

My friends all *carp* and say I *cod* them,
Yet, do they drink my *bass*, and in my *herring*
Laugh at my *pickerel* and my beer condemn.
If I *haddock-ed* 'em then, without fearing
My *ale-wife's* wrath, I'd had 'em on a *pike*,
A grinning crowd of *sardines* small *minnow*.
But my wife *s'had* *smell* a mouse, and like
Mother, who'd rather see her *sun-fish* now,
Has on *porpoise* hrought me to this sorry pass.
But I'll get square, I'll yet *whale* all creation
When once I'm free, for I'm bound to amass
Gold fish, and fame ; egad ! I'm for sensation.
Not even shall a *weak-fish* pass me then,
And many a *blue-fish* will lament its mate.
I must show myself a man among men
That I was horn to fisherman's estate.

✻
VANDALS SPARE THAT WALL

(After "Woodman Spare That Tree.")

Vandals spare that wall !
Touch not a single stone !
We would not see it fall.
It must be let alone !
We've guarded it before
From foes of other lands,
We'll fight for it once more
To stay the traitor's hands.

That old familiar wall,
Whose glory and renown
Is known to one and all,
And you will tear it down ?
Vandals, forbear your threat ;
Leave that old wall to time,
The world would not forget,
Were you to do this crime.