

FRONTISPIECE.



THE
BUTTERFLY'S BALL,
AND THE
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ORIGINAL POEM,
ENTITLED

A Winter's Day.

BY MR. SMITH, OF STAND.

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1808.

THE
BUTTERFLY'S FALL

OR ASSHORE RY' REAST

IN MR. RUSCOE

AN ORIGINAL FORM

A Winter's Day

BY MR. RUSCOE

H. Bryer, Printer, Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

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THE
BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME take up your Hats, and away let us
haste
To the *Butterfly's* Ball, and the *Grasshopper's*
Feast.
The Trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the
Crew,
And the Revels are now only waiting for
you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions came forth in a
Throng.

And on the smooth Grass, by the side of a
Wood,
Beneath a broad Oak that for Ages had
stood,

Saw the Children of Earth, and the Tenants
of Air,
For an Evening's Amusement together re
pair.



And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so
black,

Who carried the *Emmet*, his Friend, on his
Back.

And there was the *Gnat*, and the *Dragon-fly*
too,

With all their Relations, Green, Orange,
and Blue.

And there came the *Moth*, with his Plu-
mage of Down,

And the *Hornet* in Jacket of Yellow and
Brown;

Who with him the *Wasp*, his Companion, did
bring,

But they promis'd, that Evening, to lay by
their Sting.

And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of
his Hole,

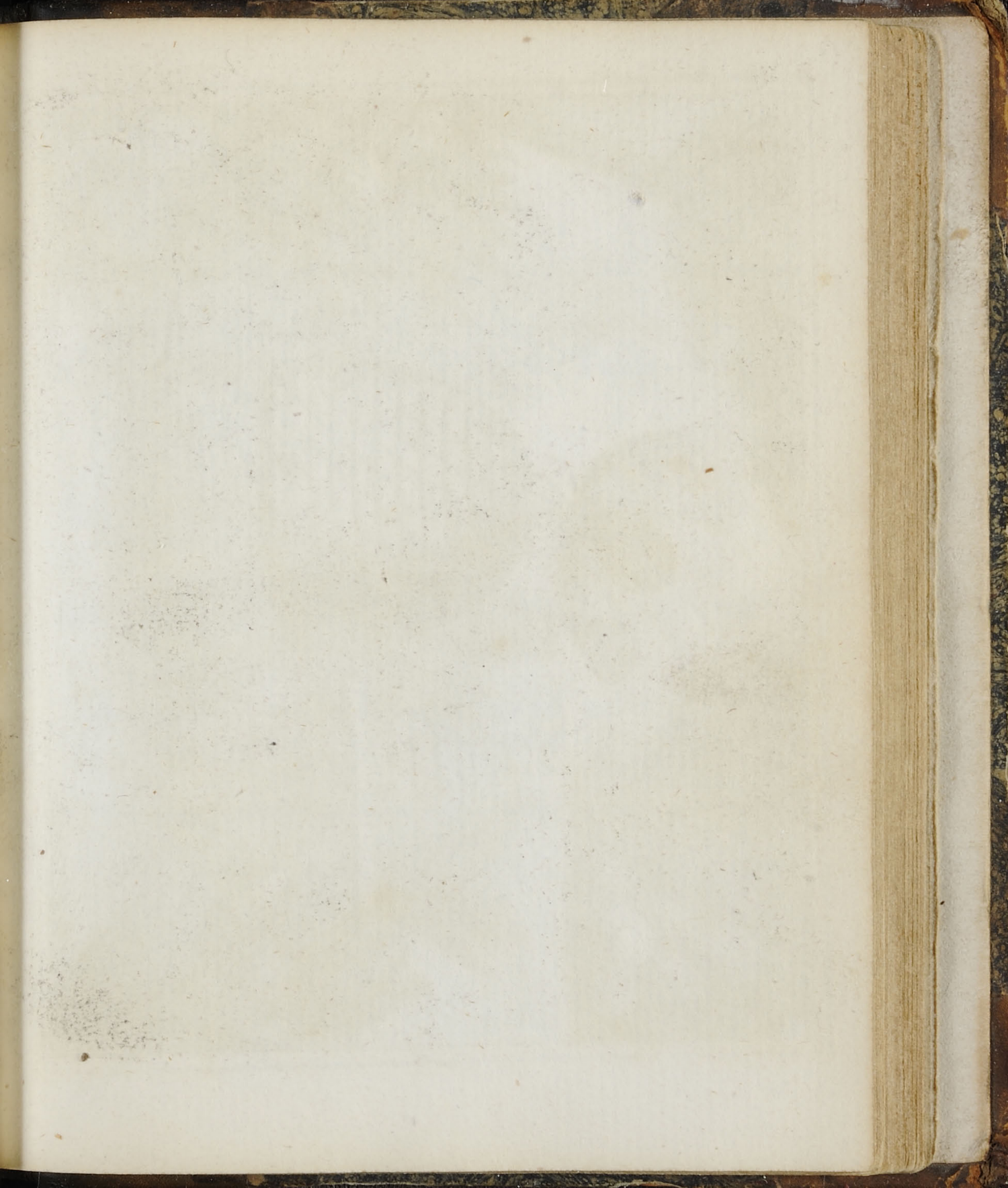
And brought to the Feast his blind Brother,
the *Mole*.

