

MARKS'S EDITION.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
MATTY MARVELOUS.



LONDON.

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ADVENTURES OF MATTY MARVELOUS.



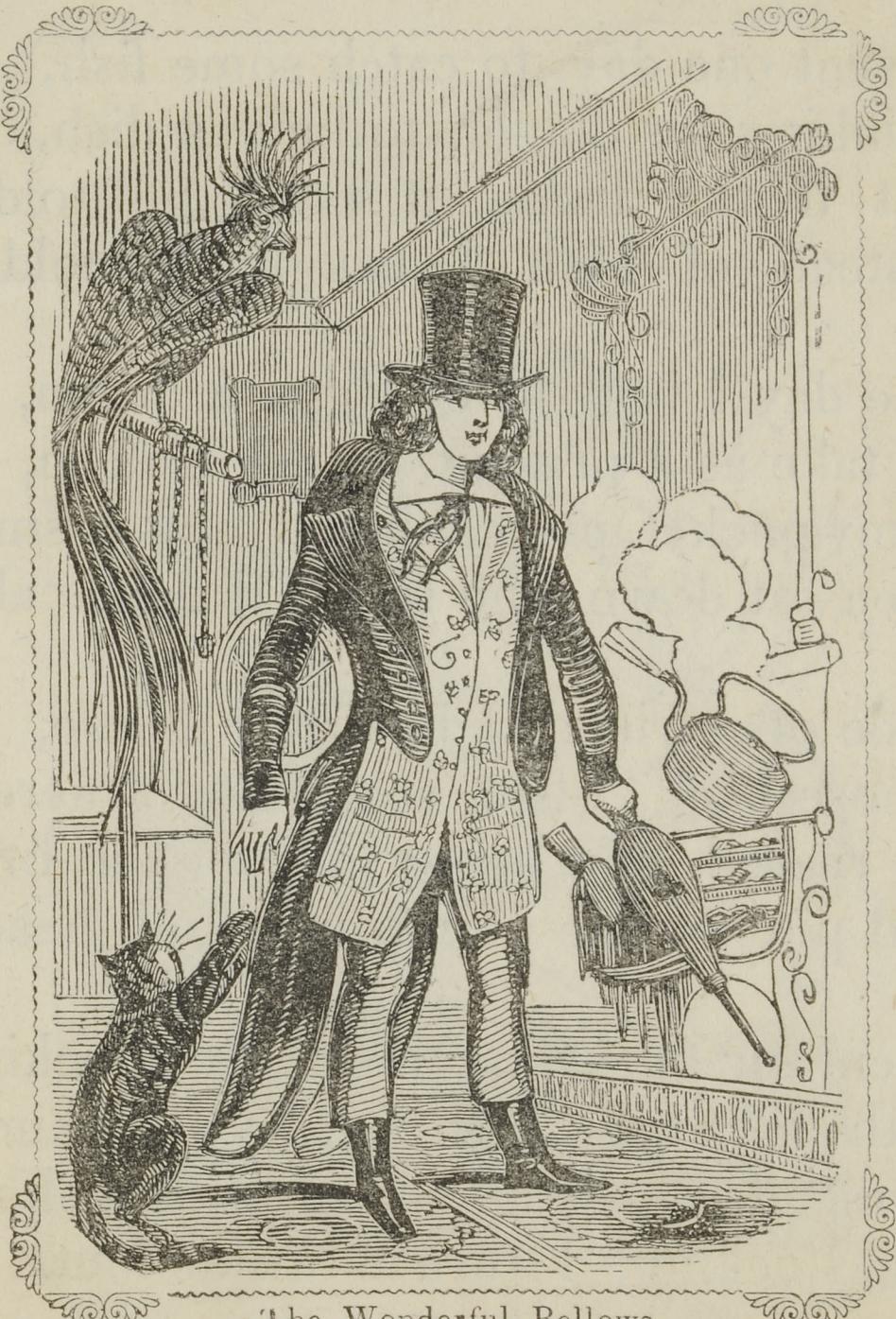
London J L. Marks,

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 Kettle 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.



