



PRETTY LESSONS

FOR

GOOD CHILDREN.

1839. (1705)

ENGRAVED FROM THE
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1837



PRETTY LESSONS

IN VERSE,

FOR

GOOD CHILDREN;

WITH SOME

LESSONS IN LATIN,

IN EASY RHYME.

BY SARA COLERIDGE.

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The Third Edition, with many Cuts.  
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LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND

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BENONI.

DEDICATION.

MY HERBERT, yet thou hast not learnt to prize
Parental love that hovers o'er thee still ;
No heavy hours hast thou—no sorrows fill
Thy childish bosom when thou hear'st my sighs ;
But thy fresh cheeks and pretty gleaming eyes,
Thy careless mirth, bring happiness to me ;
No anxious pitying love I ask of thee—
Be thoughtless still while swift thy childhood flies.
Hereafter thou, My Herbert, wilt discern
With tender thoughtfulness this heart of mine
That ask'd no present love, no full return ;
And then, while youthful hopes within thee burn,
May'st dream that one to whom thy thoughts incline
E'en so may love some cherish'd child of thine !

PRETTY LESSONS.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gilliflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

THE WEEK.

ON Sunday begin
The week without sin;
On Monday resume
Your tasks without gloom;
And pray don't be vext
That Tuesday comes next;
And when it is gone
Doth Wednesday come on;
And Thursday can ne'er
To follow forbear;
And Friday, no doubt,
Not being left out;
With Saturday last
The week will be past.



THE STORM.

SEE, lightning is flashing,
 The forest is crashing,
 The rain will come dashing,
 A flood will be rising anon;
 The heavens are scowling,
 The thunder is growling,
 The loud winds are howling,
 The storm has come suddenly on!
 But now the sky clears,
 The bright sun appears,
 Now nobody fears,
 But soon every cloud will be gone.

THE SUSPICIOUS COCK AND HEN.

A Cock and a Hen
 Stepp'd out of their pen,
 And quickly beginning to chat,
 Said Cock to his wife,
 " My dear little life,
 Pray look at that ugly old cat!

“She’s prowling about,
There can be no doubt,
To steal our sweet Chickens away;”
The Hen upon that
Went up to the Cat,
And told her no longer to stay.

Miss Puss had been bent
On no bad intent,
But merely on catching of Mice;
What silly Hen said
First put in her head
To seize a poor Chick in a trice.

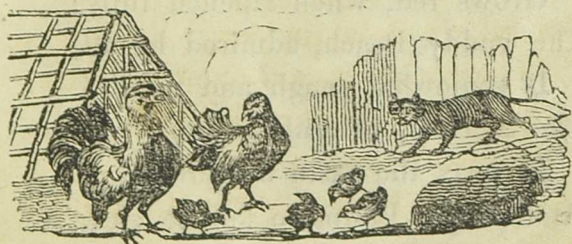
The Cock and his dame,
In sorrow and shame
Set up a most terrible clacking;
The Pigs began squeaking,
The Peacock was shrieking,
The Ducks in the pond fell a quacking;

The Cattle hard by
Soon joined in the cry,
The Gander must add to the clatter;
The Turkey-cock gobbled,
The old Woman hobbled
To see what on earth was the matter.

As soon as she heard
What 'twas that had stirr'd
This terrible racket and riot,
She said "Fie, for shame!
You all are to blame,
I'll beat you to make you be quiet."

The Cat slunk away,
And gave up her prey,
The Cock and Hen flew to their coop;
Each beast hung his head,
The birds quickly fled,
Their feathers beginning to droop.

This story may teach,
That ill-natured speech
Provokes an ill-natured return;
And making a noise
In birds, beasts, and boys,
It is but a silly concern.





TREES.

The Oak is called the king of trees,
 The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
 The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
 The Peach-tree spreads along the wall,
 The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
 The Willow droops in watery glade,
 The Fir-tree useful timber gives,
 The Beech amid the Forest lives.

FRUIT.

THE Nectarine on yonder wall
 Grows red, when ripened fully;
 The ruddy Peach, admired by all,
 Is somewhat rough and woolly.
 The Apricot, of amber hue,
 In tarts the taste delighting;
 And purple Plum, so fair to view,
 Are equally inviting.

THE PRUNE.

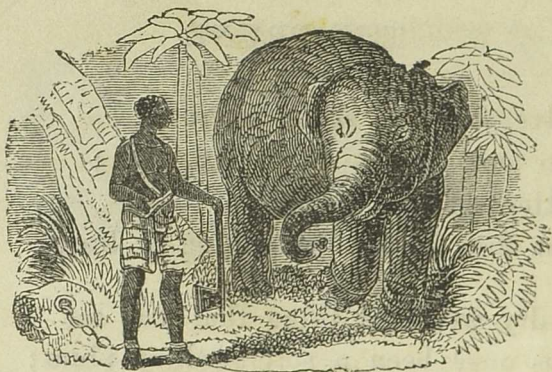
To give you this savoury Prune
I'm sure was a very good turn;
My Herbert will eat it up soon—
But first he has something to learn.