And the *Snail*, with his Horns peeping out
of his Shell,

Came from a great Distance, the Length of
an Ell.



at end of his hole. p. 6





A Mushroom their Table, and on it was
laid

A Water-dock Leaf, which a Table-cloth
made.

The Viands were various, to each of their
Taste,

And the *Bee* brought her Honey to crown
the Repast.

Then close on his Haunches, so solemn and
wise,

The *Frog* from a Corner, look'd up to the
Skies.

And the *Squirrel* well pleas'd such Diver-
sions to see,

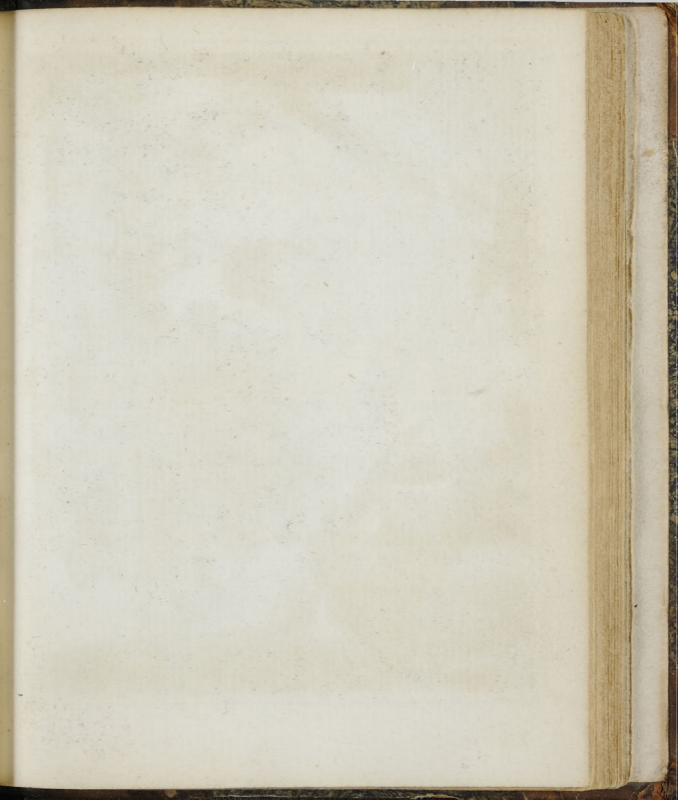
Mounted high over Head, and look'd down
from a Tree.

Then out came the *Spider*, with Finger so
fine,

To shew his Dexterity on the tight Line.

From one Branch to another, his Cobwebs he
slung,

Then quick as an Arrow he darted along,





But just in the Middle,—Oh! shocking to
tell,

From his Rope, in an Instant, poor Harle-
quin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the Ground, but with
Talons outspread,
Hung suspended in Air, at the End of a
Thread.

Then the *Grasshopper* came with a Jerk and
a Spring,

Very long was his Leg, though but short was
his Wing ;

He took but three Leaps, and was soon out
of Sight,

Then chirp'd his own Praises the rest of the
Night.

