

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Down from a twig on a Northern Spy tree
A canker-worm swung in security ;
He'd eaten all season since first he was hatched,
As a ravenous glutton he couldn't be matched.
He slipped inch by inch to the grass-covered
ground,
Where he thought safe concealment might surely
be found
In which he could pupate till autumn set in ;
But a hen came that way and she gathered him in.
Gathered — gathered — gathered — she gathered
him in.

She gathered him in, and his final rest
Was there, in there, in her well-filled chest ;
And she strolled around in search for more,
For it tasted better than aught before.
But I thought of her end, her final act,
When the farmer'd slice with a carver's tact,
And remark, as each piece made him look less
thin,
" I gather her in, I gather her in.
Gather—gather—gather—I gather her in."

—*Am. Agriculturist.*

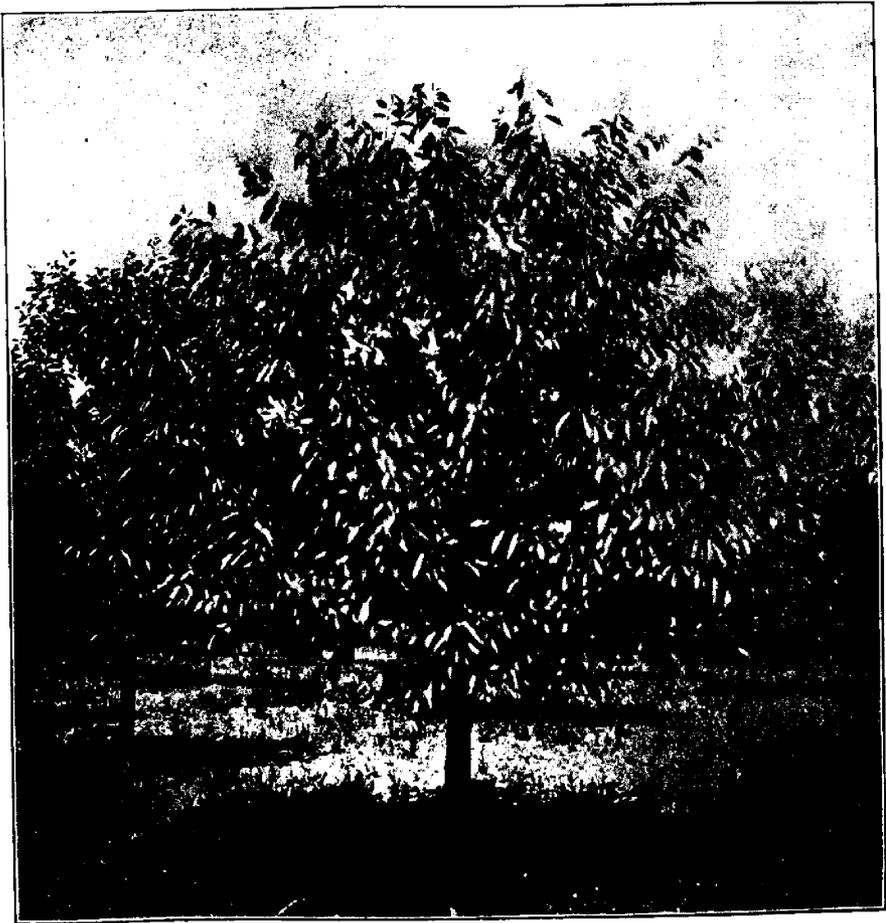


FIG. 1868. REINE HORTENSE TREE.