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A
TRUE HISTORY
OF
A LITTLE OLD WOMAN
WHO FOUND
A SILVER PENNY.



SOME six years ago, (or perhaps it was more,)
As a little old woman was sweeping her floor,
She saw something glisten; and there on the ground,
Adzookers! a penny of silver she found.



To market next morning she failed not to jig,
And there, by good chaffering, bought a fine pig ;
Whence the learned assert, (and in fact they say true,)
That pigs then were plenty, and pennies were few.
The pig it was stubborn, the pig it was strong ;
It squeaked and it struggled the whole way along,
Till they came to a stile—then, good lack ! what a
pother !

For pig wouldn't go either one way or t'other !



At her wits' end was she, when a Dog came in sight,
"Honest Tray!" she exclaimed, "take the trouble
to bite

My Pig, who won't cross yonder stile to the right;
Or else I shan't get to my cottage to-night!"

"I bite him?" quoth Tray, "sure you're running
your rigs,

I'll not injure a hair of his tail, please the pigs;
And I'd have you to know too," he added with
smiles,

"They're only lame dogs that *I* help over stiles."



Upon this she trudged onwards, and chancing to
meet

With a *Stick*—"Be so kind, *Stick*," says she, "as
to beat

That beast of a *Dog*, who refuses to bite

My *Pig*, who won't cross yonder stile; and I'm
quite

Afraid of not reaching my cottage to-night."

But the *Stick* answered *drily*—"Both you and your
pig

May go and be hang'd, for I'll not stir a twig."

Much vexed at such rudeness, still on went the
dame,

Till seeing a Fire—says she, “ Mr. Flame,
Oblige me by burning that ill-natured Stick,
Who rudely declares, that the Dog he won't lick,
Which refuses me plump Piggy-Wiggy to bite,
Who yon stile won't go over; and now, by this
light,

I doubt I shan't get to my cottage to-night.”

But the Flame being saucy refused her its aid,
And told her quite *sparkishly*, “ Out! You old jade!”

More displeased than before was the testy old wench,
And finding a Puddle, says she, “ Pr'ythee quench
With your water that Flame which won't burn up
that Stick,

Which won't be so kind as that Dog just to lick,
Which refuses my Pig a few moments to bite,
Which won't cross the stile, which (you 'll own) isn't
right,

Since I can't (if he don't) reach my cottage to-
night.”

But the water was sluggish, and said, with a frown,
“ I'd not stir from this place though yourself 'twere
to drown.”



By this the Old Woman of anger was full,
And, meeting some cattle, made up to a *Bull* :
Quoth she, “ Mr. Bull, be so civil and kind
As to drink up that Puddle which stands close behind,
Which won't quench the Flame, which won't burn
up the Stick,
Which, lazy itself, won't that lazy Dog lick,
Which my Pig, though I begged it, refuses to bite,
Who won't cross the stile, he's so little polite,
And I fear I shan't get to my cottage to-night.”
But the Bull in this business behaved like a Bear,
And bellowed in French, “ *Allez ! allez ! ma
chere !*”



The Dame still went on till a *Butcher* she met,
“Mr. Butcher,” says she, “be so good just to set
Your knife to the throat of the Bull in your view,
And slit me his windpipe a little in two ;
For he won’t drink the Water which won’t quench
the Flame,
Which won’t burn the Stick, (I declare it’s a shame,)
Which won’t beat the Dog, which is greatly to
blame,
For it won’t bite my Pig, who that stile just in sight
Won’t cross, and I shan’t reach my cottage to-night.”
But the Butcher not only refused, but in jig,
He asked her, “Pray which of you two is the pig?”

Enraged at this insult, a *Rope* soon she found,
And she dropped it a curtsey quite down to the
ground :

Quoth she, “ Madam *Rope*, let me beg and entreat,
That you ’ll follow the *Butcher* who went down the
street,

And hang him up neatly ; his brains are so muddle,
That he won’t kill the *Bull* who won’t drink up the
Puddle,

Which won’t quench the *Flame* which won’t burn
up the *Stick*,

Which won’t be so kind as that *Dog* just to lick,
Which won’t be so civil my *Pig* just to bite
Till he crosses the stile, though the trouble’s so
slight,

And now I shan’t get to my cottage to-night.”