This dry wrinkled thing that you see
Has once been a soft swelling plum;
It grew, like our plums, on a tree,
And from a great distance has come.

The figs that are sold in the shop
Were once like the firm shapely pear;
It always is better to stop,
And find out what things really are.

THE RUNAWAYS.

THE Nightingale, Swallow, and Swift,
The Wrynecks, and Chiff-chaffs, and Plovers,
Their quarters in Autumn must shift,
Of cold winter weather no lovers.
The Cuckoo in April is heard,
Oh, then he's a merry "new comer;"
But he is a sun-loving bird,
And stays with us only in summer.



GOOD THINGS FROM DISTANT PLACES.

Tea is brought from China ;
 Rice from Carolina,
 India and Italy—
 Countries far beyond the sea.

Coffee comes from Mocha ;
 Wholesome Tapioca
 Is from the West Indies brought,
 Where the Humming-birds are caught.

That same land produces
 Fruits of richest juices ;
 Shaddocks, Oranges, and Limes,
 Ripen in those sunny climes.

Tamarind and Guava,
 Pine-apples, Cassava
 (Or the Tapioca bread),
 There are in profusion spread.

Who would get the Sago
Far as India may go ;
There the Cocoa-nuts are growing,
There the skies are fiercely glowing.

Indigo for dying
Is of her supplying ;
Lofty Palms you there may view,
With the feathery Bamboo.

Shawls so rich and handsome,
Diamonds worth a ransom,
From the same far country brought,
Are by wealthy people bought.

Ceylon's balmy island
Long hath furnished my land
Both with Cinnamon and Pearls,
Worn by dames and pretty girls.

Pepper, which so nice is,
Cloves, and other spices,
We receive from Indian isles,
Distant many thousand miles.

Sugar so delicious,
Arrow-root nutritious,
Are convey'd, I here protest,
From the Indies East and West.

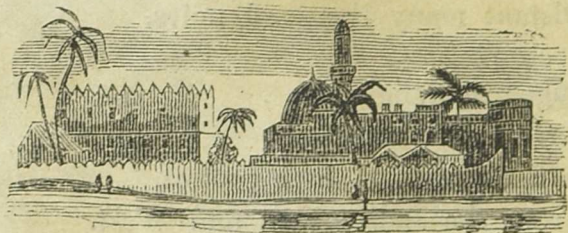
Plantain and Banana
Grow in hot Guiana;
There the Chocolate is found—
Parrots in the woods abound.

Books that you may read in,
This fact are agreed in,
That Peru and Mexico
Gold and silver have to show.

White and fleecy cotton
Grows full many a spot on
In North and South America,
India, and Africa.

Many a one who tarries
For a while at Paris
Buys the treasures of the place,
Toys and trinkets, gloves and lace.

Port and sparkling Sherry,
Wines that make you merry,
Come from Portugal and Spain;
France sends Claret and Champagne.



BEHAVIOUR AT MEALS.

AT meals my dear boy must be good and obedient,
Nor must he be ever requesting to taste
Each savoury dish and expensive ingredient,
Nor play with his dinner and half of it waste.

At table he never must whisper and giggle;
He gently may smile but not noisily laugh,
Nor fidget about and reach over and wriggle,
Nor must he expect wine and porter to quaff.

Content he must be with plain nourishing diet,
His drink must be water, and milk from the cow;
He ought to be thankful to those who supply it—
He's not even able to earn his salt now.

THE MAD BULL.

THE Borodale Bull is a comical fellow,
He lives among hills where the echoes resound;
Whenever he bellows the rocks seem to bellow,—
They say he goes mad with the mimicking sound.

Be wiser, my boy, than the Borodale bully,
Regard not the mocks of a vain empty fool;
By silence and calmness you baffle him fully,
You ne'er will run mad if you keep yourself cool.

THE MAD BUFFALO.

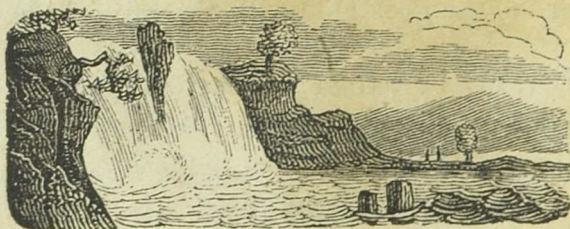
THE Piony's crimson, the Poppy is scarlet—

To see such fine colours who wouldn't be glad?
 And yet the huge Buffalo's such a queer varlet,
 That when he espies them he's stark staring mad.

And bulls, I am told, have the same strange objection,
 They kick up their heels when they look upon red;
 They think, I suppose, there's some sort of connexion,
 'Twixt fine flaming scarlet and blood that is shed.

WHAT MAKES A NOISE?

THE Cataract dashing
 Down over the rocks,
 Comes foaming and splashing,
 With furious shocks,
 As loud as the crashing
 Of thunder on high,
 When lightning is flashing
 Aloft in the sky.



SPLASH AND FLASH.

