

GRANDPAPA EASY'S

LADY
GOLIGHTLY,



AND HER COUSINS
THE GRASSHOPPERS.

DEAN & CO

THREADNEEDLE STREET

Price Six-pence.

AND HER COUSINS

LADY COLIGHTLY

THE GRASSHOPPERS



OR MAKE HAY

WHILE

THE SUN SHINES



DEAN & Co. Threadneedle St



“WELL, this is fine summer weather!” said an ant, passing by,—“there’s nothing to be seen above, but a deep blue sky;—as for rain and cold winds, we have almost forgotten what they mean,—and though the earth may be a little parched, yet the woods and fields are green.—The sun shines all day long, and those who wish to make hay,—had better not loose the present time, but make it without delay.—As for me and my family, my wife, sons, and daughters,—instead of dancing, and singing ‘Charlie over the waters,’—like others that I could name, but will not at present,—why, we’ll work all day long, while the weather continues pleasant,—and gather up all the grains we can any where find,—and bear them off to our granary, to be sheltered from the rain and wind;—and there we’ll stack all up, as prime winter food,—against the time when a thick coat of snow covers the whole neighbourhood.—So come along, wife Polly, sons, daughters, and all,—and take care how you carry your loads, that you don’t let them fall.”

This was said by an ant, a little old-fashioned fellow—in an old-fashioned coat of a colour between brown and yellow,—as he dragged his load after him, with his wife, sons, and daughters,—whilst a grasshopper was

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[ca. 1845]



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fiddling 'Charlie over the waters,'—as he sat under a butter-cup, and other grasshoppers too,—some twenty or thirty, a very boisterous crew,—were capering nimbly down a country dance,—who, seeing old Andrew Ant and all his family advance,—began to shout and halloo, and mock them, because that they—preferred saving corn to a good game of play.—“ Why don't you do as we do ?” cried one louder than the rest ;—“ Because,” answered Andrew Ant, “ I think work is best,—and that 'tis far better to lay up stores of grain,—as food for the dreary winter, when it comes round again ;—by that time you will have laid by nothing, and will be all of you starving,—and what we've been storing up, why, you'll be for halving.—So I have some reason, at least, for working hard, you see,—and I shall have the laugh then, against you, instead of you against me.”

“ Hoigh-ti-toity ! who asks your advice ;” cried my Lady Go-light-ly,—who was a very fashionable young grasshopper, and laced rather tightly,—and dressed in fine style, wearing velvets, silks, ribbons, and satins.—and whenever it chanced to rain, used an umbrella and a pair of pattens ;—and had given grand dances and parties, full a hundred or more,—instead



of gathering up food, and saving it for winter's store.—“Who asks your advice, you shabby-looking old ant?”—cried my Lady Go-light-ly, “we shall never come to want.”—Go home, and wash your face, and brush your rusty old clothes,—and then come to our dance, and have a spin upon your toes.”—By this time

old Andrew had reached home with his stores,—and was creeping through a long hole that led to his barn doors,—and was soon far too busy in unloading his grain,—to hear what Madam Go-light-ly had to say, so that gave him no pain.

Now whilst he and all his family are as busy as they can be,—my Lady Go-light-ly has a grand party to tea;—intending, afterwards, to have a good dance and feast,—so that the visitors are all assembled, full a hundred at least;—and among the rest, there is old Lord Spin-toe, and an honourable Mister,—with a very long name indeed, and his beautiful sister;—Sir Solomon Spider-legs, and the little Mr. Spindle-body,—and Sir Peregrine Pea-green, and the fat Marquis of Hoddy-doddy,—and old Lady Leap-frog, and the Dowager All-gristle,—And the fair Miss Chirrup-



pino, and the Marchioness of Shrill-whistle ;— and others there were, with all manner of odd names,—dukes, lords, knights, and squires, and high quality dames.

And now the fiddles are heard to sound, and the fiddlers, one, two, three,—play ‘Charlie over the waters,’ and ‘Charlie over the lea.’—

And now my Lady Go-light-ly, in a red silk dress and shawl,—with Sir Peregrine Pea-green, is just opening the ball ;—and now old Lord Hoddy-doddy, who is as fat as any pig,—is dancing an elegant high-cockolorum jig ;—and little Mr. Spindle-body has just climed up a thistle,—and is standing on his head, with his heels in the air, and treating all the company to a whistle.—And, oh ! such a strange and outlandish noise they are making all the while,—with their chirruping and chirping, you might hear them for half a mile.—Suddenly there’s a move amongst them, to a certain green spot,—where supper is standing ready, all tempting and piping hot ;—and the very best of every thing is before them laid,—such as gums and sweet juices, into pies and puddings made ;—and dew-drops, all nicely bottled, which had been gathered from where they





lay,—on a bed of fresh herbs and flowers, just after the break of day;—and, in fact, all the nice things you can fancy that a grasshopper could wish,—are there placed upon the table, in plate, bottle and dish.

Thus singing, and dancing, and feasting, day after day,—our gay thoughtless grasshoppers passed the Summer and Autumn away.—At last came dreary Winter with its sharp piercing wind,—and the grasshoppers are looking for food but little can they find.—And now a sudden frost covers the whole earth with ice,—and not a morsel of food, to eat, is to be had at any price;—and, to make matters worse, a fall of snow takes place,—and now, indeed our grasshoppers are in a most desperate case;—my Lady Go-light-ly is so famished and thin,—she has scarcely any thing left but her poor bare skin;—and as for that great fat fellow, my old Lord Hoddy-doddy,—you can scarcely see any thing at all of his famished body;—and so too, of the rest, they are all so thin and spare,—you can scarcely see the difference between them and the air.—So they all held a grand council, and when they had met together,—and debated about their condition, and the awful





state of the weather,—and expressed their apprehension that they should all die of want,—and agreed to beg assistance from prudent Andrew Ant.

Now, my Lady Go-light-ly, who had abused him so, before,—was the first to go and knock at Andrew's barn door.—So out came old Andrew: “Why, who could this have been!—knocking at my door,” said he, “when not a soul's to be seen?—But, stay, let me look again; why, how can this be?—what are all these thin shadows that are flitting around me?—what! my old friends, the grasshoppers, and all begging in a row;—Hah! I thought it would come to this, and indeed I told you so.”—“Oh, pity our sorrows!” cried they, “good Mr. Andrew Ant;—we are all frozen up with cold, and are 'most dying for want;—a little of your preserved juices, and some of your dried gums,—if you would but only spare us until next Summer comes.”—Now, honest old Andrew had a good heart in his breast,—and could feel for the wants of others, when he saw them distressed. So he went in to his barn, and began rummaging his store, and brought them out grain enough to last them a month or more.—“But,” said he as he gave it, “if 'till Summer you wish to live,—you must go and



beg of some one else, for I have no more to give ;—for myself and my family, stored up from wind and rain, I have only just sufficient left until Summer comes round again ;—But take this and welco me.” So they all went their way, —well laden with food, and had a rare feast that day. —But whether they all lived until Summer came round again, —is what I have tried to learn, but could never ascertain. —However, from their misfortunes we may this lesson gather :—

We should always make our hay during sunshining weather.

Or, in language still plainer, like the provident Ant,

We should Store up all we can against the season of want.

FINIS.

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