“ To follow him now,” quoth the *Rope*, “ I’ve no
leisure ;

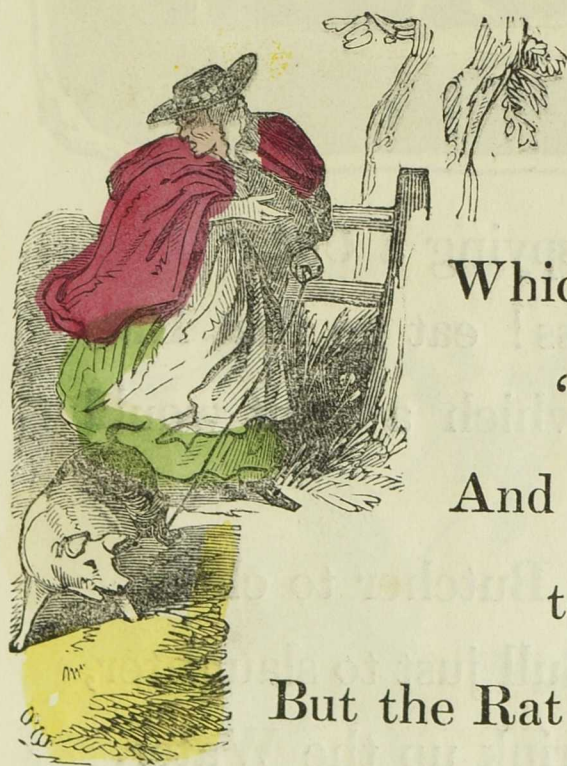
But I’ll hang up yourself with a great deal of
pleasure.”

Still on trudged the Dame till a Rat she espied
Peeping out of his hold: "Little Whiskers," she
cried,

"Pray gnaw yonder Rope, of ill-breeding so full,
That it won't hang the Butcher who won't kill the
Bull,

Which won't drink the Water which won't quench
the Flame,

Which won't burn the Stick, which is greatly to blame,



For it won't beat the Dog which
my Pig will not bite,

Which won't cross the stile, let me say
'Black' or 'White,'

And I fear I shan't get to my cottage
to-night."

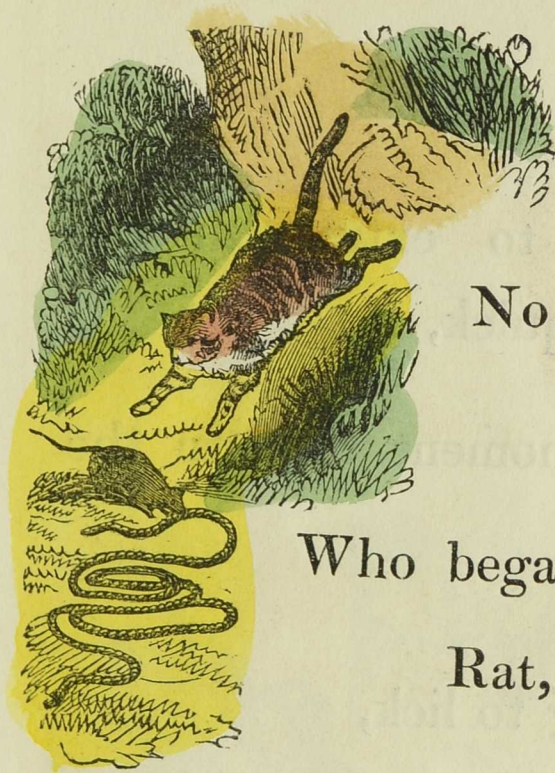
But the Rat (who it seems was a cynical elf)
Replied, "Gnaw the Rope! go and gnaw it your-
self."



She was quite in despair, when espying a *Cat*,
She exclaimed in a passion, “Puss! eat up that Rat,
Who won’t gnaw yonder Rope which a saint would
provoke,

For it won’t take the trouble the Butcher to choke,
Who won’t take the trouble the Bull just to slaughter,
Who won’t take the trouble to drink up the Water,
Which won’t quench the Flame, which won’t burn
the Stick,

Which refuses that vile mangy Cur just to lick,
Which for all I can say Piggy-Wiggy won’t bite,
Who won’t cross the stile out of obstinate spite,
And I fear I shan’t get to my cottage to-night.”