A Splash and a Flash
Are not the same thing:
To learn it, my Herbert,
Attention must bring;
We speak of a Flash
Of lightning, or fire;
We speak of a Splash
Of water, or mire.
A Flash is quite sudden,
And burning and bright;
A Splash makes you dirty,
Or drenches you quite.

The boy that would try them,
With pain and with shame,
Would speedily find that
They are not the same.
If Herbert will spell them,
His ear it will strike,
That Flashes and Splashes
Are not quite alike.

MAMA'S ADVICE TO HERBERT.

My Herbert, when next
You feel rather vexed,
And something has happened amiss;
Don't set up a roar,
Such folly give o'er,
But give dear Mama a good kiss.

Whene'er you fall down
And crack your poor crown,
Pray get up as fast as you can;
Without any crying,
Or sobbing or sighing,
And then we shall call you a man.

When Grandmama calls,
Give up bricks and balls,
And quickly your lesson begin;
Endeavour to spell,
And try to read well,
And then a good name you will win.

Be gentle to sister,
And when you have kissed her,
Don't give her too bearish a squeeze;
But love her indeed,
And teach her to read,
And think it no pleasure to tease.

Don't call it fine fun
 To scamper and run,
 And hide yourself under the bed;
 Take care of your ball,
 For fear it should fall,
 And break something over your head.

Your hoop you take pride
 Round corners to guide,
 And some day a top you may spin;
 Away from the pump
 Immediately stump,
 When nurse says it's time to come in.

THE MOUSE'S RETALIATION.

“O, you naughty nibbling Mouse!
 Quick begone, and leave the house!
 Tiresome noises which you make
 Keep poor dear Mama awake.

“Then, beside your wicked scratching,
 You've a paltry trick of snatching
 Food intended for the house,—
 Go your ways, you thievish Mouse!”

Thus should Master Herbert speak,
 Mr. Mouse, with angry squeak,
 Cocking up his head, might say,
 “Wicked! thievish! nay, sir, nay!

“Though you be a fierce Draw-can-sir,
You from me shall have your answer;
Scold as loud as e'er you can, sir,
For the contest I'm your man, sir.

“In this house my breath I drew
First, good sir, as well as you;
Here I purpose to abide,
Spite of all your scorn and pride.

“I'm no older, sir, than you be,
But by no means such a looby;
I my livelihood am gaining,
Sundry hopeful sprigs maintaining.

“You may know some scraps of Latin,
Silly rhymes perhaps you're pat in;
Yet you're but a helpless ninny,
Ne'er have earn'd a single guinea;
But your food and raiment, laddy,
Many a pound have cost your daddy.

“Little thanks I owe to you,
Or to any of your crew;
Well I know the snares you lay
For my ruin, night and day.

“First, your fierce long whiskered cat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat;
Should I meet this monster grim
Soon she'd tear me limb from limb;

“Not for self alone I’m wary,
Ev’ry juvenile vagary
Of my children dear I dread,
Lest their youthful blood be shed;
Ev’ry frisk I think too much is,
Lest it lead to those dread clutches.

“Their bright eyes so sweetly sparkling,
While they grope and wander darkling,
Slender snouts, and tails so pretty,
Move not her to love and pity.

“Then the horrid gaping trap,
Meant my harmless head to snap!
Something I must take revenge in,
Since you’ve placed that horrid engine.

“What I eat is such a driblet,
Surely I ungrudg’d might nibble it;
You the whole day long are munching,
Dining, junketing, and lunching.

“Now, good sir, I’ll say adieu!
No more time I’ll waste with you;
Warning you your tongue to bridle,
Not to dawdle, prate, and idle,
I remain with zeal most fervent,
Your obedient humble servant!”



THE PEACOCK AND THE SWALLOW.

A PEACOCK was spreading his plumes on a wall,
 And hoped admiration to gain;
 A Swallow determined to make him look small,
 And cure him of being so vain.

Said he, "My Lord Argus, how long may it be
 Since you from your travels return'd?
 'Tis really improving fine countries to see,
 This leisure no doubt you have earned."

"Let Swallows and Cuckoos take flight over sea,"
 The mortified Peacock replied;
 "They've reason enough from the country to flee,
 Their heads at a distance to hide.

"Retirement at home suits my dignity best,
 My park and my palace are here."

"You're scarce made for touring, it must be confess'd,"
 The Swallow replied with a sneer;

"That cumbersome tail must be quite in the way
 Whenever your lordship would rise."

“My tail!” screamed the Peacock, “my *train* you should say,—

As if a mere tail could have eyes!

“Let tag-rag and bob-tail that member display,
My tail is concealed by a train.”

“Cut it off!” cried the wag, “’tis a glorious day!
And scud with us over the main.”

THE NIGHTINGALE.

IN April comes the Nightingale,
That sings when day’s departed;
The poets call her Philomel,
And vow she’s broken-hearted.

To them her soft, sweet, ling’ring note
Is like the sound of sorrow;
But some aver, no need hath she
The voice of grief to borrow.

No, ’tis the merry Nightingale,
Her pipe is clear and thrilling;
No anxious care, no keen regret,
Her little breast is filling.

