

the rainbow that it is a winter of short continuance ; that the immortal germs shall revive ; that life on earth is but the time for ploughing and sowing, and that the thorns or the flowers remain for a nobler state of existence. This thought removes recklessness from youth, and melancholy from age, and conveys to the good man, that holy serenity which no tempest can possibly disturb.

## PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

“ WHO ’LL SERVE THE KING ? ”

*By Thomas Hood, Esq.*

WHAT little urchin is there never  
Hath had that early scarlet fever,  
Of martial trapping caught ?  
Trappings well called—because they trap  
And catch full many a country chap  
To go where fields are fought :

What little urchin with a rag  
Hath never made a little flag,  
(\*Our plate will shew the manner,)  
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,  
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,  
To come beneath the banner ?

Just like that ancient shape of mist  
In hamlet, crying “ List, O list ! ”  
Come, who will serve the king,  
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead  
And cut off Boneyparty’s head ?—  
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,  
To march with military toy,  
And ape the soldier-life ;  
And with a whistle or a hum,  
I thought myself a Duke of Drum  
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,  
Oh ! how I walk’d in glory’s path  
With regimental mates,

“The plate referred to represents two boys under the sunny gable of a cottage, one is the recruiting officer alluded to in the stanza,—he affects a military strut, and displays his little flag ; a basket serves for a helmet, peacock’s feather for plume, salt box for cartridge box, and his father’s boots on his tiny legs complete his military costume. He looks with an alluring confident smile on his companion, who is seated admiring the trappings of the miniature hero.