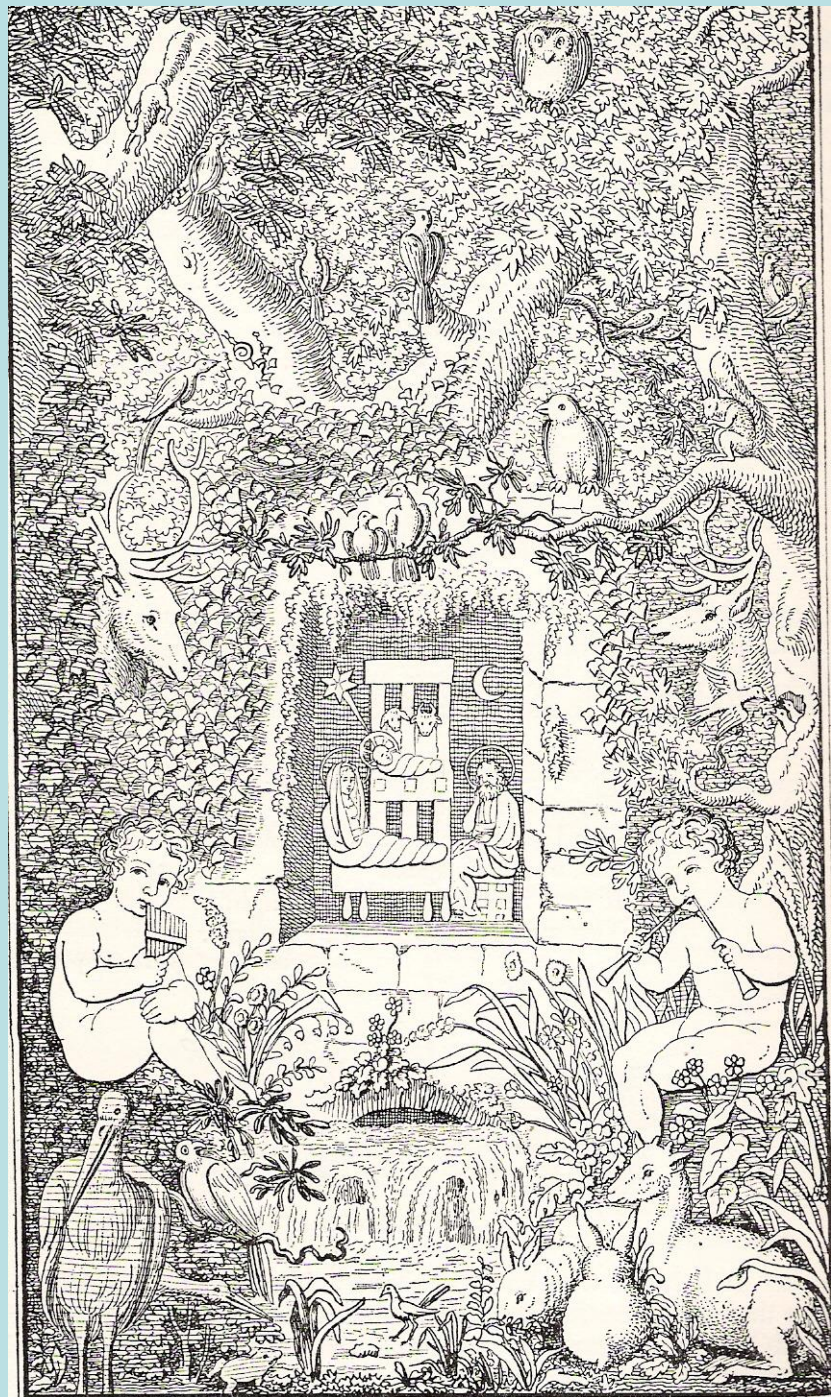


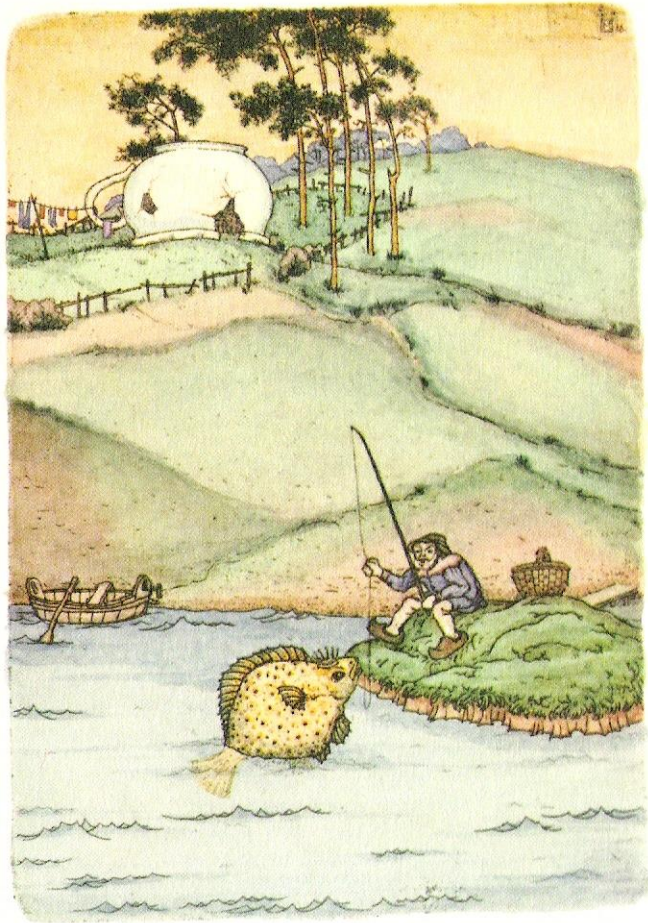




Which is just what Ida did.







Dar wóór maal eens een fischer un syne fru,
de waanden to samen in 'n pißputt, dicht an
der see, un de fischer güng alle dage hen un an-
geld – un he angelde un angelde. ☞ So seet he
oók eens by de angel, un seeg jümmer in dat
blanke water henin – un he seet un seet. ☞ Do
güng de angel to grund, deep ünner un as he
seher uphaald, so haald he enen grooten butt
herut. Do säd de butt to em: hör mal, fischer
ik bidd dy, laat my lewen, ik bün keen rechten
butt, ik bün 'n verwünschten prins; wat helpt
dy dat, dat du my doot maakst? ik würr dy