She grieves when boys have robb’d her nest,
But so would Stork or Starling;
What mother would not weep and cry
To lose her precious darling?

WARNINGS OF THE WEATHER.



You rail at the sky when 'tis low'ring and dark,
Then clouds on your brow let us never remark.

You rail at the weather, unsettled and changing,
Then pray don't be fickle, unsteady, and ranging.

"O, what a loud noise!" you exclaim, at the thunder;
Then pray, my dear boy, learn to keep your voice
under.

The flashes of lightning, you cry, are appalling;
Then don't look so fierce when you're squabbling
and squalling.

You fret at the weather when sultry and burning;
Then don't be hot-headed, all temperance spurning.
A very hard winter is not to your mind;
Then don't be hard-hearted, and cold, and unkind.

You pout when the weather is misty and hazy;
Then pray don't be sulky and stupid, and lazy.
You dislike all day long to see torrents of rain;
Then don't blubber and cry if you feel a slight pain.

Loud, boisterous storms you can never away with;
Then don't be so rough with the boys that you play
with.

You shudder to hear the loud hurricane roar;
Then pray, let us see naughty passions no more.



FOOLISH INTERFERENCE.

THE Caracal* see high up in the tree,
 The Lion beneath him is dining;
 But, gorged with his prey, he marches away,
 The relics to others resigning.

The Caracal now jumps down from the bough,
 For blood is to him an elixir;
 The gristle he gnaws, the tail and the paws,
 And every bone he doth lick, Sir.

A Barbary Ape gets into a scrape,
 By coming a little too near him;
 'Twas very unsafe the creature to chafe,
 Yet thus did he venture to jeer him.

Says he, "I am sure, I ne'er could endure
 To feed at the board of a patron;
 And second-hand meat I never would eat,
 Though hunting might cost me a great run."

* A sort of lynx that follows the lion like the jackal.

The Caracal stares, and frightfully glares,
Says he, "What you mention is true, Sir;
The thing you suggest shall soon be redrest,
I'll make a fresh meal upon you, sir!"
With this he turns round, and soon with a bound
Is perch'd on the animal's back, Sir;
His blood he doth sup, and gobbles him up,—
The Monkey pays dear for his clack, Sir.

MONKEYS WITHOUT TAILS.

THERE were two little Monkeys, who lived up on high,
They loved into crannies and corners to pry;
Whene'er Goody Keeper was turning her back,
They sought all about for a hole or a crack.
They'd heads full of mischief, and meddlesome paws,
And one of them chatter'd like magpies and daws.

Now, having discover'd a chink in the floor,
So deep that what enter'd it ne'er was seen more,
These animals thought it a very fine joke
Their playthings adown the dark crevice to poke,
As well as a pencil-case, ivory letters,
And sundry fine things that belonged to their betters.

O, how these young Monkeys would chuckle and grin,
When counters, and pennies, and half-pence rolled in!

Their tails, with delight, I am sure would have curled ;
But then they had never a tail in the world.
The Monkeys of whom this odd story I tell
Were two silly children whom Herbert knows well !

SIGNS OF RAIN.

THE Thrush has been silent for many a long day,
But now he sings loudly, and what does he say ?
He says that he thinks there will soon be a shower,
And he shall have earth-worms and slugs to devour.

The Swan has been brushing the stream with her wing,
And soon we shall hear the glad Nightingale sing ;
The Woodpecker drums, though she lately was
drooping,

The Deer in the park to yon hillock are trooping.

The Swallows are darting and wheeling about,
A change in the weather they none of them doubt ;
The Rooks are discussing the very same matter—
While homeward returning how loudly they chatter !



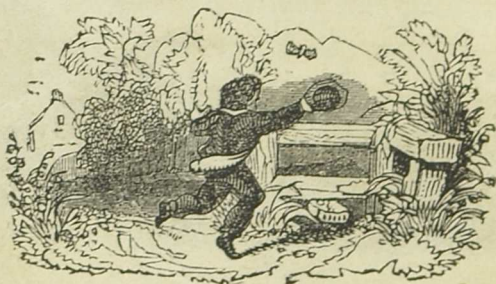
TO HERBERT,

WHEN HE OBJECTED TO A WALK.

O WHY should my boy look unhappy and pout,
As soon as he hears that 'tis time to go out,
And say that he hoped for a storm?
To stay by the fire in cold weather he begs;
But surely a boy with such stout little legs
By running may keep himself warm.

Skip after your hoop, and go bounding along,
For that is the way to be merry and strong,
And learn to like all sorts of weather;
The heats of July, and the cold of December,
The breezes of March, and the fogs of November,
Should ne'er make you show the white feather.

The Nightingale, Cuckoo, and Swallows so fleet,
Before the cold weather are fain to retreat;
Away o'er the waters they go:
But you, like the ruddy and warm-hearted Robin,
That sings when the north wind is raving and sobbing,
Can thrive in the frost and the snow.



HERBERT AND HIS NEW CRIB,
A PRESENT FROM A LADY.

