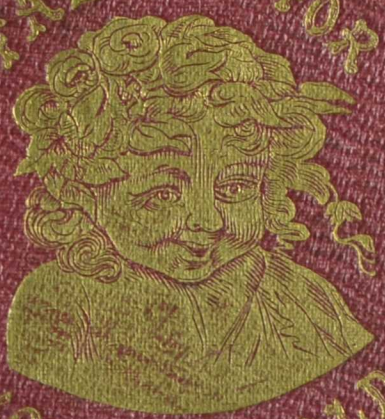
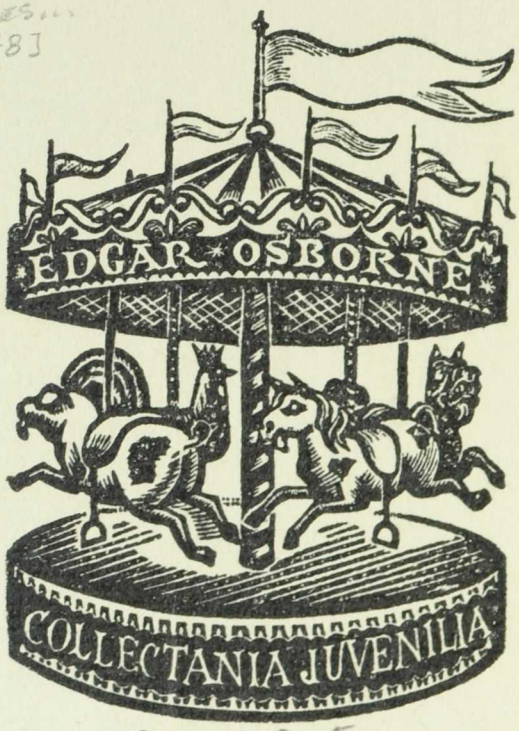
FABLES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

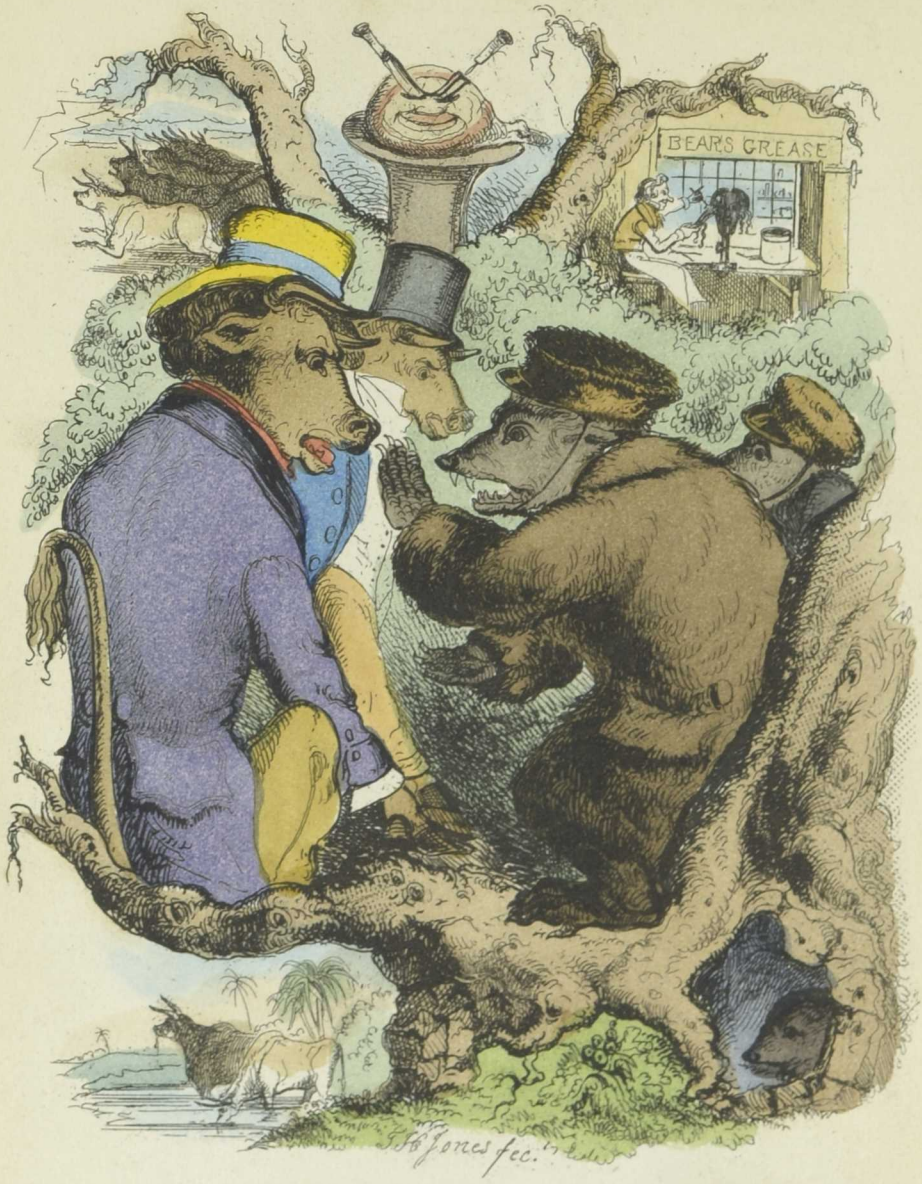




FABLES FOR CHILDREN,

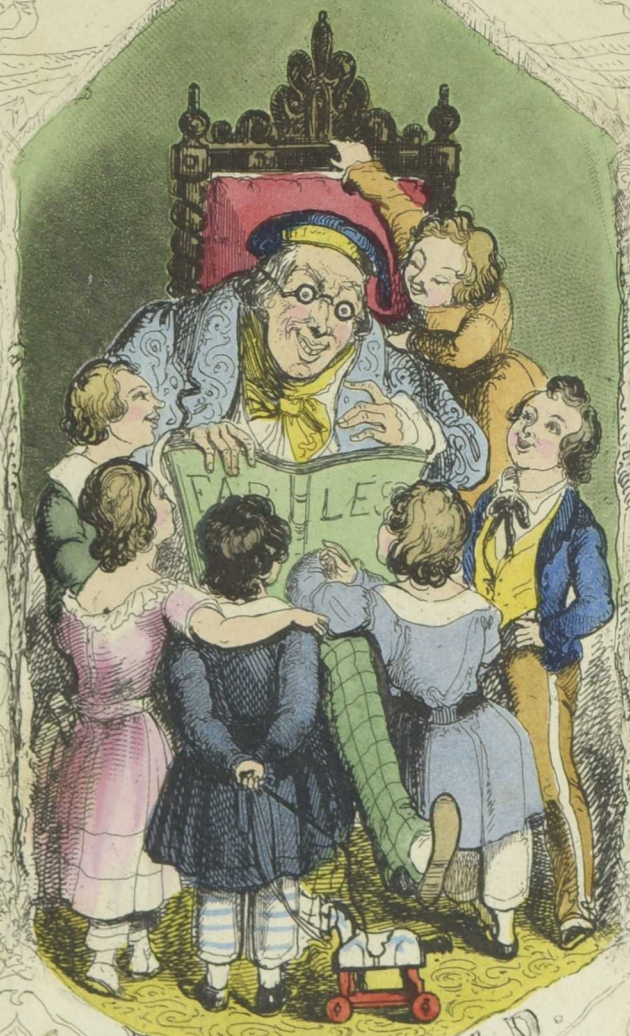
YOUNG AND OLD.

J. BILLING, PRINTER, AND STEREOTYPER,
WOKING, SURREY.



THE BEARS AND THE BUFFALOES.

FABLES for CHILDREN



YOUNG AND OLD.

LONDON:
E. Charton, 26, Holles Street.

FABLES FOR CHILDREN,

YOUNG AND OLD,

IN HUMOROUS VERSE.

BY

W. EDWARDS STAITE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAYS AND LEGENDS OF NORMANDY," &c. &c.

"In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales."
SHAKESPEARE.

Second Edition, with Additions.

LONDON:
E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

J. BILLING,
PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER,
WOKING, SURREY.

DEDICATION.

TO CHILDREN OF ALL AGES,

FROM FOUR YEARS TO FOURSCORE,

These Fables

ARE DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A PREFACE, like a fable, should be all "point and pith."

APROPOS. I thank the Press and the Public for the highly gratifying notice my small book has excited, and for the consequences thereof,—and I commend certain *new* fables,—to be found a little further on—(not forgetting the *old* ones)—to the indulgent and affectionate consideration of *all* those "children" to whom this volume is *specially* "dedicated."

THE AUTHOR.

London, 1848.

PREFACE.

TO THOSE OF A LARGER GROWTH.

All over the world, and in all ages, fables have been keenly relished by old and young; and it may be doubted whether any other species of composition ever acquired equal popularity.

From the time of Jotham's parable of "the Trees and the Bramble,"—to be found in the Book of Judges, and the earliest fable on record,—to those of Æsop and Phædrus, with La Fontaine, Florian, Fenelon, Gay, Dodsley, Lessing, Cowper

and others of more modern date, they have been resorted to as vehicles of instruction, and have seldom failed in making a lasting impression ; often acquiring a hold upon the affections of the young, rarely to be found loosened in age. The fairy-tales of our youth are remembered when the homilies of sages are forgotten.

Fables are of Eastern origin, probably Hindoo, though this is warmly contested by the Persians, who claim their invention. There can be no doubt, that several of those known as Æsop's were merely collections made by that eminent wit and philosopher from different nations, chiefly from oral tradition, and were not, therefore, strictly speaking, original compositions ; but out of the two hundred and ninety-seven bearing his name, it is not known how many were ori-

ginal and how many borrowed, and never will be. Many of the apologues, also, of the other distinguished fabulists alluded to, are close translations from Æsop, with occasional additions of their own, not the less worthy, on this account, of the extended popularity they enjoy.

If any defence of fictitious story, as a medium for the development of Truth, were needed, we should find one in the example of HIM who "spake in parables," and who was wont to extract from familiar objects around him, lessons of wisdom and experience, as well as instruction warning and reproof.

In adding this humble volume of Fables to the general stock, I have only to observe they were written solely with a view to the amusement of my own "children," but I have been

induced to give them to the world, in the hope that they may be as productive of entertainment in the families of others, as they have been in my own.

W. Edwards Staite.

London, 1847.

FABLES FOR CHILDREN,

YOUNG AND OLD.

THE BEARS AND THE BUFFALOES.

All about it.

Once on a time, the story goes,
Two Bears met two wild Buffaloes.
The Bears had coats, rough, brown, and long,
The Buffaloes, horns stout and strong,
Broad chests and limbs that cleav'd the wind,
And curly tails that wagg'd behind!

They'd often met in that wild wood,
As friends and neighbours always should,

To have a chat, discuss the weather,
And pass a pleasant hour together !

Good feeling, 'twixt the best of friends,
Bad Temper brings to violent ends.
Something that day the old Bear crost ;
He soon, it seems, his temper lost,—
Warm disputations then began,
And thus the conversation ran :—

BEAR.

" Oh !" said the Bear, " I'd like to know
Who'd choose to be a Buffalo,—
Condemn'd a vagrant life to pass,
To drink cold water, dine on grass,—
Unshelter'd, too, when wind and rain
Come sweeping o'er the pathless plain,—
No snug, warm den, or secret lair :
I'd rather be a happy Bear !"
" And so would I," the young one grunted,
" Although our friends should be affronted !"

BUFFALO.

Old Buffalo then shook his hide,
And thus, in language mild, replied:
"We roam the boundless fields at will,
And snuff the breeze on every hill,
While you in sloth, forgive me, pray,
Pass half the cheerful hours away.
'Tis true we quaff the limpid water,
While you delight in blood and slaughter;
Our tastes are widely different,—so
I'd rather be a Buffalo!"

BEAR.

"That's stupid talk," the old Bear cried;
"Who'd give this coat for your sleek hide?
When winter comes you'll wish you were,
With all your brag, a cozy Bear!"

BUFFALO.

"Not so," the Buffalo retorted;
Then paw'd the ground, and stamp'd and snorted,—

"Say, when the Summer-heats prevail,
What can you do without a tail?
Just answer me that question, pray—
How brush the teasing flies away?"

BEAR.

