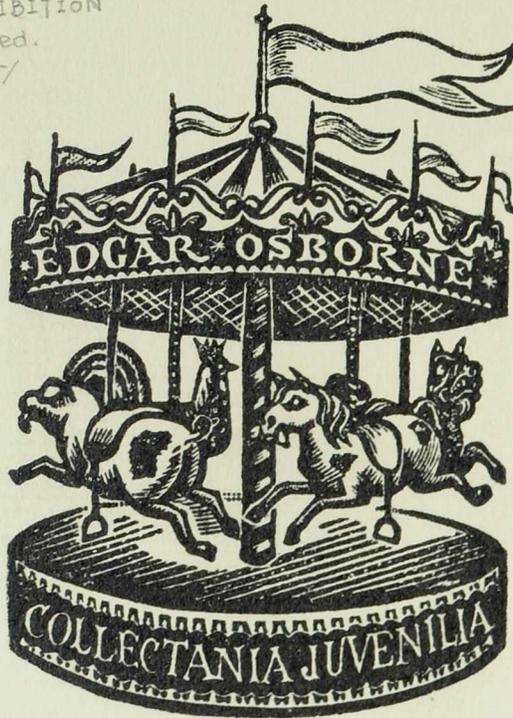




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4th ed.  
1851



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No. I.

THE EXHIBITION.



LITTLE FOLKS

LAUGHING LIBRARY

COMIC VOLUMES

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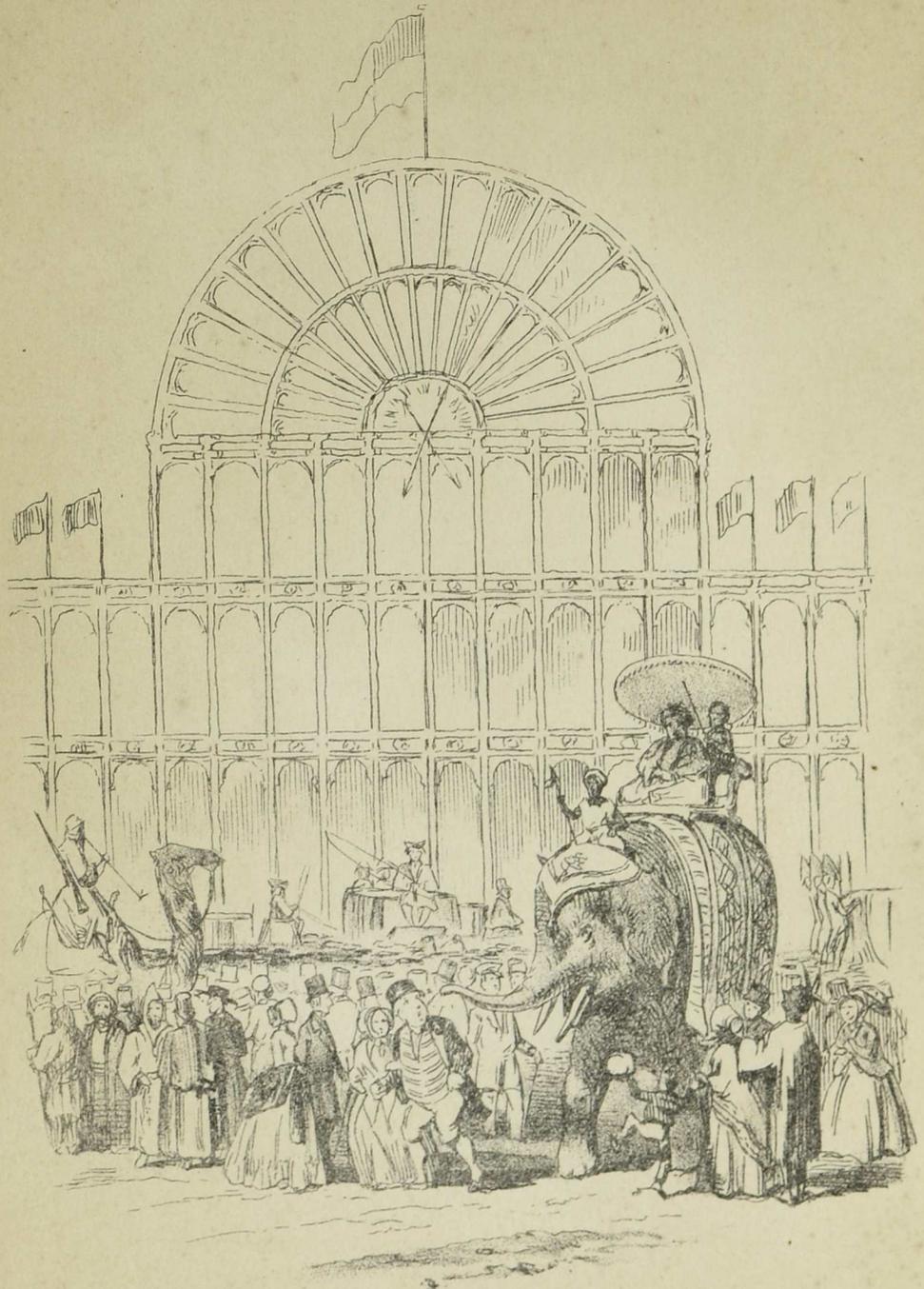












THE  
LITTLE FOLKS'  
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The  
EXHIBITION.



BY  
F. W. N. BAYLEY.  
AUTHOR OF THE "NEW TALE OF A TUB," ETC.

*Fourth Edition.*

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
BY  
DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL.

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1851.

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# The Exhibition.



