd  
According to her merits ?

No—when she'd done, the churlish lout  
Said, as he kick'd her—" You get out ! "

So Ben grew up without a friend ;  
With such a young curmudgeon,  
Who could be friends ? And now grown old,  
He walks about in dudgeon,  
Shunn'd by the old and young. Take care  
You don't grow up like Ben the Bear !







### CRYING KATE.

KATE had a face like other girls :  
 Two eyes, a nose, and lots of curls ;  
 A forehead of the usual size,  
 The only diff<sup>r</sup>ence was her eyes.  
 But stop ! I don't feel sure, at all,  
 That " eyes ! " such things I ought to call,  
 I rather think, myself, they were  
 Two garden engines, or a pair  
 Of carts, for sprinkling roads and paths—  
 Two sponges, pumps, or shower-baths.  
 But eyes, or not, it's certain they  
 Were pouring water all the day.

Whatever fun was going on,  
 While Frank, and Sue, and Nell, and John,  
 At " Blind man's Buff," or " Touch," were romping,  
 There Kate would stand, the garden swamping.  
 Her mother scolds, her sisters coax,  
 Robert and John make endless jokes ;  
 E'en little Frank, the toddling fellow,  
 Offers to fetch a " rumber-rella."







Now, hear what Kitty got by crying,  
Enough to set all eyes a drying.

Kate to the nurs'ry had been sent  
To blubber to her heart's content.  
(Kate in the parlour ne'er would do,  
Her tears would soak the carpet through.)  
The doors are shut, the windows also—  
The briny tears of Kitty fall so  
Fast on the floor, the water streams,  
The room is filling—Kitty screams!  
The water rises to her knees,  
And now the furniture she sees  
Swimming about like ships and boats!  
Now, in the flood herself she floats.  
She cannot swim—she's going down!  
In her own tears must Kitty drown.



At length, her screams her mother hears,  
And at the window quick appears.  
She opens it, and with a net  
Contrives Miss Kitty out to get.

Now all I've got to say is this:  
If the Mamma of that young Miss  
Had never learnt the art of fishing,  
Miss Kitty had been past all wishing;  
Which would have been a thousand pities,  
And all Mammams are not like Kitty's.





THE STORY OF THE CRUEL BOY.

OH, Cruel Ned! O, wanton Ned!  
Of such a boy you never read:  
He caught the flies—poor little things!  
And stripp'd them of their legs and wings;  
He trod upon poor pussy's foot  
(On purpose), with his heavy boot;  
He climb'd a chair, and from the cage  
Dragg'd out, and kill'd the poor canary;  
And worse than all, in cruel rage,  
He flogg'd his good, kind nursemaid Mary!

A dog was drinking from a pan,  
Cooling his hot and thirsty lip;  
Up pell-mell Master Edward ran,  
Seeing a chance to use his whip:  
He flogged the hound with all his might—  
The dog turn'd round (the dog was right,  
To punish one who whipp'd and teased him),  
And by the leg with fury seized him!

In vain Ned screamed—the dog held  
tight—  
The blood flow'd fast—oh, such a  
sight!







And Edward's screams, the neighbours say,  
Were heard at least ten streets away!

Now, here you see the fate of Ned—  
For weeks he had to keep his bed,  
Before his leg got well.



The Doctor brought him powders, pills,  
Doses of Rhubarb, Senna, Squills—  
More than I've time to tell!

But this the strangest is of all!  
While Ned was whiter than the wall,  
And ev'ry day got thinner,  
Moaning in bed—they say the dog  
Each day grew fatter than a hog,  
Through eating Edward's dinner!





THE SURPRISING STORY OF THE THREE BOYS AND  
THE BLACKAMOOR.

A BLACK MAN passed along the street :  
 'T was summer time—the noonday's heat  
 Was too much for his head, poor fellow !  
 So he put up his green umbrella.  
 Just then, young Tom, with leap and shout,  
 His flag in hand, came running out ;  
 And Walter, with a biscuit sweet,  
 His Aunt had given him to eat ;  
 And Master Jack they chance to meet,  
 Bowling his hoop along the street.  
 The three set up a noisy roar,  
 At the poor, harmless Blackamoor,  
 And shout at him, with laugh and wink :  
 " There goes a man as black as ink ! "



Who up the street should chance to come,  
 But the wise and good Magician, Hum !  
 His inkstand under his arm he bore,  
 (Six feet square it measured, or more—  
 You or I could n't carry it long,  
 But great Magicians are terribly strong).  
 Boys," he said, " it's excessively wrong





To insult a poor man, because somehow or other,  
 He happen'd to have a black father and mother.  
 He can't help his colour, so let him alone!"  
 The boys did n't heed him, but still kept on—  
 Tom and Walter, and little Jackey,  
 Louder than ever cried—"There goes Blackey!"

Into a terrible rage),  
 Flew the Magician Hum—  
 (As shown at the top of the page).  
 Between his finger and thumb  
 He pick'd up Jack, and ere you could wink  
 Walter and Tom—('t is in vain they shrink

And dipp'd them all in his bottle of ink.  
 "Now," said Hum, as he set them free,  
 "How you like it yourselves, you'll see!"  
 What do you think?

The boys came out *the colour of ink!*  
 Did you ever see such a terrible sight?  
 The Blackamoor seems to them quite  
 white!





No more they follow him through the street :  
 Walter (his biscuit too black to eat) ;  
 Tom, with his flag ; and the bad boy, Jackey ;  
 Mock him no more with " There goes Blackey !"  
*(Those boys will never again be white—*  
 Did n't the Wizard just serve them right ? )

THE DREADFUL STORY OF THE GIRL AND THE LUCIFER MATCHES.



POLLY was left indoors alone,  
 Her parents out to tea were gone ;  
 About the room she frisked and danced,  
 And round about for playthings glanced ;  
 A box she on the table spied,  
 'T was filled with Lucifers inside—  
 " Oh ! oh ! " Miss Polly cried, " what fun !  
 I've oftener wished to let off one,  
 Although Mamma would not allow it ;  
 I'll light one now—she'll never know it."

But Puss and Trot, the kittens,  
 Held up two furry mittens ;  
 And purr'd in tones of warning :  
 " Do n't good advice be scorning,  
 Miow ! miaw ! miow ! miow !  
 You'll be burnt to death if you do ! "



In vain the kittens purr and scratch ;  
 She heeds them not, but lights a match :  
 It blazed and crackled famously,  
 As in the picture you may see.  
 Miss Polly watched it fizz and fume,  
 And danced delighted round the room !  
 But Puss and Trot, the kittens,  
 Still raised their furry mittens,  
 And purr'd, " Oh, do n't be scorning  
 Your Mother's words of warning !  
 Miow ! miaw ! miow ! miow !  
 You'll be burnt to death if you do ! "





Dancing about the room she goes.  
 What's this? The flame has caught her  
 clothes!  
 Has burnt her frock—has singed her hair—  
 She's all on fire I do declare!

And Puss and Trot, the kittens,  
 In anguish wrung their mittens;  
 "Oh, dear!" they mew'd, "she's burning,  
 Through our good counsel spurning!  
 Miow! miaw! miow! miow!  
 The girl's on fire—what shall we do!"

There's no one near, poor hapless maid—  
 (The little Cats can give no aid).

Her clothes are burnt—hair, bones and  
 skin,

One mass of smoke she's buried in.  
 At length there's nothing—well, a-day!  
 Left but a heap of ashes gray,  
 And two small shoes of poor Miss Polly,  
 To tell the tale so melancholy.

And Puss and Trot, the kittens,  
 Put to their eyes their mittens;  
 Their tears in torrents falling,  
 Mewing in vain and squalling:  
 "Miow! miaw! miow! miow!  
 What will her wretched parents do?"







### THE AWFUL STORY OF THE BOY WHO SUCKED HIS THUMBS.



“ Now, Charley,” said his good Mamma,  
“ I ’m going out to spend the day ;  
I trust, and so does your Papa,  
That you ’ll be good while I ’m away ;  
But, above all, I hope that you  
Wont suck your thumbs ; for, if you do,  
The Tailor will come, and with his shears,  
Will snip them off like puppies’ ears.

And think how I should feel, my dear,  
After I ’ve been to spend the day,  
To find the Tailor had been here,  
And cut my darling’s thumbs away ! ”



Charles promised loudly to be good—  
His Mother quite believed he would ;  
But scarcely has she gone, when, lo,—  
Pop ! in his mouth the two thumbs go !

The door flew open with a bang,  
Into the room the Tailor sprang.  
That dreadful Tailor ! with his shears,  
And long red hair, behind his ears,



And skinny legs, of length tremendous—  
(From all such tailors, fate defend us !)  
With one huge stride behold he comes  
Up to the boy who sucks his thumbs !  
Clip, clap ! Snip, snap !  
Oh, Charles, unhappy little chap !  
Alas ! most wretchedly he comes off—  
THE TAILOR HAS CUT BOTH HIS THUMBS OFF !

His Mother home at evening came,  
From having spent a pleasant day—  
She found the wretched Charles in tears,  
Because the Tailor with his shears  
Had been and cut both thumbs away !



# THE SURPRISING STORY OF ALFRED AND HIS BREAD AND MILK.

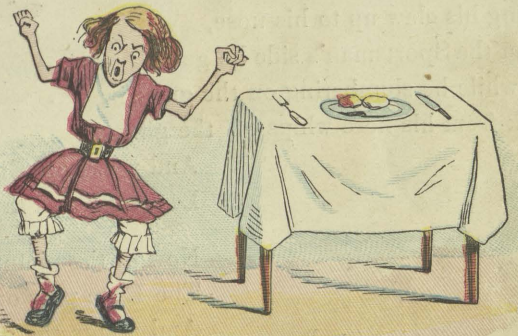
A HEALTHY boy was Alfred Jones :—  
So fat, you could not feel his bones ;  
His skin was sleek, and smooth as silk ;  
His Mother gave him bread and milk,  
He left it standing by his side,  
And only blubber'd, roar'd, and cried :—

“ I don't like bread and milk—I don't ;  
I won't eat bread and milk—I won't ;  
I hate the bread and milk—I do ;  
O, dear ! oh, dear ! Boo-oo-oo-oo ! ”



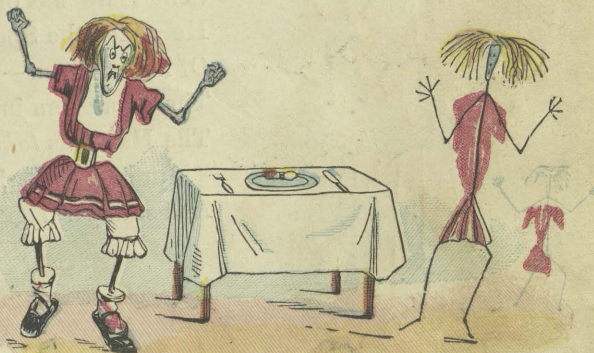
As he his breakfast wouldn't eat,  
Of course they could n't give him meat ;  
And so, for want of tea and dinner,  
The next day Alfred looked much thinner :  
His clothes about him loosely hung,  
But still he roared, and kicked, and sung :—

“ I don't like bread and milk—I don't ;  
I won't eat bread and milk—I won't ;  
I hate the bread and milk—I do ;  
Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! Boo-oo-oo-oo ! ”



On the third day, 't is sad to tell,  
His flesh away to nothing fell !  
But still he wouldn't eat his dinner ;  
And roared, (though growing daily thinner,)

“ I don't like bread and milk—I don't ;  
I won't eat bread and milk—I won't ;  
I hate the bread and milk—I do ;  
Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! Boo-oo-oo-oo ! ”



On the fourth day, of Alfred Jones  
Nothing was left but skin and bones—  
Not half an ounce was there to weigh ;

And, on the fifth, I grieve to say,  
From weighing lighter than a feather,  
The poor boy vanished altogether !



## THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF THE SPORTSMAN AND THE HARE.

Out with his gun a Sportsman went,  
In his green jacket quite content ;  
With powder-horn and knapsack gay,  
Forth to the woods he took his way ;  
Mounting his spectacles all right,  
That nothing should escape his sight.  
A knowing Hare who watched him go,  
Sat on a bank and laugh'd, " Ho ! ho ! "

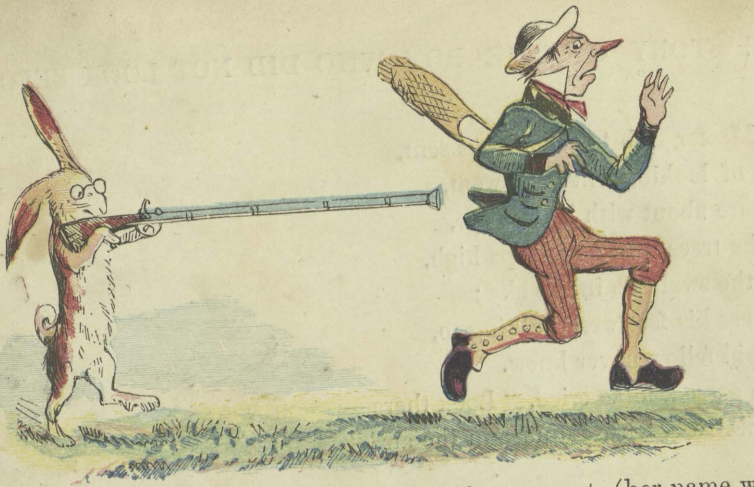
The sun was hot, the man got tired,  
A nap he very soon required.  
While on the grass he snored and blink'd—  
The knowing Hare peep'd out and wink'd.  
Putting his claw up to his nose,  
Up to the Sportsman's side he goes ;  
And while he slumbering on the grass is,  
Quick from his nose whips off the glasses ;

And walks off slyly with the gun,  
Laughing and saying—" This is fun ! "

Now in the picture, note what passes—  
The Hare puts on the Sportsman's glasses ;  
And plants the gun against his shoulder :  
(The Hare was of the two the bolder,)  
He waked the Sportsman with the clicking  
Of his own gun—when up and kicking  
The Sportsman jump'd—oh, sight most grim !  
The Hare was *taking aim at him !*  
" Murder ! " he cried, " help ! murder ! thieves !  
And scamper'd off among the leaves.







