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To her Friend Miss Phelps

With the Translator's Kind Regards.

Clara de Chatelain

7th June

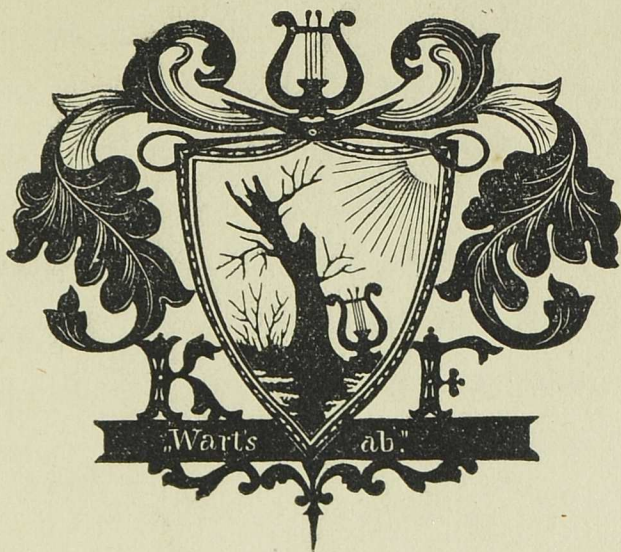
KARL FRÖHLICH'S FROLICKS

WITH

SCHISSARS AND PEN.

THE RHYMES TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN
OF FRÖHLICH.

BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.



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THE HISTORY OF THE

A HISTORY OF THE

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A DEALER IN THE BLACK ART.

NOT all dealers in the black art stand in need of the conjuror's stuffed crocodile, and wise looking owl, nor do they all require his wand to trace cabalistic figures on the ground. No! I have heard of one whose only wand is a small pair of scissars, and with these if you do but give him a sheet of black paper, he will conjure up not indeed "spirits from the vasty deep" like his brother wizards, but a whole world of little people, some scarcely an inch high, but all instinct with life and spirit and motion. Here you will see tiny, fantastic beings, disporting on arabesques with the fearless ease of rope dancers—there you will admire some scene of familiar life, in which both men and animals take a part, and you are struck with the truth and fidelity of the representation. You marvel how it is possible to give such expression to mere black paper, how the characteristic features of both men and beast are hit off to such a nicety, how little dogs with heads no bigger than a pin's head, can look fierce or playful, by a single snip from the scissars guided by that cunning hand, how the fisherman no bigger than your little finger, carries a net with meshes as fine as those of Mecklin lace—and then you are forced to confess that the simplest means often produce the most wonderful effects.

And now, my young readers, should you wish to know who this conjuror may be, I will tell you that his name is Karl Fröhlich, and before you examine the contents of his book, I will proceed to give you a few details of his early career, which so admirably illustrates how much may be achieved by perseverance.

Karl Fröhlich was born in Stralsund in Pomerania, and was the son of a poor shoemaker, who had enough to do to earn bread for his wife and family. But unlike many children who are fractious and discontented, even when their bread is buttered on both sides, Karl was a merry little fellow, quite ready to battle with the ups and downs of the world, and to make the best of everything. And perhaps the secret of his infantine philosophy lay chiefly in the fact, that even at that early age he had already a favourite pursuit—and a pursuit generally implies perseverance—for as Shakespeare expresses it—“The boy was father to the man.”

Karl's taste for the pictorial art was inherited from his maternal aunt, who was so clever at cutting out silhouettes, or figures in black and coloured paper, as to be able to earn a livelihood by making lamp shades and ornaments to encircle wax tapers. In her spare moments, Aunt Marieken would frequently amuse Karl and his brothers and sisters by cutting out the kings and queens of playing cards, and giving them a pinch to make them stand upright; or better still, cutting out different groups, such as huntsmen and hounds, and other subjects, which she fashioned with her scissars, unassisted by any design. We believe there was also an uncle and a grandmother who had a talent this way, which they exercised to amuse the little Fröhlichs, and to make paper articles for their friends and neighbours, such as decorations for a coffin, lamp shades, or ornaments for a cake. Some of these were better executed than others, but still the use of the scissars seemed familiar to all the members of the family.