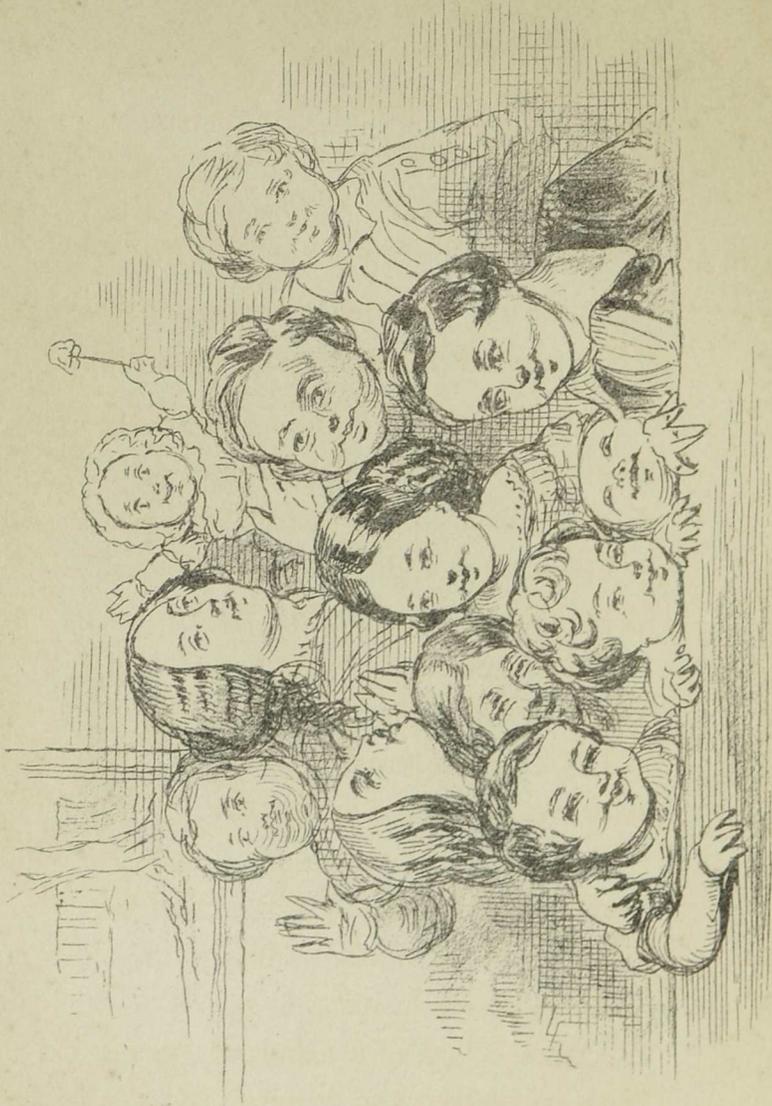
“ Dearest Papa !  
Dearest Mamma !  
Why, in the world !  
Are all flags unfurled ?  
And what is the meaning of all the stir ?  
When the great bell of England rings  
Clear as a harp with a thousand strings !  
All the World’s Eagles spread their wings !  
And over they come to *Her* !  
Dearest Papa !  
Dearest Mamma !  
I’ve heard before of a hullabaloo ;  
But there seems such fun,  
In this National one,  
Pray, tell us the meaning—tell us, now do ! ”

“ My Boy,” (Papa is rather deep  
 In the paternal strain,)  
 “ I’m glad your little eyes don’t sleep ;  
 But that they read and wink and weep,  
 And that they see what’s plain ;  
 And that like them—and no mistake,  
 You too will grow up wide awake !

“ My boy, you know a gracious Prince,  
 (Now *do not* eat that acid quince,)  
 Came near unto the British throne,  
 And made our starlike-Queen his own.  
 And Son of mine,  
 If I take wine  
 Whene’er I dine,  
 You know your Father never fails  
 To drink the health of the Prince of Wales !  
 You know there are a charming crew,  
 Whom loyally—I love like you ;  
 And that the children of the Throne,  
 Are dear unto me as my own.  
 Well now you may sit down, my dear,  
 And *here* your Father’s story *hear*,  
 In which Prince Albert will be found  
 To make that row on British ground,  
 Which does your little wits confound !

“ My son—my son—  
 My cherished one,





If you want a lark,  
 You may go and take a bit of a run  
 In old Hyde Park.  
 And, boy of mine,  
 Don't strain your legs,  
 Nor break your pegs,  
 Nor hurt your spine,  
 Nor drown yourself in the Serpentine."

"My dear," Mamma's words gently ring,  
 "The child will not do any such thing."

"Well, listen: to Prince Albert's brain  
 There came an universal strain—  
 A song that seemed as tho' its voice  
 From all the Birds of all the world  
 Were trilled to make *this* land rejoice!  
 The Banners of all lands unfurl'd,  
 There to float free and peacefully  
 Within the British breeze,  
 To wave in beauty to our sky,  
 To flaunt above our seas.  
 And, in one good and noble thought,  
 The Prince did nobly as he ought,  
 And made one hospitable shore  
 The guest-place of a hundred more.  
 With spirit free and hearty,  
 Old England took the Prince's will,  
 Carried it out with science and skill,

And began to find  
 A generous mind  
 At once to give a Party!

“Lady Britannia said—said she,  
 ‘Who shall I ask to a Cup of Tea?’  
 ‘Lady Britannia, you’re a noddy—  
 Who shall you ask?—Ask everybody!  
 Make it an universal treat;  
 Lend e’en your trident for their meat;  
 Remember, it has proved, ere now,  
 The best fork in the world I vow.  
 Do not make it a question of *tea*;  
 Be *grand* in your hospitality;  
 Build up a Palace with work and hits,  
 That shall beat Aladdin’s all to fits;  
 Bid all nations to come within;  
 Never care for the Babel din;  
 Bid ’em be welcome out and out.  
 Let us *see* what they’re all about,  
 And, while the brains are sowing their seed,  
 Give ’em, in earnest, a six months’ feed!’  
 This was the way (without any shyness)  
 In which responded his Royal Highness.

“Then rose the Queen  
 In gracious state,

With gentle joy,  
Her heart elate.  
'My Prince! the while I sway the helm,  
Your scheme is worthy of my Realm.  
My Herald shall go forth  
With proper cards of invitation  
At once to every foreign nation—  
The farthest south or north,  
The farthest east, the farthest west.  
No matter which we love the best,  
We'll season all with equal zest,  
And flash the spirit's spark;  
And we will build a Palace fair  
To shine within the amber air,  
To catch the sunbeams sporting there—  
A crystal glory free and fair—  
To gleam within our Park!'

"Lady Britannia felt abashed,  
Tho' her face was clean and her hands were washed;  
But she (curtseying) said, 'I quite agree  
Both with the Prince and your Majesty!'

