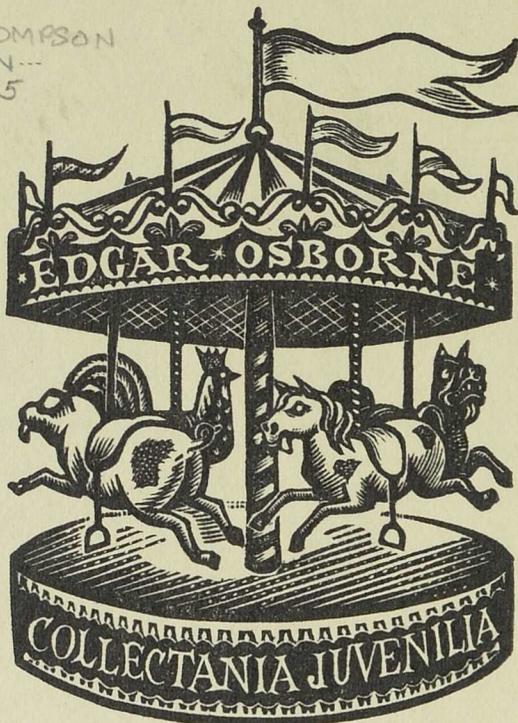




P
THOMPSON
FUN...
1865



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POOR ROOKY.

“And, while Puss was asleep, came creep, creep, creep,
To where the basket stood.”—P. 3.

FUN AND EARNEST;
OR,
RHYMES WITH REASON.

BY DARCY W. THOMPSON,
AUTHOR OF "NURSERY NONSENSE; OR, RHYMES WITHOUT REASON."



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.

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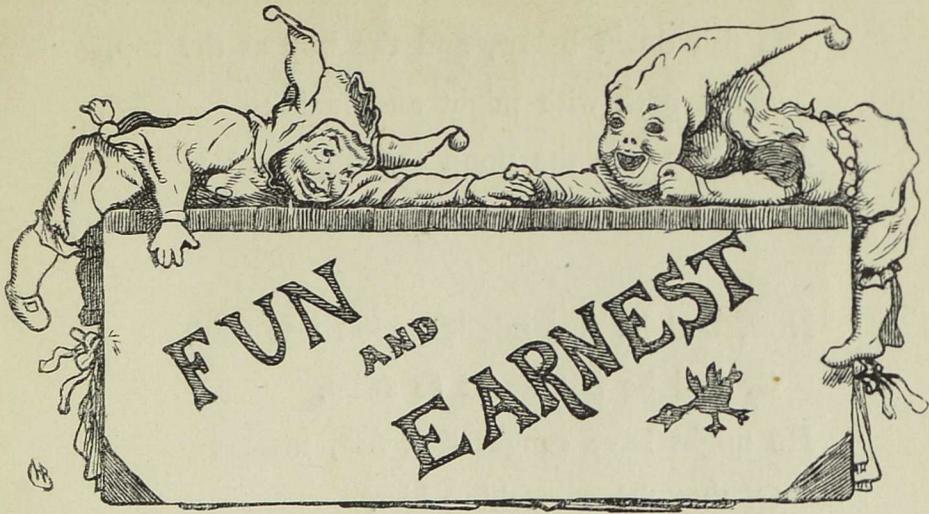
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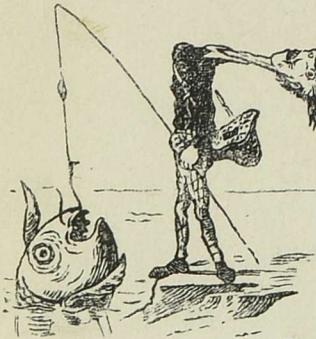
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THE CATCHER CAUGHT.



FISHING in a pond a little boy
stood,

And he hadn't yet learnt to swim ;
And that little boy's mother did all
that she could,

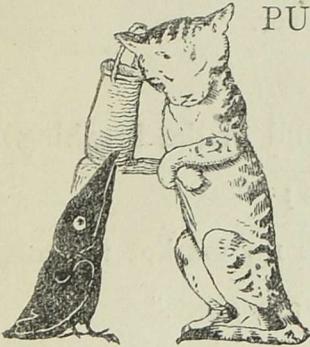
But he *would* stand close to the brim.

And bobbing up and down the float was seen,
Till at last there came a bite ;
And O what a size that fish must have been,
For the float dipp'd down out of sight.

The fish down below, and the boy at the top,
Pull'd both with might and main ;
And right into the pond the boy went plop,
And he never was seen again.

Now, had he just minded what was said,
Or had he but learnt to swim,
He might have caught that fish, instead
Of that fish's catching him.

POOR ROOKY.



PUSSY-CAT, they say, went to market
 one day,
 With a basket upon her head ;
 With her butter to sell, and her eggs
 as well,
 And to buy some fish instead.

But the way was long, and the sun was strong,
 And heavy was her load ;
 So Pussy sat down, half way to the town,
 With her basket upon the road.

A little black rook gave a sly little look
 From out of a neighbouring wood ;
 And, while Puss was asleep, came creep, creep, creep,
 To where the basket stood.

Now, like all of his race, this little scape-grace
Was full of curiosity ;
So he softly undid the basket-lid,
To see what he should see.

And right into the butter he fell with a splutter,
And his wings were greased all over ;
And he smash'd all the eggs with his little black legs,
When down came the basket-cover.

And Pussy-cat awaking at the sound of the breaking
Saw the mischief that was done ;
“ Well, to-day,” says she, “ there’s no market for me,
“ Now my butter and my eggs are gone.”

But guess Rooky’s fright when she added, “ Tho’ to-night
“ I shall have no fish to fry,
“ I can very well sup, as a kind of make-up,
“ On a dish of nice ROOK-PIE.”

MR. FOX.



FOX and a goose, so stories say,
Met once by a river-side ;
And both were obliged to cross
that day
Before the even-tide.

But cold and keen the north-wind blew,
And made poor Foxy shiver ;
He'd catch a cold, he very well knew,
If he dared to swim the river.

So said he to the goose, " Just give me a ride
" From this side to the other,
" And all life long, whatever betide,
" I'll love you like a brother."

So he sat on her back, as you'd sit in a boat,
With his front paws round her neck ;
And of water upon his shiny coat
There wasn't a single speck.

Then says Mr. Fox to that simple bird,
" This is just my time to sup ;
" It perhaps seems odd, but, upon my word,
" I am going to eat you up."

And before poor Goose one step could stir,
Or aloud for help could squall,
Mr. Fox had made his meal of her,
Feathers and bones and all.

But when he had cramm'd as much as he could,
And was thinking how well he had dined,
A pack of hounds tore out of the wood,
With a huntsman bold behind.

And the hounds and the huntsman bold beside
On Foxy made a rush ;
And the hounds eat him up with the goose inside,
And the huntsman got the brush.

THE SWALLOW'S NEST.



WAS underneath a cottage-roof
A swallow used to fix
Her dwelling, warm and weather-
proof,
Of mud and straw and sticks.

Year after year, as spring roll'd round,
The twittering stranger came,
And still to her delight she found
Her little house the same.

Within that cottage lived a boy,
A trouble to his mother ;
She used to say, her only joy
Was that she had no other.

That little boy would never care
For what his mother said :
He used to say, "I'll do whate'er
"Comes first into my head."

Now, he had often sat intent
The swallow's nest a-watching,
While she was filling up a rent,
Or busy with the thatching.

And many a time that boy would be
Most saucy to his mother ;
He'd say, "I mean to have, you'll see,
"That nest some day or other."

Yet he from her as often heard
How wrong it was to take
What might have cost a little bird
A week or two to make.

One day his mother had gone out,
To buy herself a bonnet ;
He leans against the water-spout
A ladder, and mounts on it.

The swallow on the house-top stood ;
The tears ran down her beak ;
She tried, as hard as birdie could,
To move the little sneak.

“Do spare, kind sir, my little home,
“My all in all,” she said ;
“My drawing-, and my dining-room,
“My kitchen and my bed.

