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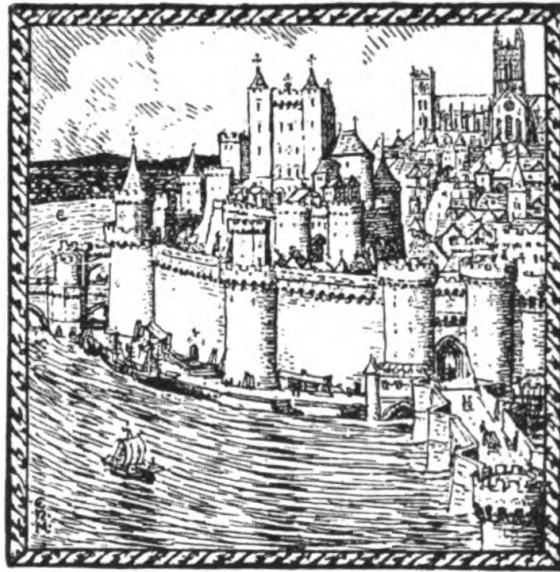
THE BOOK OF  
BLOCKHEADS,



BY  
CHARLES BENNETT.



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*R H & A F NEW*

6

Edmund Hort New  
with Papa's love  
Christmas 1876





THE BOOK

# WALLOCKHEADS

BY CHARLES BENNETT

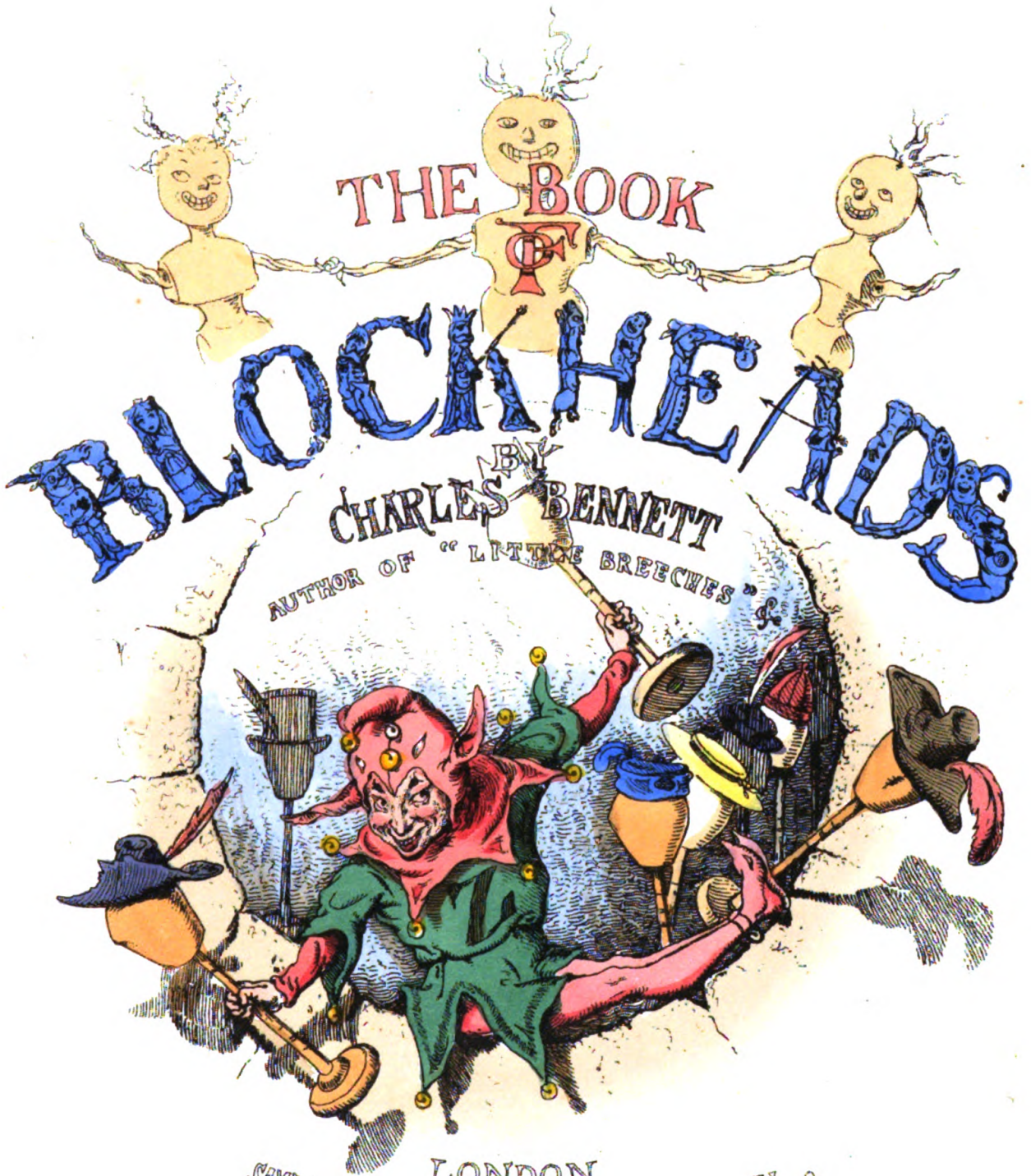
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NEW YORK: THE CENTURY COMPANY, 1911







THE BOOK

BLOOCHNEEDS

BY CHARLES BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BREECHES"

LONDON  
SAMPSON LOW SON AND CO • 47 LUDGATE HILL •  
1863



THE  
BOOK OF BLOCKHEADS.

HOW AND WHAT THEY SHOT,  
GOT ;  
SAID, HAD ; FOUGHT, FOLLOWED ; GAVE,  
SOLD ;  
HUNTED, GOVERNED ; MENDED, BUILT ;  
KISSED,  
PLAYED ; LIVED, DRANK ; WHIPPED AND WATCHED.  
HOW THEY DID, AND WHAT THEY DID  
NOT.

BY  
CHARLES BENNETT,  
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BREECHES," &c.

LONDON :  
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.  
47, LUDGATE HILL.  
1863.

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BREAD STREET HILL.

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THE  
BOOK OF BLOCKHEADS.

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ONCE upon a time there stood, in the middle of next week, a little city called Block; it had a fine stone wall running all round it, and within this wall lived the Blockheads; a good sort of people they were, steady-going and slow enough, only stupid. In their quiet way they might have lived for ages without trouble or care coming near them, had they not offended the good people of Acre, hard by; but these terrible fellows, the Wiseacres, being once put out were not so easily put in again—they shook their great fists, they shook their great heads, and made a shocking noise, I can tell you. Now whether Edward the Esquire had turned up his nose, or Peter the Piper had played the wrong tune, I cannot tell; but one way or the other the Wiseacres were in a great rage, and had made up their minds to serve out the Blockheads as soon as ever they could find a chance.

“Let us look sharp and lay siege to the city of Block,” said they; “if we cannot take it at once, at least we can starve the stupid Blockheads into good manners.”

And this was their chance, as they called it; they went out in fives and in tens, and lay siege to the city of Block, ay, and would have taken it at once if they could, but when they came there, of all things, they found the gate locked.



Charley the Captain had shut it close to, Alfred the Archer had double-locked it, Toby the Tinker had put up the bar, and Waddy the Watchman had sat him down to watch it.

They knocked at the gate, but got only surly answers; they tried to climb the walls, but being all either too fat, too short, too wise, or too bandy-legged for such hard work, they gave it up in despair; and might have turned their thoughts to swords and daggers, and bows and arrows. But the swords were all gone to be ground, the daggers they had lent to the Sillibillies, the bows that were not broken were all unstrung, and as for arrows, they were all shot away long ago. So they sat down before the good city of Block, and waited till the Blockheads were hungry, and then sent in a few dozens of good round appetites, and sat down again to see what would come of that.

But when the bundles of appetites had made the Blockheads hungrier than they ever were before, they found they had better get something to eat. So those who had any dinner went home to it; those who had not, went home to tea; the Blockheads who had no tea put up with a bread and cheese supper; while those who had neither dinner, tea, nor supper, just went to bed and waited till breakfast time.

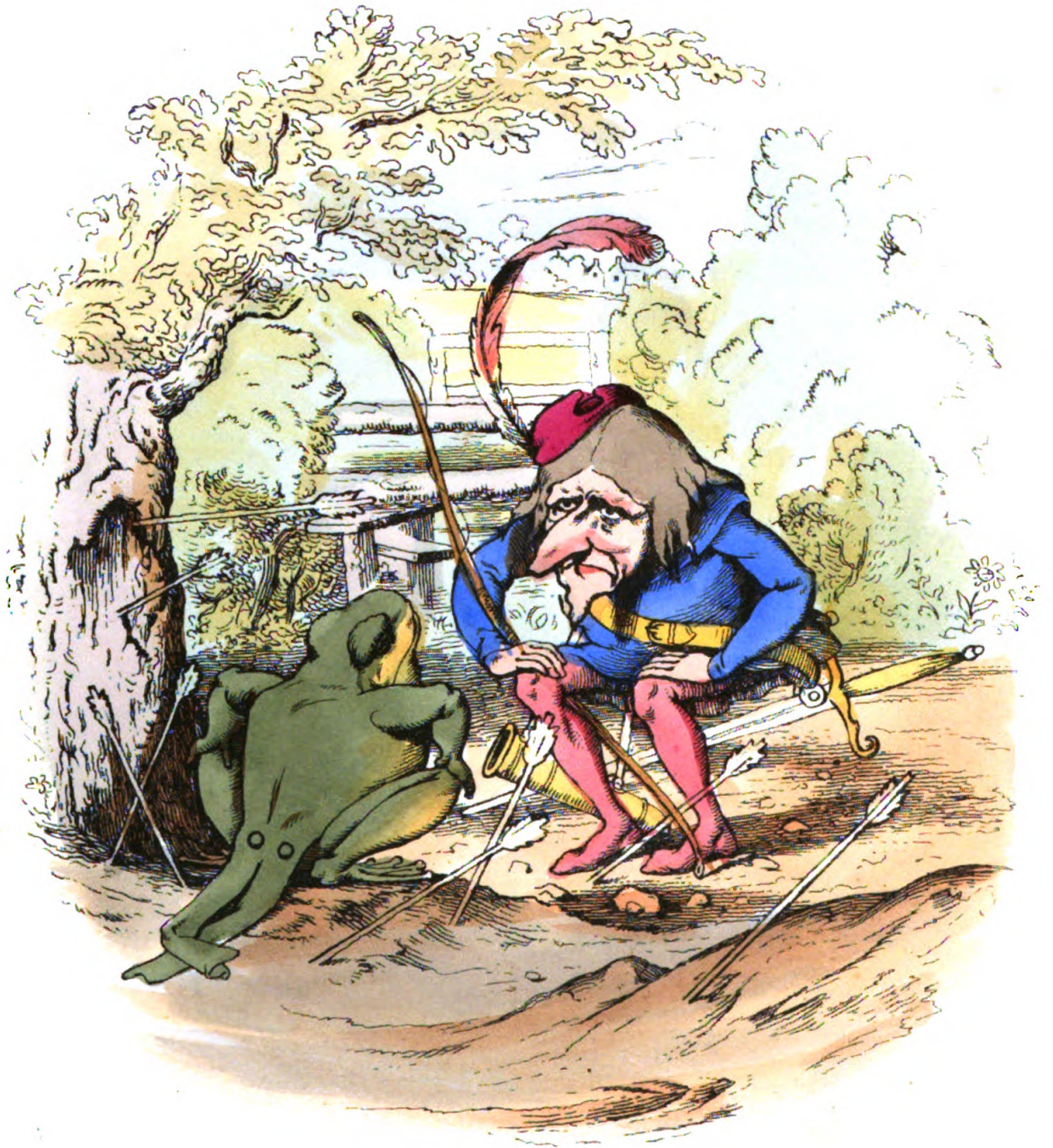
After a few days, all the cupboards were bare; what to do they did not know, not a crust nor a bone to be found anywhere.