doch nich recht smecken, sett my wedder in dat
water, un laat my swemmen. – Nu, säd de
mann, du bruukst nich so veel wóórd to ma-
ken, enen butt, de spreken kann, hadd ik doch
wol swemmen laten. Mit des sett't he em
wedder in dat blanke water, do güng de butt
to grund, un leet enen langen strypen bloot
achter sik. Do stünn de fischer up, un güng na
syne fru in 'n pißputt. ☞ Mann, säd de fru,
hest du hüüt nißs fungen? Ne, säd de mann,
ik füng enen butt, de säd, he wóór een ver-
wünschten prins, do hebb ik em wedder

The Mirror

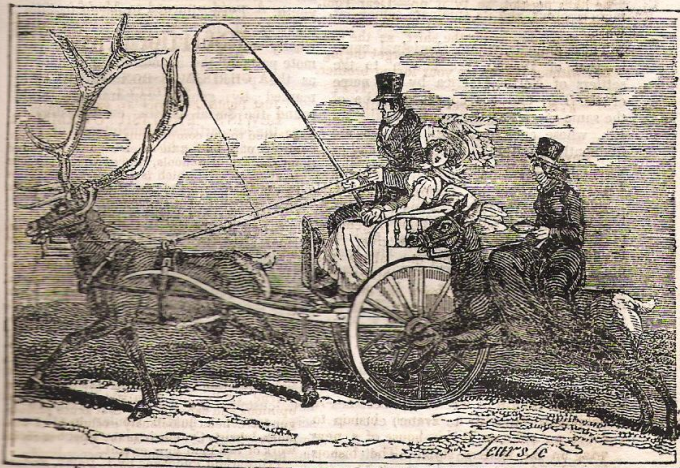
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. VIII.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1822.

