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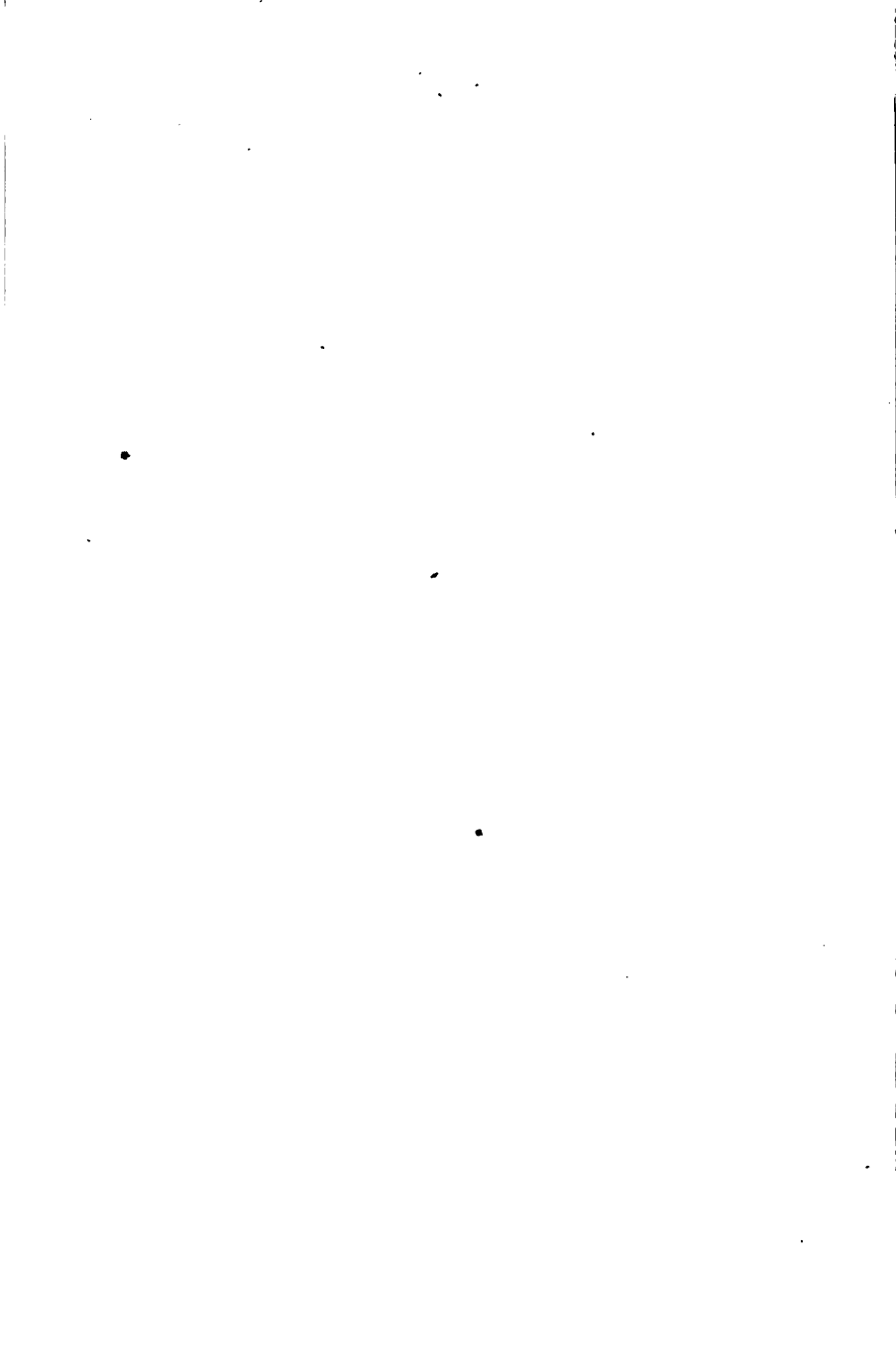
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PETER LITTLE AND THE LUCKY SIXPENCE.

PETER LITTLE

AND

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE



THE FROG'S LECTURE

AND OTHER STORIES.

A Verse Book for my Children and their Playmates.

FOURTH EDITION. WITH SEVERAL NEW STORIES ADDED.

LONDON :

ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY ;

W. H. DALTON, 28, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS ;

L. BOOTH, 307, REGENT STREET.

MDCCLXI.



LONDON :

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TO

E. R. C.

DEAR BOY ! no thought to bid thee weep,
Nor harsh design to mar thy pleasures,
Moves me to pray that thou wilt keep
Before thee, as the best of treasures,
One simple, oft-forgotten truth,
That, as thou sowest in thy Youth,
In Manhood thou must look to reap.
To-day, perchance, a deed is done,
Of which, ere sets to-morrow's sun,
All trace seems lost, but still its root
Is in the heart, and years may pass,
Yet must the tree give forth its fruit,
Despite of Mem'ry's cheating-glass.
So would I counsel thee to hold
From selfish promptings all aloof,
Rememb'ring that the purest gold
Best bears the fire's severest proof :
Rememb'ring, too, that happiness
Increaseth most when most we share it.
My Boy, thy lot may Heaven bless !
And, be it joy, or dark distress,
May strength be given thee to bear it !

