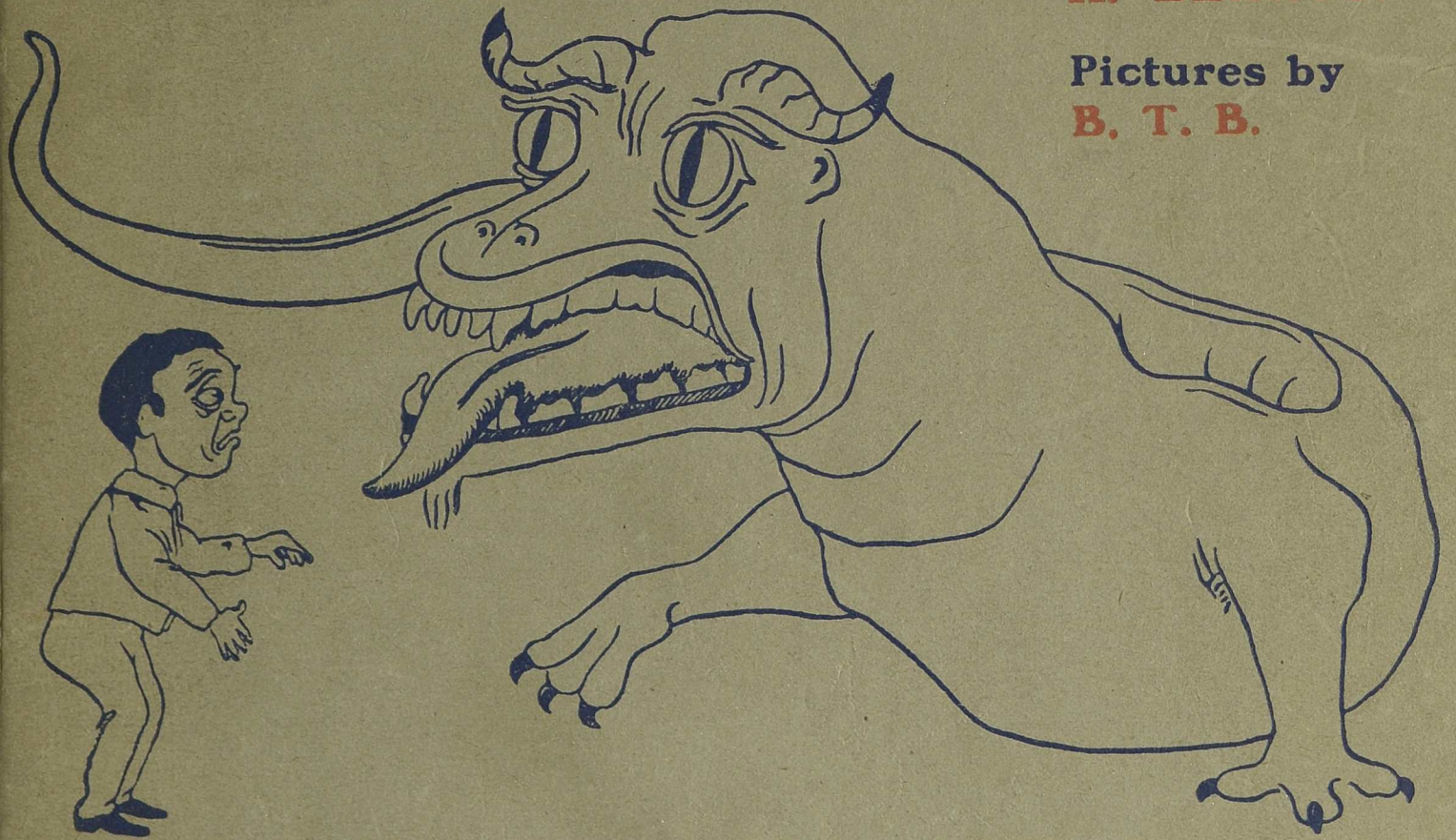


# MORE BEASTS FOR WORSE CHILDREN

Verses by  
**H. BELLOC.**

Pictures by  
**B. T. B.**



LONDON :

**DUCKWORTH AND CO.**

3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.



OSB(CP)  
BELLOC H.  
MORE  
[1910.]



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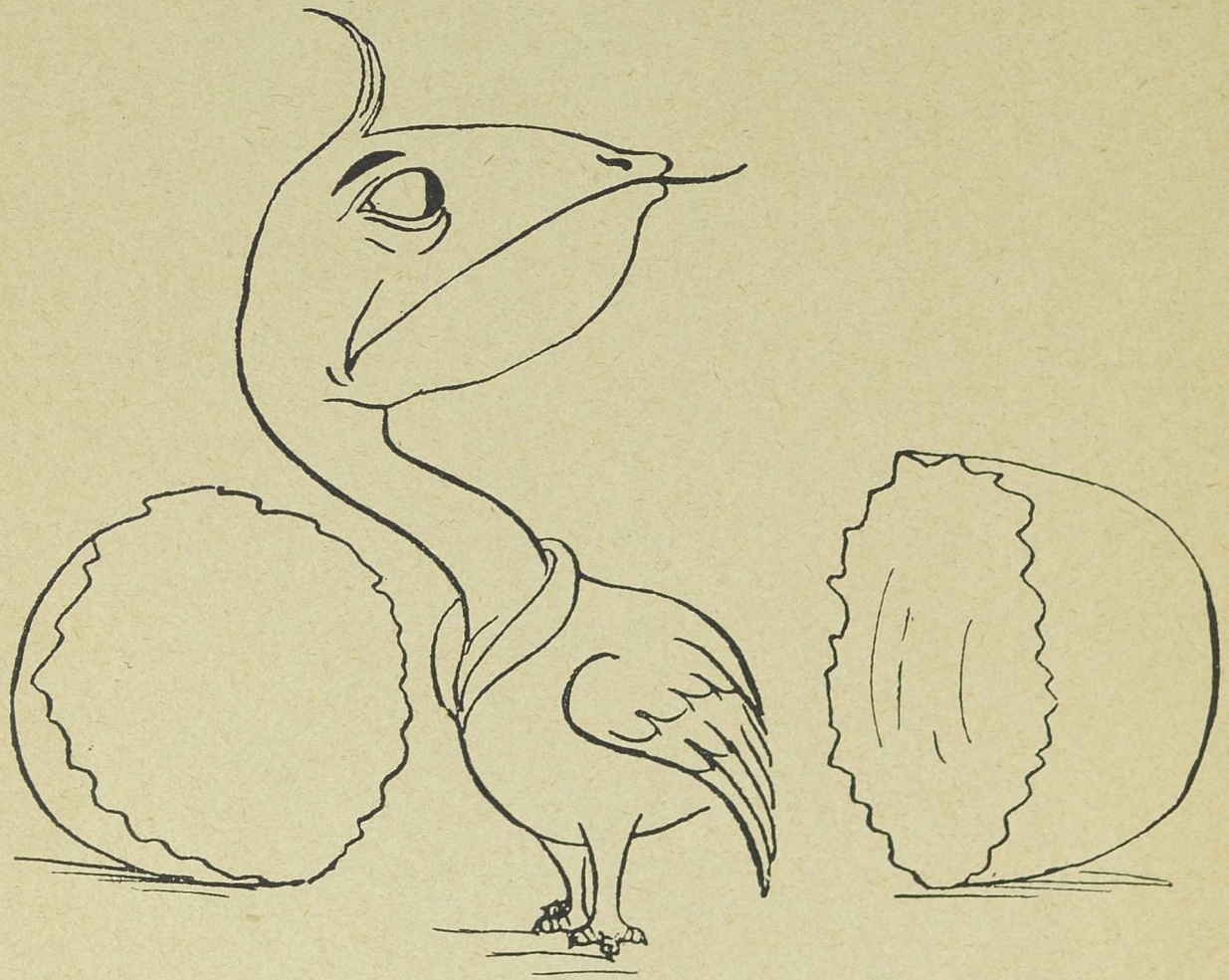
DEDICATION.



To

Miss ALICE WOLCOTT BRINLEY,  
Of Philadelphia.







# MORE BEASTS

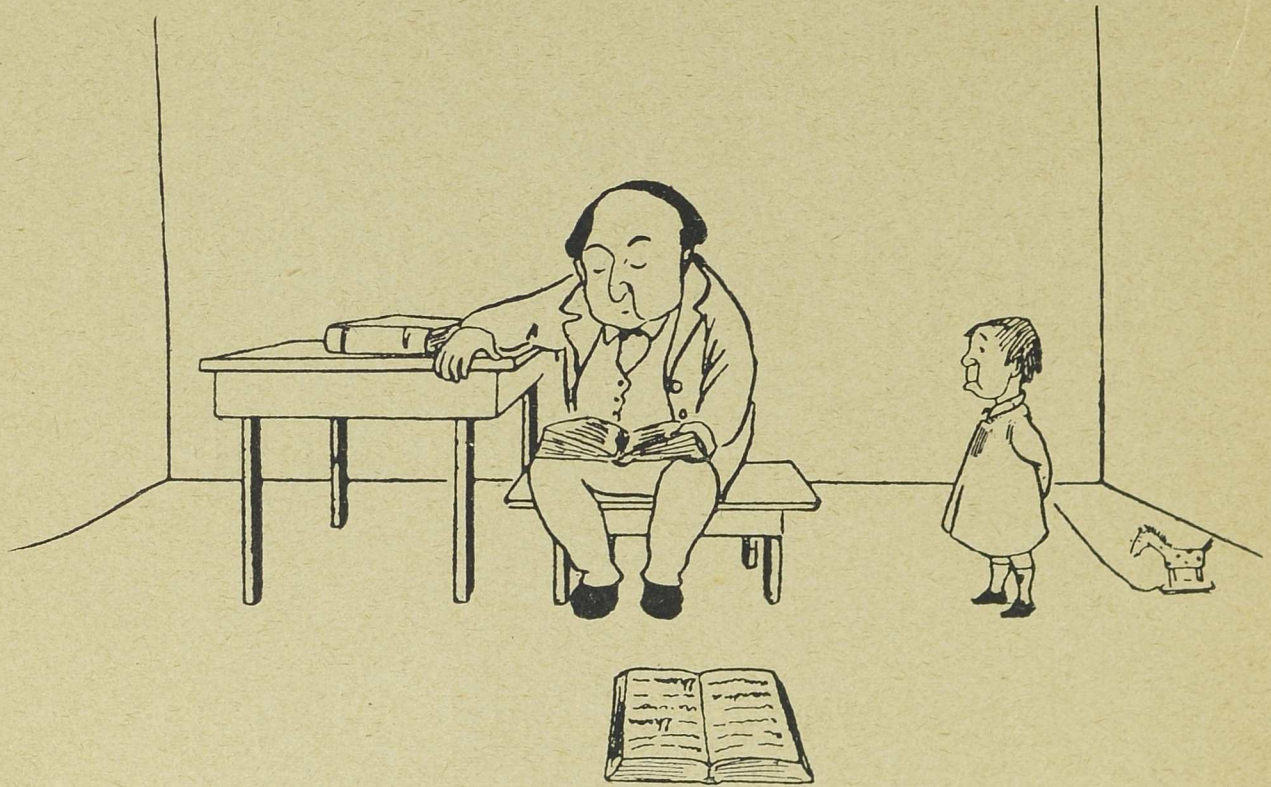
FOR WORSE CHILDREN

## INTRODUCTION

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THE parents of the learned child  
    (His father and his mother)  
Were utterly aghast to note  
The facts he would at random quote  
On creatures curious, rare and wild ;  
    And wondering, asked each other :





“An idle little child like this,  
How is it that he knows  
What years of close analysis  
Are powerless to disclose?

Our brains are trained, our books are big,  
And yet we always fail



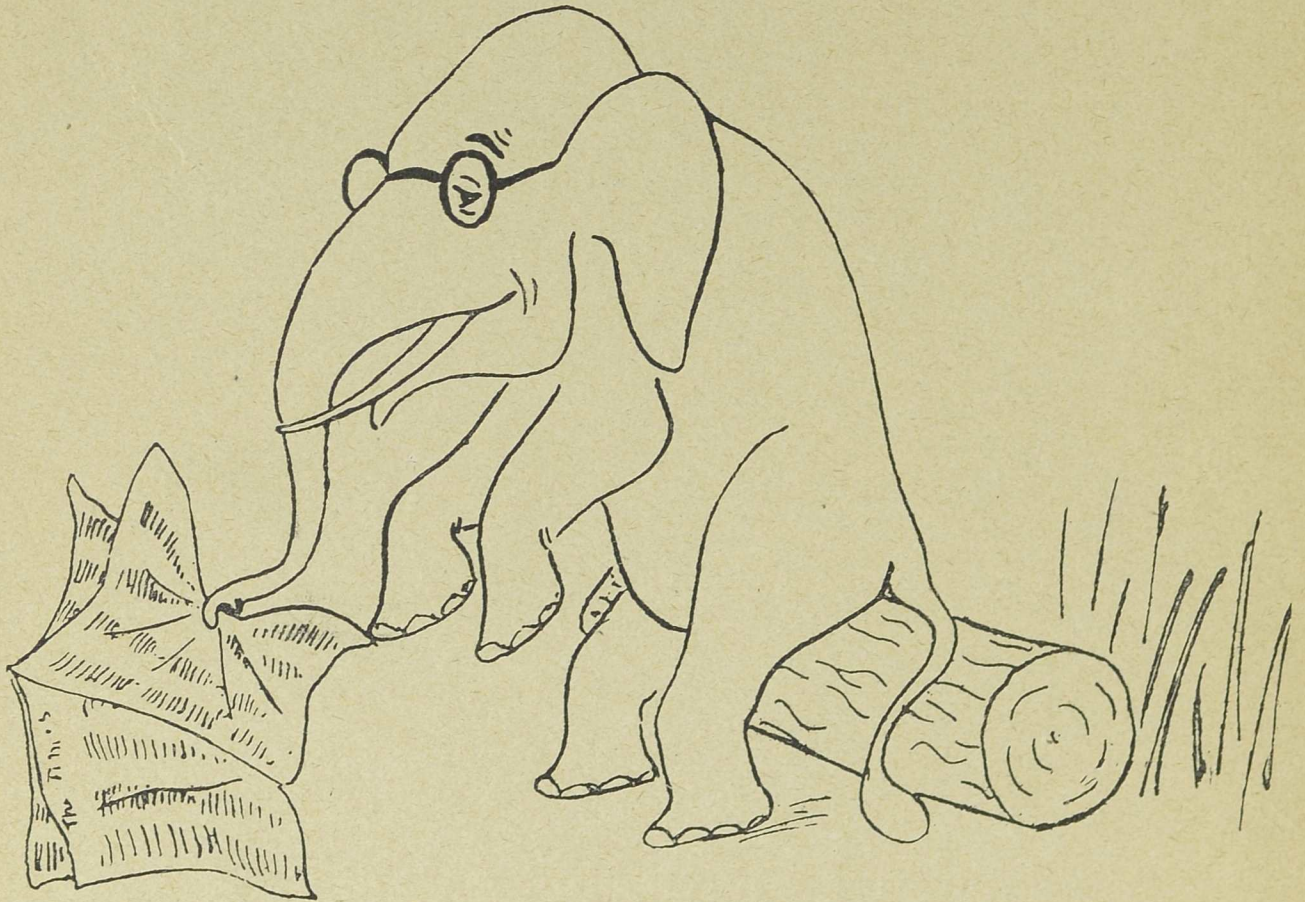


To answer why the Guinea-pig  
Is born without a tail.