Children like to imitate what they see, and accordingly Karl never rested till he got a pair of scissars and made some rude attempts to cut out, in doing which he occasionally cut his fingers, though even this could not damp his ardour in the practice of his favourite art. If his mother sent him on an errand, Karl was sure to stop and look at the print shops on his way, and many a scolding did he get for being behind his time, for of course he had no right to neglect his duty; only with him it was not mere curiosity, but the awakening of a talent bestowed upon him by the Giver of all good, and which, unknown to himself as it were, sought to struggle into existence.

When Aunt Marieken's business increased, and she had less time to cut out figures

for her nephews and nieces, Karl took upon himself to manufacture all sorts of subjects for himself and his young friends. Nor was he long to remain in his aunt's neighbourhood, for when he was about seven years of age his parents removed to Berlin, and took up their abode in one of the narrowest and most dismal streets of that city. His father had hoped to obtain more work in a larger town; but being a stranger, work came in very slowly, and want threatened to become an inmate of the poor shoemaker's humble dwelling. Karl was now thankful to be employed by a neighbouring smith, to do odd jobs, such as chopping wood and fetching water, and sweeping the door front, in return for his food; besides which the smith's wife, a good-natured soul, would frequently give the lad a basin of broth or a loaf to take home to his brothers and sisters. This sort of life continued till he was about twelve years of age, when it became necessary he should seek for more profitable occupation. Hitherto he had only received the sort of education which parish schools afforded some five-and-twenty years ago for the children of the poorer classes, and it was now desirable he should learn a trade to help to support his family. With this purpose in view he attended day after day with a host of other boys at the door of a register office, where persons applied for situations.

At last one morning, a stout gentleman approached the little group with a scrutinizing gaze.

"I want an errand boy," said he.

Karl Fröhlich and another directly offered their services.

The stout gentleman seemed at first to hesitate which of the two he should choose.

"How much is fourteen times seventeen?" asked he suddenly.

"Two hundred and thirty-eight," cried Karl.

"Well done! Come along with me," said the stout gentleman.

And forthwith Karl became an errand boy.

This was indeed only a first step, but as his master was well pleased with him, he soon after made him apprentice to his own business, namely, that of a printer.

The boy's whole soul was now bent upon thoroughly mastering the printer's art, in order to assist his family and obtain some learning for himself. An old crony of his father's, whom the latter occasionally treated to a glass of beer when work was plentiful, now helped the young aspirant with the gift of a few books. Although the lad could but acquire a kind of desultory knowledge, picked up by bits and scraps, his thoughtful mind made the most of it, and when he wandered forth as a journeyman printer, the principal contents of his knapsack, besides the bare necessities and thirteen silver groschen, consisted of several volumes of classic German writers.

Our young readers should be told that in Germany every mechanic wanders from place to place during several years, to perfect himself in his craft, stopping at every town where he can obtain work. And thus Karl set forth bravely to fight—or rather to cut—his way through the world, for his scissars had not been forgotten, and many a time did he cut out some pretty paper scene, to pay for his night's lodging or his noon-day meal.

On reaching Stralsund he staid for a short time with Aunt Marieken, who happened to be very busy just then. A counsellor of Stralsund was celebrating a wedding in his family, and had given her an extensive order for lamp-shades and paper ornaments to put round the wax tapers—for none but Aunt Marieken's were approved of by people of fashion. The young traveller offered to help his aunt, but she only laughed, saying how should a printer know anything about cutting out? But he took up the scissars and soon showed her he had not forgotten the lessons he had taken in early youth. His aunt was quite amazed on seeing him presently complete a pair of coloured lamp-shades, which he carried to the counsellor's. As he had introduced a variety of scrolls and ornaments which his good old aunt had never sported, he was obliged, in answer to the counsellor's questions, to own himself the manufacturer, when that gentleman kindly showed him a couple of hunting pieces, cut out in black paper, by Müller of Dusseldorf, which were preserved as rarities in his house.