They called a council, did these hungry people, whereto the twenty-six greatest Blockheads came, and strange indeed were the plans for getting more food that they schemed.

“A was an Archer,” shouted the people of Block, “who shot at a frog; B was a Butcher, who had a great dog; C was a Cap—”

“Stop!” roared Alfred the Archer, “one at a time if you please, let me try first,” and so Alfred began.





ALFRED THE ARCHER

## ALFRED THE ARCHER,

## WHY HE SHOT AT THE FROG.

“WHEN people are hungry,” said Alfred, “what do they do?”

“Why, they get something to eat as soon as ever they can.

“But how do they get it? that is the question.

“They either cut it, catch it, borrow it, or else they shoot it.

“Now we can’t cut it, for there is nothing in the field to cut.

“We can’t catch it, without either rod, hook, net, or trap.

“We can’t borrow what no one has to lend.

“So, with my bow, and my quiver-full of arrows, it must be shot.

“What shall I shoot?”

“Shall I shoot a deer?”

“No, I can’t shoot a deer, for there are no deer to shoot.

“Well then, shall I shoot the little birds?”

“No, I can’t shoot the *little* birds, for they all fly away.

“Then, do you think I had better shoot the big birds, eh?”

“No, I cannot shoot the big birds, for they all fly away too.

“So, I’ll tell you what I will shoot. Where the grass grows long, and the ground gets damp, down in the wood, there is a fine Jack Frog, I know; he can’t fly, for he has no wings that I have ever seen, so I will shoot him with one of my sharp arrows, while you, good Blockheads, go away and light a large fire, whereat we may cook him for dinner.”

Off went Alfred with his bow and arrows. He did not look after deer, because there were none to look after; but he shook his head at the little birds, and then he shook his head at the big birds. So he went over the stiles into the wood, where the grass grows long on the damp ground.

"I wonder where the Frog has got to," he said. He looked to the right, to the left, he looked up at the sky and down to the ground, no Frog could he see; he stooped down and looked through his legs, and there sat the big Frog on the damp grass under a tree.

"Hallo!" cried Alfred, "there you are, then?"

"Yes," said Jack Frog, here I am;" he did not quite say all this, though, but just "Croak," which is almost the same.

"Now sit still," said Alfred the Archer.

"Very well," said the Frog.

Alfred drew a long breath, planted his legs wide apart, aimed with both eyes, and pulled with all his might and main. How far do you think his arrow went? why, at least a quarter of a mile, but it did not hit the Frog for all that.

"Ah," said Alfred, "I aimed too high." He shot again, and his arrow stuck in the ground close by him; he shot to the right, to the left.

"Now," said he, I have got my aim; but, stop, Frogs jump, I have heard; I must allow for jumping."

He allowed for jumping, but the Frog sat still, so he missed him again.

"Come," said he, "they don't jump after all;" so he aimed right at the Frog, and then the little chap jumped out of the way.

"Froggy," said Alfred, at last, "it is very queer that I can't hit you; you know I held my breath, I pulled with all my might, and I planted my legs wide asunder, yet I missed you; but, still, let what will happen, we must be polite, so, good morning to you."

"Croak," said the Frog.





BEN THE BUTCHER

## BEN THE BUTCHER,

## WHAT HE SAID TO HIS DOG.

So the Blockheads grew hungrier and hungrier, the great fire had gone out, Alfred had not come back, and they had nothing to eat.

“When you want something for dinner,” called out Ben, “who do you go to? why to the Butcher, to be sure; so come to me, I am your man, what will you have to begin with?”

“Let us have beef,” cried the Blockheads who were gathered round his shop.

“Well,” said Ben, “I am rather sorry that you have chosen beef of all meats in the world, for it is what I am quite out of.”

“Give us some mutton then,” they roared.

“Never!” shouted Ben, “never, while I know it: a black ewe called me bad names the other morning, and I will have nothing more to do with any of the tribe.”

“Well, veal.”

“Ah, veal if you like! I’m fond of veal. How will you have it? fillet, leg, shoulder, or ribs—will you mince it, stew it, roast it, fry it, boil it, or bake it? It is all as one to me, as soon as I find a calf. Think of something else as a makeshift.”

“Pork,” they cried.

“That’s it,” said Ben, rubbing his hands with joy, “pork’s the thing, why didn’t you think of pork before? Boiled, with greens; go home, one and all, gather the cabbages, I’m off for a pig.”

“Pig, pig, pig,” called Ben, while the people went away to see if any greens were still left growing.



"Pig, pig," he cried. He looked in every room in the house, in the shop, in the yard, in the street; he looked in the hen-coop, to see if maybe he had slipped in there by mistake. No, there was no pig to be found. He looked in the pig-stye, but, alas! there was no pig there.

"What shall we do for a pig?" said Ben, looking about, "there's nothing four-footed in the city, I do believe—"

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked Ben's Dog.

"—Except my Dog," said Ben; "Doggy, Doggy!"

"Bow, wow!"

"Doggy, I'm going to kill you for a pig."

"I am not a pig," barked the Dog.

"Oh! the Blockheads will not find that out," replied Ben.

"But I shall," yelped Doggy. "I just tell you what it is, Ben; I have stood by you through thick and thin, I have watched your house by night and your shop by day, I once lugged you out of a ditch, and we have been very good friends all along, but if you dare to kill me for a pig, I shall begin to have a very mean opinion of you."

"Well, Doggy," cried Ben, in great grief, "I am very sorry for you, but just think of the poor people who have no meat for to-day's dinner,—die you must," here he caught him by the throat; "if you could only tell me how to get something else for them to eat, upon my word I wouldn't kill you."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Doggy.

"True?" asked Ben.

"True," replied the Dog, and whispered in Ben's ear, but Ben shook his head.

"I'll see if I can't," laughed the Dog, and ran away as fast as his four legs could carry him. I wonder what it was he whispered to Ben. Do you know?





CHARLEY THE CAPTAIN

## CHARLEY THE CAPTAIN,

## HE WAS COVERED WITH LACE.

“BUT,” says Charley the Captain, “it is no good waiting any longer for that butcher, if people want their dinners they must fight for them, and that is what I can do, it is my trade; just you let me out of the city by the little back door to go a fighting.”

“Hurrah for our Captain!” shouted all the Blockheads; “he is going to fight for our dinners,” and they hurried him off to the little back door.

“Stop,” cried Charley, “I must be covered with lace in honour of the great battle I am going to win;” so in honour of the battle he was going to win, they brought all the gold lace they could find, and with a strong needle and double thread sewed it on to his coat, hat, gloves, and breeches,—they would have sewn it on his boots but they could not get the needle through. When they had covered him with this fine gold lace in rounds, in squares, in dots, and in stripes, they pushed him through the little back door and drew the bolt after him pretty quickly.

“All right,” said Charley the Captain, as he drew his sword, looked out sharp, and walked with his head up ever so far, “now for a great battle.”

Presently he saw, afar off, a cloud of dust.

“Come on,” he cried in a loud voice, “here’s the enemy!” So he jumped behind a hedge to see how many they were, and when he peeped over, lo! they were a great host.

There was an enemy with a crutch, an enemy with a wooden leg, an enemy with an umbrella, an enemy with a pair of bellows, an enemy with a broom, an enemy with a stout walking-stick, with others too many to mention.

The Captain opened his eyes very wide, pulled his boots up very high, flourished his sword, cried out in a terrible voice—

“Your dinner or your life!” and jumped in among them just as they turned the corner where he was hiding.

Then began the battle.

At the first onset the enemy would have run away in a great fright had not most of them been lame, but seeing only one Captain they took courage, and called him all the names they could think of; they tried to pull his hair for him, one punched him in the back with the crutch, a second knocked off his hat with the bellows, but, brave to the last, he charged at them headlong, cut the crutch in two, chopped the wooden leg, burst the bellows, broke the broom, bruised the umbrella, and split the stout walking-stick all *to* pieces.

“Now for your dinners,” roared Charley; but all their wallets were empty.

“Oh dear,” said he, “what are you?” Said they—

“We are all poor beggarmen.”

“But you have nothing to eat,” he cried.

“Nothing.”

“How is that?” he asked.

They whispered in his ear.

“Ah! that alters the case,” said Charley, sighing. “Good morning to you;” and

“Good morning,” said all the beggarmen.





DANIEL THE DRUNKARD

## DANIEL THE DRUNKARD,

## HOW HE GOT A RED FACE.

WHAT the secret was that the Beggars told to the Captain, you do not know, nor did the poor Blockheads, for Charley never told them. It may have been the same as that which made Ben the Butcher shake his head, or it may not, but it seems to be a great secret and worth keeping, so I will keep it a little longer; if you get out of patience, so did the people of Block; they waited for their dinner, but no dinner came.

“Is any one hungry?” asked Daniel.

“We are all very hungry,” groaned the Blockheads.

“What have you got to eat?” asked Daniel.

“Nothing at all,” replied the people.

“Then I will tell you how to do without eating,” said Daniel.

“Hurrah for Daniel,” they shouted; “he will tell us how to go without our dinners.”