Or why the Wanderoo\* should rant  
In wild, unmeaning rhymes,

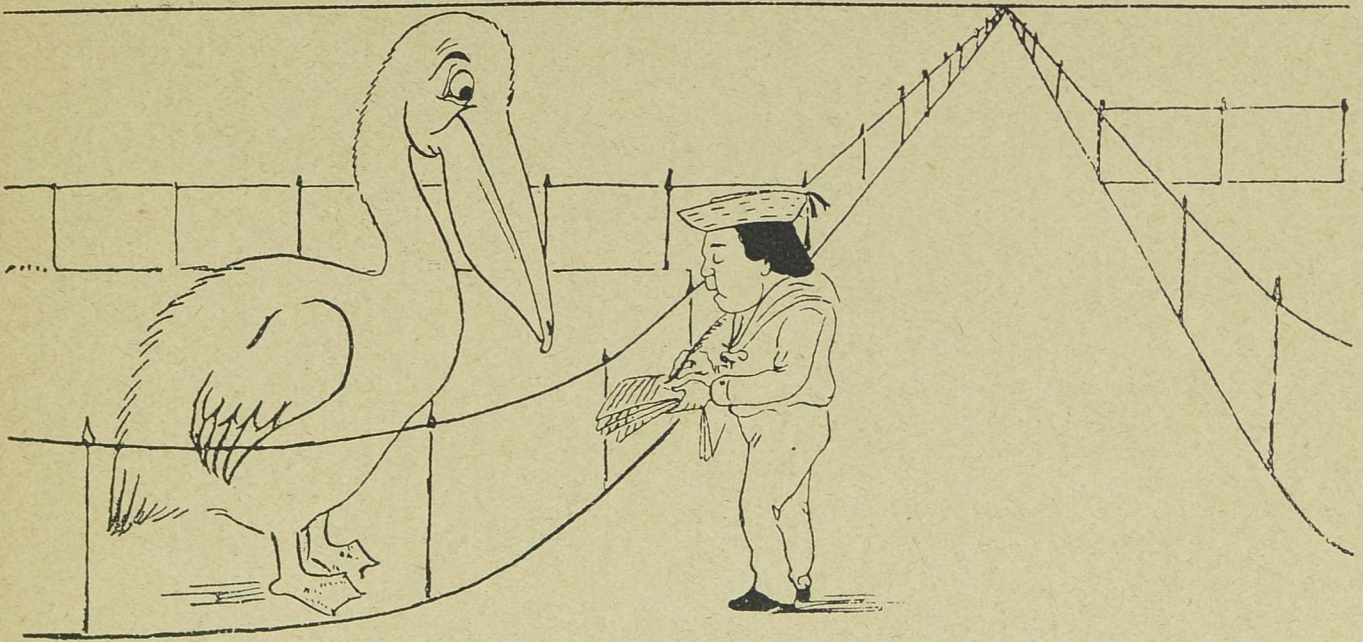
\* Sometimes called the "Lion-tailed or tufted Baboon of Ceylon."





Whereas the Indian Elephant  
Will only read *The Times*.





Perhaps he found a way to slip  
Unnoticed to the Zoo,  
And gave the Pachyderm a tip,  
Or pumped the Wanderoo.

Or even by an artful plan  
Deceived our watchful eyes,  
And interviewed the Pelican,  
Who is extremely wise."

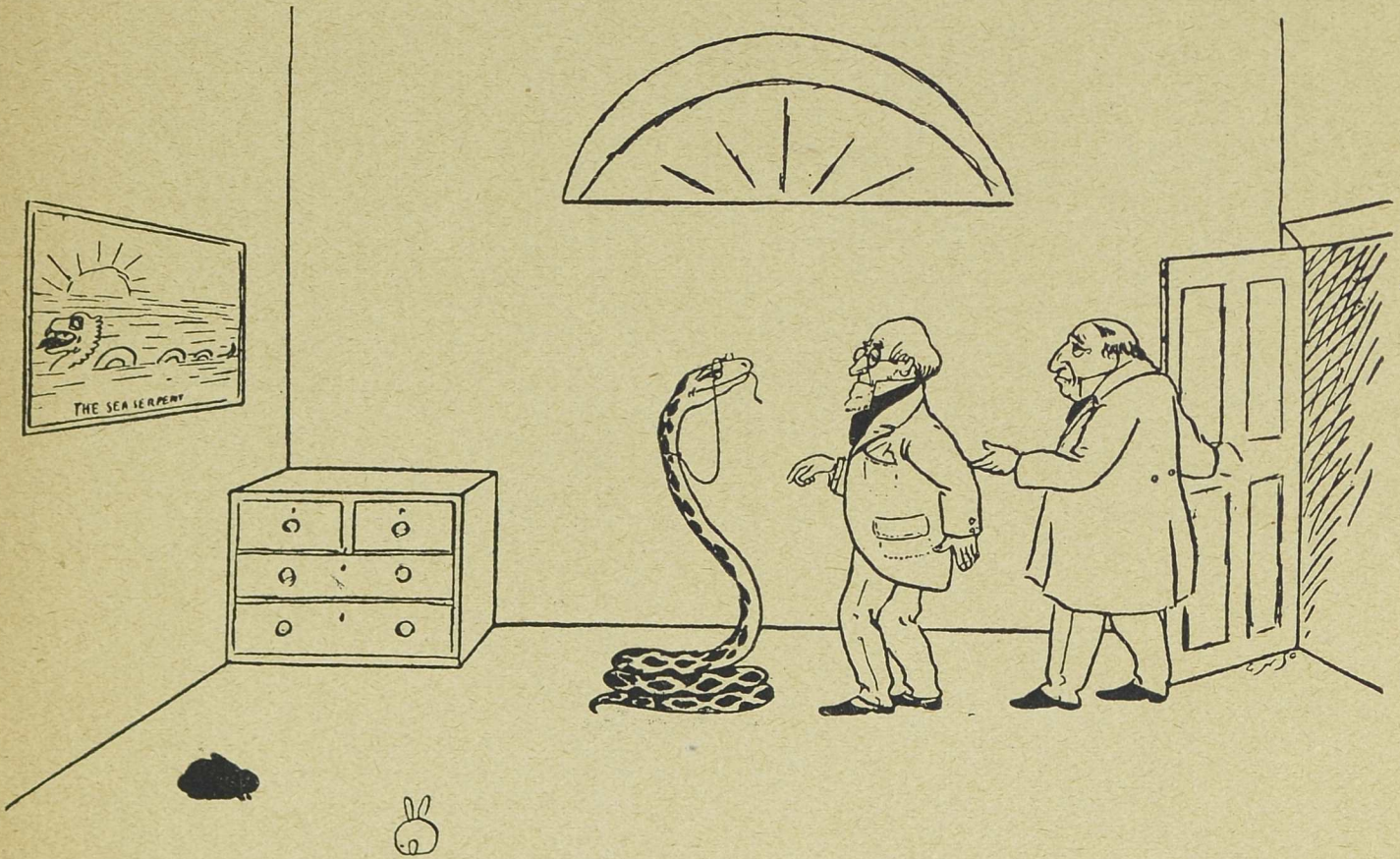




“Oh! no,” said he, in humble tone,  
With shy but conscious look,  
“Such facts I never could have known  
But for this little book.”

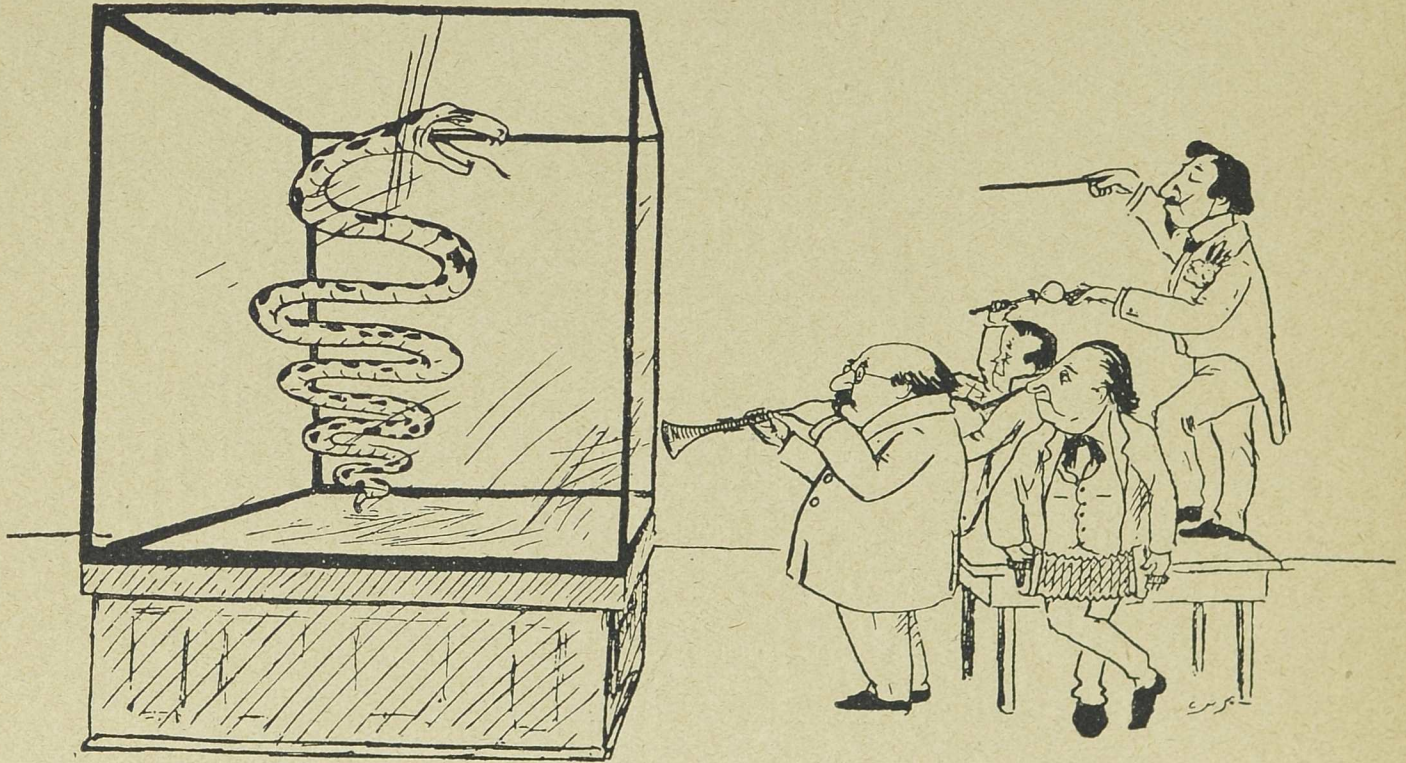


# The Python



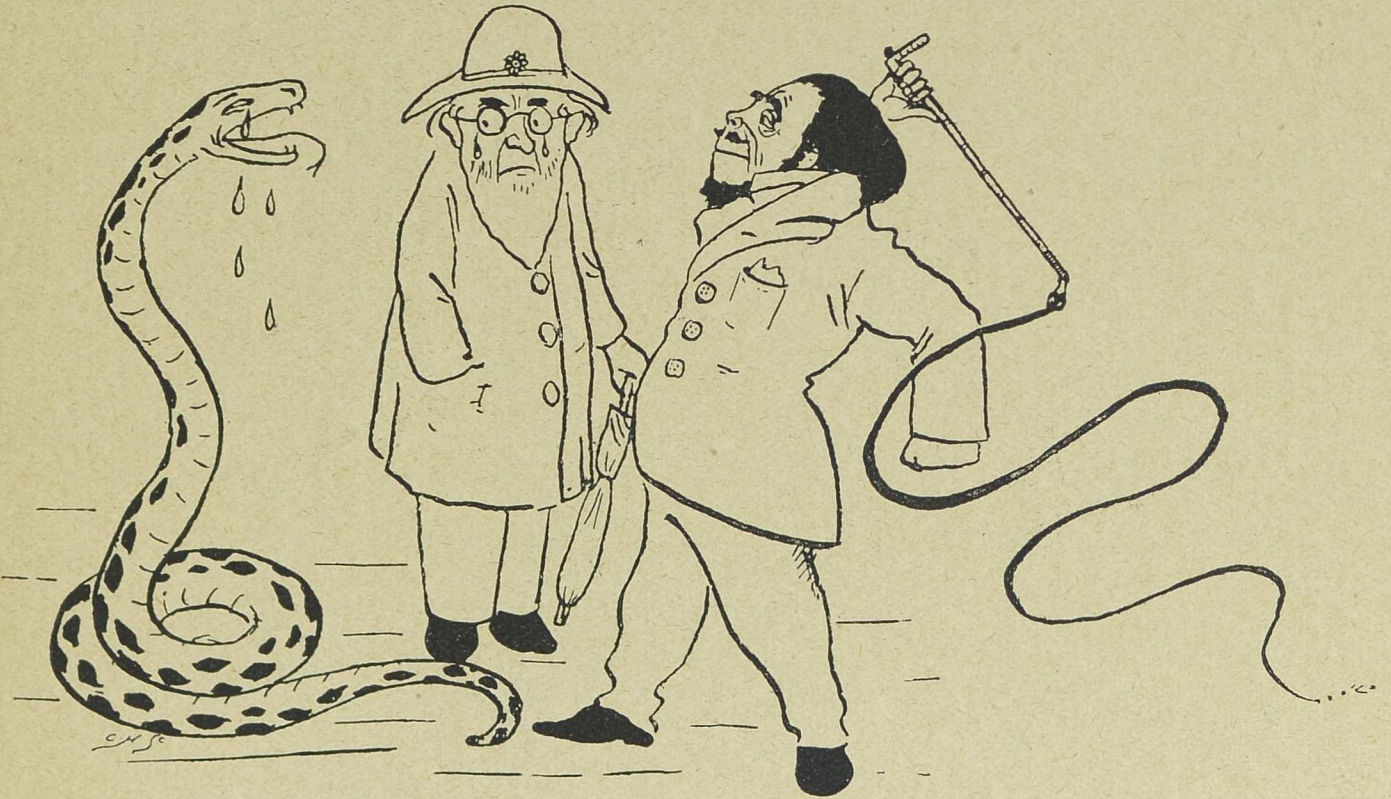
A PYTHON I should not advise,—  
It needs a doctor for its eyes,  
And has the measles yearly.