[PRICE 2d.

The Wapeti.



ANXIOUS to keep our promise with the public, in rendering our little work a "MIRROR of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," we shall occasionally give engravings of some of the most remarkable subjects of natural history, accompanied by accurate descriptions. We have selected for our present Number the WAPETI, or Gigantic Elk of the Missouri, which now form one of the attractive exhibitions of the metropolis, and are to be seen at Bullock's Museum, Piccadilly, harnessed and caparisoned as above represented.

The Wapeti are very extraordinary non-descript animals, of the cervus or deer genus, but as large as the horse, and nearly as gentle as the lamb; as they will caress their visitors, and receive food from their hands. Four of these elegant and interesting animals were brought into this country in 1817, and purchased by Lord James Murray at a large price. This Nobleman has succeeded in extending the breed, and has now three generations of them at Datchet, near Windsor; nor has he lost a single one in breeding them.

It is remarkable that the Wapeti have

Vol. 1.

scarcely been mentioned by any European naturalist, and the history of them is consequently very limited. They were first introduced into the United States at Baltimore, by a German naturalist, who was employed some years in exploring the Upper Missouri, where they are domesticated by the Indians, drawing their sledges at a rapid rate, and supply them with the most delicious venison a food. They are naturally very timid animals, and at the same time of such power and activity when grown, that it is not possible to take them out of the forest alive. The natives, therefore, catch them in nets when young, and rear them in their houses with great care and kindness; they then use them for carrying burdens; or drawing their sledges in winter over the snow and ice.

In their native wilds, each male Wapeti has his own peculiar family or fraternity; each family its own peculiar range of pasture; and their attachment to each other is so strong, that the hunters know, if they kill one of a family, they can easily get the remainder, who can scarcely be forced from the body of their slain companion.

cient Marinere, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stumped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin were sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance; and he thought it hard he could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking where he pleases." "But they will relieve you,"—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shillings a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into their House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better." "But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel!"—"Soup and gruel," said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths: "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and his country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in."—*London Magazine*

The Nobelist.

No. VI.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea-side. The fisherman used to go out all day long a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea;

and in drawing up he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray let me live: I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh!" said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for any thing?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask for?" "Ah!" said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this nasty stinking ditch; do go back, and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said,

"O man of the sea
Come listen to me,
For Alice my wife,
The plague of my life,
Has sent me to beg a boon of thee!"

Then the fish came swimming to him and said, "Well, what does she want?" "Ah!" answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living any longer in the ditch, and wants a little cottage." "Go home then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in," said she; "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bed-chamber, and a kitchen; and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a courtyard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live!" "We will try to do so at least," said his wife.

Every thing went right for a week or two, and then Dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage, the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small; I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES,

Translated from the

Kinder und Hausmärchen,

COLLECTED BY

M. M. GRIMM,

From Oral Tradition.



S. Guckelshank del.

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LONDON,

1823.

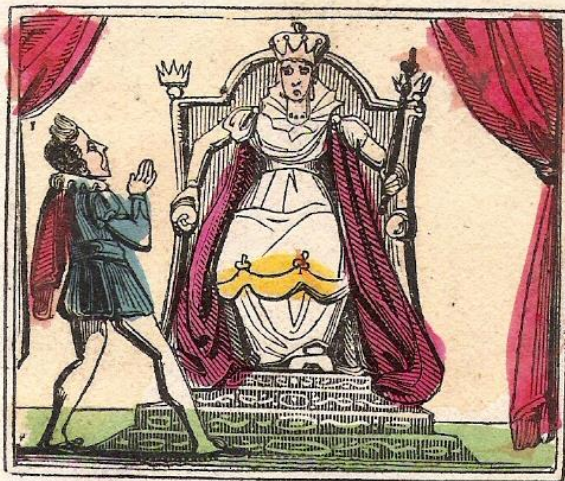


How madam swell'd such wealth to
hold!