"Well, now, my boy, I've given you leave  
To see the Park yourself;  
And all the knowledge you find there  
You may take off the shelf;

And you may skip  
    About  
    Without,  
And you may roam within ;  
And here's a ticket for your trip—  
    You wont need any tin ;  
And if you're thirsty, remember *pop!*  
And go to the ginger-beer shop !”



## CHAPTER II.

~~~~~

“Papa,” replied the little boy,  
“I’ve really heard you speak with joy,  
And quite respond,  
In manner fond,  
To all you say ;  
But, as your son  
Is fond of fun,  
He’ll cry—Hurray !  
And then in his glory  
Tell his story  
All in his own particular way !”

(WHEREUPON MAMMA SAYETH,)

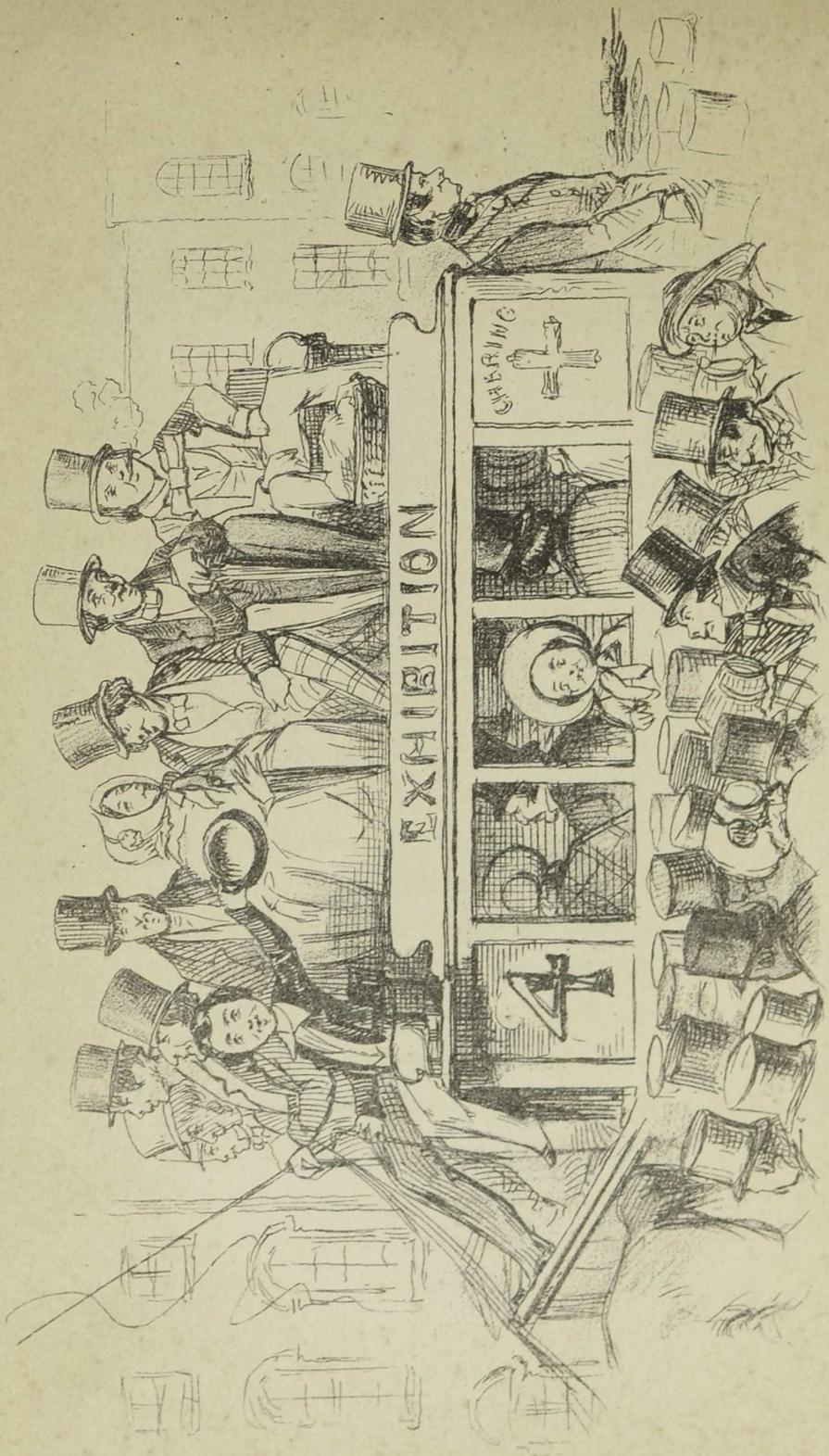
“My dearest child,  
Be not too wild,  
Comport yourself in a manner mild,  
And let us hear the way  
In which you spent the day.”

## BOY AGAIN.

"Papa! Mamma! and the family all,  
 Big and little, great and small,  
 Boys who roar, and babies who squall—  
 I went along the Kensington Road!  
 Hadn't the vehicles many a load?  
 Didn't the horses have to pull?  
 All the busses, so precious full!—  
 Didn't I sit on the top outside?—  
 Didn't I feel at home in my pride?  
     And my little heart  
     I'm sure took part  
 In every bit of that dusty ride!

"Talk of the races—fiddle-de-dee!  
 Never such races you did see:  
     Doncaster Town,  
     Nor Epsom Down,  
     Newmarket, Chester,  
     Nor—when Heav'n blest her—  
 Victoria would'nt on Ascot frown,  
     But sent her smile,  
     Like the light of our isle,  
 Over her fields—green, yellow, and brown!  
     Good-wood  
     Could, would





BRING

EXHIBITION

4

Throw some light on the road's condition ;  
 But no ! for once the fine park must yield,  
 There were so *many Richmonds* in the field  
 At the opening of this Exhibition.

“There wasn't a high, there wasn't a *low* body  
 Who did one single thing but talk ;  
     All would chatter,  
     It did'nt matter  
 Whether they had to ride or walk,  
 And every thing seemed *nothing to nobody* !  
 Piccadilly was passed by  
 As if it had been a speck in the sky,  
     The carriages rolled  
     Ten thousand fold,  
 But nothing was looked at—all things *told*  
 The beautiful mansions all along  
 Were lost in the buzz of the beautiful throng !  
 The people walked and the people rode ;  
 What became of them *nobody know'd*.  
 The Duke himself could'nt play the prank  
 Of making the vehicles fall into rank ;  
 He couldn't thicken, he couldn't thin'em ;  
 Tho' I saw plenty of rank within'em.  
 Every thing was gracious and gay—  
 Every thing as good as a play.  
 Giddy was I on the omnibus top,  
 And hoping I might'nt come down FLOP !  
     WHOP !”

MAMMA.

“ Oh, my dear,  
 I’m glad you’re here ;  
 My heart quite flutters with anxious fear !”

BOY AGAIN.

“ Dearest mamma, don’t be in a fright,  
 I beg to assure you I’m all right !”

PAPA.

“ My boy, your tongue runs a rapid race,  
 I fear the journey turned your head,  
*That* you describe—but of the place  
 You not one word have said ;  
 And I should like to hear this minute  
 About the wondrous things within it.  
 It strikes me you have scarcely thought,  
 With all the study that you ought,  
 About the mighty stream of worth  
     And human mind  
     Which human kind  
 Have gathered there from all the earth ;  
 Nor have you read these verses gaily—  
     An invitation  
     To every nation,  
     And from the pen  
     Of F. W. N.  
     Bayley.”

He cannot make array  
 Like dear Thackeray,  
 Whose grand ode adorned the *Times* ;  
 Yet I call them respectable rhymes :—

## The Palace of All Nations.

Upon a quiet spot of British ground,  
 Where the old trees rose proudly from the lawn,  
 One of the People's Parks—yet finely found,  
 (Grand by the night and freshened by the dawn !)  
 There sprang a Palace—not of common build,  