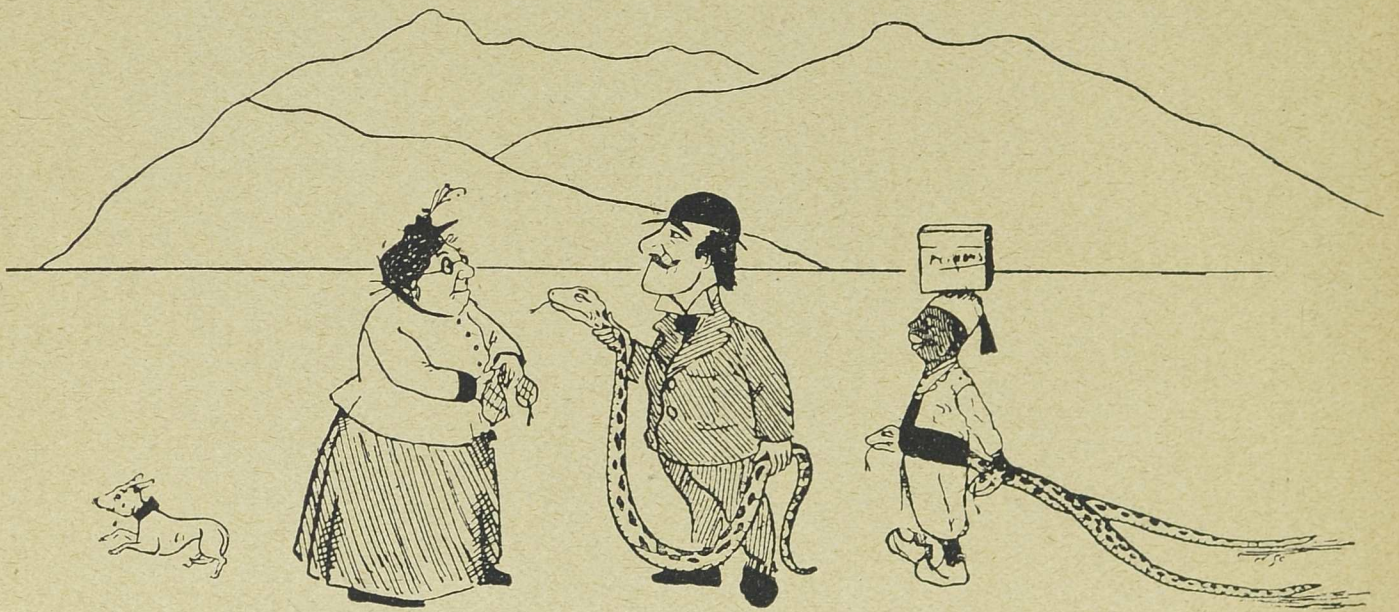
However, if you feel inclined  
To get one (to improve your mind,  
And not from fashion merely),  
Allow no music near its cage ;





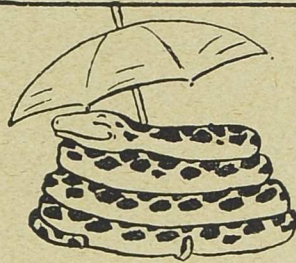
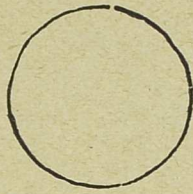
And when it flies into a rage  
Chastise it, most severely.





I had an Aunt in Yucatan  
Who bought a Python from a man  
And kept it for a pet.  
She died, because she never knew  
These simple little rules and few;—





The Snake is living yet.



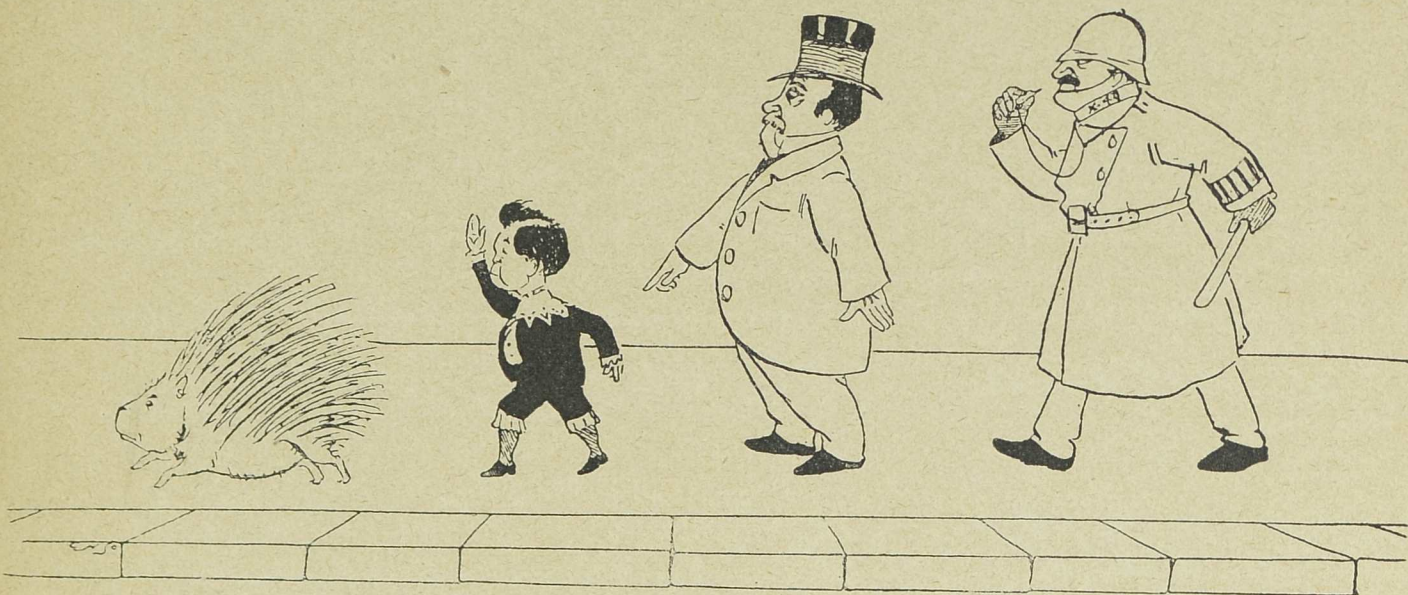
# The Welsh Mutton



The Cambrian Welsh or Mountain Sheep  
Is of the Ovine race,  
His conversation is not deep,  
But then—observe his face!



# The Porcupine



What! would you slap the Porcupine?

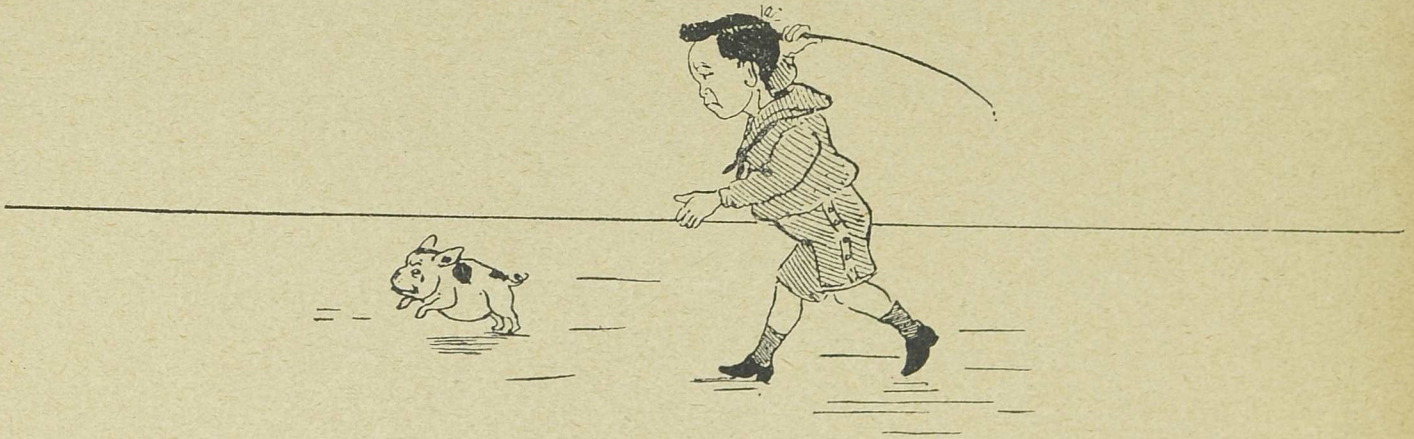
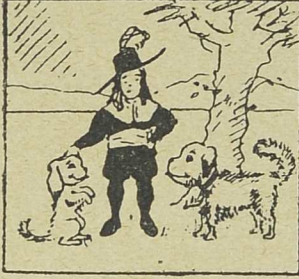
Unhappy child—desist!

Alas! that any friend of mine

Should turn Tupto-philist.\*

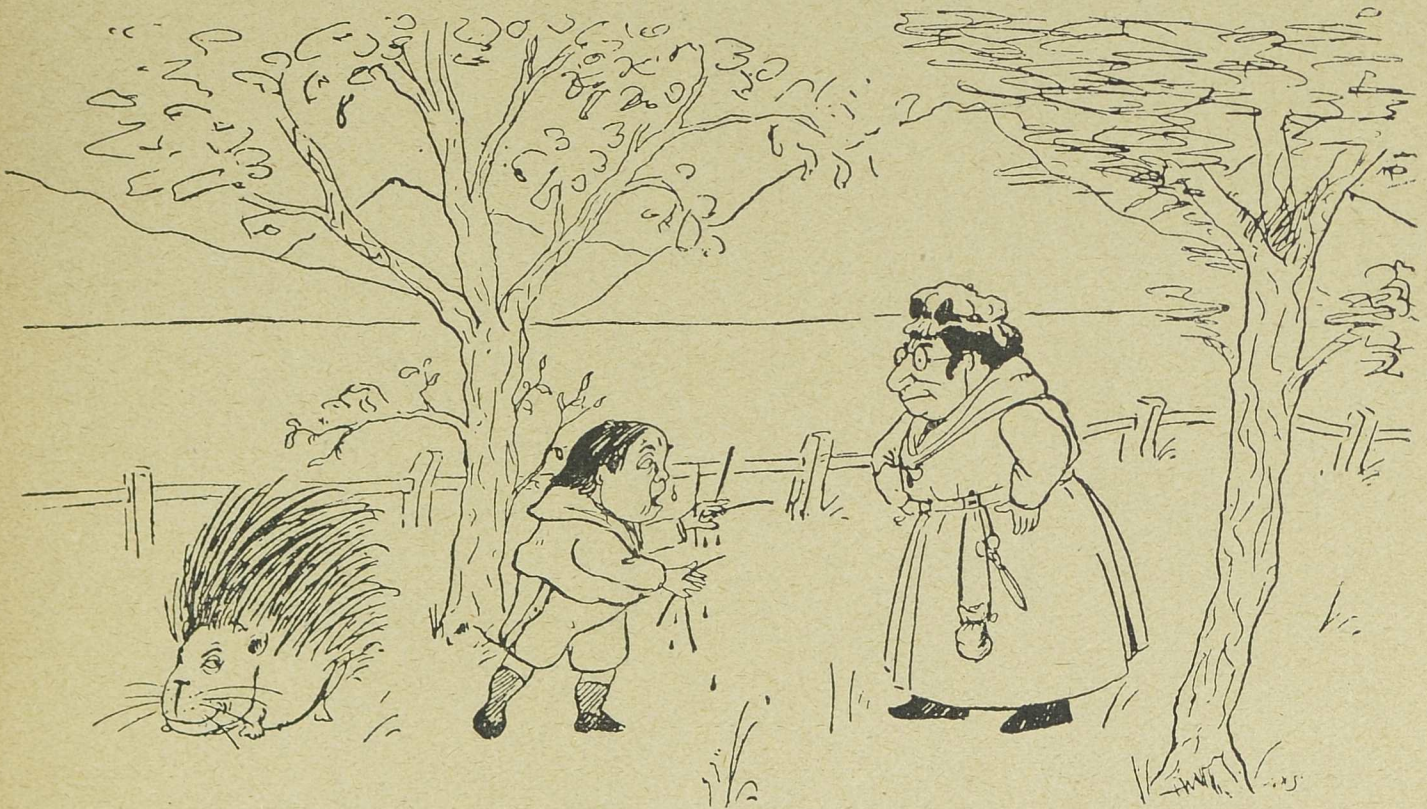
\* From  $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\pi\tau\omega$  = I strike;  $\phi\iota\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\omega$ - $\acute{\alpha}$  = I love; one that loves to strike. The word is not found in classical Greek, nor does it occur among the writers of the Renaissance—nor anywhere else.





To strike the meanest and the least  
Of creatures is a sin,

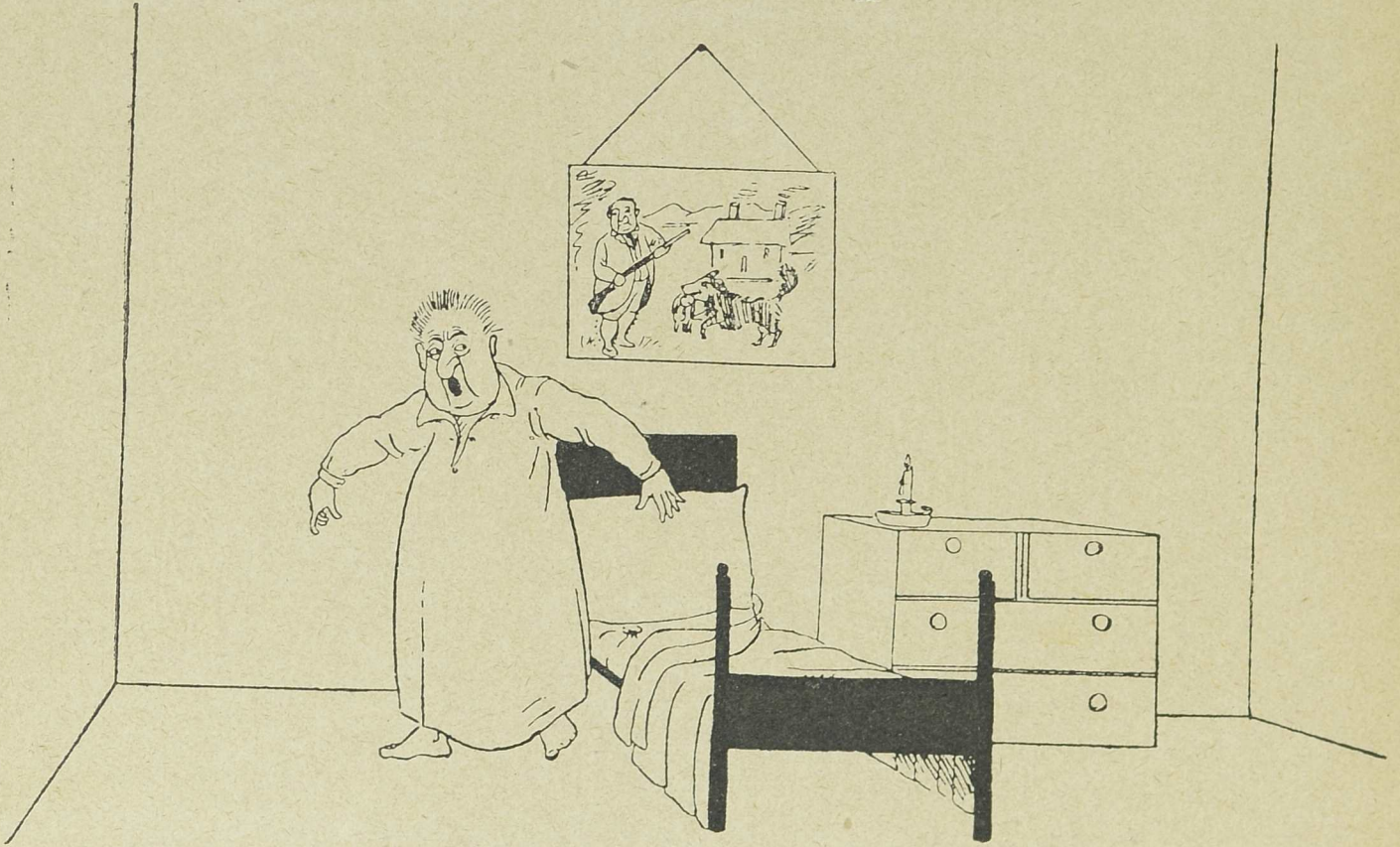




How much more bad to beat a beast  
With prickles on its skin.