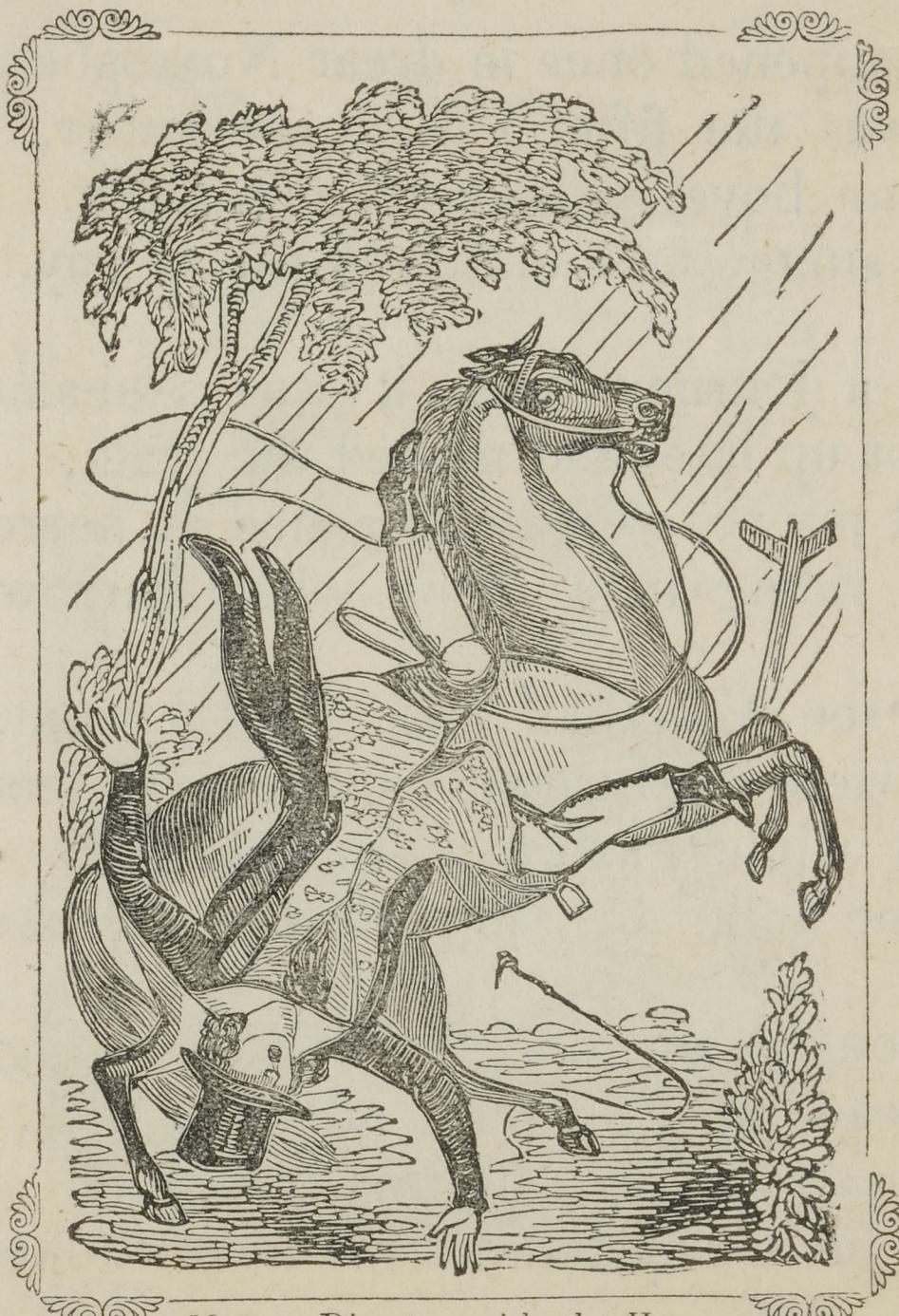
The Wonderful Bellows

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 thorough 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.



