



## SPOTTED COW.

H. DISLEY, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

ONE morning in the month of May  
As from my cot I stray'd,  
Just at the dawning of the day,  
I met a charming maid.

Good morning, fair maid, whither I said,  
So early tell me now,  
The maid replied, kind sir, she cried,  
I've lost my spotted cow.

No more complain, no longer mourn,  
Your cow's not lost, my dear,  
I saw her down in yonder lawn,  
Come love, and I'll shew you where.

I must confess that you are very kind,  
I thank you, sir, said she—  
You will be sure her there to find,  
Come, sweetheart, go with me.

Then to the groves we did repair,  
And crossed the flowery dale,  
We hugged and kissed each other,  
And love was all our tale.

And in the grove we spent the day,  
And thought it pass'd too soon;  
At night we homeward bent our way,  
When brightly shone the moon.

If I should cross yon flowery dale,  
Or go to view the plough,  
She comes and calls, ye gentle swains,  
I've lost my spotted cow.



## POOR TOM.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

Immeline and Cassy, have by stratagem escaped  
from the brutal hands of Legree.

Uncle Tom is accused of having assisted them.

'Well, Tom,' said Legree, seizing him grimly  
by the collar of his coat,—I've made up my mind  
to kill you.

'It's very likely, Master,' said Tom, calmly.

'I have' said Legree, 'done—just—that—thing  
—Tom, unless you tell me what you know about  
these gals.'

Tom stood silent.

'Dye hear,' said Legree, roaring like an incensed  
lion---speak.

(See Uncle Tom's Cabin, chap. 41.)

MAS'R I can tell you nothing,  
I can bear the whip and chain,  
I have felt the burning torture,  
And can brave it's pangs again.  
For myself I ask no pity,  
If you send me to the grave,  
'Twill the sooner end my troubles,  
And give freedom to your slave.

You have said that you will kill me,  
Let this cruel thing not be,  
For I tell you, Mas'r, truly,  
It will hurt you more than me.  
On your heart put not this burthen,  
Oh! repent, while there is time,  
I would lay my life down freely,  
But to save you from this crime.

Still your eyes are full of anger,  
And my prayers and hopes are vain,  
And I know that I shall perish,  
Yet I pray for you again;  
And I ask that mercy for you,  
Which to me you will deny,  
That it is to be a Christian,  
Mas'r, Mas'r, I can die.