H. C.

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☞ For the interesting anecdote on which the TALE OF A CAT is based, the Author desires to record his obligations to JOHN BRUCE, Esq., F.S.A., in whose valuable Paper on the History of the Wyats (see *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1850) the original story is narrated, *verbatim*, from a Family Manuscript still in existence.



PETER LITTLE

AND

The Lucky Sixpence.



PETER LITTLE found a Sixpence,
On a summer's day,—
Village folks were in the meadows,
Busy making hay.

“ When our pleasant village fair-day
Comes again,” he said,
“ Lucky Sixpence, I will spend you
All in ginger-bread !

“ Safely in my little pocket,
Lucky Sixpence bright,
You shall have a quiet lodging,
Morning, noon, and night.”

Peter Little's heart was bounding,
Running o'er with joy ;
“ Lucky Sixpence, how I prize you ! ”
Sang this little Boy.

Peter Little conned his lessons,
Quickly one by one,
Then to school he gaily travelled,
'Neath the shining sun.

Birds were singing, lambs were skipping,
Hedgerows blooming gay ;
Village folks were in the meadows
Busy making hay.

Just as Peter turned a corner
Down the village lane,
There he saw a little mourner,
Wrapt in grief and pain.

“ Little Maiden, why dost weep so,
Wherefore droops thy head ? ”

“ Little boy, I'm full of sorrow,”
Sobbed the little Maid.

“ I was happy, very happy,
When I left my bed,
Now, alas ! with weeping, weeping,
See, my eyes are red ! ”

“ Tell to me, oh little Maiden,
Tell me true, I pray !
Why thy breast with grief is laden,
On this summer day ?

“ Birds are singing, lambs are skipping,
Hedgerows blooming gay,
Village folks are in the meadows,
Busy making hay!”

“ Down the village street this morning,
Sighed the Maiden fair,
“ I was running, singing, dancing,
Thinking nought of care ;

“ When a barking dog assailed me,
Off I ran in fright,
Oh, my pinafore, he tore it,
But he didn't bite !

“ Yet have I sad cause for weeping,
Though from danger free ;
Oh, I've lost the crooked Sixpence,
Mother gave to me !”

Peter watched the little Maiden,
Leaped his heart with joy ;
“ Lucky Sixpence, how I prize you ! ”
Sang the little Boy.

“ Little Maiden, here’s a Sixpence,
Crooked, like thine own,
Which I found this very morning,
On our threshold stone.

“ Take it, keep it, never lose it,
Banish all thy pain ;
See, thy precious, crooked Sixpence,
Comes to thee again ! ”

Oh, to mark that little Maiden !
Speechless quite with joy ;
How with smiles and tears she thanked him—
Happy little Boy !

Birds were singing, lambs were skipping
Hedgerows blooming gay,
Village folks were in the meadows,
Busy making hay :

But upon that summer morning,
He was gayest there,
Who restored that crooked Sixpence
To its owner fair !



The Frog's Lecture.



ONCE on a time, a farmer's son,
A thoughtless little rogue,
Stole to the meadows, ripe for fun,
To shoot a little Frog.

Equipped with flask and fowling-piece,
Attended by his dog,
He cried, " Oh, what rare sport it is,
To shoot a little Frog ! "

He reached the margin of a pond,
Where Frogs, as well he knew,
To congregate were always fond,
And there he found a few.

“ You, Dash, a close look-out must keep,”

He said, “ and when I shoot,
Amongst the rushes you must leap,
And fetch poor Froggy out !”

But, just as he was taking aim,
He heard a curious croak
Which startled him, when forward came
A stout old Frog, who spoke.

Yes, spoke ! and little readers know,
In fable all things talk ;
Nay, once I read, 'twas long ago,
Of castles that could walk.

Thus spake the lowly Frog, “ My child,
Desist from cruel deeds ;
Remember by your frolics wild,
How oft the poor Frog bleeds.

“ The meanest thing which crawls the earth,
Has life and feeling too ;
Bethink you whilst in idle mirth,
What mischief you may do.

“ There's surely room for sport and fun,
Without destroying life ;
So, prithee, put away your gun,
It speaks of nought but strife.”

He ceased, and in the waters cool,
Quick leaped with tiny splash ;
The little boy, all sorrowful,
Walked slowly home with Dash.

The speaker ne'er was heard again,
Though Harry and his dog
Oft sought, but always sought in vain,
Their ancient friend, the Frog.



Willy would a Soldier be.



WHEN little Willy first beheld
A troop of soldiers, gay and free,
That sight all other sights excelled—
Oh, Willy would a Soldier be!

