

OCTOBER.



THE PAROCHIAL GAME OF SHUTTLECOCK.

There's a parish which plays an
artful game.

It's played with a battledoor,
And the thing they use for a
shuttlecock,
Is one of the starving poor.

The parish of "Dethnel" deserves
to be

Foremost on the scroll of fame,
For great must be the parochial mind
Which plann'd this "little game."

There's another parish as like as two
peas,
Equally well they play,

When the shuttlecock comes, the
blow they give
Sends it spinning away.

*The minds which rule the Poor Law
Board,

Wink at the plan to save; [far
The pauper alive is more expensive
Than one put in a grave.

Let the wandering lumber audaci-
ously call

"Dethnel" his place of birth,
With the battledoor's blow he'll get
"passed on,"
And know what his claim is worth.

Poverty is no crime.

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