 For Monarchy to strengthen with its state—  
 Not for our glory or our gold to gild,  
 But one to make All Nations' hearts elaté !

It stood with its old Royal Flag unfurled,  
 And its old Royal Oak—the Nation's tree,  
 An invitation unto all the World!—  
 Worth the daring!—welcome to the free!  
 It said, "Come here, and make a common cause,  
 With all our science and with all your own,  
 Respect our hospitality and laws,  
 And be, with us—all loyal to our Throne !

Come, and you're welcome!—every Foreign Land  
 Is asked *not to remember it's away*,  
 But to be part of Britain, and shake hand  
 With Commerce and with Freedom—Life and Day !

THE EXHIBITION.

Once on the British soil—your wares we sell,  
Your arts we nourish and your truth protect—  
Come to the FEAST OF NATIONS!—kindly dwell  
Where all cry confidence—and none suspect!

Come from the Neva's banks, where frost and cold  
Make RUSSIAN Petersburg look sharp to live—  
Come from the Vistula, with corn for gold,  
And we will see what British warmth can give!  
Come from old PRUSSIA'S heart, and bring away  
Some of its gushing impulse and its blood—  
The Sun of Germany will lend a ray  
To foster freedom and to shine on good!

Tell AUSTRIA that half her Statesmen's hearts  
Have cells that send forth echoes to our call—  
When England plays one of her noblest parts  
And sounds her trumpet note of "Love to all!"  
Bid the brave SWISS come to us—justly proud  
Of living nearer to the mighty sky;  
Step from their mountains—grown amid the cloud  
And join this banquet of our Liberty!

Come HOLLAND!—you who out of time have been  
True, steady, earnest, with a trading heart,  
Come, laden, to our merry Park of Green,  
And make therein your merchandize and mart!  
Come BELGIUM, who hath been a Nation dear  
To other Nations—proud France and our own,  
Wed to the fine Princess who perished *here*!—  
Then to the graces of the Gallic Throne!

Come FRANCE yourself! and if the waters wide  
Debar not young AMERICA—bring her!  
So let the twin Republics, side by side,  
About our British freedom, free confer.

See that you whisper—it will make us glad  
 When your brave subjects throng among us here—  
 That nothing in a Nation *can* look sad,  
 With *all* to compass and with *nought* to fear!

Come SPAIN—a land that hath been red with blood,  
 But to whose peace and health *we* pledge our wine—  
 Come PORTUGAL, in that fine ancient mood  
 Through which a Nation's trusts and friendships shine;  
 Come TURKEY, from the Bosphorus, and be  
 Sultanic on our stirring English land—  
 Come EGYPT—if by desert or by sea  
 With the free heart and with the friendly hand!

Come Nations all!—and let those Colonies,  
 Which keep the sun alive 'neath British name,  
 Which watch him burning in the lofty skies  
 Unflickered and unsetting in his flame,  
 Come too—yes, come with fond and filial grasp  
 Unto the bosom of your truest Mother,  
 Believing you can ne'er carouse or clasp  
 So well the board or hand of any other!

Come to HYDE PARK!—it is *one* Nation's voice  
 Sounding to *all* the Nations of the globe,  
 And bidding them to famously rejoice  
 In one great secret we all long to probe,  
 Whether the WORLD shall manfully discern  
 What's the Dove's nest, and what's the Lion's den,  
*And whether Nations may be brought to burn*  
*With the same Friendships that have kindled men.*



## BOY.

“ Papa, its hard to get the names in  
 Of half the lands whose art with Fame’s in  
     The Exhibition ;

Of half the people who put claims in  
     To high position ;

But give us a seat in *your* arm chair,  
 While you lie on the sofa there.

Let all the family hold its tongue,  
     Old and young,

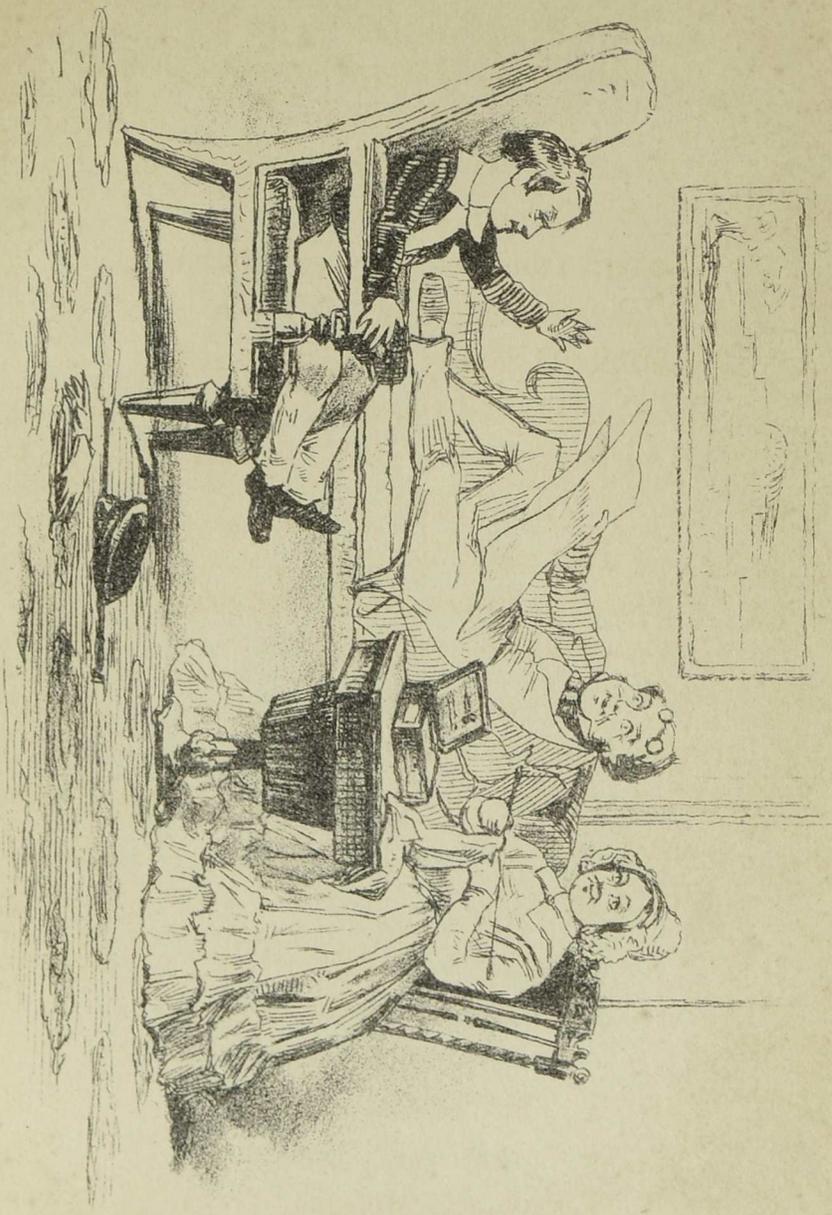
And Papa I’ll see what’I can do  
     To enlighten you.

I’ve made my vows  
 Before the Catalogue of CLOWES,  
 Whose partner SPICER,  
     Can’t make a nicer.

But now I beg to come to my own  
