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## QUEER PEOPLE

## AND THEIR

## KWEER KAPERS.

Birds That Talk.
Giants That Flee.
Beasts That Think.
Insects That Flirt.
Sprites That Dance.

WITH THEIR VARIOUS ANTICS ILLUSTRATED.

By PALMER COX.

ROSE PUBIISFIING COMIPANY, TORONTO, ONT. PALMER COX,

At the Department of Agriculture


PREFATORY NOTE.

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Hubbard Bros.

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## GRIM GRIFFIN.



RIM GRIFFIN was a giant bold, Who lived beside the sea; A terror to the country wide, From Galway to Tralee.

The farmers knew his heavy tread, Which seemed to shake the land, When coming from his castle tall, That overlooked the strand.

At times he carried off their fruit,
At times their stacks of grain; At times he took the fattest brute That grazed upon the plain.

And out before his castle door, In heaps lay hoof and horn; And piles of pods without the peas, And cobs without the corn.


But not alone to farmer's goods Was Griffin's acts confined.


At certain seasons of the year, To fish his taste inclined,

And when the hardy fishermen Came toiling near the strand,


The giant would disperse the crew And drag their net to land.

At last the men, of nothing sure Forsook the coast for good,


And left the giant to procure His fish as best he could.

Then often with a mighty pole, And lengthy line to match, He sat beside the foaming tide, His morning meal to catch.

At times he hooked a weever dark, A salmon or an eel, And next a grampus or a shark, Would try his rod and reel.

At length it chanced a hungry whale Was swimming by one day, The baited hook the monster took And gently moved away.
"Ho, Ho!" the Giant laughed aloud, "l've got no common bite,

The line is long, the rod is strong, I'll have a feast to-night.
"There's not a fish that works a fin, In river, lake, or sea, However strong or broad or long, Can prove a match for me!"

Then rashly round his waist he wound The surplus line with care. Determined should his hands give out, His weight would still be there.


The screaming birds around them flew Describing circles wide.

But, weight and strain and boasting vain, Were all of no avail,

For off the rock he slid amain,
Behind the rushing whale;


And Galway's coast was miles behind, The Isles of Arran past,

When still the giant, like the wind, Was moving seaward fast.


Then people hastened to the shore, To view the pleasing sight,

And clapped their hands till palms were sore, And shouted with delight.
"Ah, strong be line of silk or twine, That round the rogue is tied; And strong be tail and fin of whale, That take him hence," they cried.
"Let fish with saw, and fish with sword, Soon carve him up with care; And dish him out upon their board, In slices portioned fair;

"That shark, and gar, and sculpin lean, The hermit-crab, and pike,
The lamprey, and the lobster green, May all be served alike.
"And there, five hundred fathoms deep, Below the rolling tide;
The King of Herrings order keep, And at the feast preside."

The sun went down, and home returned To roost on crag and tree, The weary birds, that many miles, Escorted Grim to sea.

But he no more returned to shore, To make the farmers fly; Or stray along the rugged coast, To catch his morning fry.


Yet, sailors steering o'er the main, To lands of rice and tea, Report, a thousand miles from land, A wondrous sight they see.

Upon an island, bleak and bare, They mark a giant form, That flings around a baited hook, In sunshine and in storm.

But whether truthful tales they tell, As round the seas they go;
Or simply spin a sailor's yarn, The world may never know.

This hint remains for young and old, To treasure in the mind;
Let folks be e'er so strong and bold, They may a stronger find.

Like Griffin, they may strike a fish They cannot bring to land; And find, too late, the line of Fate Too well the strain may stand.



## A PET IN THE HOUSE.

There once was a man, and his name was Von Crouse, Who kept, just for pastime, a pet in the house; At first it was small, and could scamper and play, And seemed a great source of amusement each day. For many a time would Von laugh until sore, While watching it caper about on the floor.

He called the pet "Habit," and said, "when I please I'll kick him outside with the greatest of ease." Though people would argue, "I fear that your pet Will prove a heart-scald, ere you're through with him yet."


But time rolled around, and the pet became strong, Its body spread wider, its nose, it grew long; It filled up the space every day more and more, At last would no longer pass out of the door, But rooted around in a boisterous style, And tumbled the bed and the stove in a pile.

m yet."
No longer a joy, or a pride, as at first,
But, classed as a demon, would rank with the worst,
Von Crouse saw his error, though at a late hour, And then to eject him he strove with all power.

He blamed himself roundly, and as people do,
When thus brought to sorrow, he blamed others, too;
One hardly likes calling the fault all his own,
And shouldering the burden of censure alone,

He pulled by the ears, and pulled by the tail; He coaxed and he cudgeled, but nought would avail; The door was too narrow, the window too high,


His pet was content in the mansion to lie.

And "Habit" kept growing, and gave him no ease, But crowded him out
of his home by degrees; Deserted by friends, and derided by foes, And cursing his folly,
as one might suppose.
And such was the terrible
fate oi Von Crouse, A warning to all who keep pets in the house.

Beware of bad "Habit," though small in your eyes, Oh, muzzle the fiend, ere the fangs are full size; Ere home is uprooted, the mind tempest-tossed, The heart petrified, and the soul, perhaps, lost.


## A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

HEN Christmas bells are ringing sweet, And people hasten through the street, To gather in a goodly store, That tables may be heaping o'er; The Fairy band, so legends tell, Prepare a Christmas feast as well.
They boil their pudding, dear knows where,

But some place out in open air, And then on sticks,
as best they may, To some retreat
the prize convey. The rogues, then once
a year, at least, Enjoy a rich


## THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

There lived a queer old king, Who used to skip and swing, And "dance before the fiddle," and all that sort of thing.


In princely robes arrayed,
The games of youth he played, And mingled with the low buffoons at fair or masquerade.


His royal back he'd stoop
To chase a rolling hoop,
Or romp in merry leap-frog with the wildest of the group.


Because the crown he wore, And royal sceptre bore, All took him for the romping king they'd honored heretofore.

His Majesty would rave,
And bellow "Fool!" and "Slave!"
But still the people bowed and scraped around the painted knave.

Well might the sovereign yell, And threaten prison cell, And rope, and ax, and gibbet;-but he could not break the spell.


So passed his power away,
His subjects and his sway,
For king was clown. and clown was king, until their dying day.

## THE MICE AT TEA.

 invitation, kind and free,

Two mice went out one night to tea;
The hostess met them with a smile, And laid their things away in style.


And soon the table-cloth was spread
With crackers, toasted cheese, and bread;
And when they gathered round the board, The cups of tea were duly poured.

One took a sip, then shook her head, And, setting down the cup, she said,

While looking round, as in a dream, To find the pitcher holding cream, "Without a drop of cream, my dear, I'd rather have the water clear."
"Too bad," the hostess made reply,
"But yesterday the cow went dry;
So now I do the best I can, And carry out another plan:


## Then you should come and visit me,"

The other cried. "It seems a sin
To put the tea and sugar in, And stir them up while boiling hot. Why, this is simply soup you've got."
With flushing face the hostess spoke:
"Excuse me; I don't see the joke.

You can't give any points to me,
Because, my friend, I've crossed the sea, And learned the custom, if you please,

From them that know-the Japanese."
"The nasty Japs!" the other cried:
"I thought you had a little pride. What brought you there, I want to know, The most outlandish place to go
l before. aid her bread sadly said, can not eat ng tea so ;weet."
;orry that's
ase."
end with

I've got: pot." ur tea?

In all the world, to seek advice, Or learn the art of cooking nice.' But while they sat, disputing there,
The cat came creeping
down the stair.


She
listened to their chat awhile, And hardly could suppress a smile. Said she:
"I haven't ate a bite Since two o'clock on yester-night; In fact, I scarcely have the strength To jump a lounge or table's length; And yet, I'd almost do without, To hear this warm discussion out." But when the shadow of the cat, Stole, like a cloud, across the mat, The argument on tea was dropped, Their little eyes from sockets popped,

And soon there was a lively race, To see who first could leave the place. One jumped across two kitchen chairs, And half-way down the cellar stairs; Another skipped about, and ran Behind a box and copper pan,


And squeezing through with all her power, Escaped the danger of the hour.

The third one every effort strained
Until the sink was safely gained,
And lacking pluck to venture out, Lay hid for days within the spout.

And this all came about, you see,
Through finding too much fault at tea.

## THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

 CUNNING wolf, while roaming round,

A shepherd's cloak and bonnet found, And soon the garment, long and warm, Was wrapped around his shaggy form.

"Ha! ha!" laughed he, "in this 'tis plain,

A closer look at sheep I'll gain;

And well this branch, so nicely bent, The shepherd's crook will represent; They'll take me for the guardian old, Who pens them nightly in the fold; And at my leisure, I, no doubt, The fattest lamb can single out." So feigning well the shepherd's tread, His hacking cough and stooping head


He moved with careful steps around,
Until a grazing flock he found.

The sheep, with unsuspecting mind, Mistook him for their shepherd kind;

And soon would all have victims fell, The rascal played his part so well, Had not a dog's enquiring eye Observed the stranger drawing nigh.


Between the flock and wolf he ran,
To thwart him in his cunning plan.
"On sheep," cried he, "you might impose;
They trust to eyes, but I to nose.
A shepherd's dress, indeed, you wear, But still the scent of wolf is there."

Then at the trembling rogue he flew, And from his paw the symbol drew.
"My ruse has failed!" the schemer cried, And flung the shepherd's dress aside; Then, turning round, was glad to beat To forest shade a fast retreat.


## THE BEAR IN WINTER.



HEN from the North the winds are keen, And ice on every stream is seen,

When mountain peaks and valleys low
Are covered with the drifting snow;
And Bruin, from his winter home, Is not inclined abroad to roam,

But sleeps away the gloomy hour, And sighs to hear the April shower,
That, pattering through the leafless tree, Will send the snow to find the sea;

Then, friends that are not so confined, But still possess a roving mind,

That neither wind, nor frost, nor snow, Can hinder rambling to and fro;

That hunger stil' throughout the year,


In summer mild, or winter drear;
Whose stomachs must be well supplied,
Though snow should land and water hide;
These creatures come from near and far,
By light of moon or twinkling star,

With words of comfort to attend, Upon their hibernating friend;

To lift his heart from fear and doubt, And learn how fat is holding out;

To find if grease enough is there
To last him till the fields are bare;
Or, if his bones will cut the skin Before the thawing rains begin;

To brace him up with courage strong,
In case the winter should be long;
To tell him snow yet clothes the hill,
And ice lies on the river still;
But in the air and sky, they note
A happy change is not remote;
That in three weeks, or may be four;
The flocks will leave the stable door,
No more to feed on corn or hay, But through the fields at large to stray.

The bear is thankful for it all: And reassures them, great and small, That strength is yet within his hide
To last him till the summer tide.
Well pleased at this they all withdraw, And leave him
there to suck his paw.


THE MICE AND THE EGG.
Three hungry mice set out one night
To see what they could find; Because they didn't have a bite At home of any kind.


Their whole supply
had given out;
Hard timic, were
at their door;
They finished all their
bread and cheese
At tea,
the night before.
So left and right,
with sharpened sight, They rummaged
all around;

To their surprise
and great delight At last,
an egg they found.
Said Number One,
"We've found a prize; But, though we stand in need, We cannot eat it where it liesNow how
shall we proceed?'

"We dare not roll it o'er the floor,"
Said thoughtful Number Two,
"Because the noise would wake the cat, And that would never do."
"I have a plan," cried Number Three;
"I'll lie with feet in air;


Upon me you can roll the egg
And I will hold it there.
"Then you may take me by the tail And pull with might and main;

And thus, unless your strength should fail, The treasure we may gain."
" A happy thought," said Number One; Cried Number Two, "You're right-

A fast of four and twenty hours
Has made our comrade bright."

> To try the plan they then began;
> And o'er a rugged road
> Soon One and Two the other drew, To their secure abode.

And when, at last, all danger past,
The banquet was begun,
Each shook his head and sighing said,


## A TALE OF THE TIMES.




NE days the Wolf, the Fox and Bear
Set out to find some clothes to wear;
For autumn winds were growing keen, And ice upon the pond was seen.

The Wolf was first to reach a store,
And such a fit as out he wore!
The coat was short, the trowsers wide, And in the wrinkles rats could hide.


His jockey cap, from visor free,
His cotton shade would shelter three;
His shoes were made in different states,
They were not style, nor even mates;
Thus, duped and sold at every point, The Wolf seemed badly out of joint.

Poor Bruin, further down the street, Was taken in, from head to feet, With shining Pinchbeck Watch and all, He seemed ashamed to make a call.


Old friends went by the other side, And all acquaintanceship denied; He wished himself in darkest den, Away from sound and sight of men.

The cunning Fox knew where to go,
And called on Mister So-and-so,
And in the street or social hall,
Was much admired by one and all.


And ever after loved to stride,
Along the avenue with pride;
His eye-glass, collar, cane and tile,
Proclaiming well the dudeish style.

H, lively was the group of birds that met on Beaver Flat, The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat!

It was a sight, that summer night, to see them gather there; Some came by water, some by land, and others through the air.

The eagle quit the mountain-peak, to mix with meaner fowl, And, like a comrade, act the part of groomsman to the owl; The friendly stork had hastened there, with long and stately stride; It was its happy privilege to give away the bride.

And when arrangements were complete, a circle wide they made, And in the centre stood the pair, in finest dress arrayed.
Then out in front advanced the crow, and bowed his shining '.ead, And with three loud approving caws declared the couple wed.