# The Scorpion

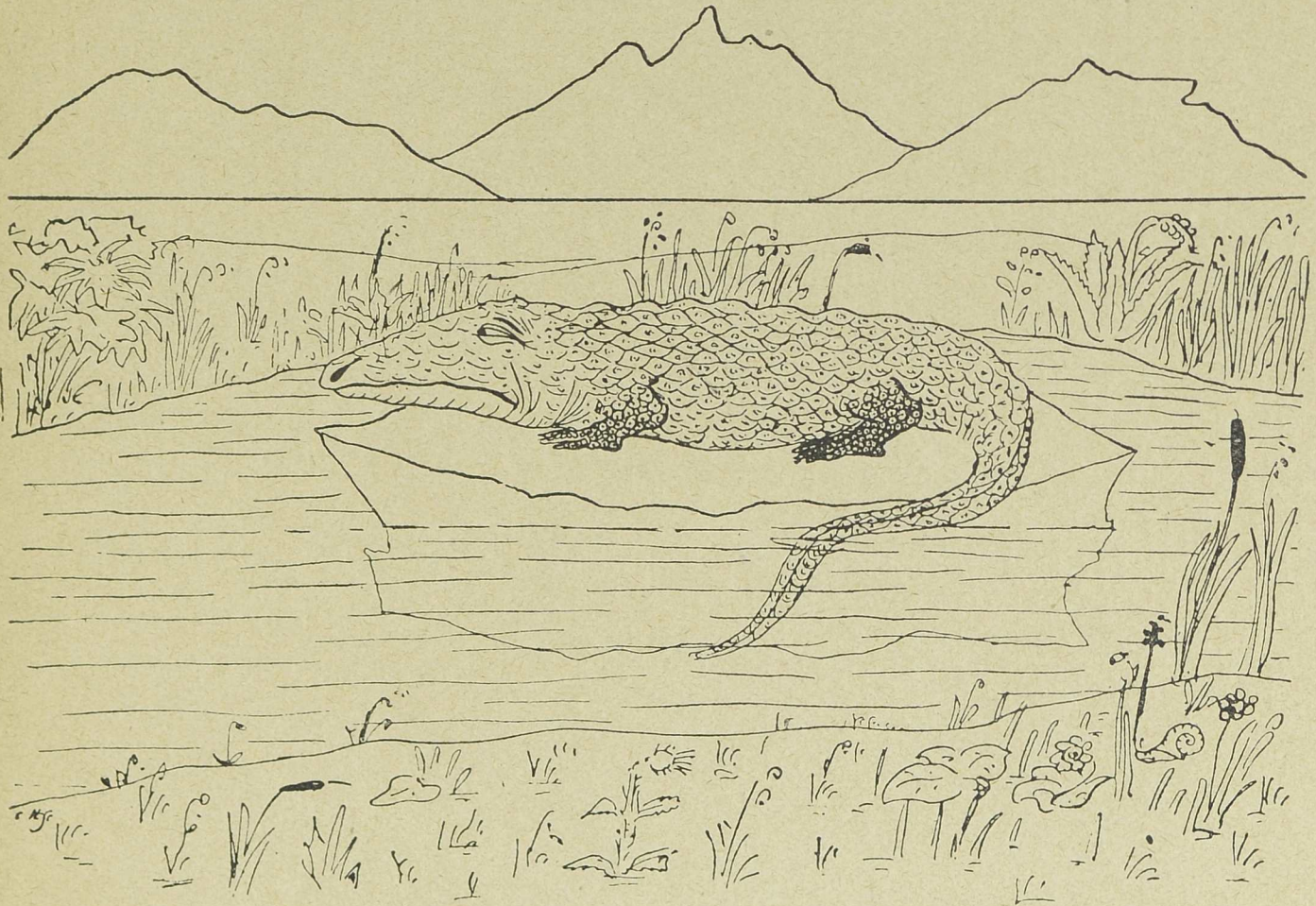


KAY/

The Scorpion is as black as soot,  
He dearly loves to bite ;  
He is a most unpleasant brute  
To find in bed, at night.

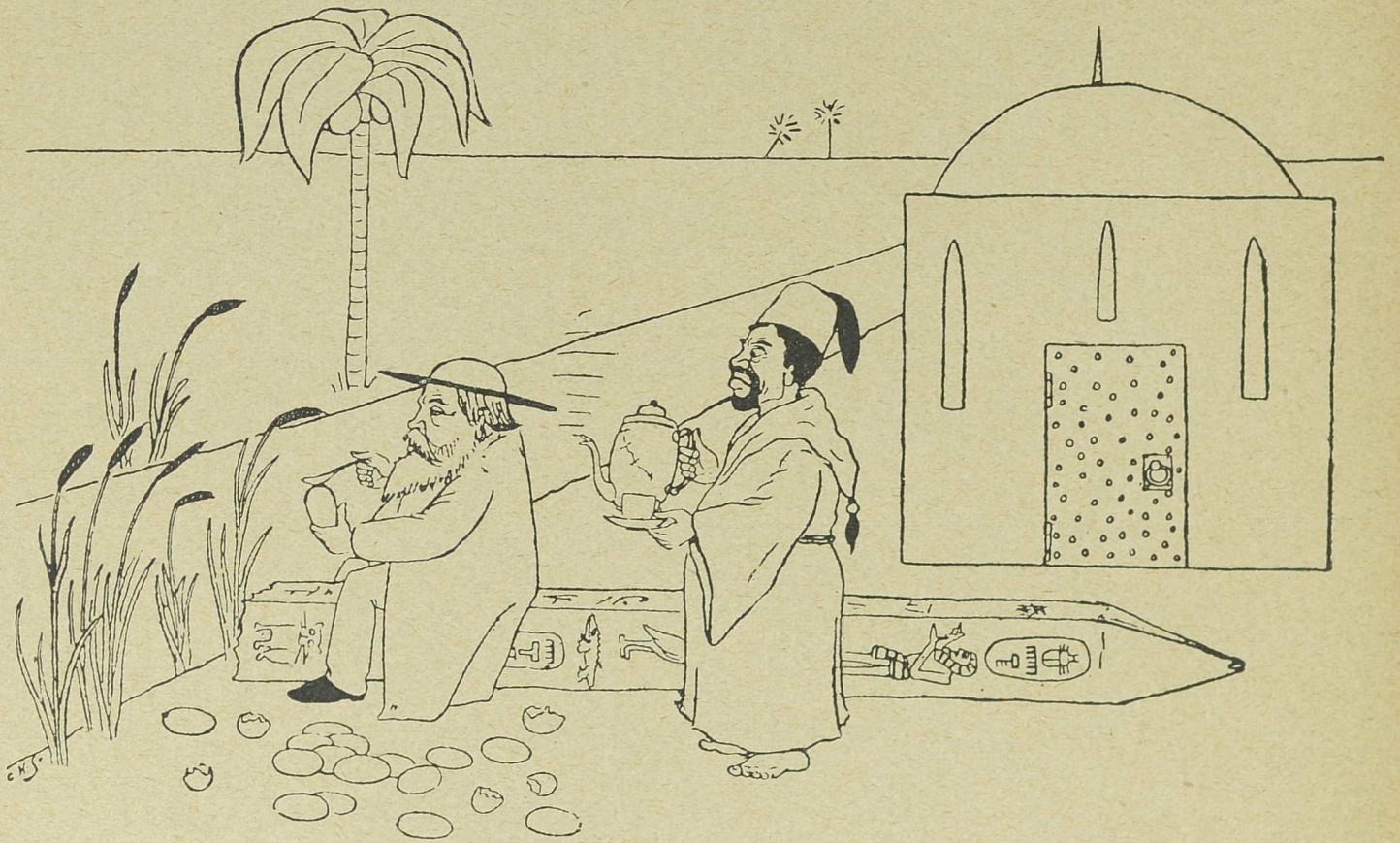


# The Crocodile



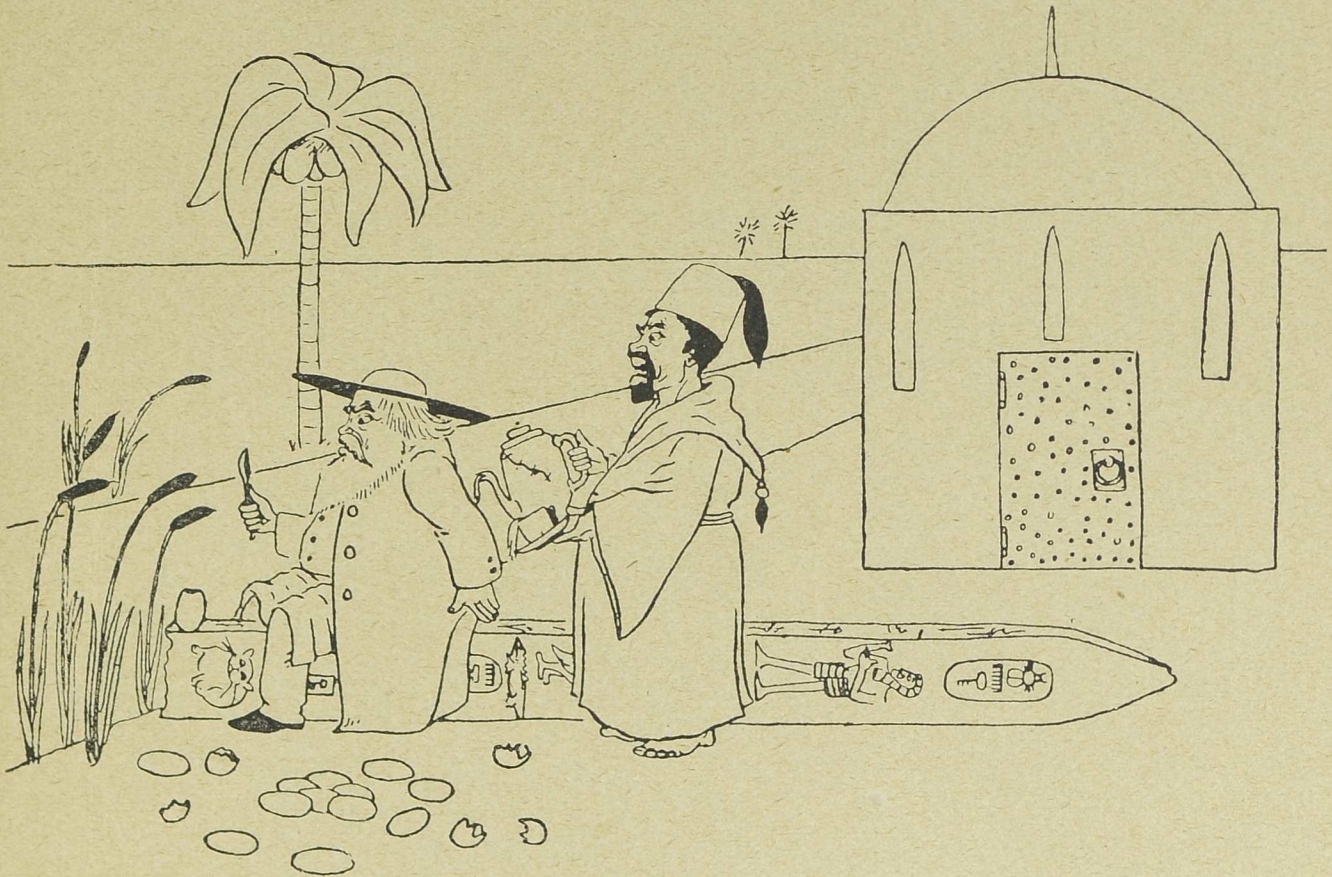
Whatever our faults, we can always engage  
That no fancy or fable shall sully our page,  
So take note of what follows, I beg.  
This creature so grand and august in its age,  
In its youth is hatched out of an egg.





And oft in some far Coptic town  
The Missionary sits him down  
To breakfast by the Nile:  
The heart beneath his priestly gown  
Is innocent of guile;





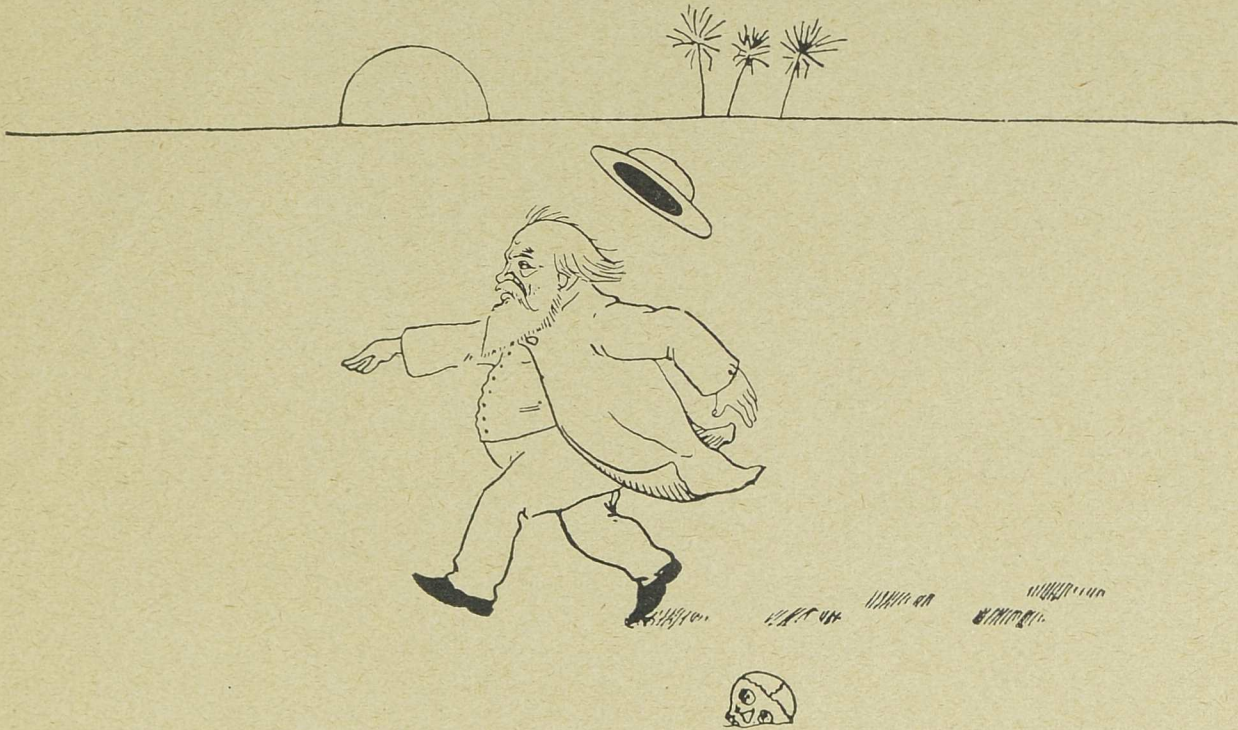
When suddenly the rigid frown  
Of Panic is observed to drown  
His customary smile.