Now the dew is falling fast,
Now the stars begin to blink:
Herbert's merry day is past,
How his little eyelids wink!

Here he lies so snug and cosy,
Like a hare within her form;
Well may he be stout and rosy,
Kept so comfortably warm.

Here he lies and takes his rest,
In the bed the lady gave,
Like a bird within his nest,
Though without the winds may rave.

Winds the wither'd leaves may scatter,
Cannot shake my darling's bed;
Showers against the window patter,
Ne'er a drop on him can shed.

Driving hail, and snow, and sleet,
Shall not make my Herbert cold;
In his blanket and his sheet,
So securely he's enroll'd.

Funny people p'rhaps may laugh,
When they hear that Herbert's bed
Is for feathers stuffed with chaff;—
But on down he lays his head.

This good frame-work which you see,
Frame-work strong of solid wood,
Once has been a leafy tree—
Once amid the forest stood.

While the sides of polished cane
From the feathery bamboo,
Ere they cross'd the broad blue main,
By the streams of India grew.

Kindest thanks my boy must send—
Thanks have long been justly owed,
To his dear Mama's good friend,
Who the useful gift bestowed.

Some are lodging on the ground,
Some on pallet coarsely spread;
Happy he who slumbers sound
In a comfortable bed!

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE mountain is steep, and the weather is hot,
But Colin's in very high glee;
For heat and for steepness he cares not a jot,
A jolly round orange the laddie has got,
And who is so merry as he?

His cheek's rosy red, and his countenance bright;
He clammers with thorough good will;
The beautiful orange rejoices his sight,
He thinks it a fountain of richest delight
To quaff at the top of the hill.

The rest of the party he greatly outstrips,—
He never has met with a fall;
He laughs at his friends for their tumbles and slips,
And plays with his orange as onward he skips,
And tosses it up like a ball.

And now from the summit he sets up a shout,
He vows that the prospect is grand;
But while he is whisking and whirling about,
And jeering the laggards with many a flout,
The orange jumps out of his hand.

Imagine the look of despair and dismay
That over his countenance past!
His fine juicy orange was bowling away,
No mortal its flight was now able to stay,
And Colin has lost his repast.

“O where,” he exclaims, “can my orange have flown
To moulder away in neglect?
The sheep will pass by it as if 'twere a stone,
And Rover had much rather meet with a bone,—
By grouse it will never be peck'd.”

For some little time he stood still as a stock,
His face wore a fixed vacant stare;
But soon he recover'd this terrible shock,
And turning away from the edge of the rock,
Threw off his disconsolate air.

With thoughts of the basket he solaced his heart,
From thence real comfort might come;
For he in the sandwiches still had a part,
He perhaps might come in for a slice of the tart,
And there was the pine-apple rum.

Since pleasure is apt through our fingers to slip,
And fate we can never withstand;
Whene'er the full cup is thus dashed from the lip,
Before we have taken the very first sip,
'Tis well to keep temper in hand.

THE BOY THAT WON'T LIE IN HIS CRIB.

THE Pig never breaks from his sty,
The cow is content in the manger,
Were Dobbin his stable to fly,
He only would fall into danger;
And Herbert must lie in his crib,
And rest for a while from his gambols:
His tongue which in prating is glib
I'd have him call in from its rambles.

The Ox is well pleased with his stall,
The sheep in their fold are quite cheerful;
The calf doesn't squabble and squall,
He ne'er in his pen lets a tear fall.
Then Herbert may well be ashamed
Worse manners to show than dumb cattle;
'Tis high time his spirit were tamed
If thus with his Nurse he must battle.

How happy are Bees in their hive!
How merry are Birds in their cages!
The Bear in his prison will thrive,
And puts a constraint on his rages:
Hyenas behave pretty well
In the famed Zoological Garden;
Then sure for a boy to rebel
Would scarce be deserving of pardon.

The Ostrich with very long legs,
Which oft o'er the desert has scampered,
And scraped the sand over her eggs,
With fortitude bears to be hampered.
The Vulture is ne'er seen to droop,
Nor e'en the Peruvian Condor,
Though kept in a bit of a coop—
On this, sir, I beg you will ponder.

The Tiger, confined in a cage,
No doubt is a little bit sullen;
His new English den, I'll engage,
The Lion considers a dull one.
But they can submit to their fate;
'Tis seldom they kick up a riot;
And Herbert must lay down his pate,
I'm sure he has nothing to cry at.

The Elephant thinks of the days
When he in the forest was roaming,
Yet no want of patience betrays,
The Park he appears quite at home in;
Then, Herbert, how shocking it is
Than savage wild beasts to be fiercer;
Pray clear up that passionate phiz,
And not a word more let me hear, sir!



E I AND I E.

SAID Ronald, beginning to fret,
“These words in *ei* and *ie*!
I ne’er could distinguish them yet,
They’re terribly puzzling to me.

“They all are alike in their sound!
I ne’er shall the difference tell,
But one with the other confound—
’Tis troublesome learning to spell.”

His father said thus in reply—
“The English words ending in *ceive*,
Where *e* must be put before *i*,
Your memory ne’er can aggrieve.