“Well, listen,” said Daniel, “and mind you do not lose a word, for it is all true:—Go all of you home, lock your front



doors, take the large tankard off the high shelf, march with it down into the cellar, and fill it with wine. Drink of the wine, and always drink of the wine; keep on drinking, with the front door closed, and you will neither want for breakfast, dinner, tea, nor supper, as long as ever your wine shall last."

"Alas! we have no wine," sighed the people.

"Not a hogshead?" asked Daniel.

"Not a bottle."

"Well then, I have," said Daniel, "which is a lucky thing for me; and as I am a stingy, selfish old fellow, and care for nobody, no not I—into *my* house I shall step, lock *my* front door, take *my* large tankard off *my* high shelf, march down into *my* cellar, and drink all *my* wine up."

So this wicked, selfish old Blockhead, locked himself in as he had said, and drank up all his wine, without offering a drop to anybody in the city, and that is how he got a red face; not a pretty red face, mind you, like your own, or your sister's, but an ugly red face, with bleary eyes, and carbuncles all over his nose; and serve him right too, say I.





EDWARD THE ESQUIRE

## EDWARD THE ESQUIRE,

WHO HAD PRIDE ON HIS BROW.

“WELL,” said the poor Blockheads, “the Archer cannot shoot, the Butcher cannot kill, the Captain fights Beggarmen, and the Drunkard can only drink his own wine. Away with them; we will have no more to do with the common people—let us send to the Gentlefolk at once.

“We will send to Edward the Esquire; he is the proudest man in all Block.

“He has plenty of good things in his House on the Hill.

“He has all that he wants, and does nothing for it.

“He holds his nose up in the air, and his dinner comes to him.

“He never had the crook in his back with bellyache.

“He has hot rolls for breakfast, and shrimps for tea.”

So they sent up to Edward, to ask him for something to eat, as they were so very, very hungry. He lived in a big red brick house, with many windows, and trees all round: he was the proudest man in all Block, and he felt none the less proud when they told him it was his turn to try for the Blockheads' dinner.

“Dinner, dinner,” said he; “Dinner, of course! nothing so easy to get as a dinner; my father settled that for me long ago. Give me my cloak, my hat, and my long sword, I will take down the Blockheads' dinner to them, in a large bag.

So down the hill he marched, with his nose up in the air ever so high, and his toes turned out ever so far, carrying a large bag, and ready to relieve all the distress in Block.

“Well, good people,” he cried, when he came among them; “Well, I have come down here with something to relieve your wants.”

“Hurrah for the Squire,” they shouted.

“I have brought it in a large bag,” said Edward.

“What is it?” they roared.

“It was left me by my father,” said the Esquire; “and I have kept it for you.”

“Thank you, thank you!” they cried.

“It will cure hunger, thirst, poverty, and old clothes,” said Edward.

“Hurrah!”

“Everybody is on the look out for it; but nobody can keep it,” cried the Esquire.

“Is it fish?” asked the Blockheads.

“No,” replied Edward.

“Is it flesh?”

“No.”

“Or fowl?”

“No, no! it is neither killed, salted, preserved, baked, boiled, nor roasted;—It is GOLD, which will buy everything. Now choose what you like best; it is all the same to Edward,” said he.

So they chose all manner of things at once, and amongst others,

Polonies,  
Peacocks,  
Ham,  
Tongue,  
Apple pie,  
Hardbake,  
Ginger beer,  
Beef

and

Partridges,  
Pound cakes,  
Pine apples,  
Stewed eels,  
Baked potatoes,  
Ice creams,  
Jam tarts,  
Mutton.

The Esquire gave them all gold in plenty; sovereigns, half-sovereigns, guineas, and gold dust; as much as they wished, to do as they liked with.





FRANK THE FARMER

## FRANK THE FARMER,

## WHY HE FOLLOWED THE PLOUGH.

WHEN Edward had emptied his money bag—

“Now,” said the people of Block, “our hunger is at an end;” but, behold ye, all the shops that were not shut up were clean empty: every scrap of food had been sold, long ago, so the Esquire might have kept his gold to himself after all; and do you know, I think if he had kept it, it would have been better for the Blockheads. After they had taken the gold, and found the shops empty, they became ever so much hungrier than before, and what to do now they did not know.

They almost gave it up for a bad job and opened the gates to the upstart Wiseacres. One man alone did not feel inclined to give up, and that was Frank the Farmer. He had never before known what it was to go without his dinner, and he was not going to learn now, he said.

“Why do I follow the plough, do you think?”

“We don’t know,” said they.

“Because I want something to eat,” said he.

“So do we,” cried the Blockheads.

“Then trust to me, and I will get you plenty; I will go at once and grow you some corn.”

“Three cheers for the Farmer,” they cried; “he has gone to get us our dinners.”

Away went Frank to his stubble-field; he sent for his plough and his horses; he ploughed up the field, then he ploughed down the field, and so he ploughed up and down, till he had ploughed the field all over.



“The field is ploughed,” said Frank. Then he sent for his harrow, and he harrowed the field up and down, and all over.

“The field is harrowed,” said Frank. Then he sent for the seed corn, and he sowed the seed up and down, and all over the field.

“I have sowed the corn,” said Frank.

“Then,” cried the people; “can we have our dinners?”

“Yes,” said Frank; “as soon as the corn has grown, you can.”

“In an hour?”

“Oh, no!” cried the Farmer.

“Will it be grown in a day?”

“It will not,” said Frank.

“Or in a month?” they shouted at last in despair.

“Not in three months,” roared Frank the Farmer, shaking his head.

“Dear me,” said the Blockheads; “why, we shall starve, long before the corn is grown.”

“Well,” said Frank, who was indeed a Blockhead; “you see, I never thought of that; why did you not tell me you were in such a hurry.”

So he took his plough, and his harrow, and his horses, and himself, home; and if I were he, I would not come out again in a great hurry.





GILES THE GAMESTER

## GILES THE GAMESTER,

## WHEREFORE HE HAD ILL-LUCK.

“LET me see,” said Giles, they have killed, fought, ploughed, and paid for these dinners, but I’ll bet a penny they have never once thought of playing for them.”

For Giles was a Gamester, and thought dinners could always be had by playing for them, either at whist, cribbage, or all-fours. Said he—

“I am a terrible Gamester, I am.

“I gamed away my yellow boots.

“I gamed away my Sunday coat.

“I gamed away my scarlet cap.

“I gamed away my two-edged sword, and eleven bags of money.

“One bag of money and a very large watch is all I have left, but I will game them away against dinner for the Blockheads.” And the Blockheads cried—

“Hurrah!”

“Who will play me for dinner?” shouted Giles.

“I will,” called out a fat old Blockhead, whose name, I am happy to say, I forget, for he knew there was not a dinner in Block, but as he wanted to gamble, he told this great cracker in a moment.

“But, have you got any?” asked Giles, to be cautious.

“I should think I had!” said the fat old Blockhead, and wasn’t that a great story?

“Come on then,” said Giles, “play me for half my money.”

So they played the first game for these large stakes, and Giles lost half his money.

“Try again,” cried Giles.

They played the second game for the other half of the money, but Giles lost that too.

“The third time fair,” shouted Giles.

Then they played the third game, and Giles lost the bag that he kept the money in.

“Last time for luck;” screamed Giles, but the last was not for luck, either, as Giles lost his great watch, and that was all he had to lose.

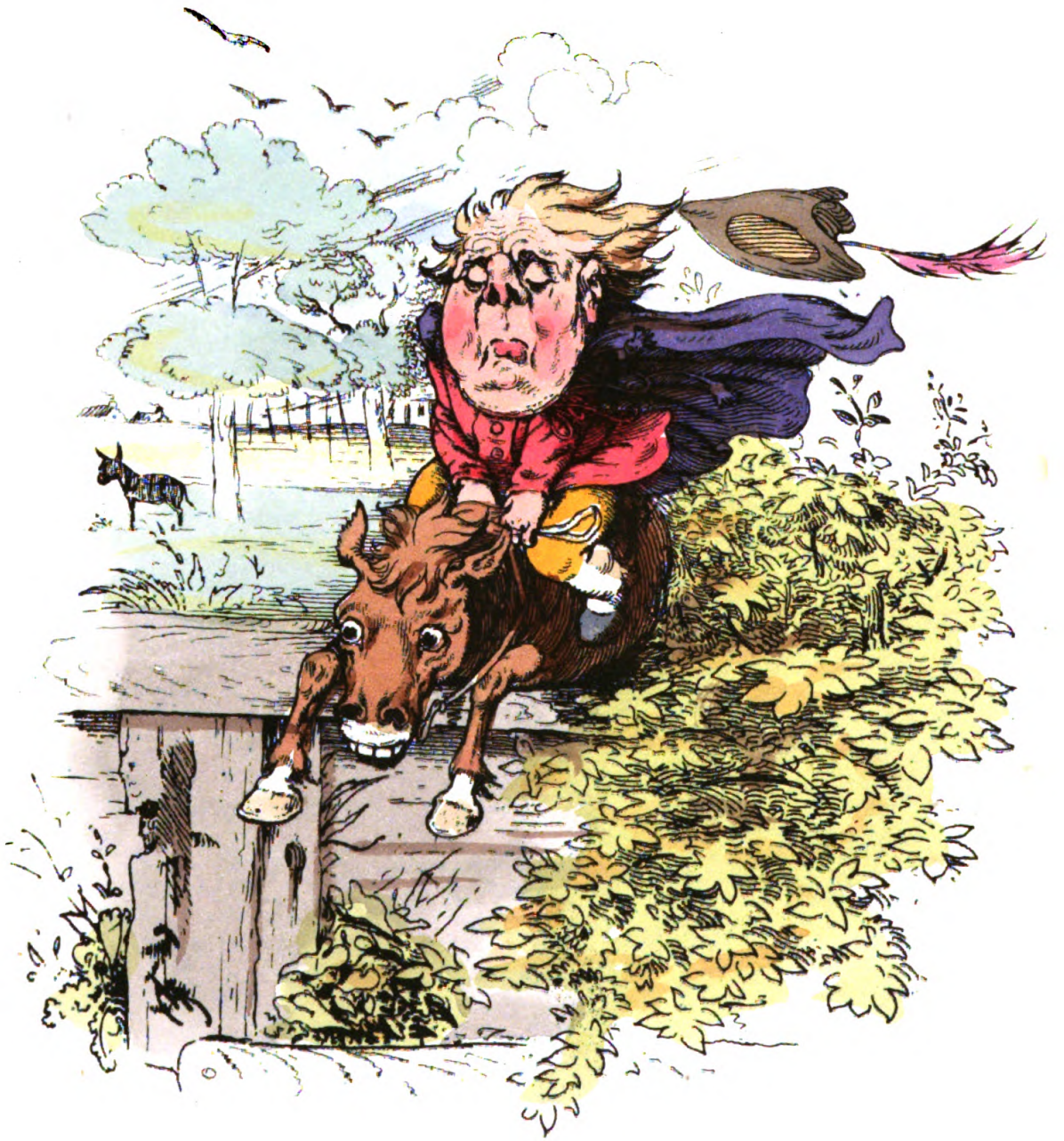
So I think this was the saddest affair yet, for—

In the first place, this poor young Blockhead lost all he was worth, which I hope you never may. In the second, the old Blockhead told ever so many crackers, which I hope you never will.