"Who'd have a tail," growled out the Bear,
"If forced such horns and humps to wear?"

BUFFALO.

"Horns," said the Buffalo, "at least,
Are neater than your paws, rude beast;
And for our humps, you know they are
Esteem'd as most delicious fare!"

BEAR.

"Bah!" said the Bear; "our hams when drest,
To kingly palates yield a zest."

YOUNG BUFFALO.

"Famed for your 'grease' you mean, by fops,
When hung for show in barber's shops!"

The end of it.

On rushed the Bears with fierce intent,
With growls and roars the air was rent!
In dreadful strife they fought, and tore
The ground, all dyed with reeking gore.
But how it ended I can't tell;
Some say the Bears in battle fell,—
Others, again, would have us fain
Believe the Buffaloes were slain,—
I'll venture just this much to say,
They either died, or—ran away!

Ill Temper's sure to breed disputes,
No less 'twixt man and man than brutes,—
One angry word in temper spoken,
And lo! the tie of years is broken!
And further, too, this Fable shows,
That Heaven on all *some* gift bestows,
But jarring thoughts should ne'er prevail,
'Twixt shaggy-coat and curly-tail!

MASTER HERBERT AND THE HONEY-BEE.

One morning, a beautiful morning in May,
Master Herbert was out with his sister at play,
The flowers in the garden were sparkling with dew,
The Birds were all singing blithe songs, as they flew,
And over the hill-top and round by the wood,
The warm sun was shining as hard as he could!

A honey-bee chanced to be passing that way;
He was humming a tune, as light-hearted folks may,
When a drop of rich nectar attracted his eye,
Gleaming bright in a rose that was blooming close by;—

Quoth the Bee, "though I've plenty of sweets in
my store,
I'll stop just a moment to cull this one more,
'Tis no harm to be rich, so, I'll get all I can,
In this I but follow the maxims of man!"

Just then MASTER HERBERT espied his gold wing,
And shouted with glee "what a beautiful thing!
Come, sister, and help me to catch it," cried he,—
His cap the next moment had knock'd down the
Bee!

In the dust, badly wounded, half stunn'd by the
blow,
His treasures all scattered, and moaning with woe,
The Bee cried, "alas! 'twas a covetous thought,
That all this disaster and trouble has brought:
Had I tried not to grasp all the sweets I might see,
I had not been now a poor desolate Bee!"

MASTER HERBERT seiz'd hold of his elegant wing;
But that instant receiv'd a most terrible sting,

So he dropt the poor Bee, who expired in the fall,
While he roar'd with the pain for an hour—that's
all!

Two things may be learnt from this fable. The first,
In your hearts let no covetous feelings be nurst;—
And the next—When allured by some glittering
thing,
Remember, *possession may end in a sting!*—

THE OAK AND THE PEACOCK.

A Peacock one day,
His fine tail to display,
In a gleam of bright sunshine was strutting away ;
And thus he gave vent
To his thoughts, as he went,
On his top-knot so grand, and gay plumage intent :—
"While in splendour I stalk,
What a grace in my walk—
I'm sure all the world of my beauty must talk—

No mistake! 'pon my word!
I'm an exquisite bird,
And my voice is the sweetest that ever was heard!"

"That, at least, is not true,"
Cried a voice that he knew,
"The Owl's is far sweeter, between me and you!"
'Twas an old gnarled OAK,
And he laughed as he spoke,
For I fancy he thought the whole thing was a joke!
Master PEACOCK he fumed,—
His fine feathers he plumed,—
But the OAK laughed the louder the more he assumed,
"You but envy, I see,
My rare merits, old tree,
You have nought to be proud of, old fellow, like me!"

"I *do* laugh at vain folk,"
Said the worthy old OAK,—
"For I hold that all *vanity's* empty as smoke,

But of *pride*, I confess,
I have some, more or less,
Though I flaunt not in feathers, gay plumes or rich dress!"
"Just be pleas'd to explain,"
Said the PEACOCK so vain,—
"How your wit can just now a distinction maintain?"
"If your tail you'll draw in,"
Cried the OAK, "I'll begin;—
Pride *may* be a virtue, but vanity's sin.—

"For some cent'ries I've stood,
In this ancient wild wood,
And I've seen much of evil, mayhap more of good;
'Neath the shade of my limbs,
In all humours and whims,
Young maids have sung carols, old monks chaunted hymns,
And the birds in their nest,
I have rock'd on my breast,
For of all living creatures they love me the best;

Young and old, great and small,
I have shelter'd them all,
And there's pride in my heart, while the thought
I recall !"

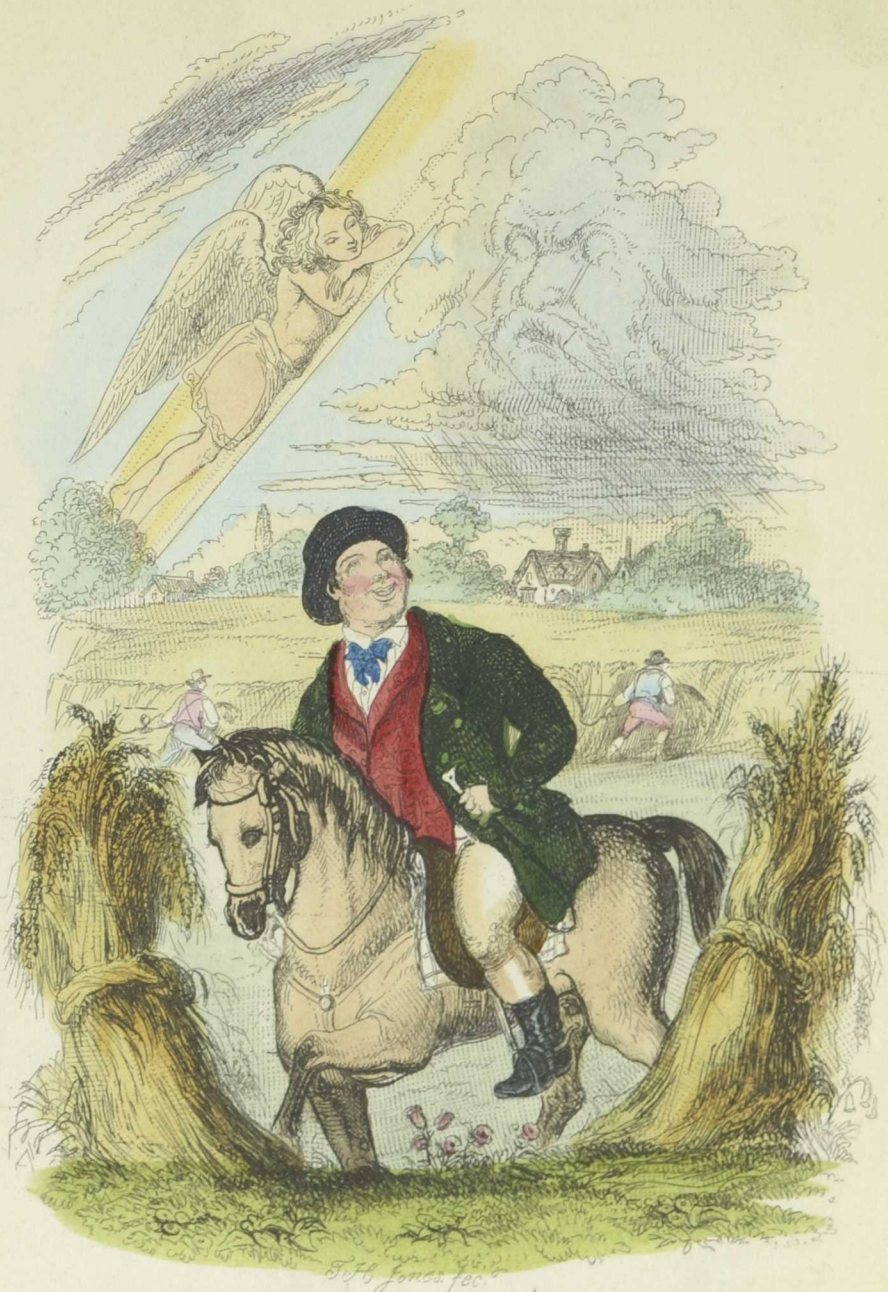
" I rather suspect,"
Screech'd the PEACOCK erect,
" On the future you like not so well to reflect,
I am young, in my prime,
And shall live a long time,
And my beauty be heard of in every clime ;
YOU—the truth must be told—
Pray excuse me, if bold,—
YOU are looking remarkably shattered and old,—
Ere the spring-blossom shoots,
—Though but little it boots—
YOU'LL be fell'd by the axe, or torn up by the
roots !"

" That may be, or no,"
Sigh'd the OAK,—" but I'll show
That my *pride* will survive when my limbs are
laid low,

On the ocean afar,
Beneath Glory's bright star,
I shall live to pour forth the dread thunders of war!
And still prouder I'll be,
In my strength, on the sea,
To know the world's *peace* is dependant on *me*—
But for you, silly loon,
This is Fortune's best boon,
That your feathers at last should adorn a buffoon!"

The pride of good deeds,
Springs from virtue's good seeds,
While vanity yields but a crop of dry weeds!
If with vain folks you're vext,
Take these words as a text,
And the homily study!—Let's see what comes next?
Kinds of pride there are two,—
One the false—one the true—

The first "haughty stomachs" do well to eschew—
But the next, learn from hence,
Is a sign of good sense,
While Vanity's only poor Folly's pretence!



THE CLOUD AND THE SUNBEAM.

THE CLOUD AND THE SUNBEAM.

I saw while gazing on the sky,
A lazy CLOUD go sailing by ;
Just then a SUNBEAM ran to meet him,
And thus, in merry strain, did greet him,—
" Good morrow, friend,—but tell me, pray,
Where have you been so long away ?
In vain I've sought you, I protest,
From North to South, from East to West ;
I thought you'd died,—from want of breath,—
Or else,—had wept yourself to death !"

The SUNBEAM was a joyous creature,—
The CLOUD was dark and stern in feature,

And, as his oldest friends confest,
A dull companion at the best!
I thought he'd never look'd so gay
As when the Sunbeam pass'd that way!

The CLOUD replied in sullen mood,
And talk'd of "man's ingratitude—"
"Look at that waving golden sea
Of ripen'd corn, and think of *me*;
Who gave through each advancing hour,
The early and the latter shower?
Both night and day I labour'd hard,
And what, think you, was my reward,
'Twould draw e'en tears from stones to say—
Man grumbled, wish'd me far away,—
And yet I rais'd that crop you'll own,
And thanks are due to me alone!"

"Well! 'pon my word!"—his friend replied,
"*My* merits soon are cast aside;
Methinks, friend CLOUD, you'd strive in vain;
Without my help to raise the grain!

For many an hour, as you well know,
I did my best to make it grow,
And for the last six weeks, I say,
I've never left it for a day—
Ask FARMER BROWN now riding by,
Who has most merit—you or I ?"

