

"Be quiet," hissed the bugaboo,
 And then he scratched the infant sore,
 And from his little crib he drew
 The screaming child upon the floor.
 But all for nothing were his pains,
 For as he flew to Egypt wild
 In rushed the good old Gran'nun Haines
 To see what ailed her precious child.

"Go, leave my pretty dear alone,
 And never dare again intrude!"
 Cried gran'ma, in a savage tone
 And with a threatening attitude.
 He dropped his screaming, struggling prey,
 And scuttled up the chimney-flue;
 And back to Egypt far away
 Escaped the dreadful bugaboo.

January 28, 1885.

A VALENTINE

TO THE EVER-ADORABLE AND EVER-GRACIOUS MISSES ANNA DELLA
 AND ELIZABETH WINSLOW, AGED TEN AND SEVEN YEARS
 RESPECTIVELY

If I were Eric Ericsson, with flowing flaxen hair,
 Perhaps Miss Anna Della would not scoff at my despair.
 Perhaps my sweet Elizabeth would bless me with a smile
 If I were Patrick Miles O'Dowd—a lord from Erin's isle.
 Alas, I am not Eric, and alas, I am not Pat!
 I simply am a Yankee boy, and a tough old one at that.
 Yet do I love these beauteous maids whom I have named above,
 And send them both this valentine to tell them of my love—
 A paltry, graceless thing, yet with a thousand kisses sealed,
 And autographed (as you observe) by poor old FIELD.

February 14, 1895.