“Those words we from Latin receive;
From *cipio* all of them come;
Their number is four I believe,
And that is no very great sum.

“When this, my dear boy, you *perceive*
(A rule that will never *deceive*),
’Tis easy enough to *conceive*
What profit you thence will *receive*.

“ And ne’er let it tease you,
My darling, I pray,
In *teize* should you meet with
Ei for *ea*.

“ And ne’er let it *grieve* you
That in the word *sheik*,
The *e* is put foremost
Though hindmost in *shriek*.

“ It comes first in *ceiling*,
And likewise in *seize*;
If this your mind seizes,
Your father ’twill please.

“ It comes first in *teil*-tree,
In *feint* and in *teint*;
Now this on you memr’y
Pray try to imprint.”





DESERT AND DESSERT.

“WHAT! spell Dessert with double *s*?
 My dear Mama, you told me once
 That I might make my trouble less—
 A second *s* proclaimed me dunce.”

“Nay, Henry, what Dessert is this
 Of which to sister thus you write?
 Pray what Dessert can this have been
 Which did your little friends delight?”

“I mean the walnuts in the shell,
 The melon, and the noble pine,
 Which were upon the table spread,
 With sweetmeats and Madeira wine.”

“But when you praised the high *deserts*
 Of one who truly praise *deserves*,
 You surely meant good words and deeds,
 Not fruits and wine and rich conserves.”

“Kind acts a sweeter odour yield
Than melon ripe or fragrant pine;
And pleasant speech the heart can cheer
More than Madeira’s sparkling wine.

“Some words that are alike in sound
By scholars are not spelt the same;
Both eyes and ears my child must use
If he would gain a scholar’s name.”

HOW TO SPELL CHEST-NUT, OR CHESNUT.

“O, SISTER! you’ve spelt the word wrong;
In chestnut there’s surely a *t*.”
“No *t* does to chesnut belong,
As you in my lesson may see.”

Mama overheard the dispute;
She put the affair out of doubt:
“The *t* in the middle is mute;
’Tis spelt either with or without.

“Be always exact to a *t*;
But when your opinions conflict,
In keeping your tempers agree,
And never with heat contradict.”

THE WILD AND TAME CANARIES.

Two golden canaries escaped from their cage,
And flew to the wood whence their ancestors came,
Determined in sylvan pursuits to engage,
And with their wild cousins relationship claim.

And soon they fell in with a carolling party,
Just like the green linnets of England's fair isle;
They met with a welcome both tender and hearty;
The green birds received them in excellent style.

Said they, "Now you're come, you shall live upon
clover,

Such jolly fat grubs, and such delicate flies!
Your dinners of flax-seed, my boys, are quite over;
At present we'll put off our critical eyes!

"No doubt, by and by, you'll regain your complexions,
Your jaundice the air of the woods will disperse;
You'll then be presented to all our connexions:
At present, indeed, you could hardly look worse.

"'Tis fretting, no doubt that has made you turn
yellow,
Like trees that have shed both their blossoms
and fruit."

"We're green as the leaves," cried a pert little
fellow;

"But you are as yellow as any crow's foot."

Astonished, the strangers now opened their eyes;
Said one, "These remarks are exceedingly strange;
Our fine gilded feathers excite your surprise;
Such plumage for yours we'd be sorry to change.

"We thought your green jackets were shabby enough,
But that we set down to your countrified lives;
No doubt, in the forest, you've lived in the rough,
Mid brambles and brushwood fine dress never
thrives.

"The best copper kettle, unless it be scoured,
Is quickly o'ergrown with vile verdigrise rust;
And, doubtless, green grubs you have gladly de-
voured—

Coarse fare in the wilds must be often discussed."

"Your words," cried the others, "are sharper than
sorrel—

To dare to insult us amid our own trees!"

Such language soon turned to a desperate quarrel;
'Twas long ere the forest had felt such a breeze.

Remember, dear children, 'tis nobody's duty
To make observations on person and dress;
Few people agree in their notions of beauty—
'Twere well if young people would value it less.

HERBERT'S BEVERAGE.

A LADDIE like Herbert disdains to repine
Because he drinks water instead of rich wine;
What need has a laddie like Herbert for beer,
When he can have water transparently clear?

A child of his age wants no port wine or sherry
To make his cheek rosy—his little heart merry;
His life he is feeling in every young limb—
Then what can bright sherry and port do for him?

The brown muddy porter and very strong ale
Would make his head heavy, his senses to fail;
Harsh cider would give him good cause to complain,
And headaches come after the tempting champagne.

Let Claret and Burgundy blush like the ruby—
If he were to drink them he'd blush like a booby;
Let costly Madeira like topazes shine,
My Herbert cares nought for the fruit of the vine.

And as to fine Rhenish and dainty Moselle,
'The hues of the chrysolite they may excel;
But Herbert's pure element leaps from the rock,
As clear as Moselle and more sparkling than Hock.