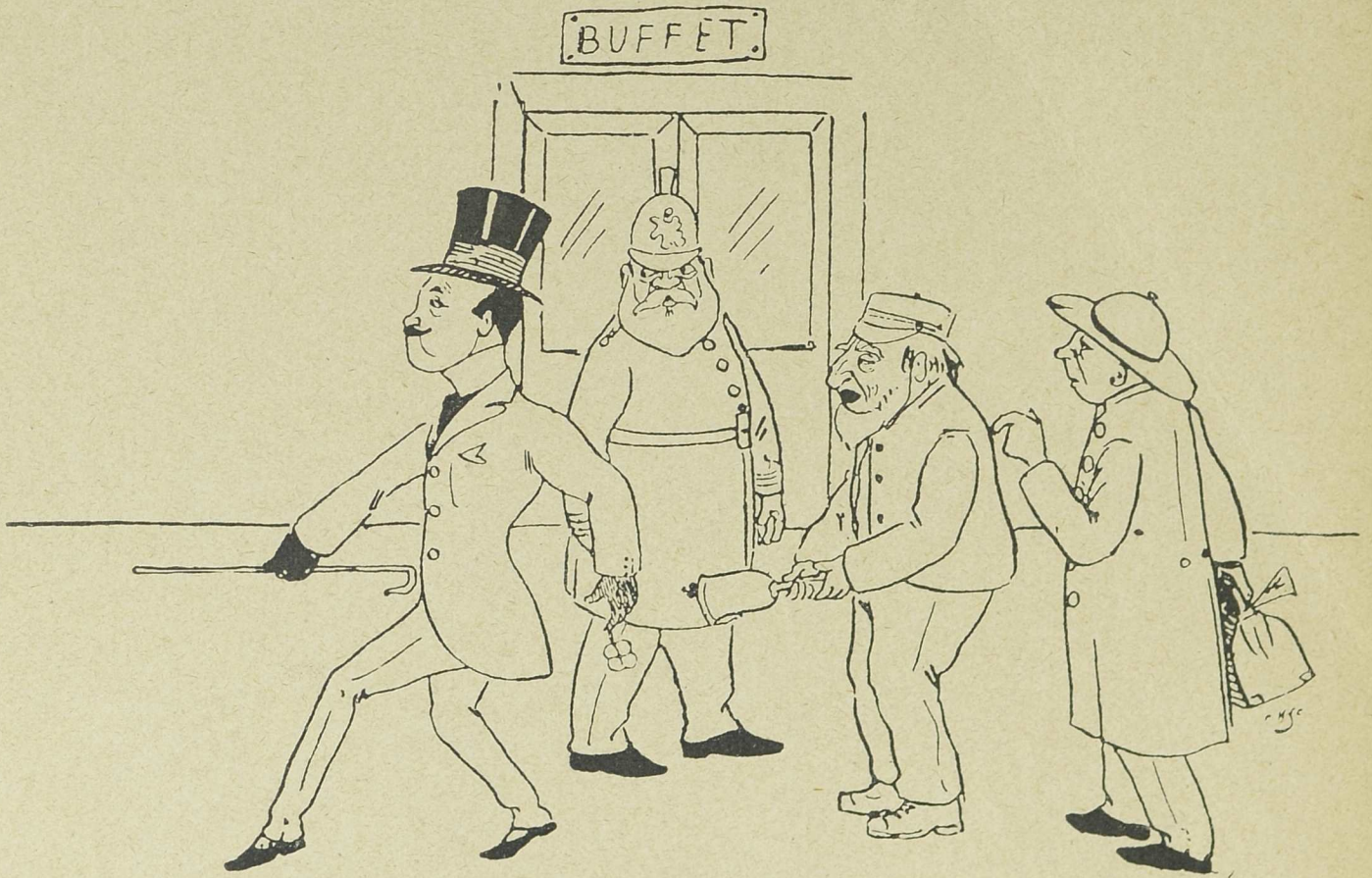
Why does he start and leap amain,





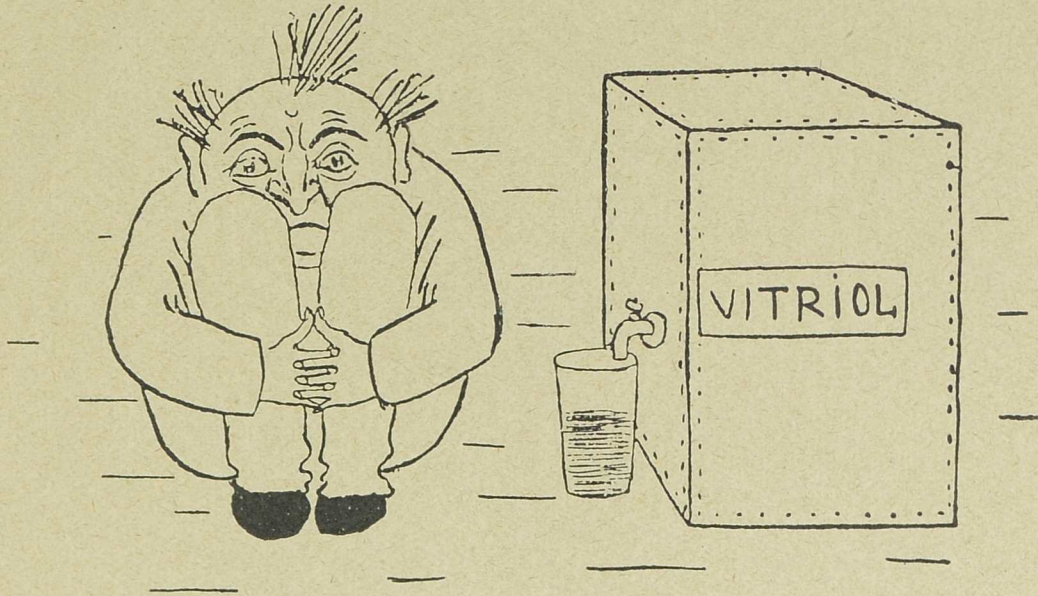
And scour the sandy Libyan plain





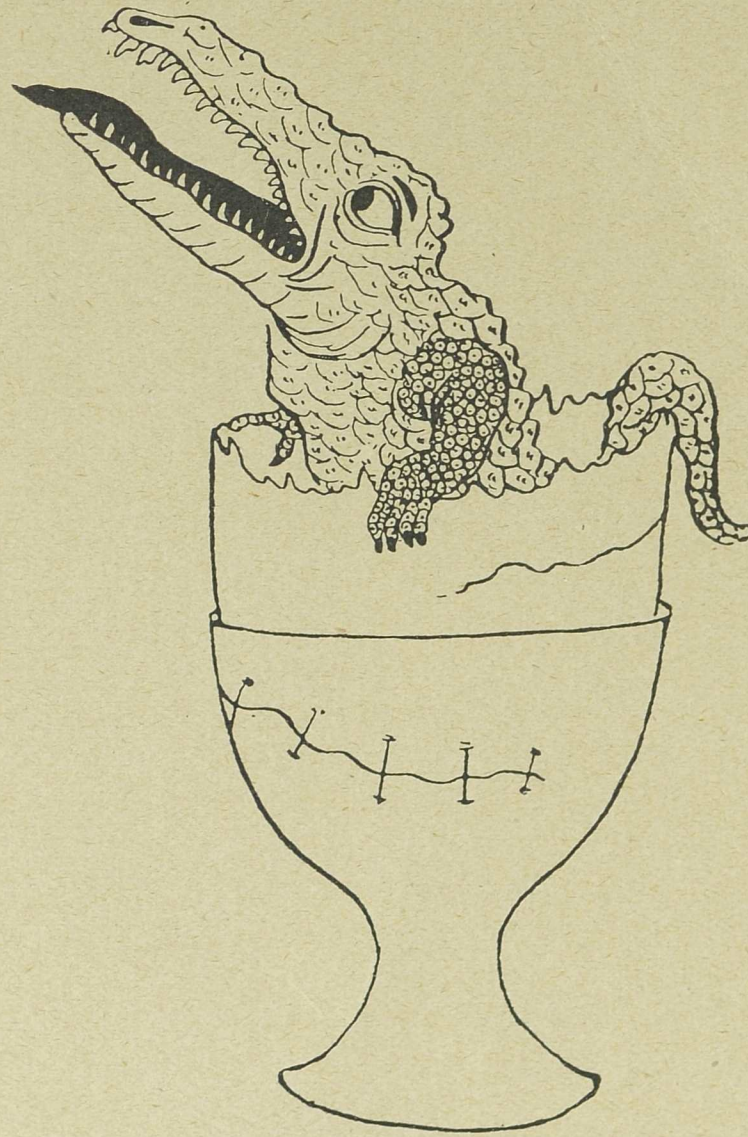
Like one that wants to catch a train,





Or wrestles with internal pain?

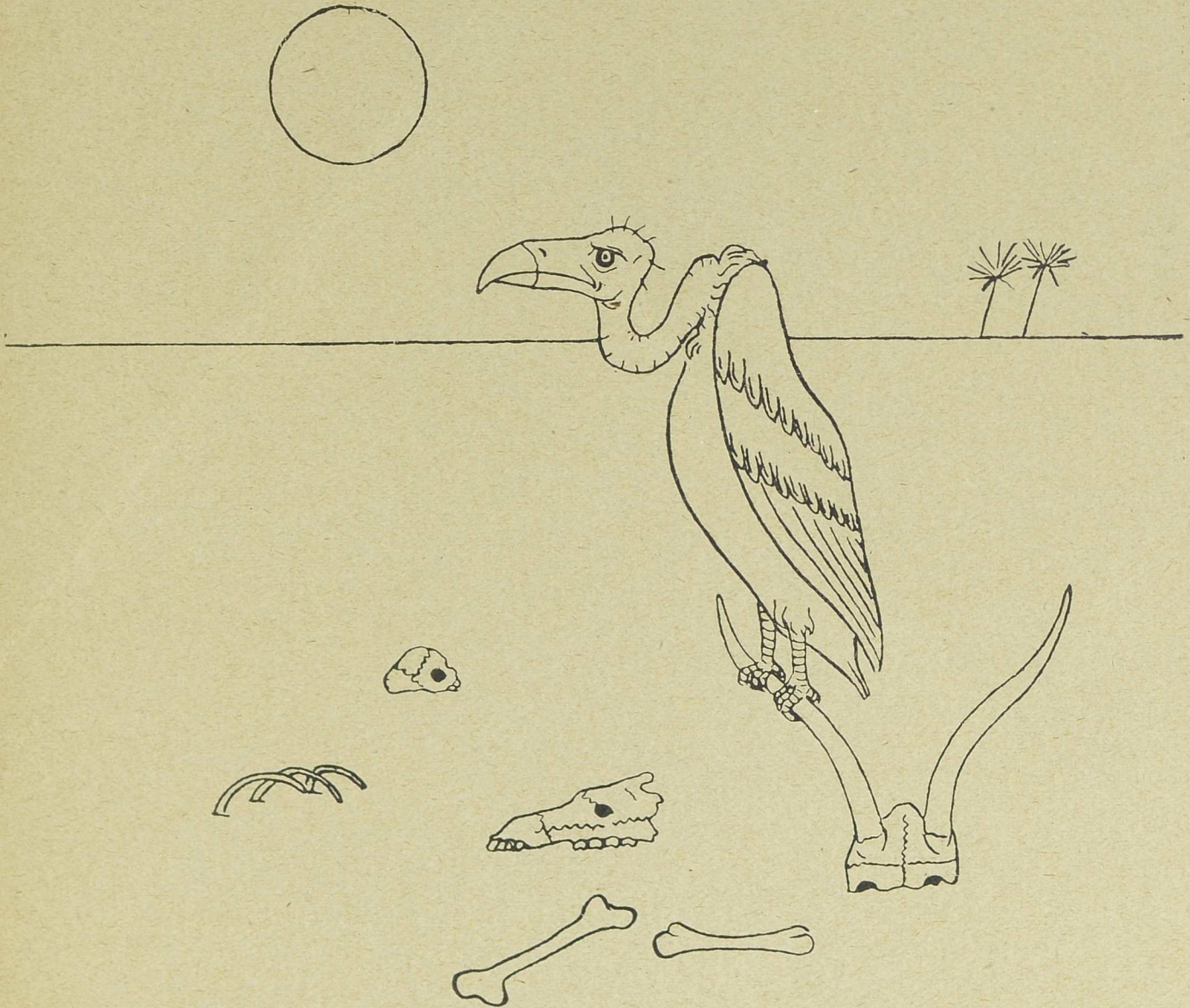




Because he finds his egg contain—  
Green, hungry, horrible and plain—  
An Infant Crocodile.



# The Vulture



The Vulture eats between his meals,  
And that's the reason why



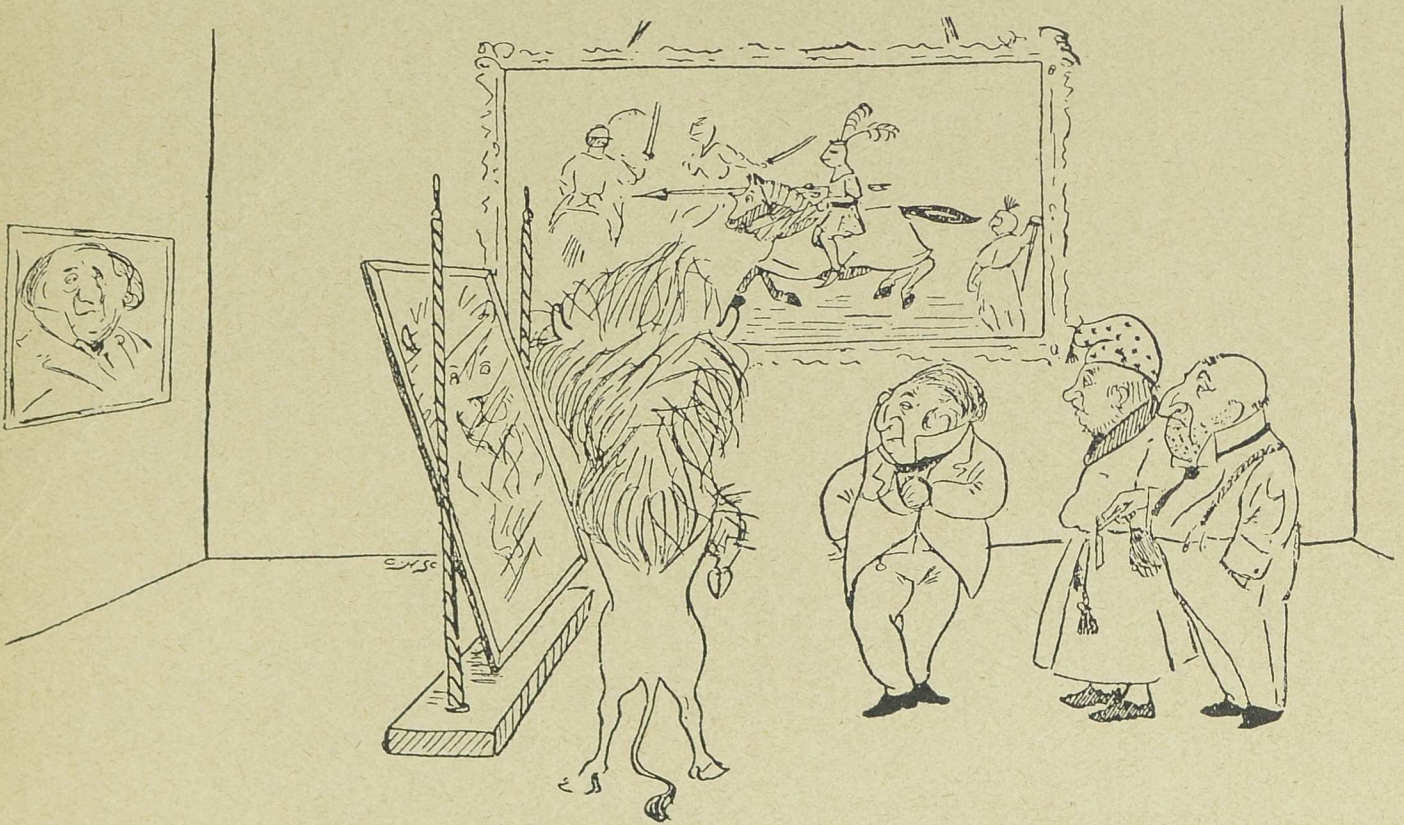


He very, very rarely feels  
As well as you and I.

His eye is dull, his head is bald,  
His neck is growing thinner.  
Oh! what a lesson for us all  
To only eat at dinner!