And when he heard their music played,
And saw that some of high degree,
Bedizened were with gold and braid,
Oh, Willy would a Soldier be!

To dear mamma did Willy run,
To tell his wants, and beg that she
Would buy for him a sword and gun,
For Willy would a Soldier be!

Mamma looked very grave, and said,
“No, no! much rather would I see
My darling boy go beg his bread—
Willy must not a Soldier be!

The soldier learns how best to slay
His brother man: stern war's decree,
Or right or wrong, he must obey—
Willy must not a Soldier be!

The scarlet coat, the trappings gay,
Colours and feathers waving free,
Oft lead the youthful heart astray--
But Willy must no soldier be!

Think of the battle-field, where they
Who never met before, now see
Themselves engaged in deadliest fray :
My boy, wouldst thou a Soldier be ?

And when the fearful fight is won,
And daylight fades o'er land and sea,
On what a sad scene sinks the sun :
Oh, who would then a Soldier be ?

Amid the thousands dying there,
Mark yon pale form, on shattered knee,
Attempt to breathe life's last short prayer,
Oh, Willy wouldst a Soldier be ?

Wife, children, parents, friends, no more
Their long-expected one will see ;
Death darkens many a threshold o'er,
Oh, Willy, wouldst a Soldier be ?

I would not that from duty's task,
My bonny boy should ever flee,
But oh, beware of glory's mask,
Willy must not a Soldier be.

The sword's rude law, its right of might,
Must e'er be shunned, dear child, by thee;
The teachings of the Nazarite,
His gentle law thy rule must be.

What though thy cause be *just?* in *fight*,
The *strongest* earns the victor's fee;
Come, Willy, answer me aright,
Wouldst thou, indeed, a Soldier be?

But, ere thou answer, recollect
'Tis writ "Thou shalt not kill!" can he,
In sober truth, this law respect,
Who yet a Soldier seeks to be?"

Papa a quiet listener sat
Until the lady ceased, when he,
In lighter strain, took up the chat,
With "Willy *must* a Soldier be!

For, look you, savage hordes might come,
And gobble up both you and me,
And desolate our peaceful home,
Should Willy not a Soldier be.

So give to him a gun, a sword,
A pair of pistols, daggers three,
A red coat laced with yellow cord;—
A Soldier armed shall Willy be.

And nightly, while we lie asleep,
Brave Willy, 'neath the old oak tree,
In sentry-box due guard shall keep,
Since he a Soldier means to be.

Dangers and hardships he must face,
And for his barracks—let me see—
The Stable-loft is just the place
For one who would a Soldier be.

Coarse, wholesome food, no cakes or pies,
Will suit our Willy to a T ;
Sweet things he ever did despise,
So for a Soldier fit is he.

And *then*”—But Willy’s martial dreams
Had vanished into air, and he
Sobbed out, while tears ran down in streams,
“O, let me not a Soldier be!”

And closely to his Sire he clung,
Who said, “No wish, dear Will, have I
To see old heads on shoulders young :
A few more summers must roll by,
Ere thou the question answer can,
‘Wilt be a Soldier, little man?’

Yet, Willy, seemeth it to me,
That every man throughout the land
Well schooled in use of arms should be,
His weapon always near at hand.
Our Sons thus trained 'gainst foes to stand,
No need for other Soldiery.

For conquest never lifting lance ;
Not quick to give or take offence :
But, should invading hosts advance,
Strong in Right's Might to drive them hence,
Or die in this dear Isle's defence !

In cause so holy, base of heart
Were he who played a coward's part :
And lucre's vilest slaves were they
Who stirred not, save for Soldier's pay ! ”



A Lesson from the Woods.



I.

Close beside an ancient wood,
A pleasant little cottage stood ;
Around its porch the woodbine clung,
And on its walls the rich grapes hung
In clusters, tempting to the eye
Of many a rustic passer by.

II.

Beneath that humble roof once dwelt
A sturdy husbandman, who felt,
Whilst daily blessed with ruddy health,
Small need had he for store of wealth ;

He tilled his ground with honest pride,
Few were his wants and soon supplied.

III.

Yet deep affliction had not spared
The tenant of this lowly cot—
His gentle wife no longer shared
The joys and perils of his lot ;
No longer, as in days gone by,
When he from labour homeward bore,
Stood she, with welcome in her eye,
To greet him at the open door.

IV.

And many a Sabbath eve he wept
Beside the hallowed spot, where slept
The mother of his children dear.
But time assuaged each falling tear,
As in his blushing daughter Jane,
He saw his own loved wife again.

V.

Companion of his quiet hours,
Sole mistress of his house was she
Taxing with joy her slender powers,
That she of fullest use might be.
To two fond boys her care was due,
Their teacher, nurse, and playmate too ;
Thus, in one constant cheerful round
Of busy work, was Jenny found.



VI.