Then kind congratulations poured from friends on every side, As thronging round the happy pair, they kissed the blushing bride. And soon the supper was prepared, for each had brought a share. The crow and jay had carried corn; the eagle brought a hare;

The curlew brought a string of fish, just taken from the lake; The crane, a brace of speckled frogs; the buzzard brought a snake ; The owl and active hawk procured a dozen mice at least;


The snipe and rail brought water flies, to help along the feast.

And when each bird upon the ground, enjoyed a hearty meal, They whistled tunes, and sang their songs, or danced a lively reel,

ey made ing ’.ead, ple wed.
$r$ side, ing bride. : a share. hare ;

ty meal, こs, ongs, vely reel,

Around the green, with stately mien, the dodo and curlew Moved like a pair of lovers there, through dances old and new.
 with loud and joyous cries, The stork and raven danced as though competing for a prize. That night good feeling was restored between the hawk and jay, Who had not passed a friendly look or word for many a day!

And birds that always went to roost before the shades of night


Now hopped around upon the ground


Nor felt the want of sleep or rest, but kept the fun alive; And seemed as
wide awake as bees, when some one kicks the hive.

And people long will call to mind the scene on Beaver Flat, The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat.


THE STORK'S NEW SUIT.


One thought the collar was too high,
And this or that was long;
Another thought it hung awry,
The style and cut were wrong.
And so he cut and clipped about, And worked as best he could; he bat.

He gathered in, and loosened out,
As they advised he should.
And when the change was all complete,

about, could;

And dressed again was he,
No bird that ever stood on feet Was such a sight to see.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.
" Now, mother," said a turkey bold,
" May I go out and play?
You know to-morrow may be cold, And snow-drifts block the way.
"The hens are scratching in the yard, The geese are in the swale,
The doves are cooing on the roof,
The ducks are round the pail."

" I much prefer to have you here
Away from human eye;
Thanksgiving day is drawing near, And that's the reason why."

The good advice was wasted all Upon her wayward son; She turned her head into a stall, And out the villain run.


But while he wandered far and free, The farmer sauntered by ; "A finer bird than this," said he, "Has seldom met my eye.
"I look to have my brother Jim Come out with us to dine.

The best is not too good for him This lad will answer fine."

Not twenty minutes by the clock
A rambling life he led, Before he lay across the block, The axe above his head.


We'll pass the execution act, The plucking that he got, The dressing that within was packed, And oven roasting hot.

And see him when all nicely browned, Upon the plate he lies,
To draw the praise from all around, For tenderness and size.

And next, in fancy hear the click Of knives and forks at play;
And see the plates returning quick To where that turkey lay.

Then mark the latest scene of all, When that rich feast was through, And children with their fingers small, The wish-bone break in two.


## THE EAGLE'S GIFT.

Thus does the Eagle speak its mind, While sailing high before the wind,


With presents for her babies small That in the tree-top wait her call.
"Now while the chimes of Christmas ring And Santa Claus makes haste to bring

# His toys to scatter far and near 

To glad the hearts of children dear;
It seems a fitting time for me
To bear in mind my babies wee,


Who, perched aloft in morning air,


The tooting horns, so long and round, To send abroad their stunning sound,

To rouse the birds and beasts as well, That in the vales and mountains dwell, And from his slumbers start the swain,
Before the sun has kissed the plain,These are the presents, great and grand, I bring to cheer my baby band."

## THE AVARICIOUS SPIDER.



HE livelong night, without a pause To wipe his brow, or rest his claws, The spider planned his subtle scheme, And spun his web above the stream; On every side flung out his guys To help support the weight of flies. With care each fibre was applied, And every knot securely tied, Until the geometric net Exhaust. 1 all his spinneret.
But when the sun looked o'er the hill, To laugh at those who slumbered still, The active flies began to swarm, Their daily duties to perform, The spider, in close ambush lay, Where he could view the coming prey; And waited with an anxious air The grand reward of skill and care. Soon, one by one, and two by two, The flies began to tumble through


The main supports that reached about On either side were giving out; At last a general ruin spread Across the web, from foot to head,


Till with a
sudden yielding now,

The whole
concern forsook the
bough
The spinner tangled in his nest Then fared no better than the rest. For down among the broken shreds, Still grasping at the flying threads,
To find that all were loose as well, The avaricious schemer fell;
And soon the fish put out of view
The struggling flies and spider too.
There are spiders abroad
besides those on the web
With far-reaching fingers and keen biting neb,
Who harass and hoard
till they suddenly fall
In the midst of their plans,
and the grave swallows all.

## THE NOISY MAGPIE.

Once a magpie gave a party, and invited many there,
Of the beasts that roam the forests and the birds that fly in air. Long and fine was the procession as they journeyed to the feast; From the north and south they gathered,
from the west and from the east.


Even insects were included in the invitation grand, And the locust, fly, and beetle, with their cousins, were on hand.

When around the tempting dishes they assembled in delight, Every creature there was happy, every countenance was bright. But the guests had hardly settled down to business, with a mind

To replenish empty places with whatever they could find,

Ere the magpie marred the pleasureshe commenced her noisy chat.

About this she loudly gabbled, and then chattered about that,

Till the guests became uneasy
(many wished her tongue was tied), While their discontented glances Were exchanged on every side.


They were loath to leave their places till the feast
was at an end, But they couldn't sit and listen to the chatter of their friend.
"I remember an appointment I must keep," remarked the coon; "I am ailing," groaned the lion, and must say good-afternoon." Said the fox, "You must excuse me: what I never did before,
Leaving home in such a hurry, I forgot to lock my door."
"I was thoughtless," cried the spider, "coming out to eat and dance:

I've a thread to spin this evening that will reach across to France."

And at last all rose together,
(down their bones and bits they flung),
And in every way departed
to escape her noisy tongue.
Not a bird but quit the banquet,
not a beast but left the ground,
Not an insect but was crawling
to escape the awful sound.
So the magpie learned a lesson;
deeply wounded was her pride,
Standing there among the dishes,
with the guests all scattered wide.
And no later invitations
could induce a friend to come;
So that bird, it is reported,
ever afterward was dumb.


## THE ALPHABET IN COUNCIL.



NE day, in secret council, met The letters of the alphabet,

To settle, with a free debate, This matter of important weight:


Which members of the useful band
The highest honors should command.
It was a delicate affair, For all the twenty-six were there,

And every one presumed that he
Was just as worthy as could be;

While \&, a sort of go-between, Was seated like a judge serene, Impartially to hear the case, And keep good order in the place. Said S, arising from his seat, And smiling in his own conceit, " Now, comrades, take a glance at me, There's grace in every curve

you see; And beauty which you'll never find In letters of the broken kind. Now there is I, straight up and down; How
 incomplete is such a clown! Without a foot, without a head, A graceful curve, or proper spread, And $J$ and $K$, and $F$ and
L, Who look as tho' ? ? on ice they fell, Or $Z$, our many - angled年 friend, Who forms, indeed, a fitting 45 end. Such homely letters, at the best,


Are heaping insult on the rest." At this there was a
 sudden spring To feet, around the counail ring, And every letter, down to $Z$,
serene, e place. conceit, y curve I beauty never the

was a e counto $Z$,
 the most; Well-
I'm called, And ofinstalled; While requir'd, From serbe retired." Then they'd break, To fingers shake, Or their face, Their plain to the end, And say pend." Then O,

Said such aspersions must not be. "No personalities," cried they, "Should be indulged in here, to-day;" While \&, good order to restore, Applied his truncheon to the floor. Said A,
"One moment will suffice To show you all where honor lies; Suppose there were no head, like nue, To lead the way for brother $\quad \mathrm{B}$, What would become of neighbor $\quad$ C, Or who would ever think of D? I might go on unSaid, "I, of all, am most complete ; No waste material is there, But just enough, and none to spare; No horns above, no tails below, An even-balanced, perfect O." Said E, "Though all may beauty boast, In service I appear

nigh to every word
ten more than once
some so seldomare vice they should into sundry groups argue points, and tell each other, to opinions of the case.


You'll never in the world agree,
Though you should stand to argue here, And shake your fists throughout the year.

Now, let me tell you, plump and plain, From first to last, you're all too vain.
'Tis true that some, in form and ace, Seem suited for a leading place;


路
Without support would worthless be, But when united, hand in hand,


To shake a monarch from his throne.


So be content, both great and small, For honor rests alike on all."
"He speaks the truth," the letters cried;
"All private claims we'll lay aside,"
So, thanking \& for judgment fair.
The controversy ended there.

## THE FUNNY MANDARIN.



The "surest" aim may miss the game,
The "safest" ship go down,
And one mistake will bring to blame The wisest men in town

And thus it ran, that daring man, Who never thought to fail,

blame


At last, in spite of every plan, Went gliding off the rail,
And downward, clinging to his fan, He shot with visage pale.

The servants then, unlucky men, Began to laugh and grin, Which, like a lion in its den, Aroused that mandarin.
"Ho, ho!" said he, " you laugh at me ? Now, slaves, you each shall slide!" And when they all had met a fall,


THE WHEEL-BARROW RIDE.

Down the lane
runs
Johnny,
Hopping
like
a sparrow,
Taking
sister Susan
In
his
little barrow.


Little man be careful
When wheeling round the bend, Trouble lies in corners You surely may depend.


Just as we expected!
Spilled out upon the road,
After all the warning,
Now lies the precious load.
Gather up the pieces,
And lead your sister in, Early in life, alas!

Our troubles do begin.


## THE FAIRIES' GIFT.



HEN the Kidderminster Fairies heard the rumor going round, How the young and favor'd Forester, who guarded game and ground, Was to wed the Florist's daughter, one as good as she was fair,


They resolved to make a wedding-gift befitting such a pair. Soon the golden day of promise came, which saw the couple wed, When the solemn vows were spoken and the Parson's blessing said.

Lo! that night the from the East, From the North and to some land the

Over mountains, through the fields


Fairies gathered and from the West; South they hastened youth possess'd. Still they mustered by the hundred, at the summons of the Queen. Every trade was represented, all the occupations through, From the man who planned a building to the one who pegged a shoe, And they set to work in earnest, throwing jackets all aside.
To erect a stately mansion for the husband and his bride.
'Twas a mighty undertaking,
of such magnitude indeed, Nothing else but Fairy workmen could with such a task succeed. There they bustled without resting, as though life itself was bet, Till their little hands were blistered
and their garments wringing wet,


How they sawed, and bored, and "boosted up" the timbers, through the night,

How they hammered, hammered, hammered, to get done ere morning light;
For the Fairies who from labor by the dapple dawn are chased, While their work is yet unfinished, are forevermore disgraced.


Oh, what harmony existed!
Not an oath or harsh expres-


Not a breath was wasted ti.ere, sion fell like poison on the air.

Here the blacksmith and his helper made the solid anvil sound While they forged the bolts and braces that secured the structure round. There the mason with his trowel kept the hod-men moving spry, Till the massive chimney tower'd twenty cubits to the sky, And the painters followed after with their ladders and their pails,
 Spreading paint upon the finish ere the joiner drove his nails. Even cobblers with their pincers, and their awls and pegs of wood, Were assisting in the enterprise by pegging as they could. There the glazier with his
 putty-roll was working with a will, While the plumber plumbed the building, without sending in his bill; And the sculptor with his mallet by the marble lintel stood, Till he chiseled the inscription:

A REWARD
FOR BEING GOOD.
When no article was wanting for the comfort of the pair, From the scraper at the entrance to the rods upon the stair, Then the wizened little millionaires, possess-
 ed of wealth untold,

Into treasure-vaults and coffers many rich donations roll'd; And before the East was purpled by the arrows of the sun All the Fairies had departed, for the edifice was done.

So that couple took possession,

"A poor, blind beggar-man, with children half a score, He never saw a greenback, never saw a house, And couldn't tell an elephant from a meadow-mouse. He never saw the sun rise, never saw it set, He never saw the silver moon, a star or planet yet.
Been blind from his birth, ma'am, born and couldn't see, And how he found the bell-knob is a mystery." mistress.
"His lot is hard, indeed, Jane; to grope about the land, All dark behind, all dark before, and dark on either hand. To never see a human face, or on a book to pore, Or, at the window stand and gaze into a fancy store. But beggars can't have money now, my bank account is low, Just give the man a bone to pick, and tell him he must go."

## DOMESTIC.

"My mistress sympathizes, sir, with one so sorely tried, And gladly would she give the sight that nature has denied; But pennies now are not at hand, to answer each appeal, So here's a piece of beef, sir; 'twill serve you for a meal."

## MENDICANT.

"Oh, thankee, mum, thankee; Ill take your marrow-bone;
'Twill do to fight a mastiff with much better than a stone. Through one not half so handy, mum, the Philistines of yore, Got, as your Book will teach you, all they bargained for and more. And thanks to cow that bore the bone, and to the pot that boiled, And to the mistress, and to you, the doggy's game is spoiled. I'll walk the street in safety now, the turnpike and the field, For this at once will be my staff, my weapon, and my shield. And should I reach a river's side and wish to leave the shore, I'll step on board a boat or barge, and this shall be my oar; And when I quit these earthly scenes, far happier lands to trace, This bone, erected at my head, shall mark my resting-place."


## THE FOX AND THE TRAP.



CUNNING Fox once thus addressed Her infant pair, with hunger pressed: "You see my eyes are not so blear As to mistake what's lying here.
"This object spread so still and plain,
But shows the tricks of human brain. Observe it well, it proves a trap, All set and ready tor the snap;
And woe to either tail or foot, That is by chance upon it out.