And after all, the people of Block got never a scrap of dinner.

Was ever such a set-out before? The poor Blockheads who were so hungry, kicked Giles home to his aunt, dipped the old fat Blockhead, whose name I still forget, into the horsepond, jumped upon the watch, ran away with the money, and were none the better off after all.





HARRY THE HUNTER

## HARRY THE HUNTER.

## WHAT BECAME OF THE BUCK.

“I AM the Hunter, Harry is my name. Where is my horn, my hat, my horse, and my opera-glass? I shall get you your dinners in a very short time.

“I am going to hunt the Buck.

“With my horn I shall tell him I am coming.

“With my hat I shall keep my head warm.

“With my horse I shall ride him down.

“With my opera-glass I shall look sharp after him.”

“But,” asked the people of Block, who were getting very doubtful about their dinner by this time, “is there a Buck?”

“Of course there is,” replied Harry.

“Alfred said there was not,” they shouted.

“Then,” said Harry, “Alfred is a greater Blockhead than I thought him, for there is a Buck, and a fine one. I have hunted him many a time; he knows me and I know him, so we know each other, you see. I was talking to him only last night, while he was eating his thistles.”

So off goes Harry after the Buck, and very grand he looked, with his horse and his hat, his horn and his opera-glass, I can tell you.

Up and down he hunts, and round the corner; he sounds his horn, “Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy!” he looks all about him.

“There he is! Hark forward!”

Harry is off after him at last; away they go, merrily, cheerily—he is up with him now—now he catches him by his long ears—



no, he is away again—now he has him by his rough hide—no, indeed, for Harry's horse has run away with him; and the Buck, calling out joyfully "Hee-haw!" kicks up his heels, shakes all the eggs out of the panniers, and gallops off as hard as ever he can.

When Harry's horse was tired of running away with him, he very kindly brought him back again.

"What became of the Buck?" said the Blockheads; but he did not know, and nobody knew.

So they asked him some very puzzling questions; for though they were Blockheads, they were not quite satisfied.

Was there a Buck at all?

If so, where was it?

What was it like?

Have Bucks long ears?

Or rough hides?

Do they eat thistles?

Why do they cry "Hee-haw?"

Why are they loaded with panniers?

And, why do they carry the eggs to market?

But poor Harry could not answer all these questions at once, so he went home to think them over, and for all I know he is thinking them over now.

But, what do you think about it? Did you ever see a Buck?

I have seen a great many, but I must say I never came across one that cried "Hee-haw," and it is only donkeys that eat thistles, that I know.





ISAAC THE IDLER

## ISAAC THE IDLER,

## WHAT HE SAID TO TO THE MOUSE.

THE Blockheads had tried so many busy men that they now made up their minds to ask the advice of a lazy one. So away they went to Isaac the Idler.

Isaac was called the Idler because he was so lazy that it was as much as he could do to hang together; he never got out of bed until he was sick and tired of lying down in it; he was carried to his tailor's to be dressed, to his barber's to be washed, to his cobbler's to have his boots pulled on, and had there been any food in Block he would have been wheeled round to his cook-shop, that it might be cut up small and put into his mouth. He once left off sleeping, it was such a trouble to snore. He had left off walking, long ago, and had taken to leaning instead. He leant against walls, pillars, or posts, but had one favourite post that just fitted his elbow, and here he might often be found, and here the good people of Block found him now.

"It is your turn to see after the dinner to-day," said they.

"Bother!" said he, for he was leaning with his left arm on this handy post, and did not like being spoken to.

But after a while, when his left arm was quite stiff and tired, he changed slowly to the right, and that brought him face to face with his old friend the Mouse, who had been waiting for him to turn round for ever so long.

"Ah, Mousey," drawled Isaac, "you are just the chap I

want; it was such a deal of trouble to come to you, I thought I would wait till you came to me.

“There’s a great bother about this dinner, Mousey.”

“Yes,” said the Mouse, “there is.”

“Did Alfred try to shoot for it?” he asked.

“Indeed, he did,” replied the little Mouse, and Ben tried to kill, Charley fought, Daniel drank, Edward gave them the money, you know and Frank sowed the corn, Isaac.”

“Giles, Mousey, what did he?”

“Gamed away his money, of course he did.”

“Ah, yes, I remember now; and how many dinners did they get amongst them all, Mousey, eh?”

“Not one,” replied the Mouse.

“Ah! then I suppose that settles it; it is plain, Mousey, if *they* got none, there can be no chance for me.”

“I don’t know,” said the little Mouse.

“No,” yawned Isaac, “no more do I. I suppose *you* don’t know how to get these stupid dinners, do you?”

“Yes, I do,” said Mousey.

“Tell me then,” he drawled.

“I can’t speak out,” said the Mouse, looking sharply round to see if there were any listeners, “it is a secret.”

“Well,” said Isaac the Idler, too lazy to move, “jump on my shoulder and whisper it.”

Mousey jumped on to his shoulder and whispered in his ear.

“Oh, I dare say,” said the Idler, with another yawn, “that is a deal too much trouble,” and fell fast asleep leaning on the post.

There’s a silly fellow for you, when he knew the secret and all. Well, if he keeps it to himself, I hope we shall some of us find it out in the end; it will be sad work if we cannot give these poor people a few dinners, will it not?





JOEL THE JOINER

## JOEL THE JOINER,

## WHY HE BUILT UP THE HOUSE.

AND why did Joel build up the house? That is just what I want to find out, and it is just what the Blockheads would have liked to have known too. Build a house! they could not eat a house be it built ever so high. There was some sense about hunting, or shooting, or paying for a dinner; but building for it—was ever such a thing heard of before!

“Why build up the house?” asked Joel, in great surprise; “because, if you have a dinner, you must have a proper place to eat it in. It is of no use getting the dinner unless you have a dining-room.”

“Try us!” they all cried out.

“No, no; your dinner will be of no use to you.”

“We can eat it!” they shouted.

“No!” shouted Joel in return; “you will not enjoy it.”

“We can eat it!” they cried again.

“It will not agree with you.”

“Still, we should like to try.”

“No; I must build up a house.”

“We have plenty of houses,” said they.

“Yes,” he replied; “but none tall enough, so I shall build up a very tall house.”

“Well,” said they; “if you are sure that is the proper way, make haste about it, for we never were so hungry in all our lives.”

“Oh!” said Joel, pulling off his jacket; “I shall not be long.



Give me a spade, and let me dig up the ground to begin with." They brought him a spade, and he dug up the ground in a very short time.

"Where's my two-foot rule to measure with?" he cried. It was in his pocket; so he pulled it out and measured off all the planks.

"How shall I find my hand-saw and my back-saw?" holloed he. He found them behind him, and the planks were soon sawn to pieces, I can tell you.

"Who's got my jack-plane?" he called out; but no one had it. It was lying at his side; he took it up and gave it a tap with his hammer, and planed all the boards off at once.

"Chisel;" and he cut all the joints.

He hammered the nails in with the hammer.

He screwed the screws with the turn-screw.

He bored holes all round with his gimlets and his bradawls.

He set all square with his plumb-bob.

He polished off the corners with his spokeshave, and hit everything as hard as ever he could with his great wooden mallet.

He made a bonfire of the chips to warm up his glue-pot, and worked like a joiner, as he was.

He worked and he worked till the last nail was driven, and the last screw screwed home.

"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" he laughed, dancing among the shavings; "the joints are glued, the planks are nailed, the house is built, and you may eat your dinner now as soon as ever you like."

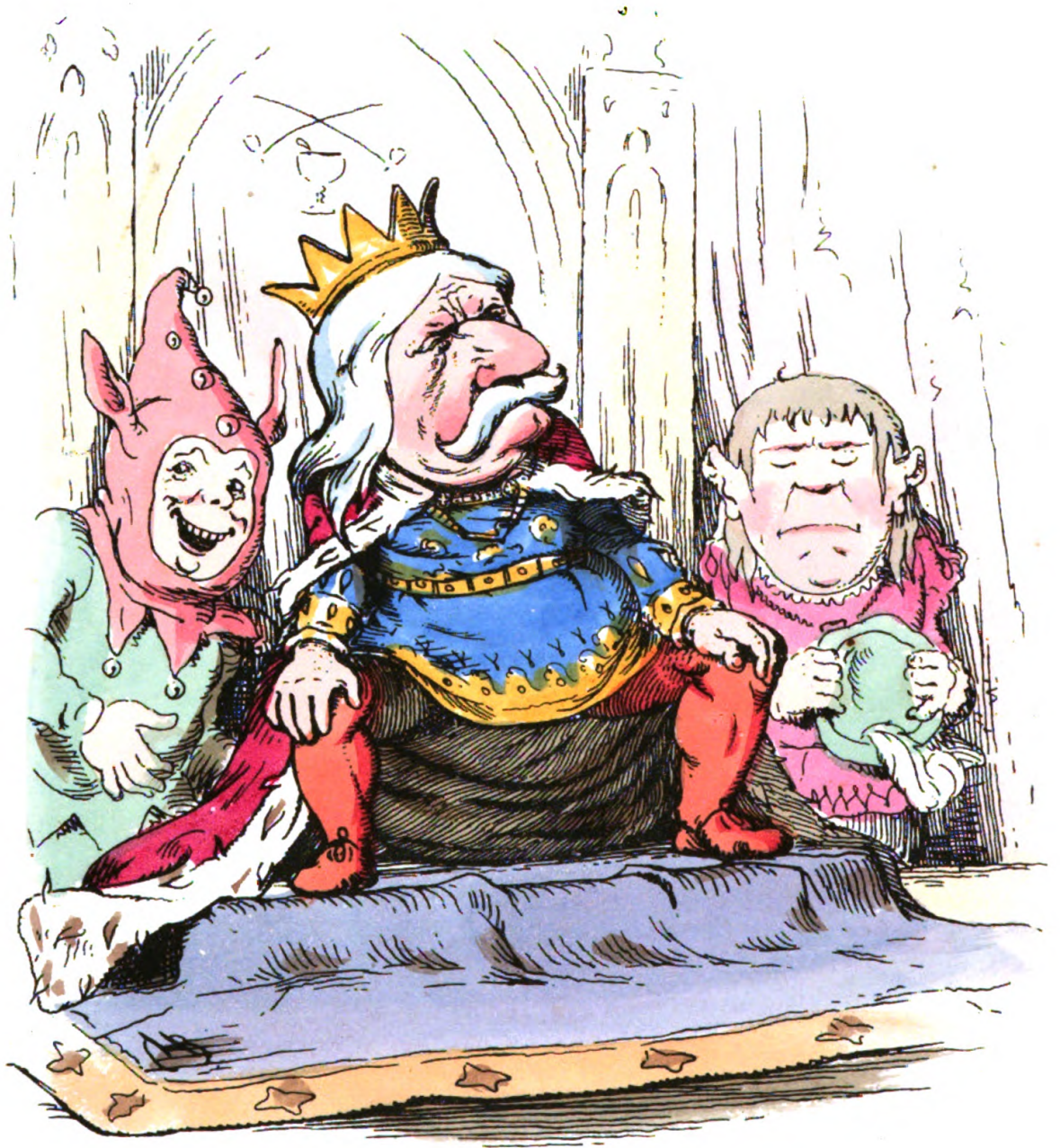
"As soon as ever it comes," groaned the Blockheads.

