

T H E M E T A M O R P H O S E .

B Y T H E S A M E .

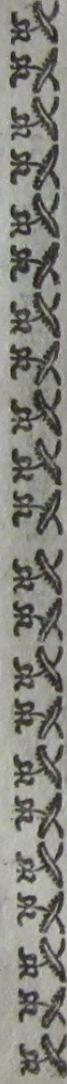
W I T H rolling time that all things change,
Has oft been said, and oft been sung:
One instance more ; the difference strange
'Twixt WITWOUND old, and WITWOUND young!

In youth, compound of curls and lace,
Of giggle, fidget, and of froth ;
One simper dimpled in his face,
No butterfly more void of wrath.

Pleas'd with himself, with all well-pleas'd,
The flutterer scarce could give offence :
Or if he teaz'd, with nought he teaz'd,
But simple, pure, impertinence.

Now view him in declining age,
Assume the sour satyric frown :
On friends and foes discharge his rage,
The very SCARECROW of the town.

So Flies, in frisk, and buzz, and play,
 That harmless through the summer past,
 When ready to be swept away,
 Grow blind, and sting us at the last.



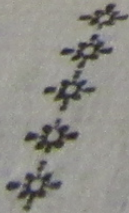
T H E S I N E Q U O N O N .

B Y T H E S A M E .

W I T H M U C K W O R M lately as in chat
 I pass'd the sober hours,
 The mice, for Muckworm keeps no cat,
 Came trooping in by scores.

When famine leads, what thing can daunt,
 Our courage what abate?
 Each mouse was as the mastiff gaunt,
 That growl'd before the gate.

Their mien so grim alarm'd I spied,
 And looks of desperate woe.
 " And why neglect, my friend," I cried,
 " To chase the threatening foe ?



O S E .

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