The Hare calm followed taking aim,  
 Determin'd not to miss the game.  
 Now would you hear what next befell?  
 The Sportsman scamper'd off pell-mell  
 To his own door, and stories tell,  
 He jump'd for safety in the well!

His wife came out, (her name was Nell),  
 Just as the gun went off; a yell  
 She raised, and down her tea-cup fell—  
 The shot had crack'd it like a shell.  
 The spoon which dropped beside the well,  
 A little pig picked up as it fell,

And, knowing 't was silver by the smell,  
 He ran with it to a Jew, to sell.





THE STORY OF THE BOY WHO DID NOT LOOK BEFORE HIM.

WHEN Master Bob to school was sent,  
Instead of looking where he went,  
He'd stare about with listless eye,  
Up at the trees, and housetops high,  
And at the swallows in the sky;  
And where his feet were walking to,  
The stupid fellow never knew.  
So as he passed, folks cried, "Look there—  
There goes Bob, with his nose in the air!"



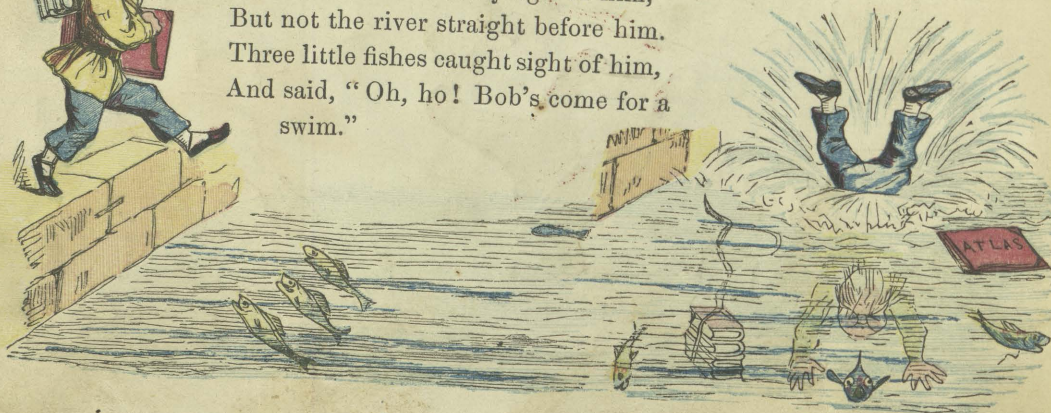
A dog along the street came tearing,  
As usual, Bob was upwards staring—  
No one was near his wits to jog,  
And cry, "Mind, Bob, here comes the dog!"  
And so, what happened? One! two! three!  
Bang! down they tumbled, as you see.  
Rover and Bob, both rolling over;  
Of the two I pity—not Bob—but Rover!



One day, towards the river's  
strand—

(His fine new atlas in his hand),

He walk'd, his eyes still upward bent,  
And never looking where he went;  
He saw the swallows flying o'er him,  
But not the river straight before him.  
Three little fishes caught sight of him,  
And said, "Oh, ho! Bob's, come for a  
swim."







One more step, a hop and a jump,  
 And into the river he tumbles plump!  
 The three little fishes cried, "Oh, dear!"  
 And hid themselves in terrible fear.  
 As luck would have, two bargemen nigh  
 Heard Bob's loud plunge and piercing cry;  
 And fished him out, with boat-hooks tall,  
 Not drown'd, or even hurt at all—  
 But such a sight!—with water dripping,  
 From every hair and finger slipping;  
 Out of his eyes, and off his clothes,  
 Out of his ears, and from his nose.  
 The three little fishes look'd on in glee,  
 And laugh'd his comical plight to see;  
 And the atlas swam by itself quite free,  
 Down the river and out to sea.



### THE SLOVEN.

Oh, here's a sight! Your eyes pray shut—  
 A boy, whose nails are never cut;  
 Who wo n't be washed; roars like a bear  
 When nurse attempts to comb his hair.  
 Look at his hair—like wild rats tails—  
 A full yard long his finger nails!  
 And such a skin—but then, be wise—  
 The sight's too dreadful—shut your eyes!







THE STORY OF THE BOY WHO WOULD N'T SIT  
STILL AT TABLE.

“ Now, Philip, pray attend to me :  
Do sit at table properly,  
Or ev'rything you will have over—  
Tureen, plates, jug, and table-cover,”  
So spoke, in firm and earnest tone,  
The Father to his restless son ;  
The Mother at the table's head,  
Eyed him askance, but nothing said.

But Philip, ne'er a single word  
Of what his Father said had heard ;  
He wriggled and frisked,  
And waggled and whisked,  
Here and there about on his chair,  
And pluck'd at the table cover.  
Said his Father again, “ I do declare  
He'll have the whole table over.”

“ Come, sit still, my boy, now do ! ”  
Philip yet more restless grew ;  
Till—(as in the picture shown,)  
Back his chair was overthrown :  
Down he bump'd, with scream and yell—  
Clutch'd the cloth as down he fell ;  
Such a mess was never seen—  
Plates and jug, and soup-tureen ;  
Pepper, mustard, salt, and all—  
Helter-skelter, down they fall !  
Father stamped, with raging fume,  
As his dinner strewed the room ;  
Mother at the table's head,  
Kept her seat and nothing said.  
Philip, he is on the floor,  
With the dinner buried o'er.





Hungry Father wrings his hands—  
Hungry Mother weeping stands.

Thanks to Philip's restless way,  
There's no dinner for to-day!







THE STORY OF THE BOY WHO WOULD GO OUT IN THE STORM.



WHEN thunder claps the clouds are rending;  
 And poplar trees to earth are bending;  
 When hail, and rain, and sleet are falling,  
 And all the winds of Heaven are brawling—  
 At such a time, I need not say,  
 Good boys and girls indoors should stay.  
 Not so with Ben, "Ho, ho!" says he,  
 "This sort of weather just suits me!"  
 So out he goes, the foolish fellow!  
 Mounting his Father's silk umbrella.  
 Puff! went the wind—splash! went the rain—  
 The poplars nearly snapped in twain;  
 The wind the silk-umbrella caught,  
 And whirled it up as quick as thought;  
 And with it Ben; away it bore him—  
 His hat blew off, and flew before him.  
 On, on they go—up, up they rise—  
 The thunder drown'd his frightened cries.  
 Poor Ben! away the wild wind bore him—  
 His hat still flying on before him;  
 But where the wild wind bore him to,  
 No living mortal ever knew.



## THE WONDERFUL NOSE.

YOUNG Walter was a ne'er-do-well,  
Who picked his nose until it bled;  
Though day by day reprov'd and whipped,  
And hungry sent, by night, to bed.  
"Now Walter, leave your nose alone!"  
The hundredth time, his mother cries;  
"So big, some day, you'll find it grown,  
'T will stop your mouth and close your eyes!"

But he was such a nasty boy,  
No toy for him was like his nose;  
He pulls and picks, and picks and pulls,  
Till to a frightful size it grows.  
On either side it broadens out  
Until it hides his wretched eyes;  
And so o'erhangs his luckless mouth,  
To eat or speak he vainly tries.

Indeed, it is a dreadful sight,  
And worse and worse it daily grows!  
His mother has a muzzle made,  
To squeeze in shape this horrid nose,







And save from Walter's restless nails;  
 But all in vain, it nought avails!  
 Walter will pull, and pick, and blow;  
 The end of which, you now must know:



For the wonderful nose it grew and grew,  
 Till it reached such a size, (I tell you true!)  
 That describe it, I won't, and describe it, I can't,  
 Except as the trunk of an elephant.  
 Yet still it kept growing; and more and more  
 It swelled and it stretched, till it touched the floor,  
 And at last, of poor Walter—the story goes—  
 There was nothing at all to be seen, but *nose*.

'T were idle to tell you the pain he endured,  
 And the mother's endeavours to have the boy cured  
 While the nose still grew stiffer, and tougher, and  
 stronger,  
 Until 'twas quite clear he could bear it no longer.  
 For in fact, thro' the spell of some mischievous elf  
 The nose took to picking and blowing itself!



So the doctor was sent for, with lancet and knife,  
 And the doctor came running, as if for his life,  
 For fear that the nose, which had caused all this bray  
 Should have run off with mother, and Walter, and  
 With one clip of his knife, his dexterity shows,  
 And Walter, for life, must dispense with a *nose*!

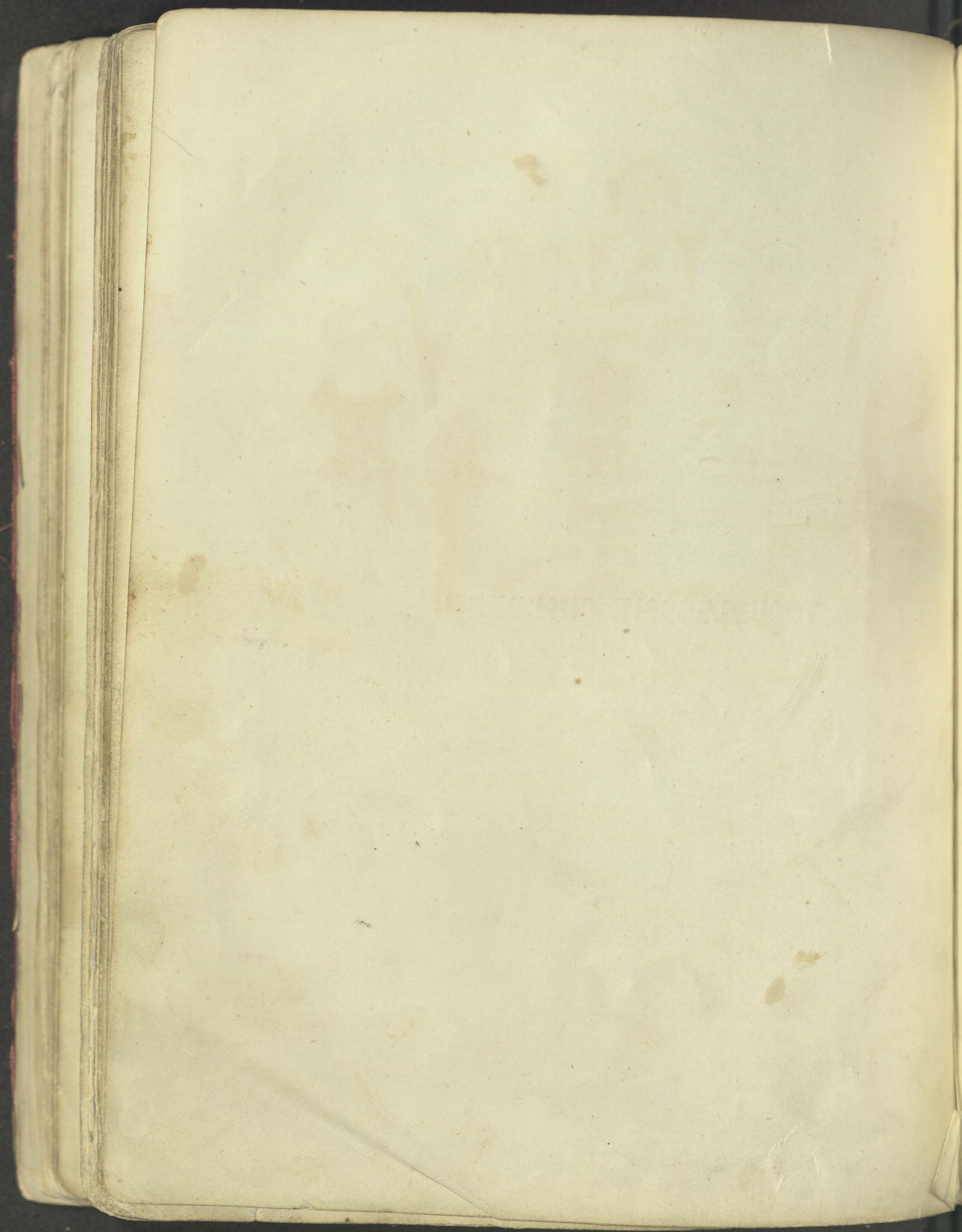
The obvious MORAL which this story shows, is—  
 Young people should never be "picking their noses."



TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.











### THE DIRTY PIG.

Miss Susan Hogg was never clean  
 Two minutes after being wash'd,  
 Her face like soot was always seen,  
 Her clothes with dirt all daub'd and  
 splash'd.

When eating, she would feed the cloth,  
 Her frock and pinafore, instead  
 Of her own mouth: would spill her broth  
 And strew the floor with meat and bread.

She used her fingers for a spoon,  
 The gravy from her plate would swig;  
 But she was punish'd very soon,  
 The nasty, dirty little pig!

Her Mother cried, "She is n't fit  
 With decent Christian folks to dine;  
 A pig she is, and ought to sit  
 At table with her fellow-swine!"