"That is what I mean," he said.

But, alas! it had not come yet; there was the fine tall house built up, and all ready, while the poor Blockheads were nearly starved to death.

Dear me; what a silly old Joel it was after all.





KOLE THE KING

## KOLE THE KING,

## HOW HE GOVERNED THE LAND.

“It is the King’s turn now,” said they; and they felt a little easier about this dinner which never came. But, although they thought the King could do everything, even to curing hunger, they formed in a long line, two and two, and marched at the double to the palace door, wishing to ask the King to make as much haste as ever he could.

Now the King was sitting on his royal throne, as grand as could be, when the Lord Chancellor caught sight of the Block-heads waiting in a long line, two and two, at the door.

“If you please, your Majesty, the people of Block are very hungry.”

“Hungry,” said the King, “what business have they to be hungry?”

“They have nothing to eat, please your Majesty,” sighed the Chancellor, who was himself very hungry.

“Pack of stuff!” called out the King; “nothing to eat, what has that to do with it? They are always wanting something to eat.”

“Can your Majesty send them some dinner?” asked the Chancellor.

“Dinner, dinner! No, indeed, certainly not. We can cure hunger without any dinner,” growled the King.

“Your Majesty,” said the Lord Chancellor, “will send them something hot for their suppers.”

“Supper!” shouted the King, in a great taking. “Here, send me a pipe and a glass, and a few prime ministers.”

They came trembling: thought they—

“Are we going to be cooked whole?”

“Write!” shouted the King.

They wrote, as follows:—

KOLE, KING.

His Majesty, Kole the King, hereby orders and commands all Blockheads, in his good city of Block, to abstain from, hinder, and to utterly leave off being hungry until further notice.

(Signed)

KOLE.

This noble decree was posted all over the city, and the people were in great wonder.

“How do you feel?” asked Frank.

“Not much better,” sighed Ben.

“I am still hungry,” cried Alfred.

“Hush!” they all said; “it is high treason to be hungry now.”

“Well,” said Charley, who was loyal and true to his king; we shall be better by and by.”

But if you think they were, you make a sad mistake. King Kole was very great, but King Appetite was greater, and they all wanted their dinner just as badly as before; but, as it was now high treason to be hungry, and hungry they were, they all ran off from the palace door as hard as they could, to see if Laura the Lady could not help them to something to eat.

I wonder if she will, they say she is very clever; but then it seems a very long task to feed Blockheads, and I think, were I a king, I should give them a better dish than a bit of paper, even if it had “Kole, King,” printed at the top. Perhaps, being King of the Blockheads, he knew what best suited them; at all events he knew what gave him least trouble, for he enjoyed his pipe and his glass (some say he had up his fiddlers three) while his poor people were buckling up their belts to the last hole, and looking out for the fair Laura.





LAURA THE LADY

## LAURA THE LADY,

WITH A LILLYWHITE HAND.

EVERY one was in love with Laura, and no wonder; for she was a charming, sweet, good-tempered lady, and then she had one of the smallest, whitest, prettiest little hands you ever saw. Although these Blockheads were dying with hunger, they would have given anything for a chance to kiss it; but now they have come to her for something to eat.

“Please, your Ladyship,” they said, “can you spare us some dinner?”

“Dear me,” she replied, “I have no dinner to spare.”

“Oh, what are we to do?” they groaned.

“Well,” she went on to say, “I think I know.

“You all love me,

“You are all Blockheads, and

“You all want a good meal.

“Now, if you can’t get a dinner for money, suppose you try and get one for love. Let each one bring what he can to help, for the love of me; and he who brings most shall kiss my lillywhite hand. Perhaps we may, amongst us, get a dinner in the end.”

“A charming plan,” they cried; “let us each fetch all we can.” So—

The Esquire, he brought his money.

The Archer, who had come back at last, brought his bow.

The Captain brought his sword.

The Drunkard, who was too tipsy to walk, sent his empty tankard.



The Gamester had nothing to send, so he sent it.

The Hunter sent a bridle and saddle.

The Idler sent his compliments.

The Merchant sent his ledger.

The Nobleman offered *his* hand.

The Sailor mixed a glass of grog; and as for Baldpate, whom you see in the picture, he would have given her houses and lands; but she wanted a dinner, and that was just the very thing she could not get.

"You have not brought me anything that I could not have got without you," she said. "Why did you not get some beef?"

"There was nothing left but the skewer."

"Why did you not bring plumcake?" she asked.

"We only found the tin."

"Was there no apple tart?" said Laura.

"Nothing but the dish!" they cried.

"Where is all the soup, then?" she asked.

"There is none in the empty basin."

"Fish?"

"Nought but a parcel of bones."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" sighed Laura; "neither for love nor money can dinner be bought in Block."

"We would if we could," they said.

"Where there is a will there must be a way," she said; "and the first Blockhead, be he ever so blockheaded, who gets us a dinner, shall kiss my lillywhite hand, and marry me into the bargain."

I wonder who will marry Laura? Not Baldpate, I know, for all that he has houses and lands. Well, we shall see in the end, I'll be bound.





MARTIN THE MERCHANT

## MARTIN THE MERCHANT,

## WHEREIN HE KEPT HIS STORE.

MARTIN, although he was a little man, was a very great merchant. He dealt in all sorts of things, from Almonds with an A to Zoophyte with a Z. He tied them up in large bales; he sent them in great ships to foreign countries; and, what is more, he wrote down all about them in his big ledger, and in his thick day-book. I wonder they did not think of him before; for he was just the very man to get them everything they might want.

“Come,” said Martin, when the Blockheads did go to him, “you might have been here before, for I have a capital plan for getting any number of dinners; this scheme of mine has given me all my meals for many a long year, so it is sure to bring you yours.”

“Three cheers for Martin, then,” they shouted; “and we wish we had come before.”

“Now,” said Martin, “what is it you want for your dinner?”

They told him everything they could remember of roast, boiled, baked, stewed, fried, colloped, grilled, hashed, pickled, preserved, iced, minced, and fricasseed.

“Is that all,” cried Martin.

“It is,” said they.

“How about knives and forks?” asked he.

“We forgot knives and forks,” said they.

“Pepper, salt, and vinegar.

“Also mustard and curry powder.

“Table napkins.

“Finger glasses.

“Dessert spoons, and

“A pair of nutcrackers.”

“We forgot them all,” roared the Blockheads, who were getting impatient.

“I never forget anything,” said Martin; and he wrote them all down in his thick day-book; and then he wrote them all down again in his big ledger, and one way and another he had a good deal of writing to do; but it was done at last without a blot or a splutter; and—

“Now,” said he, “here is a large bale of goods; you must put it on your shoulders and carry it down to the quay by the side of the sea. When you get it there, put it on board the first ship you come across; then I will write a little more in my ledger and day-book, and it is all settled for your dinner. You have but to return to your houses and wait indoors till your ship comes home. It will be sure to bring you plenty of dinners in exchange for my bale of goods, and so you see you will be no longer hungry.”

“Now, is it not a pity,” they all cried, holding up their hands in despair. “Such a noble plan. We have—

“The bale of goods to send;

“The quill pen to write with;

“The books to write in;

“But we have neither—

“The ship to sail, nor

“The sea for it to sail on.

“And we were so near getting our dinner, after all.”

It was a sad job for them, was it not? they would willingly have done without either pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, or curry; spoons, glasses, napkins, or nutcrackers, if only they could have got something to eat.

“I have it,” cried a Blockhead, in a loud voice. “Let us be off to Nick the Noble, he has passed his life in doing nothing but giving dinners to his friends.”





NICK THE NOBLEMAN

## NICK THE NOBLEMAN,

## AND HOW HE BECAME POOR.

NICK the Noble, was a very great man in the good old times.  
Much grander than the Esquire,  
Almost as fine as the King, and  
Richer than Martin the Merchant.  
He had long-tailed horses, and short-tailed hounds;  
Fine old castles, and big cocked hats;  
Bags of gold, and sacks of jewels.

Indeed, I don't know what he had not; and for certain I don't know what he might have had, but for a bad habit of giving grand dinner parties to all his friends—dinner parties where roast peacock was the commonest meat on the table.

As it was, he gave so many dinners, and so many came to dine, that he had much ado to find the money wherewith to set out the tables.

He sold his jewels, every sack.

He changed his gold, every bag.

He pawned his hats, every one.

He mortgaged his castles, every stone.

He cut up his last leash of hounds, and roasted his last pair of horses, before his friends thought of going somewhere else to dinner.

But when the last hunter and the last castle had followed the last bag of gold, his fine friends all deserted him, and never even so much as sent round to ask him to call in for a bit of lunch.

You see he was poor indeed.

So, when the Blockheads came, and asked him to give them a dinner, he said—



“I have spent all I had in giving dinners, I have done nothing else, and so I have become poor; but I will go and beg a meal of all my fine friends who have dined with me so often. I am sure they will not refuse you a dinner in my name.”

