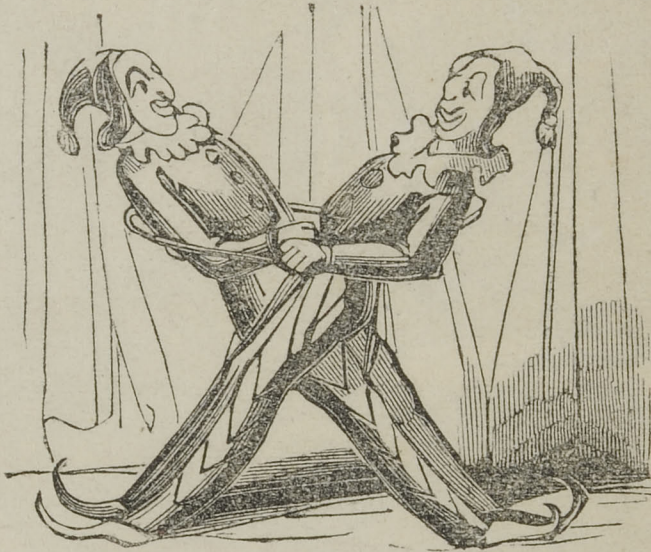


MARKS'S EDITION.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MATTY MARVELOUS.



LONDON.

Printed and Published by J. L. Marks

91, Long Lane Smithfield,

ADVENTURES

OF

THE

ADVENTURES OF NATTY MARVELOUS.



London J. L. Marks,

Matty Marvelous is my name,
I reached the highest pitch of fame,
Which you allow, without a doubt,
When you this history have read out.

I had my Trousers, made so small,
My coat and waistcoat hid them all,
My Hat, I bought of largest size,
To keep the wind from out my eyes.

Oh the wonders, I have seen,
Bellows that played God save the Queen,
Which made the Kittle fume and fret,
The Cat to dance a Minuette.

To gain the secret, then I tried,
By taking out, the works inside,
And you'll scarce believe me when I say,
The 'Tune they would no longer play.



The Wonderful Bellows

I went one day, to catch some fish,
Thinking for dinner, to have a dish,
But if the truth, it must be told,
Instead of Fish I caught a cold.

One day I bought of Eggs a dozen,
To take as a present, to my Cousin,
In my pocket, placed them, great & small,
Then sat down, and smash'd them all,

Once of a friend, I bought a horse,
Whose back, I had, scarcely got across,
He reared, and being thorougher bred,
And pitched me plump upon my head.

I went out one day, t'was really shocking,
With a large hole in my stocking,
To mend the same, and prevent a shout,
The stocking, I turn'd, inside out.