# The Bison



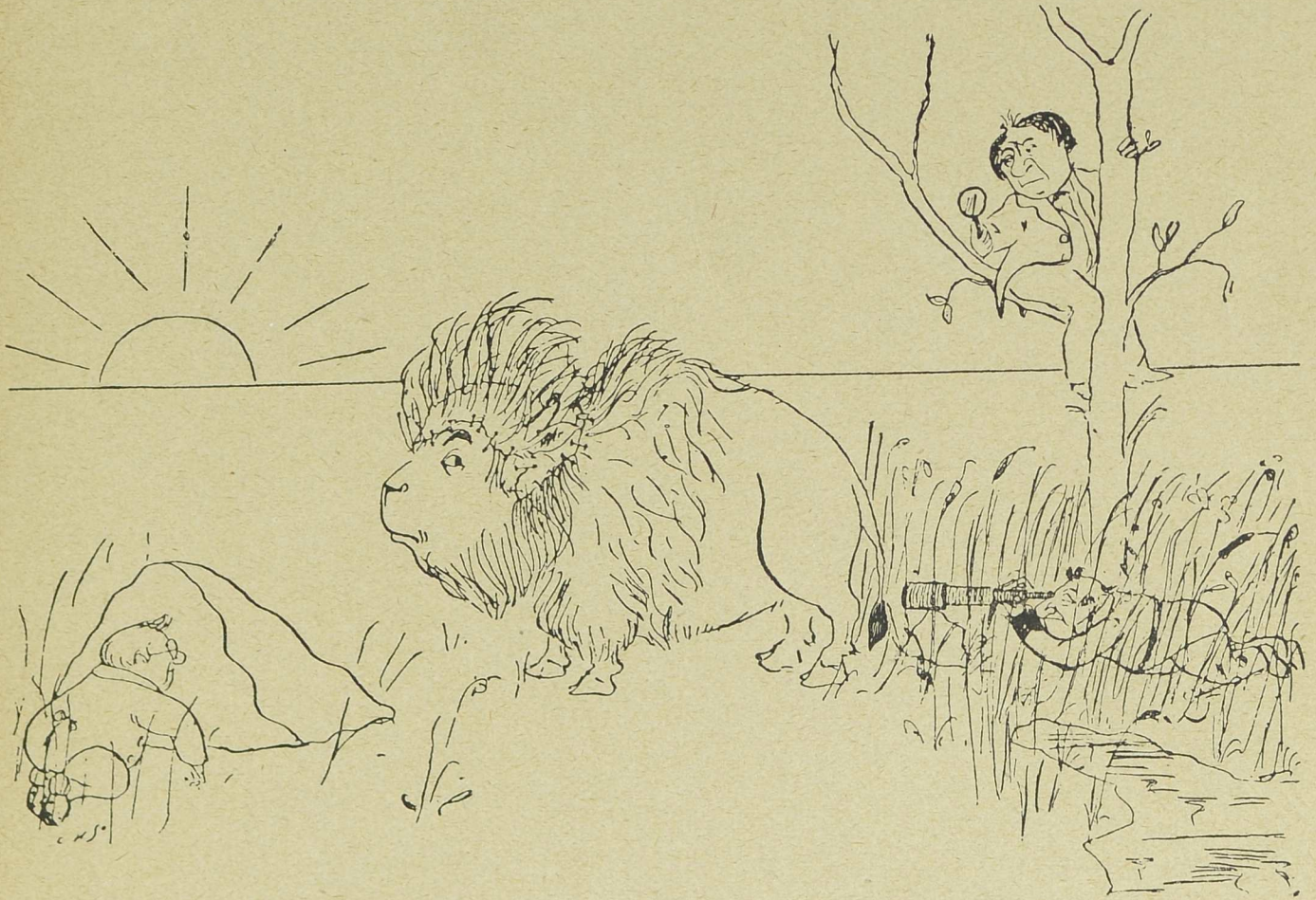
The Bison is vain, and (I write it with pain)  
The Door-mat you see on his head





Is not, as some learned professors maintain,  
The opulent growth of a genius' brain ;

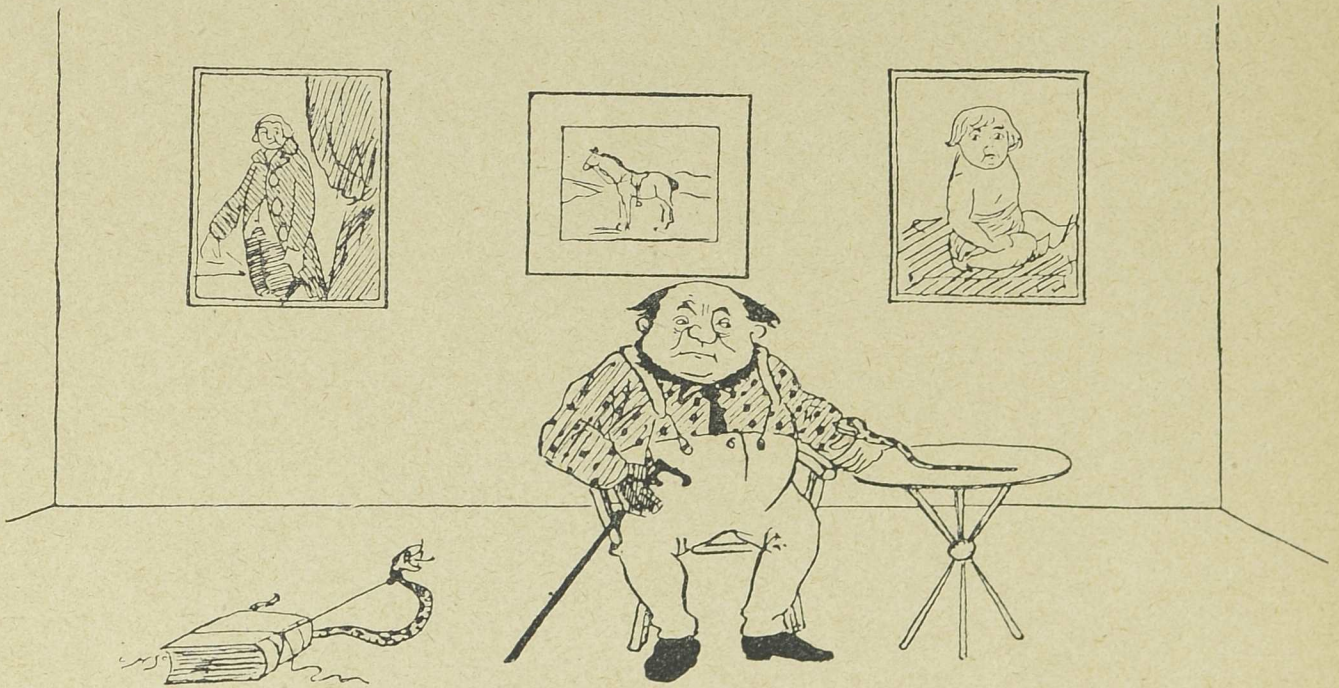




But is sewn on with needle and thread.

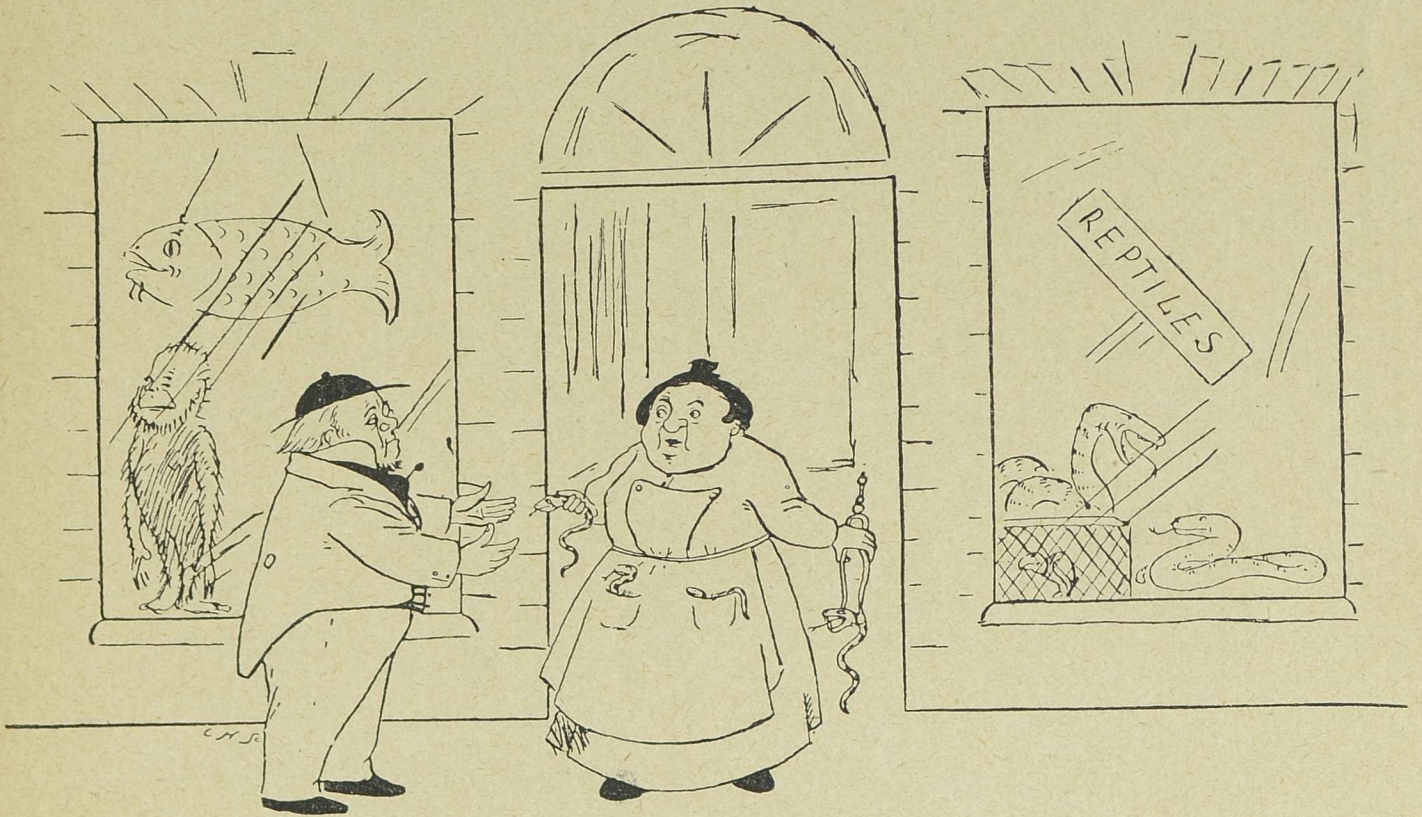


# The Viper



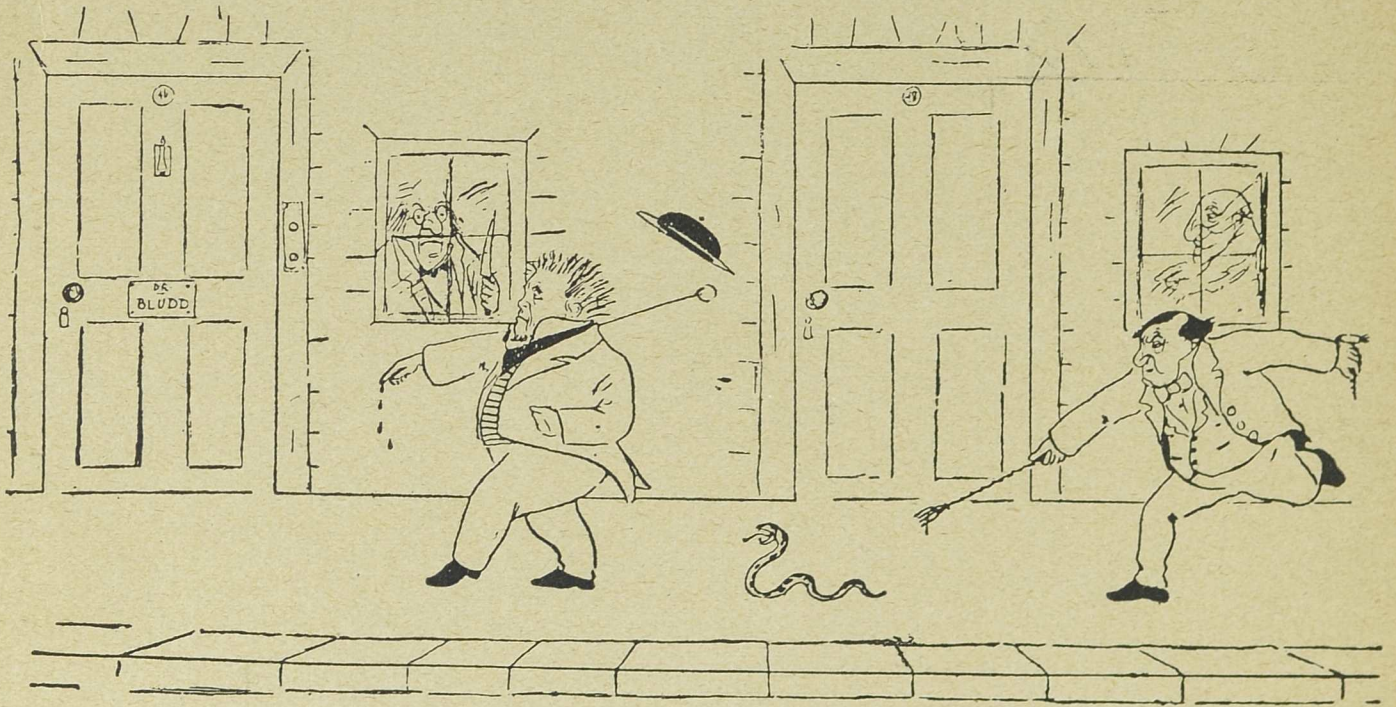
Yet another great truth I record in my verse,  
That some Vipers are venomous, some the reverse;  
A fact you may prove if you try,





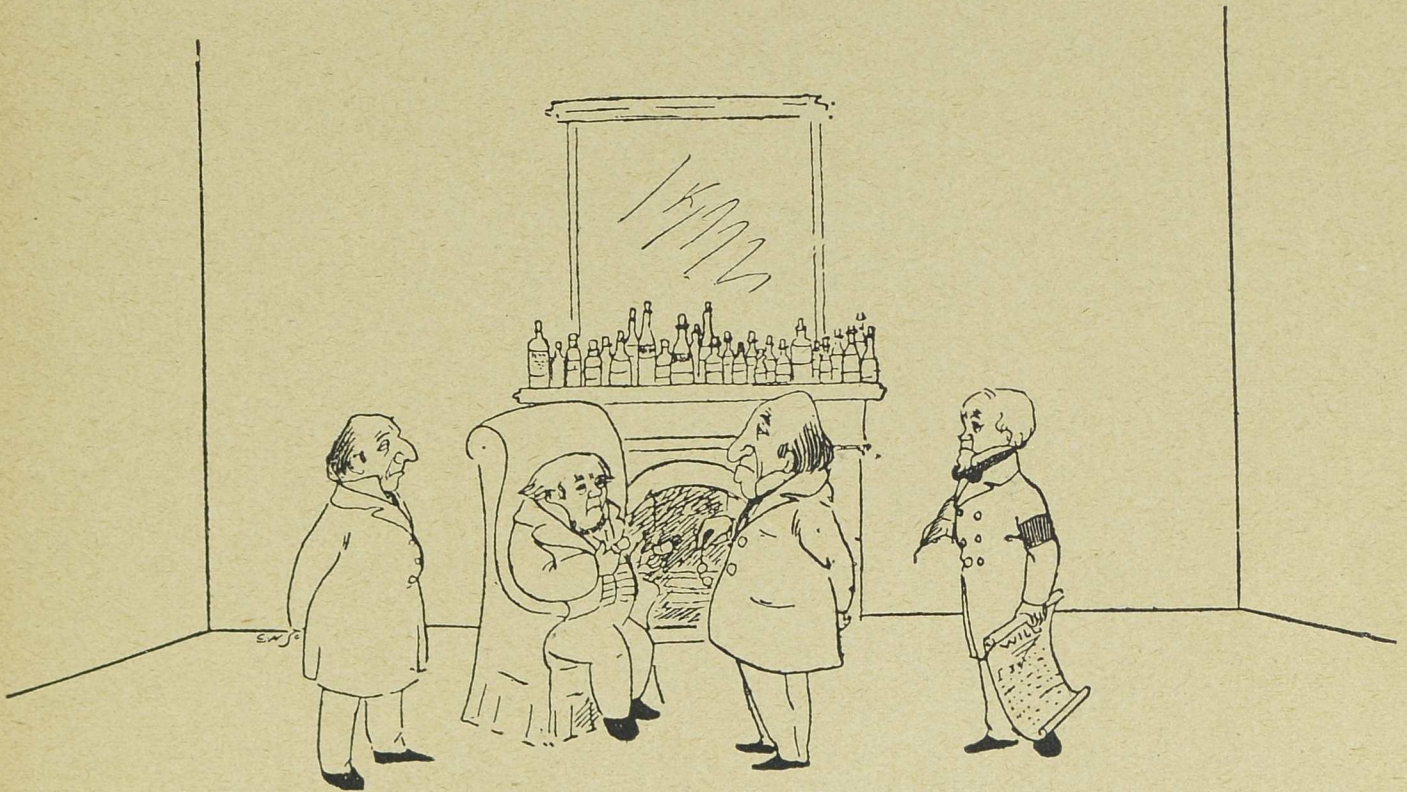
By procuring two Vipers, and letting them bite ;





