

SONG OF THE CROAKER.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

An old frog lived in a dismal swamp,
In a dismal kind of way;
And all that he did, whatever befell,
Was to croak the livelong day.
Croak, croak, croak,
When darkness filled the air,
And croak, croak, croak
When the skies were bright and fair.

"Good Master Frog, a battle is fought,
And the foeman's power is broke,"
But he only turned a greener hue,
And answered with a croak.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the clouds are dark and dun;
And croak, croak, croak
In the blaze of the noontide sun.

"Good Master Frog, the forces of Right
Are driving the hosts of Wrong,"
But he gives his head an ominous shake
And croaks out "*Vous verrons!*"
Croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak,
Till the world seems but a tomb.

To poison the cup of life
By always dreading the worst,
Is to make of the earth a dungeon damp
And the happiest life accursed.
Croak, croak, croak,
When the noontide sun rides high,
And croak, croak, croak,
Lest the night come by and bye.

Farewell to the dismal frog,
Let him croak as loud as he may,
He cannot blot the sun from heaven
Nor hinder the march of day.
Though he croak, croak, croak,
Till the heart is full of gloom,
And croak, croak, croak
Till the world seems but a tomb.

Very *apropos* indeed to this poem, though different in "treatment" is the following, translated from Gæthe by the Reverend Professor F. H. HEDGE, who contributes it to *Our Daily Fare*:

THE CROAKERS.

[From Gæthe.]

The pond in the meadow was frozen tight,
The frogs beneath, in a doleful plight,
Could no more leap as they had done,—
Their gambols stopped, and all their fun.
Half numb, they murmured dreamily
What they would do when they were free.
Once clear of winter's icy yoke,
They promised never more to croak;
No more in concert would they rail,
But each should sing like a nightingale.
The south wind blew, the ice gave way,
The frogs once more could frisk and play.
They stretched their limbs, they leaped ashore,
And they—croaked as drearily as before.

THE FAIR AT NIGHT.

After the brilliant assemblage of last evening, no person can doubt the success of our great Fair. The crowd was immense, and established clearly that few persons were affected by the senseless rumors set afloat so industriously by indisposed persons.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The William Penn Parlor and the Department of Facts, Fancy, and Gossip.

THE temporary closing of our Great Fair, on Wednesday afternoon, enabled the mechanics to finish up their work, and the various Committees to perfect their arrangements; and everything having been put in order, the Fair opened yesterday morning, with everything in "apple-pie order," and with no fear of any further hitch in the working of the newly-fledged "institution." Yesterday morning at the appointed hour (ten o'clock) the doors were thrown open to the public, and that "many-headed," sensible noun of multitude took prompt and general advantage of the opportunity afforded it to witness the grandest scene that Philadelphia ever offered for exhibition or patronage.

As the Fair is principally of Pennsylvania growth, we have thought it proper to give an early description of the

WILLIAM PENN PARLOR.

When the idea of getting up a parlor in the style of the days of the great founder of the State, and the storing it with relics of WILLIAM PENN and his time, was suggested, the carrying out of the plan was entrusted to the following named ladies and gentlemen, who were appointed a Committee on the Penn Parlor:

Committee of Men.—Eli K. Price, Chairman; H. R. Warriner, Secretary; William Garrett, Treasurer; Edward Hopper, Henry C. Townsend, William Garrett, Henry M. Laing, Jesse Garrett, Isaac Serrill, William R. Wister, N. W. Rulon, Charles C. Sellers, R. Coulton Davis, John Sellers, Alfred B. Justis, J. Sidney Keen, Elliston Perot, J. Dickinson Sargeant, J. Dickinson Logan, Charles Pickering, Geo. M. Coates.

Committee of Women.—Miss Ellen M. Price, Chairman; Miss Elizabeth S. Garrett, Treasurer; Miss Elizabeth Pennock, Secretary; Mrs. Henry C. Townsend, Mrs. Henry C. Lea, Mrs. Dr. Hughes, Mrs. Josephine Miller, Mrs. Samuel Jones, Miss Anna Matlack, Miss Martha Andrews, Mrs. William Janney, Miss M. L. Taylor, Miss Julia Wiltberger, Miss Alice A. Pearson, Miss Rebecca Judkins.

The "Parlor" is located in a structure built purposely for it, a little to the south of Union Avenue, near its western extremity. There is an anti-room where relics of the past, and photographs of PENN localities and PENN celebrities, are for sale, and where the visitor has to run the gauntlet of a party of fair young saleswomen, who do their best to look becomingly demure; but whose bright eyes will twinkle with fun and mischief, despite the soberness of their calling as outer sentinels of the treasured relics of the most illustrious of Pennsylvania Friends.

Ten cents is the ridiculously insignificant sum charged for admission to the rich antiquarian mine in this department—a collection of

PENN Relics more curious and valuable than were ever before gathered together.

First, perhaps, in historical value, comes the belt of wampum which was given to PENN by the Indian Sachems when the Treaty was made under the spreading branches of the great elm at Shackamaxon, in 1682. This belt was retained in the possession of the PENN family in England until within a few years, when Mr. JOHN PENN presented it, in person, to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Then come two original letters of PENN to the Indians, before he came across the sea to visit his magnificent province. One of these letters is so characteristic that we cannot avoid the temptation of copying it literally. It runs in this wise:

LONDON, 18th 8th mo'th, 1681.

My ffreinds

There is one great God & Power that hath made the world and all things therein, to whom you and I and all people owe their being and well being, and to whom you and I must one Day give an account for all that wee Doe in the world. This great God hath written his Law in our hearts by which wee are taught & Commanded to Love & help & Doe good to one another & not to Doe Harme and mischief one unto another: Now this great God hath been pleased to make mee concerned in your Parts of the world, and the King of the Country where I live hath given unto mee a great Province therein, But I Desire to Enjoy it with your Love & Consent, that wee may allwayes Live together as neighbours and ffreinds. Else what would the great God say to us; who hath made us not to Devour and Destroy one another but Live kindly and Soberly together in the world? now I would have you well observe, that I am senceable of the unkindness and Injustice that hath been too much Exercised towards you by the People of those Parts of the world who have sought themselves, & to make great advantages by you, Rather than be examples of Justice and Goodness unto you, which I hear hath been matter of trouble to you. & Caused Great Grudgings & Animositys Sometimes to the Shedding of Blood, which hath made the Great God Angry. But I am not such a Man, as is well known in my own Country. I have great Love and Regard towards you, and I desire to win and gain your Love and ffreindship by a Kind Just and Peaceable Life: & the People I send are of the same mind and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly and if in anything any shall offend you or your People you shall have full and speedy satisfaction for the same by an Equall number of Just men on both sides that by no means you may have Just occasion of being offended against them. I shall shortly Come to you myselfe at what time wee may more ffooly and largely Conferr and Discourse of these matters; in the mean time I shall send my Commissioners to treat with you about Land, and a form of League of Peace. Let mee Desire you to be kind to them & the People, & Receive those Presents & tokens which I have sent to you as a testimony of my good good will to you & my Resolution to Live Justly Peaceably and ffreindly with you. I am your Loveing ffreind,

WM. PENN.

for the King or Kings of the Indians in Pennsylvania.