The sight of these was quite a revelation to Fröhlich, who had never seen anything of the kind; and the first thing he did on returning to his aunt's was to fling all his silhouettes into the fire, determined as he was never to rest till he had equalled the artist whose works he so much admired. He, too, must and would cut out some hunting scenes! "I, too, am a painter!" said the Italian in emulation of Raphael, and our artist proved yet more successful in imitating *his* model. Every moment he could snatch from the printing-office was devoted to cutting out silhouettes. The scissars became his constant companion. He would frequently sit up by the night together to practise his favourite art. Crowds of figures seemed to start into life in his fertile imagination, whilst his rapid improvement in the more practical part of the art keeping pace with his ambitious aims, he at length reached a degree of skill in which he stands unrivalled. Sculptors have admired his works, not only for the wonderful inventive faculty they display, but also for the execution, which can only have been carried to such perfection by the most refined sense of design, and a very uncommon delicacy of touch.

Karl Fröhlich wandered through Germany for many years, like most mechanics, only he looked upon the world with the eyes of an artist and a poet, and made friends amongst all classes, while highly esteemed in his own, and returned to Berlin an expert printer, an intellectual and thoughtful man, a talented poet, and an incomparable cutter out of silhouettes.

Two years after his return he hit upon the plan of multiplying his silhouettes by lithography, and applying them to children's books. In 1852 he began to publish a series of volumes (from which the present work is culled), both the text and the silhouettes emanating from the same accomplished hand. Karl Fröhlich has the happy knack of pleasing the little ones with his simple rhymes, and it is probable that his exquisite silhouettes will promote a taste for design amongst his juvenile readers, and that many will take up the scissars and endeavour to imitate what they see; and though they may not succeed to the same degree, the attempt will at any rate improve their ideas, and form their minds for understanding the beautiful in art.

Our young readers will be glad to learn that our artist continues his labour of love,

and is always inventing something new and attractive. His small establishment presents the model of a patriarchal family. An aged mother and two sisters live with himself and wife, each respectively busied with their occupations, and all uniting in a common love of improvement, and for all that is beautiful and good. And in the evening when their washing or ironing is over, and the industrious needle is at length at rest, the family enjoy some pleasant book as a welcome relaxation from toil, thereby exemplifying the elevating results which intellectual cultivation may produce amongst the working classes.



This little implement behold,
 Which like a fairy's magic wand,
 A world of beauty can unfold,
 And call up spirits at command,
 Will show as plain as A. B. C.
 What may be done by industry!





A GREETING TO HIS READERS.

A GREETING to you, good friends all,
My gentle readers great and small!
Once more the black man, with your leave,
Presents his book on Christmas eve.

He will not frighten little folk
Like black men, of whom nurses croak—
But hopes awake, till midnight chimes,
To keep them with his prints and rhymes.

But should it turn out otherwise,
And you his humble rhymes despise—
Then take your scissors, children, do,
And copy what he cut for you.

As idle hours in life arise,
No knowledge can we too much prize,
And this the black man well may say,
For cutting out was once his play.

Then go, my book, and may'st thou be
As lucky as thy brethren three—*
And laughter raise without alloy,
And bring me too some Christmas joy!

* Karl Frölich alludes to his three preceding works.



THE CAPTIVE SQUIRREL.

“SQUIRREL—squirrel lithe and wee!
 Thy fur’s as soft as down can be,
 Thy teeth as ivory are white,
 Yet hard enough through nuts to bite.

“Squirrel—squirrel lithe and wee!
 How gladly would I purchase thee—
 But mother says: ‘Twill never do,
 Thou nibblest table, book and shoe.’”