No objection was made by the li-
quorish Cat,

Who began without speaking to eat up the
Rat,

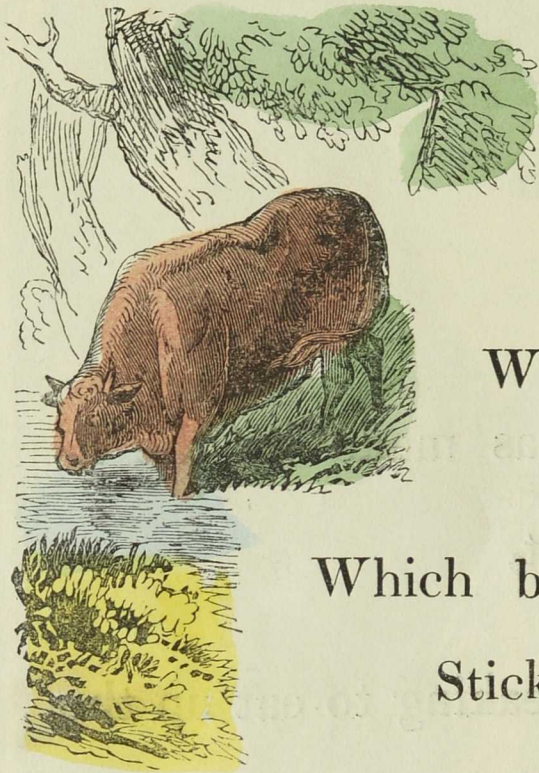
Who as briskly began the Rope to gnaw,

Which began round the Butcher its noose to draw,



Who, kicking, began the Bull
to slaughter,

Who in haste began to swallow the
Water,



Which began to extinguish the
Flame as quick,

Which began that moment to burn the
Stick,

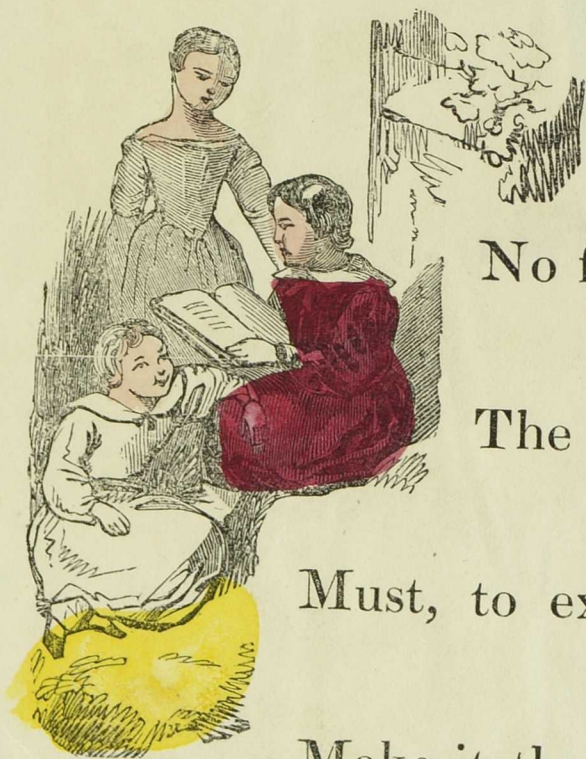
Which began in a hurry the Dog to lick,



Who began post haste the Pig
to bite,

Who began to
jump over the
stile in a fright,
And so the old woman
got home that
night.





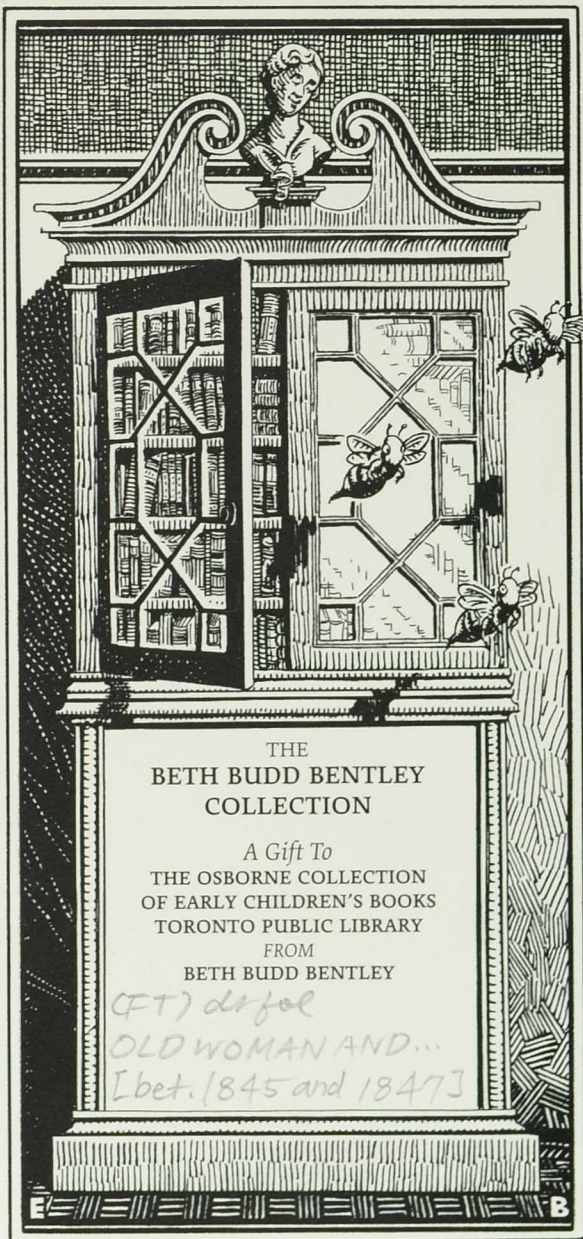
MORAL.

No finger stirs, in vain you kneel and
sue,

The work brings benefit to none but
you :

Must, to exert themselves, your friends be
won ?

Make it their *interest*, and the work is done !



This bookplate, designed by Eric Beddows, was commissioned by ,
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 in honour of Beth Budd Bentley.

MARJORIE



MOON