One day, one bright autumnal day,
The corn was stacked, the fields were clear,
The husbandman was heard to say,
(Kissing his little daughter dear,)
“ Come, Jenny, bring to me my gun,
George longs to taste a rabbit pie,
To-day I mean to give him one ;
He’ll stay at home, whilst John and I,
To find the promised rabbits try.”

VII.

George begged that he might join them too ;
“ My little lad,” his father said,
Another time you may—but you
Forget that I must be obeyed ;
So tarry here with sister Jane,
Till John with me comes home again.”

VIII.

John and his father to the wood
Together went ; awhile they stood,
Watching the nimble squirrels skip
From bough to bough, with playful leap ;
Then forward moved at careful pace,
But not a rabbit showed his face.

IX.

At length, within a thicket near,
By fern and brushwood overgrown,
A stealthy rustling sound they hear ;
“ Didst mark that noise ? ” demanded John.

“ Silence ! ” his father quick desired ;
Then, lifting up his gun, he fired—
 A sudden cry of terror wild
Rang through the wood—and then a groan—
 Then staggered forth a wounded child :
Unhappy parent, 'tis thine own,
 And thine, too, the unwitting blow,
 Which lays the luckless truant low.

X.

'Twas little George, who, unobserved,
 Had stolen from his sister's side,
Regardless of his father's word,
 From whose keen glance he sought to hide
In yonder copse ; and on his head
 A cap of rabbit-skin he wore,
Which Jane's own careful hand had made,
 Only a few short days before.
Thus did he bear a fatal lure,
Whilst of his safety vainly sure.

XI.

The anguished father, in his arms
Bore to his home the senseless boy—
Effaced were those engaging charms,
Which oft had yielded him such joy :
The shattered knee and matted hair,
Told of the fearful havoc made,
Whilst hope, despondency, despair,
By turns his anxious bosom swayed,—
“ O Heaven ! spare my boy : ” he prayed.

XII.

The little sufferer on his bed,
Death-like, in deepest stupor lay ;
His life upon the slightest thread
Seemed but to hang—and all the day,
Around him stood, in mute suspense,
His father, brother, sister dear—
Seeking, in agony intense,
One ray of hope their hearts to cheer.

XIII.

Hope dawned upon them : once again
Did consciousness resume her seat ;
In accents, tremulous with pain,
He spoke, forgiveness to entreat
For woes which sprung, he knew full well,
From his own disobedience.
He was forgiven : but who can tell,
How deeply for that one offence
He paid ?—how sad the consequence ?

XIV.

He lived—and when with spirits gay,
The school-boys sallied out to play,
One lonely youth might oft be seen
Reclining on the village green :
'Twas George, who never more could touch
Nor kite, nor hoop, nor bat, nor ball,
He scarce could move without his crutch,
Nor join in out-door games at all.

XV.

Yet none to him were e'er unkind ;
And when on winter evenings cold,
Their ears to listen they inclined,
Be sure some lively tale he told,
Learned from his fondly cherished books ;
But if a playmate strove to flee
From duty's course, no harsh rebukes
Were needed : George, with kindly looks,
Held up his crutch that all might see,
And softly said, " Remember me ! "





Harry's Mistake.



'Twas in December's dreary month,
Cold, bitter cold, the night ;
The wind blew loudly o'er the hills,
The moon shed forth no light ;
The stars were all in darkness hid,
The snow fell thick and fast ;
And over houses, fields, and trees,
Its fleecy robe was cast.

Alone upon that cheerless night,
Did little Harry creep
Across the bleak and barren heath,
And down the hill-side steep ;

And when he reached the great coach-road,
He boldly marched along,
Now striking up a merry tune,
Now carolling a song.

Through wind and snow he gaily trudged,
When, all at once, he sees
A horrid monster far ahead—
Down, down upon his knees
Poor Harry fell! he could not guess
The monster's shape or size,
He only saw amidst the gloom,
Two fearful, glaring eyes!

He spoke not, moved not, scarcely breathed
The monster nearer came;
Still larger seemed its awful eyes,
Like rolling balls of flame.

Now, now, 'tis close upon him ! See—
He almost faints with fright ;
Huzza ! it heeds him not ; 'tis gone,
And now 'tis out of sight !

Once more was Harry on his feet,
Soon reached his home so dear ;
He told his tale of woe to all,
But no one dropped a tear.
Yet, whilst he lives, he'll ne'er forget
That night of snows and damps,—
The wondrous monster was a *Coach*,
Its glaring eyes were *Lamps* !



A Valentine.



LATE and early, late and early,
Little Maid, I watch for thee ;
Starry eyes and tresses curly,
Ever were a joy to me.

Late and early, late and early,
I would be thy faithful swain ;
Cruel treatment, visage surly,
Ne'er should wake thy soul to pain.

Late and early, late and early,
How 'twould cheer my daily toil,
Linked with her who loved me dearly,
Welcomed me with winning smile.