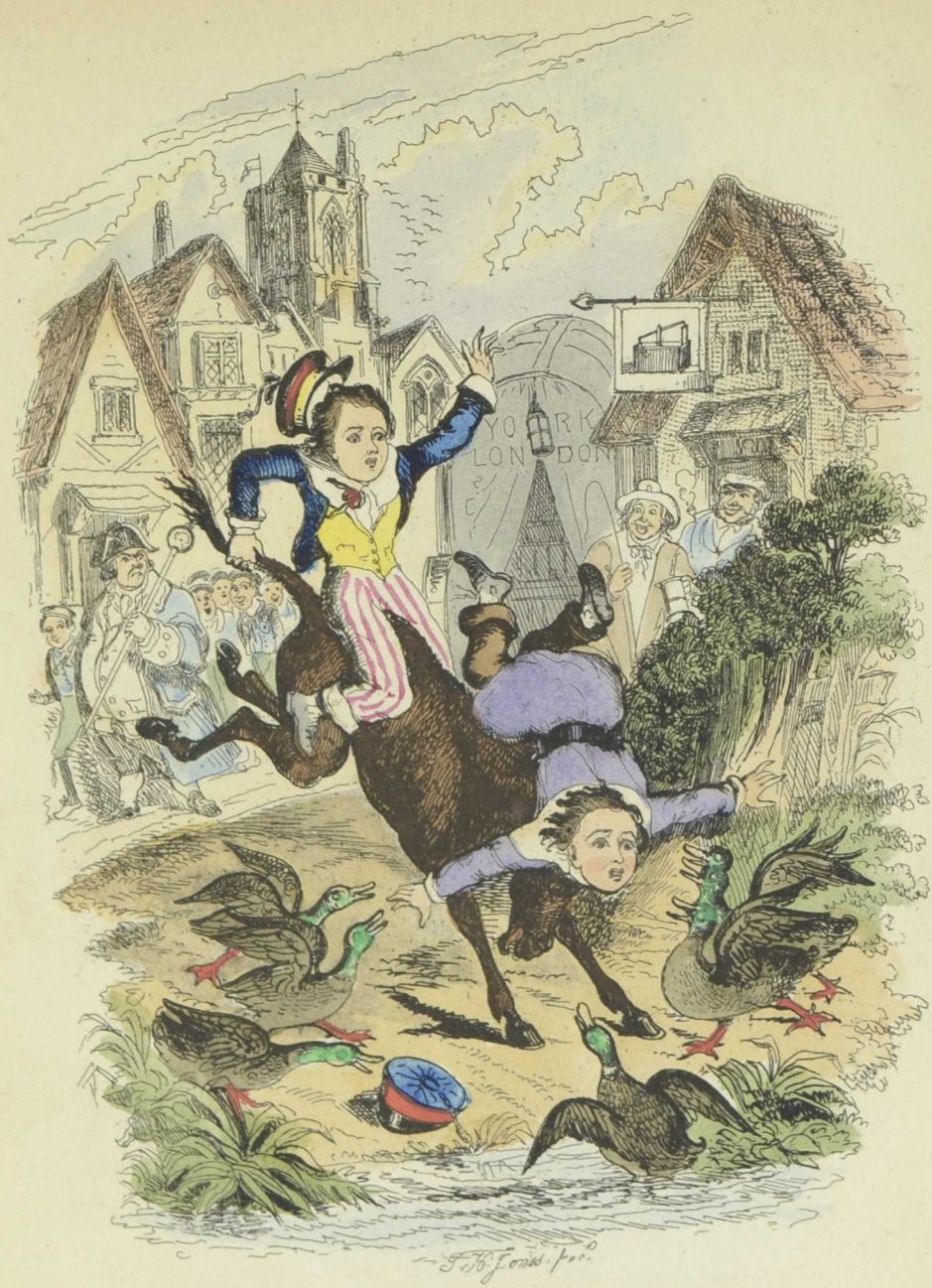
The Farmer heard their story through,
And said, " what stupid folks *be* you,—
With rain alone the crops don't thrive,
' Tis sunshine keeps 'em all alive,
But if no genial showers we get,
They burn right up, for want of wet,—
To *both* I look to bring me store,
So *work together* as before !"

If for the moral you're in doubt,
Just think, you're sure to find it out !

TOM AND HARRY AND THE DONKEY.

Now listen to the tale I tell,
And I will quickly shew,
What, once, two little boys befel,
Who would a-riding go!
Who would a-riding go, I say,
All on the village-green,
Up on a donkey's back where they
Before had never been!

The donkey first,—the fact I add
To make the matter plain,—



TOM AND HARRY AND THE DONKEY.

Up-swish'd his tail, then bray'd like mad,
As though 'twere going to *rain*—
" A sign that something's sure *to fall*,"
Quoth HARRY, " ere the night."
And when I've told my tale, you all
Will say that he was right !

TOM seiz'd the donkey by the mane,
And tried to get astride,
But HARRY pull'd him off again,
HE'D be the first to ride—
For HARRY boasted of his skill,
On wondrous feats intent—
" See how I'll gallop down the hill—"
But TOM would not consent !

I won't disguise, the truth I'll pen,
They almost came to blows,—
And how it might have ended then
Of course nobody knows—
But TOM who was goodnatured, cried,
" 'Twas only HARRY'S whim,

Why could not both together ride,
And HARRY hold by *him*!"

"What ride," quoth HARRY, "perch'd right o'er
The donkey's tail! Oh! no!
You mount behind, *I'll* ride before,
And see the pace we'll go!"
So HARRY strode the donkey's back,
And TOM he followed quick,
Just then some frantic ducks cried, "quack,"
And made the donkey kick!

He kicked so strong, he kick'd so high,
That HARRY's heart did quail,
Soon o'er his head did HARRY fly
But TOM he grasp'd the tail!
It would have made you laugh to see
The fright poor TOM was in,
The donkey gallop'd, who but he,
As though a race he'd win!

Some hissing geese, a score or two,
Were waddling o'er the green,

What think you did the donkey do?
He pitch'd Tom in between!
Tom look'd as pale as any ghost,
His bones so ach'd and pain'd,
And Harry, who had bragg'd the most,
A bloody nose sustained!

A truth this fable doth convey,
Of plain import to all,—
That *he who loudest boasts to-day.*
May be the first to fall!
And something it may teach beside
Pray fix it in your mind;—
If two will on one donkey ride,
Then one must ride behind!

And this is tripping on my tongue,—
(The sage advice will pass
With equal force to old and young,)
Don't meddle with—an ass!

THE SPARROW AND THE DUCKS.

A City-Sparrow, round and chubby,
Yet looking somewhat old and grubby,
And mute and songless as a quaker,
And dull as any undertaker ;
One frosty morning, full of trouble,
Sat perch'd upon a heap of stubble :
He'd left his lodgings miles behind him,
To see if breakfast he could find him ;
Hunger, we know, is sharp and trying,
The snow-flakes inches deep were lying
O'er tiles and court-yards, fields and hedges,
Like heaps of wool piled up in ledges !

Not from the truth to be departing,
He had pickt up some crumbs at starting,
Which a kind little soul who knew him,
Out of a garret-window threw him!

He'd liv'd for years a city-rover,
Up in the chimney-pots just over,
From bird-traps safe, rent-free in station,
What cared he for "THE CORPORATION?"
As for the "income-tax," all knew it,
He never paid a shilling to it.
Most folks, with minds enlarged, not narrow,
Would say he was a happy sparrow!

But, no! he'd liv'd for years so lonely,
SELF occupied his thoughts, self only,
No generous feelings entertained he,
And not a flying friendship gain'd he,
And age considered—most distressing,—
No kindred sparrow claim'd his blessing!

I said that he was full of trouble,
When perch'd upon the farmer's stubble—

Some well-fed DUCKS went by just after,
And almost split their sides with laughter,—
That is, they quack'd both loud and jolly,
To see the sparrow's melancholy,—
(Some said they laugh'd with joy at knowing
No *peas* were in the garden growing)—
While hungry, tired and discontented
The sparrow thus his feelings vented :

" Why was I born in city-quarters,
And not a Duck, with sons and daughters,
Think of a Duck's high birth and breeding,
His pleasant pastimes, and his *feeding*,
How gay his life ! while I, a moper,
Am deem'd, at best, an interloper !
Oh ! happy Ducks ! it pains my marrow,
To know that I was born a Sparrow !"

With this he hopp'd upon the pailing,
Still at the world and fortune railing,
Repining, envious little sinner,
Just as the Ducks were called to dinner !

What made him in such haste to hop off,
Trembling, as though his tail would drop off?

Two Ducks, with whom he'd been elated,
Were seiz'd and swift *decapitated*,
To furnish forth the farmer's table!
And here, methinks, should end the fable;
The moral there is no denying,
Chirp'd by the sparrow, homeward flying!

"'Twere wise repining thoughts to smother,
And ne'er to envy one another,—
As for the ills of life, all share them,
Let each in calm submission bear them.
Seeing, not always is believing,
Appearances are *so* deceiving!
A chimney-pot, I own this minute,
If safety only reign within it,
Is better far, let no one doubt it,
E'en than a palace is, without it!"

THE WHEELS.

A little WHEEL, robust and strong,
That o'er the stones had roll'd along,
For years, unheeded by the throng,
A slave to busy labour,—
One night, unburden'd thus his mind,
Unto his fellow-wheel behind—
'Twas said he was too much inclin'd
To *rattle* with his neighbour!

"I ne'er by quibble or by quirk,"
Cried little WHEEL, "attempt to shirk,
My fair proportion of the work
Whate'er may be the weather;

And yet, my station to maintain,
I've always work'd as hard again
As you, in sunshine, wind or rain
Since first we ran together !"

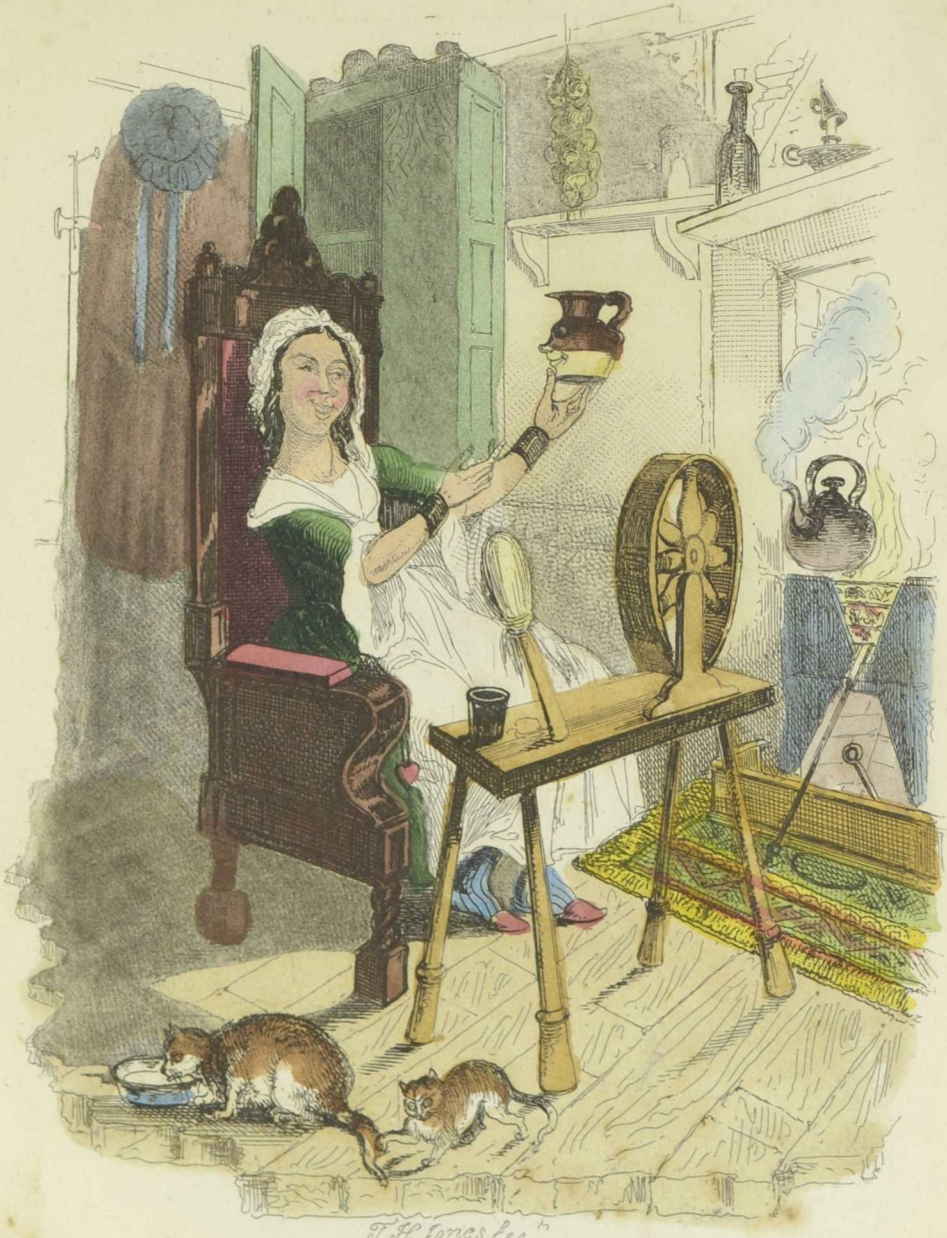
His neighbour smil'd and *turning round*
Replied, " my little friend, 'tis found,
We travel o'er the self-same ground,
The daily toil, we share it,—
More *tired* than I, you cannot be,
The only difference I see,
Is one of mere *capacity*,
And you have strength to bear it !"