With the *first* you are only the worse for a fright,

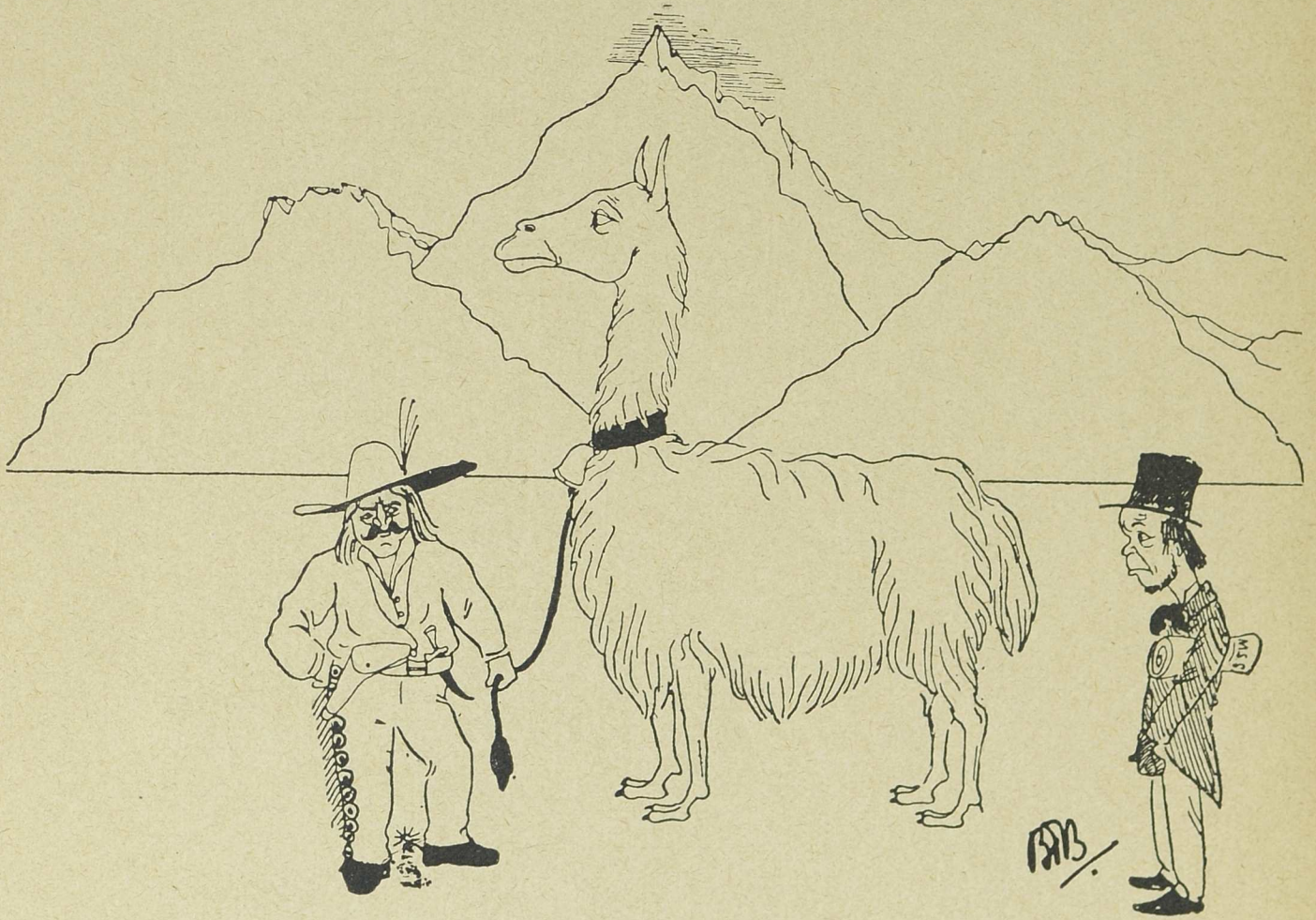




But after the *second* you die.

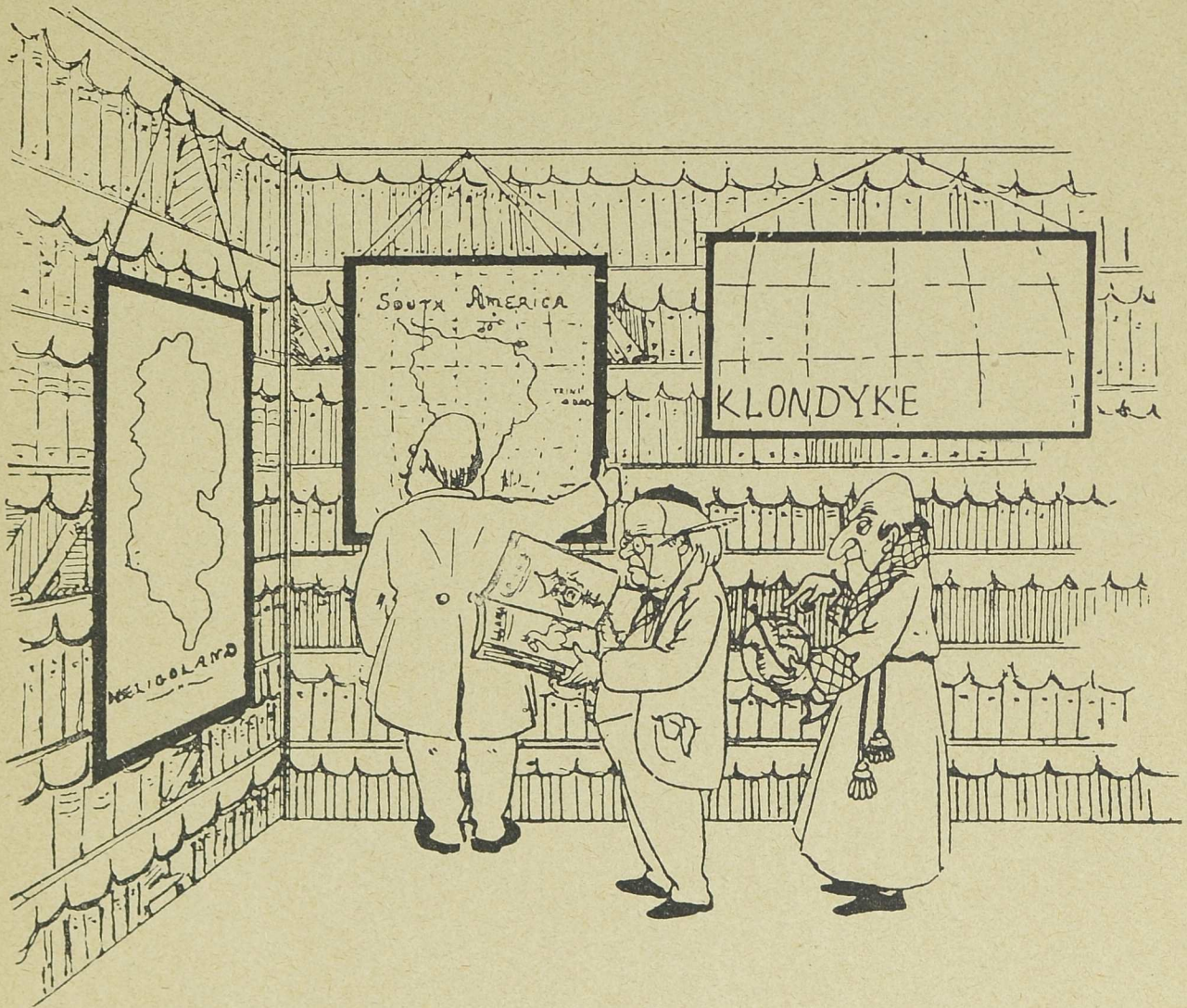


# The Llama



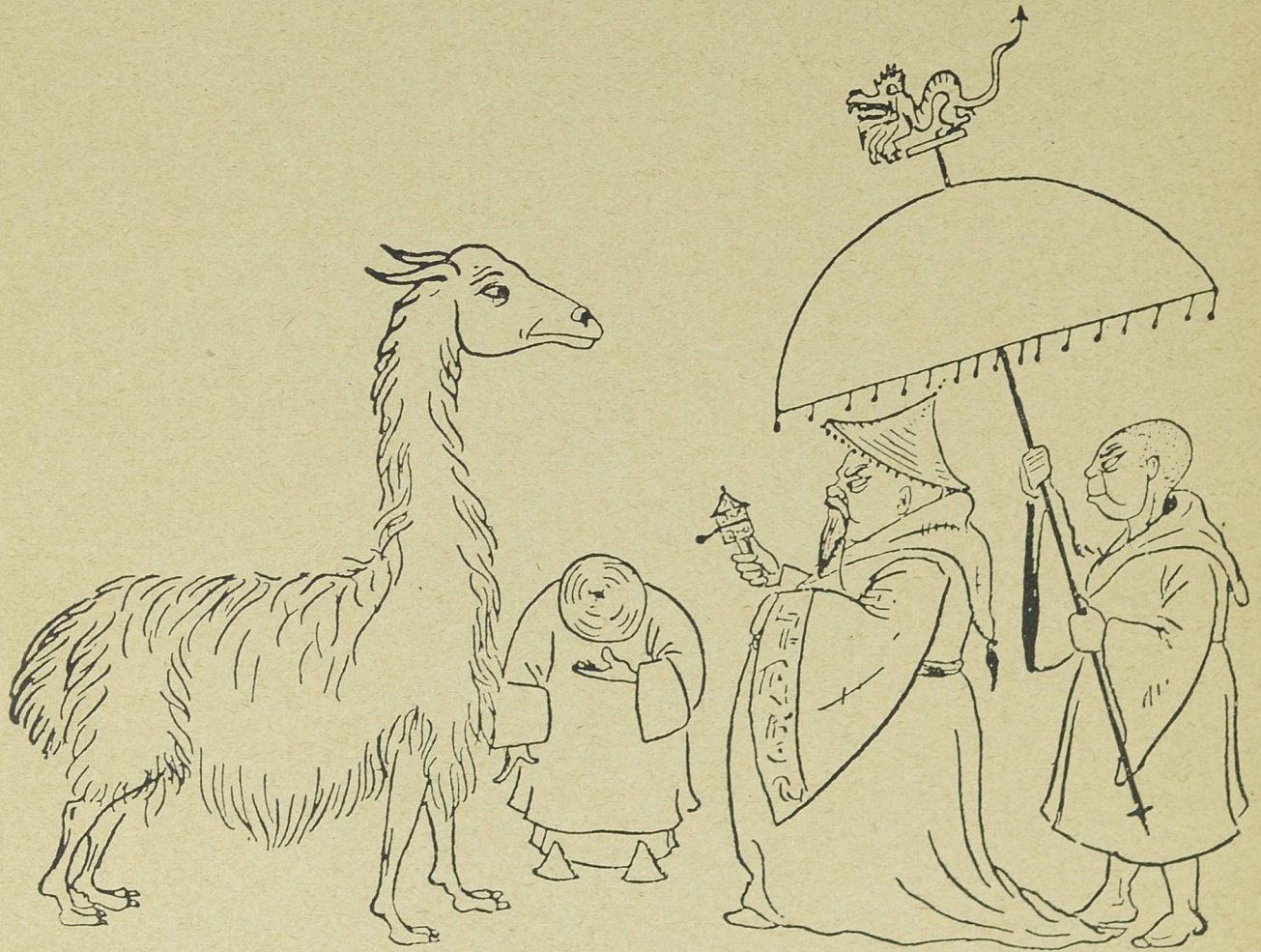
The Llama is a woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat,  
With an indolent expression and an undulating throat  
Like an unsuccessful literary man.





And I know the place he lives in (or at least—I think I do)  
It is Ecuador, Brazil or Chili—possibly Peru ;  
You must find it in the Atlas if you can.

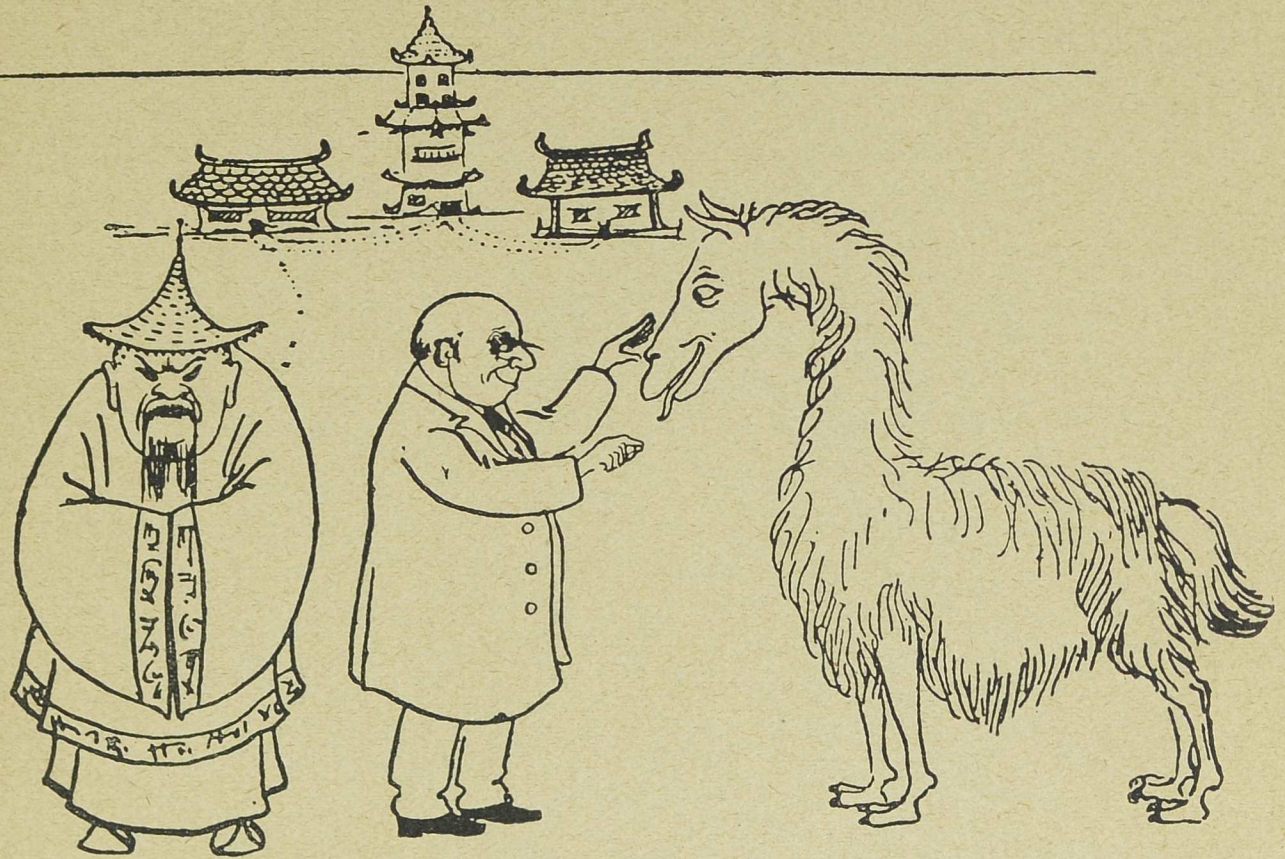




The Llama of the Pampasses you never should confound  
(In spite of a deceptive similarity of sound)

With the Lhama who is Lord of Turkestan.