With Step so majestic the *Snail* did ad-
vance,

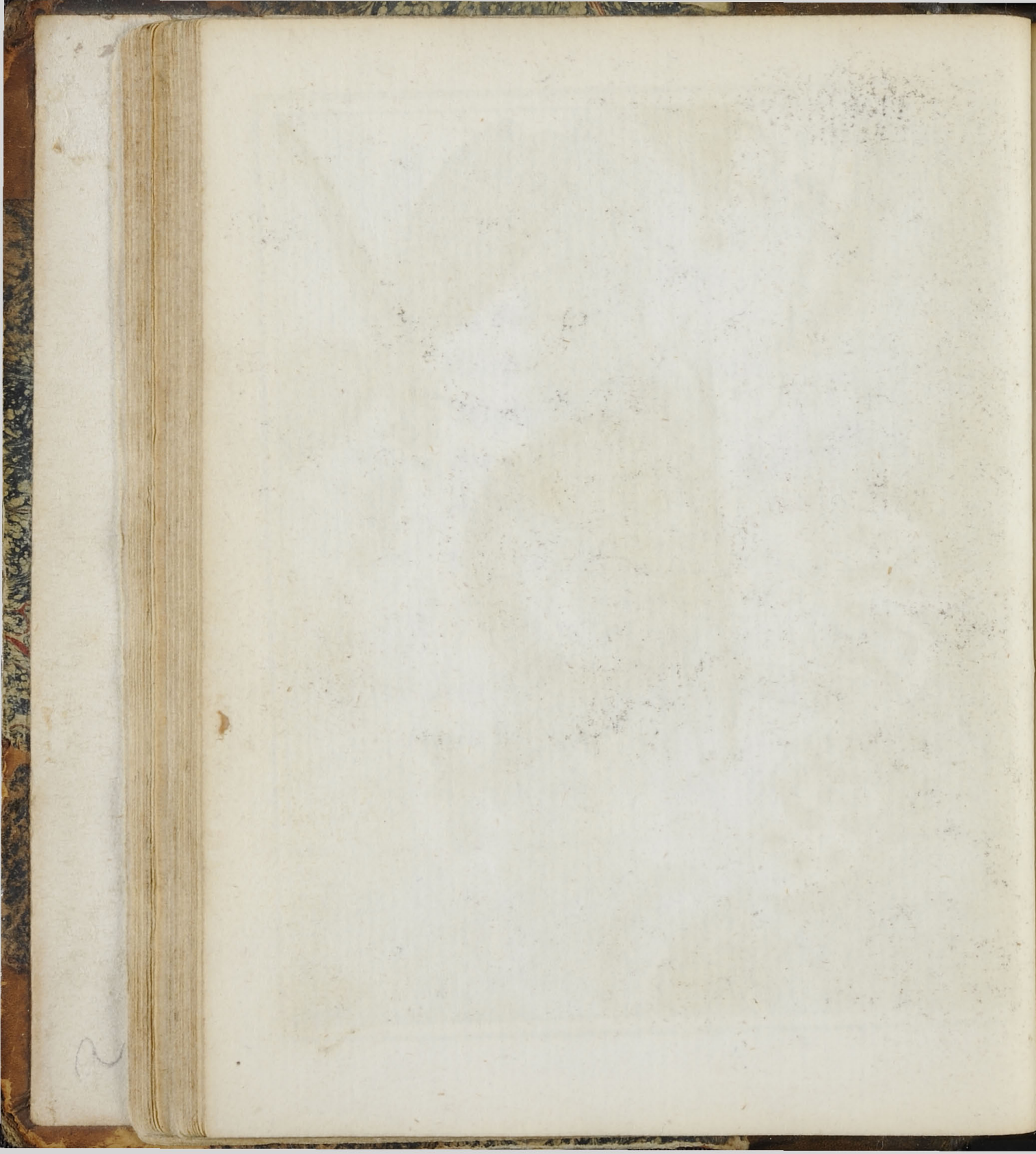
And promis'd the Gazers a Minuet to
dance.