 Which I trust you’ll lay at the feet of the Throne ;  
     And so to close  
 Here goes !

## BOY IN ECSTATICS.

“ I’ve been to the Park,  
 I’ve had such a lark !  
     Father and Mother,  
     Sister and Brother,  
 Papa and Mamma,  
 Fal-lal-lal-lal-la !”

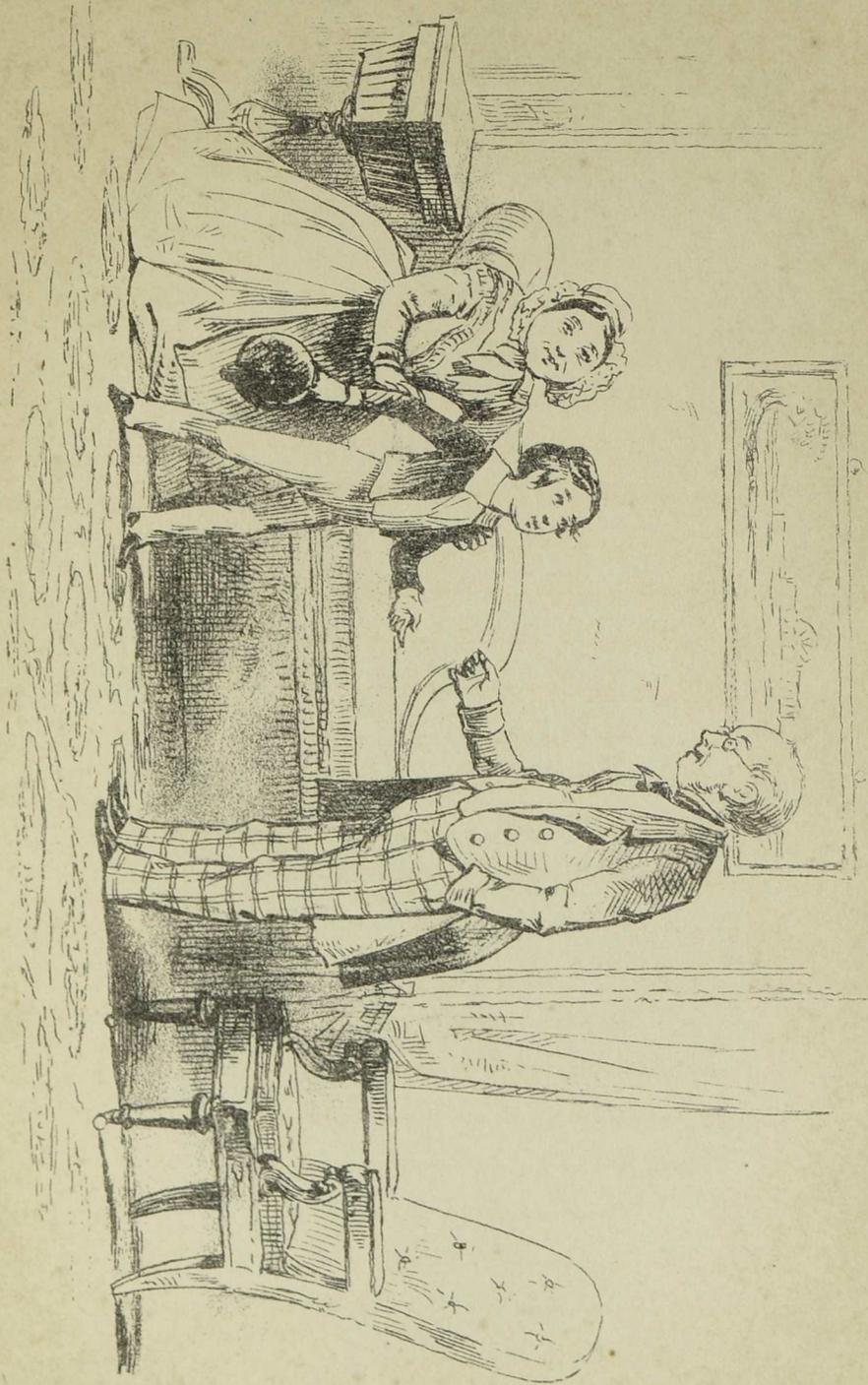




The little fellow sits him down,  
 No nicer boy in all the town ;  
 A boy impossible to chide O,  
 His Father's and his Mother's pride O !

“ My dearest Father,  
 If you'd rather,  
 I'll now explain my true position ;—  
 I've been to see the Exhibition !  
 I've heard—and know you will not doubt it—  
 All that the people say about it.  
 The name of Paxton and of Chatsworth  
 Soon make us give a guess what that's worth ;  
 The Duke of Devonshire, at hand,  
 Gives, faithful steward, a lift of land,  
 Which royalty at once makes fame—  
 ‘ VICTORIA'S GRANT, AND ALBERT'S NAME.’  
 Old Hyde Park is a place to greet,  
 And very beautiful retreat,  
 And when the roaming pedlars sell  
 To petted child, or youthful swell,  
 Oh ! aint the cakes and apples swëet !  
 And such a lot of boys about,  
 And such a row and such a rout  
 As never was seen,  
 Scampering over the beautiful green,  
 Shouting and cracking their rude little jokes,  
 And hiding themselves in the hearts of the oaks !

Marbles and balls !  
 Frolics and falls !  
 Loud laughing calls  
     To each other—each other,  
 And a kind of a way  
 Of spending the day,  
 Which gave me a notion of brother and brother !  
     And some of them went  
     With gaze intent  
 And looked bang up at the Wellington statue,  
     Till the statue said,  
     With a shake of its head,  
 ‘ Boys, look alive, or I’ll be at you !’  
     There really *was* a lot  
     Of Fun ;—  
     You know that sixpence I had got,  
 Well, I spent my sixpence as sure as a gun !  
 Now I’ll give you a kind of a run  
     Over all that I saw in the Park,  
     When I had my lark ;  
     Hark ! hark !  
 Now my story’s about to begin—  
 Ha ! what a list’ning mood you’re in ;  
     And I think, by rights,  
     That some of my fun  
     Before I’ve done  
 Will really beat the Arabian Nights.  
     First, the Palace”——





FATHER.

“ Ah, my child,  
*That* is something beyond you,  
If your little brains run wild  
Let Papa's be strong and true,  
I have seen the Palace through.  
In the Park of Hyde,  
Its vast outside  
Gleams in its pride  
To the million'd crew.

“ It was a pretty notion—seen,  
My boy, to come to pass—  
To raise a palace on the green,  
And build its frame of glass ;  
To single out a vernal spot,  
Fair, beautiful, and unforget,  
By all the toiling throng,  
Where pleasure took the gaping hive  
To gaze upon the ride and drive  
That splendid swept along—  
A place that all the people knew  
Was sure a fitting site ;  
And I, my boy, am glad that you  
Have seen it with delight.  
But there is something more to say,  
And something more to think,  
Altho' your heart may still be gay,

And still of pleasure drink :  
It is a little simple thought  
That haunted me for hours,  
The notion of a palace wrought  
To make us dream of flowers !  
To build up—as the dream refined,  
A sort of greenhouse in the mind ;  
Transparent to the searching eye,  
And very crystal to the sky ;  
And then I fancied—all the time  
How beautiful and how sublime  
To bring the blossoms of the earth  
Beneath a single dome ;  
Cull all things beautiful of birth,  
And make one land their home ;  
To bless the spirit which had spread  
Through every other clime,  
Which made its riches to be read  
While proud and in their prime,  
Which opened up before the sight  
Of pure and ardent youth,  
Another God-sent book of light,  
Another book of truth,  
Which brought the flowers with free hand  
To shine up to the sun,  
And made the Palace of *one* land  
A home for *every one*.”

## CHAPTER IV.