The fox that stands that fixture o'er Will never enter burrow miore,

Or from the roost, in outhouse low,
Drag down the fattest in the row.
Beware of objects that appear
Upon the surface smooth and clear.
"For underneath, as often found, The vilest dangers may abound.
But lay your pãw upon that bait, That moment would decide your fate.


Not all the sprightliness of thews, Not all the art that fears infuse Into the mind, could then defend, Or save you from a woeful end.
That subtle spring would change its form, As swift as lightning rends the storm, The jaws, that twigs and leaves conceal, Would rise in view as ringing steel.
The shining links so deftly passed
Around this tree, would hold you fast;
Then vain would be your bark or moan.
The hunter's heart is hard as stone.
At morn he would beside you stand
With gun or cudgel in his hand.


And earth, and trap and foliage stain Wiith blotches of your scattered brain.
To prove what I am saying now,
But mark how soon this withered bough,

Though lightly pressed with nicest care, Will show the evil lurking there.

The trap is sprung! the danger past,
So, with the bait we'll break our fast.

"Ah, native cunning spoils the plan
Of crafty evil-minded man,
In vain for us they mix the pill,
Arrange the trap, or musket fill.
Keep clear your eyes, and cool your head,
And shun the dangers round you spread.
A mother's blessing on you rest,
Now eat your piece of chicken-breast."

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

A mouse was chased, and in its haste

Away from claws to fly, In use an empty bottle placed, That happened to be nigh.


## Then pussy, peeping

through the neck,
Could scarce
suppress a grin
To see how calm
it met her gaze,
As safe it sat within

She turned the bottle
upside down
And shook it
freely there;
But nothing could induce the mouse

To seek the open air.



She raised the bottle overhead

With all the strength
she knew,
And in
a thousand pieces small
The port of safety flew.


Then lying down upon the floor She reached a paw
to take her,
But still the mouse
had room enough,
And blessed the bottle-maker.


But while the fragments filled the air, The mouse with action spry,
Quick reached another hiding-place,
And squeaked a glad "good-bye."

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\rightarrow
$$



IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



## A BACK-YARD PARTY.

NE evening bright there was a sight That should recorded be.
All gazed in wonder-well they mightSuch funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard, And through the block extends, And there, came lively rats and mice, With town and country friends.

It may have been a weading scene They celebrated there,
A birthday party, or soivee, Enjoyed in open air.


But this is plain, whatever train
Had brought the rogues that way, From loft and lane and bins of grain, A jovial troop were they.

The household cat, so sleek and fat,
Is by the servants fed,
And only leaves the rug or mat
To find her crean and bread.
So nought was there to harm or scare The lively groups below
That danced and played in light and shade,
Or rambled to and fro.


No slaves were they to fashion's sway,
With all its outs and ins:
For some wore gauze or summer straws, While others dressed in skins.


Beside the gate, upon a crate That once held earthen ware,

An old musician, throned in state,
Gave many a pleasing air.
He scraped and paw'd and chopped and saw'd, But never seemed to tire,
 While at his side, in pomp and pride, And while the sets he sharply eyed,
"To partners bow the first, and now To those on either side,
Across and back, the lady swing, Now balance all!" he cried.
'Twas charming fun to see them run, And curtsey, bow, and wheel, Or slip and slide and trip and glide Through some plantation reel.

The smallest mouse about the house,
And most destructive rat, Danced half an hour
with grace and powerAn Irish jig at that;

Upon a pan the dance began,
And round the yard they pass'd, But dancing still for life, until The rat gave out at last.

The Highland fling and pigeon-wing,
The polka and quadrille;

The waltz and schottish-everything--
Was found upon the bill.
The latest dance
that came from France, From Germany or Spain,
The most delightful hop or prance,
Their programme did contain.
And people who could gain a view Of either jig or reel
Would hardly grudge
the lively crew
A little corn or meal.


The moon was high $\mid$ And when again and morning nigh, they're in the vein


## DIVIDING THE GAME.



WO foxes sly, of sharpest sight, Set out to hunt one summer night,

Across the hills, around the swales,
And through the barnyard's gates and rails, They traveled free, and traveled far, Beneath the light of moon and star.


And then, as dawn of morning came, It found the rogues dividing game. One fox had bagged a rooster stout That seven years, or thereabout, Had sat above the rattling horn Of stabled cows, and hailed the morn.

One caught a duck of Russian line, Of heavy build and feather fine, And both at once, with even leap, Had nabbed a snipe while fast asleep.
No easy job it seemed to be, Between the two, to halve the three. One claimed the rooster, one the duck, But still the snipe was there to pluck.

And each one thought it was but fair To add the dodger to his share.
So there they sat, till day was ripe,
Disputing who should have the snipe,


Each quoting Law to back his claim, Like lawyers in pursuit of game.
At last, a hunter passing by
Upon the robbers set his eye,
And with his double barrel true,
Soon rid the country of the two.

## THE RUNAWAY PAIR.



A loving pair may now be seen,
The steed is fleet whereon they ride,
He knows the section, far and wide,
The woods that frown, the streams that flow
The mountains steep and valleys low.
He knows where fallen timbers lie
Across the creek, now foaming high.
He knows where branching cedars grow
And hide the path that winds below.
No knight of ancient chivalry
E'er rode a surer steed than he.
No spavined foot, no foundered knee, But sound as apple on the tree.

The meadows wide they quickly cross,
The pastures bare, the banks of moss,
The rocks and woods they leave behind
For Union now is in their mind.
"A strange affinity." you cry;
"I think the same as you, and sigh.
But who can fathom love affairs,
Or who account for ill-matched pairs?"
Enough, a blessing we'll bestow,
And watch them as away they go.
No angry kindred need pursue,
Nor alter wills, or mischief brew.

The loss of friends or rich estate
Will not make her forsake her mate;
Nor threats of punishment or pain
Cause him to turn or draw the rein;
So those who may object or rave
May calm their minds and language save.


The wondering crowds may shut the door,
And close the blind and sash once more;
The gossip ring may leave the fire
And to the bed again retire,
For miles will shortly intervene
And hearts be joined at Gretna Green.

## THE ELEPHANT AND DONKEY.



A Donkey with assurance filled, And Elephant of heavy build.

The latter said, with manners kind, "Here one alone can footing find, So let us choose the safest scheme And singly cross the brawling stream. You're nearest to the shore you see And should, I think, give way to me. When I have cross'd the dangerous place Then you can soon resume your pace."
"Not so," the Donkey quick replied, Who, blinded by his silly pride,

Mistook the traveler's civil air For evidence of craven fear;

And thus went on with haughty tone,
"My time is precious as your own,
And here I'll stand throughout the day
Upon my rights, let come what may."
Now, angered at conceit so great, The Elephant cut short debate.


He gazed a moment in surprise,
And cried, with fire in his eyes,
"Then mark how soon your foolish pride Will bring reward:" He made a stride, And reaching out his trunk, he gave The Donkey such an upward wave,


High over head, through air he passed, Until some branches held him fast; And people passing by may see His bones, still hanging in the tree.

## A CHINESE ADVENTURF.

## $\int f$ HREE heathen men set out one day

 To cross the China sea,Ah Hong Wun Ho, Gui Tong Pi Lo, And daring Hup Si Lee.But there was not, of all the lot,
A single one who knew
The proper way, in which to sail, Upon the ocean blue.

They may have paddled in a pond, Or crossed a ditch or two,
But never ventured far beyond Where water-lilies grew.

With such a glaring, sad neglect
Of arts that sailors prize, Some trouble they might well expect, If hurricanes should rise.

The first was captain of the ship, He kept an eye ahead;


The second played the part of mate, He steered and heaved the lead.

The third was boatswain, cook, and crew Which kept him on the go;


He had to spread the sail aloft,
And make the tea below.
And all who've sailed upon a lake,
A river, sea, or sound,
Would know he'd have to keep awake When gales were shifting round.

There was distress, you well may guess Before the facts I show;
 And turn the roots on high, Or change their tack and nothing slack, Across the prairies fly.

And havoc dread, at seasons spread,
As here and there they roam;
But short their stay, with wood or clay, The ocean is their home.

The winds began, The ship went At times she pointAs often back
 the billows ran up and down; ed out to sea, to town.

The sea-sick captain
left tite bow, Between the decks to lie; The boatswain, busy making tea, Let all the canvas fly.

And, oh! the mate, the silly mate, The worst of all was he;

To find how deep the water lay, He leaped into the sea.

Then mate and crew, and captain, too, Began to yell and roar;

So people threw them out a line, And hauled the ship ashore.

And glad were they To rats and
To sip their tea The dangers of the main.


## THE CALM-MINDED MEN.

WO sober, philosophic men, Once lived, the story goes,
Between the marble Apennines, And where the Tiber flows.

The date at which they trod the earth,
Is down in black and white,
Upon some ancient manuscript Now laid away from sight.
'Twas said these worthies could control The passions, vile or vain, Which often wreck the human soul, If given scope or rein.

Their fame had spread to other lands
Than that they called their own,
In foreign climes and heathen tongues,
Their names were widely known.


And when they moved along the street, The acclamations loud, Would rise, as though two sceptred kings, Were passing through the crowd.

In spacious halls and public schools, Their painted portraits hung, At once to honor them as men, And stimulate the young

In that dominion lived a prince, A man of thoughtful mind; Who studied, in a searching way, The rest of human kind.



They took no water on the road,
No wine, no meat or bread;
That they could better justice do,
To what the host might spread.


And as the sun went circling round, Their belts they often drew;

To ease the hunger-pain within,
That seemed to gnaw them through.


A pudding! with, perhaps, a peck Of plums within it rolled; And quarts of yellow sauce prepared To cover a!l like gold!

Oh, cheeks may fade, and eyes grow dim And limbs grow weak and lame; But still, through ages, fresh and fair, The pudding charms the same.


Sustained by such surmises sweet, They sat in waiting there;

Believing, still, the dish in view, Contained the princely fare.

But, meantime, in another room, A sumptuous feast was spread;
Of soups and meat, confections sweet, And wines both white and red.


And here it was the host's intent, They should at once repair;
When it was proved they could, unmoved, Great disappointment bear.

Ere long the prince returned and said, "Approach the dish and view,
The tempting feast that's been prepared, For famous men like you."

Then forwa d to the table ran The men with anxious air; For each one strove to be the first To lay the treasure bare.

O, lightly blame their acts so rude, And pass their failings o'er;
The knock comes heavy, hard and fast, When hunger's at the door.

One raised the covA spoon the But great was their It empty as

Then said the prince
Through nations
But, doubting still, If truth indeed

er from the dish, other delves; surprise, to find themselves.
"Your fame is spread new and old;
I sought to prove, was told.

No disappointment, 'tis averred, Your patient blood can rile; And now, in keeping with reports, I look to see you smile."

Then rose the two philosophers,
Upon the instant there;
Though not a sentence, or a sign,
Was passed between the pair.
And both commenced to roll their sleeves,
They tucked, and rolled, and drew;
Until it seemed their shoulder blades
Would come at last in view.

And seizing on the struggling host,
They dragged him to the pot;
Where, though the fire was extinct, The water still was hot.


They plunged him in the steaming bath, They soused him o'er and o'er;

Until for mercy loud he called, And did for servants roar.

And worse the usage might have been, But people rushing in, Responding to the master's call, Prevented greater sin.


Now, when the two philosophers Had reached the door to go, They turned, and thus addressed the host, In accents deep and slow.
"We leave you now, but with regret; When you attempt again
To prove that this or that is so, Beware of hungry men.


The temper that is meek and mild,
When appetite's appeased;
May shame the mood of tiger wild, When one is hunger-teased."

But, "Stay!" replied the noble prince, "You leave not as you came;

A banquet has been spread within, And you'll enjoy the same.


There may you eat and drink enough, No vengeance shall be sought;

Although it cost me usage rough,
I've proved what long I thought.
When hunger enters in the nest, Then patience flutters out;

No room for both within the breast, However broad or stout."


So down they sat, as well they might,
To break their lengthy fast;
And oft' the silver cup was drained, And oft' the plate was passed.


And when that couple took the road,
It was by people told,
They knew not whether sun or moon, Or stars above them rolled.

But soon the story got abroad, And circled far and wide;

How they had failed to stand the test The cunning prince applied.

It traveled still, as rumors will, And told against their fame;
They were not masters of themselves, Although they had the name.

So down in schools Came portraits To lie in dusty By spiders



## THE SULTAN OF THE EAST.

HERE was a Sultan of the East
Who used to ride a stubborn beast;
A marvel, of the donkey-kind, That much perplexed his owner's mind.
By turns he moved a rod ahead,
Then backed a rod or so instead;
And thus the day would pass around,
The Sultan gaining little ground.
The servants on before would stray
And pitch their tents beside the way,
And pass the time as best they might,
Until their master hove in sight.
The Sultan many methods tried:
He clicked, and coaxed, and spurs applied, And stripped a dozen trees, at least, Of branches, to persuade the beast. But all his efforts went for naught; No reformation could be wrought. At length, before the palace gate He called the wise men of the state, And bade them now their skill display By finding where the trouble lay.

With solemn looks and thoughts profound, The men of learning gathered round.



Said they: "Your Highness! It appears The beast is sound from hoof to ears;
No outward blemishes we see


The beast was measured o'er with care ;
They proved him by the plumb and square, The compass to his ribs applied,

And every joint by rule was tried;
But nothing could the doctors find
To prove him different from his kind


To limit action fair and free. Each bone is in its proper place, Each rib has its allotted space;
His wind is good,
his sinews strong,
Throughout the frame
there's nothing wrong.

In view of this, the fact is plain The mischief lies within the brain.