“Four eggs are there,” and out she burst
A-sobbing at the words ;
“Those little eggs on Monday first
“Will be four little birds.”

But it was of no earthly use
Her crying and her beggin' ;
The little wretch he took her house
With every single egg in.

And off at once he took his prize,
And hid it in his chest ;
“Ah! ah!” said he, “they'll need sharp eyes
“To find my birdie's nest.”

When home at eve his mother came
She saw the nest was gone ;
She said, " O Tommy, fye for shame !
" What have you been and done ?"

Said he—with grief be it confess'd
A child such fibs could tell—
" I saw the cat run with the nest,
" And drop it down the well."

Of course, his mother could not give
To such a tale belief ;
" I'll know," said she, " ere long I live,
" Who was the real thief."

That very night, when darkness hid
The whole house fast asleep,
The swallow down the chimney slid,
As nimbly as a sweep.

And first she hopp'd upon the bed,
And gently drew the clothes off ;
Then came and stood close by his head,
And peck'd the little boy's nose off.

Back up the chimney flew the bird ;
The boy sprang on the floor ;
And, I'll be bound, you never heard
A boy so loudly roar.

His mother ran, in fear and haste ;
Said she, " What shall I do ?"
" O make," said he, " a nose of paste,
" And stick it on with glue."

She made a nose, the best she could,
And stuck it on the place ;
But of course the nose was not as good
As *you* wear on your face.

For when that little boy has a cold,
If he dare to sneeze or cough,
His mother has to keep tight hold,
For fear the nose fall off.

Yet, though he's lost his little nose,
His senses have been saved ;
And wilful Tommy daily grows
More modest, well-behaved.

But now, when he's been good so long,
It sometimes makes him cry,
To think, had he been good when young,
He'd not be such a GUY.



FARMER GREED.

“The son had a pocket-pistol.
And the farmer had his gun.”—P. 13.

FARMER GREED.



NE morn to shoot at little birds
Went Farmer Greed and his son;
The son had a pocket-pistol,
And the farmer had his gun.

And they sneak'd from hedge to hedge and shot
Every bird they could see ;
Birds that walk'd upon the ground,
Or that sat upon the tree ;

Rook and raven, linnet, lark,
Robin, wren, and sparrow ;
And they cramm'd them all in a great big bag,
And wheel'd them home in a barrow.

And some they stew'd, and some they boil'd,
And the little ones they toasted ;
And some they fried, and some they broil'd,
And the bigger ones they roasted.

And so day after day pass'd on,
Till they reach'd the end of spring,
And there wasn't a bird to clear the fields
Of worm or creeping thing.

And the ground was strewn with worms and grubs,
And insects great and small ;
Some had at least a hundred legs,
And some no legs at all.

And all the trees from top to toe
Were as white as dusty millers ;
You couldn't have seen one speck of green
For slugs and caterpillars.

And the insects went wherever a blade
Of grass was to be found ;
And the barley and wheat were nipp'd, as soon
As they peep'd above the ground.

And round about the farm-house spread
The famine far and wide ;
So the insects thought they would like to see
What the farm-house held inside.

And, row after row, away they go,
With a beetle at their head ;
And the beetle knock'd at the kitchen-door,
But the farmer was still a-bed.

So, as nobody open'd the kitchen-door,
They all went creeping under,
And they found the pantry full o' good things,
And the cupboards cramm'd with plunder.

Butter, and cheese, and eggs, and ham,
And bacon, fat and lean :
They found the farmer's cupboards full,
They left his cupboards clean.

And when every cupboard was dry and bare,
And the good things all were done ;
That beetle said : "Upstairs in bed
"Are Farmer Greed and his son."

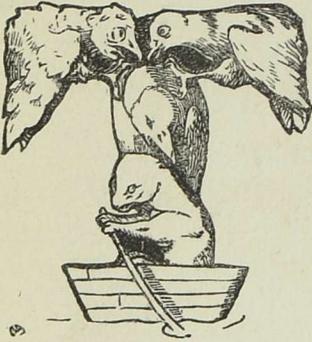
On tip-toe up the stairs they crept,
Till they reach'd the bed-room door ;
And laughing with glee, the beetle, said he :
“ I can hear the farmer snore.”

And in they crept, but what they did,
Or what it was befell
That cruel old man and that cruel little boy,
No mortal man can tell.

We only know they both in bed
That morn lay sleeping sound ;
But two night-gowns and an old night-cap
Was all at noon we found.

Then, O little boys, pray, warning take ;
Remember these last words :
“ When you're out for a walk, you must never throw
stones
“ At the dear little dicky-birds.”

WEASEL'S FERRY.



HREE times seven are twenty-one ;

“ Write one, and carry two :

“ Well, Johnny, now the first line's
done,

“ What next are we to do ?”

But Johnny's eyes this while had been
Sleepy and sleepier growing ;
And, like a nodding Mandarin,
His little head was going.

Papa then put the slate away,
And, waking Johnny, said,
“ We're tired, I see, of sums to-day,
“ Let's have a tale instead.”

Now tales were Johnny's chief delight,
So at the very mention,
The sleep was off, his eyes were bright,
And he was all attention.



THE STORY OF THE DUCK, THE PIGEON,
AND THE HEN.

LONG, long ago, (Papa began,)
In days when birds could talk,
A Duck, a Pigeon, and a Hen,
Went out to take a walk.

They'd walk'd, at least, ten miles, I'm sure,
When Ducky said, "Let's see,
"If we have money to procure
"A dinner for all three."

The Pigeon's purse was rather full,
The Hen's was rather light ;
Says Ducky, "I've got nothing at all,
"Except an appetite."



WEASEL'S FERRY.

“He dropp’d his oars, and made a start
Right at poor Pigeon’s throat.”—P. 19.

So on towards Foxy's inn they hied,
And all got hungry, very ;
And at length they reach'd the river-side,
By Mr. Weasel's ferry.

Says Mr. Weasel, bowing low,
"One penny is my fee,
"So for three pence all three I'll row
"Across the river Dee."

The Pigeon kindly paid for all,
And each one took his seat ;
The weather was so fine, a sail
Was really quite a treat.

But just when to the deepest part
The rogue had row'd his boat,
He dropp'd his oars, and made a start
Right at poor Pigeon's throat.

But he was not allow'd to take
Miss Pigeon unaware ;
For she saw him just in time to make
A spring into the air.

And into the water Ducky, too,
 Head foremost made a dive ;
 And Ducky swam, and Pigeon flew,
 And both escaped alive.

But little Henny dared not stir,
 For she could nor fly nor swim ;
 So Weasel, he look'd hard at her,
 And she look'd hard at him.

But, as she upwards gazed to take
 Her last look at the light,
 The Weasel seized her by the neck,
 And was going to give a bite—

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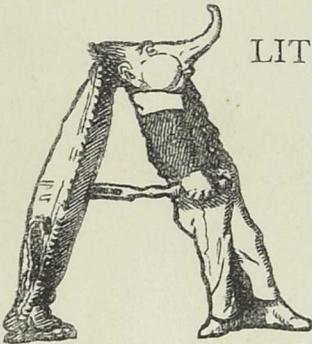
Papa cut short the story here,
 To Johnny's great surprise,
 And then lean'd backwards in his chair,
 And fairly closed his eyes.

“Papa, Papa,” poor Johnny cried,
 “Do tell me what the Hen did :”
 Papa was either sleepified,
 Or else he just pretended.

And what that little Hen befell,
Or the Weasel, what became of him,
Papa to Johnny would never tell,
On purpose to make game of him.

And yet Papa was usually
So very glad to please him :
Can any one, then, tell me why
He now thought fit to tease him ?

MASTER HARD-TO-PLEASE.



LITTLE boy I knew, who would never,
never do

A single thing his kind mother
bid ;

And the stupid little fellow, he was
always finding fault

With everything that everybody did.

From his turn-up little nose and his peevish little ways,

And the cross, cross look upon his face,

You would really have supposed, there was nothing in
the world

Good enough for this little scape-grace.