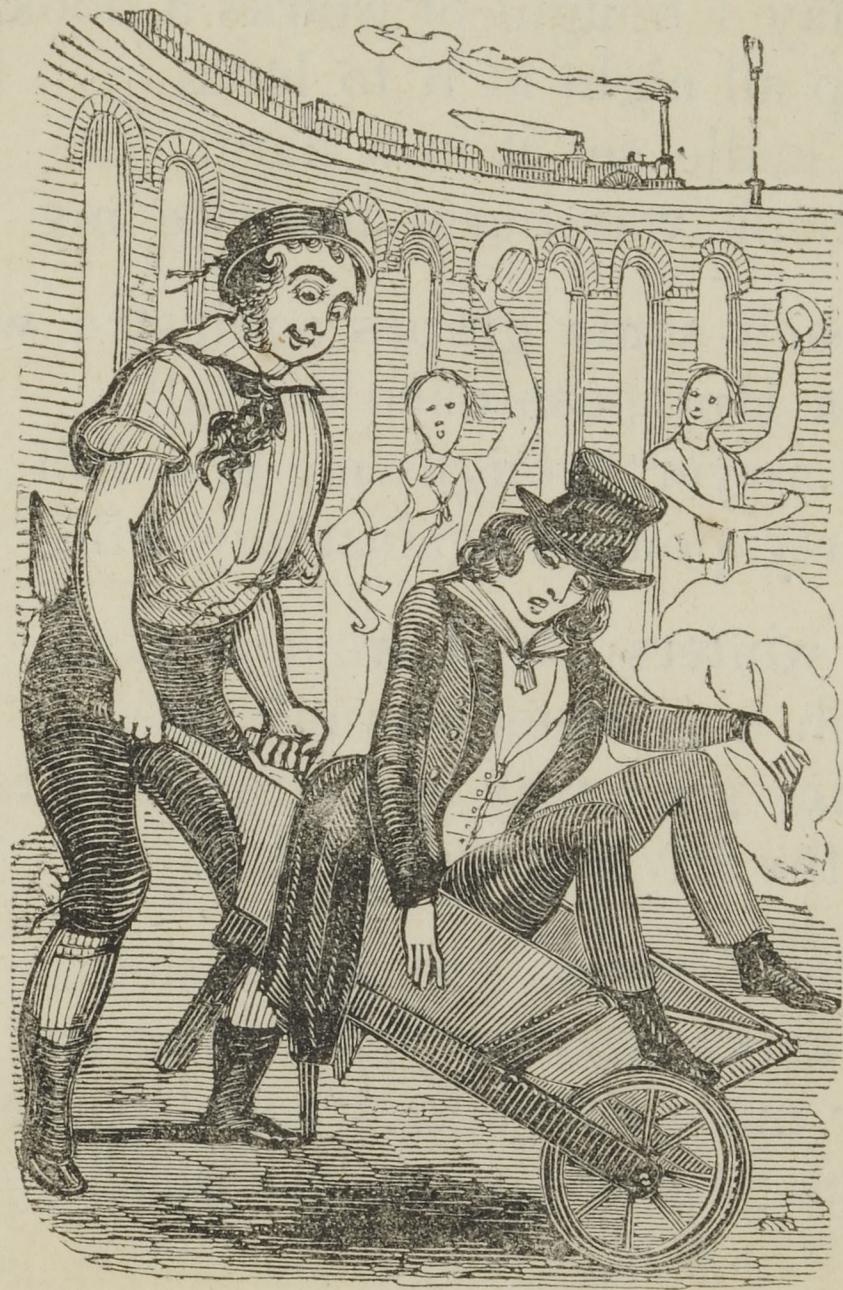
Matty's Disaster with the Horse.

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.



Matty's 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 LIST OF JUVENILE BOOKS.

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

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- Hawthorn Farm or the lost Son.
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 - Adventures of Matty Marvelous.
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