Now, we suggest, to stop his tricks,
A sail upon his back you fix, Of goodly size, to catch the breeze

And urge him forward where you please."
The Sultan well their wisdom praised;
Two masts upon the beast were raised, And, schooner-rigged from head to tail,


Ol

## A LESSON FOR YOUNG MICE.



About the place that's strange to me. Speak of the roof, I'll tell you where A shingle's gone or rafter bare; Speak of the basement, if you will, I'll tell you of the rotting sill, The cellar drain, or planking loose, That you, in need can turn to use. So, take the kind advice I give,
To hold in memory while you live.
Oh, always move, my children dear, As though you knew the cat was near; Each step with due precision weigh, For it may give your life away. Far better have an extra share Of caution, than to lose a hair, And, though the cat be in the yard, Or close at hand, be on your guard,



## You'll find longevity depends

On watching well both foes and friends.
Ne'er venture off till you survey
The ground where you propose to play.
See that the holes are near at hand,
In case they fall in great demand.


And if the cat comes prowling nigh,
Ah, then's the time you must be spry;
Now don't be hoping pussy's blind, Or nard of hearing, slow, or kind;

Nor think the years she has enjoyed, Have blunted claws so oft' employed,
For puss has both the way and will
To keep them fit for service still;
Oh, never think she'll quit the chase
Until you reach your hiding-place.
For when you judge her speed must fail, She'll turn up nearest to your tail;
She'll strive to take you by surprise,
Because the cat is counted wise,
And, as a prowling foe severe,
Has not an equal, far or near;

For, light as Fancy dips her oar,
Comes pussy's footstep on the floor.


Now, when a hiding-place you gain,
Contented there for hours remain;
Let moon and stars to ocean roll,
But stick you steadfast to the hole.
For puss with patient mind is blessed,
And will your greatest cunning test;
Through wind, and rain, and falling dew, She'll keep her watch, a sentry true.

I would that, in your youthful brain,
You could these wholesome hints retain,
Because the time will come, no doubt,
When little cream will be about;

When poultry, meat, or even fish, Is all too high for pussy's dish;

When chirping birds and songsters go
To regions free from ice and snow,
And then the cat will turn her mind, With double zeal, some mice to find."


THE FOX IN OLD AGE.
TCW, father, you are growing old,"
The little foxes said;
"Your hair is turning dull and gray, That once was bright and red.

The teeth are dropping from the jaws
That used to break the bones,
And what were once your burning paws Now feel as cold as stones.

Your step is not so sure, we know, As once in days of yore;

You often stumble as you go, When nothing lies before.

You'll not be eating turkey long;
So tell us, father, please,
What you went through when young and strong, Ere we were round your knees."

The fox to answer them was slow,
And from his almond eye
He wiped a tear-drop with his toe, Before he made reply.

" I dare not tell you, children dear, The struggles and the strife;
'Twould make you shrink away and fear To venture forth in life.
"By various paths we all must go, Though rough or smooth they be; Some find the turkeys roosting low Some find them in the tree.
"We move in danger, day and night, Beset by cares and ilis;
What often seems a harmless bite, May hold some poison pills

'I once could stand a lengthy chase, When active, young, and bold; And gave the hounds full many a rave Across the country cold.
"The yawning trap the silence brokeWhen least I thought of foes; And with a vicious snap awoke Beneath my very nose.
"I've ventur'd, when the sun was bright, And bagged the ducks and drakes; When unsuspecting farmers might Have reached me with their rakes.
"But cunning now must take the place Of boldness, dash, and speed;
When eyes grow dim and legs grow slim, We must with care proceed.
"But see! the moon her beauty flaunts Above the mountain's head; And I must find the rabbits' haunts, And you must find your bed.


## ADVICE OUT OF SEASON.

66 Y darlings," said the mother bear,
"You should have passed the hive with care, And not have tried to bring it home, However sweet may be the comb.


I thought you knew, as well as me, What dangers lurk behind the bee.

For not a thing that flies or crawls,
With greater venom on us falls;

And when you think they're in the air, They're holding revels in your hair. The sweeping paw is all in vain, The leap in air, or cry of pain;


For, quicker than the smartest fling,
Will come the penetrating sting.
I know temptations try us hard,
And oft' we fail, when off our guard,
And I will now inform your mind
On matters of this special kind."
"Oh, mother, dear, in mercy pause,"
Replied the cub, through swollen jaws;
"Your kind advice, an hour ago, Had saved us much distress and woe.
My nose would not be such a sight, My eyes could better reach the light;

My mouth would not be traveling round
To find the ear now dull to sound.
But now your words seem out of place,
Because we understand the case;
And could sit here till morning's sun, Explaining how the work was done.
How, fast, we lost the charm and grace,
And symmetry of form and face;
How, fast, the day was turned to n:ght,
The laugh to groan, the fun to fright. Oh! doubly dull, indeed, is he

Who meddles with the spiteful bee."


## THE UNHAPPY LION.

ALION thus mused on his station in life;
"A monarch am I of renown,
The tiger, and others, who met me in strife, No longer lay claim to the crown.

When roaring around in search of my prey,
I jar the tall trees to the root;
The hills seem to nod, the rocks to give way,
And the stars from their orbits to shoot.
The elephant, surly and large as a house,
Will shake to his toes at the sound;
The woodchuck, the weasel, the coney and mouse, Make haste to their holes in the ground.

I sit on the hill and look over the vale,
And all give attention to me;
At flash of my eye or switch of my tail,
The country is mine to the sea.
But this is the to the And ever will In spite of my and my I'm only a beast
"And one," cried
"who ever
Despised like a
sorrow that gnaws core, sadden my breast, title, my crown roar, at the best." a monkey, is found, thief by the rest,


Who hasn't a friend, all the continent round, From the purpling east to the West."


The monarch then uttered a sorrowful groan, And crawling away to his den, He buried his crown, and never was known To wear it in public again.

## LISTENING TO THE ROOSTER CROW.



HOUGH the night be dark or clear,
Or the ground be white with snow; Still I love to listen here

To the Rooster's lusty crow.
"Oh, the thrush may chant her hymn, With a voice so sweet and rare; Or the robin from the limb,

Fill with melody the air.
"Oh, the nightingale may cheer, And the lark its powers show; But more pleasing to mine ear, Is the Rooster's rousing crow.
"Ah, 'tis lucky for the rogue That the barn is boarded tight; And the button on the door Is above my reach, to-night.
"Or, from there amongst the hens, I would haul him with a flurry;


And across the frozen fields,
Would escort him in a hurry.
"But the time may come around, When the farmer may forget

To securely shut the door, And reward my patience yet.
"So let skies be dark or bright, Let the snow conceal the crest,

Of the hill, or mountain height, And the blizzard do its best.


While I have a heart to beat,
And a foot to come and go,
Here I'll listen in my seat
To the Rooster's lusty crow."

## A NIGHT ALARM.



OW what's the hubbub? what's the go ? There's something in the well below;

I hear it splashing round.

It's not a frog, a hen, or cat, But something larger yet than that;

It weighs an
hundred
pound.
It sinks at times, but rises still, Then splashes, like a water-mill, And makes a grunting sound.

Come bring a lantern, bring a line, For something's in this well of mine,

And something
stout and big.

Now hold the light and let us see The object plainly; mercy mel

It's widow
Murphy's
pig!



Cock Robin.






Who'll dig a grave in the yew-tree shade? I, said the mole, will soon make a hole, I'll dig the grave with my pickax and spade




Who'll bear a blazing torch in the case ?
I, said the kite, will carry the light, And show the way to the burial place.








## THE NORMAN KING.

ROM a foreign war returning
Rode the stalwart Norman king, With the captives and the plunder Such incursions used to bring.

Oft' the king surveyed the pageant
Winding through the deep defiles,
Banners streaming, weapons gleaming,
Front and rear for many miles.
"What," thought he, "though half my soldiers
Are behind, in trenches laid;
Well the treasure, slaves and glory,
Have the country's loss repaid."


But the king had long been absent, And, at home, his subjects found, That the country better prospered While no monarch was around.

So the warring Norman ruler, When he reached his home at last,

Heard no joyful demonstrations
From the people, as he passed.

"Tell me, Bishop, in my absence,
What has changed the people's tone?
Are my subjects dead or sleeping, That no welcome here is shown?"
"Royal master," said the Bishop,
"With you went the fighting kind,
Those destructive, non-producers,
Who in peace no pleasure find.
"Those that rather raze a castle, Plunder towns and bridges burn,


Than with stubborn plows to wrestle, And the lengthening furrow turn.

"These, who labored while you wandered, Are inclined to peaceful arts;

Prizing, rather, home attractions, Than renown in distant parts.

"What!" exclaimed the king in anger,
"Turn my soldiers into swains?
And, instead of sacking cities,
Guide the plow on stony plains?
"Spend our days in peaceful labor,
Coaxing vines to climb a string ?


Reaping rye or weeding onions, Ill becomes a Norman king!"
"Too much warfare," said the Bishop, Has retarded useful toil; While destroying Pagan temples, You've negiected Norman soil.

Teach your soldiers arts of tillage, Let the flags of war be furled;
Better rule a peaceful nation Than to ruin half the world."

"Let the females," said the monarch,
"Break the flax and trim the vine; Men were made for breaking lances, Not for herding sheep or swine.
"By my sword, so keen and trusty, By the battle-ax I wield,
By my shield and helmet rusty,
From the dews of foreign field;
"By the golden crown I wrested


From a brother's hand, in gore;

Such a rogue, with robes invested, Never crossed my path before!


But the monarch's mind was troubled, Though his voice was bold and loud; Like a sword the truth had pierced him, There among the listening crowd.

All night long he tossed and tumbled, Sleepless, on the royal bed, For the Bishop's words kept running Ever through the monarch's head.

Better rule a peaceful nation
Than to ruin, rob and kill:
"Though his voice," he cried, "be silenced, All his sayings haunt me still!
"Words by fellow-creature spoken, Never moved me so before;
And, though pleasure I have gathered, From the battle's din and roar
"Every soldier and retainer, Shall lay sword and spear aside;


And in peace to rule the nation,
Shall in future be my pride"
So, the morning brought the Bishcp, From the cell to light of day;
And the soldiers, all astounded, Heard the solemn sovereign say:
"Bishop, go your way in safety, Free from fetter, chain or lock; Tame the savage, save the sinner, Gather daily to your flock.
"I will let the fierce Egyptians, Slumber in their tents secure;
Never more molest the Persian, Or surprise the swarthy Moor.
"All the liberal arts shall flourish, Every wicked custom die;
None shall labor, unrewarded, Or in cruel bondage lie."
"Turn your thoughts to ploughing acres, Ye who have been ploughing breasts; Train your hands to chopping forests, Ye who traveled, cleaving crests.

"Names of fighters, thieves, or wreckers, Shall no more with glory sound; But the prizes shall be showered,

Where the greatest thrift is found.
"He shall henceforth be most honored, Who the largest field has mowed;

And whose fruit trees, vines and bushes, Bend beneath the greatest load."

Soon a wondrous change was noted, All throughout the Norman land; There the Monarch and the Bishop, For the people's welfare planned.
In the field the soldiers labored,
With a sweet contentment blessed; While in peace, as once in warfare, Oft' the Monarch led the rest.
While the sound of drum or trumpet, All the pageant and the roar Of a martial demonstration, Stirred them not, as heretofore.
Weapons that, in many battles, Paralyzed the Pagan foe,
Now, on poles, in corn-fields hanging, Keep aloof the cawing crow.
And in wealth and population, Never did a land increase Like the Norman King's possessions, While he fostered arts of Peace.


THE FAIRIES AND THE CRUEL FARMER.


Said one, "I've known this farmer long, A man of will and passion scrong, Whose heavy hand is quick to fall On patient brutes, in sty or stall. The sounding blows, when to his cart He yokes the steers, would pain your heart. He plucks his geese to sell the down, And they must wander through the town With but a feather, here and there, To shield them from the winter air."


Another said, "But harder still He treats the sheep on yonder hill; To know his own, if they should stray To other flocks or fields away, With cruel hand he takes a shears And haggles notches in their ears. He pokes his pigs, and clips their tails, And in the nose sticks rusty nails, To make them squeal, whene'er they start To practice at their special art.

To-night we'll tell these creatures dumb, How they can tyrants overcome;
We'll speak about the wrongs they bear, The galling yokes and scars they wear; Renind them of the power they hold, And stir them up to action bold. The coward heart still beats behind The hand that strikes the helpless kind; And should these creatures make a show Of bold resistance to his blow,



Now here and there, with one intent,
Around the grounds the Fairies went.
Some stirred the geese from their repose,
To talk about their painful woes,
And spoke of down in pillows pressed, That still upon their backs should rest.
And some enraged the chafing boar, Against the ornaments he wore.
 But nasal rings, designed to stay, Now bar your pleasure, day by day." And others whispered round till morn, "If courage could About the use of heel and horn;

They reasoned with the patient steer,
"You have the tools, and have the might,
To toss him higher than a kite."
To goats and gentle sheep they said,
"Yor have the force, and have the head,


To bruise the flesh or break the bone;
Then why submit to stick or stone?" Then when regard to all was paid, The Fairies sought the forest shade.

When next the surly farmer strode Among his stock, with whip and goad, He noticed mischief lurking nigh,
In tossing horn and rolling eye.
In heads that turned where heels should rest, And heels that turned where heads were best.

The ready goat, with courage large, Was gauging distance for a charge; The donkey's heels flew round like flails; The heifer danced upon the pails.