One day his mother made him a delicious apple-pie,
Good enough for a lord or a prince,
But he turn'd up his nose so very, very high,
That it's never, never gone down since.

And the ragged little boys, and the ragged little girls,
In the street wherever he goes,
Run after him and cry: "Here *is* a jolly Guy,
"Here's a chap with a turn'd-up nose!"

THE TWO BROTHERS:

A BOY'S BALLAD.

PART I.—COURTESY.



TWO children, in a cottage bred,
 Were sons of one dear, loving
 mother ;
 Such opposites, you'd ne'er have
 said,
 That Robert had been Arthur's brother.

Robert was dark ; his temper high ;
 His hair crisp'd into short, black curls ;
 Arthur was fair, and mild, and shy,
 With flaxen ringlets like a girl's.

But still their mother used to boast,
She could not tell of one or other,
Which loved his little comrade most,
Or which was fondest of his mother.

These brothers on a day in June,
When blue the sky, and fair the weather,
Once started in the morning soon,
To ramble the whole day together.

And far beyond the narrow bound
Of wonted walk they rambled on,
And halved the length of travell'd ground
With interchange of talk and fun.

And on they went o'er dale and hill,
Past meadow green and golden plain,
On stepping-stones o'er running rill,
Through sun and shade of leafy lane.

On, on, as stranger scenes unroll'd,
With lengthening hours their pleasure grew ;
On, like adventurers of old,
Pizarro-like, to regions new.

On, careless of the hours, they stroll ;
But travellers hungry grow at last ;
So, resting on a grassy knoll,
They sat and took their noon-repast.

In front a massive gateway stood,
With herald-griffins carved thereon ;
A wood behind ; and o'er the wood
Rose two great towers of frowning stone.

They wonder'd what the towers might be ;
To whom such grandeur might belong ;
When, at his ease and saunteringly,
A peasant whistling came along.

“ Stop,” Robert cried ; “ I want to know,
“ Whose are yon stately towers and high ? ”
The peasant look'd ; then whistled low,
And shrugg'd his shoulders and pass'd by.

But Arthur ran, and said, “ My friend,
“ Pray take his words in kindly part ;
“ My brother spake not to offend ;
“ His speech is rougher than his heart.”

The peasant look'd in Arthur's face ;
He took his bonnet in his hand :
" Yon towers belong to Lady Grace,"
He said, " the towers of Château-grand.

" Now, pardon me, if I advise,
" Less, Sir, for your sake, than your brother's :
" Who puts a question rudely, ties
" A padlock on the lips of others."

And Arthur smiled, and turn'd to see
A touch of red on Robert's face :
" The churl," said Robert, " seems to me
" But ill to understand his place."

Then made they for the castle-gate ;
They rang the bell : the warder came :
" Quick, open quick ; I *want* to wait,"
Said Robert, " on the Castle-Dame."

The man had stood, with keys prepared,
Behind the gateway to unlock it ;
But, hearing Robert's speech, he stared,
And dropt the keys back in his pocket.

Said Arthur in his gentle way,
 “Nay, open, kind sir, if you please ;
“We have not always holiday,
 “And few the pleasure-parks like these.”

The warder heard : he took his keys :
 Undid the gate, and answer made he ;
“I-WANT may go, but IF-YOU-PLEASE
 “Is welcome to my noble Lady.”

But Arthur, he was loth to stir,
 The warder saw, without the other :
“Your winsome face, my little sir,”
 Said he, “shall pass your ruder brother.”

So up the winding walk they pass'd,
 Beneath the shade of ancient wood,
And on a smooth lawn came at last,
 And on the lawn the castle stood.

And up a staircase wide of stone
 They pass'd into a spacious hall ;
And shield, and spear, and bow, and gun,
 And antler'd head hung on the wall.

On carpet-down, up oaken stair
They climb : it is a splendid place :
They pass an open door, and there
Before them sits the Lady Grace.

She rose, and said : "What fortune kind
Brings me two little guests to-day?"
And Robert said, "We *want* to find
"Adventures for our holiday."

The Lady Grace, she softly smiled ;
"WANT is," she said, "an ugly word ;
"Not often used by gentle child ;
"By gentle Lady never heard."

A blush spread over Robert's face :
"We came," he said, "to Château-grand,
"To see the wonders of the place,
"And kiss its gentle Lady's hand."

They kiss'd her hand, upon the ground
Both brothers kneeling on one knee :
"Ah !" said the Lady Grace, "I've found
"Two little knights of high degree."

She stoop'd, and kiss'd each little face ;
 She took them kindly by the hand ;
And all the wonders of the place
 She show'd, of her own Château-grand.

From room to room with her they went,
 Where, framed upon the storied wall,
Were ladies fair of high descent,
 And stately warriors, grim and tall.

And Robert said, " These warriors tall
 " Look wondrous grand, but I would rather
" Have one brooch-picture than them all,
 The face of my own soldier-father."

And Arthur said, " Here may we see
 " A-many sweet and gentle faces ;
" But two are sweeter far to me,
 " My Mother's and the Lady Grace's."

And here were mirrors round a room,
 That made a thousand walls of one ;
And sunlight here in curtain'd gloom
 Faintly through colour'd window shone.

And in an old, sequester'd nook,
That open'd on soft greenery,
Repose, at length, the lady took ;
The children standing at her knee.

And from the table, clasp'd in gold,
She rais'd an old tome, vellum-bound,
And turn'd the pictured leaves, that told
The story of the Table Round.

And here were knights arm'd cap-a-pie,
At tourney on the tented green ;
And, robed in broider'd cramoisy,
Were lady fair and stately queen.

As tales of knight and king she read,
Two names she singled from the rest :
“Where all were brave and good,” she said,
“These were the bravest and the best.”

And turning to each listening lad,
“Those days,” she said, “are vanish'd not ;
“Here is my gentle Galahad,
“And here my fiery Lancelot.”

Long sat the lady in the room,
The children leaning on her knee ;
And deeper grew the twilight gloom ;
The pictured leaf you could not see.

And Arthur clung close, close, and heard
The Lady Grace so gently sigh ;
For Arthur's soft, blue eyes had stirr'd
A sweet, sad, far-off memory.

"Ah! Lady Grace, how sweet you look,
"So sweet and gentle, that you seem
"A picture in some story-book,
"Or I am in some pleasant dream."

"Ay, children, I was dreaming too ;
"Which tells me that the hour is late :
"Good-night, my little liegemen true ;
"My carriage waits you at the gate.

"There, children, kiss me on my face ;
"Tis idle play to kiss my hand :
"Come soon and see your Lady Grace ;
"Your second home is Château-grand."

They rose, and kiss'd her on the face,
As each had been her loving son ;—
But, strange, how wept the Lady Grace ;
O how she wept, when they were gone !

“The winsome boy with golden hair,
“The sweet boy and his bluff, bold brother—
“Ah, Château-grand ! your lady fair
“Is not as happy as their mother.”

Within the parlour, neat and plain,
That eventide each eager brother
Twice told, and would have told again,
The day's adventures to his mother.

The mother listen'd, and in fun,
Or half in fun and half to tease,
Said, “I shall call my elder son,
“I-WANT ;—my younger, IF-YOU-PLEASE.

“And now, good-night ; but, if you can,
“When you are cosy-warm in bed,
“Think over what the countryman,
“The warder, and the lady said.

“Their words, I think, dear Robert, shew ;
“And you will think as does your mother ;
“That this is true, which long ago
“I read in some old book or other :—

““When bolts and bars are in your way,
“And you are longing to get through them,
“Kind words are found, so wise men say,
“The key that easiest will undo them.””



PART II.—LADY GRACE.

Now all the chances that befell
These brothers, as the years roll'd by,
Were I to try, I could not tell,
And, could I tell, I scarce should try.

I know that many a time, as sped
Unnoticed summers o'er the land,
The children took the road that led
From their own home to Château-grand.

I know their cottage roof and wall
Rang long with mirth and happy noise ;
I know their mother lived to call
Two gallant youths her bonny boys.