Squirrel—squirrel hung his head;
 “Oh! speak not thus,” he sadly said,
 “Heav’n gave me once a woodland home
 Where I the livelong day might roam,
 And gaily leap from branch to twig
 As blithe and merry as a grig;

Then came a wicked man who laid
 The snare by which I’m captive made,
 And now ’twill be my mournful doom
 Instead of in the forest free,
 To live pent in a narrow room
 By way of bush or stately tree!
 What wonder if, thus sad and lorn,
 From all my dearest habits torn,
 A-foraging I sometimes go
 And get a snubbing or a blow?
 Child, should you on some summer’s day,
 Within the greenwood chance to stray,
 I pray you that from me you greet
 The happy creatures that you meet,
 The fawns, ants, sparrows and the hares
 And tell them how with me it fares,
 That while they leap, creep, sing and fly,
 In chains and prison I must lie.”



THE GRATEFUL DOG.

I WELL remember, when a child,
How angry home my pa once came—
(He who was ever just and mild)
And said : “ It is a crying shame,
Our neighbours from their door have spurned
The faithful dog whose watchful care
Both day and night, so well has earned
His humble pittance still to share—
Yet now, because he’s ill, poor brute !
They little heed his sufferings mute—
Oh ! such ingratitude’s a sin ! ”
“ Father,” I cried—“ let’s take him in ! ”
“ We will, my boy,” he smiling said.
And Monarch from that day was fed,
And nursed and tended till at length

He had regained both health and strength.
And then it was a sight to see
How fond and playful he could be,
And how it seemed to be his pride
To let us children on him ride ;
And when my little brother tripped
And down into the river slipped,
While mother in her frantic grief
Her hands was wringing on the bank,
Brave Monarch came to her relief,
And dragged the boy out ere he sank.
Oh ! what a lesson this to teach
Proud humankind their faults to scan !
A dog, although bereft of speech,
Shows far more gratitude than man !



THE OLD HUSSAR.

“YES! those were deeds of glory,”
 Cried old disabled Fritz,
 “’Tis I can tell the story
 Of Ulm and Austerlitz.
 Though now I’m invalided,
 I was a smart hussar,
 Who danger never heeded
 When first I went to war.
 The bullets round us whistled
 Like hailstones in a storm.
 The bayonets they bristled—
 Our work was rough and warm.
 But well we know that glory
 Is bought at bitter cost,
 The fight was long and gory,
 And there my leg I lost.
 The wounded and the dying,
 Upon the slippery ground
 Were all promiscuous lying,
 While fighting raged around.
 Amid the reckless slaughter,
 No helping hand was nigh,
 And those who gasped for water,
 Unheeded still might cry.
 I thought all hope was banished,
 And I was doomed to death—
 But life had not quite vanished,
 And I regained my breath.

Behold upon this banner
 Napoleon’s effigy,
 His very air and manner
 Good folks you here may see!
 On eagle’s pinions flying,
 From land to land he rushed,
 Till liberty lay dying,
 Beneath his boot heel crushed.
 Then in his mad ambition
 He seized upon a throne,
 Dictating each condition
 To make the world his own.
 But Germans all united,
 And rose up to a man,
 To die or else be righted—
 The bravest led the van!
 Although a crippled soldier,
 I too would go to war,
 And still a musket shoulder
 Amidst a Landwehr corps.
 And then we gained fresh glory,
 Till, quenched Napoleon’s star,
 Disbanded soldiers hoary,
 By thousands wanderers are.
 Ah me! ’tis sad so many
 Who’ve fought with might and main,
 Must fight, to gain a penny,
 Their battles o’er again!”



THE UNLUCKY SPORTSMAN.

PETER Pop went forth strutting
To fetch down some game,
When a buck wildly butting,
Took Pop for his aim.

When the hares saw how flustered
Was Peter through dread,
Around him they clustered
Till scarce he could tread.

One old hare came leaping
And shewing his teeth,
Till Pop screamed, half weeping :
Who'll save me from death ?

In sheer desperation
He twirled like a top,
When a loud detonation
To earth made him drop.

He lay stunned—how untoward !—
For two hours and a half,
When the buck cried : “ You coward ! ”
And the hares 'gan to laugh.

Then he aimed with his rifle
To look like a man,
When it snapped just a trifle,
And flashed in the pan.

Peter Pop ! Peter Pop !

At home for the future you'd far better stop.



TWO QUARRELSOME SPIRITS.