What import in her looks was seen!

“Enough!” she cries, “of gear and
gold,

I'll wish to be the Empire's
queen:”



A glittering throne becomes her seat,

Her brow sustains a blazing crown;

E'en her own spouse is scar'd to
meet.

Her haughty eye, and scornful
frown.



Excellent story

The FISHERMAN and his WIFE.



HERE was once a fisherman and his wife who lived together in a hovel by the sea-shore, and the fisherman went out every day with his hook and line to catch fish, and he angled and angled.

One day he was sitting with his rod and looking into the clear water, and he sat and sat.

At last down went the line to the bottom of the water, and when he drew it up he found a great flounder on the hook. And the flounder said to him,

"Fisherman, listen to me; let me go, I am not a real fish but an enchanted prince. What good shall I be to you if you land me? I shall not taste well; so put me back into the water again, and let me swim away."

"Well," said the fisherman, "no need of so many words about the matter, as you can speak I had much rather let you swim away."

Then he put him back into the clear water, and the flounder sank to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind him. Then the fisherman got up and went home to his wife in their hovel.

"Well, husband," said the wife, "have you caught nothing to-day?"

"No," said the man—"that is, I did catch a flounder, but as he said he was an enchanted prince, I let him go again."

"Then, did you wish for nothing?" said the wife.

"No," said the man; "what should I wish for?"

"Oh dear!" said the wife; "and it is so dreadful always to live in this evil-smelling hovel; you might as well have wished for a little cottage; go again and call him; tell him we want a little cottage, I daresay he will give it us; go, and be quick."

And when he went back, the sea was green and yellow, and not nearly so clear. So he stood and said,

"O man, O man!—if man you be,
Or flounder, flounder, in the sea—
Such a tiresome wife I've got,
For she wants what I do not."

the other is best.

Then the flounder came swimming up, and said,

"Now then, what does she want?"

"Oh," said the man, "you know when I caught you my wife says I ought to have wished for something. She does not want to live any longer in the hovel, and would rather have a cottage.

"Go home with you," said the flounder, "she has it already."

So the man went home, and found, instead of the hovel, a little cottage, and his wife was sitting on a bench before the door. And she took him by the hand, and said to him,

"Come in and see if this is not a great improvement."

So they went in, and there was a little house-place and a beautiful little bedroom, a kitchen and larder, with all sorts of furniture, and iron and brass ware of the very best. And at the back was a little yard with fowls and ducks, and a little garden full of green vegetables and fruit.

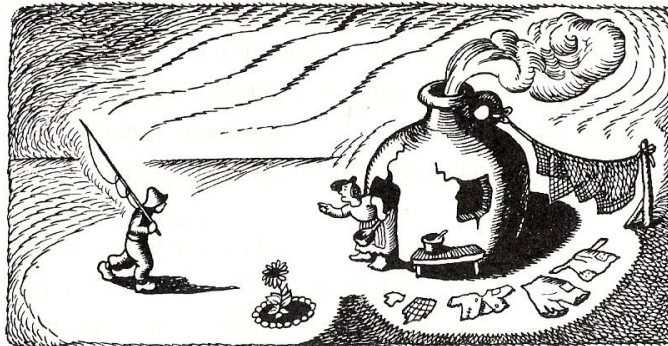
"Look," said the wife, "is not that nice?"

"Yes," said the man, "if this can only last we shall be very well contented."

"We will see about that," said the wife. And after a meal they went to bed.