Said the Blockheads, “We shall see.”

But away went Nick the Noble, to beg a meal of his friends.

“You dined with me,” said he to them “let us all dine with you.”

And how many dinners do you think he got? If you do not guess, I must tell you.

First, he went to the Esquire, and he was out.

Next, he went to the Captain, and he was not at home.

As for the Gamester, he sent word he was not very well.

The Hunter had been out hunting again, and had sprained his wrist.

The King was too busy to be seen.

The Merchant, who was very busy too, couldn't hear, being deaf.

The Piper was so glad to see him, that he played a brand new tune.

The Quaker, without bending his head, said, “It served him right;” and—

The Usurer asked him to pay what he owed; so, the more he begged the less he got, and he now found out that eating and drinking does not join true hearts together: he not only could not dine the Blockheads, but he could not get a dinner for himself, and, in the end, was forced to stand on the roadside and beg of the passers-by.

Now, do you know, I really wish this old Noble had better luck; for he was a generous old man, and would have given the people of Block all they wanted, if only he could. I hope, if they get plenty, they will not forget him.





OLIVIA THE OYSTER GIRL

## OLIVIA THE OYSTER GIRL,

## A VERY PRETTY MAID.

Now, after so many vain attempts to get their dinner, these people of Block thought it was time to give up; for the Wiseacres outside the wall sat there waiting, every now and then tossing over a fresh bundle of appetites, not showing any wish to go away home and let the poor Blockheads get their dinner.

Yet there was one person who thought Block might be relieved, and that was the Oyster Girl. She had spent so much of her life in selling folks their suppers, that she was surely able to give them their dinners.

"Everybody knows her," they said, when they heard what she was about to do. "She is a very pretty maid, and good-tempered; she has sold us fine native oysters. Every night for years past has she been tripping about the city with her basket; she has given us our suppers, we will ask her for our dinner."

So they went to her at once, and said, very politely—

"If you please, Miss Olivia, will you give us, poor Blockheads, some dinner?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "of course I will, if you can eat shell-fish."

"I should think we could," they replied.

"Oysters?" she cried.

"That we can," said they.

"How will you have them?" said she.

Some liked them fried.

“Dear me,” said she, “I can’t fry them.”

Some wanted them roasted.

“Well, well, now,” she said, “I can’t even roast them.”

Some said “Stewed.”

“Nor can I stew them!” cried the Oyster Girl.

A few wished them pickled.

“It spoils them, pickling,” she said.

So most of them thought they would take them raw, with a dash of vinegar, and a dust of pepper.

“Yes,” said she, “that is the proper way to eat oysters, if you like; and I have a large bottle of vinegar, and a fine castor of pepper, a good oyster-knife, and a bran new basket.

“Run down to the sea-side, some of you;

“Gather up the oysters that lie there a-bed;

“Throw away the little ones for next time;

“Bring me all the large ones you can find;

“With my knife I will open them;

“With my pepper I will dust them;

“With my vinegar they shall be sprinkled; and we will all have a capital dinner.”

“Oh dear! oh dear!” they cried again; “we shall never get anything to eat after all; for there is no sea-shore in all Block, and so we can’t get any oysters.”

And what a pity that was to be sure; to have everything but a sea-shore, and yet not to be able to get that.

They are a long time finding their dinner though, and what a meal they will make, if ever they get one. Why, I think, if they had got the oysters, they would eat them up, shells and all.





PETER THE PIPER

## PETER THE PIPER,

WHAT TUNE IT WAS HE PLAYED.

“LET us try the Piper,” said Alfred, who was very fond of music.

“It is not much use going to Peter,” said Ben.

“He is but a Piper,” said Charley.

“He can only play us tunes,” said Edward.

“And that won’t drive away these terrible appetites,” sighed Giles.

Then said Peter, who heard what they were talking about ;

“Oh! but I will play for your dinners; I will play

“Tweedledum and Tweedledee;

“The tune the Cow died of;

“Polly put the kettle on;

“and all manner of tunes.”

So he played, and played, and played for a dinner; but no dinner came.

Still he played, and played, such fine tunes, that all the little cockoly birds came round him in clusters; one on his nose, one on his pipe, a third on his cap, and all the rest wherever they could find room; indeed, so pleased were they with his music, that they all agreed to tell him the secret of getting a



good dinner: they did not chirp out loud, you may be sure; but whispered it in his ear, in the proper way.

First whispered the Sparrow.

“Yes,” said Peter; “that is a very good idea;” and whispered it to the Blockheads.

“It is all very fine,” they cried out; “but who is to do it?”

Next comes the Redbreast, and whispers in his turn.

“So they ought,” said Peter the Piper; and a second time he whispered the secret to the people of Block.

“Oh, no!” they shouted, altogether; “we shall do nothing of the kind.”

Then the Blackbird whispered.

“I think they will, if I tell them again,” said the Piper; and a third time he whispered the secret to the Blockheads.

“Oh, bother!” they roared; “your birds all say the same thing.”

“What all say must be true,” said Peter the Piper, and went away in disgust.

So here's this secret again, and ever so many Blockheads know it. Why don't they go off after the dinner at once I wonder?—I begin to think they deserve to be hungry; for they haven't sense enough to get their dinner even when they are told how. I wish somebody *would* make haste and get this long-looked-for dinner;—I shall soon be as tired of waiting, as were these poor silly Blockheads.





QUIZ THE QUAKER

## QUIZ THE QUAKER,

## WHY HE WOULD NOT BOW DOWN.

“AFTER this stupid Piper,” said Ben, in a great rage; “I don’t know what to do, unless we go at once to the Quaker.”

“The Quaker! the Quaker!” they cried; “he is stout; he is old, and he is very wise; he knows how to get everything for himself! he shall get our dinner for us.”

Away to the Quaker they ran; he lived in a fine red-brick house, laurels in front and apple-trees behind, quite cosy. They found him walking up and down in front of his laurels, just as if he had known they were a-coming.

“Oh, Mr. Quiz!” they said; “you know how hungry we all are; pray tell us how to get something to eat.”

“Friends,” replied the Quaker, “when I want anything, I find the best way is to wait for it; if thee keep thy weather eye open, it is sure to come in due time.”

“Ah!” said they, “it is all very well, but we have been waiting long enough; as for our weather eye, that has never been shut, so we don’t mean to wait any longer.”

“I am sorry for thee then,” said Quiz; “but as I always stick to my own opinion, that is the best advice I can give thee, and if thee does not like it, thee must go somewhere else for better.”

And somewhere else they went, either for better or for worse, for they did not like such advice, of which indeed they had already had enough. They turned and went away, very slowly though, for they had all said to each other that the Quaker was stout, old, and very wise, and would help them; yet now the best he could do was to tell them to wait.

But old Quiz the Quaker, when they had turned the corner,

and were out of sight, went home, locked his door and said to himself,

“It is almost bedtime, I think.”

He locked the door, he bolted it, he put up the chain, and then he went upstairs.

And what do you think he saw when he got upstairs? What, but Richard the Robber, who had slipped in on the sly, while Quiz was talking to the Blockheads: there was this robber emptying all the drawers and looking out for the money-bags. I fancy he must have been very busy at his work, not to have heard the Quaker locking the doors; but so it was, and as Quiz came up, he turned round with a silver teapot in his hand that he had just come upon in a corner cupboard.

“Friend,” said the Quaker, “what is it thee has in thy hand?”

“Well,” replied Richard, rather startled, but thinking it a funny question; “it’s your teapot.”

“Then,” said Quiz, “put it where thee found it, for it cannot belong to thee.”

But Richard’s answer was to throw it at the Quaker’s head. As he was a very good aim it is a wonder that the Quaker’s skull was not split open; but for the first time in his life, Quiz bowed down his head, and the teapot hitting the wall behind, smashed a looking-glass into a thousand pieces. “Now,” thought Quiz, “as I have bowed down, here goes,” and he ran head down at the robber, butted at him in the stomach, and sent him backwards through the window into the road below.

It is a fine plan with robbers, I assure you, so don’t forget it when the time comes. As for Richard, he picked himself up from his hard bed on the road, limping, hobbling, hopping, and jumping back to his friends—a pretty set they were—as fast as he could.

“Well,” said he to them, “if I couldn’t rob a Quaker, at least I have made one bow down.”





RICHARD THE ROBBER

## RICHARD THE ROBBER,

WHO WHIPPED HIM OUT OF TOWN.

WHEN Richard had got the better of his fall from the Quaker's first-floor window, he went out one night to see what he could rob, and he stole two watches—a gold watch snatched from Edward the Esquire, and a silver watch wheedled away from the Blockhead whose name I still forget.

Off he ran with his booty; after him they ran in full chase; but away and away went he.

“All right,” he cried, as he rounded by Stoney Corner, where nothing good will ever grow; “all right,” he cried, and caught his foot round his long sword.

Down he came. On the point of his nose.

Round Stoney Corner came Edward, and fell over the bold Robber. Round came the Blockhead whose &c. and fell over the Esquire. Round came Waddy, and fell over the Blockhead, &c. Round came X 21, and fell over them all.

There was a heap for you—what a wonder the Robber did not escape, but he did not. He was underneath them all with the breath knocked out of his body; so they picked themselves up, and then picked him up, and bound him tight.

“Let us hang him,” said Edward.

“Let us drown him,” said the Blockhead whose name I still forget.

“Let us watch him,” said Waddy the Watchman.

“Let us take him up,” said X 21.



“But,” called out Richard, “you can’t eat me, and it is food you want; let me give you a little good advice. I never want long for anything myself; what I want I take, and if you will let me go out robbing for you, I will get you the finest dinner you ever eat.”

“Well,” said Ben the Butcher, who had just turned the corner, “that is a queer notion, too; but as we are so hungry, I don’t see why we shouldn’t as well rob for our dinner as wait. But,” added he, shaking his fist at Richard, “if we let you go and you get us no dinner after all, out of the town we will whip you, so mind what you are about.”

They let him go, and as he wished to be thought a man of his word, he went off at once and robbed Ben the Butcher.

He robbed him of a steel and a cleaver.

“There’s not much meat on those,” said Richard, so away he went and robbed the Baker.

He robbed him of a cake-tin and a bread-rasp.

“Small batch to-day,” cries Richard, and round he goes to try his hand on Michael the Mancook.

He robbed him of a stewpan, a ladle, and a great bone.

“Not much to cook here,” calls out Richard; and as there was not much goodness in them, he next waylays the Oyster girl.

He robbed her of basket, knife, pepper, and vinegar.

“More sauce than joint,” said the Robber.