And so next day three pigs were brought  
 Out of the sty to dine with Sue.  
 (I wonder what you would have thought  
 Had your Mamma so punish'd you.)

They gobbled, squeak'd, sad havoc play'd  
 With all the dishes serv'd by Cooney.  
 But dinner over, I'm afraid  
 'T was found amongst them they had made  
 By no means such a mess as Sukey!



## THE BOY WHO WOULD TASTE EVERYTHING.



MAMMA and Papa had gone out for the day,  
Augustus was left by himself to play—  
Mamma's parting words were, "Be good while  
we're out ;  
Above all, don't go prying and tasting about."

But scarcely their backs they had turn'd, when  
he

Over kitchen and pantry was wandering free,  
Tasting and lying,  
Nibbling and picking,  
Fingers and thumbs into ev'rything sticking—  
Sugar and spice,  
Nasty or nice,

Wholly neglecting his mother's advice—  
Vinegar—dripping—whatever he met—  
All things were fish to Augustus's net.



At length a large bowl on a table he spied,  
With a lump of fresh dough for a cake inside—  
He took off the cover and put in his thumb  
Like Master Jack Horner, who pull'd out the  
plum.

(Unlike Master Horner, though, Gus couldn't  
cry,

With a shadow of truth, "What a good boy  
am I!")

He swallowed a mouthful—another—one more,  
And kept on increasing the dose as before.

Alas! Augustus didn't know  
The dang'rous properties of dough.  
The dough began to rise and swell,  
Augustus swell'd and rose as well ;



His frock grew tight that had once been  
slack,

And his belt gave way with a sudden crack.  
The dough rose high above the dish—

'Tis vain Augustus now to wish  
The meddling deed had ne'er been done!  
His stomach is round as a brewer's tun;  
His cheeks are increased to twice their size,  
Hiding his nose and shutting his eyes.

What's to be done?

Unable to run,

He feels if he tried he would burst very soon,  
Like a bladder pricked, or a squash'd balloon—  
Frighten'd of moving, or screaming, or yelling,  
All he can do is to keep on swelling.

So he swell'd, and he swell'd, and he swell'd,  
and he swell'd,

Till he couldn't well grow any bigger;  
Unable to breathe, or to see, or to wink:  
Just look at the picture, and say how you think  
You would like to be seen such a figure.

On what became of him at last,  
Some doubt appears to hang—  
Some say he really did go off  
With a tremendous bang!

Others declare he stagger'd out;  
To bear, his limbs refused him—  
He fell, and rolling in the street,  
The boys for foot-ball used him.







### DISCONTENTED MARTIN.

OF all the discontented cubs  
 On earth, I never knew the equal  
 Of Martin Cox; but discontent  
 Will always meet with punishment,  
 As all will learn who read the sequel.

An ill-conditioned brute he was;  
 The nicest presents never pleas'd him;  
 While anything his sister had,  
 He'd howl and grumble for like mad;  
 But you shall hear how justice seiz'd him.

One day their Uncle Jacob call'd,  
 The children were to see him sent for;  
 Before him on the table sat  
 A pretty dog and snow-white cat—  
 Presents to Rose and Martin meant for.

“You see,” good Uncle Jacob said,  
 “A spaniel plump and kitten cosy—  
 I've brought for you. You Martin take  
 The little dog—the cat I make  
 A present to my darling Rosy.

“Now, what do you say?”—Little Rosy flew  
 To her Uncle's arms, and her own she threw  
 Around his neck, as she kissed his cheek,  
 And felt too happy almost to speak—  
 “O, thank you, dear Uncle!” at length she  
 cried,  
 “For the sweet little cat,  
 So cosy and fat,  
 With its neck with ribbon so prettily tied;  
 And to pet it and nurse it shall be my pride!”





“And you, Master Martin?” the Uncle said;  
But Martin sulkily hung his head.

“O, you get out!”  
Exclaim’d the lout:

“What use is a dog, I should like to know,  
With its ugly tail and its dumpy nose?  
I’ll have the kitten as white as snow—  
The dog will do very well for Rose!”

By the ears and tail  
He seized the kitten:  
O, dreadful wail!

He is scratch’d and bitten.

The kitten that look’d so quiet and meek,  
Has fasten’d her claws in the bad boy’s cheek.

“Help! murder!” he cries,

“I shall lose my eyes!”

The good little Rosy to help him tries;

But Uncle Jacob, who views the sight,  
Says, “Let him alone, it will serve him right.”

The cat still clings,  
And the whole house rings,

With Martin’s loud screams, as he capers and  
flings.

He screeches,  
Beseeches—

But still like leeches,

The kitten’s claws stick to his cheeks, till each is

All shreds and tatters.

He thumps and batters;

The cat still clings, and the floor bespatters

With marks of his terrible doom,

While the little dog laugh’d

To see such sport,

As the blood gush’d over the room!



THE BOY WHO WOULD GO INTO THE KITCHEN.



JOE  
Would go  
In the kitchen to peep,  
Though  
We know  
Little boys ought to keep  
Out of kitchens and wash-houses all the day  
long,  
For as servants must work, to disturb them is  
wrong.

Jane,  
In vain,  
Used to threaten, and say  
She,  
If he  
Would n't quietly stay  
Above stairs, as he ought to, the nursery in,  
To his tail would a dish-clout most certainly  
pin.

No!  
Young Joe  
To the kitchen must creep.  
Once,  
The dunce!  
Through the keyhole would peep.  
On the floor stood a jar; and as Jenny was  
out,  
Of course Master Joe must see what it's about.

"Ho!"  
Said Joe,  
"Pray what have we here?"  
I  
Must try.



It's jam!—Now, how queer!  
 That I should n't know they were making it—Come!  
 I must see what the sort is—black currant or  
 plum."

So  
 Young Joe  
 In the pitcher his nose  
 Dips,  
 But tips,  
 And a summerset throws.  
 In the jar goes his head, in the air go his heels,  
 And the jam he is buried in stifles his squeals.

Ha!  
 Papa,  
 In his afternoon dream,  
 Heard,  
 My word!  
 Such a terrible scream.  
 'Tis Jenny, who cries, "As a sinner I am,  
 If here ain't Master Joe been and fell in the  
 jam!"

Hie!  
 They fly,  
 (His Papa and Mamma).  
 Out,  
 The lout  
 They have pull'd from the jar—  
 He is safe—he's alive!—but, oh! horrid to  
 view!  
 To the waist by the jam Master Joe is dyed  
 blue!

Blue  
 All through!  
 They have wash'd him in vain.



Blue  
 All through!  
 He for life must remain!  
 And the boys in the streets cry, with mockings  
 and twitchings,  
 "Hie! who got turn'd blue—all through going  
 in kitchings!"





## THE LIAR.

FRED lies for lying's sake alone ;  
To speak the truth he ne'er was known.  
"How sad to think," his friends agree  
With shaking heads, "that Fred should be  
Such a story-teller!"

"Now Fred," his mother said one day,  
"Is it the truth you've told me—say?"  
"Upon my honour," Fred replied.  
"Ho! ho!" the parrot laugh'd, and cried  
"Fred's a story-teller!"

And from the hearthrug, where he sat,  
Up jump'd old Tom, the tabby cat,  
With arching back and bristling fur,  
"Mew! mew!" he cried, and "Purr! purr!  
purr!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

Fred ran in terror to the yard,  
The house-dog soon his passage barr'd,  
Seizing his coat with gripe so rough—  
"Bow, wow," old Boxer bark'd, "Wough,  
wough!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

Oh, shame! oh, rage! his trouble thickens,  
Up come the cock and hen and chickens;







Cackle and crow, the noisy crew!  
"Cluck, cluck, cluck! Cock-a-  
doodle-doo!"

Fred's a story-teller!"

In vain he runs to seek for ease,  
The sparrows twit him from the  
trees;

He sits him down—a blue fly comes—  
Pounce on his nose, and buzzing hums—

"Fred's a story-teller!"

And fowls, dogs, sparrows, cats, and flies,  
Surround him now with madd'ning cries—

"Twit! twit! Buzz! buzz! Cluck! cluck!  
Chirp! Mew!

Bow-wough! Yah! Cock-a-doodle doo!

Fred's a story-teller!"

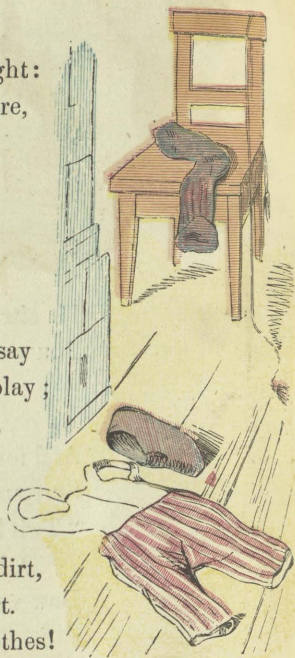




## GEORGE THE SLOVEN.

I CAN'T describe a sadder sight,  
Than George's bedroom was at night:  
His coat was here, his trousers there,  
One stocking lying on a chair,  
The other on the floor, beside  
His hat; his boots asunder wide:  
In fact, as all his friends confess,  
No room was e'er in such a mess.

When up and dress'd, I grieve to say  
George the same habits would display;  
His shirt and frill were never neat,  
His stockings hung about his feet,  
His bootlaces were always down,  
His hat all batter'd at the crown,  
And smears of mud, and ink, and dirt,  
Cover'd boots, jacket, hat, and shirt.  
And such a boy to burst and tear clothes!  
All said he wasn't fit to wear clothes!



And so to punish him, they say  
His father order'd George, one day,  
To strip himself, and put his clothes  
(Except his shirt, and boots, and hose,  
On Dash the dog, who was, he said,  
More fit to wear them. Georgy shed  
Salt tears, in vain. He had to strip,  
And Dash in all his clothes equip.

And thus, to George's deep disgrace,  
Dash was allow'd to take his place.  
Look at him, howling like a fool,  
Following Master Dash to school!



## THE DESTRUCTIVE BOY.

'Twas Christmas tide—the time of joys,  
The time of romps, and feasts, and toys,  
For all good girls and studious boys.

Alfred had learnt his lessons well,  
With pride his parents' bosoms swell,  
To see him home from school return'd,  
With handsome prizes fairly earn'd.  
For being good, they vow'd that he  
Should have a splendid Christmas tree.

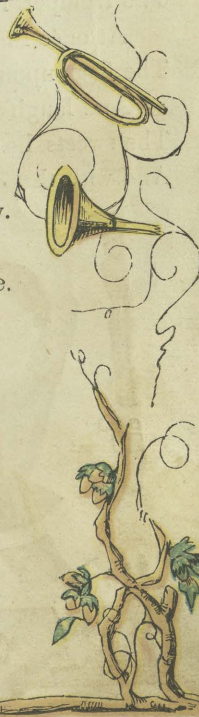
'Twas a wonderful tree! All hung with  
lights,  
Figures of soldiers, kings, and knights,  
Golden pippin, and Burgundy pear,  
Oranges, almonds, and sweetmeats rare,



Banners and stars,  
Mounted hussars,  
Gingerbread Harlequins, sugar Jack tars,  
Story-books gay,  
Trumpets to play,  
Punches and Judies, and queens of the May.  
Scarcely a toy or a dainty we see,  
But grew on the boughs of that wonderful tree.

“Now, Alfred, these are all for you!”  
“What, all for me?” he cried.  
“Yes; but to play with, not to break,”  
His father kind replied.  
“Take heed, for naughty girls and boys  
Are punish'd, who destroy their toys.”

But Alfred heeded not a word,  
(Most griev'd am I to mention,  
That one who to his book had paid,  
At school, so much attention,







And striven so his task to learn,  
Should thus his father's counsel spurn).

No sooner was he left alone,  
Than to the tree he ran,  
And quick to strip it of its charms  
Right cruelly began—  
Half the wax-candles out he blew,  
And down the man in armour threw.

He seized the moving drummer boy,  
And turn'd the handle round  
So fiercely, that the toy he broke,  
And scatter'd on the ground.



A leg lay here, an arm lay there—  
Right little, though, did Alfred care.

The trumpet, meant to last a year,  
At once in half he broke ;  
The flags upon the tree he burnt,  
And laugh'd to see the smoke ;  
The sweets he mix'd, or spoil'd, or melted,  
And with the fruits the tree he pelted.

“ Oh Alfred, Alfred ! ” said Papa,  
“ Is this the way you treat  
Your toys ? Unless you quickly stay,  
A dreadful doom you 'll meet. ”  
But Alfred no remonstrance heeded,  
And with his cruel work proceeded.

Rat! tat! tat! tat!  
What noise is that?

The lights in the tree burn blue!  
The great King Nutcracker, king of the toys,  
Terror of all naughty girls and boys,  
Rises the oak floor through!





He taps the floor, and a swarm of imps,  
 Frisky as grasshoppers—small as shrimps,  
 Appear at the king's command.  
 To the broken trumpet his Majesty points,  
 To the shatter'd drum, and the drummer boy's  
 joints ;

And, waving his royal hand—  
 Says, "Do as is usual with naughty boys,  
 Who break their pretty and costly toys."

The imps flock round, and off the ground  
 They pick up each scrap of a toy to be found,  
 Down to the warrior's toes.  
 Each tip of a finger, each chip of a knee,  
 Each flag, each flower, each leaf of the tree ;

They cast them all in a magic mould,  
 They melt and stir it ; as soon as it's cold  
 They turn out the casting, and, lo, behold !  
 A wonderful Monster Nose !  
 Which by magic upon Alfred's face  
 Is quickly fix'd, and keeps its place !

