



The Mind.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

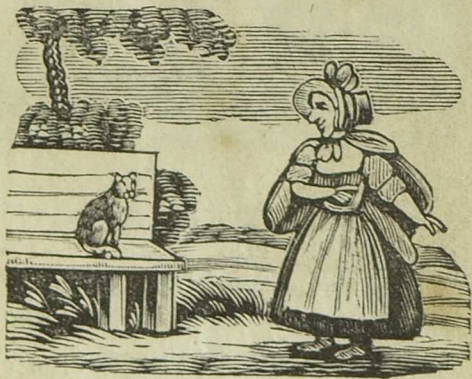


Dame Trot and Pussey take their tea,
Both friendly and polite, you see,
But should a mouse come into sight,
Why Puss would soon devour it quite.

OLD DAME TROT

AND HER

WONDERFUL CAT.



DERBY:

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THE HISTORY OF

THE
LIFE OF

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DAME TROT.

“I’LL bring my friends,” says Trot to
Puss,

“To see your clothes so new ;
For of what use is this fine dress,
Unless expos’d to view ?”

Puss turned up her nose at this,
And looked very sly,
For, having now become a Miss,



Then old Dame Trot shut to the door,
 To keep her Cat from slutting,
 But nimbly Puss thrust in her paw,
 And kept the door from shutting.

No sooner was the old dame gone,
 Than down the stairs puss ran,
 And, heedless e'en of passing mice,



Puss purr'd with joy when she had
reach'd

The outside of the door,
And tucking up her petticoats,
• She stump'd the gutters o'er.

At length she came before a house,
(Her feet inflam'd and sore)
Where a smart groom, with horses two
Had stood an hour or more.



The empty saddle on the horse
With envious eyes Puss saw,
And quietly says to herself,
“Necessity has no law.”

Then prompt in action, up she flew,
And gain'd the vacant seat,
Before the man's unconscious eye
Perceived the wily feat.



When firmly in the saddle fix'd,
Puss was no longer sad,
But clapp'd her claws into the horse
And gallop'd off like mad.

The gaping groom, in wonder great,
This flight unusual view'd ;
He thought his mistress was in haste,
And quickly he pursued.



Miss Pussey far outstript the groom
In spite of summer's heat,
And stopp'd not till she reach'd an inn,
Then vaulted from her seat.

The landlord flew to meet his guest,
And thought that she must be,
When so well mounted and so drest,
Some Cat of quality.



He led her to an easy chair,
And brought her, in a trice,
A bowl of milk, regretting much,
He could not offer mice.

Tho' Puss was tired with the ride,
Her breeding did not fail,
She to the landlord bow'd with grace,
Then made a hearty meal.



The supper o'er, poor Puss began
With sleep to nod her head,
And then the maid came with a light,
To show her to a bed.

“This way, good Madam, if you please;
The sheets are aired and clean,
Your bed, all down; a softer sure
Was ne'er made for a queen.”



The landlady stood on the stairs
To bid her a good night ;
Puss Purr'd and wish'd she had the
pow'r,
Such kindness to requite.

No sooner had she got in bed,
To rest her weary pate,
When suddenly was heard below,
A loud knock at the gate



'Twas old Dame Trot, who'd been in-
form'd

Of Madam Pussey's route,
And with unwearied care and zeal,
Had search'd and found her out.

The inn Trot enter'd in great haste,
Enrag'd at Madam's pranks,
And scolded her for half an hour,
For which she got no thanks.



She brought a basket in her hand,
In which to put poor Puss,
And caught the culprit by the neck,
As cat would seize a mouse.

Miss purr'd and mew'd with all her
might,

Resistance was in vain ;
Dame rais'd the lid, and popt her in,
Then trotted home again.

