

DAME DEBORAH AND DENT,
HER COMICAL AND DONKEYS.

OR
FUNNY STORIES (TASTING,
ABOUT
THE FIVE SENSES.
SEEING, HEARING, FEELING, SMELLING.



THOMAS London & SON,
DEAN & SON,
THREADNEEDLE STREET.

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DAME DEBORAH DENT AND HER DONKEYS.

One Saturday evening, together we went,
(I mean Jane and I,) to see Deborah Dent,
I should say, the old Lady had asked us to tea,
Because we'd a wish her droll Donkeys to see.



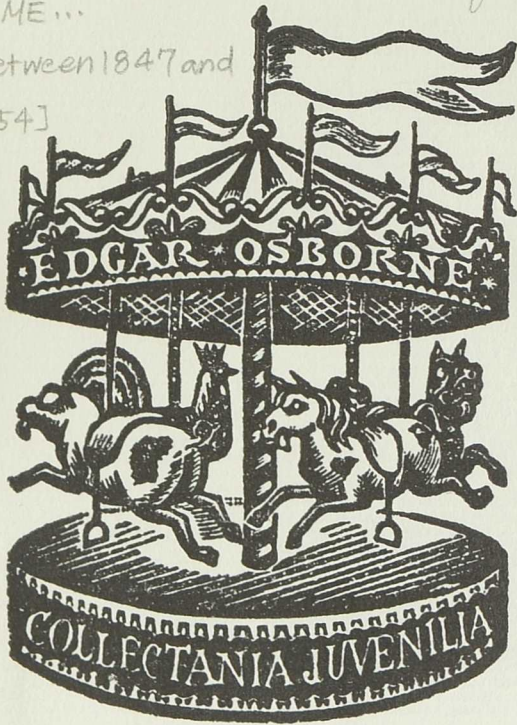
Five beautiful donkeys Dame Deborah kept,
They lived on the best, and at night always slept
On the softest of beds, and each one had a maid
To dress and attend him ; at least so 'twas said.



And then, if a Donkey should chance to be ill,
The doctor was sent for, to try all his skill ;
And the nurse was in constant attendance, to aid
The kind efforts used by the doctor and maid.

P
DAME...
[between 1847 and
1854]

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The Dame often said, and perhaps it was true,
That donkeys had talents, if only we knew
In what, or the way in which, each acted best,
She knew proper training would do all the rest.



Of Deborah's donkeys, each one had a name,
That told of the talent that earned him his fame;
But this talent, I'm told, bespoke more of the
kind [the mind.
Which belongs to the sense, rather more than



One she called Sharp-sight; and did not he see
What the Dame had on table for dinner or tea?
And while other donkeys half dozing would lie,
He'd look over the gate at the folks passing by.

One day, it so happened, he heard a loud noise,
And saw running forward some sad idle boys:
Oh, ho! muttered Sharp-sight, I'll bid you good
day;

I see what you want: so he scampered away.



The next one could HEAR in such capital style,
A sound could not pass him within half a mile;
Fine-ear, as she called him, soon gained renown
By the length of his ears, when trotting to town.



It happen'd one day, many said 'twas not right,
For it put the poor Dame in a terrible fright,
That he rambled away, and got over a fence;
Such conduct was not like a donkey of sense.

Now just as he happened to turn his head round,
He heard one exclaim, Let's the animal pound!
He took the hint quickly, and soon trotted home,
Nor ever since then has he ventured to roam.



The third was a donkey of TASTE, all agreed,
And a good judge of thistle and fine clover seed,
So Sweet-tooth they call'd him, for his talent lay
In tasting and munching their food all the day.



One day the good dame had returned from the
town, [a crown,
And brought home a plant which had cost her
When this epicure donkey, who looked on so sly,
Saw it laid on a stand at the window hard by.

When put on a stand, the old Dame took a view,
Saying, Dear me, how nice! and so Sweet-tooth
thought too;

But his mistress no sooner stept out of the room,
Than he ate up the plant, and its beautiful bloom.