The nose was made to blow,  
 To breathe through, and to smell,  
 But that of Alfred is too large,  
 And far too clumsy, to discharge  
 One of those duties well :  
 Look at it's size, ye girls and boys,  
 And p'r'aps you'll then respect your toys !

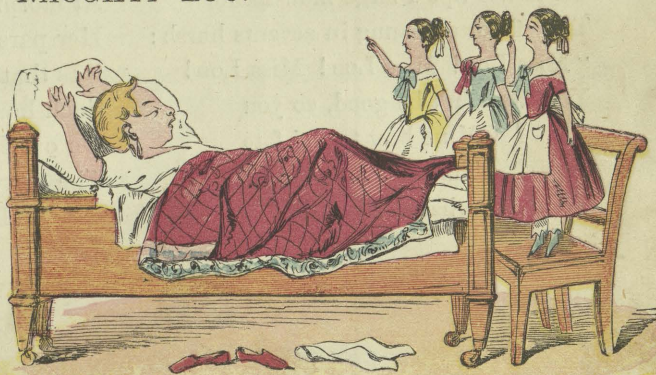
### NAUGHTY LOO.

LOUISA was a naughty child,  
 No angry words or soothing mild,  
 Could make her good for half a day,  
 Or her Mamma's commands obey.

One night in bed while sleeping,  
 (The only place for keeping  
 Louisa good),  
 Before her stood

Three little dolls, all peeping  
 Above the footboard of the bed ;  
 They rais'd their hands, and thus they  
 said :

"Miss Loo ! Miss Loo ! Miss Loo !  
 You'd better be good, or you  
 Shall be made to wear,  
 Of moustaches a pair,  
 That shall stick to your mouth like glue.  
 Ho ! ho !  
 So now you know,  
 And we must be off where the good girls  
 grow."







But still Louisa was n't good,  
 It seems improve her nothing could ;  
 And so another night, while sleeping,  
 Again she saw the dolls come peeping.  
 On to her lips a large moustache  
 They fix'd, and sung in accents harsh :  
 "Miss Loo! Miss Loo! Miss Loo!  
 You would n't be good, so you  
     Must bow to the fate  
     That it's now too late  
 To avoid, whatever you do."

Ho! ho!  
 And away they go,  
 Off to the land where the good girls grow!

At morning's dawn, oh! dreadful sight!  
 Her parents start from her in fright:  
 "Is that Louisa? surely no!  
 Such horrid things could never grow  
 On our Louisa's lips!" they cry.  
 The servants say, "Oh dear!" and  
 "My!"





## NANNY THE EAVESDROPPER.

I KNOW a dreadful story, that is quite enough to  
make  
Your curly locks to stand on end—your limbs  
with fear to quake :  
'Tis of a little maiden who (it's true upon my  
word)  
Would listen at the keyholes, and repeat what  
she had heard.

The parlour door she could not pass, but she  
must stop and listen ;  
If any secrets she o'erheard, her little eyes would  
glisten  
With joy, as to the kitchen she would quickly  
run and tell

The news to housemaid Susan  
and the knife-boy Sam as  
well.

“ Oh, Nanny! wicked Nanny!”  
her mother often cried ;  
“ Unless this dreadful habit you  
quickly lay aside,



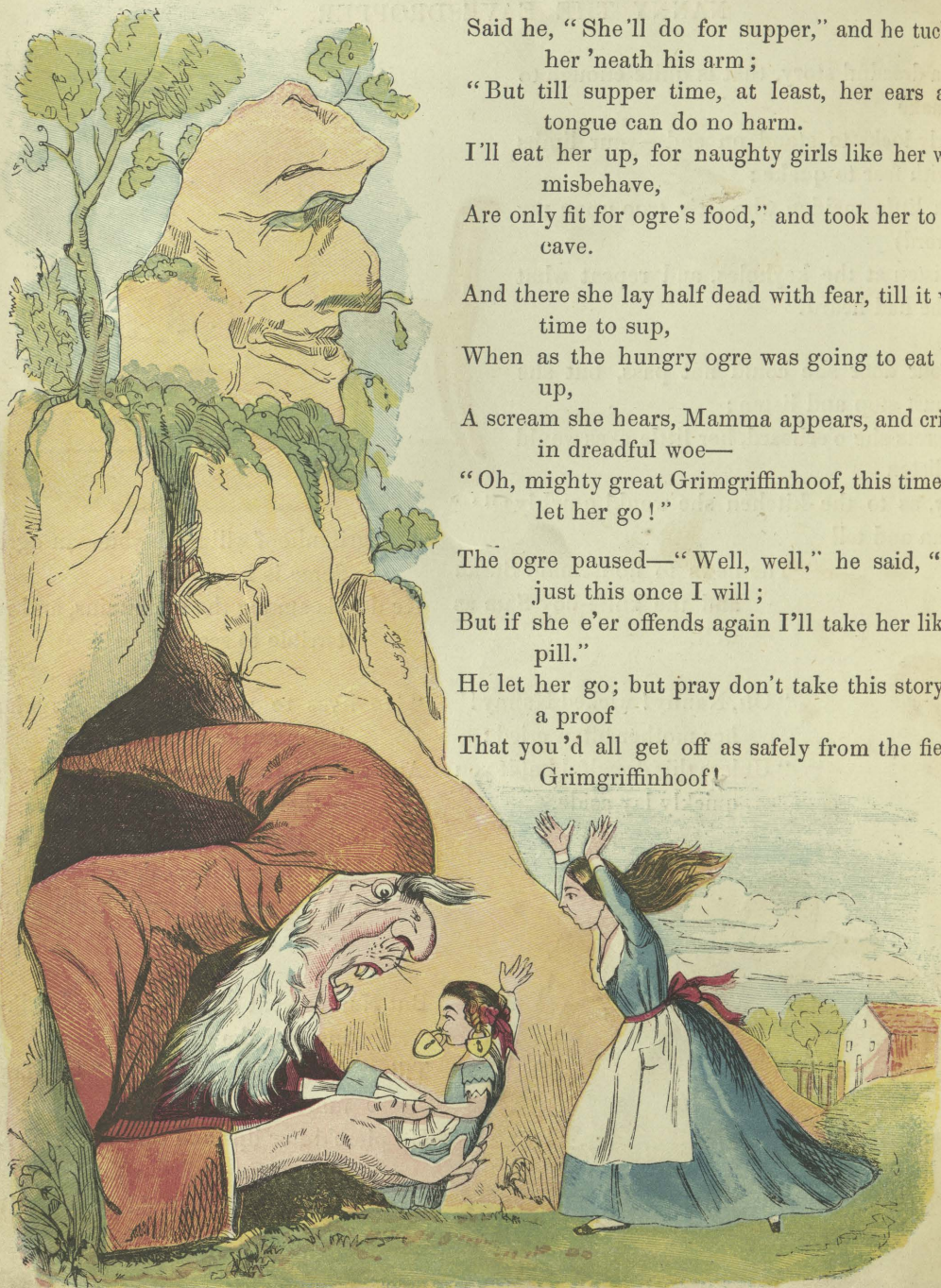
Grimgriffinhoof will fetch you—an ogre  
fierce is he,  
He dwells among the mountains, and is  
terrible to see.

“ He lives to punish little folks who  
listen at the doors,  
And talk of what they should n't know ;  
—their ears and lips he bores,  
And locks them up with padlocks, that  
they may not speak or hear ;  
And that he some day will fetch you  
I very sadly fear !”

But Nanny went on listening and talk-  
ing still the same,  
Till at length one day with “ Fee faw  
fum !” the dreadful ogre came.  
He pierc'd her lips and ears with holes,  
and put in padlocks three,  
(Just as Mamma had said he would)  
and lock'd them with a key.







Said he, "She'll do for supper," and he tuck'd  
her 'neath his arm ;  
"But till supper time, at least, her ears and  
tongue can do no harm.  
I'll eat her up, for naughty girls like her who  
misbehave,  
Are only fit for ogre's food," and took her to his  
cave.

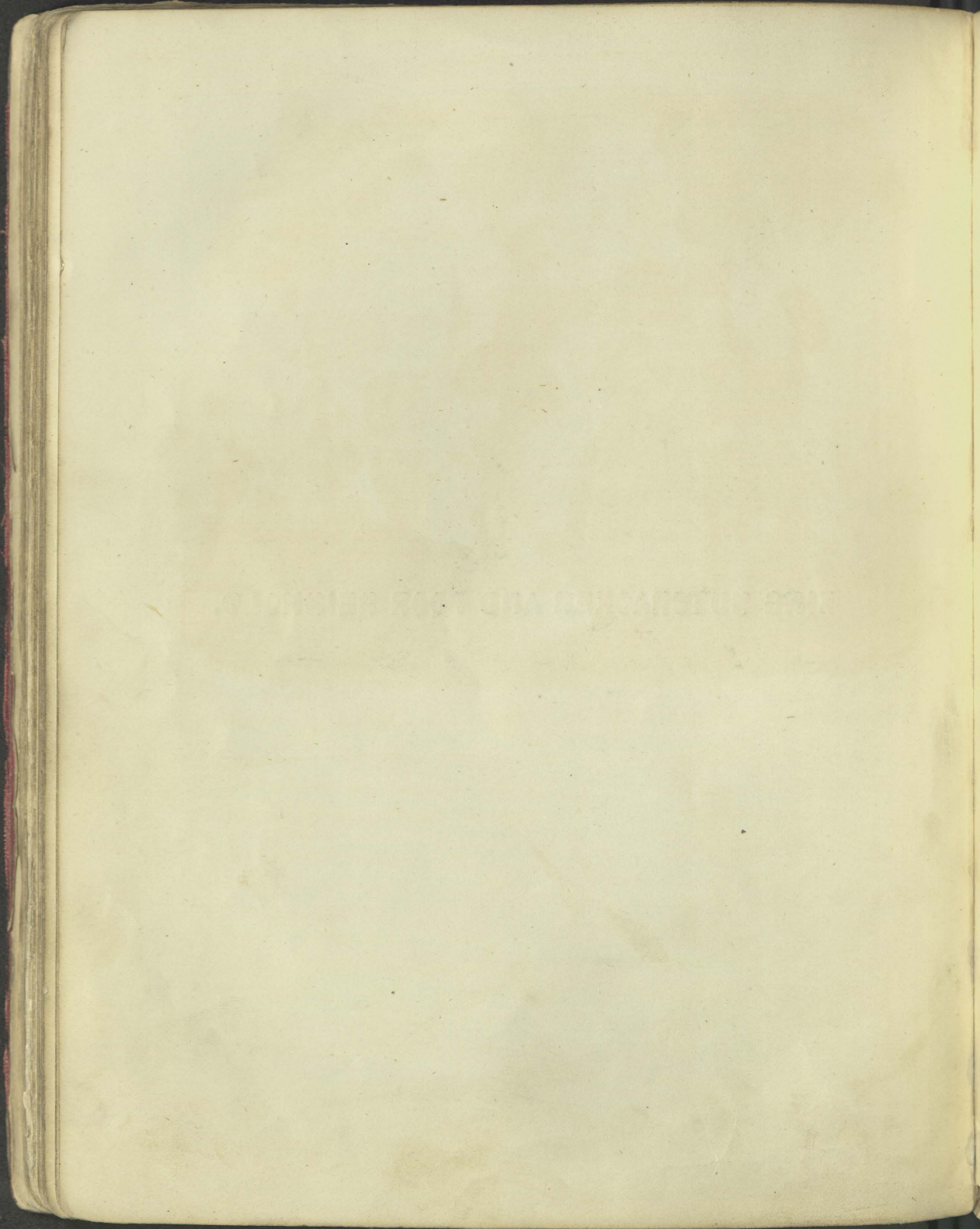
And there she lay half dead with fear, till it was  
time to sup,  
When as the hungry ogre was going to eat her  
up,  
A scream she hears, Mamma appears, and cried,  
in dreadful woe—  
"Oh, mighty great Grimgriffinhoof, this time *do*  
let her go !"

The ogre paused—"Well, well," he said, "for  
just this once I will ;  
But if she e'er offends again I'll take her like a  
pill."  
He let her go; but pray don't take this story as  
a proof  
That you'd all get off as safely from the fierce  
Grimgriffinhoof!



KING NUTCRACKER AND POOR REINHOLD.









THE WONDROUS TALE OF KING NUTCRACKER AND POOR REINHOLD.

GRANDMAMMA sits in the garden shade  
 Of the spreading linden trees ;  
 Flowers around bedeck the ground,  
 And nod in the evening breeze.  
 The sun is already in the west,  
 The bees are homeward winging ;  
 And the bird in his nest, ere he sinks to rest,  
 His ev'ning hymn is singing.  
 A sign from grandmamma, and lo,  
 The children round come kneeling ;  
 She pats their heads with kindly grace,  
 And smiles upon each little face  
 Up into hers appealing.  
 "You dear, kind, good old granny, you  
 For teasing must not scold us ;

We have you, and will keep you too ;  
 Nor shall you budge an inch till you  
 Some wondrous tale have told us."

The old dame laugh'd—" You've trapp'd me,  
 then,

You cunning set of foxes !  
 A story be it : one quite new  
 I'll tell, of mirth and sorrow too ;  
 A tale of magic, games, and toys,  
 The very thing for girls and boys ;  
 So silence, chatterboxes !"