I know that years stole silently
Upon her, and her hair grew grey :
I know there came an hour when she
Was call'd of God, and went away.

And then the dear old cottage room,
So merry in the days of old,
Seem'd curtain'd round and round with gloom ;
For all the fire, the hearth was cold.

They rose : they took one lingering view :
They turn'd the key upon the door ;
And O 'twas sad to say "Adieu !"
"Adieu, sweet home, for evermore !"

And so they left the dear, dear place,
Their child-walk a last time to roam ;
And sought, and found with Lady Grace,
At Château-grand a second home.

And dearly loved they Lady Grace,
And still their hearts were fond and true :
An old home and a dear old face
Were not forgotten for the new.

And Lady Grace, she ne'er forgot ;
She too had memories sweet and sad ;
But dearly loved she Lancelot,
And dearly loved her Galahad.

And Arthur took the lady's name ;
But he alone ; for said his brother ;
" Mine, Lady Grace, must be the same
" That once my father gave my mother."

That castle was a happy place,
And pleasant years roll'd swiftly by ;
But thin and pale grew Lady Grace,
And none could tell the reason why.

Grew thinner, paler, every day ;
And Arthur never left her side :
At length her call to go away
Came, and in Arthur's arms she died.

And so one sunny noon were seen
Two loving brothers bitterly weeping,
Beside two sister-graves grass-green,
Where two they loved now lay a-sleeping.

And Château-grand was Arthur's now :
He grew a stately gentleman :
But sadly evermore, I trow,
Thro' Arthur's brain sweet memories ran.

But Robert, he was still the same :
His restless spirit chafed with ease :
And so he went to win a name,
A soldier's name, beyond the seas.

And well he wielded the good sword,
A soldier in a distant land,
Which once the Lady Grace's lord
Had wielded in his knightly hand.

And fearless as he was in fight,
So was he mild with lady near ;
The Bayard of his day ; a knight
Without reproach and without fear.

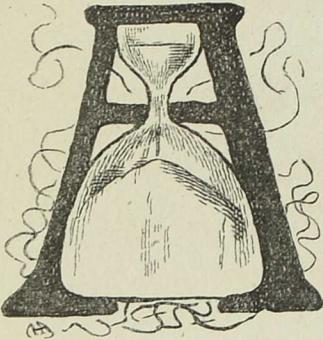
But soldier's work, it needeth rest ;
So, wearied, from that distant land
Came Robert ; and was Arthur's guest,
A welcome guest, at Château-grand.



THE TWO BROTHERS.

"I-WANT may go, but IF-YOU-PLEASE
'Is welcome to my noble Lady.'"—P. 28.

THE WITCH'S BOBBIN.



CHILD sat on the nursery-floor
 Beside a broken toy :
 " I'll play with baby-things no
 more,"
 He said : " I'll be a boy."

The silly child in passion spoke :
 He turn'd : to his surprise,
 An old witch, muffled in a cloak,
 Stood there before his eyes.

Her forehead was with wrinkles knit,
 And yellow was her skin ;
 You'd scarce have put a penny-bit
 Between her nose and chin.

“What puts my laddie in a rage?”

She said: “Why should he cry?”

He said: “I wish to grow in age:”

She said: “So do not I.”

“But if,” she said, “such is your mind;

“If discontent you feel;

“Here, take this bobbin, and unwind

“The cotton from the reel.

“And every time your fingers ply

“A single yard of thread,

“A year shall fly as silently

“As dream above your head.”

A change! a change! he pull'd the reel,

Impatient to begin it:

And he has lived, but cannot feel,

Twice five years in a minute.

* * * *

“How very old you look, Papa!

“Your hair and beard are grey:

“And where is dear old grandmama?

“Why has she gone away?”

Papa look'd very stern, and said ;

“ You know as well as I,

“ That she has in her grave been laid

“ For years and years gone by.

“ A boy should not so idly speak,

“ To cause his father sorrow :

“ Go ; learn your Latin and your Greek,

“ The lesson for to-morrow.”

His father's words to understand

The boy is quite unable :

He stares, perplex'd ; and by his hand

The reel lies on the table.

The change again ! he pulls the thread,

Impatient to begin it ;

And silently roll o'er his head

Ten years in half a minute.

* * * *

The room is still the same ; but see,

The boy is boy no more :

A prattling child sits on his knee ;

A cot is on the floor.

Beside him kneels the young Mama,
Their baby-boy caressing :
“How sad,” she says, “poor Grandpapa
“Ne'er lived to see our blessing.”

And so for ever out of view
Are pass'd two dear old faces :
As dear, maybe a dearer two,
Are come to fill their places.

Ah ! happy, happy man ! thy hearth
Is bless'd with child and wife :
Such bliss for half an hour is worth
A year of other life.

Put by the reel ! such blessed lot
To whomsoe'er 'tis given,
He lingers, tho' he knows it not,
Hard by the gate of Heaven.

Such hours, alas ! too swiftly fly
Without yon fatal skein :
Such hours, when they are once gone by,
They never come again.



THE WITCH'S BOBBIN.

“What puts my laddie in a rage?”
She said: ‘Why should he cry?’”—P. 40.

A something whispers faint and low ;
 “ Home-happiness is tame ;
“ Go, mix with those that do and know,
 “ And win thyself a name !”

The change again ! he pulls the thread,
 Impatient to begin it ;
And twice five years roll o'er his head
 In less than half a minute.

* * * *

A darken'd room : a chill, chill place :
 A youth before him stands :
“ Who is the youth ? why is his face
 “ Thus buried in his hands ?”

He seems with inward grief to shake,
 A grief he cannot smother :
“ Father, my very heart will break !
 “ My mother ! O my mother !

“ Our joy in life is gone away,
 “ And it will come back never :
“ I kiss'd her dear face yesterday,
 “ And she is gone for ever.”

Bewilder'd, with a dull surprise,
 He hears the wild words said :
 He stares, and in the gloom descries
 A black thing on the bed.

He trembles, and with both his hands
 He presses hard his brow :
 He shrieks—ah ! see, he understands,
 He understands all now.

He cries a loud and bitter cry,
 And falls down in a swound :
 Down falls the reel : twice five years lie,
 Unravell'd on the ground.

* * * *

An old man, very pale and wan,
 Lies stretch'd upon a bed :
 The witch is at the foot : the son
 Is weeping at the head.

“ My son ; how thin I am and weak !
 “ How long have I lain sleeping ? ”
 The son, he tries, but cannot speak,
 Poor loving son, for weeping.

“ O put yon beldame to the door !

“ There's death in her cold eye :

“ Kiss me, my son ; once more ; once more ;

“ Now, hold me till I die.”

The witch heeds not the loving son ;

Heeds not the father's pain :

She says ; “ Before the day is done,

“ The reel is mine again.

“ My reel, my reel, my magic reel !

“ You pull the fatal thread,

“ And swifter than your senses feel,

“ The years roll over head.

“ O foolishhest of foolish men,

“ To squander life away ;

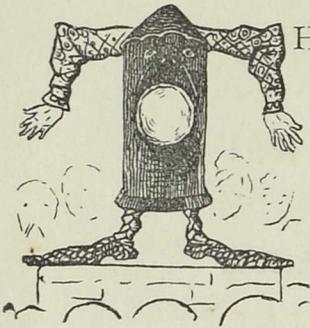
“ For thou hast lived threescore and ten

“ Long years in one short day !”

THE MAGIC LANTERN:

OR,

WORDS ; WORDS ; WORDS.



THE Lady Katharine de Velours,
 She lives in style ; and Lady
 Kitty
 Is very learned, and very demure,
 And once, they say, was rather
 pretty.

'Twas she that wrote—but you know that—
 Those books so full of sound advice ;
 “ Cheese-parings for the hungry Rat,”
 And “ Traps to catch unwilling Mice.”

She wrote those pretty books, I'm told,
 The poor and ignorant to teach ;
 They're bound in calf, and edged with gold,
 And only cost a guinea each.

Once only I had the honour to get
To Purreigh Manor an invitation ;
To meet a most distinguish'd set
Of noble friends to education.