He robbed the Vintner of no end of bottles, in case there should be any wine in them, but there wasn’t.

From the Grocer he stole three loaves of sugar, a tea-chest, three boxes of preserves, and a large cheese.

“Dummies,” cried Richard the Robber in disgust, and so they were; the sugar-loaves were wooden, the tea-chest was empty, the preserves were straw, and the large cheese was a fine model in plaster of Paris.





SAM THE SAILOR

## SAM THE SAILOR,

## HOW HE SAILED ON THE SEA.

SAID the Blockheads to the Robber—

“As we can't eat either iron, bone, bottles, boxes or dummies, even with pepper and vinegar, whipped you must be.”

So they whipped him out of the town.

“And a good riddance too,” said they.

“I am the Sailor,” bawled Sam.

“I have sailed on the sea.

“All the world over I've been, all sorts of food I have cooked—come to me Blockheads, and choose which sort of all you like best, out of many find one.”

“We,” said the people of Block, “would like best what we can get.”

“Rats then,” cried Sam, “get some rats, and make a rat pie.”

“Oh!” cried the butcher, “we cannot eat rats, hungry as we are.”

“Snails then,” shouted Sam, “make good broth; there are plenty in Block, I know.”

Said Harry the Hunter, “We never heard of such game; it will never do for us, I am sure.”

“Birds' nests then,” called out Sam; “try them, and a capital soup they make.”

They tried them again and again, and all sorts they tried too; they boiled them till the water was boiled all away, but the twigs and the straws, the feathers and the moss, did not make much of a soup after all, so they gave it up for a bad job.

“Clay pudding,” Sam told them of, but their clay could not have been the right sort, for they never could get it to rise.

“Stone porridge,” said he, “and I am very fond of it, too;” but the stones had no flavour but dust.

“Well mates,” said Sam, “you seem rather hard to please, or are not very handy at cooking: I’ll give you another plan if you like—

“Many a time have I been hungry, mates, ay, for days and weeks together, when all my money was spent and no one would give me any more; but as I always found a way to get a dinner in the end, I’ll tell you now, mates, how I did it.

“Well, I walks about, I does, till I meets a captain.

“‘Captain,’ says I, ‘do you want a sailor?’

“‘Yes,’ says he, ‘a sailor I want.’

“‘Then here you are,’ says I.

“‘Can you reef and steer?’ says he.

“‘Reef and steer I can,’ says I.

“‘Go on board,’ says he.

“So I goes on board, and there I am all right; hard work it’s true, but dinner every day, and a bumper of grog, mates, to wash it down with, after.”

“Ah,” sighs Edward, “I plainly see we shall never get on till we bring the sea into Block.”

Silly fellows! if they had the sea in Block, I don’t think it would help them a bit.

Why don’t they get their dinners and have done with it? that is what I want to know.





TOBY THE TINKER

## TOBY THE TINKER,

## THE GREAT POT MENDED HE.

ALL the Blockheads in Block lifted up their hands and their eyebrows, and cried—

“What a many things we want here in Block before we can hope for a good dinner!

“We want a pig.

“We want a calf.

“We want an ox.

“We want a buck.

“We want a ship.

“We want the sea.”

Was ever people bothered so about their dinners before?

“But,” says Toby the Tinker,

“You are Blockheads indeed, you neither want ship, sea, pig, ox, calf, nor anything else, but one,

“You want THE POT.”

“The Pot,” they roared, “we never thought of that.”

“Of course you did not,” said Toby; “it was left for me to think of the pot.”

A fine large pot it was, too; large enough to boil dinner for all the city. It certainly was not often used, for they had no fireplace but one large enough to hold it.

“It wants mending,” said they all.

“That is just it,” shouted Toby, “you cannot expect any dinner so long as there is a hole in the pot.



“But I am a Tinker, I have  
“Fire,  
“Tin plate,  
“Shears, and  
“A soldering iron.

“Let me mend your pot, so that you may have your dinner and ha’ done with it.”

He blew up his fire.

He heated his soldering iron.

He cut his tin plate with his pair of shears, fitted it on to the hole in the pot, and soldered it on ever so tight with his soldering iron quite hot.

“Hurrah for Toby the Tinker! he has mended for us our great pot.” They put him on their shoulders along with the pot, and carried him round the city in great glee, and such a shout they raised, that it quite startled the Wiseacres outside.

“Oh dear!” said they, “the Blockheads have got some dinner at last.”

“Now,” said the people of Block, “here is the great pot, what shall we put in it, Toby? tell us that.”

“I don’t know,” said Toby the Tinker, “that is no business of mine; my trade is Tinker, and that is all I know anything about.”

So the pot would not give them their dinners after all, and would have been of no use to them whatever, had they not suddenly thought of popping it over Toby’s head, and so covering him up out of the way, as he quite deserved, too. Didn’t he?





URIAH THE USURER ©

## URIAH THE USURER,

## AND WHAT IT WAS HE HID.

Now of all the people in Block there was not one who lived cheaper than Uriah; he was very rich it is true, and had bags and bags of gold, but he was a great miser, and all the money he had not lent out at 90 per cent. was so closely hoarded away, that he grudged himself even a penny to buy a penny loaf with.

On Sunday, for a treat, he indulged in grilled bone.

On Monday, in regard of the extra good meal of the day before, he had only potato-peelings.

On Tuesday, rather faint, he made himself parsnep broth.

On Wednesday, to live well, he had cabbage soup.

On Thursday, he made him good turnip stew.

On Friday, for change of diet, he took water-gruel.

And on Saturday, busy day, he had lived so well all the week, that he could very well afford to go without.

He told the Blockheads to live after his fashion; but as they had neither turnip, parsnep, cabbage, nor potato-peelings, and could not always go without, his good and cheap example could not be followed.

“Never mind,” said Uriah, “I have a very good plan left still; you must keep on dining out with all your friends, and then you will never be without a dinner so long as they will let you call.”

Then they went away and called on each other.

The Archer called on the Butcher.

The Butcher called on the Captain.

The Captain called on the Esquire.

The Esquire called on the Farmer.

The Farmer called on the Gamester.

The Gamester called on the Hunter.

The Hunter called on the Idler.

The Idler called on the Joiner.

The Joiner called on the King.

But the King kicked him out again, and so nobody had any food; no dinner was to be had.

"Uriah," they said, "our friends have no dinner."

"Oh," said he, "then I am sure I can't help you to one."

And they all went away as thin as shotten herrings, as cross as two sticks, and as poor as church mice, wanting their dinners more than ever, and having no hope.

What was it Uriah hid?

He hid all his money bags deep down in his cellar, before even he would talk to the poor Blockheads.

"For," said he, "if ever they have food offered them, they will want my money to buy it with, and I want it all for myself."

But it could not be of much use to him buried deep down in the cellar, could it?





VAN THE VINTNER

## VAN THE VINTNER,

## AND WHAT HE DID.

AND what do you think it was that Van did? why, just what Daniel had done before him; he drank his wine, and he would have drank up *all* his wine had it not been for his dog Tray, but doggy was quite put out at such bad manners.

“Gracious, master,” he barked, “you’ll make yourself tipsy.”

“What of that?” said Van.

“Why then they’ll call you Topsy Van,” replied the dog.

“You will soon be selfish, and they will call you

“Selfish Van.

“You will have a red nose like Daniel, and you will be called

“Red-nosed Van.

“Your hands will shake so, that they will call you

“Shaky Van.

“Your knees will double up, and then your name will be

“Tottery Van.

“So you will not be able to get up in the morning, and they will say

“Lie-a-bed Van.”



“Dear, dear,” said the Vintner, frightened at last. “I wouldn’t be called lie-a-bed for all the world; what shall I do, good doggy? what *shall* I do?”

“You must seek out all the Blockheads,” said the dog, “and give your wine to them, for they are as thin as shotten herrings, as cross as two sticks, and as poor as church mice.”

“Oh, very well,” said Van, who was very good-natured when he was properly talked to. He sought out the Blockheads, and he gave them all his wine.

To those who were as thin as herrings, he gave one bottle.

To those who were as cross as two sticks he gave two.

But to those who were as poor as church mice he gave three.

What a pity it is that although wine will quench thirst it will not quench hunger, for the Blockheads got hungrier than ever, and called out to Van,

“The man who has to drink must have to eat as well, and why don’t you give it to us without waiting?”

Poor Van! Although he was good-natured, they were hungry, so he had to hide himself away from their anger for fear of his life, and they, after pulling down his house and tying the biggest bottle they could find to the poor dog’s poor tail, went in a hurry to set Waddy to watch for their dinner.

“Bother the dinner,” said Isaac the Idler, and bother the dinner say I.





WADDY THE WATCHMAN

## WADDY THE WATCHMAN,

## HOW HE WATCHED AT THE GATE.

Now this is the famous account of Waddy the Watchman's wonderful dream.

How, having to watch for the Blockheads' dinner, he sat him down at the gate and fell fast asleep.

How, when asleep watching for the Blockheads' dinner, he dreamt a dream.

He dreamt that all the people in Block walked out from the city, that the Wiseacres all fled, and that the Blockheads *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt that the people of Block ran out of the city and *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt that the people of Block leapt out of the city and *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt that the people of Block marched out, two and two, and *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt that the people hopped out one after the other, and *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt that they jumped with long jumps out of the city, and *fetch*ed their dinner.

He dreamt the Blockheads toddled out and *fetch*ed their dinner.

And then he awoke in great wonder, and told his dream to all the Blockheads in Block.

Said they, "Let us find out what it means," and they all tried their hardest.

Said Edward the Esquire—

“To dream of walking means roast beef.”

Said Isaac the Idler—

“When I dream of running (not that ever I did run), it forebodes plum pudding.”

Said the Hunter—

“A dream of leaping is sure token of mince pies.”

But cries the Captain—

“March! dream of a march and expect boiled turkeys.”

“Hop!” cries the Gamester, “to dream of hopping is plain roast goose.”

“As for a dream of jumping,” said Alfred, “that is always boiled fowls.”

“Well,” said Waddy, in the end, “all I know is this, that a toddling dream means neither more nor less than sucking pigs.”

So here was a famous dinner in a dream;—

Roast beef,  
Plum pudding  
Mince pies.  
Turkeys.  
Geese.  
Fowls.  
Sucking pigs.

What a sad affair that it was only a dream!





## X 21,

## AND HIS UNHAPPY FATE.

POOR X 21, he was a Policeman.

“I will relieve the good city of Block,” said he; “it is in such dire distress, that it is the duty of all its policemen to help it.

