



FINNEY &amp; CO.

## THE STUFFED SPARROW

Curiosity, wind, or caprice —  
 I don't know the motive that bore 'em, —  
 Has brought such strange callers as these  
 To the naturalist's *sanctum sanctorum*.  
 What's this 'mid the papers that strew  
 The table, and litter the drawer full?  
 "My friend, what's the matter with you,  
 So silent, and frigid, and awful.

"Immortality, see with what ease  
 Your prerogative science can grapple!  
 Man's handmaid, because, if you please,  
 He got the first bite of the apple."

Poor stuffed one, I grudge not your pride,  
 I prefer—for 'tis well to be merry—  
 To let immortality slide,  
 And be satisfied, I, with—a cherry.