The ox and horse, in front, combined; The geese, the sheep, and pigs, behind; In vain his whip he flourished round, For still unmov'd they held their ground, Tiil forming fast a circle wide, They hemmed him in on every side.
"Some scoundrel in the night," cried he,
"Gave liquor to my stock, I see; Or else, the cider-mill they've drained

Of every drop the What else could make And greet me with He called for aid For serving men, To help him beat He proved himBut one, ere long,

tank contained. these creatures rise, this wild surprise?" with lusty yell, and wife as well; the stock, until self a masterstill. found all his art

At jumping high, or lodging smart,
Was scarce enough when billy's mind
To active measures was inclined.
Another found some cause for fear
In shining tusk, that flourished near;
While round the yard, with injured pride,
The boss himself was forced to ride;
And all were soon compelled to beat
To calmer fields, a swift retreat.

Where safer quarters they could find,
And time to plaster, stitch and bind.
The farmer wiped his dripping brow,
And thus, addressed his partner now:
"Good wife, I long have thought to sell,
And in some thriving city dwell,


Where we no more may have the care Of hooking cow, or kicking mare; Where sheep and pigs are only found In markets, selling by the pound; And fowls but seldom meet the eye, Until upon your plate they lie.

While you have ever used your voice Against my judgment, or my choice; But now no counsel will avail; At once I'll advertise a sale, And make a sweep of everything That lifts a hoof or flaps a wing; The kind with horn, the kind without, The kind with bill, the kind with snout; The big and little, high or low,
 Shall, unreserved, by auction go."



TURNING A NEW LEAF.
New-Year's Eve, a band of brothers, The bear, the wolf, the fox, and others, Of every nature, bad and good, Assembled in a darksome wood.

It was, indeed, a stirring sight,
That dreary, cold, December night,
While limbs were weighted down with snow,
And frost was bridging streams below,
To see them come, from far and near,
Tf hold a friendly meeting here.


The hardy fox had tramped for weeks, O'er frozen fields and mountain peaks,

Or sat for heurs on crusted snow, To view the barn-yard scenes below.

And there the wolf, through forest dark,
Had ran for miles, with howling bark, And eyes, that seemed to throw a ray

To light the rover on his way;
Enduring heat and cold the same,
He took the seasons as they came,
And little cared what scarred his hide, If but his stomach was supplied.


When beasts of every shape and hue,
Had gathered round, in order due,
The shaggy bear the silence broke,
And thus, in solemn accents, spoke:
"The year now drawing to a close
Has brought its share of joys and woes:
It saw us feasting on the best
The thrifty farmer's fold possessed;
It saw us, too, with aching head, Go, lame and supperless, to bed;

And now, beneath this wintry bower,
It seems to me a fitting hour

For us to mend our ways; in brief,
To turn in life another leaf.
There's not a creature of us all
But has some fault, however small,
That we should leave behind us here,
Upon the threshold of the year.
As for myself, I stand aghast,
When I review the summer past.


I fancy still
I hear the cry
Of children, as
I bounded nigh;
The squealing pig, and bleating sheep
I often hear,
when fast asleep;
And tho', perhaps,
I'm not the worst, I here discard my faults the first.
No more the farmer's sheep I'll rend,
Or hug the calf, like bosom friend;
No more beneath the starry sky,
I'll drag the porker from the sty;
The fruit of field, and yellow grain,
In future shall my life sustain."
Then, next in order to the bear,
The wolf remarked, with humble air,
"I, too, might speak of troubled sleep,
Of night alarms and worried sheep,

Of tender kids, or frightened steed, Of traveler's bones, and hunter treed.
My faults are many as the stars, My virtues fewer than my scars; I feel that I should not be last
To mourn my actions in the past, And here resolve, no more to prey
On other things
 that cross my way."
He ceased, and sinking in his place,
Behind his paws concealed his face.
The rat that breakfasted on pie,
And lunched on cheese, now gave a sigh, And speaking meekly through his nose, Did thus his leading sin disclose:
"Though little blood in fact I shed, While picking up my daily bread, Some faults exist, I frankly own;
My thievish ways are widely known. I've nibbled bags and boxes through, And ruined carpets, old and new,

When hunger gnawed within me more, Than I at barriers before.

You'll see by scratches on my tail, How near my life was pussy's nail;

But, through stout heart and hopeful soul,
I struggled on and reached the hole.


For striving once the bait to get,
And leave the trap still nicely set-
A trick that fools alone would dareA broken nose through life I'll bear.

But better nose than neck should crack, Which would have gone had I been slack.
But when you speak of good reform,
I feel the heart within me warm;
And though folks leave the pantry door
Wide open, nightly, evermore,
Hereafter, when I reach the place,
I'll pass it with averted face."

Then, with a dry The weasel next "My coat," said he, Which mightimply But when youknow You'll think me Whilst midnight Around the manI crept beneath And killed him, as I ate the chickAnd did such things I promise, there-

and wheezy squeak, began to speak; "is clean and white, a conscience bright; my life, I'm sure anything but pure. hung her sable pall, ger, mow, and stall, the rooster bold, the hours he told; ens in the shell, I shame to tell; fore, I'll begin

At once, a better name to win."


The skunk, the coon, and badger gray, All stood in turn and had their say; But when the fox rose in his place, All eyes were fastened on his face, For he was known, to great and small, As master-villain of then all. "I would," said he, "I could restore The poultry to the yards once more,


Which, in the season passed away,
I have purloined by night and day.
No more they'll roost in drowsy row,


Their bones lie underneath the snow;
Their downy coats have served to line
The robin's nest in beech and pine;
The mother duck will lead no more
Her young along the weedy shore;
I stripped the pond of all the breed,
And never left a fowl for seed.


The Widow Giles, below the mill,
Is looking for her goslings still.
Poor soul! I never sec her stand, With anxious face and shading hand, But I regret the part I played That evening, by the alder shade.

And Farmer Dobbs can never tell What took the fow! he fed so well. For weeks and weeks, at eve and morn, He stuffed her crop with wheat and corn.
And sent his invitations out,
To aunts and uncles, miles about, For old and young to come, betimes,

And pick her bones, at Christmas chimes;

But, thanks to me,
'Twas pork that on But had it been To taste that tur-

upon that day, their platters lay; their happy lot key, cold or hot,

As round the table there they sat,
They would, indeed, have found her fat."
He paused, and with a trembling paw,
Removed a tear-drop from his jaw, Then said: "I, too, within the year, Saw hopes deferred,
and days of fear. I've touched the poison with my nose, I've heard the trap beneath me close, I've felt the breath of straining hound, Upon my haunch at every bound; And past my ears, with lightning speed, I've heard the whizzing lead proceed. But, through the year now drawing nigh, To lead a blameless life I'll try."

And there, beneath the swaying trees,
As round them played the whistling breeze. And from the sky, the queen of right

Looked down upor the pleasing sight,
With many a vow and promise true,


They all resolved to start anew;
And, let us hope, in after days
They followed peaceful, honest ways;
That guns, and snares, and traps severe, Were not required throughout the year.

## A DOMESTIC TALE.

The night was dark, and all the house
In peaceful slumber lay;


The cats had gone to make a call On friends across the way,

When from the corner of a room,
Where all could entrance find;
A band of cunning mice appeared,
With mischief in their mind.
All wearing masks, as though to hide
Their features from a foe; In single order, one by one, They ventured from below.

By signs and whispers they advanced,
As burglars move around;


But bread and cheese were under keys, The cake and pie the same;


Alone, a tallow candle stood,
That scarce had felt the flame.

The hungry band here made a stand, And soon to action flew,


And from its socket-pedestal
The graceful column drew.


On heads, and backs, and shoulder-blades, Where best the burden lay,

With smiling face, and rapid pace,
They bore the prize away.
And when, at last, the load was cast,
Where all could form in shape,
And each one got a certain spot At which to sit and scrape,


Then, kings around their royal board, Arrayed in jewels bright,

With crowns of gold and wealth untold, Might envy their delight.


## THE WOLF AND THE BEAR.

HE Bear was feeling ill one fall;
So neighbor Wolf made haste to call, To tell what best would suit his case, And bring the color to his face.
Now Doctor Wolf was shrewd of mindA sharper of the sharpest kind;

And when his eyes had travelled o'er
Old Bruin's tempting winter store, Said he: "Your pulse is low indeed; A change of life yuu sorely need.

A trip across the ocean blue
Might brace your failing strength anew;
Or Greenland's climate might impart
A smoother action to your heart.
But, living high, I plainly see,


Is what will dig the pit for thee.
Unless you change your present style,
You'll hardly see the summer smile.
Take good advice, and fling aside
Your salted pork and mutton dried.
The pickled feet and sausage give

To those who'd rather die than live.
Of roots and herbs your meals prepare,
For health is found in simple fare."
It seemed to give the Bear delight,
To learn the way to live aright;

so off the crafty Doctor ran
To tell his friends about the plan;
How Bruin now would feast no more
On stews, and roasts, as heretofore;
But freely scatter to the wind Provisions of the choicest kind.

No sooner had the bats of night
Commenced their wild, uncertain flight,
Than, from the mountain and the glen, From rocky lair and earthy den,
The beasts came trooping, great and small,
To give the ailing Bear a call.
With bags and baskets well supplied, And apron-strings securely tied,
They gathered round to get theirshare Of food that might be scatter'd there.


Now Bruin had a humorous vein, As well as even-balanced brain; And when he heard the rack and rout, He raised the sash, and, peeping out, A sober face he tried to show, While thus he hailed the crowd below. Said he, "With pain occurs the thought, You all have lost your rest for naught; For, truth to tell, depart you will With bag and basket empty still, As I've decided to pursue My former course the season through, And change my diet by-and-by, When gone my present large supply."

A moral here, uncovered, shines For those who read between the lines; The brightest hopes will often fade, However well the plans are laid.


THE TURKEY IN DANGER.
While turkeys roosted on a fence,
A fox approached with care,


And soon within
her basket lay The largest gobbler there.

Then,

## as

the Christmas times
were nigh, The fox
went
off

- in glee;
Her youngster trotting by her side, The smallest one of three.

It made with her that early start To exercise and run,

To take some lessons in the art, And learn how work was done.
"You're growing old," the youngster said, "I saw you limp, to-day;

But when you're hunting game, I see, You've not forgot the way."
"'Tis true," she said, " of late I've had Rheumatics in my toe;
But I'll not take the second place To any fox I know.
"There may be some with quicker ear, With sharper sight another;
But there's not one can bag a fowl As nicely as your mother.
"I've often heard your father say, When I was young and free, He never saw a fox could clear A panel fence like me.

"I think I see him sit and smile Upon me, sweet and fond; When he observed how quick, I could Of goslings strip the pond.

[^0]He died at last, while breaking fast,, Behind yon rocky hill, It makes me sad to think your dad, Mistook that awful pill.

May palsy shake the guilty hand, That did the dose provide; Which turned him almost inside out, Ere I could reach his side.

Oh, never touch
To aught, Until its nature, You rightly

I've seen more Than I can Where rash advance, Brought sorrow

There's not an However But suffering creaRegret some

O , child of mine, And shun the Beware of guns, But with in-

your nose, my dear, however grand, full and clear, understand.
trouble in my day now explain, or games of chance, in their train.
hour passes by, plans are laid, tures, low and high, move they've made.
avoid the trap, tempting pill; that never srap tent to kill.

- Nor blindly be enticed astray, By pleasures spread around; To be the sport, if not the prey, Of every yelping hound."



IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



"I'll bear your counsel in my mind,"
The baby fox replied;
"And think of thee whene'er I see, Temptations at my side."
"That's good," the smiling dame remarked, "Advice is vain indeed,

Unless the soil whereon it falls, Is mellow for the seed."
"That's fine discourse," the turkey thought,


As there he lay in fear;
"Had I with caution thus been taught, I hardly would be here.


The tallest post the farm can boast, Will not my wishes meet; But, in the troe each night I'll be,
And there myself secrete.
I'll trust to neither kith nor kin, Nor on the dog rely;

And should I roost upon a spire, I'll keep one open eye."

Thus, while they moved upon their way,


To gain the forest green,

They reached a place where cedar rails Were laid along between.

To mount a fence has never been An easy thing to do,


When those who climb convey a load, That must be rising, too. But, nothing daunted by the sight, She, step by step, arose;

At times employing elbow joints, As well as all her toes.

But as she reached the topmost rail, And paused, her breath to win;

The turkey, taken with a cramp,
Began to lurch within.

> The fowl was not arranged with care, According to its mind;

> The head was down, the heels in air, The tail was left behind.


The balance lost in such a place, Was not so quickly found; So down went basket, fox and fowl, All rolling on the ground.

The fox was first upon her feet,
But then, what could she do?
The basket opened to the fence, The turkey first was through.

Away they go, now high, now low, The ditch and logs they cross;
The turkey missed his spreading tail, But fear made up the loss.

The fox had sprained an ankle-joint, When from the fence she rolled; And now, although she strained a point, Against her speed it told.

The highest rail the youngster found, From which the chase to view,


And cried, "Alas! 'tis gaining ground, I'm dreadful hungry, too."
'Twas heel and toe, and grab and go, Around the rocks and trees;

## And lucky was that fowl to know

His feathers pulled with ease.
Their coming out at "clutches stout," Still left him free to run; Had they been rooted fast, no doubt, His gobbling days were done.

The turkey, when the barn was nigh,
Though out of wind, and weak,
Now summoned all his strength to fly,

His rise was not Of birds of But grace or style

When safety
It bore him from
And from the

And left him look-
Upon his
 is valued light, lies in speed.

The fox one moment viewed the fowl,
Then turned her from the scene
And never ran so mad a rogue,
Through field or forest green.
But never since that time of fear,
At least so runs the tale,
Has man or beast that turkey found
Asleep upon a rail.