“I will go to my cooks, and ask their help; they have always plenty of scraps; we will make a dinner of them somehow.”

But the first cook could only give him bones.

The second had nothing left but a pot of kitchen stuff.

The third gave him candle ends; and as for the rest, they had nothing at all to give.

Now bones were of no use, for they had tried them before.

No one in Block had stomach enough for kitchen stuff.

And he was ashamed to offer them candle ends; he got rather downhearted, “But,” said he—

“I will go out to-night on duty; if I see any robbers with plunder, I will seize them, and, who knows, we may find a dinner that way, after all.”

So at night on to his beat he went: up and down, round about he marched, listening for robbers and plunder with both his ears.

“Mie-ow-w, Mie-ow!” cries a voice.

“Hush,” whispers X 21 to himself; “Me now, me now; who cries me now? why, they must be helping each other over the wall.”

“Pr-r-oo-o,” cries the voice in a lower tone.



“Through,” says X 21; “through what? over the wall and through the garden, I’ll be bound.”

“Ma-ul rai-ow-fzz-z-zz!” screams the voice.

“What, what!” shouts the policeman: “what’s that? have a row and frighten ’em all into fits? that looks like burglary at all events; here goes.”

Over the wall he jumps, and away scampers the voice.

X 21 jumps into the bushes, and tears his trousers.

Away and away goes the voice, away and away goes the policeman after it, away and away flies his hat behind him, away and away go his clothes as the sharp thorns catch them and tear them into ribbons.

But he can’t find the robbers, nor can he hear the voice.

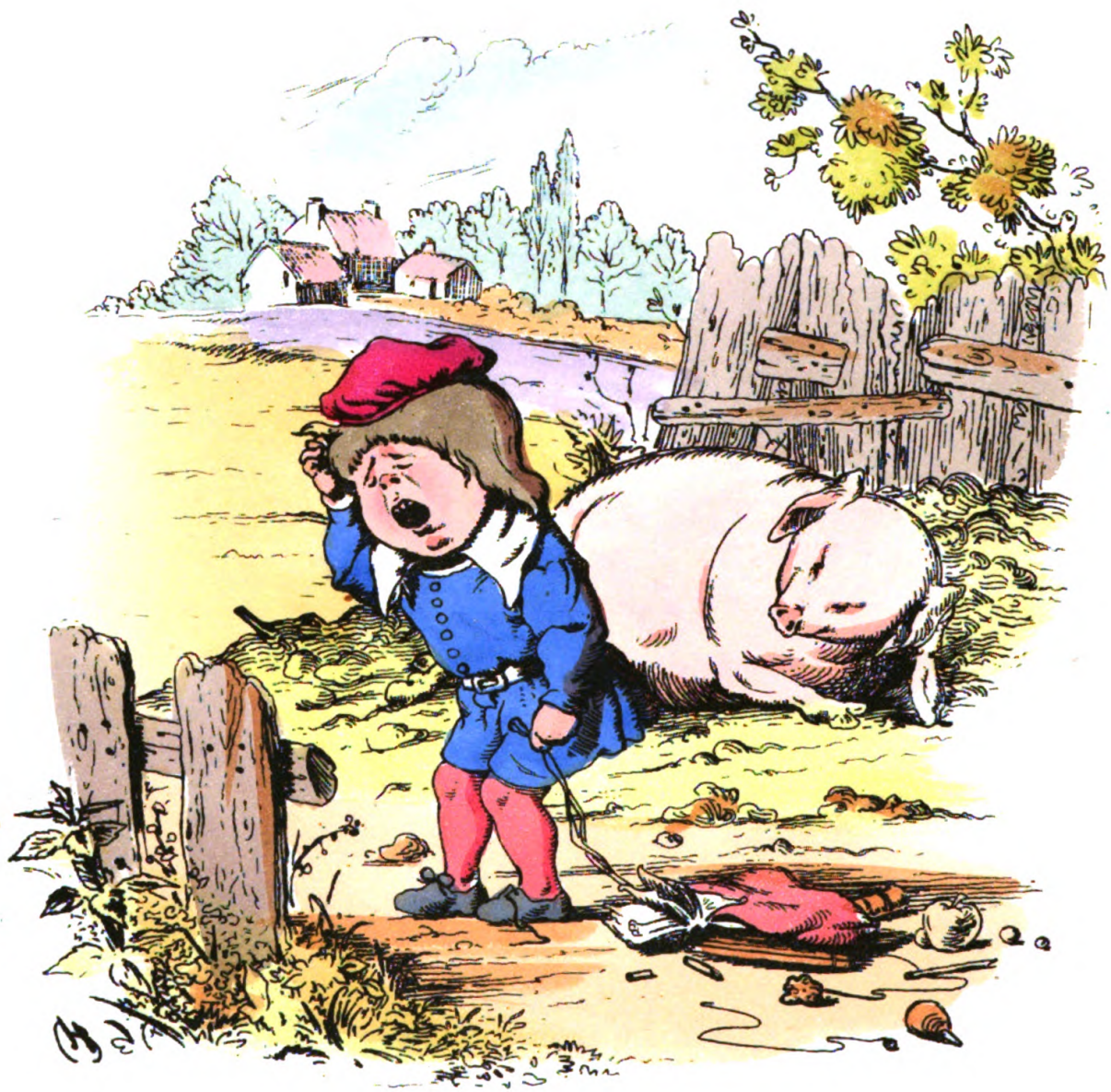
He tumbles over a stone.

He falls on to the ground, and is too tired, too weary, too much bruised and battered, to care about getting up again; and there he might have lain until the day after to-morrow, had not some boys looked in on the fifth of November, early in the morning.

“Hallo!” said these Blockhead boys, “here’s a guy, almost ready made; they lifted poor helpless X 21 up; they tied him on to an old chair, they put a lantern in his left hand, and a bundle of brimstone matches in the right, fastened a mask on to his face, and carried him about the streets of Block, shouting—

“Please to remember  
The fifth of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot.”





YAWN THE YOUTH

## YAWN THE YOUTH,

## WHY HE DID NOT LOVE SCHOOL.

THERE were three reasons why little Yawn did not love his school.

First, he had to learn his lessons.

Secondly, he had to hold his tongue.

Third reason, he had to look after the birch.

Now he could not learn his lessons, because he fell fast asleep.

He could not hold his tongue, because he was wide awake.

And he could not put up with the birch rod, whether he was awake or asleep.

So no wonder he did not love school; but I think he ought to have tried to like it, and if only he could have kept awake at his lessons, he might have let his tongue go to sleep, and so have had no fear of the sharp birch; yet, rather than put himself to any such trouble, he ran off one fine morning to play truant, as many a time he had played it before.

He roamed about all the morning, keeping out of the way of such Blockheads as might have taken him back to school, and he roamed about, until who should he run against but the pig, whom everybody had been after; there he lay on a dungheap, resting his fat old sides.

“Hallo!” said Yawn, “who’d a’ thought of seeing you? queer that I should meet you.”

“Not at all,” said pig, “you are lazy, I am lazy; birds of a feather flock together.”

“Do they?” said Yawn; “you are a pretty bird to see upon the wing, but you might be polite; I shall just run off and tell the Blockheads I have found you.”

“Stop, stop!” cried pig, “only come back for a minute, and I will tell you how to get the Blockheads’ dinner.”

“No,” said the Youth, “you will do very well.”

Away he ran, round the corner and up the lane, into the high street of Block, and there he ran right up against his schoolmaster.

“Come here,” said his master, catching hold of him, “you have been playing the truant, and birch shall be your doom.”

“Oh! pray,” said Yawn, “don’t beat me this time, for I have found the pig, and our dinner will be safe for ever so long.”

Upon this good news his master gave up all thought of beating him, and went away in search of pig.

But, behold ye, the pig had gone away, and no one knew where.

So Yawn the Youth was beaten by Tommy Tickle-tail after all, and I hope it made a better boy of him; take warning by this little Yawn, open your eyes to your lessons, and shut your mouth in school-time, lest Tommy Tickle-tail the birch rod should ever trouble you.





ZEPHANIAH THE ZANY

## ZEPHANIAH THE ZANY,

## AND THEY CALLED HIM THE FOOL.

THEY must have been Blockheads to have called him such a silly name, for to my mind he was the only clever man in Block.

They never once thought of asking him to see after the dinner, and if he had talked about such a thing, he would have been laughed at all over the town.

But he knew better than to talk about anything he was going to do. Thinks he to himself; Now, what can this secret be that so many seem to know?

What was it the dog whispered to Ben?

What was it the beggarmen whispered to Charley?

What was it the mouse whispered to Isaac?

And what did the cockoly birds whisper to Peter?

What was it that Waddy dreamt?

What did the pig want with Yawn?

He reckoned it on his fingers, and he thought it over in his mind.

He puzzled it up, he puzzled it down, he puzzled it in, and at last, he puzzled it out.

“Why,” said he, “I see it now, they all said the same thing.

“FETCH IT.

“And that is just the one thing that no one has yet done.

“They have shot, killed, fought, drank, paid, ploughed, gamed, hunted, idled, built, ordered, loved, traded, begged, asked, played, waited, robbed, sailed, mended, visited, watched, ran, and yawned for their dinners:

“But not one has thought proper to fetch it.

“Now,” thought he, “when I want anything, I always fetch it; so why should I not fetch the Blockheads’ dinner? at all events, I’ll try.”



So he quietly opened the gate, and walked out along with the dog, the mouse, the cockoly birds, and the pig, who were all waiting for him.

“Oh! I say,” called out the Wiseacres, in a great taking, “Look here, somebody’s coming.”

And *this* was just the one thing the Wiseacres had not thought of.

“Look sharp,” they cried, “let us run away home, or we shall all be cut to pieces.”

And behold—

Away they ran as fast as ever they could, leaving all their stores of good food behind them.

“Ah,” said Zeph, as he came back loaded with the Blockheads’ dinner, “I thought I was right.”

The people of Block, as soon as ever they had satisfied their terrible appetites, had eaten the fat, had picked all the bones, and had rubbed up all the plates, began to think that Zephaniah was not quite such a Zany as he looked, and King Kole sent out a fine decree—

#### KOLE, KING.

His Majesty, Kole the King, hereby orders and commands all Blockheads within the good city of Block always and evermore, from this day forth, to **FETCH** their dinner whensoever they want any.

(Signed) KOLE.

But no one thought of rewarding Zeph, except Laura the Lady.

“I mean to keep my word,” she said, so she not only gave him her hand to kiss, but married him out of hand, and very happily they lived ever after.



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