The coarse vulgar rum he would never admire,
And gin and strong brandy are like liquid fire;

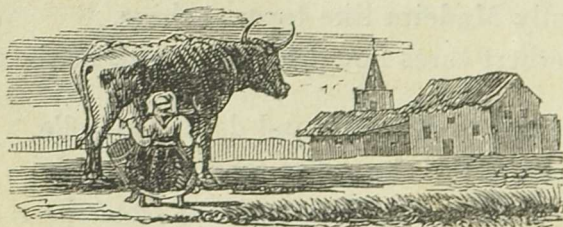
To swallow such potions would give him great
pain—

Besides they would certainly fuddle his brain.

Strong tea he would think disagreeably bitter,
And coffee for youths of his years is no fitter;
For coffee and chocolate what should he care,
When nice milk and water has come to his share?

The water he drinks is as clear as the crystal,
And every where met with from Berwick to Bristol;
From brooks that run over a bed of bright sand
He oft scoops it up in the palm of his hand.

The excellent fluid that comes from the cow
Is better than wine for my Herbert just now;
'Tis whiter than pearls, and as soft as fine silk—
There's both meat and drink in the nourishing milk.



THE
GENEROUS HUMBLE OR BUMBLE BEES.

ONE day in the midst of a burning July,
When meadows were parched and the rivulets dry,
A cluster of Bees, in extreme trepidation,
Flew towards a serynga to hold consultation.

Their speaker declared, when he saw them assembled,
That even in June for their prospects he trembled;
But now it was plain that for love or for money,
No flowers could be got that would furnish good
honey.

The Bumble Bees managed to scrape up a store:
Their under-ground cellars he longed to explore:
'Twas strange that such poor clumsy creatures
could thrive
When famine had fallen on those of the hive.

He added, that as to their winter provision
He really could come to no sort of decision;
But hinted that those who by hunger were press'd
Might feast, if they chose, in the Bumble Bees' nest.

Some virtuous insects this motion rejected—
The multitude vowed it must not be neglected;
And soon the objectors were glad to conform,
And haste to the banquet along with the swarm.

They flew to a bank which abounded in moss—
 The Bumble Bees' threshold they ventured to cross;
 Three parts of the honey the naughty ones stole,
 And as to the bee-bread they ate up the whole.

“These combs,” observed they, “are not equal to
 ours—

This honey was got from the coarsest of flow'rs.”
 But while they were stuffing and making their brags,
 The Bumble Bees entered to empty their bags.

Their hair stood on end, and they all looked aghast,
 The strangers to view at their lawless repast;—
 “Thieves! robbers!” they cried; “O you house-
 breaking bees!”
 The feasters immediately fell on their knees.

“Have pity,” cried they, “on our grievous distress,
 We purpose, next summer, the wrong to redress;
 Your hearts we well know to be melting as wax,
 And soft as the velvet that covers your backs.”

Their pray'rs the good Bumble Bees couldn't
 resist—
 Said they,—“What you've taken will never be
 miss'd;
 Thus worn and exhausted no more you shall roam,
 But make, for the season, moss-grotto your home.”

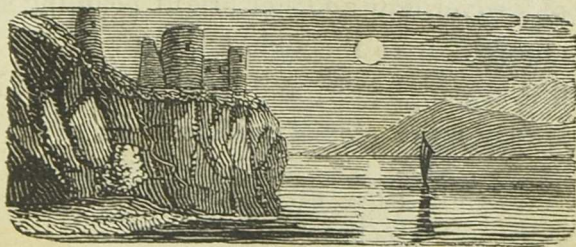
This kind invitation was gladly embraced,
The Bumble Bees toiled to make up for the waste;
They tapped the flower juice in its deepest recess,
And scoured the whole country to furnish the mess.

We're told, like the bee and the ant, to be wise;
Their prudence and industry no one denies:
I wish we could feel, though it were but in part,
The kindness that glows in a Bumble Bee's heart.

FINE NAMES FOR FINE THINGS.

THE Sun is called Phœbus, the Moon is called
Phœbe,

In Poems which Herbert will read very soon;
A bright blooming damsel is often called Hebe,
And Cynthia, too, is a name for the moon.





GOING TO BED.

THE heaven's bright eyes are beginning to blink,
 And Cynthia's climbing the sky;
 And Herbert to rest on his pillow must sink,
 And shut up his merry young eye.

If Herbert the land of the hills could behold,
 What glories he'd view in the west!
 Great Skiddaw, like amber, all molten with gold,
 When Phœbus is sinking to rest.

The moon's silver bow and her bright beaming shield
 Are equally fair to the sight;
 But chill is the night air, and damp is the field
 Where lately you played with delight.

And see the bright Rose, all surcharged with the dew,
 Is heavily nodding her head;
 In day time how deeply she blushed to the view—
 How boldly her petals dispread!

Yon broad crimson Piony welcomes the shades,
That hide her from Phœbus awhile,
For splendour like her's all too speedily fades,
Exposed to his radiant smile.

The Tulip is folding her gay painted vest,
And closed is bright Marigold's eye;
Come, dear little boy, let us leave them to rest,
And say, till to-morrow, good bye.

