

## THE CALUMNIATOR.

BEHOLD a tall tree that is blasted, my son,  
 Yet not by the lightning, though heavy the stroke ;  
 More surely the work of destruction was done,—  
 And mark thou the foe, that can prostrate an oak.

Vile worm! could a reptile as feeble as thou,  
 Destroy in its strength, a magnificent tree ?  
 Did the hurricane pass, when it shattered the bough,  
 But to leave the strong trunk, as a victim to thee ?

There are some of our lineage as slowly that die,  
 And by reptiles more loathsome than any that crawl ;  
 While the foe that destroys them, no one can descry,  
 For the arrow is hidden, till after their fall.

Thus a calumny strikes to the sensitive heart,  
 Which, the less it discloses, the more it endures :  
 While the hand that directed and poisoned the dart,  
 May be that of a *friend* ; but should never be *yours*.

## GRAND MENAGERIE.—FATHER AND SON.

OH, what is that beautiful animal, Dad,  
 So *tame* and so *gentle* ?—A *Tiger*, my lad  
 And this, with an innocent aspect, and mild ?  
 How *honest* he seems.—That is *Reynard*, my child.

What a fierce looking beast, with those terrible ears,  
 And a roar so appalling, how *bold* he appears !  
 Though tied, I am fearful so near him to pass.—  
 The beast that you dread, little son, is an *Ass*.