BOTH cat and dog might live at ease,
 But nothing would their worships please.—
 The dog forgot the house to watch,
 The cat disdained the mice to catch ;
 So well fed they, so snugly kept,
 That lazy habits o'er them crept—
 (And laziness will lead betimes
 From small beginnings to great crimes !)
 Thus it became their chief delight
 To jar and wrangle, scratch and bite.
 The nimbler cat would jump on high,
 And thence the snarling dog defy ;
 Meanwhile the mice unchecked might play,
 And while the dog forgot his duty,
 A thief broke in, and ran away
 With half the farm-yard for his booty.

On hearing this the master frown'd,
 And angry cried : “ You lazy hound,
 And you false puss—are these your thanks
 For meat and shelter freely given ?
 Think you I'll bear such lawless pranks ?
 Hence, idlers hence ! before you're driven,
 Or else this stick with heavy thwacks
 Shall write a warning on your backs.”

 Thus both were forced to leave their home,
 And houseless thro' the world to roam,
 Exposed to hunger, thirst, and blows,
 And all because these silly foes
 By temper urged, though neither brave,
 Like cat and dog must needs behave.



SLOTH AND PRIDE.

A FABLE.

THE broom, wheelbarrow, hoe and spade
The place have all so tidy made,
That in one's socks I dare to say
You through the yard might pick your way.
And yet the peacock in his pride,
All thanks with graceless air denied.
“Now Master Cock,” with haughty gloom
Quoth he, “the mud cart leave alone!
Nor hoe, nor barrow, spade nor broom,
Are company for us to own—
They are but scavengers at best.”
“Such foolish sneers small wit attest”—
Replied straightforward chanticleer :—
“To honest toilers thanks are due.
They've laboured since the dew's first tear,
Now tell us—what's been done by you?”
The peacock proudly arched his neck,
And shewed the gems his tail that deck,
When : “Leave your boasts, and wisdom learn,”
Thus spoke the Cock, “had you to pay }
For all the finery you display, }
You'd die of hunger in a day }
For idle pride can nothing earn.’



THE BLACKSMITH AND THE RAVEN.

ALONE our good old Blacksmith lives
 Amidst his smithy's din—
 And when to toil a truce he gives
 A Raven oft hops in.
 And then the solemn looking bird
 Will utter many a wizard word.

Says he : "Give heed to what I say—
 I'm flying t'wards the hill,
 Where busy dwarfs, both night and day
 Are forging—forging still
 Bright crowns of massive gold all new,
 Not vulgar ploughs and scythes like you.

Then come with me!" the Raven cried,
 "I'll fetch you golden rings—
 And deep within the hill abide
 Yet far more wondrous things."
 "Oh!" cried the Smith, "the grandest sight
 Is when the harvest springs to light."

"For this, my bellows do I ply,
 And work with spirit blithe,
 And sparks from out my anvil fly
 When steel becomes a scythe.
 And when the ploughshare breaks the ground,
 It beams like any crown around."

The Raven croaked : "Old fool, go too!"
 And vanished in the air—
 The Smith looked up to Heaven's deep blue,
 And said : "O grant my pray'r
 That honest toil, and spirit free
 May keep temptation far from me!"



EXAMPLE IS CATCHING.

CONDUCTOR Stork with stick in hand,
And Tom Cat leader of the band,

With cock and squirrel, ape and fox,
A concert all agreed to give.

It was enough—sure as I live!—

To split but not to melt the rocks.

And yet although to ears polite

It was excruciating quite—

It pleased the undiscerning crowd

Who thought 'twas fine because 'twas loud—

A judgment which has still such sway

That many to this very day,

Worse than Grimalkin or than ape

Upon their fiddles saw and scrape.



THE COVETOUS BOY.

A LITTLE boy, one summer's day,
 Sat all alone to eat his cake,
 And if a comrade said: "Oh, pray,
 A tiny morsel let me take"—
 The little boy would run away.
 The dog next said in language dumb,
 While coaxingly he licked his brow:
 "Do let me nibble just a crumb!"
 "You greedy thing, all's eaten now!"
 Thus false the graceless child replied,
 For still the lump of cake he tried
 Behind his back from Tray to hide.