For the former is a beautiful and valuable beast,  
But the latter is not lovable nor useful in the least ;  
And the Ruminant is preferable surely to the Priest  
Who batters on the woful superstitions of the East,  
The Mongol of the Monastery of Shan.



# The Chamois

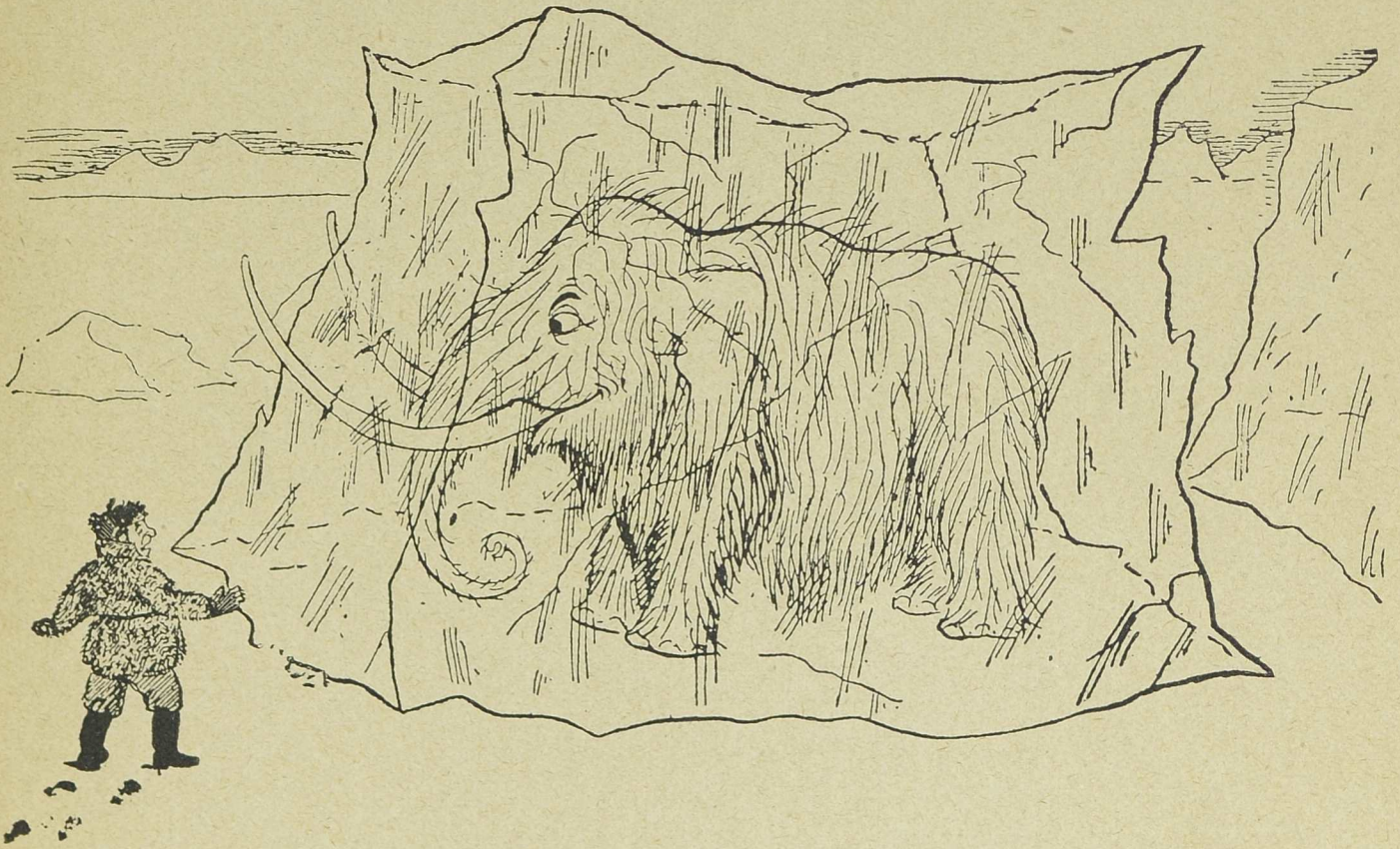


The Chamois inhabits  
Lucerne, where his habits  
(Though why I have not an idea-r)

Give him sudden short spasms  
On the brink of deep chasms,  
And he lives in perpetual fear.

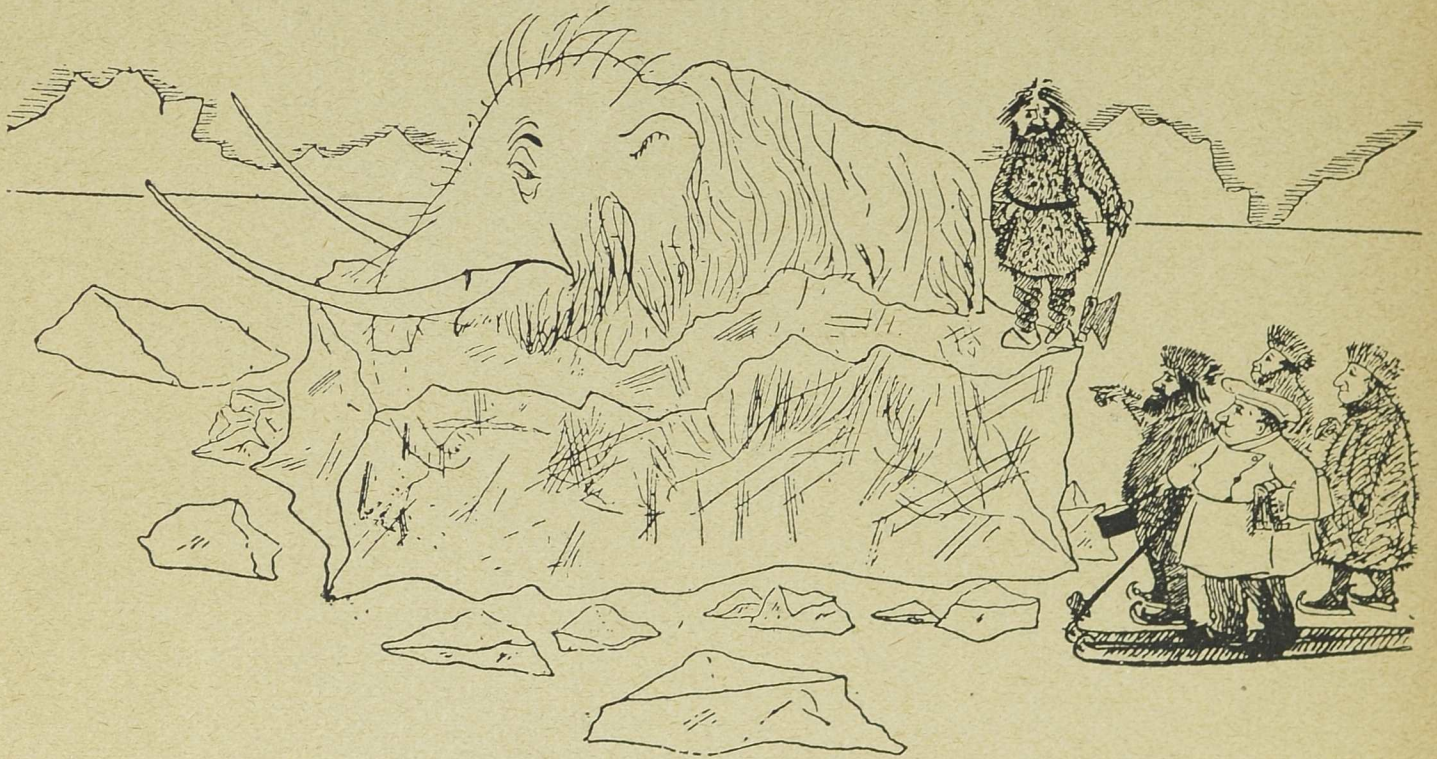


# The Frozen Mammoth



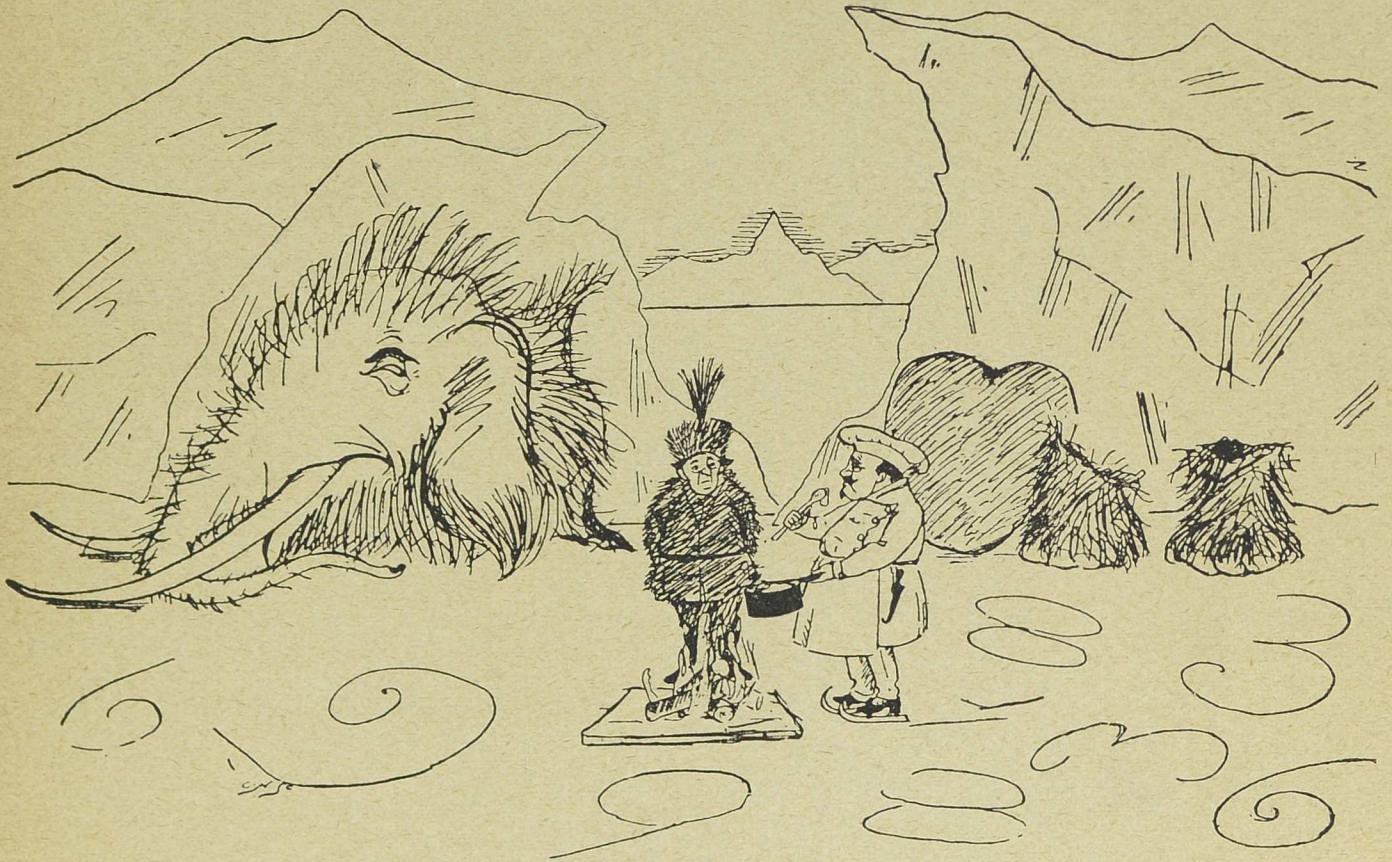
This Creature, though rare, is still found to the East  
Of the Northern Siberian Zone.





It is known to the whole of that primitive group  
That the carcass will furnish an excellent soup,  
Though the cooking it offers one drawback at least  
(Of a serious nature I own):





If the skin be *but punctured* before it is boiled,  
Your confection is wholly and utterly spoiled.





And hence (on account of the size of the beast)  
The dainty is nearly unknown.

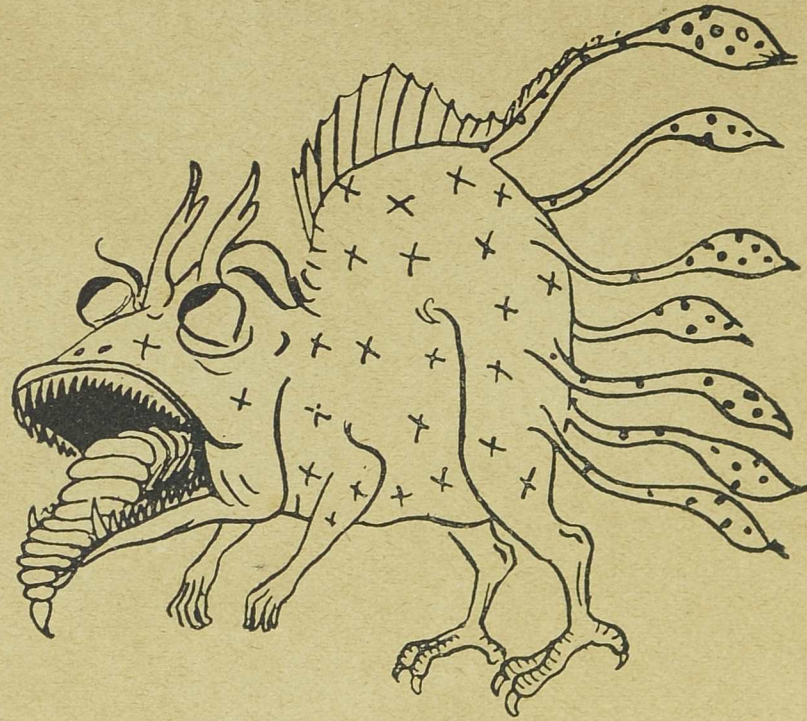


# The Microbe



The Microbe is so very small  
You cannot make him out at all,  
But many sanguine people hope  
To see him through a microscope.  
His jointed tongue that lies beneath  
A hundred curious rows of teeth ;  
His seven tufted tails with lots  
Of lovely pink and purple spots,





On each of which a pattern stands,  
Composed of forty separate bands ;  
His eyebrows of a tender green ;  
All these have never yet been seen—  
But Scientists, who ought to know,  
Assure us that they must be so. . . .  
Oh ! let us never, never doubt  
What nobody is sure about !