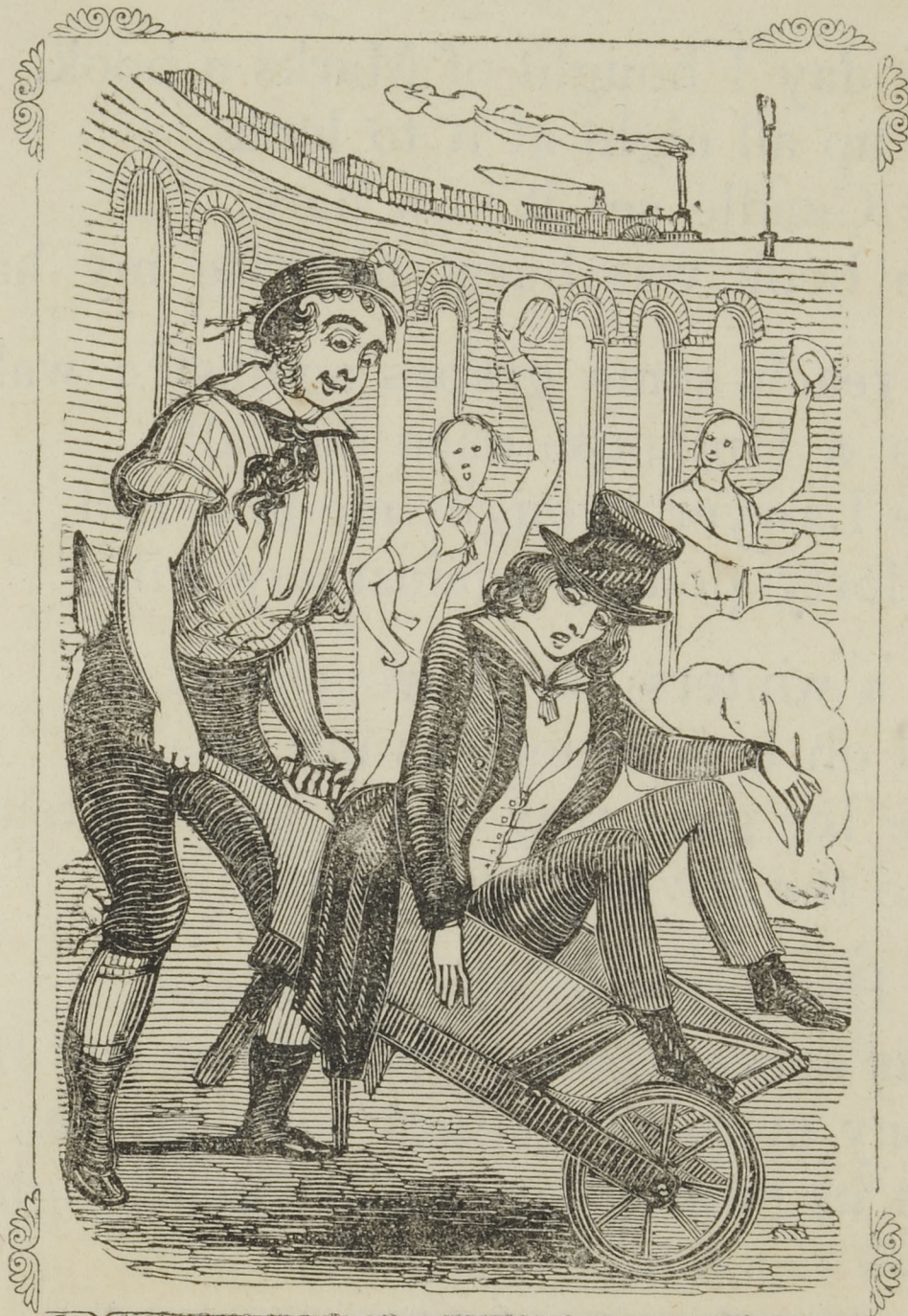
Mattys Disaster with the Horse.

It happened once in drear November,
It was the fifth, I well remember,
Some boys, did every, effort try,
To smug, and make of me a guy.

On a journey bent, it was a shame,
I got up late, and missed the train,
But my schoolmate, reached at harrow,
By riding in a mans wheel-barrow.

To see Vauxhall one night I went,
To view the Fireworks was my intent,
But while gazing at the rockets,
Some folks behind picked my pockets.

I bought a gun, for shooting big,
Instead of Pheasant killed a Pig.
I made a Pie, it was no joke,
For his Curly tail did me near choke.



Mattys journey to see his Friends,

One day I bought of Marks a book,
Set up all night at it to look,
His Candle set it in a flare,
The book was burnt likewise my hair.

To reach some grapes against a wall,
Into a Hothouse once did fall,
The Lawyer brought me in a Bill
Of forty pounds against my will,

On a winters day I went to skate,
But oh how cruel was my fate,
The Ice gave way and strange to tell,
Into the River plump I fell.

To Bed I got to prevent mishaps,
Was annoyed all night by Mice and Rats
Many more adventures could resite,
But its getting late and so good night.

See First Page.

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A decorative border with repeating floral and scrollwork patterns surrounds the text.

A LIST OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

PUBLISHED BY J. L. MARKS,
UNIFORM WITH THIS.

Hawthorn Farm or the lost Son.

The Butterfly's Court Day.

History of the Country Cousins.

Gaffer Gurtons visit to the Fair.

Select Gleanings for Children.

Dowlas's trip to Hampton Court.

Adventures of Matty Marvelous.

The History of Paddy Shane.

Adventures of Peter Poppleton.

Nursery Rhymes.

The Garden of Learning.

The Bower of Knowledge.