THE BANQUET.
(a tale of the jersey meadows.
"Come, be stirring," said the fly,
To the gnat, reposing nigh;
"There's a banquet near at hand, or deceptive is mine eye."
"I am with you! count me in,"
Said his hearer, with a grin;
"I have fasted for a week, and am getting rather thin."
"Tell old messmates where you go,"
Whined mosquitoes from below;
"And, to bring the whole brigade along, our bugles we will blow."
"I'll not tarry here alone,"
Cried the beetle with a drone;
"And, though clumsy on the wing, at a feast I'll hold my own."
Said the fly, "Then come with me,
And, ere long, you all may see,
What is now before my vision spread, as plain as plain can be;
"See, a cow has caught her tail, In the sliver of a rail, As she crossed the panel fence that surrounds the cultured vale.
"We can bite and we can bore,
We can leech her o'er and o'er, And not suffer from that scourge, so annoying, heretofore."

So, away before the blast,
Flew the insects, thick and fast, Till they darkened up
the sky, as though clouds were going past.

Oh, the portly and the spare,
And the starving ones were there, That, from either man or beast, are not slow
to claim their share.
Many species were arrayed.
Do not seek their class or grade, For your books on ento-
 mology can give you little aid.

From the hollows, from the hills,
From the streams that turn the mills,
They were coming, they were humming, and were getting ready bills.

When came dawn of morning fair,
Lo, the cow was lying there, With her horns among the buttercups, her hoofs aloft in air.

But the story is not done,
Till a climax has been won, And that cow was well avenged, ere the day was scarce begun.

For she drank, as it would seem,
From a poison-tinctured stream,
Where some Paris Green had baffled the potato-beetle's scheme
Through the night the bossy died,
From the dose the brook supplied, And communicated bane to those boring through her hide.

But we've nothing more to do,
With the cow, her case is through,
'Tis the tribe in consternation that my muse must now pursue.


She'll have work enough on hand,
To describe that tortured band,
As they ieft in all directions to go staggering through the land.

There was trouble in the camp, And complaints from every scamp, As each member found he had his share of dizziness and cramp.

And if ever there were cries, Or unqualified surprise, Or repentance for an act, it was there among those flies,


How they blamed the busy friend, Who enticed them to this end,

How they wished
that all their racking pains might in the villain blend.

How they watched to see his throes, And in part forgot their woes,

As they noticed
that he was the first to upward turn his toes.

What a griping time was there,
What a sawing of the air,
What a grasping
at their stomachs, as
they tumbled in despair.
Oh, the chafing of the claws,
Oh, the working of the jaws,
Oh, the stiffening up of joints, and the wondering at the cause.

It would weary every ear,
All the facts at large to hear,
How they dropped among the daisies, never after to appear.

And the people living round,
Thus escaped the sting or sound
From a single pest of air, till the snow-flakes hid the ground.
Oft' as on through life we wend,
In disguise our gifts descend,
And, what seemed a sad misfortune, proves a blessing in the end.


THE GOBBLER AND THE GANDER.
Said a Gobbler to a Gander, with a proud, disdainful glance, As they met one afternoon, in a farmers yard by chance,
"You're the most ungainly fowl that I meet throughout the day,
As you waddle, waddle round, in your slow, ungraceful way;
And, to tell the truth, my friend, if I looked as bad as you,
I would seldom walk abroad, but would hide myself from view."
Said the Gander to the Gobbler, "Oh, you needn't swell with pride, Just because your legs are long and you spread your tail $\curvearrowleft \rho$ wide,

For, in spite of all your airs, I am smarter still than you, I can swim, and I can dive, something you can never do."
Then the Gobbler turned away, with a visage red as flame, In a stack of barley straw to conceal his head in shame.


## THE WASP AND THE BEE.

In a garden sweet and fair, Once a bright and busy pair, Held a brief conversation on a lily. " Mr. Wasp," remarked the Bee, "Your manœuvers puzzle me, You must either be a lazy rogue, or silly."
"In the school where you were taught, Was the fact
before you brought, That our time is equivalent to money? Now for days and days we've met, 'Mid the pinks and mignonette, But you never seem

> to carry any honey."

Said the Wasp: "You make me smile, With your blunt, outspoken style,
You have many things to learn, I must declare;
For a thousand sunny hours
You've been pumping at the flowers,
And you never dreamed of poison being there.
"From the phlox and columbine, Bleeding-heart and eglantine, Soon your treasury of honey-comb you fill;

While I, coming in your wake, From the self-same blossoms take All the rankest sort of poison by the gill.
"Let me whisper in your ear: I have found while roaming here Over garden, over orchard, over field, That the fairest growth of flowers,
 Which adorn these haunts of ours, The most deadly kind of poison often yields."

"Bless my sting!" exclaimed the Bee,
"Every day we live to see
Will some wonder carry with it, I suppose. Who would think a nauseous drug Could be stored away so snug,
In the heart of such a blossom as a rose?"
And, with that it flew away,
To a field of blooming hay,
On the buttercup and clover to alight;
While the Wasp set out to find
Something suited to his mind,
And was soon in a camelia out of sight.


## THE MAIDEN AND THE KNIGHT.

## A FAIRY TALE.

HE day was lost, when from the fight Young Harwick rode, a valiant knight Who fought till every bridge was crossed, And every hope and standard lost.
The King himself, upon the field, Lay dead, beneath his battered shield, Before the Knight forsook the fray And rode to rescue Lady May: A maiden fair, of high degree, That night she was his bride to be, Had fickle fortune scorned them less, And crowned their legions with success. She must not in her home remain, Where sack and pillage soon must reign; But time was short for him to fly And save her from the danger nigh. As Harwick bore her from the Hall, The foes were shouting round the wall; As through the park away they rode, A blazing pile the castle glowed. Where shall they fly? Behind them rose The shouts and clamor of their foes. The North Sea, half a league before, Disputed boundary with the shore.


Could they but reach the Norway coast, They would avoid the conquering host;

But vain the wish, no ship is near, No boats upon the marge appear;

Now something more than strength of steed Must serve them, in their hour of need. f. Oh, wonder-working fairies, Hail! When human arts and efforts fail, And hope departs, ye choose the hour To introduce your mystic power.

Now, from the shadow of the wood, A band of fairies came, and stood Before the Knight and maiden fair, Who, much perplexed, were standing there. So sudden came the troop around,
They seemed to issue from the ground;
The wondering couple, all amazed,
In silence on the comers gazed;
And, in the midst of their distress,
They hardly could a smile suppress,
To see the strange and motley crew That round them in a moment flew.

A few had beards, unkempt and wild, While some were beardless as a child, With dimpled cheeks and sparkling eyes, That told of youngsters early wise; A jacket here was black as night, Another there was red, or white,


Some wanted both a coat and vest,
While some had these and lacked the rest; But all were jovial, keen and spry,

And trimmed to either run or fly.


Now, one who seemed to be the queen, With tiny wand and mantle green, And scarlet hat of comic mold, Addressed the pair in language bold: "Oh, gallant Knight and lady fair, But trust your fortunes to our care, And you may safely quit this shore Without the aid of sail or oar. We'll leave you on the Norway strand, Away from persecution's hand; Nor fear the magic power we wield, For never yet was case revealed, In story, old, or ballad new, Where fairies wronged the good and true."
What moved the elves to cross their way
And proffer aid, we cannot say.
It might have been the maiden's sigh,
Or tear that glistened in her eye;
For nothing can a fairy see, That sooner wakes its sympathy.
But fairly was the offer made, Nor was the answer long delayed:
reen, 1. e bold: fair, r care, shore ir. y strand, : wield, sled, and true." their way ay. gh,


"Oh, witch or elve, whate'er you be, We trust our keeping all to thee; Employ what arts you may command, But guide us from this wretched land."

She reached her wand and touched the Knight, And lol his suit of armor bright Appeared to melt, and fade away To sweeping wings, and feathers gray;
With curving beak and talons long,
He stood, an eagle swift and strong, Prepared, among the clouds to fly,
Or scan the sun with matchless eye.
She touched the lady,-quick as thought,
Another Instead of robes of silken fold, Instead of gems and chains of gold,

In place of shining locks of hair, The plumage of the swan was there! With graceful mien, and look sedate, She stood beside her royal mate; Prepared, with him, at once to brave The howling winds, or foaming wave.

The fairy waved her wand around,
And both rose, circling, from the ground; But though like birds they were in kind, They still possessed the human mind; So, wing to wing, across the sea, Their course was taken, fast and free.
"A pleasing sight," the fairy cried,
"Behold them journey, side by side, What tenderness and trust is there, I'll warrant you, a loving pair!"

For hours, above the dashing spray, Still flew the swan and eagle gray.

At times they skimAt times among the But whether thro' Or thro' the foamStill, side by side, With equal speed The eagle proves
 med the ocean blue, clouds they flew; the darkened sky, ing spray they fly, they kept in place, and equal grace. no laggard bird, When by the driving tempest stirred;
The swan can spread her pinions white
And pass the arrow in its flight;
But tho' that night they did their best,
And crossed the deep without a rest,
Nor turned aside from straightest line
That old sea captains could assign,
Yet, when arrived on Norway's shore,
The fairy band was there before!

But how those elves
Had reached that Perhaps, upon the Or scudding cloud Doubtless, unseen O'er surging sea,

in strangest guise, coast, is but surmise. winds they rode, in haste bestrode; by man, they flew through ether blue;

Or, ran around the sea entire,
Like currents of electric fire.
an blue, y flew; ed sky, hey fly, a place, grace. $d$ bird, guise, rmise. rode, rode , flew blue;


But this is certain, all were there, And waiting for the coming pair.


The wind, with all its puff and blow, We leave behind, as on we go.

As meteors shoot through empty space,
So fairies move from place to place,
With speed that one can only find
In creatures of the spirit kind.
'Twas meet that we should reach the shore
Your former natures to restore,
Or else, forever you would fly,
But objects for the hunter's eye.
Now, though we travel east and west, We love our native land the best;
So back again we all must speed,
For others may assistance need;
And fairies, since the world was new,
Have lent their aid to lovers true;
And always, till creation's end,
Will still be found, the lover's friend!"



## THE WINDFALL

N a westward reaching railroad,
Over plain and mountain laid, Journeyed once a woeful member

Of the famous tramp brigade.

Out at knees, and out at elbows, Gone his credit, gone his tin, His defence a heavy cudgel, His adherents next his skin.

Gnawing bones, by dogs abandoned, Sleeping under stacks of hay, Stealing rides and haunting dairies, Moved this nomad, day by day.

Baby-feared and dog-detested, Shunning water, soap and light, Buried pride and biunted feeling,
 Nothing sound but appetite.

Those who saw him, in the evening, Slouching round their barn-yard go,
Doubted much if in the morning,
They would hear their rooster crow.


While he tramped across the mountains, Where eternal lies the snow, As the night was darkly closing, Wild the wind commenced to blow.


Soon the rain, in torrents pouring, Brought the slush about the knee,


And the lightning stroke descending, Split in twain his shelter tree.
Fearing such another summons, Might do more than singe his hair, Down a narrow gulch he bolted Seeking better shelter there.

Soon a cave the wretch discovered Formed by over-hanging stones, But in terror backward bounded On beholding human bones.


Then a change came o'er his visage And his fears began to lull,


Years before some famished miner Lay and perished there alone,
With his treasure for a pillow
And his couch, the flinty stone.

There lay pick, and pan, and shovel, Worn with years of rust away,
And the well-filled buckskin showing Mines were paying in his day.

Snow had covered bones and treasure,
Safe from sight the seasons through,
But the recent heavy freshet, Brought the cave again in view.

Wrong to take e'en what another Has no use for, high or low;


But perhaps this hard-pressed brother Now in question, thought not so.

Bending low beneath the windfall, In which shining thousands lay, Moved the traveler for the railroad When the storm had passed away.

Now no more to ride on bumpers, Or to burrow, like a beast,
In the haystack, but to travel Like a nabob of the East.

Thus the storm of rain and lightning
That beset and tried him sore, While it seemed to seek his ruin,

Drove him straight to Fortune's door.


This is truth, than fiction stranger,
Truth in picture and in rhyme, Some may doubt it, but this ranger

Knows the party like a dime.

In that far-off sunny region, Where the people delve for gold,
And the earthquake oft reminds them Of their sins so manifold,

He who tramped is now in clover;
Like a prince he lives at ease, With his pleasure-boats and horses,

And his servants, if you please.


Vain would be the task now closing,
Vain your patience, vain my line,
Did no moral thread imposing,
Through the homespun fabric shine.
Know the darkest night that lowers,
Or the hardest luck that falls,
Oft but ushers brightest hours,
Oft the richest fortune calls.
When misfortunes round you gather, Crowding, crushing, pile on pile, Sink not under, brave them rather,

Think upon this man and smile.


## THE GUILEFUL PAPOOSE.

Where wild Sierra's forests wave, The youthful heir of Piute brave Sat by the station, lone and bare, While stopped the train a moment there.
 With hands across his stomach locked,
From side to side he wrung and rocked, And filled the passengers with dread, So loud he screamed for meat and bread.

One, judging by that awful cry, Would think the child must eat or die ; And few who heard the loud appeal, Unmindful listened to the "squeal." A dozen baskets open yawn,
From every lunch a part is drawn; And down about the youngster's knees, Descend enough of bread, and cheese, And cake, and pie, and chicken legs, And sandwiches, and hard-boiled eggs, To fill a bucket heaping o'er, Then onward moves the train once more.