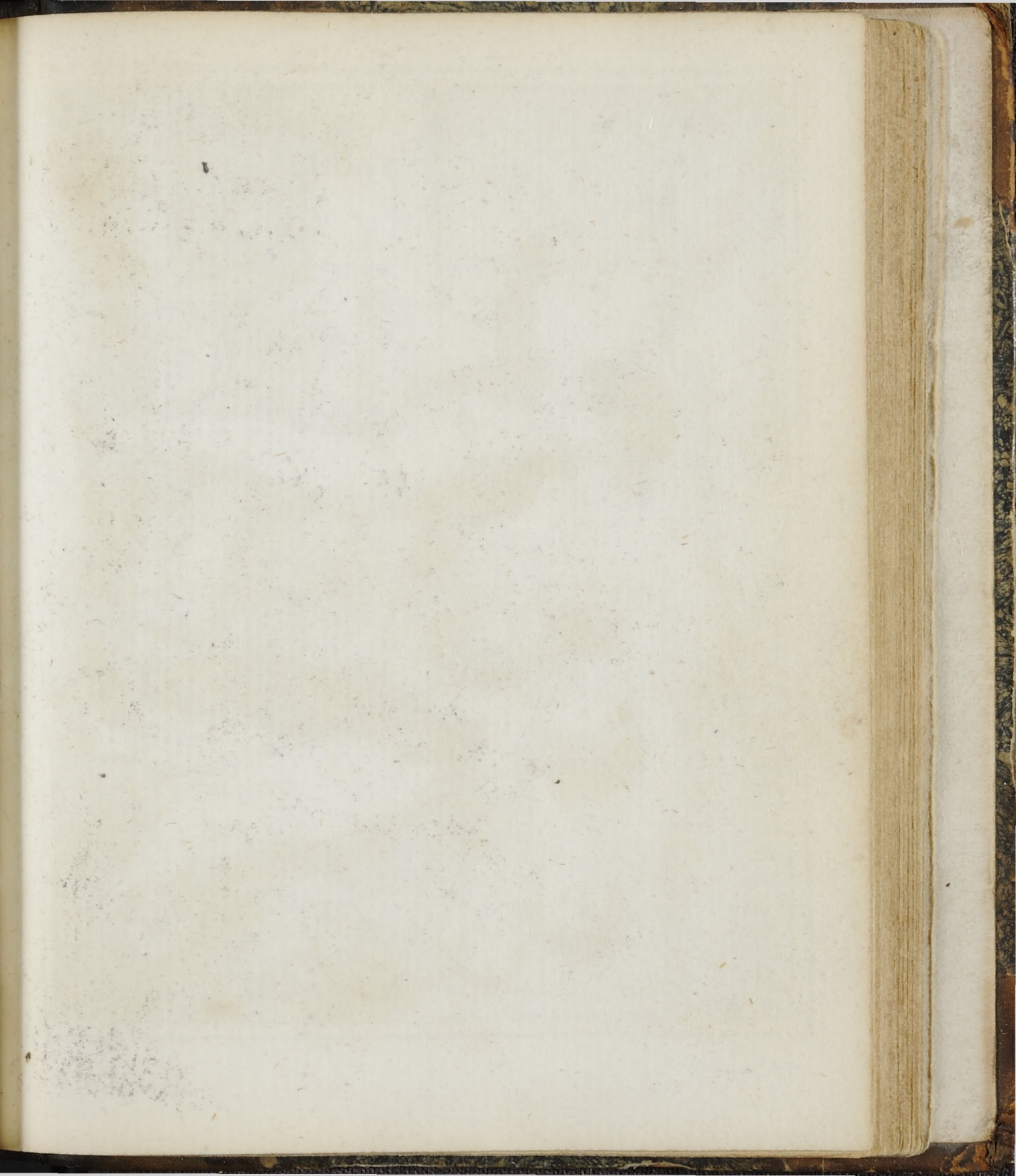
But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd
in his Head,

And went in his own little Chamber to
Bed.

"With step so happy the snail did advance" 130









Then, as Evening gave Way to the Shadows
of Night,
Their Watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out
with a Light.

Then Home let us hasten, while yet we
can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and
for me.
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions returned in a
Throng.

END OF THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

WINTER'S DAY.

Now the Architect, *Frost*, with his Fingers
so fine ;
O'er the still lucid Lake, draws his exquisite
Line ;
Spreads his Rafters and Beams, with a Science
his own,
Till the Roof stands completed, as solid as
Stone.

A Winters Day

p. 12



Yet restrain'd not to Labours like these, he
displays,

As an Artist, his Talents, with Spirit and
Grace;

Not a poor Cottage Window forlorn, will he
pass,

Without leaving his Landscape portray'd on
the Glass.

And the Downy-wing'd *Snow*, from his
station aloft,

Spreads beneath him his Feathers so white
and so soft,

That the Flocks in their Pastures unhous'd
and unfed,
Shake their Fleeces in Silence, and shrink
to their Shed.

Then the boist'rous *Winds*, of their Music
so proud,
As they sweep the wild Heath, pipe so
surly and loud,
That the terrified Brutes, at the Storm of
their Song,
The safe Covert to gain, swiftly scurry
along.

And the Cannoneer, *Thunder*, with horrible
Sound,

From his sulphurous Cloud, pours his Vol-
lies around :

While the Light-troops of *Hail*, that his
Vanguard compose,

Pelt their sharp-pointed Shot in the Face
of their Foes.

But the Waterman, *Rain*, from his weeping
Urn, pours

The mild Tears which distil from his fast
falling Showers ;

These, with magic Effect, the rude Blus-
terers astound,

While the rest, all dissolv'd, in his Bosom
are found.

Yet more pleasant and mild than the Water-
man's Sway,

Is the Archer's, who guides the bright Orb
of the Day:

Through calm Ether he shoots his mild
Arrows of Light,

Till reflected they shine from the Queen
of the Night.

THE END.