Sir Foozle Poodle of Berkeley Hall ;
Lord Leveret, son of Earl Marchwater ;
General Sir Perroquet McCawl,
With pretty Polly, his youngest daughter.

The Manor chaplain, Mr. Rook ;
The blushing curate, Mr. Coo ;
The great Parsee, Sir Bubble-y-jook,
And squires and M.P.s not a few.

First to the library we went,
Where mental food in store was found,
And half a learned hour we spent
As toast and coffee were handed round.

To microscopes some glued their faces,
Or peer'd at mites or fishes' fins ;
And eyed black-beetles, ranged in cases,
Martyrs to science, stuck on pins ;

Tadpoles in bottles with wax-seal'd stoppers ;
Fire-arms in rusty-brown condition ;
Long rows of Greek and Roman coppers,
Far gone in green decomposition.

Some gazed at flies upon the wall,
Or pass'd their fingers through their hair,
Or fixedly stared at nothing at all,
Or languish'd in a mild despair.

The thing was verging on ennui,
When rang the bell, the guests to call
To where a lecture was to be
Deliver'd in the servants' hall.

Scarce in our chairs had we lean'd back,
When up the room came gravely slow,
Be-wigg'd and clad in learned black,
Signor Dottore Giacomo.

There was, as far as I could tell,
A something queer in Signor Giaco ;
And as he pass'd, there was a smell
Of most uncommonly strong tobacco.

The room was dark, but I could see
A magic lantern on a stand :
The Doctor held what seem'd to me
A slide of glass in either hand.

Suddenly, in my ears the sound
Of a shrill squeaky voice was dinning ;
And in an hour myself I found
No wiser than at the beginning.

To understand one single word
I had been utterly unable ;
The Doctor surely, I inferr'd,
Was fresh from Bedlam or from Babel.

He ceased : a lighted chandelier
Dispell'd the temporary gloom ;
Stifled applause or murmuring cheer
Of thankfulness ran through the room.

The General rose his legs to stretch,
Then whisper'd softly to his daughter,
“ Tell what's-his-name to go and fetch
“ A glass of something and soda water.”

Lord Leveret said, "'Twas twuly gwand,
" Upon his word, and monstwous pwetty ;"
" And calculated to expand
" Enquiring minds," said Lady Kitty.

A smile half on, half off his lip,
Said Mr. Rook, " I'm sure all present
" Are grateful to your Ladyship
" For rendering thus instruction pleasant."

" Ya—as," Sir Fozzle Poodle said ;
" This sawt of magic what-d'ye-may-caw
" Weminds me that I've somewhere wead
" About this kyind of thing befaw."

Said Lady Kitty, " If that be so,
" Pray rise and make some observation :
" The shortest lecture would, you know,
" Confer a very great obligation."

Sir Fozzle rose and said : " No doubt,
" Aftaw, my fwiends, what you have seen,
" You'd like to know a little about
" The histowy of this stwange machine.

- “ A man invented this machine
“ A vewy, vewy long while ago ;
“ A clevah fellah he must have been,
“ But what his name was—I don’t know.
- “ The use is simple, if you knew ;
“ You open or you shut this lid ;
“ You put the slides in ; and you do—
“ Exactly what the Signor did.
- “ The ancient Bwitons, savage men,
“ Knew little or nothing at all about it ;
“ They had no magic lantern then ;
“ But they contwived to do without it.
- “ And Julius Cæsar, I’ll be bound,
“ When first he cwoss’d the sea to Dovah,
“ This sawt of thing would not have found
“ If he had search’d all Bwитай ovah.
- “ Our wude forefathers then, you see,
“ Were not so well off quite as we aw ;
“ Which is, of course, to you and me
“ A vewy consolatory ideaw.”

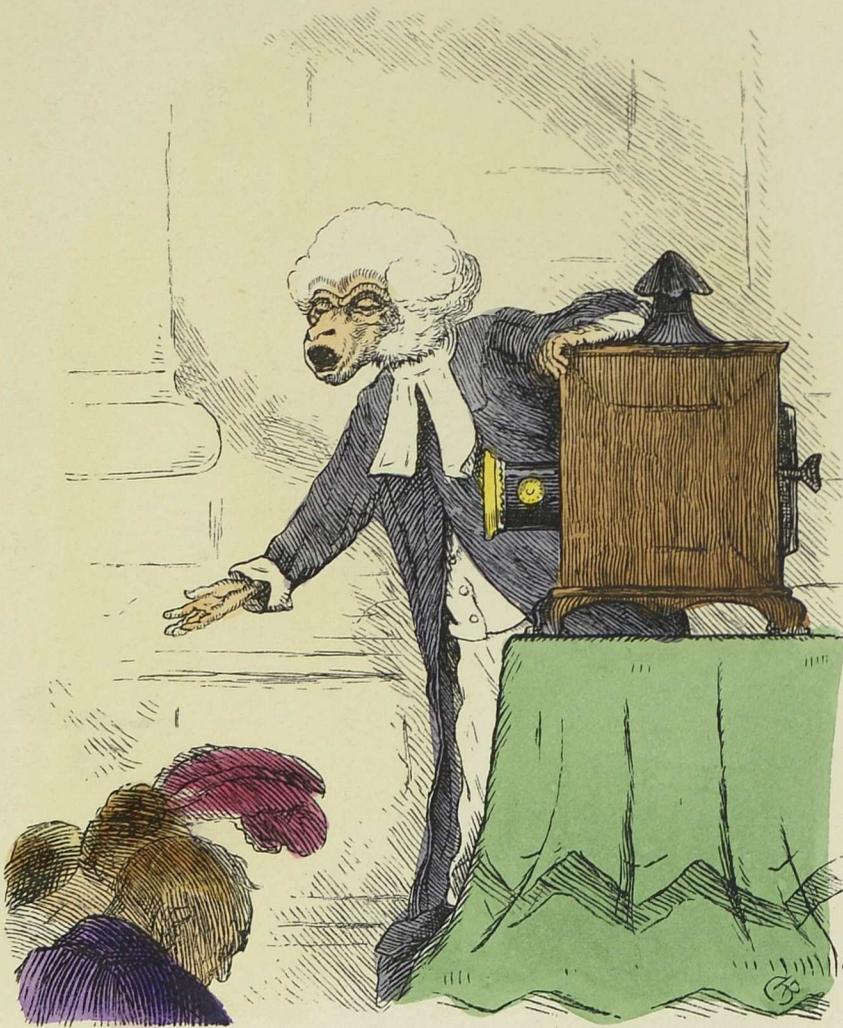
With loud applause the servants greet
The speech : one cheer ! another yet !
The Butler said, " It *was* a treat
" To hear a real live baronet."

Now I must own a truth unpleasant,
Which I am blushing to recall ;
The plain fact is, of all then present
None had seen anything at all.

The learned Signor Giacomo,
Or, in plain English, Master Jacko,
Had taken, I for certain know,
Something *besides* his strong tobacco.

So, tho' he possibly had rehearsed
Descriptions true of every slide,
He had forgotten at the first
To light the little lamp inside.

And worthy Giacomo as yet
Scarce in his speech was ankle-deep
Before my Lady and her set
Were snoring some, and all asleep.



THE MAGIC LANTERN.

“He had forgotten at the first
To light the little lamp inside.”—P. 52.

And those who dared not sleep or snore,
Staring at nothing, bewilder'd sat,
And might have seen as much, or more,
If they had stared inside my hat.

And, strange, the only one that had
Perceived poor Giacomo's quandary,
Was one Bob Dorg, a butcher-lad,
Sharp as a knife, but vulgar—very.

He had meant to tell the scullery-maid,
His cousin, of the lecture, after ;
But, hearing what the butler said,
Bob burst into a roar of laughter.

Lord Leveret call'd, " Why, what's the wow ?"
Poor Lady Kitty was pale with fright ;
Sir Fozzle said, " It's ovah now ;
" They've kicked him out, and serve him wight."

