

If ahroad we're forced to wander
In the mud;
We sally forth in terror
And in terror homeward scud,
Lest we're planted with a thud,
In the slippery Dauphin mud
What a sight;
With the people looking out
From the windows all about,
At our plight;—
While we flounder in the mud, mud,
Mud, mud, mud,
In the dirty, sticky, greasy,
Dauphin mud.

The time that we're most pestered
With the mud,
Is early in the springtime
Ere the trees are out in bud.
But a trifling summer shower
Will reduce us in an hour
To despair.
Oh! that some smart Dauphin man
Would invent a lasting plan
Of repair,—
And deliver us forever from 'he
Mud, mud, mud,
From the slimy, sloppy, slippery
Dauphin mud.

UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE.

"Twas on a bright October day,
The weather was divine;
"Now, if we went for ferns to-day
It would be quite in line."
"Twas Etta spoke, and Jack looked up,
"I'm with you Ett," cried he,
"Because, perhaps we'll find some haws,
Upon the hawthorn tree."
"Now that's just like a man, I vow"
In high disdain, cried Fan,
"His constant cry is 'what's to eat?'
Avaunt, ye sordid man!
A girl in woodland ways, will all
The wildwood beauties see,
But man—he only sees the haws
Upon the hawthorn tree."