But he had reckon'd without the chickens,
 Who with the cake soon played the dickens,
 And pecked and pecked till on the ground
 Not e'en a morsel could be found,
 Let the child search both left and right,
 Alas! the cake had vanished quite!
 And then as if to mock the boy,
 The cock crowed loud with spiteful joy,
 And cried: "O won't your mammy bake
 Just such another dainty cake!"
 Thus he who ne'er his cake would share,
 Had lost it all from over care.



MORNING.

THE stars are fading one by one,
 As rosy morning breaks ;
 The cock crows at the rising sun,
 The twittering swallow wakes.
 The watchman with his spear and horn
 Stands gazing at the sky,
 While rising from the ripening corn,
 The lark is soaring high.

The fragrant flowers perfume the graves
 Within the churchyard trim ;
 The aged lime its branches waves,
 And birds the water skim.
 Life's busy hum is everywhere,
 The blacksmith's forge now glows—
 Alone with weary step and air
 The watchman homeward goes.

The herdsman gaily blows his horn
 Which all his flock obey :—
 The miller's up and grinding corn—
 Work ushers in the day.
 And thou, dear child, be busy too,
 First wash thy face with care,
 And ere thou go'st to school, as due,
 Be sure to say thy pray'r :

“Thou who art sitting on Thy throne
 Above both sun and star,
 Who watched me through the night just flown,
 And kept all evil far :—
 Beneath Thy guidance just and mild,
 O let me ever pray
 As humbly as a little child,
 And grateful as to-day !”



NOON.

THROUGHOUT the village, from each hearth
 The curling smoke is rising high—
 And labouring men who till the earth
 Seek refuge from the scorching sky.
 The wanderer halts where green trees grow,
 The bees are humming 'midst the corn,
 The mowers' cheeks are all a-glow
 Like any blushing rose at morn.

The maid returning from the fields,
 Now brings, in pails of shining tin,
 The luscious milk the milch-cow yields—
 " 'Tis time," the dame says, " you came in."
 For all the little ones beset
 The housewife with their cries, and mutter :
 " If dinner is not ready yet,
 Let's have a slice of bread and butter."

" Yes you shall have some by-and-bye,
 But Hannah first the men shall serve
 Who've laboured ere the sun was high,
 And well their noon-day meal deserve.
 For you've been staying where 'tis cool,
 And from the door a brook's in sight—
 And neither play nor even school
 Can give you half their appetite.

There now, be patient and be good !
 Then fold your hands in humble mood,
 And may our heavenly Father bless your food !"



EVENING.

WHEN evening's stealing
O'er the West,
And bells are pealing :
"Come to rest!"

Ding dong! ding dong! their voice at eve
Bids weary hinds their labours leave.

While bells are chiming
And all go home,
The stars are climbing
To heaven's dome.

"Sleep on," cry they, "for watch we'll keep,
Till morn shall through your windows peep."

We mark the shadows
As they fall,
And wrap the meadows
In a pall—
And gladly welcome close of day
That soothes with sleep our cares away.



NIGHT.

THE trees so green,
 The flowers so bright
 No more are seen—
 All's black at night!

And yet night brings
 Sweet slumbers light,
 And angels' wings
 Hover o'er night.

The owl abroad
 Now takes his flight—
 For he's unawed
 By blackest night.

Till morning breaks
 In floods of light,
 And nature wakes,
 How black is night!

All evil hearts
 Are struck with fright,
 For conscience smarts
 When black is night.

But golden dreams
 The good delight,
 And shed bright beams
 O'er blackest night!



TAME GAME.

A MILLER fat and burly,
 With honest Master Snip,
 Went forth one morning early,
 To take a sporting trip.

All on a sudden stopping,
 The big one raised a cry :
 "Sure 'midst yon clover hopping,
 A hind and fawn I spy."

The tailor shrewd bethought him
 He'd first consult his glass,
 Which nearer soon had brought him
 The creatures in the grass.

