

AN APOSTROPHE.

VIVACIOUS, vicious, nipping Flea,
 Veriest imp in entomology,
 Long years each other we have known,
 Your kin I mean — not you alone ;
 And so, for old acquaintance sake,
 A chatty rhyme I'll try to make.

I cannot promise thee much praise,
 For, sooth to say, I hate thy wars :
 So full of tricks, so stealthy, sly,
 That sorely thou dost patience try ;
 So savage and bloodthirsty too,
 You 'd make a saint as bad as you ;
 The saint, indeed, were extra good,
 Who would not hunger for your blood.

But how to catch you — that's the point
 That puts one's nose quite out of joint.
 Last night I had you fairly fixed,
 My finger and my thumb betwixt,
 At least I thought so, till I found
 My slippery friend had changed his ground,
 Had swiftly made a fresh attack,
 And left my neck to bite my back.

But though thou set me all afire
 In spite of rage, I do admire
 The strength that marks thy bold escapes
 And gets thee through so many scrapes.
 If I could only jump like thee,
 Zounds ! what a wonder I would be ;
 The nimblest athlete I have known,
 A length not more than thrice his own,
 With utmost force that he could bring,
 Was all the space that he could spring ;
 But thou, and with the greatest ease,
 When one attempts thy pelt to seize,