So all went well for a week or fortnight, when the wife said,

"Look here, husband, the cottage is really too confined, and the yard and garden are so small; I think the flounder

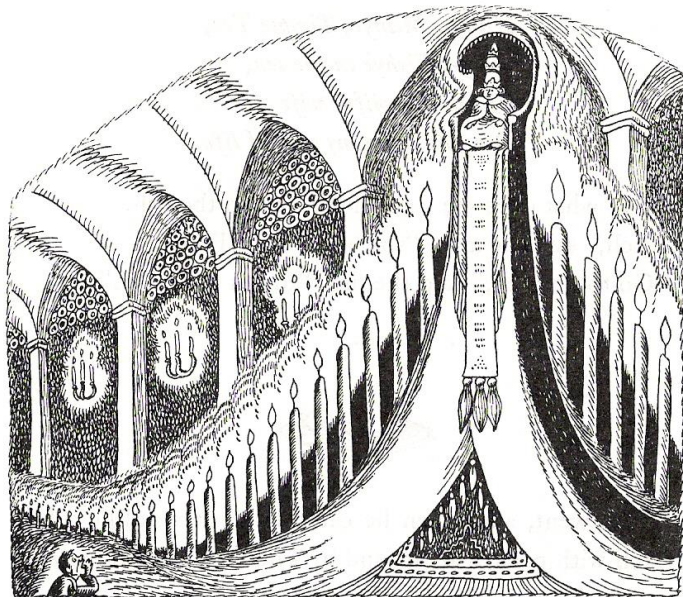


★ THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE ★

There was once a fisherman and his wife. They lived together in a vinegar jug close by the sea, and the fisherman went there every day and fished: and he fished and he fished.

So he sat there one day at his fishing and always looked into the clear water: and he sat and he sat.

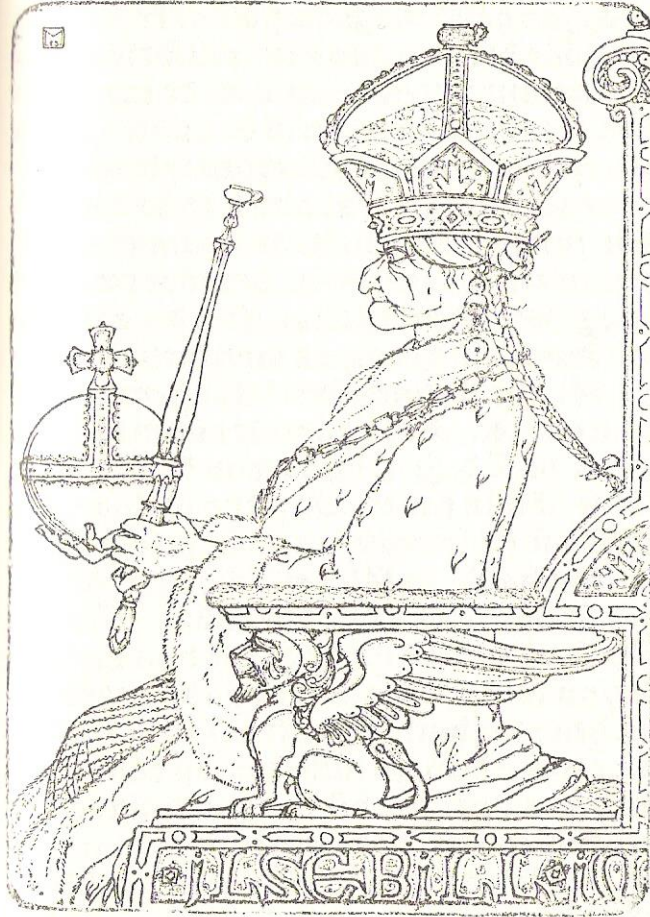
Then down went the hook, deep down, and when he pulled it up, there he had a big golden fish. And the fish said to him: "Listen, fisher, I beg of you, let me live. I am