Perhaps it *did* serve Bobby right ;
For tho' what's false is ne'er allow'd,
Yet, sometimes, 'tis most impolite
To utter certain truths out loud.

'Tis true enough that Bob's own nose
Is rather puggy, as you well know ;
But would he like, do you suppose,
Any one else to tell him so ?

If Tommy took that liberty,
Bobby, I think, would feel inclined
To let young Master Tommy see,
A little of his, Bobby's, mind.

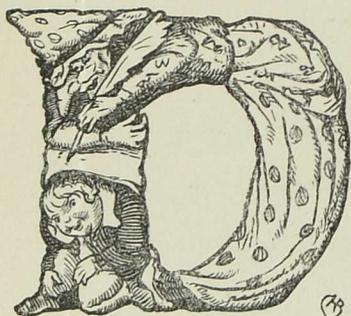
Still, I must own, 'twixt you and me,
That in my heart I felt a throb
Of warm and genuine sympathy
For vulgar, ugly, but honest Bob.

And so, whenever a speaker now
Makes long half hours of every minute,
Havering a kind of bow—wow—wow,
Dull, pompous stuff with nothing in it ;

When words are thick as peas, and thought
Like currants in school-dumplings spread,
I think, why, surely, *he*'s forgot
The light inside *his* lantern-head.

TO COUSIN TOMMY ;

THE FIRST LETTER FROM OUR NURSERY.



EAR TOMMY, I don't know where
you are,

But I'm told it's far away ;

So I'm sitting by Nurse, who is
writing for me,

To tell what I've got to say.

And I've got such a deal to say, Tommy dear,

Such a lot of nice things to show ;

I only wish you were here, Tommy dear,

Were it just for a day or so.

I've got a great big tortoise-shell cat,

But Pussy is too well fed ;

For she's lazy and fat, and won't catch mice ;

But she purrs when I take her to bed.

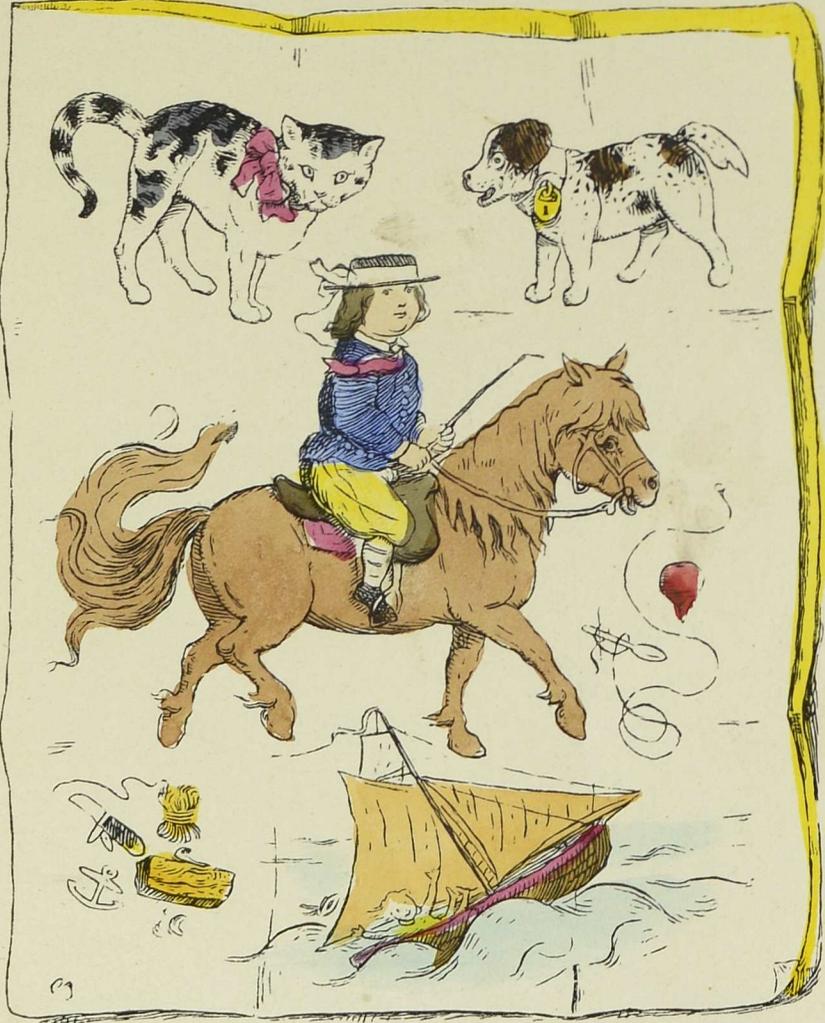
And a dear little dog that can stand on two legs,
And he's speckled all black and white ;
And I sometimes pull him hard by the tail,
And he growls, but he daren't bite.

And, O ! such a duck of a pony !
I wish you were here to see ;
His coat is rough, and he's very small,
But his tail is as long as me.

I think he will soon be too little for me,
And then I shall give him away ;
But the person I mean to give him to,
As yet I don't choose to say.

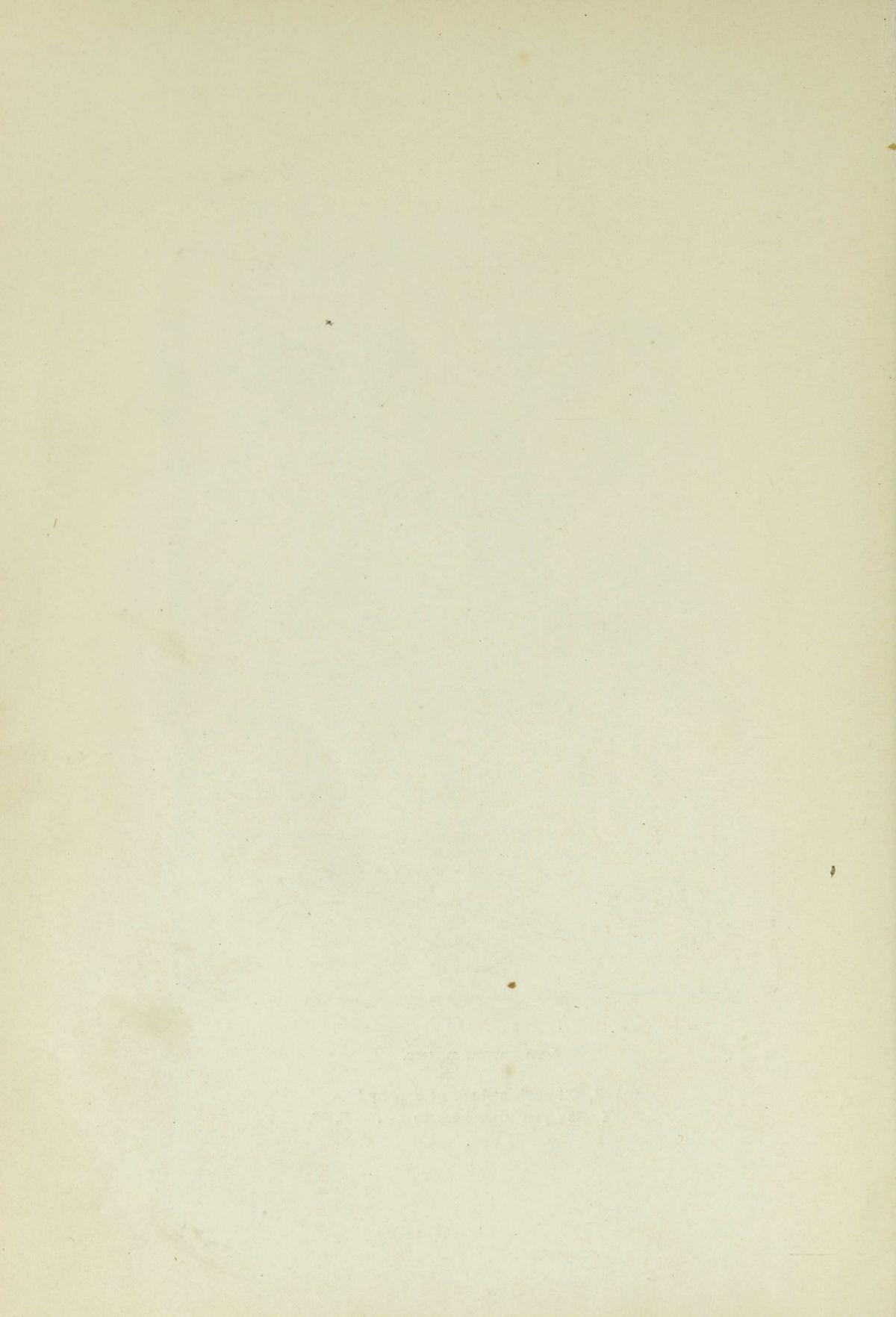
But perhaps I shall give him to you, Tommy dear,
As soon as I'm tall and strong ;
For then I shall have a big horse to myself,
And I'll ride about all the day long.