Late and early, late and early,
All thy wishes should be mine ;
Maiden dear, with teeth so pearly,
Wilt thou be my Valentine ?



The Orphan Watercress Girl.



At the peep of the dawn,
Ere the sun gilds the lawn,
Poor Mary is up and away ;
No shoes to her feet,
Through cold and through heat,
Many miles doth she plod every day.

To the babbling rill,
At the foot of yon hill,
Whilst the lark carols high in the air,
Little Mary doth trip,
With her basket of chip,
Fresh cresses to gather with care.

She hath flowerets, too,
The harebell so blue,
The wall-flower, violet, rose ;
Then, for charity's sake,
A small purchase make
Of the poor little maid ere she goes.

Once, indeed, there were times,
When morn's early chimes
To Mary were bringers of joy ;
Those dear days are fled—
Father, mother, both dead—
Hard, alas, is the maiden's employ !

But, if she can earn
A scant meal, in return
For her labours, content will she be ;
Work sweetens repose,
To her straw bed she goes,
No queen sleeps more soundly than she.

Yet sad is her tale :
How the freshening gale
Swelled into a hurricane wild ;
How her father doth sleep
'Neath the fathomless deep,
She will tell, if you ask her, poor child !

Homeward bound, trim and brave,
Rode his ship o'er the wave,
All happy its veteran crew ;
On its deck did they stand,
Looking out for the land,
And the land, their *own* land, came in view.

But by them never more
Was that eager-sought shore,
In the pride of their hearts, to be trod ;
The ship, tempest-tossed,
In a moment was lost,
And hurried were they to their God !

A Valentine.



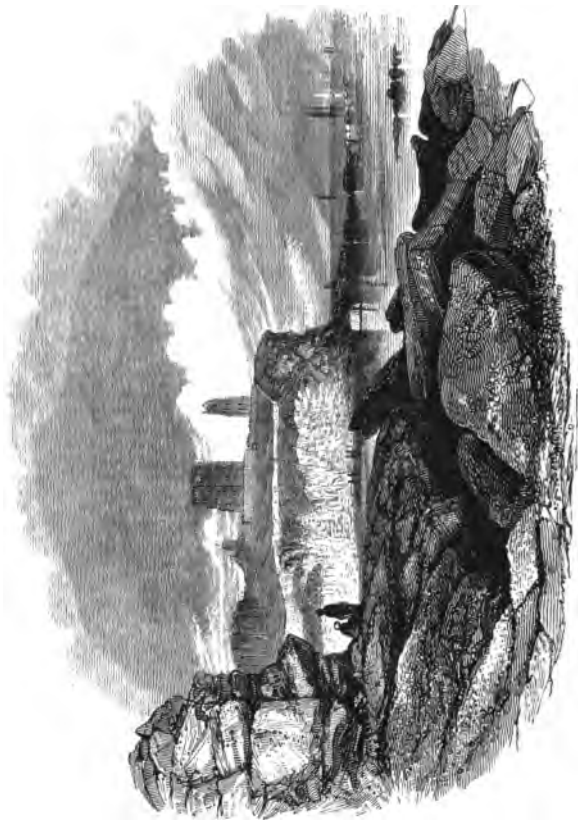
SUSANNA ! Susanna !

Amongst the sweet flowers,
Which grace the gay garden
In summer's warm hours ;
Though Tulips and Poppies
May brighter robes wear,
Oh, ever remember,
The Heartsease is there.

Susanna ! Susanna !

The Hollyhocks tall,
Like giants, o'ershadow
Their sister-buds small ;
But sweeter and dearer
To me and to you,
That gem of the vale—
The Forget-me-not true.

D





A Tale of a Cat.



I.

It stands a lonely ruin now,
That castle old and grey ;
Its vaults, which once shut out the light,
Lie open to the day :
Dark ivy clothes its crumbling walls,
But still the passer-by,
Who pauses in his wanderings,
Can picture to his eye
The stirring times, when, frowning o'er
Its moat in massive pride,
The rude assaults of each fresh foe
It scorningly defied.

II.

'Twas in the days when crook-back Dick
Rode roughshod o'er the land,
And fiercely grasped the reins of State
With unforgiving hand.
As soon unharmed a lamb might cross
A hungry tiger's path,
As hope to 'scape the luckless wight
Who woke King Richard's wrath :
Yet brave hearts beat that could not stoop
To pay their court to one
Whose name was linked with crimes most foul,
None fouler 'neath the sun.

III.

Sir Henry Wyat, wise in speech
As he was bold in fight,
Had earned—an easy matter that—
The stern usurper's spite :

He, pacing homewards on his nag,
One crisp December day,
Was pounced upon by Richard's scouts,
O'erpowered, and borne straightway
To yonder hoary pile, and there,
Within a dungeon grim,
They flung the sturdy veteran,
To bide their master's whim.

IV.