The bird is hush'd, and buried deep  
 The bee in his flower is fast asleep,  
 The young folks listen with breathless thrill  
 Grandmamma's story. Hark ! Be still !





CHRISTMAS tide!—thou golden tide!  
 Green trees blossoming, far and wide,  
 In all the leafy summer's pride;  
 Night of splendour—night of joy!  
 The heart of ev'ry girl and boy  
     Leaps rebounding;  
     Oh, what pleasure!  
     Sights astounding!  
     Endless treasure!  
 Baskets loaded, besoms free;  
 Tables groaning, shouts of glee;  
     Faces beaming,  
     Candles gleaming  
     In the night;  
     Gold bells tinkling,  
     Bright eyes twinkling  
     In the light.  
 And, oh! the Christmas-boxes there;  
 Fruits, and sweets, and playthings rare;  
 The guns, and drums, and picture-books,  
 And the happy children's grateful looks  
 To their parents kind on every side;  
 Christmas tide, thou golden tide!

But not to all, alas! the night  
 Brings with it rapture and delight.  
 See yonder hut—that is as though  
 Forsaken—buried deep in snow:  
 Sickness, want, and anxious care,  
 From joyful eyes, lie hidden there:  
 A mother's love, with patience mild,  
 There tends a fever-stricken child!  
 Her only son, who there hath lain  
 Eight weary days in wasting pain.  
 O'er the narrow silent room  
 Sheds no Christmas tree its bloom;  
 Waxen tapers, softly bright,  
 Yield not there a joyous light;  
 But love, with pure and holy ray,  
 Cheers the lone chamber night and day;  
 Down her cheeks the salt tears run,  
 As prays the mother for the son!  
 When mirth and joy around you flow,  
 Oh, give a thought to others' woe!

'T is midnight; Reinhold's fever'd brow  
 At length is sooth'd—he slumbers now,



Lull'd by his mother's plaintive song ;  
Sleep, care-worn suff'rer, sound and long !  
In the cold grave his father lies ;  
With none to counsel or advise,  
The widow, lone and sad, is left,  
Of ev'ry joy, save one, bereft !  
Her eyelids droop ; since that she slept,  
Long weary watches she has kept.  
She sleeps ! and all as death is still ;  
Mousey runs where'er he will,  
And freely over the floor may rove,  
As Pussey is dozing under the stove ;  
Dickey the bird, his weary head  
Under his wing has put to bed.  
Sweet be thy dreams till matin's song ;  
Sleep, anxious watcher, sound and long !

Sleeping they lay, when, dazzling sight !  
Around the sick boy's couch there play'd  
A halo, as of heav'nly light ;  
And lo ! in shining robes array'd,  
A wondrous youth, of beauty rare,  
With radiant eyes, and golden hair  
With wreath of roses bound,  
Bearing a lily in his hand,  
By Reinhold's bed is seen to stand,  
And as he speaks his accents bland  
Like heav'nly music sound :  
"Dear Reinhold ! list, thou darling boy,  
To words that ev'ry care shall banish :  
Awake, arise ! to health and joy,  
Thy sickness, like a dream, shall vanish.  
When earth and sea with praises ring,  
And holy saints and angels sing  
Their hymns of rapture and delight,  
Thou shalt not miss the joy should bring  
To all the good this sacred night.  
Arise ! thy leader I will be ;  
All songs and legends rare I know,

And wondrous sights the power to me  
Is giv'n to show—arise, and see !  
The night is waning—let us go."

Out of the house the boy he led,  
And over the valleys and hills they sped ;  
Through winding paths and meadows sheen,  
O'er flowery gardens and woodlands green ;  
Forgotten was winter and all its woe,  
Gone was the ice and melted the snow.

Glorious day !

In a sky of May,  
And a July sun, the wavelets play  
As the brook wends on its frolicsome way,  
Flashing and splashing, and humming a song  
All to itself as it dances along ;  
And freely Reinhold breathes, and deep,  
All sickness shaken off by sleep.  
Now through a golden gate the pair  
Enter a hall of jewels rare.

Oh, wondrous sight,  
By day and night,  
What treasure sparkles there !  
And now the angel gives the boy  
A pretty box, and says "Enjoy,  
Till I return, each pretty toy ;  
Church, trees, and houses gay  
The box contains ; for you they're meant ;  
Play with them to your heart's content,  
For 't is a holiday."

He spoke, and, without sign or noise,  
Vanish'd ; so with his box of toys  
Was Reinhold left. Upon the floor  
He quickly sat him down,  
And soon trees, church, and houses neat  
He form'd in alley, square, and street,  
With market-place, and all complete,  
A perfect little town.



The buildings stand in smart array ;  
Now, to what comes, attention pay :  
The town was built—I told you so ;  
Presently, it began to grow.

Yes! shooting upwards to the skies  
The houses all begin to rise ;  
And right and left, above, below,  
Higher and wider still they grow ;  
Windows, doors, and chimneys, all—  
Scarlet roof, and snow-white wall,

Bright green trees, and gay church spire—  
As cabbages grow in the garden bed,

Higher, wider—wider, higher—  
The streets and squares are stretch'd, and spread  
Broad enough for the martial tread

Of the stoutest horse and rider ;  
And broader and broader still they grow,  
Till a coach and six could along them go,  
Or a regiment galloping to and fro ;  
And still the church and the houses grow

Wider, higher—higher, wider ;  
But 'stead of roof of gold and gems,

Rubies red, and emeralds green,  
Brighter than monarchs' diadems ;

Above the glad blue sky is seen ;  
And now in front, on either side,  
Two seats, well cushion'd, snug and wide,

Arise, and Reinhold stands between,  
Staring about, with doubting eyes  
(Just what he was in form and size,  
For *he* has undergone no change  
'Midst all the transformations strange),

Wondering what it all may mean.

So Reinhold stands, and gapes, and stares,  
Nor hand or foot to move he dares,  
When, through the streets and houses round  
There rings a lusty trumpet sound ;  
Nearer it sounds, and nearer still,  
That jovial blast so loud and shrill,

Echoing far and wide ;  
Gladdening hearts, though splitting ears,  
Louder and louder still it nears,  
Till the spruce trumpeter appears





Himself, with pompous stride,  
With chest puff'd out, and strutting hips,  
Holding the trumpet to his lips,

He blows it loud and long;  
Upon the trees the green leaves quiver,  
The panes in all the windows shiver,

As thus he frames his song:

“Ta-ra-ra!

Ta-ra-ra!

Ta-ra-ra-a-a-A-A!

I'm the bold trumpeter,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

I'm the bold trumpeter, gallant and free;

Who on the earth is there,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

Able to blow his own trumpet like me?

When I my trumpet sound,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

When I my trumpet sound, woman and man

Shout as it echoes round,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

'*That's* the bold trumpeter—match him who  
can!'

So, from each hiding nook,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

So, from each hiding nook, corner and hole,

Whether from play or book,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

Children, I summon you, come ev'ry soul!

Smart ones and shabby ones,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

Big ones and 'babby ones,' tiny and tall,

Roll up for fun to-day,

Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!

Lots must be done to-day—out with you  
all!

Ta-ra-ra!

Ta-ra-ra!

Ta-ra-ra-a-a-A-A!”

Out they come—a jovial troop—

With dance and leap, and shout and whoop;

With children here and children there,

Big and little, dark and fair,

Rich ones, ragged ones, tiny and tall,

From court, from alley, from hut, from hall,

Out of the door, or over the wall,

They scramble and shamble, and crawl and fall,

Children here, and children there;

The Prince and Princess in robes so rare,

Follow'd by Karl, with his flag in the air;

Caspar out of the window pops;

Max, with his kite, behind him hops;

Polly is there with her dolls so smart;

Bastian cries “Gee, whoa!” to his cart;

Ned, with his gun and helmet proud;

While Fred his drum keeps beating aloud.

Children here, and children there;

Reinhold continues to gape and stare;

But they quickly pop him into a chair,

And him the King of the Day declare;

Flowers and wreaths to his feet they bring,

And around his throne their homage sing:

“Dear Reinhold,

Let pain hold

No longer its sway,

Nor sickness with terrors assail thee;

With playthings

And gay things,

Our monarch to-day,

Thou best of good children, we hail thee!

We'll wind thee

And bind thee,

Our monarch, with flowers;

So far we're in goodness below thee,

At playing,

Essaying

The best of our powers

To gladden thy heart we will show thee.”



Many a game the youngsters play,  
And Reinhold's heart is light and gay;  
Never before, the orphan boy  
Had thought this world held so much joy!  
Pop!—in the midst of sport and game,  
Two wondrous individuals came!  
Of these two gentlemen, the first  
(Swelling with pride, almost to burst;  
As peacock vain, though grave as owl)  
Was a majestic speckled fowl!  
Crosses and stars of gold he wore,  
And in his claw a banner bore;  
Embroider'd upon which was seen,  
In sky-blue silk, a nut-tree green!  
Proudly this individual stalk'd,  
And, certainly, as stiffly walk'd  
As though he had a poker swallow'd.  
Another individual follow'd,  
A jet-black cock, of mien severe,  
Holding a pen behind his ear,  
Spectacles wearing on his nose,  
Reading a paper, on he goes,  
Knowing of eye and sharp of claw,  
A cock belonging to the law.  
They raise their heads, and crow aloud,  
Addressing thus the list'ning crowd:

“Cock-a-doodle-do!

Attention, all of you!

Cocks are we; don't think you've got  
Sparrows to deal with—because we're not;

And so you'll be wrong if you do:

Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

Give ear to the proclamation!

The king is coming the land to bless,  
And so in smiles your faces dress,  
As anything wearing a look of distress  
Is against the law of the nation.

To all whom it may concern!

Whoever a dismal figure

Presumes to cut on this day of glee,  
Prosecuted at once shall be

To the law's extremest rigour!  
And further—be each house to-night  
Lit up with lamps and candles bright,  
On all who won't this course adopt  
Shall an extinguisher be popp'd.

Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!

Whereas and nevertheless,

Hereby and notwithstanding,

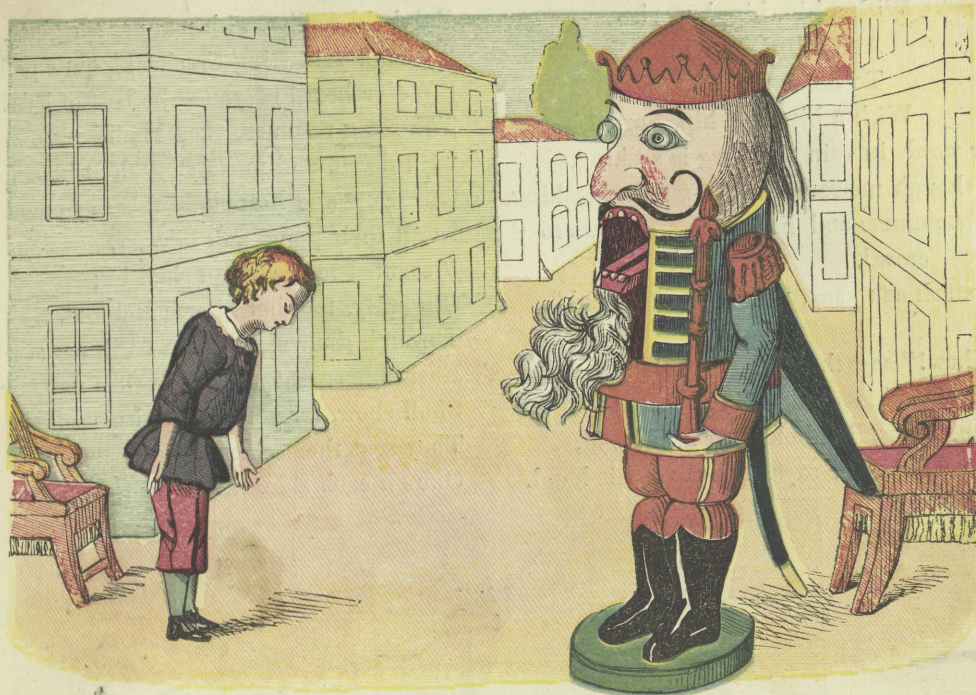
Signed by the King's commanding,

Seal'd and deliver'd too,—

Cock-a-doodle-do!”

With flapping wings, and pompous stride,  
They strut away quite satisfied.  
Now, footsteps in the distance sound;  
Tramp, tramp! they come along the ground,  
And nearer still, till close at hand,  
And Reinhold sees before him stand  
The KING, with mighty beard and nose,  
With sceptre, crown, and scarlet hose;  
A Prince of wondrous majesty;  
Faith! 'twas a glorious sight to see!  
His royal mouth he opens wide  
(From ear to ear it fairly reaches)—  
Silence! attention! far and wide,  
Going to begin—the Royal Speech is—  
“I am King Nutcracker, king of the toys,  
Monarch beloved of girls and boys;  
The hardest nuts to bits I crunch  
With my powerful jaws, and the kernels  
munch,  
Pitching the useless shells away.  
I rule with a most despotic sway;  
I make my subjects their duty pay,  
Which is to be happy and jolly and gay,  
And keep them to work by night and day,  
But the work I keep them to is play;





So, readily all my will obey,  
And I'm rather a popular monarch, they say.

'T is true my head is thick,  
My beard is long and gray,  
My arms are bits of stick,  
My terrible looks dismay ;  
And my nose is rather flat,  
But, pray, what matters that ?  
Many a nut I've tried,  
Ugly and black outside,  
That has held a kernel sweet  
As honeycomb to eat—

Just my case, don't judge by my face,  
For my heart, though I come from a queer-  
looking place,  
Is soft, and—I may say—put in the right place.  
All who own my sway,  
I would see contented and gay,  
Which is all I have to say."