But lo ! his friend already
 Had fired his gun quite pat,
 And deemed his aim most steady—
 But what queer noise was that ?

Snip thought it quite amazing
 To hear so strange a note—
 When who should he see grazing,
 But his own fav'rite goat ?

While dining off the heather,
 The miller's ass he'd met,
 And both indulged together
 In singing a duet.

"Hee-haw—meck ! meck ! what folly "
 (Their music sounded thus)
 "These would be sportsmen jolly,
 Think to make game of us !"



THE LITTLE WHITE MOUSE.

A LITTLE frisky, nibbling mouse
Once lived within a tiny house
Made half of wood and half of wire.
Her eyes were red and full of fire,
And white as ermine was her gown,
Glossy as silk and soft as down ;
And 'twixt her paws a roll she'd take
And into crumbs would deftly break.
The dog upon the watch would sit,
As oft as mousey ate a bit,
And watched so well that, day by day,
Grimalkin still he kept at bay.
For Tom had once mewed out : " For lunch
I were well pleased the mouse to munch !"
" Ay, come," the dog said, " if you dare,
And try a bit how you shall fare.
This little mouse in white all drest,
No living thing has e'er opprest—
And were you not a coward born,
So weak a prey you ought to scorn."
And so Grimalkin slunk away,
And pounced upon a mouse in grey,
On bacon far too much employed
To dream how soon she'd be destroyed.
Alack-a-day ! 'twas ever thus,
And gluttony's the death of us !



OUR COACH AND HORSES.

“COME Johnny, let’s go where the blackberries grow,
And harness three cats to convey us.”

“Oh! no!” say the cats, “no! we never can go,
Such hard work it surely would slay us!”

Then John cries: “Ho, ho! and dare you say so?

You’ll be throttled unless you obey us!”

But the children say:—“No! let the poor pussies go,

We would not they vainly should pray us.”

* * * *

For who can be merry when others are sad?

Thus the little ones reasoned, and off scampered they—
And enjoyed themselves better, with spirits so glad,
Than if they had lolled in a coach all the way.



RIDING THE GREAT HORSE.

BOBBY Brag in his pride
The great horse fain would ride,
But soon found he'd met with his master.—
Far from cutting a splash
He perceived it was rash
To urge him to gallop yet faster.

Could he slacken the speed
Of his mettlesome steed,
How gladly would Bobby now do it!
There are many who prate
About leaping a gate,
Who'd rather go quietly through it.

The urchins about,
At his horsemanship flout,
Still further the boaster to humble;
And cry out one and all:
“Pride must needs have a fall,
And into a ditch Brag will tumble.”



GRANDFATHER'S DRIVE.

“**W**ITH our granny—gee-ho!
To the greenwood let's go,
Where the bees hum all day,
And the brooks are at play!”

Granny sits in his chair
With a right royal air,
But his horses they trot
Without moving a jot.

Yet the little ones tug,
And they pull and they lug,
With such hearty goodwill,
Though the chair stands stock still:—

And keep crying:—“Gee-ho!
To the greenwood let's go,
Where the bees hum all day,
And the brooks are at play!”



EVENING IN THE WOOD.

THE brook runs babbling through the glade,
The harebells nod and jingle,
The woodpecker beneath the shade
Keeps tapping in the dingle.
The idle wasp goes humming by,
While thrifty ants their labours ply,
And bees who've searched the nooks most sunny,
Come laden home with luscious honey.

The huntsman near the streamlet's rim,
Beneath the willows lying,
Upon his bugle breathes a hymn
To close the day that's dying.
And as it floats the breeze along,
It mixes with the choral song,
At eve throughout the valleys ringing,
From pious voices' solemn singing.

Now homeward trips the village maid,
Her daily labours over,
And timid fawns but half afraid,
Sniff at her load of clover,
Till bolder soon, 'tis quite a treat
From out her hand to see them eat.
"Home," cries the boy, "Oh! home let's take 'em,
And my dear playfellows I'll make 'em."



SPRING.

WHEN Spring's soft breath sets free the rills,
 And melts the Winter's hoards of snow,
 How fast they leap adown the hills,
 How wildly t'wards old ocean flow!