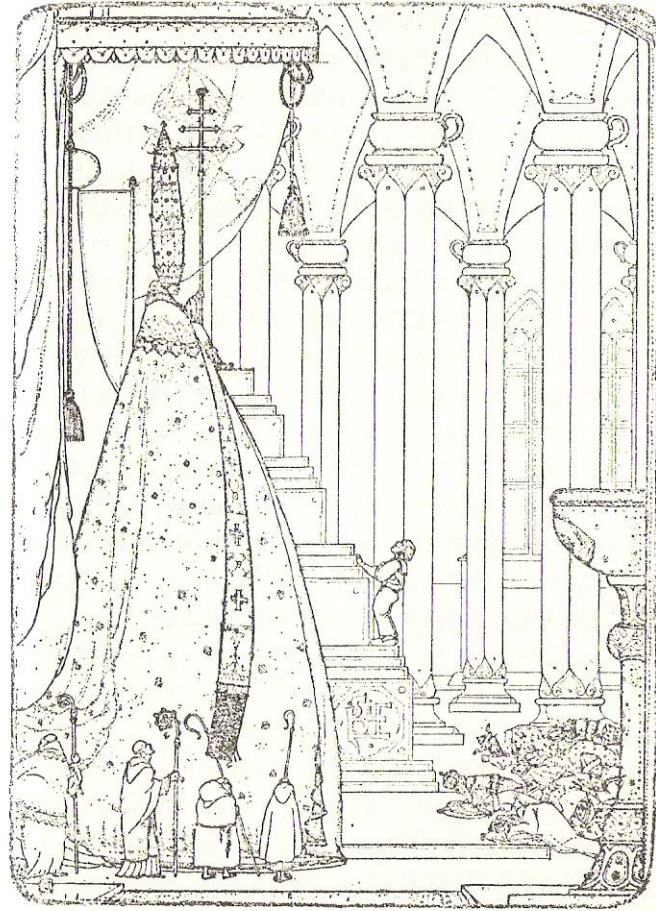


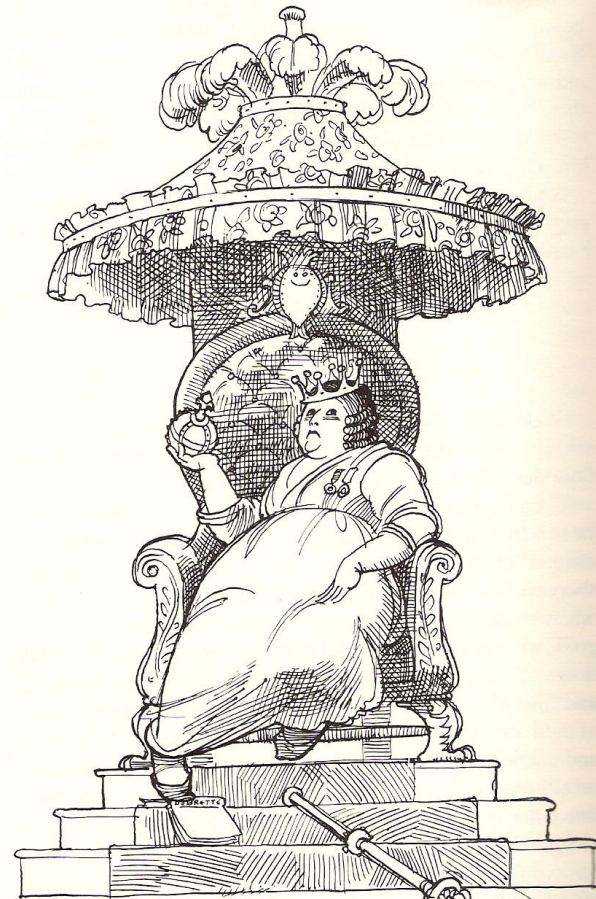
“Wife,” said the man, and looked at her right well, “are you now Pope?”

“Yes,” said she, “I am Pope.”

So he went and stood and looked at her, and it was just as though he looked at the sun. After he had looked at her for a while, he said: “Ach wife, how nice it is now that you are Pope.”







It's very tedious and boring up here