The reins of speech the monarch draws up,  
And shuts the royal wooden jaws up ;  
Then crowding round, with shout and song,  
From ev'ry house the children throng ;  
Shouting, cheering, leaping, springing,  
Banners waving, caps up-flinging,  
Ev'ry voice in chorus singing :

" Shout and sing to the wooden King ;  
Hail, Cracker, hail !

Where is the nut could resist the might  
Of thy powerful jaw, with its screw so tight ?  
Woe to the finger would test its bite !

Hail, Cracker, hail !"

And as their song of praise they end,  
With loud huzzas the skies they rend :

" Hip, hip, hurra !"

The voices roar ;

" Hip, hip, hurra !

And one cheer more ;

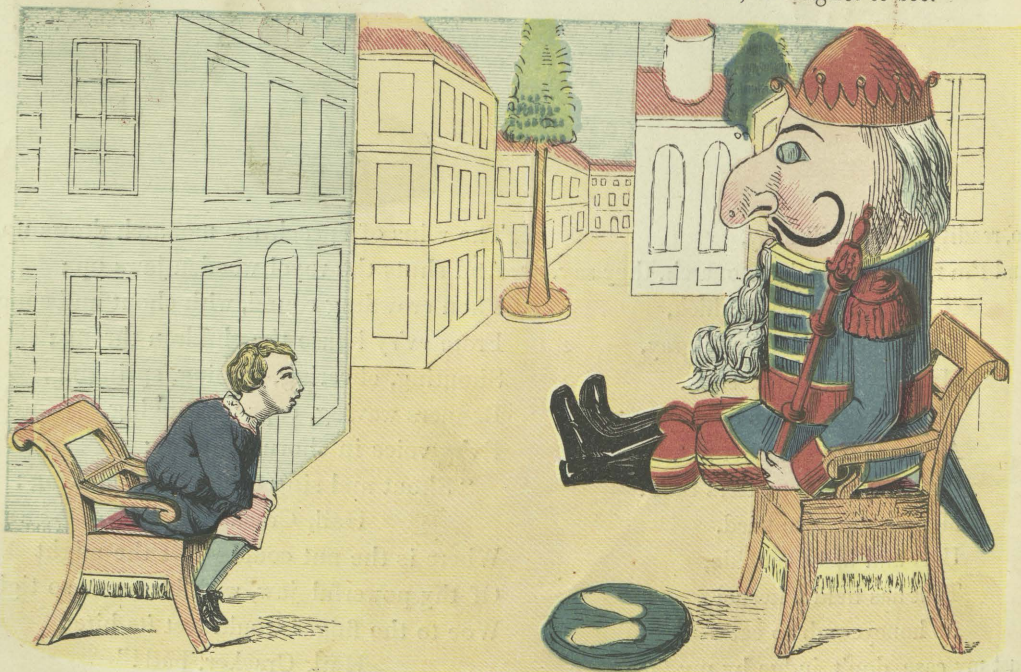


With a hip, hip, hurra!  
 And a little one in  
 To finish the din,  
 With a hip, hip, hip, hurra!"

For words in vain the King is seeking,  
 As though unaccustom'd to public speaking,  
 He stammers and hammers, and bows to the  
 crowd,  
 As much as to say, "You do me proud."

"Whew!" says the King, "I'm glad that's done,"  
 And wipes his forehead in the sun;  
 Then, seeing Reinhold near him stand,  
 "Good day!" he says, and waves his hand.

Reinhold replies, with manner sprightly,  
 "Thank you, King Cracker!" quite politely.  
 "We've heard of you—the best of lads!"  
 The King resumes, then kindly adds,  
 "Sit down, and make yourself at home,  
 Our court and household this way come  
 In all their pomp and bravery,  
 Presented to them you shall be;  
 Our army, too, both horse and foot,  
 Through their manœuvres I will put;  
 Each movement they, in warlike measure,  
 Shall show, for your especial pleasure."  
 They seat themselves quite cosily,  
 One on each side, the sights to see.



First came a pair  
 Of fellows rare,  
 One in green, the other in scarlet,  
 In splendid case,  
 All trimm'd with lace,  
 Each a merry-fac'd jovial varlet;

Comical conical hats they wear,  
 And proudly aloft their heads they bear,  
 For they are a most distinguish'd pair,  
 And to lofty names they answer;  
 Important officers round the throne,  
 One as High Jumper-in-Chief is known,



The other as Lord Chief Dancer :  
Before the King their necks they  
humble,  
And then begin to dance and tumble.

The tumblers dance,  
The tumblers spring.



The tumblers they do every  
thing ;  
Up from the floor like corks  
they bound,  
And now on their toes spin  
round and round ;

Looking like tops, or balls, or eggs ;  
Where are their arms, and where their legs ?  
Dance! the tumblers dance!  
Dance! the tumblers dance!  
Up, such a height, very nearly out of sight,  
They must be pretty stiff in the morning ;  
High, low, the tumblers go,  
Singing to the melody of "Jump Jim Crow!"  
"We're the famous tumbling men ;  
Where's the land can show  
Acrobats who summersaults  
Like us can throw ?  
Wheel about and turn about,  
And do just so ;  
Not so high, with all his skill,  
Could jump Jim Crow."

The tumblers dance, the tumblers sing,  
The tumblers they do everything ;  
Wheeling about, and turning about,

Till at length, with capsizing, quite worn out ;  
Weak in the legs they begin to get,  
And over each other tumble ;  
Meat and wine before them set.  
Their mouths they fill, their throats they wet,  
With appetites far from humble.  
Drink! the tumblers drink!  
Drink! the tumblers drink!  
Till they feel "all right,"  
And their heads get light,  
Though they won't feel so in the morning.

Bravo! the tumblers go,  
Singing to a melody we all well know :  
"We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight does appear ;  
With a hip, hip, hip, hurra!  
Steady, old chap, I say."





They can't get on, so each to the other  
Says, "You've had too much, my brother,  
The wine affects your head ;  
I'll see you home ;" then arm-in-arm,  
Each one in undisguis'd alarm

Lest his dear friend should come to harm,  
They stagger off to bed.  
"Hah!" said the King, "I hear a drum,  
This way our Royal Footguards come ;







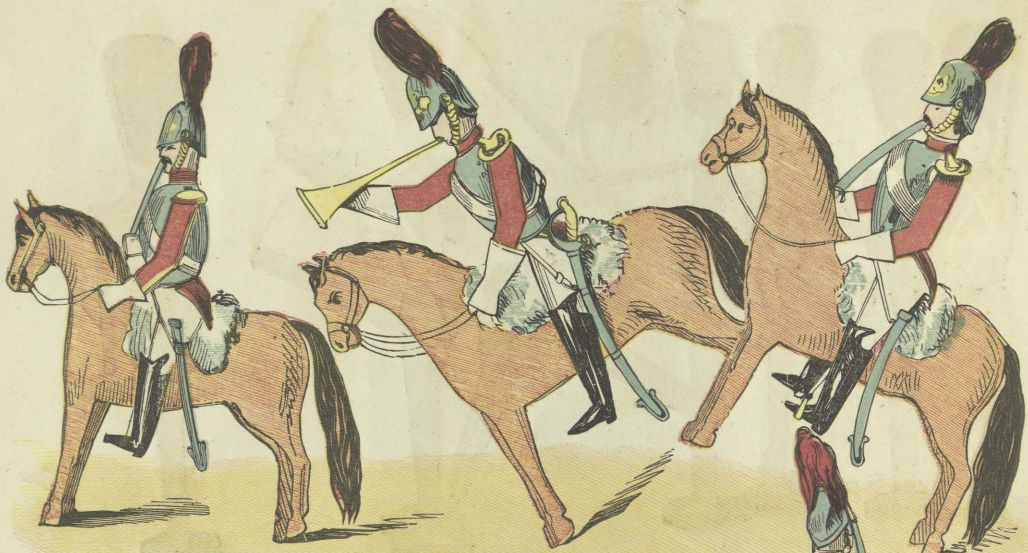
A finer regiment does n't march ;"  
 And one by one, in single file,  
 The Footguards come, as stiff as starch,  
 Presenting arms in graceful style,  
 As Reinhold and the King they pass.  
 Fine fellows they, as bold as brass ;  
 They halt and wheel and counter-march,  
 And form in squares, and do a deal  
 Of military tricks, which I  
 Cannot pretend to specify,  
 Singing a war-song as they go,  
 In voices loud and gruff,  
 Keeping in time and tune, so so,  
 However, near enough :  
 " Terrible fellows you see !  
 Very unpleasant to meet with ;  
 Lions for bravery, we  
 Tigers for fierceness compete with.  
 Please to get out of our way,  
 To kill we're so easily goaded,  
 And guns such as ours will kill,  
 Although they have never been loaded."

The song concluded, ev'ry one  
 Up to his shoulder pops his gun ;  
 They fire a round of cartridge blank ;  
 " B'rrr ! " says the captain, " Whupp ! rear  
 rank !

B'rrr ! open order, march away !"  
 No second bidding do they need ;  
 Their stomachs tell the time of day ;  
 Parade is done, and home to feed  
 Off scampers every hungry sinner ;  
 Let's hope they all enjoy'd their dinner.

But, hark ! with furious tramp, tramp, tramp !  
 Along the streets careering,  
 The Horseguards come, all white and damp  
 With foam, their steeds appearing,  
 Rearing and prancing, left and right,  
 Though held by curb and snaffle tight,  
 Capering, wheeling, shying,  
 The crowds before them flying ;  
 Up they come at a terrible pace,  
 The trumpeter blows till he's red in the face ;



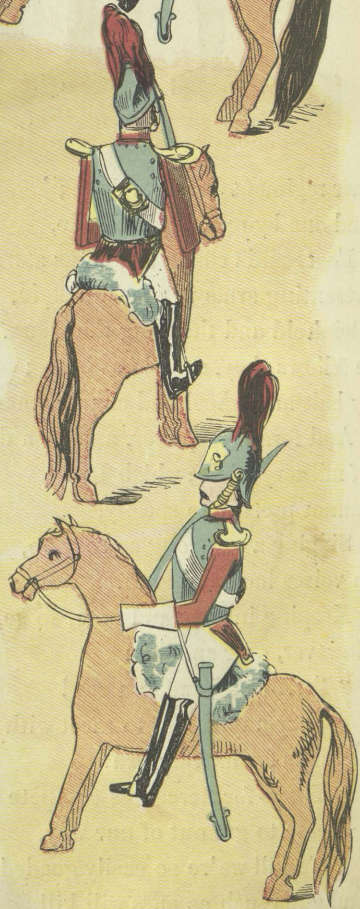


And bravely in chorus the bold dragoons  
Sing to—I can't tell you how many tunes :

“The Troopers are coming—look out, look out!  
And being run over—no doubt, no doubt,  
You don't seem to care much about, about ;  
Of the way, then, you'd better get out, get out.

Now mind, little horses, be good, be good,  
Because it's quite proper you should, you should ;  
And don't throw us off on the stones, the stones,  
Because of our skins, and also our bones ”

Into a line the troopers form,  
Ready to take the world by storm ;  
But a cloud is gathering over head,  
A big black cloud as heavy as lead.  
And who is hiding the cloud behind ?  
Who, if you please, but Master Wind,  
And to have some fun he seems inclin'd ;  
Out of the cloud he pops his nose,  
And puff, on the hindmost horseman blows :







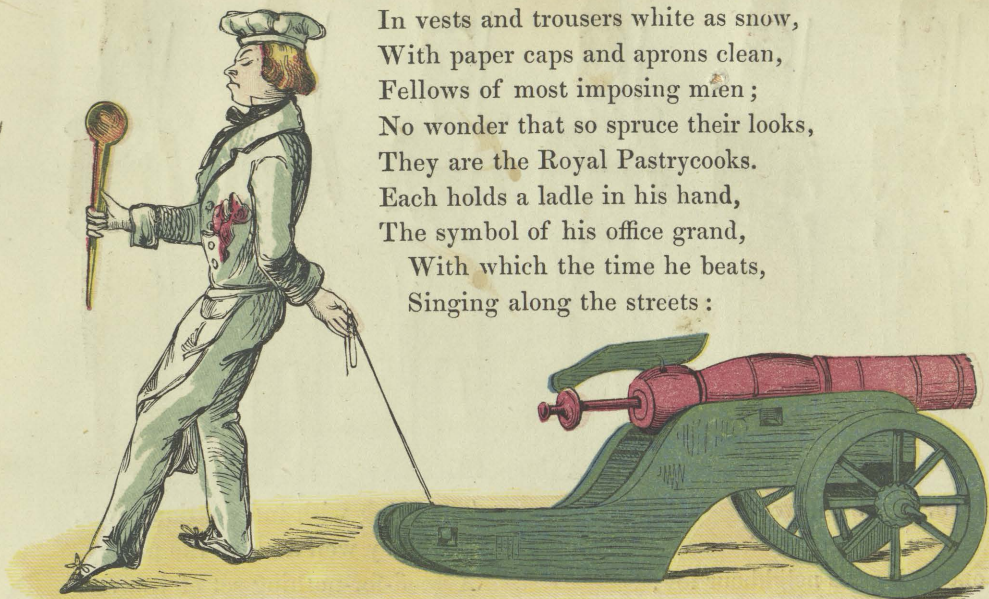
Oh, rage! oh, woe  
 Down they go!  
 Each one laying his neighbour low,  
 Like bricks in a field, when they're plac'd in  
 a row,  
 And you touch the hinder one gently—so!  
 Pretty fellows to meet the foe—  
 All upset by a single blow!