Jack Frost! we gladly part with thee,
 For long indeed thy iron hand
 Hath crushed the flowers relentlessly
 That longed to brighten all the land.

And now the busy plough can trace
 Its furrows through the fallow ground,—
 While countless lovely blossoms grace
 The blooming fruit trees all around.

Yet though the snow amidst the brook
 Is gliding fast—it fain would stay,
 And as it takes a lingering look,
 Says:—"Listen ere I flow away!

"Soon as Spring spoke its royal word,
 I humbly doffed my wintry cap—
 But when the north wind's voice was heard,
 I covered up the earth's green lap.

"And gently swathed each baby flower,
 As snug as in a feather bed—
 Until in field, and wood, and bower,
 Their fragrance might be safely shed.

"And now my snowdrops gaily ring
 A merry peal to herald May—
 And all rejoice at coming Spring,
 While I must hasten far away!"



SUMMER.

NOW the corn has grown ripe in the Summer's hot days,
And the reaping began with the sun's early rays—
Mike and Jack since the morn
Have been cutting the corn,
Which is bound up by Peggy and Sue ;
And gay, flaunting poppies and flow'rets of blue
Wag their heads o'er the sheaves and seem nodding at you.

But when noon's sultry hour proves oppressively hot,
The reapers look out for a cool, shady spot,
And a respite they snatch,
Their short meal to dispatch,
And well earned indeed is their rest!—
While the children give chase to the hare that's hard prest,
Or the bird by the harvest disturbed from her nest.

For what care the children for heat or for work,
At that age when all labour so gaily we shirk ?
Play, then, little ones play,
And enjoy while ye may,
But to all of God's creatures be kind—
That when months have rolled by and left Summer behind,
Its joys unalloyed shall still dwell in your mind.



AUTUMN.

THE breeze is somewhat cooler growing,
 The flowers less scent unfold—
 But see!—the luscious grape is glowing
 With purple or with gold.
 Now drain we up
 The social cup,
 When music blithe invites us—
 Though Winter threatens from afar
 Our present mirth he shall not mar,
 While Autumn still delights us.

Yes! Autumn brings the best of pleasures,
 With grape and garnered corn—
 And lays in stores of future treasures
 To glad the year unborn.
 What need we dread,
 When wine and bread
 God's bounteous hand hath given?
 Oh! rather let our voices raise,
 In fervent hope and humble praise,
 A grateful hymn to Heaven!



WINTER.

STERN Winter—most unwelcome guest!—
 The earth in whitest robes has drest;
 And hast'ning through the crunching snow,
 With tinkling bells the sledges go.

The leafless wood looks drear and sad,
 No birds sing now with voices glad;—
 But boys are romping far and wide,
 And o'er the ice delight to slide.

When on the panes with frost encased,
 The mimic fir-trees may be traced,
 In spite of biting cold and snow,
 Poor housewives to the forest go.

And there they gather moss to form
 Their children's bed all soft and warm,
 And dried up twigs to make a blaze
 That cheers the hearth with kindling rays.

Their treasures next the ashes yield,
 And hot potatoes lie revealed,
 Which little hungry mouths invite
 With dainty smell and welcome sight.

Lord! all Thy ways are great and good!
 Thou giv'st e'en orphaned birds their food—
 Thy blessing and Thy fostering care
 Alike the hut and palace share!



A STROLL IN THE COUNTRY.

PUT on your hat, and let us take
A stroll amidst the rural scene—
The boat is gliding o'er the lake,

The cows are browsing pastures green,
The herdsmen's horns the echoes wake,
And holiday like Nature's self we'll make!



Into the garden next let's come
To pluck a pear or downy plum,
And hear the birds' sweet trilling—



While all around, on fragrant beds,
The flowrets lift their little heads,
The air with perfume filling.



The merry kid is leaping gaily,
And soberer Nanny gives us daily
Sweet milk to make us cheese;



While all our tastes to please,
His nets the busy fisher flings,
And eels and carp for dinner brings.