And I'll buy a great three-masted ship,
And I'll paint it black and red,
And I'll sail it about in the real sea
Till it's time to go to bed.



TO COUSIN TOMMY.

“And, O! such a duck or a pony!
I wish you were here to see.”—P. 56.



Pa' made me a boat himself last week,
But the boat it was far too small ;
It wouldn't hold Puss, if I put her inside,
And it's got no masts at all.

It was only last week Papa came home ;
He had been away such a long while ;
I think I've never once seen him laugh,
And I seldom see him smile.

But he's very kind and good to me,
And he gives me lots of toys :
Papa, I suppose, is too clever or old
To talk with little boys.

The night he came home he was sitting alone,
And I crept in close by his side ;
But he held his face between both hands,
And you can't think how he cried.

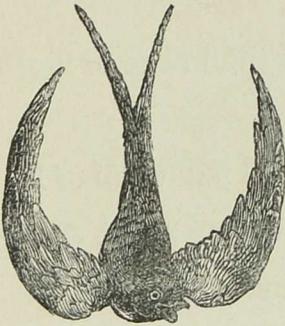
Now, I couldn't tell what they had done to Papa,
But I thought, if I were as tall,
They might beat me as hard as ever they liked,
But I'd never cry at all.

For I tumbled in going down stairs one day,
And it made such a bump on my head ;
And in hollowing out my boat, I cut
My finger until it bled.

But nurse can tell you I didn't cry,
But I held my two hands fast,
And I bit my lips as hard as I could,
Until the pain was pass'd.

But it's weary to be so young and so small ;
I mean to do all I can ;
I'll go to bed soon, and I'll stand in the rain,
And I'll try to grow into a man.

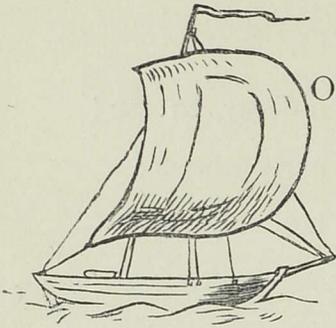
TO THE SWALLOW.



WELCOME, wanderer, to me !
Welcome, early comer !
Hither over land and sea
Thou comest, seeking Summer.

Summer soon will pass away ;
Autumn next will follow ;
Long ere Winter we shall say,
“ Good-bye, wandering Swallow ! ”

A HOLIDAY TO-MORROW.



O you think we shall have to-morrow,
 Papa,
 Sunshine and fair weather?
 You promised, you know, the next
 fine day
 We should sail our ship together.

And all last week I worked, Papa,
 As hard as I was able ;
 And without a mistake can say "three times"
 In my multiplication table.

So after breakfast to-morrow, Papa,
 We'll go to the water-side,
 And launch our wee ship as they launch
 A big ship on the Clyde.

But Pilot must not go with us, Papa,
That naughty dog, because
Last time he went swimming out after the ship,
And capsized it with his paws.

But suppose, when our ship were far from the land,
The wind should come, and the rain,
And she should go down, down below,
And never be seen again ?

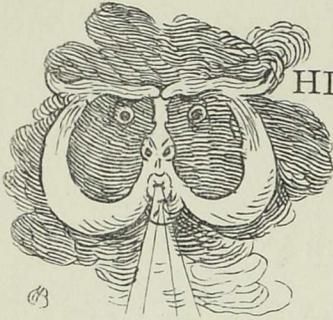
But no, no, no : no storm shall blow ;
But the sun will shine all day,
And a soft, soft wind will puff behind,
And our ship shall sail away.

And I'll sit down by the water-side,
And Papa shall sit by me ;
And we'll shut our eyes, and make believe
We are sailing on the sea.

THE WINDS.



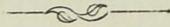
THE NORTH-WIND.



HITHER, Papa, does the North-wind
go,
When he's tired of the storm, and
has ceased to blow?

In cold, blue seas, in a frozen zone,
The monarch sits on a glittering throne;
A throne of ice that rises on high
With spire and pinnacle into the sky:
With snort and spout of thundering sound
Sea-horse and whale go sailing round:
Wrapt in his winter coat of hair,
Plods thro' the mist the great white bear;
Or prowling alone the fox will go,
White-coated, peaky-faced, over the snow;
You might stay there a year, and you never would see
Blossom, or flower, or green-leaved tree;

A year, and the while would never be heard
Voice of man or carol of bird ;
A year, and never would summer sun
That desolate wilderness shine upon :
Glad to escape is the mariner bold,
That has seen yon king in his realm of cold.



THE EAST-WIND.

WHITHER, Papa, when he's tired in the sky,
Whither away does the East-wind fly ?

Yoked to his car, his swift steeds go
Over high mountain-peaks, cover'd with snow ;
Over green Tartar-land onwards they flee,
Plains as vast as the boundless sea ;
Sometimes a horseman on trampling steed
Passes them, riding at galloping speed ;
Sometimes comes trailing a long caravan
Of horse and camel and merchantman ;
Then slowly they all disappear, and again
The car drives over a desolate plain ;

Never a moment that car will stay,
Till it reaches the beautiful gates of Day ;
There, rising from out of his ocean-bed,
The great Sun at dawn lifts his glorious head,
And the sky, that before was gray and cold,
Lights up at his coming with crimson and gold.
Some morn, when the world is asleep and still,
Together we'll go to the top of yon hill,
And we'll watch how the darkness goes paling away,
How climbs up the heaven the opening day,
And how the sky glows with a million roses ;
And see where the East-wind, when weary, reposes.



THE SOUTH-WIND.

WHEN the warm South-wind is tired with play,
To what far-off home does he hurry away ?

Far away, far away, under sunnier skies,
Past the Moon-mountains his resting-place lies ;
Flowers are there blooming of every hue,
Crimson and scarlet, yellow and blue ;

Flowers of perfume rich and rare,
Scatter'd like weeds o'er the garden fair ;
Bright as the rainbow or butterfly's wing,
Fairer in winter than ours in spring.
Fruit there ripens of every kind,
Citron and orange of golden rind ;
Melon, whose juice so fresh and sweet
Would cool you under the noon-day's heat ;
Clustering grape on drooping vine,
Peach, pomegranate, and nectarine.
But with walls of brass hemm'd round and round
Is the whole of that magical garden-ground ;
And watching sleeplessly, early and late,
A dragon sits at the garden-gate,
So that no mortal may ever behold
The wonderful flowers and the fruit of gold.



THE WEST-WIND.

WHEN he's tired with play, and has ceased to blow,
Whither, Papa, does the West-wind go ?

Far away is an island, emerald-green,
Where mortal mariner ne'er has been ;
Meadow-lawns, soft as soft can be,
Slope gently down to the brimming sea ;
Over-head hanging, a rich warm air
Makes perpetual summer there.
On the soft meadow-grass, close to the deep,
Are good knights of olden times lying asleep ;
Taking their rest till the wounds are heal'd,
Got upon glorious battle-field :
Good King Arthur is sleeping there,
And watching beside him are ladies fair ;
The king and his knights of the Table Round
Lie on the meadow-lawn sleeping sound.
At sunset, walk by the sea, and behold
The clouds of purple with fringe of gold ;
Like the curtains at night around your bed,
Those clouds round the beautiful isle are spread.
There's a magical ship that sails over the sea,
And the name of that ship is Phantasie ;
And over the sea, in some warm, sunny weather,
Papa and his Boy will go sailing together.