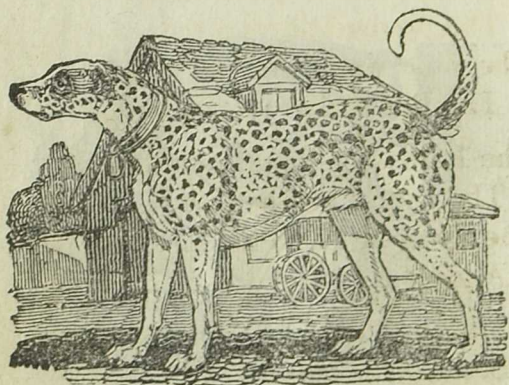


Poor Pussey in the basket sat,
 Afraid of being hung,
 For as they travell'd on the road
 Loud was the old Dame's tongue.
 Cries Goody Trot, "You rambling jade,
 Why did you from me roam?
 't dearly shall you smart for it
 As soon as I get home"



When the Dame had reached home,
Her scolding she renew'd,
And stript off poor Pussy's clothes
Altho' Puss scratch'd and mew'd.

Enrag'd at her, she took a birch,
And whipp'd with might and main,
While, in Cat's language, Pussey swore
She'd ne'er offend again.



BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come when he is call'd,
 The Cat will walk away ;
 The Monkey's cheek is very bald,
 The Goat is fond of play.

The Parrot is a prate-a-pace,
 Yet knows not what she says ;
 The noble Horse will win the race,
 Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.

The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet on the tree ;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he ?

O yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes.

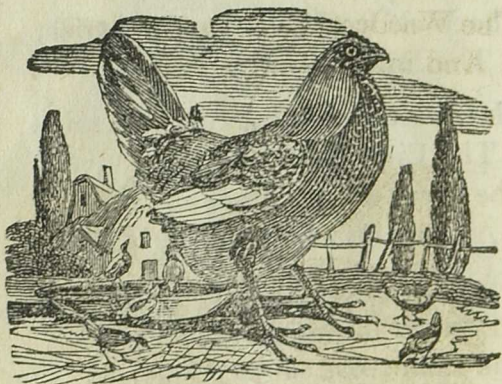
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd fill you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or rather Raven grey.

The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

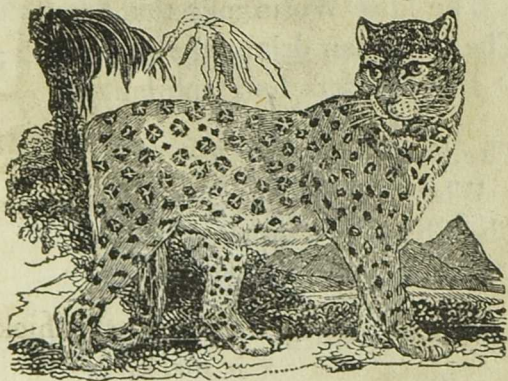
The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,

The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.



The Hen guards well her little chicks,
 The useful Cow is meek,
 The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
 The Lap-wing loves to squeak.
 The little Wren is very small,
 The Humming-bird is less ;
 The Lady-Bird is least of all,
 And beautiful in dress.

The Pelican she loves her young,
 The Stork his father loves ;
 The Woodcock's bill is very long,
 And innocent are Doves.



The spotted Leopard's fond of blood,
 The Pigeons feed on peas,
 The Duck will gobble in the mud,
 The Mice will eat your cheese

A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed.
The Codfish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk
The little Worm may thank.
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk ;
The Weasel's long and lank.

The Buck gives us a ven'son dish,
When hunted for the spoil.
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest
night,
With lantern in its tail :
The turtle is the cit's delight,
It wears a coat of mail.

In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home.

The Ant lays up a winter's store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak

The Plaice has orange spots;

The Starling, if he's taught, will speak:

The Ostrich walks and trots.

The child that does not these things
know,

May yet be thought a dunce;

But I will up in knowledge grow,

As youth can come but once.



Whipping-Tops.

In whipping of your top take care
You do not lash my leg or eye,
For if you do the pain I'm sure
Will very nearly make me cry.