Bread, water, truss of straw for bed,
Were all his captors deigned
To grant in that cold cell, for he
Was Tudor's trusted friend,
And knew full well that unto him
Scant mercy would be shown :
Yet did the crafty, subtle king
A face of smiles put on,

And haste to ply his prisoner
With golden promises
Of rank, wealth, power, would he henceforth
Be follower of his.

v.

“Why such a fool, Sir Hal, as serve
So pitiful a lord?
For moonshine in the water thou
Hast bartered thy good sword.
Thy chief’s a beggared fugitive!
His tattered flag forsake!
Be mine, and rich reward is thine!”
Thus fair the tyrant spake;
And, scowling, added, “Wyat, mark!
If thou but cross our will,
We have a medicine will work
A cure for every ill!”

VI.

Temptation-proof; unawed by threats ;
With countenance serene,
The brave knight answered : “ Sir, had I
Your loyal servant been,
In every change, or bright or sad,
I still were at your side ;
As to Earl Richmond, come what may,
I faithful will abide.
Unhappy Tudor is, and poor,
A prey to constant care ;
But though he begged his daily bread,
His fortune I would share ! ”

VII.

King Richard to the gaoler turned,
In bitter mocking mood :
“ See thou,” he cried, “ that none invade
This wise man’s solitude ! ”

And since he loveth much the sports,
Of forest, stream and field,
Perchance his snug enclosure here
Some dainty fare may yield :
If so, be sure thy kitchen wench
Spoil not his knightship's feast ;
'Twere lack of courtesy to mar
The comfort of our guest ! ”

VIII.

The baffled monarch strode away,
Barred was the heavy door.
The knight, upheld by firmest faith,
Knelt on the clay-cold floor,
And bowed his head in fervent prayer ;
Then calmly sank he down
Upon his couch of straw and slept :
The king, who wore the crown,

Knew no such sleep, for fell Remorse
Had marked him for her own ;
And Guilt's dread legions fenced about
His murder-gotten throne.

IX.

But lack of his accustomed food
Told on the captive's frame,
While chill winds through his prison bars
With biting keenness came.
And sharper trials yet remained :—
The wicked king essayed
His work of vengeance to achieve
By torture's cruel aid.
But torture, hunger, cold, and all
The anguish they begot,
Served not the tyrant's fiendish ends :
His victim wavered not.

X.

One night—the world without was locked
In winter's icy chain—
Sir Henry, on his pallet stretched,
Enfeebled and in pain,
Half-dozing, felt a pressure warm
Steal o'er his bosom bare,
As if an angel hand had laid
A fleecy mantle there!
He listened through the darkness dense :
Was it some fairy spell ?
He stirred not, lest the charm should break,
And into deep sleep fell.

XI.

Day broke, and then the spell took shape ;
Sir Hal no fairy spied,
But, in the fairy's stead, a CAT
Sat purring by his side :

A Cat, the sleekest of her kind.

“ Poor creature, com'st thou here,”

Said he, “ to share my loneliness ?

Thou'lt meet with sorry cheer ! ”

Just then the gaoler drew the bolt,

His daily crust to bring ;

Puss, in a twinkling, through the bars

Was gone with sudden spring !

XII.

Sore grieved the prisoner to lose

A friend as soon as found ;

But Puss had not deserted him :

The noon had scarce run round

Ere she returned, and in her mouth,

O miracle ! she brought,

And laid before his wondering gaze,

A pigeon newly caught !

And looking up with eyes that said,
 “ A truce to all thy fears ! ”
She vanished as before, while he
 Gave way to grateful tears.

XIII.

Calling his gaoler, Wyat placed
 The dead bird in his hand,
And, smiling, asked, “ Wilt thou, good friend,
 Obey thy king’s command ? ”
“ That will I,” said the man, amazed,
 “ For mine own honour’s sake.”
The Cat came not to share the dish :
 But ever did she make
The dungeon drear her nightly home ;
 And every day she brought,
And laid before the prisoner,
 A pigeon newly caught !

XIV.

Small need our story to prolong.

On England's glowing page
That famous fight in Leicestershire
Will live from age to age.

There floated Tudor's tattered flag ;
There bold, bad Richard fell ;
Sir Henry Wyatt, too, was there,
Escaped from his foul cell ;
Escaped to see his Master's cause
By victory justified.

Nor failed that Master to requite
A friend so true, so tried.

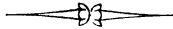
XV.

In glad remembrance ever held
Was she, the poor dumb thing,
Who, led by instinct marvellous,
Such timely help did bring.

And long as Wyat's old halls stood,
On gable, gateway, wall,
A quaint device, in sculptured stone,
Was visible to all :
A shield, whereon were prison bars,
By cunning fingers wrought,
With Puss in front, and in her mouth
A Pigeon newly caught !



A Tale of a Dog.



“ A Story, dear Aunt ! ” cried the youngest of three
Saucy boys as e’er stood round a maiden aunt’s knee.
Within the old parlour bright burnt the beech log,
In the streets folks were groping about in the fog.

