



THE LITTLE MOUSE

THAT MADE ITSELF A HOUSE IN A CHRISTMAS CAKE.

A pretty story I will tell Of Nib, a little Mouse,

Who took delight, when none were near, To skip about the house.

As dainty in her fare was she,
As any queen or king;
Ate cake and pudding,—and, in fact,
The best of every thing.

Her little nose could sniff and smell Where all good things were kept; And in the pantry well she knew That mistress Pussy slept.

But, notwithstanding, in she crept,
And on the shelf she found
A Christmas cake! the top of which
Was by a castle crowned.

You all have tasted Christmas cake,
Its currants and its spice;
And some, you know, have ornaments,
With suitable device.

The subject of the present cake
Was Windsor's mighty walls;
With turrets, windows, standard too,
And entrance to the halls.

Why, here within such walls as these,
Thought Mousey, I could dwell;
And, should the Cat lay siege to them,
Defend myself right well.



So, with her little teeth, which served For pickaxe and for spade,

She gnawed right through the Gothic door, And thus an entrance made.

Then climbed the turret, which she chose Her residence to make;

And thought to leave it now and then, And feast upon the cake.

All this occurred on Christmas eve,
And next came Christmas day;
And then the little folks all came
To eat, and drink, and play.

For dinner they had turkey, goose,
Roast beef, and roasted hare;
And, full of spice, and very nice,
Plum-pudding, too, was there.



The dinner finished, wine and fruit Were on the table spread; And then the cake, where Mousey lay,

With terror almost dead.

Right merry are the little folks,
And what a noise they make,
When Windsor castle they behold,
Displayed upon the cake.

The turrets and the walls they view,
The cannon, too, admire;
The soldiers ready to present,
And then—pop!—pop!—to fire.

On this, when they had long enough
All exercised their wit,
They scrutinized the cake, and wished
To taste a bit of it.



Each guest prepared,—the knife was raised Some slices to begin,

When, lo! with wonder, all exclaimed, "I hear a noise within?"

Poor Mousey, when she saw the knife, At once expressed her fear,

By squeaking out with all her might, Which every one could hear.

Then John, as he the turret viewed,
With consternation cried,
"There's something, I am sure, alive,

And moving, too, inside."

All now were hushed, and knew not what All this could be about;

While Mouse, in fright, forgot her tail, Which at the top popped out.



- "Why here's some trick," the lady cried,
 "I'll knock the turret down."
- Mousey, in terror, gave a leap, And ran along her gown.
- "Oh!" screamed the lady, "What is this?" On each side was dismay,
- Which Mousey took advantage of, By scampering away.
- Their fright all o'er, loud laughs ensued, From all within the house,
- To think that so much fear should be Caused by a little Mouse.
- The children hunted high and low, This merry Mouse to find;
- To have a bit of fun with her, They all appear inclined.



She saw her foes, and knew their aim, But was not such a dolt

To wait till she was caught, but made Right through a hole—a bolt.

The party then began their dance, And singing next ensued;

And then came supper, with its cakes, And very best home-brewed.

They then shook hands and bade adieu; Well pleased was every one;

And hoped next Christmas-day might be As full of harmless fun,

For all agreed, who on that day
Had visited the house,
They ne'er had seen such pleasure through
A pretty little Mouse.



AUNT AFFABLE'S

AUNT AFFABLE'S

STORY ABOUT

COCK ROBIN

ALIVE AND WELL AGAIN.

AUNT AFFABLE'S

MOTHER BANTRY

AND HER CAT.

AUNT AFFABLE'S

STORIES

AROUT HORSES.

AUNT AFFABLE'S BALL:

A NEW ALPHABET.

AUNT AFFABLE'S
STORIES AROUT SHIPS

NEW

AUNT AFFABLE'S

ACCOUNT OF

UNCLE SAM'S
TRAVELS.

AUNT AFFABLE'S NEW LONDON CRIES.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

WITH

NEW

AND

APPROPRIATE

AUNT AFFABLE'S
STORIES
ABOUT DOGS.

COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

AUNT AFFABLE'S

STORY OF THE

MERRY COBBLER.

AUNT AFFABLE'S
STORY OF

THE LITTLE FROG

AND

PRETTY MOUSE.

THIRTEEN SORTS.

6d. each.

AUNT AFFABLE'S
STORY OF

WILLIAM & DICK,

AND WHAT

ECHO SAID TO THEM.

AUNT AFFABLE'S STORIES ABOUT CARRIAGES.

AUNT AFFABLE'S

TALE OF THE

LITTLE MOUSE

THAT MADE ITSELF A HOUSE IN A CHRISTMAS CARE.