The King with indignation raves,  
 "They well deserve the pillory,  
 A good-for-nothing set of knaves!  
 Not thus our fam'd Artillery  
 Will act, we'll bet a silver pound;"  
 And, as he spoke, along the ground  
 The cannon wheels came rumbling,  
 And so he left off grumbling.





Before the guns the gunners go,  
 In vests and trousers white as snow,  
 With paper caps and aprons clean,  
 Fellows of most imposing mien ;  
 No wonder that so spruce their looks,  
 They are the Royal Pastrycooks.  
 Each holds a ladle in his hand,  
 The symbol of his office grand,  
 With which the time he beats,  
 Singing along the streets :



" Now mind, my little darlings all,  
 Our guns are loaded with powder and  
 ball,  
 And ev'ry one, as off it goes,  
 Will hit you just below the nose,  
 Right in the mouth, in fact, and then,  
 (As sure as cooks are gentlemen)

In the stomach you 'll quickly feel it.  
 This is truth, as I reveal it."  
 The match is in the gunner's hand,  
 In deadly fear the children stand :  
 Fizz! bom! boom! bang! of all the  
 crashes !  
 The windows rattle in their sashes ;





But, as it seems, the gunner cooks  
Are not so mischievous as their looks.  
'Tis true the shots the children strike,  
But their wounds the children seem to like;  
For when the guns have all exploded,  
It seems, they were only with sweetmeats  
loaded:

The cannon balls were candy balls,  
And sugar plums and brandy balls;  
Cakes and raisins, and alecampaïne,  
Figs and toffy came out like rain,  
Scatter'd about on ev'ry hand,  
A regular shower from Sugarland!  
Caspar right in the mouth is hit  
With an apple-tart—a juicy bit!  
Max is floor'd with a cartridge round  
Of barley-sugar—at least a pound;  
Bastian carried right off his legs  
By a canister-shot of almond eggs;  
Polly, and all the rest of the misses,  
Are smother'd with clouds of "all-sorts  
of kisses."

Loud King Nutcracker laugh'd with glee,  
The children licking their lips to see;  
And the youngsters shout with might and  
main,

"Shoot us again; oh, shoot us again!"  
"No, no, you dogs!" the gunners say,  
"No more powder to spare to-day."

Now, in the midst of all the fun,  
Three storks come flying, ev'ry one  
Carrying in his bill, with care,

A tiny baby, fair and young,  
(All wrapp'd in clothes of different hue,  
One gold, one green, the other blue);  
And round each lanky neck was hung  
A bag, containing "goodies" rare.  
A stork, as all must be aware,

Will always use his tongue,  
And, though his claims are most absurd  
To being thought a singing bird,  
Always insists on being heard.

However, these storks sung:  
"We o'er land and ocean wing,  
Clipp, clapp!

Babies in our bills to bring,  
Clipp, clapp!

Nests we build on housetops high,  
And all your tricks, with curious eye,  
Down your kitchen chimneys spy,  
Clipp, clapp, clipp, clapp!

We come from where the babies grow,  
Clipp, clapp, clipp, clapp!  
Sleeping in rose-buds ere they blow,  
Clipp, clapp, clipp, clapp!

But neither buds nor babes can wake  
Till with our bills the buds we break,  
And out the precious babies take,  
Clipp, clapp, clipp, clapp!"

You stupid storks! you wretched gabies!  
How can birds sing and carry babies?  
Hadn't you sense enough to tell  
That if your bills you open'd, out  
Would drop the babies? Ah, well, well!

A stork's a sadly stupid lout,  
That's evident: we mustn't grumble,  
Still it's a fact, the babes did tumble

\*Flop on the ground,  
And, screaming, drown'd  
The horrible din the storks were kicking up—  
Too busy to think their charges of picking up.

Poor little dears! no doubt you cry,  
Left screaming on the ground to lie,  
And hurt, no doubt. Don't be alarm'd  
Not a finger or toe is harm'd;



And scarcely have they touch'd the ground,  
When up three lusty boys they bound,  
Stout, healthy wights as ever play'd  
In open field or woodland glade.  
Dress'd as they were—the one in blue,  
In yellow and green the other two—  
They leap and dance and frolic about,  
Thinking themselves grown men, no doubt.  
The storks in wonder at them stare,  
And scarce to believe the sight they dare ;  
They open their bills and flap their wings,  
And say a great many stupid things ;  
But what to make of it none of them know,  
So they think the best thing they can do is to  
go ;

And away they sail, with cackle and crow,  
Good-natur'd birds, but excessively slow.

Right in the midst of the urchins three  
Rises a glorious Christmas tree,  
A load of sweetmeats groaning under ;  
How it stands is a perfect wonder !

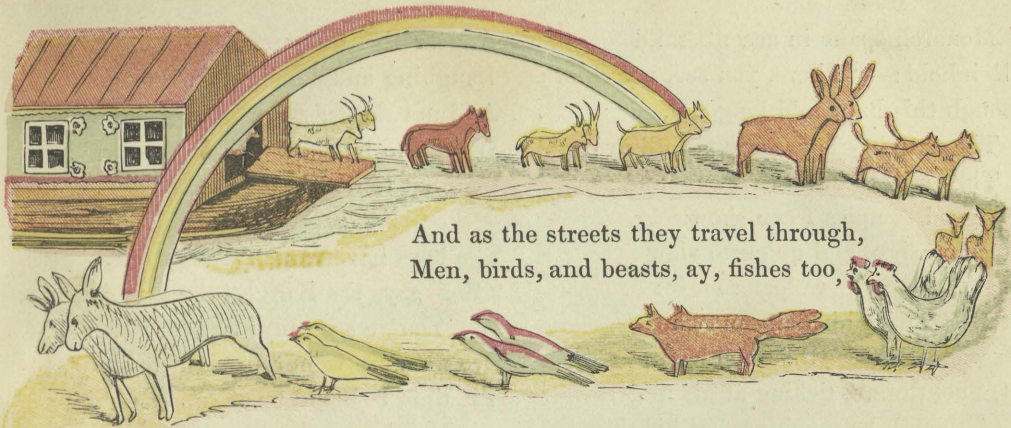
Wax-lights beaming,  
Gay toys gleaming  
In their rays ;  
Gold bells ringing,  
Sweet birds singing  
On the sprays :

It seems to all the wondering eyes,  
Indeed a branch of Paradise.  
Under the tree, in the wax-lights' gleam,  
Themselves the three boys seat ;  
A dish of pudding appears ; 't would seem  
They hadn't had much to eat  
Of late, for soon the emptied dish  
Is as clean as the cleanest cook could wish.  
And still the bells keep ringing,  
And still the birds keep singing :  
" O'er the meadow, o'er the valley,

Many a tree in beauty waves,  
Pathways shading,  
Streams invading,  
As its hundred feet it laves ;  
In abundance warmly shelter'd,  
In the garden groves they lie,  
Rich fruits bringing,  
Round them singing  
Nightingales and thrushes vie ;  
But of all the forest treasures  
Nature's bosom that delight,  
Far the rarest  
And the fairest  
Is the one that shines to-night ;  
And as lightly, and as brightly  
As its gleam, may Peace and Love,  
Gladly shining,  
Hearts inclining,  
Light to joys of Heaven above."

And now a grand procession came—  
Noah and his family, in fact,  
With all the beasts, both wild and tame,  
Out of the ark, in which, close pack'd,  
Huddled on top of one another,  
(The wonder was they did n't smother),  
During the flood they'd lain :  
First Noah himself, with pointed beard,  
Leading his lady wife appear'd ;  
Their son with his wife next, and then  
*Their* sons, two pigmy gentlemen,  
A tiny twaddling twain ;  
And after them a motley crew,  
Birds, beasts, and fishes, two and two,  
A wondrous sight it was to view,  
The seeming endless train !  
The sacred dove before them flew,  
While o'er them in the heaven blue  
The rainbow shone with varied hue ;

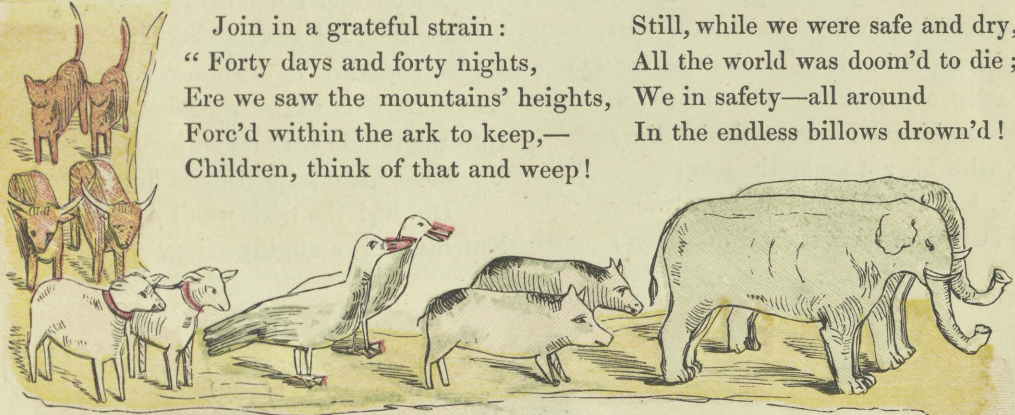




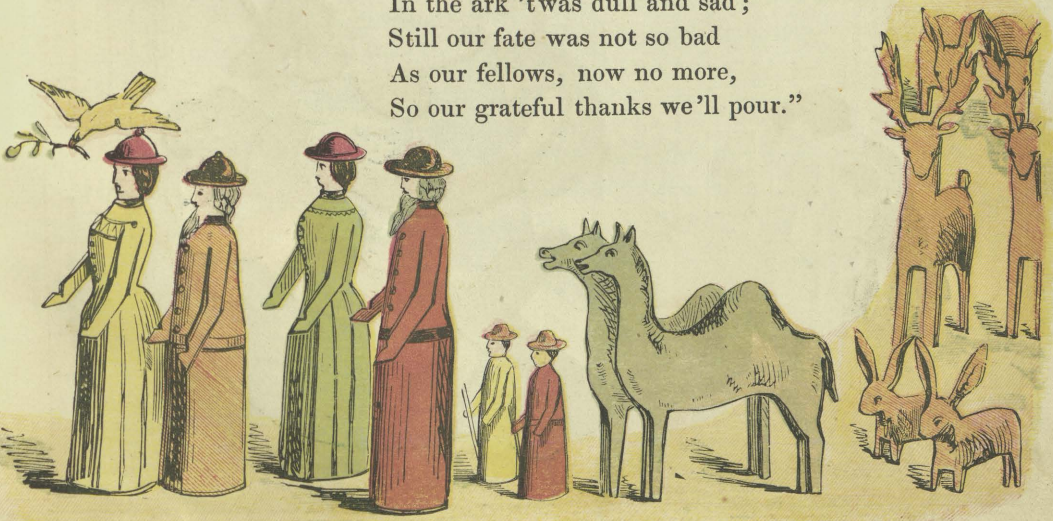
And as the streets they travel through,  
Men, birds, and beasts, ay, fishes too,

Join in a grateful strain :  
“ Forty days and forty nights,  
Ere we saw the mountains' heights,  
Fore'd within the ark to keep,—  
Children, think of that and weep !

Still, while we were safe and dry,  
All the world was doom'd to die ;  
We in safety—all around  
In the endless billows drown'd !



In the ark 'twas dull and sad ;  
Still our fate was not so bad  
As our fellows, now no more,  
So our grateful thanks we'll pour.”





The Monarch spake in accents mild  
To Reinhold:—"There, you see, my child ;  
Although this happen'd long ago,

The naughty boys were not all drown'd,  
They still in ev'ry street abound ;

A few good samples I can show.

He made a sign, and quick to view

Appear'd the Struwwelpeter crew :

First Peter, with his nails and hair,

Then wicked Fred—the cruel bear ;

Next, Suckthumb, licking at his fingers

(Although he much prefers his thumbs) ;

Now, Kicking Phil behind him lingers,

Wrapp'd in his table-cloth he comes ;

Then Mooney Jack, towards the skies

Holds up his mouth to catch the flies ;

Bob, with his red umbrella goes ;

Lank, half-starv'd Caspar scarcely shows ;

And lastly (on their story think, boys)

Appear the justly-punish'd ink boys ;  
Laughing and dancing, on they go,  
And not the least repentance show.  
What's to be done with boys so bad ?  
I cannot tell—it's very sad.