’Twas thus Aunt began : ’Tis a long time ago,
The brooks were all ice, and the fields were all snow,
When sorrow appeared in our cottage one day,
For Philip’s pet spaniel had wandered away.

Poor Philip, who knew less of grief than of joys,
Declared himself now the most wretched of boys :
Among his small troubles the greatest was this,
To lose his Dog Cicero : Phil called him *Cis*.

High and low, far and near, strict inquiry was made,
The search was continued through sunshine and shade;

A whole week pass'd by, but, alas ! we could gain
No news of the Dog : it was feared he was slain.

“ O yes, I remember,” the little boy cried,
“ When last in the Park with poor *Cis* by my side,
The gamekeeper stopped us and bade me beware,
For shoot him he would, if he came again there ! ”

Large handbills were printed and posted about,
Describing the Dog ; and, to set at rest doubt,
A large sum was promised to him who'd restore
The poor little Dog to his Master once more !

All efforts were vain, even hope 'gan to fail,
And Philip despairingly told his sad tale
To an old fashion'd crony just dropped in from town,
Whose nose at the news with big tears trickled down.

“ Poor fellow ! I knew him,” exclaimed this old friend,
“ And well may you, Philip, bewail his sad end :
Yes, yes, they have killed him, those gamekeepers there ;
Their aim never fails, be it dog, cat, or hare ! ”

And so, having settled within his own mind,
That the Dog must be dead, in his chair he reclined,
Fell a-thinking, or rather a-dreaming, I wis,
And the fruit of his deep cogitations was this :

POOR PHILIP'S LAMENT FOR HIS MURDER'D DOG, "CIS."

Alas, poor *Cissy* ! thou hast paid the debt
Which dogs and dukes alike are doomed to pay ;
Vainly I mourn thee, useless my regret,
Since every little dog must have his day.

Yet though he now is but a clod of earth,
And never more my little sports can share,
Still will I cherish faithful *Cissy's* worth ;—
No truer friend e'er breathed the common air.

He was the guardian of my little stores,
No stranger dared to touch while he stood by ;
Few faults, save now and then, when out of doors,
A wand'ring hare or rabbit caught his eye.

Day after day, well pleased to be my mate,
My little wagon patiently he drew :
Ever he greeted me with heart elate,
Ever he followed me with footsteps true.

From home was I but absent for a day,
With what fond zeal his little breast would burn ;
How, in his speechless, yet expressive way,
With antics wild he welcomed my return.

'Twere some small solace had I found him dead,
That I might gently lay him 'neath the mould :
But, since this cannot be, may his last bed
Be where the midnight fays their vigils hold !

In Elegy thus was the lost Dog bewailed,
Whose short lease of life seemed so sadly *curtailed* ;
To Philip the lines melancholic but tend
Fresh tears to draw forth for his faithfullest friend.

So matters remained, till one wet April day,
When Philip, kept in by the weather from play,
Whilst quietly reading a favorite book,
Was roused by a shouting with which the house shook.

“Where’s Philip? Where’s Philip?” was now the loud cry,
All joined in the chorus, though some knew not why.

“Where’s Philip?” The noise would have waken’d King

Log :

Comes a tap at his door—and in bounds his lost Dog !

What fondling and cuddling ! what wiping of eyes !
What very strange questions and stranger replies !
What bits of queer gossip ! what strokes of odd play !
’Twi’xt master and dog on that wet April day !

How lost and how found may be told in brief space :
The Dog, in a moment of frolic, gave chase
To a coach full of school-boys, and then he ran on,
So fast and so far, that his strength was quite gone ;

And, footsore and weary, all panting he lay,
Till a kind-hearted peasant, who travelled that way,
Took him up in his arms, to his cottage conveyed him,
And there in a snug little basket he laid him.

At length the good rustic discovered to whom
The truant belonged, and soon carried him home
To his owner, who paid him the promised reward,
And the finder returned with a pocket well stored !





Hot Cross Buns !



There's not a day in all the year,
Plum-pudding or mince-pie day,
To London's merry boys more dear,
Than famous old Good Friday :
For he doth bring
Good news of Spring,
And spreads them far and wide, aye ;
We'll welcome him,
Whate'er his trim,
Stout-hearted old Good Friday !

A trusty friend, not stiff nor starch,
Is faithful old Good Friday ;
He's sometimes April, sometimes March,
And p'rhaps a shiny dry day.
 'Mongst rains and snows
 He shows his nose,
For he was never a shy day ;
 So while we sing
 In praise of Spring
We'll welcome old Good Friday !

Old Christmas loves a merry laugh,
And boys look out for Guy-day ;
But Sunday sometimes puts them off :
It can't put off Good Friday !
 Say what you will,
 He's constant still,
Which ne'er can be denied, aye !
 Whate'er his trim,
 We'll welcome him,
Our ancient friend, Good Friday !