THE WILD-BEAST SHOW.



ELL, Grandmama, to the Wild-
beast Show

Nurse and I have been ;

So, if you'll let me sit on your knee,

I'll tell you all we've seen.

A leopard we saw, that look'd like a cat,

A great cat cover'd with spots ;

I think he was painted with mustard first,

And afterwards spoilt with blots.

And a lion, just like a big yellow dog,

Was glaring behind his bars ;

His head seem'd a deal too big, and his beard

Was twice as long as Papa's.

And a great giraffe, with a little wee tail,
And a neck so long, Nurse said,
He might have his toes in the kitchen-yard,
And his nose upstairs in bed.

And swimming about in the water
Was a great white polar bear ;
No wonder he finds the weather too hot,
With such a thick coat of hair.

And there were such lots of monkeys,
All sizes, black and brown ;
I'm sure they can talk, for they seem'd to me
Like little black men baked down.

But the great big elephant, Grandmama,
Seem'd the funniest beast to me ;
For he keeps two teeth outside his mouth,
And a tail where his nose should be.

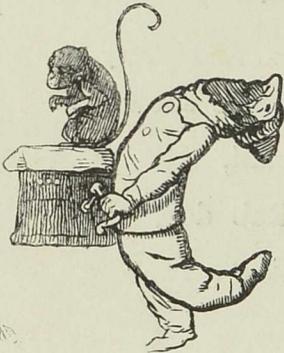
Nurse call'd it his *trunk* ; but a trunk you know
Is made to hold one's clothes ;
Then why put his coat, if he's *got* a coat,
Inside his tail or his nose ?

Now, Pussy and Rab have just one tail,
And one tail seems to do ;
I suppose, Grandmama, it's because he's so big,
That an elephant must have two.

Still, if I were an elephant, Grandmama,
I think I should feel inclined
To keep my teeth inside my mouth,
And to hang both tails behind.

But I'm sure if all the beasts in the show
Were offer'd me, great and small,
I wouldn't give Pussy or little Rab dog,
Or poor Cockatoo for them all.

THE ORGAN-MAN AND THE MONKEY.



COME to the window, Johnny ;
 Come as quick as you can ;
 There's a man with a barrel-organ,
 And a monkey dress'd like a man.

Nurse, you may go to the door,
 And give the poor fellow a penny ;
 Johnny, we've had a good dinner, you know,
 And perhaps he's not had any.

There—he's got the money ;
 See, how he's smiling now ;
 He's telling the monkey to take off his hat,
 And make us a splendid bow.



THE WILD-BEAST SHOW.

“ I wouldn't give Pussy or little Rab dog,
Or poor Cockatoo for them all.”—P. 70.

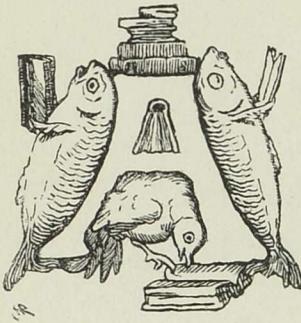
Listen ! he's playing again :

Do you know what makes the sound ?
There are little wee men that sing inside,
As he turns the handle round.

Little wee men that sing,
And frisk inside and caper ;
No bigger they than your finger-nail,
And as thin as tissue-paper.

Though you should lift the lid
Softly for fear of fright'ning,
Before you could say "Jack Robinson,"
They'd be off like a flash of light'ning.

THE WALK TO SCHOOL.



LITTLE lad one morn in May,
 As like a snail he crept to school,
 Saw like a sunbeam flash and play
 A wee fish in a pleasant pool.

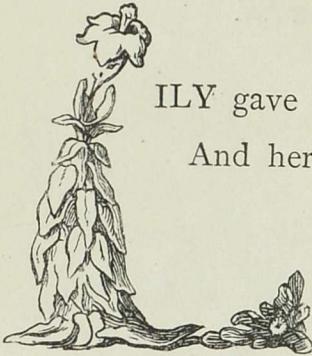
Upon the grassy bank to rest
 He sat, and overhead he heard
 A *trill-lill* from a little nest
 Piped by some merry morning-bird.

“You swim,” he said, “wee shiny fish,
 “Because you’ve nothing else to do :
 “And I would swim, had I my wish,
 “And you should have my sum to do.

“And pretty bird, had I my will,
“I’d sit like you on yonder tree,
“And sing all day your *trill-a-lill*,
“And you should learn my A, B, C.”

Then up he rose, and went to school;
A weary, weary way; for still
The fish, he knew, swam in the pool,
The birdie sang *trill-trill-a-lill*.

LILY'S BALL.



LILY gave a party,
 And her little playmates all,
 Gaily drest, came in their best,
 To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose,
 Sat and never stirr'd,
 And except in whispers
 Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
 Shone in silk and satin;
 Learned old Convolvulus
 Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonnette.

But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went downstairs to sup ;
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a butter-cup.

And all were dress'd to go away
Before the set of sun ;
And Lily said "good-bye !" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

THE LITTLE LOVERS.



LITTLE Boy-sailor with jacket of
blue,

Fond hearts at home have been
thinking of you ;

Dreaming the long nights, and
thinking all day

Of a darling boy-sailor, while he was away ;
And when the ship sail'd away, oh ! how they cried,
Mother and sister, and—some one beside.

Dear little Golden-hair, I will tell thee
What I saw, what I heard on the deep sea ;
As I sat all alone on the mast high,
A sea-maiden singing and swimming came by ;
Combing her tangled and silken green hair,
Thus she sang sweetly, that sea-maiden fair :

“Little Boy-sailor with jacket of blue,
“Mother and sister are thinking of you;
“He, too, forgets not, where'er he may roam,
“Mother and sister, and sweet, sweet home;
“But a something makes little Boy-sailor's eyes dim,
“When he's thinking of some one—who's thinking of him.”

So she pass'd swimming, and swimming she sang;
And in mine ears the sweet music still rang;
And I felt, on the mast sitting alone,
Millions of tiny threads over me thrown;
Threads by the silk-worm in Fairy-land spun—
I felt them all over, but couldn't see one;
But I knew that the magic web only could be
Thrown by kind Fairies across the wide sea,
To bind little Golden-hair close, close to me.

A MORNING HYMN.



a, a : it is the break of day :

Blithely are the birdies singing,
From their little nests up-springing :

A, a, a : it is the break of day.



e, e : how thankful I should be !

Round my bed, as I lay sleeping,
Holy angels guard were keeping :

E, e, e : how thankful I should be !



i, i : the Sun is in the sky :

See, his pleasant light comes stealing
Thro' the lattice o'er the ceiling :

I, i, i : the Sun is in the sky.



o, o: how soft the breezes blow!

All the pretty flowers awaking

Dew from little leaves are shaking:

O, o, o: how soft the breezes blow!

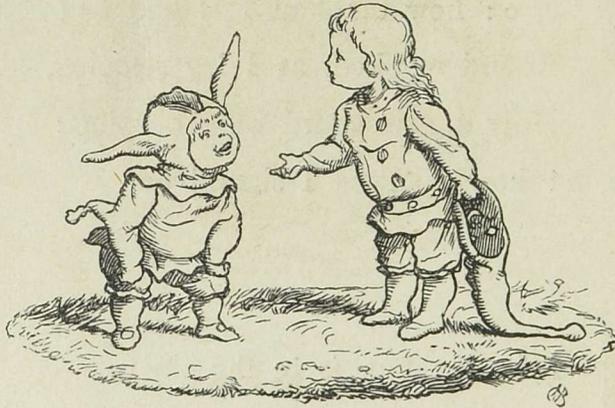


u, u: our days are short and few:

May each sun to rest a-going

Find me wiser, better growing:

U, u, u: our days are short and few.



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