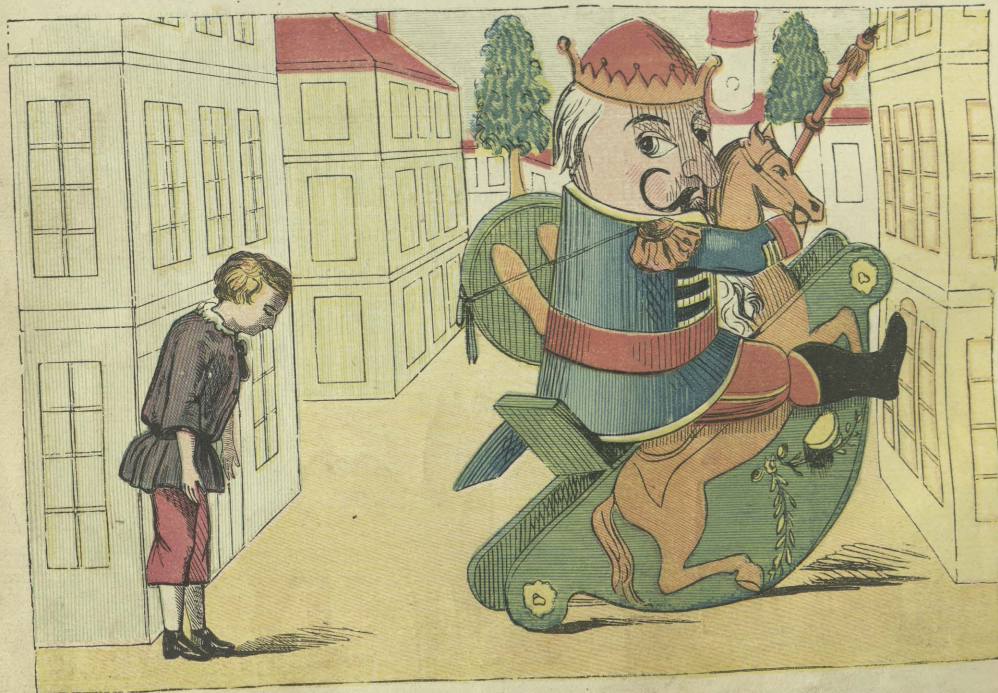
The boys have vanish'd ev'ry one,  
"So," says the King, "the play is done ;

You've seen my subjects all,  
I've no more wondrous sight to show,  
'Tis time I should be off, and so  
My charger I will call."

The footmen bring a rocking-horse,—  
Richly caparison'd, of course,  
As should befit so great a King.

Into the saddle see him spring ;  
The horse his master tries to fling ;

Ho, ho! the trick won't do,  
Nutracker is a mighty King,





A match for two of you ;  
He rocks to left, he rocks to right,  
But Cracker holds him firm and tight,  
And gets him under way ;  
Then Reinhold speaks in terms polite,  
Grateful for all the rare delight  
That he has known that day :  
“ King Nutcracker, it grieves me sore  
That we so soon must part ;  
Your mouth is rather large, but still,  
Ten times its room I'm sure would fill  
Your spacious royal heart.”  
“ Well said, my boy,” cried the King ; “ Good-  
day ! ”  
And off on his charger he gallop'd away.

And in the silent street alone  
Once more doth Reinhold stand,  
His kindly entertainer gone,  
The troops and tumblers, ev'ry one,  
And all the jovial band,  
Who late before him romp'd and play'd ;  
Heavy his heart within him, weigh'd,  
When, lo ! there gleam'd around  
A well-known light, and by his side  
Again he saw the angel guide,  
His brow with roses bound ;  
Again he took the poor boy's hand,  
And, as he points his lily wand,  
Again his gentle accents bland  
Like heav'nly music sound.  
“ Dear Reinhold ! come, the game is play'd,  
The morning dawns, the cock is crowing,  
Your mother must not be dismay'd  
To find her darling boy has stray'd,  
As soon she would—'tis time for going ;  
But fear not you have seen the last  
Of all the wondrous sights which pass'd  
Before your eyes this ev'ning—no !

Ev'ry acquaintance you to-night  
Have made, with early morning's light  
With greeting shall your eyes delight ;  
But come ! 'tis morning—let us go.”

Out of the town the boy he led,  
And back, o'er valley and hill, they sped ;  
But, wonder afresh!—the houses tall,  
Than Reinhold ten times taller,  
Open market and wide town-hall,  
Roomy church and unscaleable wall,  
Begin to grow dumpy and narrow and small ;  
Smaller, narrower—narrower, smaller,  
Till the streets, in which coaches and six might  
go,

Or a troop of artillery all in a row,  
Too small for a truck or a barrow are ;  
And smaller and smaller still they grow,  
Till the whole town in a box will go,  
From which it was taken, as all of us know ;  
Smaller, narrower, still they grow,  
Narrower, smaller—smaller, narrower.  
O'er the threshold Reinhold creeps,  
Still his wearied mother sleeps ;  
Softly closes the creaking door,  
Softly across the harden'd floor,  
Neatly back to bed he creeps,—  
Sweetly once again he sleeps.

The sunbeams through the window broke,  
And Reinhold and his mother woke ;  
But who shall tell the widow's joy  
To see (oh, rare ! the Christmas sight  
That glads her eyes)—her darling boy,  
No longer sick with pain consuming,  
But well and hearty, strong and blooming ;  
And who can tell the boy's delight,  
All the rare wonders of the night  
To see before his eyes array'd !  
The angel guide his word has kept,

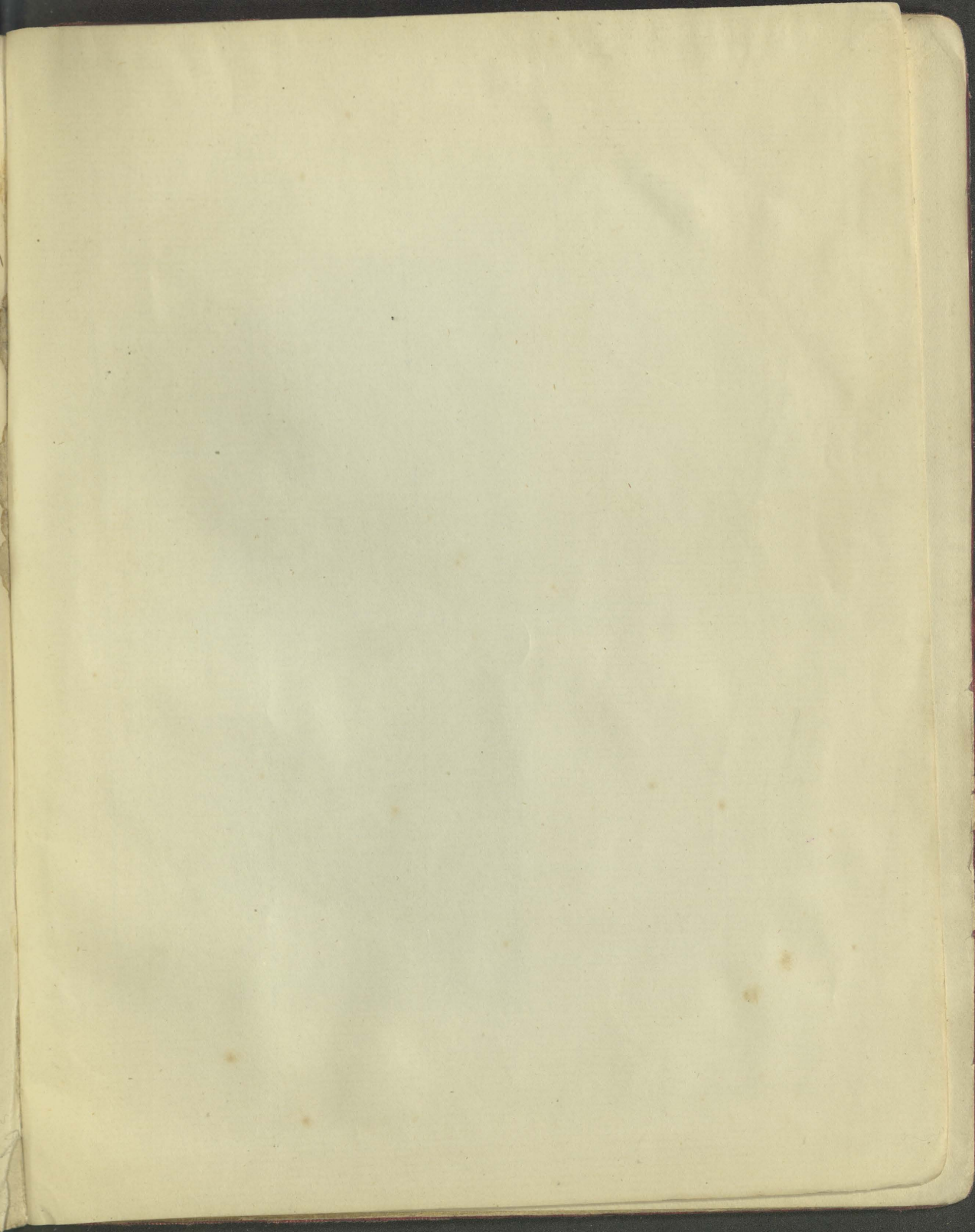




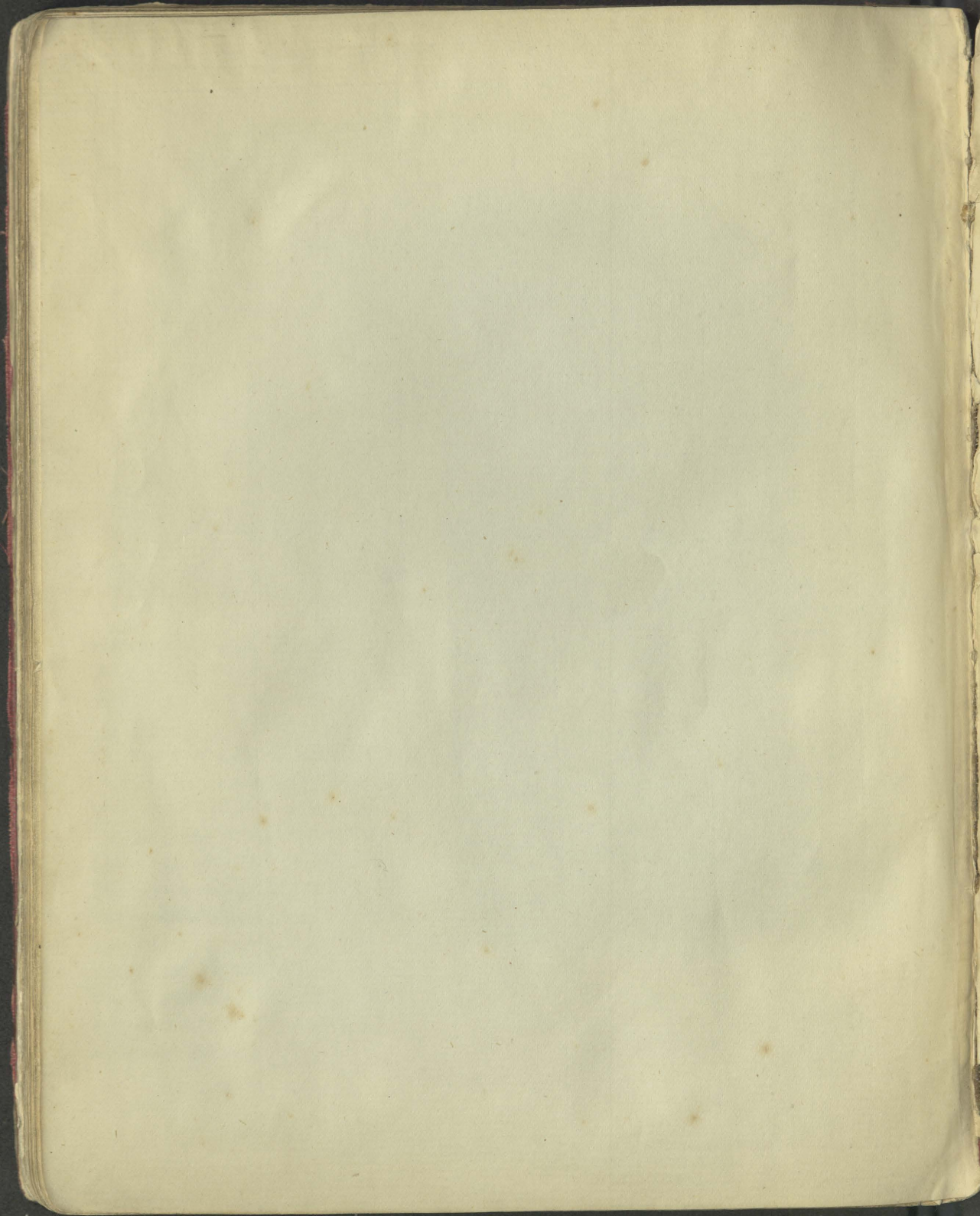
And brought them all while Reinhold slept :  
 There stands the glorious Christmas tree,  
 Deck'd out in all its bravery ;  
 The Trumpeter with cheeks so rare ;  
 The Struwwelpeter e'en is there.  
 In front, his sceptre at his side,  
 Nutcracker stands in all his pride ;  
 The tumbling men, the Noah's Ark, too ;  
 The troops all ready for review ;  
 The houses, churches, trees, and all ;  
 The cannons (loaded well with ball) ;  
 The cocks, the storks, and babies small ;  
 And prancing bravely to and fro,  
 The splendid rocking horse below !  
 And Reinhold and his Mother stare,  
 Astounded at the treasure rare ;

Their joy is shared by all the house,  
 Even the cat and tiny mouse !  
 Pussey of cream laps up a bowl ;  
 And Mousey carries to his hole  
 His Christmas Box—a sweet cake, 't is  
 Marked with an " M " to show it's his ;  
 And the bells on the trees keep ringing ;  
 And the birds in the leaves keep singing :  
 " Away with care, away with pain,  
 Since Heaven to you its Angel sends ;  
 Peace in his house shall ever reign,  
 Who trusts in God, whom God befriends.  
 For He upon the deepest wound  
 A healing hand will ever lay ;  
 And, when the clouds of care abound,  
 Will scatter them with joy's pure ray."











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