Plough Monday is a day of joy
For rustic people tidy ;
Shrove Tuesday, loved by girl and boy,
Is cousin to Good Friday.
But you nor I
Can never buy
Hot pancakes on the highway ;
Whilst buns galore,
From door to door,
Are sold on old Good Friday !

Ash Wednesday strives, with salted fish,
To earn a credit tidy :
But I for Maundy Thursday wish,
Because it brings Good Friday.
For hot cross buns
Each urchin runs
And shouts " This, this, is my day ! "
Butter and toast
Desert their post,
Buns rule on old Good Friday !

On Holy Thursday, on their rounds,
March beades full of pride, aye;
And dirty boys on parish bounds
Get bumped on back and side, aye.
But thumps and bumps
'Gainst posts and pumps,
Whoever could abide, aye?
We'd rather sing:
Hurrah for Spring,
And welcome old Good Friday!

Good Friday comes but once a year,
To Easter time a nigh day;
Adieu to Lenten fare severe,
And welcome to Good Friday!
Our loud huzzas
In this day's praise
Shall ring from side to side, aye,
All hot! All hot!
Be ne'er forgot
The buns of old Good Friday!



Married not Mated :

A CHARADE WHICH NEVER OUGHT TO BE ACTED.



Young Farmer Ralph, as yet untaught
By Dame Experience, gaily sought
Among the village damsels fair
For one his heart and home to share ;
One who might prove to him through life
A trusting, fond, submissive wife.

His choice is made, the die is cast,
The blissful honeymoon soon past,
And Ralph and Mary home repair
To rustic duties, rustic fare.

Neat in her dress, hardworking, too,
Was Mary ; yet must truth be told,
Symptoms betokening the shrew
Appeared. Yes, Mary was a scold.

And soon o'er Ralph's devoted head
Shrill cannonades of fury burst ;
And quiet neighbours slyly said
That Mary *could*—could, what? my FIRST.

Alas, she could ! and Ralph, poor man !
Finding, too late, that he had caught
A Tartar, grasped at any plan
To gain the peace of mind he sought.

But Mary held her headlong course
'Gainst all his efforts : nay, the shrew,
As time wore on, grew worse and worse.
Thus mated, what was Ralph to do ?

Sad fortune! He, with all the grace
Commandable in such a case,
Submitted: thus his partner earned
The prize for which her bosom burned.

Then was my SECOND hers. What then?
No longer pleased with home, poor Ralph
Fled to the alehouse; drunken men
Were better than his better half:
His *better* half! O, mockery of words!
And so with idle, dirty sots he herds.
But such society possessed
No charms for him; yet what resource
Remained? His house vouchsafed no rest
From Mary's tongue, that endless curse!

At length a stern resolve he made,
That he no longer would endure
The ills which on his spirit weighed,—
Ills which he knew he could not cure.

One morning he was missed ; ah, where ?
In vain did Mary rave : despair
Was fruitless then, for Ralph had flown,
And she was left alone, alone !
Subject no more to her despotic sway,
Ralph on my WHOLE was borne far, far away !





England's Rulers from the Norman Conquest.



King Harold lies slain on the red field of fight,
His soldiers, defeated, seek safety in flight ;
And William the Conqueror reigns in his stead,
To whom in due course succeeds William the Red.

King Henry the First, a great scholar, comes next,
And Stephen then follows in History's Text.
King Henry the Second next sits on the throne ;
Then Richard the First, and then cowardly John.

On Henry the Third is the crown next conferr'd,
And then come three Edwards, First, Second and Third.
Next Richard the Second, a King of small worth,
Surrenders his sceptre to Harry the Fourth.

Fifth Harry the warlike, Sixth Harry the weak,
Fourth Edward the gay, and Fifth Edward the meek,
In order next follow. Then Richard the Third
Seized the crown, and the great fight of Bosworth occur'd.

Bosworth fight gave to Henry the Seventh the Throne ;
Next, Harry the Eighth made the Kingdom his own.
Then Edward the Sixth reigned ; then Mary ; and then
Elizabeth ruled, like a Man over men.

Then comes James the First: Charles the First after him :
Stern Cromwell then lords it o'er puritans grim.
And next we behold Charles the Second restored ;
And then James the Second drew Bigotry's sword.

Then Holland's great hero, as William the Third,
To reign as a Protestant pledges his word.
Queen Ann follows him ; the four Georges next come ;
And William the Fourth follows them to the tomb.

Victoria now holds beneficent sway
O'er Britain's dominions : far off be the day
That unto her throne her successor shall call :
On her and her People may God's blessings fall !



A Garden Fancy.



EVERMORE the gentle flowers
Lovingly do intertwine,
Each for each, in sunny hours,
Morning grey and day's decline.

Evermore each little blossom,
Blending with its brother fair,
Leaning on its sister's bosom,
Speaks a lesson none can spare.

Speaks a lesson all should cherish,
Girl and boy, and man full-grown ;
Teaching, Life's best charms would perish,
Did we live for self alone.