Men are but WHEELS, of various kind,
Some great,—some small,—and this you'll find,
Some work *before*, and some *behind*,
O'er steepy ways and hollow,—
Some, moving in a larger sphere,
More quietly, from year to year,
Than little bustling wheels, that clear,
The paths which others follow !

THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER.

A little brown Pitcher, that stood on a shelf,
And a merry brown Pitcher was he,
Though in breeding and quality nothing but delf,
Was as cheerful as Pitcher could be!
In good truth he was ever a comical elf,
And he lov'd in a corner to talk to himself,
While his cheeks shone with humour and glee!

"How happy the life that I lead, none can tell,—
How I laugh at the world and its wealth,—
I am never lock'd up, like gold cups, in a cell,
For no robber would take *me* by stealth!
Near this quiet old cupboard for ever I'd dwell,
While each morning, delighted, I'm sous'd in the well,
Such an excellent thing for my health!"



THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER.

" The little old woman, who spins all the day,
When she finds nothing better to do—
" You dear little Pitcher!" I've heard her oft say,
" I could never get on without *you*!"
And should I be broken or crack'd, which I may,
Or should mischievous school-boys e'er hide me in play,
She would cry till her eyes were quite blue!

Cheerful hearts may be found where no wealth we descry,
And a laugh is the cure of " *ennui*,"
And the poorest on earth may be lov'd, if he try,—
'Tis a moral the dullest may see!
If we're lov'd for *ourselves*, some will mourn when we die,
While thousands get buried without a wet eye,
Nor are miss'd, as *a Pitcher* would be!—

THE WEATHERCOCK.

A Weathercock, that topp'd the steeple,
The pride of all the country people,
With golden crest, and tail so splendid,—
It had been just re-gilt and mended—
This theme of village admiration
Perch'd on his giddy elevation,
One day was musing and surmising,
And to himself soliloquising,
And looking—which I know he should not—
As if he would have crow'd, but could not,—
A thing, in such a situation
To bring disgrace on church and nation!

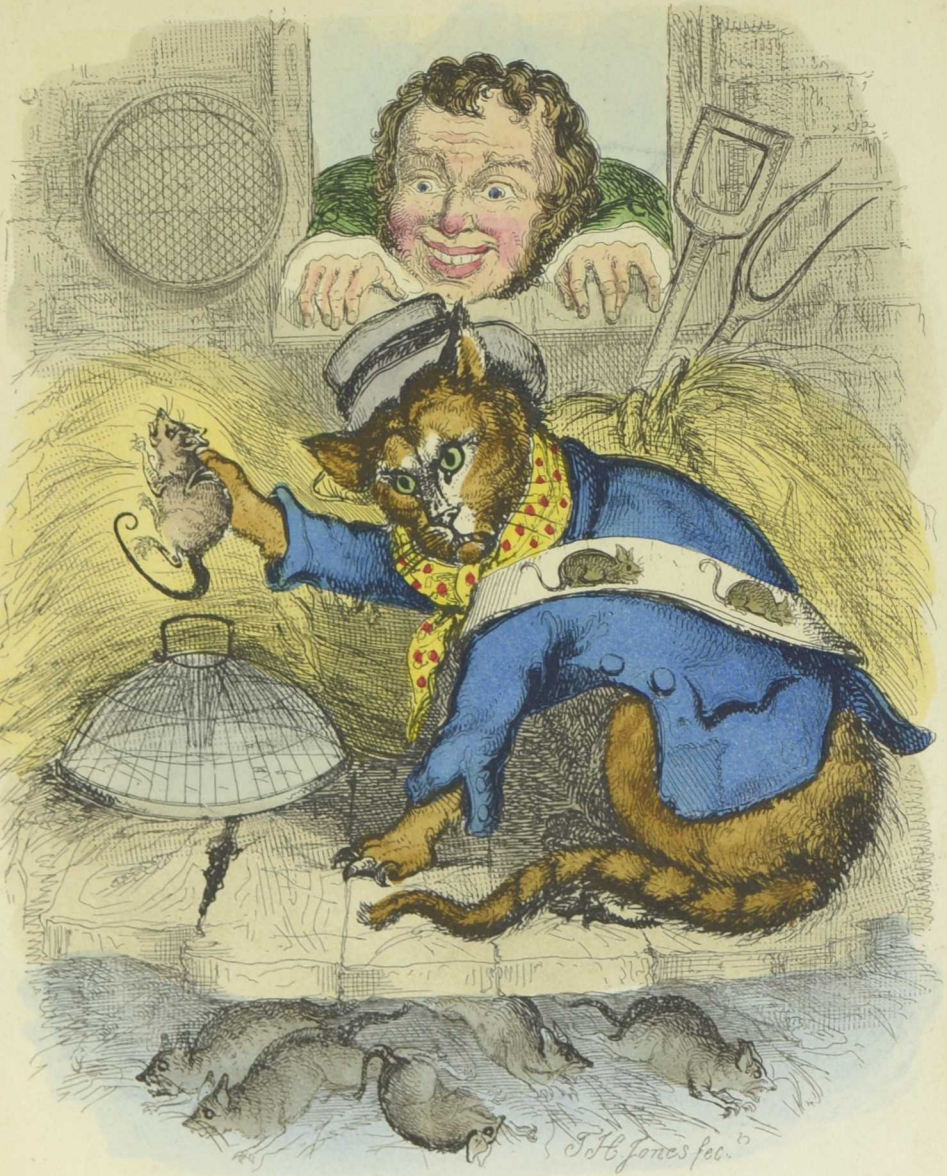
(WHAT HE SAID.)

" This world's a puzzle and a riddle,
A very maze, from end to middle,—
Who better than myself should know it,
And who so competent to show it ?—
Is there no wisdom, skill, or knowledge,
But such as comes from school or college ?
Experience is all a bubble,
I know mankind without the trouble ;
I only wish I could begin it,
I'd set the world right in a minute—
'Tis *my* opinion *all* are equal—"
The wind chopp'd round—I lost the sequel !

Beware of weathercocks ! well knowing
They change with every wind that's blowing !
And deem not such the world's defenders,—
They're only—ignorant pretenders !—

THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.

In a farm-house,
A little Mouse,—
At least so runs the fable—
With tail so long,
Genteel and strong,
And coat as soft as sable,—
Liv'd in the floor,
With twenty more
Young misses and young misters,
This urchin small
The pet of all
His brothers and his sisters!



THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.

Beneath the planks,
They play'd their pranks,
Such rattling and such riot—
The Farmer "vow'd
He'd clear the crowd,
There was no peace or quiet :—"
Now, up the wall
They'd scamper all,
And underneath the thatching,—
Then, scare by night
The maids with fright,
Their very bed-posts scratching!

Said Farmer Gruff,
"I've borne enough,
I've stopp'd their holes with plaster,
The plaguing crew
They only do
Make new ones all the faster!
The noisy set,
I'll have 'em yet,—

If nothing else can still 'em,
Sure as a gun,
I'll end their fun,
I'll get a CAT and kill 'em!

The OLD MOUSE heard,
The fearful word,
And quick the news up-summing,
Cried, "O my dears!
I'm rack'd with fears,
The dreadful cat is coming!
Attention pay,
Let all obey,
My strict commands well heeding,
Don't leave this nook,
Nor dare to look,—
I'll watch the Cat's proceeding!"

Soon after that,
They heard the Cat,
Which set their flesh a-creeping,—
And once, or more,
Right through the floor,
They saw her eye-balls peeping!

Though Pussey purr'd,
Yet no one stirr'd,
Obedient to their mother ;—
From very fright,
They pass'd the night,
Piled up one on another !

"I'll take *one* peep,—
She seems to sleep,"
Cried little Mouse, next morning,
Regardless quite,
The silly wight,
Of all his mother's warning !
He scarce popp'd out
His little snout,
Ere Pussey's claw was in it,
'Mid squeaks and groans,
She *scrunch'd* his bones,
And ate him in a minute.

THE TALKING JAY.

A talking JAY,
Hopp'd out one day,
Some calls to pay
And pass away
His time in *idle chatter*,
When on a tree
He chanc'd to see
A ROOK, and he
Appear'd to be
Quite busy, but no matter!
Straws, twigs with hooks,
And waifs from brooks,

With knowing looks,
A score of Rooks
  Were building well together;
So, up he flew,
Said, "How dy'e do?
I'll stay with you
An hour or two,
  This very charming weather!

Delightful spot,
Friend Rook, you've got,
But is it not
At times too hot,
  At other times too airy?
Take all the year,
I think 'tis clear,
You're rougher here,
I'm snugger near
  The *fowl-house* and *the dairy!*'

"That may be, though,
Friend Jay you know,

I'm busy, so
I pray you, go,
I have no time for reasons,—
All work would stop,
In house and shop,
And on tree-top,
Should neighbours drop
In, chatting at all seasons !"

It is a crime,
To steal one's *Time*,
In any clime,—
So end's my rhyme,—
The moral's more than funny,
Excuse is lame,
You're much to blame,—
' Tis oft the same,—
As if you came
To steal your neighbour's money.

AUNT MAUD AND HER MIRRORS.

Aunt Maud's little Mirror had hung on the wall,
For how many long years there's no telling,
In a little back bed-room just over the hall,
In Aunt Maud's little snug country dwelling!
His little bright visage seem'd always the same,
While the truth shone in every feature,
And I know he was blest with as happy *a frame*,
As e'er fell to the lot of a creature!

Aunt Maud never fail'd him a visit to pay,
When the bells chimed for church, Sunday morning,
To "know if her bonnet sat straight," she would say,
While she this way and that way kept turning,—

Now smoothing a crease out, now shaking a fold,
And then peeping right over her shoulder :—
But Aunt MAUD,—'twas a secret she ne'er would have told,—
Every Sunday she lived grew the older !

One day, not quite pleas'd, she began to upbraid ;
The old mirror she called " a deceiver,"
" You're changed very much, Sir, of late,—I'm afraid,
We must part"—and the thought seem'd to grieve her.
" Ungrateful,—nay, more—it's quite wicked to see
How you misrepresent me, well knowing
I've strived all my life a kind creature to be,—
I've half made up my mind to your going."

" Dear madam," the mirror replied, " in good sooth,
It is *you* that are changed, not a little,
My only offence lies in telling the truth,
And the truth I have told to a tittle—

If the wrinkles I see,"—but Aunt MAUD would
no more,
For these terrible words seem'd to choke her,—
Unhook'd, in a rage, he was spurn'd from her door,
And ere night he was sold to a broker.

Well ! the very next day, on the very same hook,
A new mirror, gold-framed, was suspended,
Aunt MAUD ran delighted to have a good look,
But too soon were her feelings offended—
" I see how it is," cried the lady so chid,
And she shed a round tear in her sorrow,—
" *They don't make the mirrors as well as they did,*
So I'll have my old friend back to-morrow !"

THE SHIP AND THE PETREL.

A tight young Ship
Upon her trip,
  Across the Atlantic Ocean,
Well pleased to be
First time at sea,
  Elated with the notion,—
Who ne'er had met
With storms as yet,
  Or heard the thunders rattle
Of wind and wave,
That rage and rave,
  When ocean goes to battle ;

Began to doubt
Ships' words, about
  As much as other people's,
Who talk'd, in docks,
Of reefs and rocks,
  And waves as high as steeples !

" What awful tales
They've told of gales,
  And wrecks upon the billows,
Of bulwarks crash'd
And seamen lash'd
  To masts that snapp'd like willows—
They do persist,
Such things exist,
  To one and all I answer,
That I'll be bound
They'll not be found,
  From Capricorn to Cancer !"

A lonely bird
That speech had heard,—
  Well vers'd in naval topics—

A Petrel small,
And known to all
  Who ever sail'd the tropics ;
On weary wing
He'd flown to bring
  The news of storm and danger,—
To all in need,
A friend indeed,
  And thus he hail'd the stranger :

" You ship ! ahoy !
Each man and boy
  Let boatswain pipe together,—
Aloft, below,
Make snug, for know
  There comes tempestuous weather !"

" 'Tis quite absurd,
You stupid bird,
  I see no storm, nor fear it."
" Friend ship ! believe
I'd ne'er deceive,
  Just listen, and you'll hear it."