For conduct so naughty, Dame Deborah said
He should go, for a week, without supper, to bed.
And Sweet-tooth, from that time, has never
been known

To taste or to meddle with things not his own.



The next one, a Donkey of FEELING had proved,
And, as we before said, Dame Deborah loved
To give to each Donkey a suitable name,
Thin-skin was that he received from the Dame.

Poor Thin-skin, one day, travelled into the road,
And as thinking of nothing he quietly stood,
A carter most wantonly made him to skip,
By giving poor Thin-skin a cut with his whip.

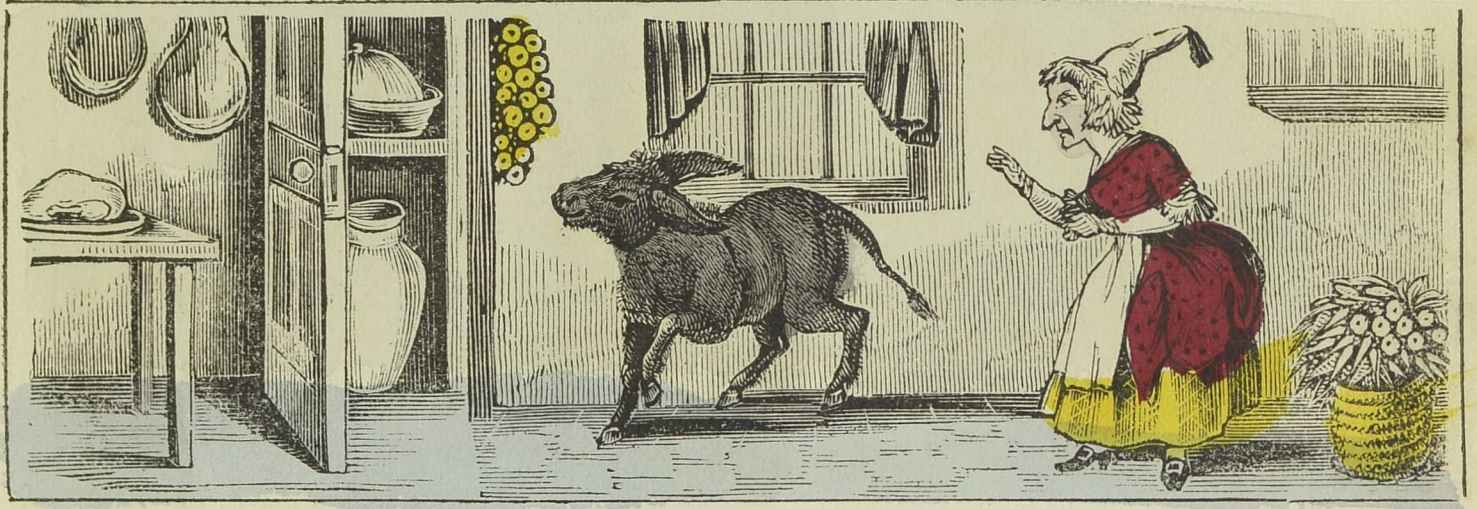


To tell how he hee-haw'd, I can't undertake,
His hide it felt painful, his side it did ache ;
So he ran to the house, for he felt very queer,
When the Dame saw him run, she cried, What's
amiss here ?



The fifth one, I think, said the clever old Dame,
Keen-scent, from his quick sense of SMELLING,
I'll name ;
And indeed, if we think of his talent that way,
We all must admit she was not far astray.

But the Dame found his talent, I'm sorry to say,
At times to be rather too much in the way ;
For let her put dainties by.—no matter where,—
There Keen-scent was sure to be sniffing the air.



Dame Deb. it appears, felt amused by the lot,
For tho', as you see, the **FIVE SENSES** she'd got
In her five funny donkeys, and tho' each possest
The Five Senses himself, yet at one each was
best.



So seeing the donkeys all safely to bed,
I fear it grows late, to the Dame we both said ;
And as Albert arriv'd (this was certainly right)
To see us safe home, we all bade her Good night.

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