But ah, deceit, so often found In pale-face tribes the world around, Is not a stranger to the brain Of Red Men on the western plain.


The truth, unvarnished, must be told, A trick it was, the parents old
Had taught him well the part to play, And thus he bellowed every day,
While they kept back from public eyes
Until the urchin won the prize. And much they praised that babe of guile As, squatting there in Indian style,

They put beyond the reach


The chicken legs and berry pies,
The cake and cheese, and slices wide,
The sandwiches, and all beside;
Then heavy sighs of sorrow drew
And wished another train was due.


## A CHANGE IN THE SITUATION.



HERE was a little sickly kid, That grazed along the way, And children as they went to school Would pelt him every day;

Or chase him up and down the road, Until he'd run and hide,
And there, with fear, would stand and shake, As long as one he spied.

But winter came; the kid was kept
Within the stable door;
And when the summer smiled again
He was afraid no more.
The children, on their way to school,
In wonder did espy

Him, prancing out upon the road, With mischief in his eye.

"Last year," said he, "about this time,
I was a scrawny kid, And when you pelted me with stones,
I ran away and hid.
But time, at last, as poets say,
Arranges matters fair, And gives, along with strength and years, A heart to do and dare.

The bran, the beans, the juicy hay,
And shelter from the cold, Have not been given me in vain, For now I'm strong and bold.

The year on you has scarcely shown, And little
But, as your books,
'Tis different
You see, I've got Am bearded
And if you want
I'm ready

change I note; perhaps, will tell, with a goat.
a pair of horns, like a Turk, a toss or two, for the work.'

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I know you're awful fond of fun;
I well remember, still,
Your hearty laugh, when from my back, The stones flew down the hill.

The scars they made you yet may see, Where skin is shining bare;
For even winter's lengthy months, Could not restore the hair!

Though time, at last, may hide the marks
That cruel hands bestow;
Still, in the mind will live the wrong, Though seasons

Those children Such sport would And, in the pres-

Felt wondrous


In pallid cheeks,

So, ever after, to their school They went another way,
And daily learned, that nature gives
The poorest thing its day.

## THE BICYCLE IN THE WOODS.



O easy task, it seems, to guide
The Bicycle through forest wide,
Where crooked roots are reaching out, And mossy stones are spread about.

But, oftentimes, as stories go, The woods present a lively show.
The wolf, the porcupine and hare, The fox, the catamount and bear, May there be found
at dead of night, On wheels that yield such great delight.
No student from the college free,


No salesman from his rice or tea,
No clerk released from dusty room,


Where judges sit with brows of gloom, Could greater joy or pleasure know Than do those beasts, as round they go.

What though a fall may check the fun, And end at once a rapid run ? What tho' some heels should sudden rise To points reserved for ears or eyes? This only serves to kindle zeal To yet control and guide the wheel.
out, about.

## ©


of gloom, re know d they go.
$k$ the fun, run ? udden rise ; or eyes? zeal the wheel.

Thus let them sport as best they may,
A happy band, till morning gray;
For, while thus training through the trees, The farmer's sheep may graze at ease,


And ducks and geese may rest their legs, And lay the farmer's breakfast eggs.

So let the birds forsake their nest,
To cheer the one who rides the best,
Or hover round with mournful tones
The one who falls and breaks his bones.

## THE DIALOGUE.



SHE.
"Oh, here you come, with empty hand, Though gone for half the night,
While hungry babies round me stand, Without a single bite.

You: eyesight must be getting dim, Or else your courage small, Or you'd have reached your home ere this, With something for us all.

Have you been feasting by yourself, - Secure from tooth and nail?

And now return from empty shelf, To tell a woeful tale ?'
He.
"It seems that all the Fates, my dear, Against us are combined; A harder night to find a bite, I cannot call to mind.

I've seen hard times upon the sea, In wild and stormy weather,
When lockers were not opened once For days and days together.

And when, upon the western plain In winter's blizzard storm,
The folks were forced to burn their grain To keep their bodies warm.
But here, in town, where stores abound,
 And no distress is nigh,
rand,
and,
im,
: this,
self,
elf,


A place where less was lying round, Has never met my eye.

I stole about with anxious face, By barrel, box and bin,


There's not a corner round the place, My nose has not been in." She.
"Was there no cake or cheese around ? No cupboard door ajar?

No meal or candles to be found ? A worthless mouse you are." He.
"The cupboard's bolted at the top,
And buttoned down below;
There's nothing open but the trap, Wherever I may go.
The servants ate the piece of cheese Their mistress left at tea;
The crackers went for baby food, There's nothing left for me."


SHE: "Was there no crust of bread, I pray? No cake of soap to test?
I cannot think, whate'er you say, That you have done your best."

He: "The bread is locked within a box, That seems as hard as stone; I broke a tooth before I left The plaguy thing alone.
I think the people here must live Like Indians on the plain, For sight or scent of such a thing As soap, I cannot gain.
The beans are in a covered pot, - That's either brass or steel; The cat is lying on a sack, That holds the barley meal. When first I saw her stretching there, So spotted, large and sleek, I hardly was three feet away, And scarce suppressed a squeak.



I rather think she's shamming, too, I watched her half an hour,
And thought a false composure lay, Upon her visage sour."


She:- "Are you a mouse, and know the house,
From garret floor to ground, And still afraid to make a raid, Because the cat's around?

If I could leave my babies here, Without a mother's care, I'd have a bagful, never fear, And eat my supper there."


He: "I'm not the craven that you think; Your stinging language spare,
With bravest mouse, in barn or house, I'll very well compare."

She: "We mice are made for taking risks, Else, why are we so spry?
But if you lose your life for us, A noble death you die."


## He :

"Look on these scars that o'er me run, That hint of nail and knife, And tell me, do I look like one Afraid to risk his life ?

Think you this split and haggled ear And tail bereft of skin,
Bespeak a mouse who all the year Abides the hole within?

Does not this circle, red and raw, Where hair will sprout no more,
Remind you of that night of awe, When home the trap I bore ?

I've taken chances, scolding mate, Though now you rant and rail, I've nibbled from the trap the bait, While lookers-on turned pale."

She:
" Your babies' cries ring in your ears;
Starvation is their fate,
Unless you can do something more Than simply stand and prate.

What care we now for dangers past, For scars on tail or brow?
With better reason might you brag If you were bleeding now.

How can you look into those eyes, Or on those sunken jaws, Or note each pointed visage here, And folded keep your paws?"
He
"While I to drag a leg have power,
I'll stay to hear no more!
If I'm not back in half an hour, Put crape upon the door."



## THE LION AND RHINOCEROS.

## LION once had vainly tried

To cross a river deep and wide; For sickness had beset him sore, Had shrunk his form and stilled his roar, And made him fear the chilling flow, That tumbled to the sea below.

An old rhinoceros, at last, Who through the water often passed,


And did of friendship nothing lack,
Gave him a seat upon his back;
Then, with the lion, started o'er,
To leave him on the distant shore.

Now, other beasts, from either side, The novel spectacle had spied, And kept the earnest wish alive, The old rhinoceros would dive; Or, when he reached the current strong, That through the channel swept along, Would overboard his burden throw, And rid the country
of their foe.


But when upon the distant strand,
They saw the thankful lion stand,
With scarce a hair upon him wet,
And safe to chase or govern yet,
In anger every creature yelled,
A meeting on the spot was held,
shore.

And plots against the beast were laid, Who dared to give the lion aid.
"If he's a fish," one speaker cried, Let him beneath the water bide;

With clams and muscles at his toes, Ard eels and leeches at his nose,
And not come crawling round us here, To aid a rogue that others fear.

If he's indeed a beast of prey,
He should on land contented stay,
And not be keeping us in doubt
Which way to class the plated lout."
Thus things went on, from day to day.
At last they made a bold assay;
Combined to give, in minutes few, The old rhinoceros his due.

But while the fight was under way,
And dark and doubtful seemed the day, The lion, now both sound and strong, As luck would have it came along.

A moment there he viewed the fight,
And quickly guessed the motive right;

"This mean, combined attack," said he,
"Is what he gets for aiding me.

My sturdy friend of former day Must have support without delay.
Though working well among his foes, With stamping feet and tossing nose, He needs assistance from a brother, And one good turn deserves another."

With that he bounded to the fray, And soon confusion marked his way. The roar that from his throat arose Made creatures tremble to their toes. The howling band was forced to yield, And left them masters of the field; And ever after, side by side, The couple journeyed far and wide,Friends, tried and true, as friends can be, Who live by force and robbery; While other beasts, by night and day, Took care to give them right of way.


## THE FAIRIES ON HORSEBACK.

As songsters hid in leafy bowers, To rest their tongues till morning hours; And bats came forth from dusty swings, To shake the cramps from folded wings; The Fairies sought some enterprise That promised fun and exercise.



Next evening, as one may suppose, Who well the Fairies' nature knows, The stretch of ground that lay between The saddler's shop and pasture green,


Some brought the horses to the store;
Some to the field the saddles bore;
Believing this the surest way
To guard against a long delay.

They found the saddles at command Outnumbered far the steeds on hand, But strapped them on in every case, Without the least regard to place,
 Till hip, and back, and shoulder-bone Could boast a saddle of their own. When every mouth had found a bit, And girts were drawn to tightest fit, They hurried up and down the track, In search of aid to mount the back; 'Some taking, when a chance they found, Advantage of the rising ground; While others from a stone or stump, Or friendly rail would take the jump; And those who latest clambered there And found no saddle room to spare, Without a murmur, at the side
In swinging stirrups, rode in pride.


Now pacing, trotting, jogging slow, Or racking wildly, off they go; Some moving zig-zag up the lane As this, or that, controlled the rein; While through each head the question passed, Which ditch would have the load at last; And frogs that rose on either side To sing their songs at even-tide, Went down at once without debate In expectation of the weight.

As when Napoleon's Legions poured
Across the Alps, with flame and sword, So bravely o'er
the steepest grade, Advanced
the Fairy cavalcade.
While overhead


But little time the riders found
To view the scenes that lay around.
Some tried to keep
their seat in vain, Some trusted child-
like to the mane. And many wished


As long and shaggy as the bear, For lighter labor then would fall
To those whose chance of hold was small.

The Peak was gained, then true to plan The steep descent the troop began ; But greater dangers still attend The risky ways that downward bend.


And soon mishaps among the crew Were neither far apart nor few.

Some creatures in their eager state,
To reach again the pasture gate

With slips and stumbles down the road Themselves, as well as riders, throwed; Then, over all, excitement reigned Till lost positions were regained. But Fairies still through every care Preserve the same good-natured air, And nothing in the trouble line Can overthrow their temper fine, Or draw the slightest word of blame On leading spirits in the game.


And though that mountain ride was rough, And all were lame and sore enough

When, training homeward round the base, They reached at last the starting-place, Yet all declared their mind would hold That trip, as years around them rolled, And said the exercise they found That night would last the season round.

When morning opened wide her door All things were resting, as before.
The saddler's stock was hanging still, The beasts were grazing on the hill, And but for tracks along the road That recent heavy travel showed, No signs were there that gave away The secret that with Fairies lay. The wondering beast. and birds of night, Alone could tell the tale aright.

## BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT.

There was an old giant, named Bugaboo Bill, Resided in England, on top of a hill;


The yield will be great, not a weevil in sight, Nor a grasshopper near, nor the sign of a blight.
We people are blessed in this part of the Isle,

For over in Wales they are And when came the hour When corn was in cribs, and
starving the while." to levy his tax,the barley in sacks,


When the fruit was all gathered, and ready for sale Were poultry and cattle-then down, without fail, Would come, uninvited, old Bugaboo Bill, And carry a load to his home on the hill.

The farmers had often declared they would stand And guard their possessions, with weapon in hand. In bands they would muster, with mattocks and hoes, With sickles and pitchforks, his march to oppose;

But when the great giant came down in his might, A club in his hand neither limber nor light, They'd fling away weapons and scatter like deer, To hide behind walls, or in woods disappear, And leave him to carry off barley and rye, Or pick out the fattest old pig in the sty.

Thus things went on yearly, whate'er they might do, From bad to far worse, as still bolder he grew; For none could be found who had courage or skill Sufficient to cope with the rogue on the hill.

At length one remarked, who had studied his race:
"No giant so strong but he has a weak placeHe'll have some short-coming, though ever so tall; You've tried many plans, but have failed in them allHis club is too large, and your courage too small.

Now try a new method-invite him to dine: Bring forth tempting dishes and flagons of wine, And let skilled musicians perform soothing airs To smooth down his temper and banish his cares; And when he grows drowsy, as surely he will, We'll easily manage this Bugaboo Bill."

The plan was adopted; when next he came down To take his supplies from the best in the town, They brought him fat bacon, roast turkey and quail,

With flagons of sherry and beakers of ale;
Good beef in abundance, and fruit that was sweet;
In short, every dish that could tempt him to eat
Well pleased was the giant to see them so kind,
So frank and forbearing, to pardon inclined;


He helped himself freely to all that was niceTo poultry, to pastry, and puddings of rice, To wines that were potent to steal unaware; From limbs that were large all the strength that was there;


While 'round him musicians were ranyed in a ring, Some turning a crank, and some scraping a string. A poet read sonnets composed for the day, A singer sang ballads, heroic and gay, Until all the air was replete with a sound, That softened the feelings and enmity drowned.

The task was not easy; for half a day long They treated the giant to music and song; The piper played all the sweet airs that he knew ; The fiddler seemed sawing his fiddle in two, With tunes from the Shannon, the Tiber and Tyne, And tunes from the Danube, the Seine and the Rhine;

The organist worked as though turning a mill, But still wide awake remained Bugaboo Bill.