"Be off I say,
Pursue your way,
Nor longer dare to tarry,—
Where fools do sail,
Go tell your tale,
Your silly warnings carry!"

"'Tis thus they chide,"
The Petrel cried,
"All messengers of sadness,"
And while he spoke,
The tempest broke,
And lash'd the sea to madness!

The sails in shreds
Were torn to threads,
The ship roll'd gunwale under,
Crack'd shroud and spar,
In that wild war,
Of elemental thunder!
And there she lay,
A night and day,
A log upon the water,

But liv'd to own
With many a groan,
The lesson it had taught her !

The sea of Life—
A sea of strife—
Though sunny be the morning,
You may be wreckt
Ere you suspect,—
Ne'er spurn a friendly warning !
Take in all sail,
Before the gale,—
No moral can be sounder,—
And then be sure
You'll ride secure,
Though other barques should founder !

THE HUNGRY SPIDER.

In a dark dingy hole sat a Spider one day,
Where as fierce as an ogre he watch'd for his prey ;
Very hungry, quite famish'd, he waited a prize,
While his mouth water'd, thinking of tender young flies !
A Bluebottle chanced to be out for a stroll,
And a better-drest fly was ne'er seen on the whole,
" What a glorious feast," cried the Spider, " if I
Can by any means catch that great Bluebottle-fly !"

So he nodded and smiled and then said, " How dy'e do ?"
Just to scrape an acquaintance,—the fly nodded too ;—

" 'Tis remarkably hot," said the Spider, " and yet
We should always be thankful, 'tis better than wet,
Won't you step in and rest yourself out of the heat,
'Tis so pleasant when friends and acquaintances meet ?"
" It won't do," said the Bluebottle, looking quite wise,
" Your manœuvres may answer with *very* young flies,—
But I'm not to be caught by soft speeches you see,
So I wish you good day—you don't dine upon me."

The world's full of SPIDERS that watch for their prey,
And thoughtless young FLIES often fall in their way,
But if all were BLUEBOTTLES,—I'll answer for this,
The world would be wiser by far than it is.

THE PEBBLE AND THE WAVE.

WHILE on the soft sea-sands reclined,
Strange thoughts revolving in my mind,
A PEBBLE at my feet began,
To talk and reason thus of MAN.—
"Poor Mortal! destin'd from thy birth,
To plough the deep, or till the earth,
To toil and labour day by day,
Till all thy strength has ebb'd away,—
Uncertain, changeful as the wave,
By turns a tyrant and a slave—
Thy joys but shadows at the best,—
Pleasure, a waking dream unblest,—

In short, the world itself, I wot,
Is but a gloomy, cheerless spot,—
Go ask yon murmuring WAVE, for he,
Is but a type, poor wretch, of thee !"

" In this," replied the WAVE, " good sooth,
The PEBBLE partly speaks the truth ;
I *am* the type of mortal man,
And have been, since the world began,
But *all* the points he hath not told,
To make the full resemblance hold :
Just let us see, on truth intent,
How stands the PEBBLE's argument ?
If aught it mean, it means just this,
Man's life is not a life of bliss,
And, like a misanthropic stone,
He fain would prove it by mine own !

" I've spent a long and checquer'd life,
Sometimes in sunshine, oft in strife,—
I've travell'd round the world, and more,
I've studied man on every shore ;—

I've seen, within the polar zone,
The Frost-King on his icy throne ;
And India's golden strand I know,
Whereon the verdant palm-trees grow ;
The Austral isles, and rich Peru,
And Afric's plains and mountains blue ;
And every land that lies between,
Sometime or other I have seen !
And think you, in a life like this,
I knew no pleasure, felt no bliss ?"

" 'Twas pleasure through the live-long day,
To float the good ship on her way,—
'Twas bliss to see, while roared the blast,
The dangerous reef in safety past,
For *my* wild voice alone could show
Where lurk'd the treacherous rocks below !
I've learnt, untaught by scroll or book,
On the bright side of things to look,
And in the darkest, stormiest night,
To trust the coming morning-light !

'Tis thus *my* life has pass'd away,
In pleasures varied as the day,
And MAN, like me, if trustful, wise,
May make this world a Paradise !"

" Humph !" said the PEBBLE on the beach,
" 'Tis easy work to prate and preach,
I see no joy in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun !"

The WAVE seem'd ruffled for awhile,
But soon resumed his wonted smile,
" The task is hard, I freely own,
To reason with a heart of stone,—
Yet all have duties here on earth,
Whate'er their station or their birth,
And duties, to the good and wise,
Are but sweet pleasures in disguise,—
Each man's existence may be still
A life of pleasure, if he will !"

" Then die at last ! be seen no more,
Just like a wave upon the shore,

So far," the PEBBLE cried, " at least
Man is no happier than the beast !"

" To die ! ah ! yes," the WAVE replied,
While his calm bosom heav'd and sigh'd,—
" When in the beams of summer-day,
Exhaled, my life-breath hastes away,
Each drop shall shine, a liquid gem,
In Heaven's ethereal diadem !
'Tis then the goal of life we win,
Our purest pleasures then begin ;—
This boon of Heaven e'en man might crave,
To die, as dies the summer-wave !

From this 'tis clear, a life well-spent
In active duty, brings content,
And blissful feeling, day by day,
Whate'er the scoffing world may say.—
And turn *this* over in your mind,
All things have uses well-design'd,
Even a Pebble, in a sling,
We know deliver'd Israel's king ;

I'd rather pave a stable-yard,
Than be from useful life debarr'd,
For *idle* souls, in every land,
Are but as pebbles on the sand!

THE QUACK AND THE MOUNTEBANK.

A QUACK, of impudent pretensions,
Dealer in poisonous inventions,
Whose salves, elixirs, pills, and plasters,
Were antidotes for all disasters ;
One day was mounted on his rostrum,
Puffing the virtues of each nostrum—
The showers of half-pence round him falling,
Shew'd 'twas a profitable calling !

" These *life-pills* extirpate the ague,
Cramps and rheumatics, when they plague you,—
See here," and drawing back the curtain,
" I've plenty left,—the cure is certain—

You'll never die—(I know, who make 'em,)
As long as you're alive to take 'em!
This famed *elixir* causes people
To live as long as a church steeple—
'Twas mix'd by learned eastern sages,
Two bottles, and you'll live for ages!
This *salve*, (each packet is a penny,
Pull out your cash if you have any)
Would turn old wooden legs, though deal ones,
If rubb'd in long enough, to real ones!"
The market-people laughed to hear him,
And ever and anon did cheer him,
While clodpole, stupe, and country-cousin,
Purchased his rubbish by the dozen!

A MOUNTEBANK, whose droll grimaces,
Brought grins on all their sun-brown faces—
(A *Fool* they called him, but his folly,
At least, could banish melancholy)—
Started a show in opposition,
And charged a penny for admission!

Expert in every mime and antic,
The people roar'd 'till they were frantic—
Now he would jabber like a monkey,
Then bray like any sand-boy's donkey,—
Crow like a cock in summer weather—
Hop like a frog, all fours together—
Ducks, geese, cats, dogs, things great and little,
He imitated to a tittle :
In short, he was a comic creature,
In trick, in figure and in feature !

" Well !" said a melancholy drover,
Soon as the funny show was over,
(Giving the pills a furious kick, sir,
Smashing his bottle of elixir,)
" *One laugh does more to cure the phthisic,*
Than twenty donkey-loads of physic !"

THE MONKEY AND THE JOHNNY-CROW.

A JOHNNY-CROW, as black as jet—
A greater thief one never met,—
A bird of peculating mind,
Who took whatever he could find,
Wheat, grubs or worms, (he was not nice,)
He'd seize and swallow in a trice:
A rogue in short, beyond all law,
With an insatiate greedy maw,
Whatever thing was good to eat,
He stole, from barley up to meat!

This JOHNNY-CROW was caught one day,
And punished in a novel way—
Such warnings every body knows,
Are quite as good for men as crows,

And so to make my story out,
I'll tell you how it came about.

A grizzled MONKEY, lean and hairy,
In disposition, sly and wary,
Had oft his breakfast missed of late,
'Twas gone again! his knowing pate
He scratch'd, resolved to find who did it,—
Some one had stolen it, or hid it!
JACKO the JOHNNY-CROW suspected,
The petty larceny detected,
His first resolve was this—to slay him,
But no! a trick he'd rather play him,
Yet how to do it was the riddle,
Strapt with the chain about his middle?
JACKO soon hit upon a plan,
I'll tell it shortly as I can!

JACKO next morn, with rigid tail,
Lay stretch'd as dead as a door-nail—
That is, he feign'd to be no more,
The CROW came hopping as before,

Looking around him, sly and queer,
To ascertain the coast was clear!
The tempting bait he eyed askance,
"JACKO was dead—a lucky chance—
He'd take his time and feed at leisure,
To eat in haste, destroys all pleasure!"
Pecking his tail with savage beak,
That almost made the MONKEY squeak,
He hopp'd within his chain quite bold—
What follow'd after soon is told!

Up JACKO jump'd and seiz'd his leg,
The CROW for life began to beg
So hard, that JACKO with delight,
Jabber'd and grinn'd with all his might—
In vain he struggled to get free,
The MONKEY louder screech'd with glee—
In vain he strove to bite or kick him,
JACKO had quite resolv'd *to pick him*,
And *pick'd quite clean*, in frosty weather,
Was JOHNNY-CROW, of every feather!

THE OWL IN TROUBLE.

A WORTHY OWL who'd pass'd his days
In ease and independance,—
Whose open, hospitable ways,
Had gained him universal praise
From neighbours and attendants,
This good old bird,—who ne'er had done,—
(From motives pure not double)—
An unkind act to any one
The golden sun e'er shone upon,—
Got plunged in care and trouble.

One winter's night, as black as pitch,
While in his tower abiding,

O'er wood and fen, field, wold and ditch,
A storm broke loose, as though some Witch
Her broomstick was bestriding.
O how it raged and blew for hours,
Strong trees were rent asunder ;—
His home amid the old church-towers,
Torn by the furious wild wind's powers,
Fell with a crash like thunder.

All that his prudence had stored up,
His foresight got together,
Even his wherewithal to sup,
(Misfortune fills a bitter cup)
Were lost in that wild weather !
A strong reflecting mind, 'tis true,
Will not succumb to sorrow,—
So having wept, a tear or two,
He felt less puzzled what to do,
Or where assistance borrow !

" I've lost my house, my stores, my all,
I'm ruined, that a fact is,

But I've firm friends on whom I'll call
At once, and tell them of my fall,
And put their love in practice—
They'll be too glad, I'm sure of that,
To help a friend, true-hearted,"—
So firmly knocking on his hat,
Intending to rouse up "*friend* BAT,"
The worthy OWL departed.

While on his way to *Barny Park*,—
'Twas there the BATS resided,—
He heard, enchanted, what? but hark!
A sweet voice singing in the dark,
Kind words that sorrow chided—
"The heart that mourns not other's woe"
On this the song insisted—
"Is colder than the winter's snow,
Such hearts no generous feelings know,
I would they ne'er existed!"

"'Tis LADY NIGHTINGALE! I'll stay
And tell her all about it,—

At many a ball and soirée gay,
We've danced the midnight hour away,
She'll grieve,—'twere base to doubt it."—
With that, his features somewhat pale,
The lady's bower he entered,
" Alas ! I bring a dismal tale,
I'm ruin'd, LADY NIGHTINGALE,"—
The OWL no further ventured.

And why ?—she said, " what's that to *me ?*"
All confidence concluding—
" I'm quite astonished, sir, to see,
You so forget propriety
To be thus late intruding !
If for *my* sentiments you seek,
Though *very* wise reputed—
I never liked you, so to speak,
I'd quite made up my mind, last week,
To *cut* you—when it suited !"

Fancy the worthy OWL's surprise,
For years her " dearest neighbour !"

A tear-drop glistened in his eyes,
" How frail," he cried, " are worldly ties,
How fruitless friendship's labour !
My friends the BATS, they'll be so shock'd,
Such hollow hearts despising "—
Soon at their well-known door he knock'd,
'Twas bolted, barr'd and double lock'd,
A fact at first surprising.