~~~~~

BOY.

“ Father, I had a splendid dream  
After I kissed Mamma last night ;  
And tho’ I slept—did all things seem  
To give me back my sight.  
I saw again—and yet again,  
The wonders that came o’er the main ;  
The grand, the beautiful, the fair,  
*They seemed to teach me everywhere !*  
And tho’ I had no map to see  
There was a world’s geography !  
All nations had come round me, all ;  
It was a vision to appal.  
But still so glorious did it seem,  
That I would not have lost that dream,  
    For any wealth ;  
Perhaps—as mine’s—youth’s daring day,  
I’d rather fain have thrown away  
    My strength and health !

" Splendour, you talk of splendour when  
 You congregate the souls of men ;  
 And give the mighty godhead back  
 To *Him* who spread it on your track ;  
 Yet only blest you with the brain,  
 That you might give it back again  
 After the human kind had sight,  
 Of all its beauty and its light !

Papa,

Mamma,

Now, dont you think your little boy  
 Imbided a thrilling draught of joy,  
 When he could feel what I feel now,  
 And ever must feel anyhow !

I can't be always crying,

Sighing,

That is sure.

So tho' I loved the glorious show,  
 And still will love it as you know ;

You must not mind

If you should find,

My mind

Should run

On Fun.

"I know there was a spell that bound me,  
 I felt I'd all the world around me ;  
 I heard no carving and no gilding,  
 For such a row was in the building ;

And yet I felt a frame around me,  
    So much amazed,  
Just as if people came and found me  
    Framed and glazed !  
And I was proud and could but stare  
Pictures of Genius everywhere !  
I longed to be a picture there !  
Papa it was a wondrous thing,  
That universal gathering !