At last he grew drowsy, confused was his mind With feasting and drinking, and music combined. And when he had sunk in a stupid repose, A monster balloon was brought out by his foes.

there;

Said one, as the ropes to the giant they tied: "We gave him a feast, now we'll give him a ride; For tho' by good rights the old robber should die, His life we'll not injure, but off let him fly;
" The wind's blowing south by sou'east, as you see, So, over the channel, soon wafted he'll be; He'll make a quick passage, and, if I guess right, Will take his first lesson in French before night."

Then up he was hoisted, by winds that were strong, By gas that was buoyant, and ropes that were long; And south by sou'east, like a sea-bird he flew, Across the broad channel, and passed their from view.

But whether he landed in France or in Spain, In Turkey or Russia, or dropped in the main, They never discovered, and littlc they cared In what place he alighted, or just how he fared; But though his old castle long stood on the hill, They had no more visits
from Bugaboo Bill.

## KING CAULIFLOWER.



Cauliflower was a king
who ruled o'er land and sea; He took a penny from the till of his great treasury, And with the money in his hand, he ran about the town, To make a purchase of a pint of pea-nuts roasted brown.

The king was not,
 as monarchs go, decidedly severe, But, in financial matters, he, perhaps, was rather near. He haggled with old wemen
at the corner of the square, Then found a dark Italian, who did stammer and did stare.
The monarch overawed him, with his flowing ermine gown,
His gold-enameled sceptre, and his diamond-studded crown; So he took the proffered penny, at a sacrifice, no doubt, And, afraid of royal anger, the pea-nuts measured out.

And when he brought them to his room it was the king's intent, To eat the pea-nuts in the bed before to sleep he went. To this the queen objection made, and very well she might,

For he was well along in years, and late it was at night;
Then said the crabbed Cauliflower: "Am I not a king ?
And may I not do what I please, and swallow anything?
O, have a care, my queenly dame, my wish is law, you know, And, if I do but say the word, your saucy head may go!"


Then quick the fearless queen replied: "Go, frighten slave or fool, But I would have you understand that here tis I who rule; So take your pea-nuts somewhere else, and may they cost you dear, For, were you fifty times a king, you'll not be munching here!" Then, out upon the steps of stone, in silence sat his grace, And ate the pint of roasted' nuts before he left the place.

## THE DOG AND THE CAT.

DOG and a Pussy, one fine afternoon, Set off on a pleasure trip in a balloon; Oh, pussy was sleek, and her eyes they were green, And she was the prettiest cat ever seen; While Ponto was proud, with short, glossy hair, You'd think that the prince of all doggies was there; So great was the wonder of old and young people, When up they went sailing, clear over the steeple; And great was the clamor and shouts of surprise, To see the brave couple send back their "good-byes."

They sailed to the left, and they sailed to the right, And rose high and higher, in wildest delight; Now over the mountains, now over the vales, Now over the water, all dotted with sails; Now moving quite gently, now up with a bound, To frighten the life out o birds flying round; Now able to glance away down at the plain, Now lost in a cloud that was loaded with rain. But while they were sporting, it chanced the balloon Sailed rather too close to a horn of the moon, And soon they were dangling, all tangled and tight, Exposed to the rays of its silvery light.


"Oh, dear!" murmured pussy; "I'm sure we shall die If we are left hanging up here in the sky!"
"Be calm," cried her partner;
" nor shed a bright tear,
With me at your side
there is nothing to fear;
So don't begin mewing
nor get in a stew•
Soon, freed from all danger, our trip we'll pursue." One stroke of the hatchet, a snap and a bound, And fast they were dropping again to the ground.


Then people ran round in a great screaming throng, To catch at the ropes that were dragging along;
And brought down the basket, then loud was the shout That greeted the pair from the boat stepping out;
For never before, in the country or town,
Had creatures like these won such fame and renown, And long they were treated with kindest regard, Enjoying the freedom of every one's yard, While cream of the sweetest, and meat that was rare, Was free to them alwavs as water and air.


## THE STYLISH PAIR.

"Come, dress yourself without delay,
And to the dance we'll take our way;
There's not a cloud now, east or west,
Much larger than my summer vest;
So we can saunter o'er the land,
And never fear a storm at hand.
Put on the gown you wore that hour
When first my heart confessed your power;


The bonnet, too, that took my eye,
The night I saw you tripping by,
And vowed to claim you as my own,
Before another week had flown.
I never feel so truly great
As when I walk beside my mate,
And think how wretched they must be,
Who single live, compared with me.

How much I pity those who groan,
Beneath the cares of life alone;
Without a partner, true and tried,
Their worth to praise, their faults to hide.
Far better, underneath the clay,
Be hidden, on their natal day,
Than on to dissolution wend,
With none to cherish or defend."


## His

 loving mate smiled sweet and wide, And heard his compliments with pride; For more she prized her partner bold Than pork, or mutton, young or old.

She to her wardrobe ran in haste,
And soon was dressed with finest taste;
They made, indeed, a striking pair, As through the woods they journeyed there.

Her visage wore its sweetest smile, Her bonnet showed the reigning style,
Her looped-up gown of navy blue,
Left both her shapely feet in view,
And well might he survey with pride,
The graceful creature by his side
, hide.
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there. mile,



A storm was rising from the sea,
And, long ere they could reach the ball, The drenching rain began to fall.

With estra force, it pelted down
And soaked the swallow-tail and gown,
And changed the hat and bonnet fine,
To objects that no more would shine;
And while, a sheltering spot to gain,
The couple ran, through wind and rain, Now rushing here and diving there. The dance went on without the pair.

## THE DARING MICE.

Some mice in council met one night,
And vowed by this and that,


That they would arm themselves for fight, And brave the tyrant cat. Said they: "Why longer fear her power?
'Tis time our strength to try; We'll hang her by
the neck this hour, Or in the effort die ?"

Two pistols and a carving-knife,

A rifle and a rope, Were instruments of war enough To justify their hope.

So with the Captain in the front, The hangman in the rear, They started out
to search for puss Without a thought
of fear.


Through silent halls and broken walls, With cautious step and slow, And furtive glances right and left, From room to room they go.

Now pausing by a nook or sill, Where trouble might be found,
Now crowding close and closer still,
At every trifling sound.
But when before an open door The cat appear'd in sight, The very instruments they bore Seemed paralyzed with fright.

The Captain shrinking in the van,
The hangman
crouched behind,
The pistol-shot and rifleman
Had but a single mind.


In doubt and dread they turned and fled, And lucky mice were they,
To find a hole so large that all At once could run away.


## THE RATS AND THE MEAL.

NE summer's night, when all was still, And motionless the wheel,

Some rats ran through the village mill, And stole a bag of meal.

No place was that for them to stop And settle every claim,

For pussy on the scene might pop And spoil their little game.


And cunning rats are never slow,
To choose the safest plan;
So some behind, and some before, And some beside it, ran.

And hurry-scurry, tooth and nail,
They dragged it to the door,
And then, upon their shoulders, soon Away the treasure bore.


But how a litA little Or little hand May change

Now as they hastAlong a nar-
The heavy load And to the

And downward, Ere they could
With manya little The thieves

Some underneath
And struggled All felt the press-

Ere they could
So then for life

tle step aside pause of fear, not well applied, a whole career.
en'd from the room row plank, went in the flume, bottom sank.
with the bag of meal, loose their hold, squeak and squeal, together rolled.
the sack were pin'd minutes there, ing neud of wind, reach the air.
they had to swim,
But when they reached the shore, They dried themselves around a fire,

And vowed to steal no more.


## THE HENS' ADVENTURE.

ear, lied, areer.
room
ume, k.
meal, nold, |ueal, led.
pin'd re, wind, r. ;wim,

Three setting hens forsook their nests, in pleasant summer weather, And, searching for a needful bite, they started out together; Through pasture land and stubble field, they ran a mile or more, All struggling for the locust prize that hopped along before.


Sometimes they climbed across a fence, at times they crowded thro', Now one, more active than the rest, would lead the other two; At times the race was neck and neck, with expectation high, But when almost within their reach, away again he'd fly. Five minutes only could they spare, in which to scratch a meal, No wonder, then, the race they ran was carried on with zeal.
It seemed a woeful waste of time to follow such a sprite, But hope was large and hunger keen, and nothing else in sight.

At length a pond before them lay, and into this he flew, And swam across its surface smooth, and that they could not do. But ere they had a moment's time to ponder on their woes,


From out his burrow in the ground, a cunning fox arose; A daring rascal, that had long been plundering up and down, And always kept the price of eggs and chickens high in town.
flew, lot do.

arose; d down, in town.

His Christmas lasted all the year; for eight days out of nine, Though traps were fixed and poison mixed, he would on poultry dine. Now, faster than they had gone forth, when urged by hunger's pain, They homeward ran, for horrid fear now spurred them o'er the plain. The fox was close behind their tails, but, let him yelp or growl, And do his utmost in the race, he could not catch a fowl! Yet not until the frightened hens in barn and And dogs "bow-wowed!" and children from chase the rogue withAnd then the rooster stamped around, And did for hours scold,

Because these poor old biddies found that all their eggs were cold.


## WHAT THE BUTTERFLY SAYS.

HROUGH all the sunny, summer days
I wander here and there,
And hardly ever stop to rest
A moment anywhere.
There are so many things to see, And time is rather short with me.

The bees, with many cares oppressed,
Do all their arts employ
To gather treasure to their nest,
That they will ne'er enjoy.
For man or beast will seize the comb And eat them out of house and home

It makes me sad when clouds come o'er To hide the golden sun, Because 'twill shine for me no more

When some few weeks have run; And little joy comes with the hour

That hides its face and brings the shower.
I only have a month or two, And time soon runs away

When one is seeing something new,


Or sporting every day;
And how the little people try
To catch me as I flutter by!
But I know what they want me for-
It's not to use me right;
It's not to give me sunny fields,
With daisies sprinkled white;
But just to pin me on the wall
To show their friends, and that is all

## A SPOILED GAME.

One day, by chance, while roaming round,
A hollow tree old Bruin found,


That stood beside the grassy mead,
Where flocks of sheep were wont to feed,
"Well, this is luck, indeed," said he, As, pausing there, he viewed the tree.
"Concealed within this trunk, I'll find A splendid chance to suit the mind, And, from my hiding-place, behold The fattest sheep that leave the fold.


No lengthy race round stumps or trees
Will be required, for here, at ease,
I'll bide my time and keep my place Until they graze around the base,

Then, paralyze the flock with fear,
And live on mutton half the year."
So, in the tree to try the game, He promptly squeezed his burly frame.

And smiled a smile from ear to ear, At thought of rarest pleasure near. But plans, in spite of care and skill, Are often non-productive still; And thus it happened with the bear,

Whose prospects seemed so bright and fair; For, in that hollow, large and round,

A swarm of bees a home had found.
And, through the summer months, had been
Both loyal to their cause and queen;
And, tier on tier, the sweets had stowed
Around their improvised abode


So now, when Bruin's shaggy hide,
At once the air and light denied,
The murmuring tribes were nothing slow
To issue from the depths below,
The strange eclipse
to now behold
That almanacs had not foretold.

It didn't take old Bruin long
To learn that something must be wrong.


Thermometers he needed not
To soon convince him, that the spot

Was ninety-nine degrees too hot.
Far quicker than this line is penned,
He tried the temperature to mend;
And, filled with wonder, pain and fright,
He scrambled up as best he might.
Just how he dragged, or how he threw
His body out, he hardly knew;
But in some sure and sudden way
He reached the grass without delay,
Then through the brush and briars flew, Escorted by the spiteful crew.

While mating birds their nests soon lined
With tufts of hair he left behind.
The flocks, from neighboring hillocks green,
In great delight surveyed the scene.
The playful lambs stood in a crowd,
And hopped, and skipped, and laughed aloud;
And sober sheep of solemn style,
That ne'er before were known to smile,
Now held their sides, and wagged the head,
And laughed until each face was red.



Around the opening blossoms stand, With ready weapons in your hand;
And deal your blows
on every head, That ventures nigh a bush or bed. The peevish bands


Are nothing slow a war to wage;
They'll shower dangers thick and fast, And test your mettle to the last.

Beware the emmet's poison breath,
And beetles' arms that hug to death.

And in the fight, I charge you well, Beware the bee, and hornet fell;

For swift and vicious thrusts they deal,
That soon can make the strongest reel."


According to her strict command, With ready weapons, stood the band,
Around the flowers, and hurled the thieves, By thousands, from the trembling leaves.

As day advanced, and up the sky
The sun was rolling, hot and high;
The insects, thick and thicker flew,
And fiercer still the battie grew.
The hornets fell with broken stings, With crippled legs and tattered wings; The beetles tumbled round the beds, With aching backs and dizzy heads;

While emmets, maddened by the blows,
Attacked, alike, their friends and foes;
And thus, unceasing, raged the fight,
Till closed around the shades of night.


Then baffled bees fled in distay, The hornets dragged themsel es away;

The beetles crept to mossy walls,
The ants retired to earthen halls,


And then the bat of evening rose,
To guard the flowers through sweet repose.

## ENTERTAINING THE CALLER.

Uneasy, on the parlor chair,
The caller waits his lady fair;


Who is preparing--nothing slow, With him to dance, or play to go.

While children, ever sweet and dear, About the caller gather near;

To see his watch, arrange cravat, To read his book and try his hat, To entertain and climb about, And try his temper well, no doubt.



[^0]:    "He said I far excelled himself, Though he was widely famed, And by the farmers, far and near, For many years was blamed.