He knock'd, and knock'd and knock'd again,
Each " rat-tat-tat," the louder,—
But all his efforts were in vain,
They *would not* hear him, that was plain,
His proud heart swelled the prouder—
" These are my *friends*," he cried at last,
" Who've feasted at my table,
E'en from their doors I'm spurn'd and cast,
Well ! the delusive dream is past,
I'll bear it as I'm able !"

That worthy Owl—I knew him well,—
Grew rich, but not ambitious,

His rare fine qualities to tell,
Would much too long the fable swell,
  Kind fortune was propitious !
New towers arose, in splendid state
  Rebuilt by good churchwarden,
The envy of the BATS,—whose *fate*,
This brave OWL did commiserate,
  Which showed how he could pardon.

These BATS, burnt out of house and home,
  No lot could well be harder,
Forced for a supper miles to roam
This worthy OWL, he bade them come
  And share his tower and larder !
And LADY NIGHTINGALE, poor soul !
  (For death a corpse did make her,—
Burnt at the BATS' as black as coal,)
He wept upon her grave, and droll
  He paid the undertaker !

Reflections.

Wisdom, I ween, is small defence,
'Gainst perils and disasters,
Let courage, self-respect, good sense,
Exert their potent influence
Then Care has many masters!
To this old "saw" the story tends,
The wise it won't surprise them—
"*Prosperity*, makes many friends,
Adversity, it tries them!"

GOOD MISTRESS BROWN AND THE BLANKETS.

I must tell you a story of "*good Mistress* Brown,"
A dear lady who lived in an old country town,
Much considered and liked by her neighbours, and more,
Very highly beloved by the sick and the poor!
She was one of those kind-hearted generous souls
Who, in winter, make presents of blankets and coals,
Flannel-petticoats, nameless small things such as these,
To keep old women warm who would otherwise freeze:

There's not half as much pleasure in wearing a crown,
As was felt at such seasons, by "*good Mistress* BROWN!"

Once returning from church,—chilly cold blew the wind,—
JOHN the footman in gaiters, close creeping behind—
The good lady enquired, turning round on her way,
"If JOHN did not conceive 'twas a very cold day?"
JOHN "conceived that it was,"—and the words made him smile,
For his teeth chattered, sitting so long in the aisle—
"Since the frost *has* set in, JOHN, (it's really quite keen)
Take some blankets this evening to poor WIDOW LEAN,
And you'll tell her, to-morrow at "one," to come up
For some soup, and be sure that she brings a large cup,

It's much colder than 'twas, JOHN, I'm sure I feel
that ?"
" Very much, ma'am indeed !" cried John, touch-
ing his hat.

The good lady went home and she stirr'd up the fire,
Till the ruddy flames mounted up higher and
higher,—
JOHN drew the thick curtains to keep out the
blast,
And a very nice dinner he served up at last,
Of which " *good Mistress* BROWN," I'm delighted
to tell
Having taken no lunch, ate remarkably well !
And why not ? and she twice took a glass of good
wine,
Doctor's orders—" *two* always, ma'am, *two, when*
you dine !"
Then she crack'd a few nuts,—bade JOHN wheel
the settee
Rather nearer the fire—she would ring for the
tea,—

In a very short time, half an hour if you please,
She was taking her "forty winks" quite at her ease!

Having woke from her nap, much refreshed in her look,
Having read a few lines in a very good book,
Having stirr'd up the coals, having twice rung the bell,
'Twas the signal for tea—this JOHN knew very well—
She enquired, as JOHN's head appeared over the screen,
"If he'd taken the blankets to old WIDOW LEAN?"
JOHN was "going for to do it,"—"Well! never mind now,"
Cried the lady,—JOHN, puzzled, attempted a bow,
"Since the weather's quite changed, so much milder again,
She can wait till next week!"—*there was ice on the pane!*

So JOHN open'd his eyes very wide like a calf,
Pursed his mouth, bit his lips, and tried hard not to laugh,
Pinched his arms black and blue, that the fit might pass off,
It exploded at last in a sharp little cough!
"And be sure you remember," cried "*good Mistress* BROWN,"
As she sipped her souchong, "to tell cook, going down,
That the soup won't be wanted to-morrow,—how strange
That the weather should so *very* suddenly change!"

All that night WIDOW LEAN shivered, shook in her bed,
And next morning JOHN found the old creature half dead,
An attack of "rheumatics" came suddenly on,
With "cold cramps" and JOHN thought "she'd be very soon gone,"

But with blankets and soup she got well in a week,
Had the use of her limbs, and was able to speak,
And was "seen go to church," in a cloak and stuff-gown,
Which I've not the least doubt came from *good Mistress* BROWN!

Now I'll leave you to guess, and you cannot well fail
To find out *three good morals*, that hang to this tale!

THE PEDLAR'S DREAM.

Two dusty PEDLARS, with their packs,
Perch'd like great humps upon their backs,
From different roads, and strangers quite,
Met at a lonely Inn one night:
They'd tramp'd some miles, and I'll be bound,
Each felt as hungry as a hound!

Swinging outside a sign was seen,
A brick-red "George," and "Dragon" green,
"Good entertainment," so it stated,
"For man and beast,"—and "horses baited!"

Now men who've travelled far, they say,
Are pleasant fellows in their way,

And PEDLARS may, 'twixt me and you,
Be very pleasant fellows too!

They soon each other's friendship won,
"Trade" and "bad times" were touch'd upon,
And having wiped their reeking heads,
Thinking of supper and good beds,
They slipp'd their packs off at the door,
Regretting they'd not met before!

The following facts I must relate,—
They called for eggs and bacon straight,
And ale,—I'm not surprised at that,
For ale promotes convivial chat,
That is, of course, if pedlars use it
In moderation, not abuse it!

The Landlord of this way-side Inn,
Was old and weazend, bald and thin,
A portraiture of melancholy,
Not like his brethren fat and jolly;

And though he kept a "house of call,"
He'd nothing eatable at all;
That is, he nothing had that night,
To satisfy their appetite,
Save the cold remnants of a "pullet,"(!)
As tough as any leaden bullet,
And half a loaf, which had been dough,
A fortnight or three weeks ago!

What could be done? They seem'd in doubt—
The Pedlars' names were "SLY" and "STOUT"—
SLY eyed the fowl and call'd it "mummacks,"
That would not feed two empty stomachs,—
Besides, if eaten up just now,
They'd starve at breakfast any how!"

"That's true," said STOUT, "I never thought
Of breakfast!" "but," said SLY, "you ought"—
"I vote," said STOUT, "we put it by
For breakfast"—"very good!" said SLY,
"It's rather meagre fare for two,
But one I think might make it do!"

" 'Twould be as well," said STOUT, " if we
Could about this cold fowl agree !"
" You've named my sentiments exact,
And in this way I vote we act,—
Let him, who dreams in sleep's repose,
The most unlikely thing he knows,
Have the cold fowl," said SLY ! " 'Tis well,"
Responded STOUT, and " each shall tell
His dream to-morrow, when he wakes,
His that is best the cold fowl takes !"
And having munched a crust of bread,
The Pedlars tumbled into bed !—
Next morning, at the break of day,
The PEDLARS woke to say their say.

Quoth STOUT, and laughing loud with mirth,
" I've dreamt the queerest dream on earth,
The most unlikely thing I know—
I thought you were in *Heaven* and so
The fowl is mine !" " That's odd," said SLY,
" We dreamt alike, both you and I,
A strange coincidence I own—
I dreamt *you* were in heaven alone,

And knowing *there* you could not wish
Cold fowl, or any other dish,
—'Tis better far at once to state it,
I got up in the night and—*ate it !*"

Jottings.

The world's an Inn, where some in vain
Do try a supper to obtain !

If disappointment come, 'tis fit
To make the very best of it !

A present good, be sure of this,
Is better than prospective bliss !

It is not always wise to trust
A stranger—though sometimes you must !

To that don't hastily agree
The end of which you cannot see,—
Or, when you think the prize you win,
You'll find you're coolly *taken in !*

JACK-A-LANTERN.

JACK-A-LANTERN one night, on a frolic intent,
Lit his taper and down the Mill-meadows he went,—
In odd tricks, pranks and mischief, no imp was more rife,
While a practical joke was the joy of his life!

For example—he'd lead people into a swamp,
Then extinguish the light in a crack and decamp,
It was capital fun, so he thought,—for he knew
They but rarely escaped without losing a shoe!

Then in cold winter nights, with a sky dark as
pitch,
He would tumble lone travellers into the ditch,
Where right up to their middles, they flounder'd
about,
Never knowing a bit the best way to get out!

No one ever yet charged him with " malice pre-
pense,"
But I hold that such sports show a want of good
sense,
And they lead very often to dreadful results,
As he'll know very soon, who this fable consults!

The MILLER was coming from market that night,
He had taken more ale I admit than was right,
JACK exclaimed, " I'll just give him a cool tum-
ble in,
It won't hurt him for once to get wet to the skin!"

So he show'd him a light, where the waters ran
deep,
The old MILLER look'd puzzled, he *was* half asleep,

JACK was certain he'd think 'twas the light of the mill,
Which was some hundred yards or so higher up still!

How he laugh'd, as he saw him sous'd over his head,—
In a very few minutes the MILLER was dead—
In attempting to ford, horse and rider were drown'd,
And their bodies next day in the mill-dam were found!

I have only to add—if you're sensible folks,
Never play off what people call "*practical jokes.*"

THE PENNY TRUMPET.

A PENNY-TRUMPET at a fair,
I don't just now remember where—
On *music* was discoursing loud
To please an idle, gaping crowd!
His squeaking voice—enough to make
The thickest clod-pole's skull to ache—
Was heard above the din and noise
Of showmen, trampers, shouting boys,
Gypsies and mountebanks, and all
In roundabout, swing, booth or stall!
Of harmony, divine and great,
He'd never heard,—the wooden-pate—

Gamut and scales, lines, spaces, bars,
He knew as much of, as the stars,
Yet in a vain, pragmatic style,
He uttered nonsense by the mile!

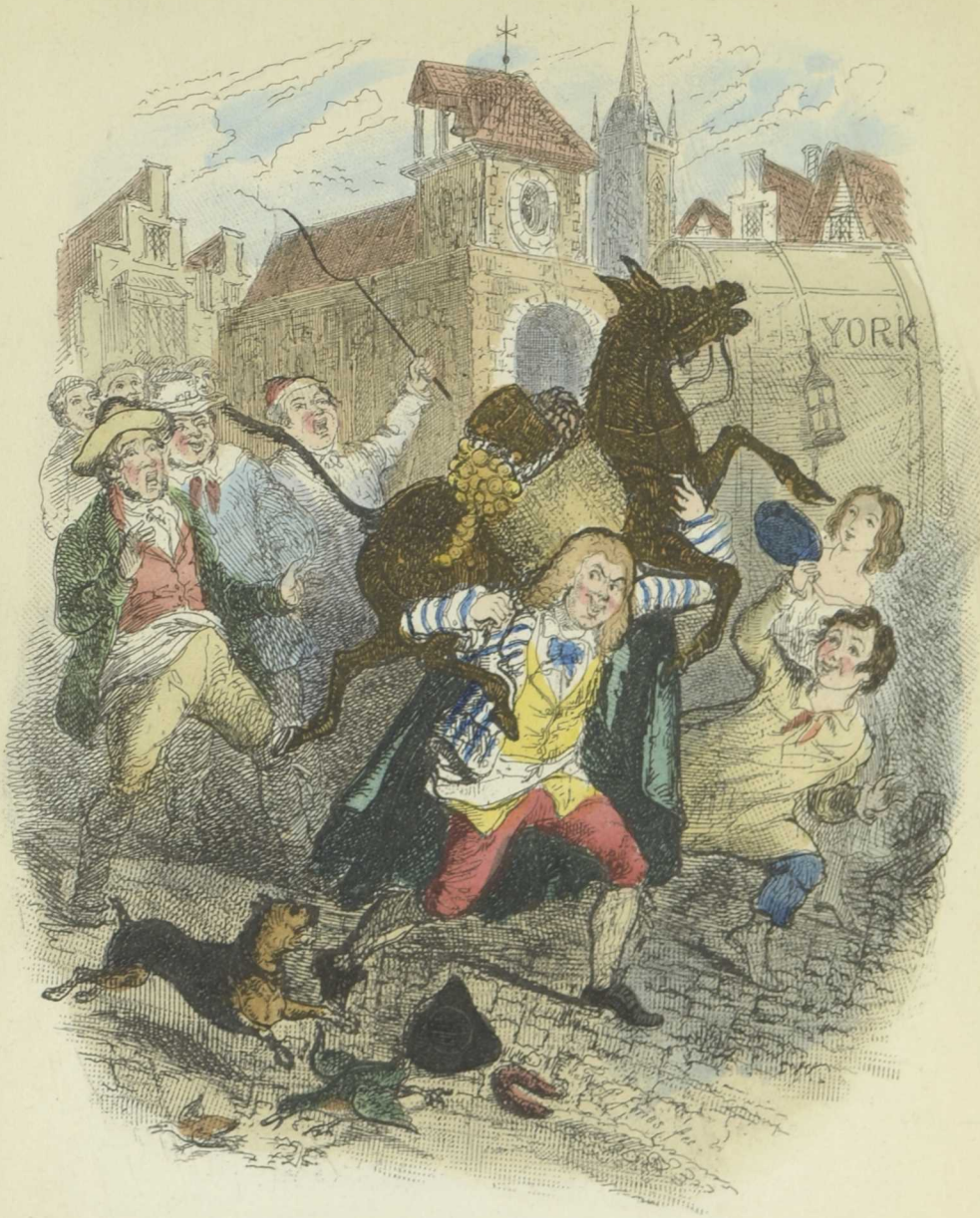
A FIDDLE from a neighbouring town,
Resolved to put this talker down,
And vastly to the crowd's delight,
He up and challenged him outright!