    Nonsense ! you,  
    You've nothing to do ;  
    You haven't seen !  
    You haven't been !

It strikes me *you're* uncommonly green !  
    So is the Park ;  
    But here's a lark,  
I'm the only dog in the house that can bark !

    “ Haven't I travelled ?  
    Also unravelled  
All the glories of all the world ;  
    Being proud of my sixpenny mission,  
Let me have my flag unfurled  
    On the top of the Exhibition !

“ I've been a great deal farther than you,  
I've seen the whole world through and through ;  
I dont think anything could be windier  
Than the draught we got from India.

If I'm *Cockney* in my rhymes,  
You must punish me betimes.  
But wont the People when first of June is,  
Gaze on China and stare at Tunis.  
Every bird may have its charms ;  
Once I had Turkey in my arms !  
Every lucifer  
Matches and phosphorus  
I seemed to see for,  
For the very great man  
Who is now Sultan  
On the banks of the Bosphorus !  
Persia, beautiful similes brought ;  
Araby, fine scents as she ought :  
If the Brazils  
Had taken gilt pills,  
Things too grand and bright to be horrid,  
Would have been brought us from zones so torrid !  
Egypt gave smile  
From the banks of the Nile,  
Crushing the mud ;  
For she'd wiped it all off  
With a clean kind of scoff,  
And remitted us nothing but good, but good !  
Remitted us nothing but good !  
Not an alligator  
To ate the potater,  
Deluge the land with ills ;





Nor a crocodile  
From the banks of the Nile  
To weep like a thousand rills !”

## FATHER.

“ My boy, you’re running far too loose,  
I must step in, and more sense infuse.  
I’ve seen the papers  
About so beautiful a thing—  
Not quite so loud your tongue must ring,  
Nor cut such capers !  
I’ll gently tell you what I deem  
Of all your dream !

“ There is one eternal land,  
Freedom calls it Switzerland ;  
Did it strike you that she brings  
From her mountains wondrous things ?  
Greece is something to remember,  
She has brought her latent ember ;  
And perhaps her ancient skies  
Yet may bid the phœnix rise :  
Ever let her sculptures be  
Part of immortality !  
Spain and Portugal have shown  
What their soil has grown or thrown ;  
Luscious fruits, or shining ore,  
Oranges and gems galore !

Tuscan, Roman, and Sardinian  
 Bring us stories of their art ;  
 France is slow,  
 (And slightly low ;  
 Perhaps in spirits) plays her part !

BOY.

“ Father ! Russia  
 ’S got a crusher  
 Which is not uncommon nice—  
*Her* grand ship  
 Has made a slip ;  
 Her emotion  
 ’S in the ocean,  
 And she’s bound up in the ice !

“ France and all the other places,  
 All the places in the world,  
 They’re what I call having races,  
 To see whose flag’s best unfurl’d ;  
 All the things that all men look for,  
 There appear without omission—  
 We get up this little book for  
 Glory to the Exhibition !



## CHAPTER V.

## The Procession of the Opening.

## I.

“ Oh the procession !  
There’s no digression,  
Neither transgression  
    In describing that ;  
It went on finely,  
Almost divinely,  
Everybody in it had a new hat !

## II.

“ Heralds ! contractors !  
No malefactors,  
But mighty actors  
    In the great show ;  
There was Mr. Paxton,  
Wasn’t he axed on ?  
Also cunning Fox, and Henderson also ?

## III.

“ Wyld and Owen Jones, too,  
Took all their bones, too,  
And without groans, too,

Where the grand place stood ;  
 There was Digby Wyatt  
 In at the riot,  
 And all the other people who were great and good.

## IV.

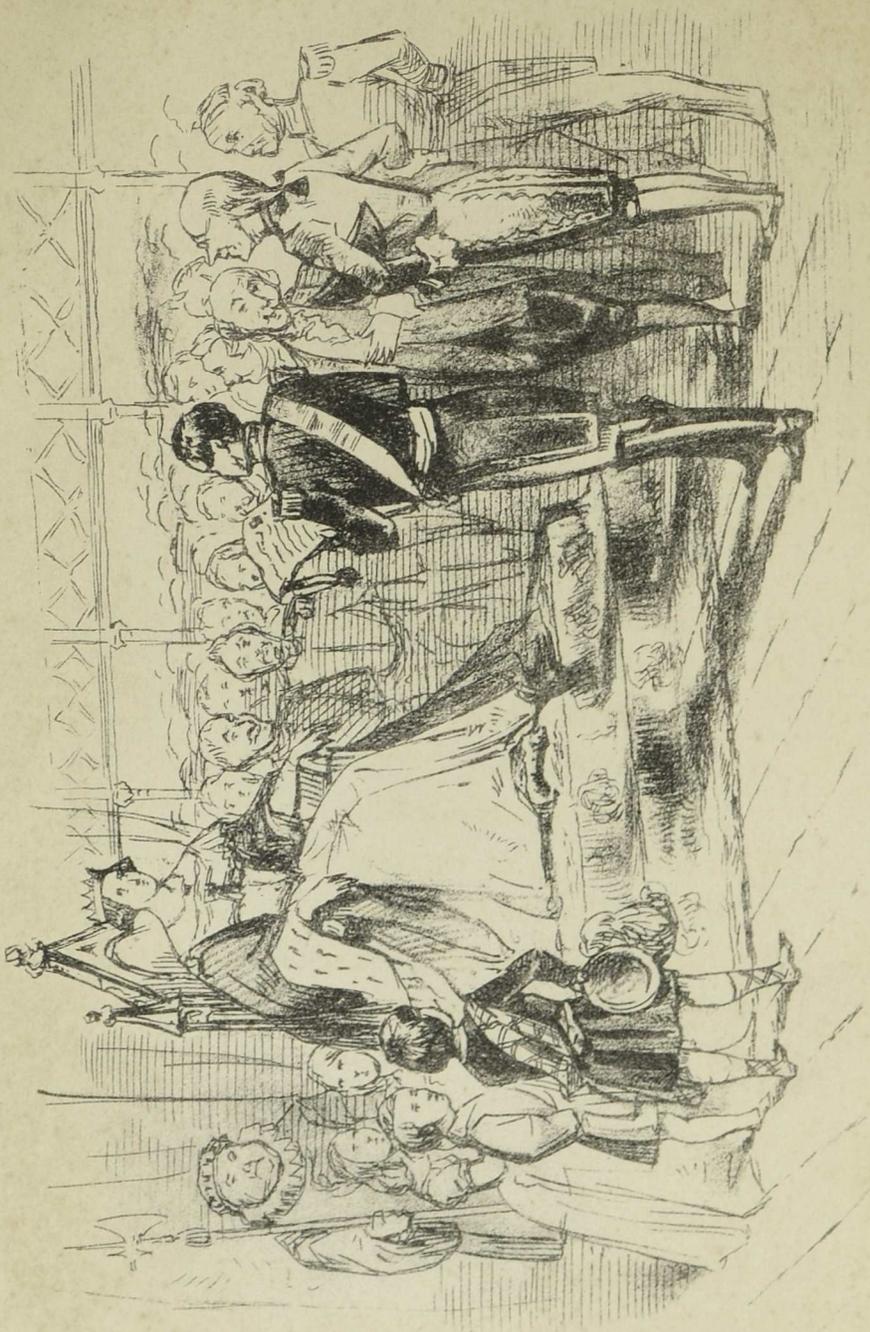
“ There was I. K. Brunel,  
 Who made the Tunnel  
 Act like a funnel  
 Under the Thames ;  
 Cockerell and Peto,  
 Whom we like to greet, O,  
 All along with Rothschild and other great names !