"Come, play a tune, and shew your skill,
Waltz, polka, anything you will—
Don't be particular, I pray,"
The FIDDLE cried, "but blow away!"
"I don't know what you mean, sir, quite,"
Said PENNY-TRUMPET, in a fright—
"Not know?" the FIDDLE scraped and bow'd,
Then turn'd and wink'd upon the crowd—
"I'll lead a merry jig, my man,
You play a second—if you can!"

The clods, delighted, stamp'd the ground,
And "cut and shuffled," round and round!

Poor PENNY-TRUMPET tried in vain
To emulate the cheering strain,
He wheez'd and puff'd, his husky throat
Could utter only one shrill note,
His piercing, miserable squeaks,
Sent tears of laughter down their cheeks!
Discomfited, disgraced, and more
Hooted by those who prais'd before—
The wretched TRUMPET tore his hair,
And rush'd distracted from the fair!

Some folks *will* talk and prate, quite grand,
Of things they do not understand—
Art—science—taste—such witlings small,
Are PENNY-TRUMPETS, one and all!



THE BARBER AND HIS CUSTOMER.

THE BARBER AND HIS CUSTOMER.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

ONCE you must know,
Some years ago,
  There lived a certain "artist,"
Who shaved, drest hair,
Sold wigs, which were
  Of all smart wigs the smartest!
Like all his tribe,
He loved a gibe,
  Jest, news—in short was witty—

He well might get
The name "gazette,"
  This Barber of the city!

Into his shop
There chanced to pop
  A customer,—some peasant (?)
His beard was long,
And wiry strong,
  His manner rough but pleasant—
"What do you crave,"
Cried he, "to shave
  My friend and me?"—undressing—
"Small fourpence! hope
Considering soap,
  The charge is not distressing!"

The Barber smiled—
The time beguiled
  With jokes—most witty growing—
'Till the thick beard
Had disappear'd
  Like grass, when one is mowing!

"Now bring to me,
Your friend," said he—
"I will," he burst with laughter—
"I hope you mean
To shave him clean,"
His DONKEY follow'd after!

"How? shave that brute
As black as soot,
He'd take a week to lather!"
"Then all I say,
Is—I won't pay,
I'll go to prison rather!"
Both did relate
'Fore magistrate
The bargain—none disclaimant—
He judgment gave,
"The beast you'll shave,
Or justly forfeit payment!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Soon out he went,
On sport intent,
That BARBER, unsuspected—
His rare disguise,
E'en prying eyes,
Would never have detected—
This was his rig,
A full-blown wig,
With whiskers thick and stubbled,
A Jew's old hat,
And under that,
A cloak that round him doubled!

He hied away,
'Twas market-day—
His "*customer*" look'd sick with
Crying "fresh fruit,"
Beside the brute,
He'd play'd him such a trick with!

The Barber praised
The Ass, and gazed
On panier, bit and bridle,
" He's your's I know,
And *good to go*"—
The jest *seem'd* stale and idle.

His next quaint joke
Made people choke—
" That Donkey's quite a treasure—
What do you charge
Your pippins large?"—
" A shilling by the measure."
" Well! now I see
Your *property*,
I'll strike a bargain—marry!
I'll give a crown,
In money down,
For all that I can carry!"

" Agreed! shake hands—"
" The bargain stands—"

Then nimble as a monkey,
The BARBER bent,
To work he went,
And carried off—the *Donkey !*
Each did relate
'Fore magistrate
The case—he said unto them,
" If people close
Bad bargains, those
Who make them, must go through them !"

The moral here
Is plain and clear,
It never prospers—cheating—
The tricks we play
On others may
End in our own defeating !
And this stands out,
Beyond all doubt,

Though told in cunning fables,
They gain the most
At smallest cost,
Who chance to "*turn the tables*!"

THE TWO TEACHERS.

A DEED of blood, as foul and vile
As e'er disgraced a Pagan isle,
Once upon English ground was done,—
A SIRE was murder'd by his SON,
A grey-haired man, fourscore years old,
Was done to death, and all for gold!
The parricide was tried, and hung
In chains, and there for years he swung,
A dreadful warning, all the time,
To such as meditated crime—
Men, who ne'er trembled in a battle,
Shook, as they heard his dry bones rattle!

A "SCHOOLMASTER," *who walk'd abroad,*
Saw the dread GIBBET, not unawed,—
A man of clear, transparent mind,
To meditation much inclined,—
He paused awhile, absorbed in thought,
Doubting the lessons that it taught!

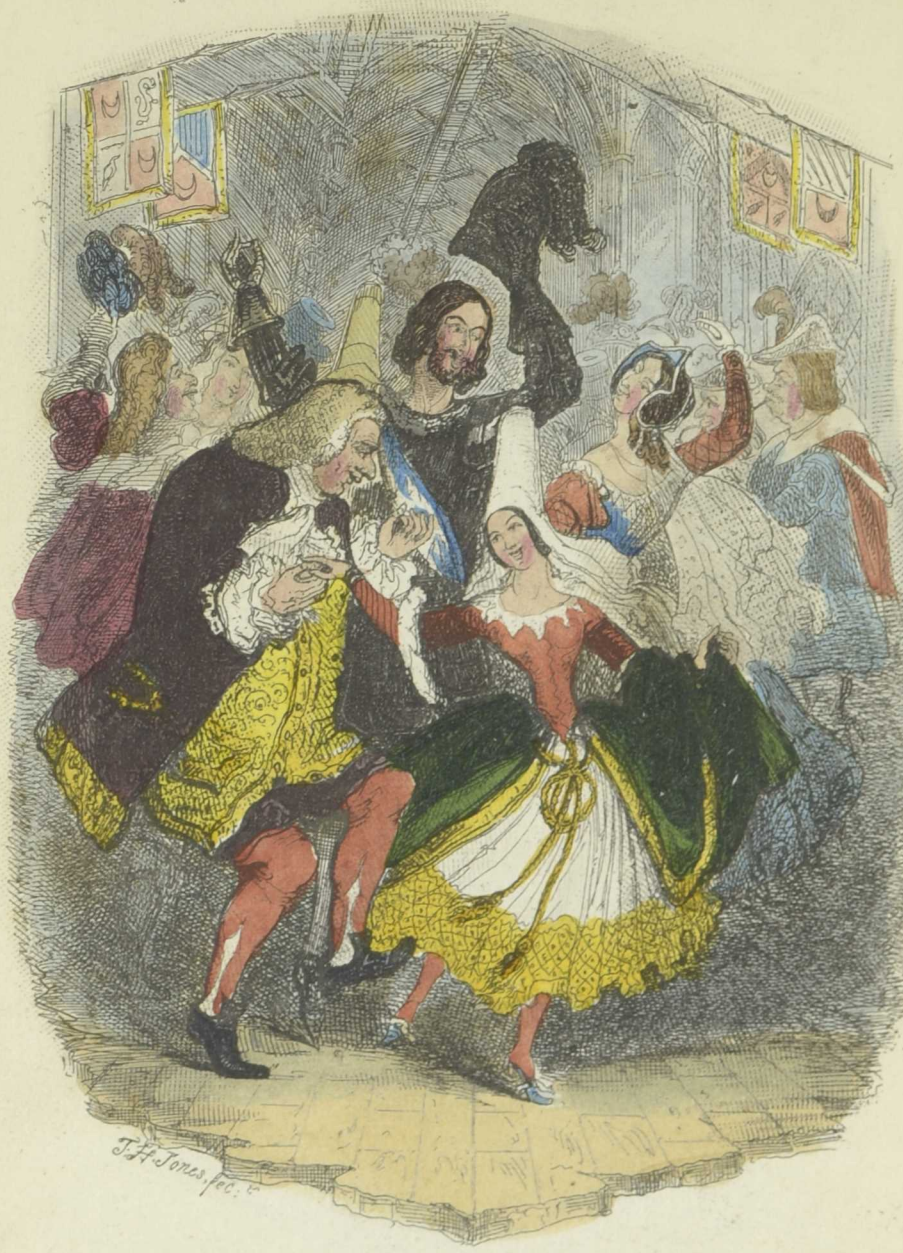
The GIBBET where the murderer hung,
Thus spoke,—for Gibbets *have* a tongue—
"I teach the fearful ends of guilt,
How blood for blood by man is spilt,
I work by *terror*,—never doubt me—
The world could not get on without me!"

The SCHOOLMASTER would not consent
To such a feeble argument—
"My firm persuasion is, your plan
Hardens and sears the heart of man—
By *vengeance* of the law upheld
Crime never yet was crushed or quell'd!"
"What," cried THE GIBBET, "would you have?"
The SCHOOLMASTER this answer gave,

"I, and my friend in yonder steeple,
Must teach and educate the people!"

THE GIBBET'S LESSON, AND HOW IT WORKED.

That very night, close by the wood,
Where for so long THE GIBBET stood,
A traveller was stabb'd and shot,
Robb'd of the money he had got—
His mangled body straight was tied
Up in a sack, with stones inside,
And thrown into a pond so green,
'Twas thought he'd never more be seen!
The murderers turn'd out to be
Two, whom the Parish paid, you see,
Each year a guinea, bonâ fidê,
To keep THE GIBBET stiff and tidy!



HOW SIR ROGER SPENT CHRISTMAS.

HOW SIR ROGER KEPT CHRISTMAS.

'Twas Christmas, the snow-flakes fell fast on the
wold,
And in cot, and in castle they talk'd of the cold—
The winds shrieked and whistled, like Spirits
insane,
And the old oaken casements they rattled again!
Sir Roger, a Baronet, Knight of the shire,
Was just rubbing his knees, and enjoying the fire—
The faggots burnt brightly, shot up a red glow,
While his worship sat musing on times long ago!
I must make an attempt to describe his old hall—
Batter'd armour, swords, shields, glimmered pale
on the wall,

While his ancestors grim from their canvass look'd down,
There were dames who smiled sweetly and knights who did frown ;
There were banners, once crimson and purple and gold,
About which very marvellous stories were told—
Mighty horns of great stags which were kill'd in the chase,
And, in fine, 'twas an ancient, remarkable place !

Now Sir Roger had dined—'tis important you'll own
To remember this fact as the story goes on,—
He had dined, and was sipping his "Burgundy bright,"
On that cold snowy, dark windy, drear Christmas night !
He was not superstitious, and yet it was plain,
Many things daily happen'd he could not explain—
What Sir Roger beheld, as he sat in that chair,
I will tell you anon—brace your nerves and prepare !

Yet, in justice, howe'er you may judge him, I say,
That Sir Roger was not a bad man in his way—
All his tenants were friendly, quite happy, content,
If the seasons were bad, he remitted the rent—
And the poor liked him too, which is sometimes
the case
With a very rich landlord, in such an old place!
But Sir Roger, for reasons obscure and unknown,
Never mix'd in society—lived quite alone—
Which was not at all right,—for I hold that a man
Should be social and neighbourly—far as he can!