## v.

“ Dilke, of the Athenæum,  
 And Cole, I think I see 'em,  
 Wouldn't I like to free 'em  
 From duty some fine day,  
 With Colonel Reid beside 'em,  
 Who has fairly tried 'em,  
 And probably has tied 'em  
 To dine with him to day.

Now we will go over,  
 In manner of a rover,  
 The boys who lived in clover  
 While they followed all the rest





Carriages and coaches  
 As plenty as cockroaches,  
 While every one approaches  
 So beautifully drest !

## VI.

“ Now for the Herald’s trumpet-voicing,  
 Now for the mighty land’s rejoicing,—

THE QUEEN !—THE QUEEN !

There is one universal cheer,  
 Which every British heart deems dear ;

So proud, spontaneous,—hark !  
 It shoots a thrill through all the air,  
 Its blessings ring round everywhere ;

It trills a quiver

O’er the river,

And very echoes bark

With the big joy of that old Park ;  
 As over all the glass and green,  
 The bright-lawn and the Palace sheen,  
 The splendid trees that intervene  
 Bursts forth unto the listening sky,  
 That cry which only millions cry,—

THE QUEEN !—THE QUEEN !

Prince Albert too—perhaps his heart  
 Is filling to the brim,  
 To know how very large a part  
 Of Love goes up to him.

To hear our mighty human kind,  
 Acknowledge him as with one mind,  
 Adopted as our own ;  
 To take him gallant, true, and dear,  
     Husband of one we all revere ;  
 And Father in Old England here  
     Of all her future Throne !  
 He built the Palace—there it stands,  
 Wonder and pride of other lands ;  
 No loyal heart in England fails  
 To bless with him the Prince of Wales ;  
 The sweet Princess we see them bring,  
 Like angel 'neath a nation's wing.

    But, lo !—

Here are some Royal Graces more  
 Whom we have never known before,  
 From foreign land and foreign shore ;

    And so

    All kind thoughts flow  
 To see her Consort and our Queen  
 Bring in with hearts so fresh and green  
     Not their dear own

    Alone,

But mayflow'rs that have bloomed and grown,  
 And blossomed round another throne.

    “ There's something beautiful in this—  
 The Palace rose for other lands ;  
     But if dear childhood's gentle kiss  
 Imprint its dew upon our sands ;

And if proud royalty sends o'er  
 Such guests to smile on British shore ;  
 If led by Queen's and Prince's hand,  
 They shed that smile o'er all the land ;  
 They symbolize as from above,  
 Trust, Peace, and Innocence and Love ;  
 And finely so, we fain believe,  
 No other land will *this* deceive !

“ Now the procession frolicks along,  
 All the nobility swell the throng ;  
 Anglesea stumps his brave way through ;  
 He buried one leg at Waterloo !  
 Where is the Duke, the Iron Duke ?  
 Where is Duke Arthur, where, oh where ?  
     Yesterday he was eighty-one !  
         But to-day,  
         On the first of May,  
     Eighty-two—eighty-two !  
 Is the fine old Hero of Waterloo !  
 So Britain has rather an ancient son  
 In her venerable Wellington !

    Ladies in waiting  
     Wait no debating ;  
 Ladies of honor come very quick  
     With lots of charms ;  
 There's also a very fine gold stick,  
     And a silver one  
     That shines like fun,  
 With numbers of gentlemen-at-arms :

Well, all the way,  
There was one hurray ;  
Never was known such a beautiful day,  
The Queen came in so graceful and gay ;  
She made the throne  
Of course her own ;  
She knew that she wasn't all alone :  
She and her Prince and her lovely boy,  
With all she brought *with* her had no alloy ;  
How soon the tears of the nation's joy  
Began to flow !  
And so  
With the gentle shining of sunny skies,  
With the brilliant flashing of radiant eyes,  
With a vast amaze and a grand surprise.  
With changes of hue  
In the motley crew,  
As many as when the dolphin dies,  
With a million fond hearts beating round her,  
With all the glorious thoughts that crowned her,  
Amid the booming of thunder and gun,  
Her fine heart drank from a loyal chalice,  
The while she opened her

## CRYSTAL PALACE

OF

1851.











## The Little Folks' Laughing Library.

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THIS playful series of a set of volumes for the young is intended at once to enliven and impress them. The notion is purely that of blending relaxation with education in such a manner as to leave the hearts and spirits of children both instructed and relieved. It will be found that episodes of serious thought, to wake tenderness or to arouse reflection, are carefully introduced; and it is believed that all parents and instructors will anxiously patronise this humble attempt to elevate the juvenile literature of a land which is so finely and so holily devoted to its children.

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