"What was that?" cried Sir Roger—his flesh
crept with fear—
'Twas the clanging of armour that struck on his
ear—
"Gracious mercy!" when lo! from the end of
the hall
Stalk'd a figure in steel, very handsome and tall!
Need I say that his blood ran death-chilly and
cold—
'Twas the chief of his ancestors, Roger-the-Bold,

On whose tomb this was writ, "**full of worship and pride,**
In the year fourteen hundred *(and something)* **he died!**"

Then the candles burnt blue, flicker'd, flared and went out,
While the Ghost waved his sword very fiercely about,
And he smote his steel thigh, shouting loud and severe,
"By the bones of my fathers! there's something wrong here!
In *my* days the oak-tables they groan'd with good cheer,
And with laud and acclaim did the Boar's head appear,
All my vassals made merry and laugh'd at the cold,
We'll be merry to-night!" shouted ROGER THE BOLD!
Poor SIR ROGER half fainted with dread and with fear,

As he heard him exclaim—"*Kith and kindred appear!*"
Very odd to relate, as he mentioned their names,
Dame and Knight in a moment stept out of their frames—
And each suit of steel mail that hung round the old hall
Had a warrior within it who came at the call!
Then they bow'd to Sir Roger, as much as to say,
"*We do greet you right lovingly kinsman to-day*"—
But the thought of his soul was "of all company,
Dead relations are those I'd much rather not see!"

I must note a strange fact very ghostly and rare,
That a flood of rich light came from no one knows where,
And illumed the great hall from the roof to the floor,
You could see the small worm-holes and cracks in the door!
Such a light never yet shone at fête or at feast—
'Twas a most unaccountable light at the least!*

* Supposed to be "*electric*."—Printer's D——l.

"What ho! there—for music! by hauberk and lance,"
Shouted ROGER THE BOLD, "*he* shall lead off the dance,"
And before the old gentleman knew what he did,
He was dancing a galliard, gay as a kid!
How they caper'd and whirl'd—grammercy, 'twas a ball
Never equall'd I ween in old castle or hall—
Round and round in mad circles they spun with delight,
Till a furious gallopade wound up the night!
By "the night" I don't mean that there ended the fun,
To SIR ROGER'S surprise it had only begun!

At a signal that shook the foundations around,
A magnificent banquet sprang up through the ground—
How the tables were loaded! Huge rounds of brave beef,
Capons, woodcocks and quails! 'twas a sight to kill grief!

Princely pasties of venison, turkeys, fat geese,
Chines and hams by the dozen and such things as these—
Mighty flagons of ale, lusty, sparkling and brown,
Merry liquor and strong too, to wash it all down—
But what puzzled Sir Roger the most was, to know
Where the cook got the things—were they paid for or no?

How they feasted and quaff'd—laughing loud in their glee,
At the jest and the song—oh! 'twas rare revelry!
I omitted to state what I ought to have told—
At the head of the table sat Roger the Bold,
And though nearly half-dead with surprise and affright,
Old Sir Roger was placed at his ancestor's right:—
And this incident too—(it was never made out
How they got in and *when*,—they *were* there beyond doubt)
Is mysterious,—below where the salt always stood,
Four and forty fat yeomen, stout fellows and good,

Drank and feasted,—in fact I could make a long
tale,
Of the wonders they did with the pasties and ale,
You can fancy all that—so I haste to declare
What the chief of the family did in the chair!

Thrice he thunder'd out, "silence!" did ROGER
THE BOLD,
And each word like a peal of artillery roll'd—
"Fill a bumper," roar'd he, "by the bones of
my sires,
He who drinks not the toast the next moment
expires!"
(Now the only one there whom that speech fill'd
with dread
Was his distant relation,—the rest *were* all dead!)
"This is Christmas, aye, merry old Christmas
that we
Always kept as old Christmas should ever kept
be—
Marry! fared ye not well in the brave olden time
With your wassail-bowl steaming, your morris
and mime?"

Such tremendous applause follow'd all the way through
The great speech of the ghost, that one notice will do—
(Strong appeals such as these are quite certain to tell
As our very great orators know very well—
Great occasions, as sometime or other we've seen,
Do make very great men—you'll infer what I mean,—
Often things very wise by live people are said,
But they're seldom thought much of till people are dead,
'Twas I think on these principles ROGER THE BOLD
Gain'd the plaudits he did—for it's clear the speech told!)
"To old customs!" he shouted, deep draining the cup—
"'To old customs!' and thus be they ever kept up!
Should a scion of ours," cried in thunder the ghost,—
'Twas a palpable hit at the ci-devant host,—

"Ever fail in this duty,"—the family groan'd—
"We will shun him when dead, he shall wander disown'd
As a renegade ghost, aye a wretched pale shade
Who destroy'd the good name which his fore-fathers made!"

Every beaker was drain'd! Such acclaims rent the air
At these terrible spectre-like words of "the chair,"
That the roof was blown off! from sheer terror, to wit,
Poor Sir Roger fell flat on the floor in a fit!
The next moment he felt some one grasping him tight
Round the middle and calling aloud for "a light,"—
It was Simon the butler, who hearing the din
And the crash in the hall—for a casement blew in,—
Thought that "something had happen'd, but didn't know what,"

Till he saw his old master stretch'd straight on
the spot,—
With the candles blown out and the fire very
dim,—
How his teeth chock'd and knees knock'd, fat
limb against limb,
Till the baronet mutter'd,—and this is the cream
Of the story—"*'twas only a horrible dream!*"

But the very next Christmas, the Chronicles say,
At Sir Roger's old place was a wonderful day,—
All his tenants and neighbours flock'd fast to the
ball,
And right merry it went in the baronet's hall—
For the reason of that,—if the truth must be
told,
Read the speech of his ancestor, "Roger the
Bold!"

THE PARROT WHO COMMITTED HIMSELF.

A Parrot born at Cape de Verde,
A would-be gentlemanly bird,
Much praised and noted for his skill
In learning languages at will,—
Indeed 'twas confidently stated,
Each sound he heard he imitated,
Not echo born in any nation
Could beat him in pronunciation—
In English, Spanish, Dutch or German
He almost could have preach'd a sermon—
This clever Parrot, while at sea,
Thrown in the sailor's company,

Pick'd up a low and common word
In good society ne'er heard—
(I mean *of late*—and gladly state it,
No one refined will tolerate it,
'Tis bad enough in men sea-faring)
This foreign PARROT took to swearing!
French monkey-men, John Bull may mimic,
And use the word as patronymic,
'Tis just as true that people polish'd
In France eat frogs—the taste's abolish'd!

A lovely lady, good as fair,
Residing near great Grosvenor Square,
Had of this Parrot's talents heard
And took a fancy to the bird!
He in her boudoir soon was seen,
Drest in his coat of matchless green,
With waistcoat of the brightest yellow,
He really was a handsome fellow—
As for his "bill," I'm certain quite
A Jew would honour it at sight!

One Sunday afternoon at dinner,
This elegant and well-drest sinner,
Forgetful as I mean to shew,
Of breeding and refinement too,
Threw the good lady in a stupor
Swearing like any common trooper!
He wanted something in a pet,
He could not at the moment get,
And thinking it was all the fashion,
To rave, and fly into a passion,
He utter'd such a string of curses,
To name them would pollute my verses—
Proscribed, this rude blaspheming PARROT,
That night was banish'd to the garret!

All who use low-bred words should be
Expelled from good society!
And be this blazon'd on your banners—
"Bad company corrupts good manners!"

PEN, INK AND PAPER.

A PEN of parts exceeding small,—
I doubt if he had brains at all—
I know the people used to call
  An old grey goose his mother,—
Was squabbling wrongfully I think,
One evening with a drop of INK,
To me they seemed upon the brink
  Of spatt'ring one another!

A very grave and learned clerk,
Of rank and standing in the kirk,
Had just put "*finis*," to a work,
  An honour to the nation,—

The PEN puff'd up with vain pretence,
As void of breeding as of sense,
Claimed for himself the merit, hence
Their cause of disputation!

The INK, with which the work was writ,
Would not be thus expunged, or quit
His claims to merit, not a whit
But looked as black as thunder,—
The smooth unruffled PAPER next,
On which appeared the learned text,
Though calm, was evidently vext,
For both had kept him under!

He thought 'twas strange, a mere goose-quill,
Should with such dreams his numskull fill,
The Ink's pretensions stranger still,
Both empty as a vapour;
To this conclusion swift he flew—
The merits of the book were due
To little PEN or INK could do
But chiefly to the PAPER!

The Reverend Author overheard
Each sharp and disputatious word,
His risibility it stirr'd,
And set his muscles shaking,—
" *Goose-quill*," he cried, " and you *Japan*,
(*Foolscap* may answer if he can,)
What know ye of the mind of man,
Or mental undertaking ?

If ye have sense to see the clue,
'Tis little-minded fools like you,
With which, alas ! we have to do,
That filch away our merit :
As tools and instruments of use,
Take some small credit if you choose—
But less of genius than a goose,
Most surely ye inherit !"

THE THREE PALMERS.

In the far distant Moslem land,
O'er arid tracts of burning sand,
O'er parching wastes and desert plains,
Where scorching heat despotic reigns,
Three Palmers, stricken men and grey,
Had journeyed since the break of day:
Tired out, these Pilgrims to the shrine
Of Mahomet, resolved to dine!
—An empty stomach anywhere,
Is more than mortal well can bear,
And Palmers you'll allow, poor things
Must eat to live as well as kings!

The simple fare on which they fed,
Was rice, with dates sometimes and bread,
Their drink was water good or bad,
That is when water could be had :
(Wine was, you know, as well as pork,
By Mahomet denied the Turk,
Yet Turks who deem his hests divine,
Do relish pig and tipple wine—
Pachas and Sultans none may blame,
'Twere sin if Palmers did the same) !
'Neath the cool shadow of a bank
They spread their wallets, ate and drank
With zest and appetite, and more,
With grateful hearts for ALLAH'S store !

But ere I treat you to the thread,
Of what these three wise PALMERS said,
Or introduce in pleasant verse,
The substance of their sage discourse,
I must premise ABDALLAH, he
Was *blind*—and therefore could not see—

Sadak was *deaf*—and hence 'tis clear,
He could not very plainly hear,—
Moussa—I marvel *how* he came—
Was crippled in his legs and *lame*;—
And yet they stroked their beards and sat
Enjoying much their noon-day chat,
Though blind and deaf and lame their lot,
They were quite cheerful, doubt it not,—
Each deemed affliction as a friend,
By Allah sent, for some wise end,
And more upon their blessings dwelt,
Than on the trifling ills they felt!
"Ha!" said Abdallah, "though I'm blind,
I've glorious visions in my mind,
I see vast realms of wond'rous light,
People'd with houris fair and bright,—
Celestial bowers 'neath sapphire skies,
The true believer's Paradise,
On earth such scenes you'll never find,
I bless the Prophet I am blind!"

Sadak, who could not comprehend
In full the raptures of his friend,

Did thus his secret thoughts disclose
In words, and strange the theme he chose :
" How much of happiness belongs,
To never hearing envious tongues,—
Detracting speech—that poisoned dart,
That sticks and rankles in the heart,
How sharp the sting it leaves behind
To fret the spirit of mankind
I'm deaf, beyond its fell controul
I bless the Prophet from my soul!"

Moussa, who listen'd with surprise,
Thank'd Allah for the use of eyes,—
" How exquisite is earth and all
Pertaining to this spinning ball—
The purple hills, the shades that sweep
Along the bosom of the deep,—
Birds, flowers, the star-lit realms of space,
And nature's ever changeful face,—
Oh ! wondrous day—more wondrous night—
A precious blessed thing is sight !
And hath not nature's *voice* the power
To charm the soul in every hour ?

The song of birds, the ocean's roar
The plash of billows on the shore,
The whispering winds that haunt the trees,
The drowsy hum of happy bees,—
Such music wakes extatic sense
Of pleasure, holy, calm, intense—
ABDALLAH'S dreams are cold to this,
And SADAK knows no equal bliss,—
Oh! ever praised be ALLAH'S name,
For eyes and ears!—I'm only *lame!*"

THE END.

J. BILLING, PRINTER, WOKING, SURREY.