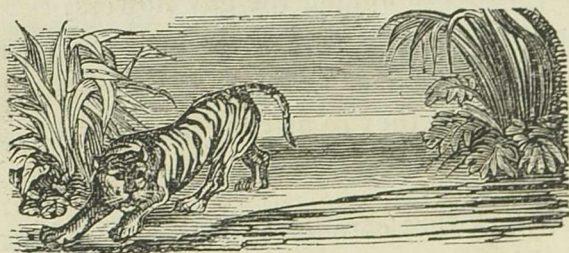
The butterflies all have gone home long ago,
That fluttered among the gay flowers;
Where their homes and their beds are we none of
us know,
But perhaps they're as cozy as ours.

The Skylark that carolled so loud and so long,
The Linnet that sang from the hill—
The Blackbird and Thristle, have ended their song,
Each quivering pinion is still.

The hooting old Owl may delight in the dark;
He's dull when the heavens look blue;
But Herbert should rise with the Linnet and Lark,
And so he must rest with them too.

The Tiger prowls forth by some Indian stream,
His eyes in the twilight are flashing;
He howls at the moon in the watery gleam—
Their teeth fell Hyænas are gnashing.

But our happy land from such monsters is free,
In England they've never a nook;
Their pictures my Herbert takes pleasure to see—
But now let us shut up the book.



THE REQUEST DENIED.

“Now give me the scissors, I pray;”

Young Herbert impatiently cried;
His Mother was forced to say, Nay,
And thus his request she denied—

“The scissors so pointed and keen
Are not for my Herbert to handle;
I trust he will never be seen
Attempting to carry the candle.

“A knife with a sharp shining blade
To such a small youth I refuse,
And forks which so pointed are made,
I cannot permit him to use.

“The tongs I forbid him to touch.
The poker he'd best leave alone,
The shovel he never need clutch
Till older and stronger he's grown.

“The fire-guard and fine polished fender
He never must try to remove;
The pranks of a foolish pretender
A parent is bound to reprove.

“The snuffers he never need snatch
Till he to trim candles is fit,
Nor e'er at the bell-pull must catch
Till he has a little more wit.

“The box which contains Papa's snuff,
My darling, 'twere folly to covet;
And as to the powdery stuff,
No children were e'er known to love it.

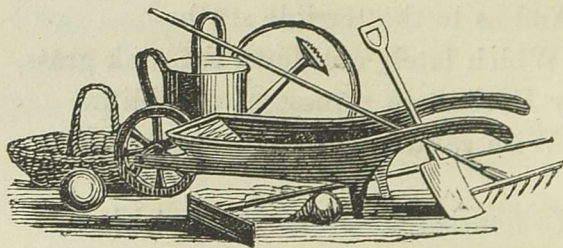
“The coal-box so heavy and black,
And filled up with coals to the brim,
Would burden his poor little back,
'Tis not to be lifted by him.

“The brush and the long dirty broom,
Pray put away out of his sight;
I bought them for cleaning the room,
And not for my Herbert's delight.

“His dear Papa's very keen razor,
If mother beheld in his hand,
How much it would shock and amaze her!
He'd have a severe reprimand.

“And as to the rusty old axe
We saw lying under the hedge,
The oak-tree may feel how it hacks,
But we will beware of its edge.

- “ And as to the terrible scythe
Which lately cut down the rank grass,
My Herbert so gamesome and blithe
With caution beside it must pass.
- “ To flourish the reaper’s old sickle,
With which the ripe corn is cut down,
’Tis certain he never must stickle,
’Twould cause his good father to frown.
- “ And as to the sharp pair of shears,
With which many a sheep has been shorn,
To take them might cost him some tears,
And cause his fond Mother to mourn.
- “ The china he never must claw :
The glass so transparent and polished,
If e’er it came into his paw,
I fear would full soon be demolished.
- “ The rod, and the whip, and the cane,
I hope we need never produce ;
Long may they in pickle remain,
But never be brought into use !
- “ And may no ridiculous whim
Cause Herbert their faces to see !
The rod will be nothing to him,
If he’ll be obedient to me.”



PLEASURES GRANTED.

THERE'S many a gay painted toy
 Procured in a fine London shop,
 Which I will present to my boy—
 A hoop, or a ball, or a top.

There's many a beautiful book
 With pictures and pretty prints in it,
 In which 'twill delight him to look,
 And he by good conduct may win it.

And when he is able to read
 Whatever the volume contains,
 A book will delight him indeed,
 And amply reward all his pains.

The summer's bright genial hours
 To him many treasures will bring,
 Fruits, pebbles, and beautiful flowers,
 As gay as a butterfly's wing.

A nice little barrow or cart,
To wheel stones and rubbish away,
His mother to him will impart,
If he pretty lessons will say.

A spade and a rake, and a hoe,
And many a gardening tool,
On him she will gladly bestow,
If he'll be attentive at school.

A very nice osier basket
My Herbert from me shall receive
If he will but prettily ask it,
And all that I tell him believe.

A trunk, and a bag, and a box,
In time he'll be sure to possess;
And when he his treasures unlocks,
His stars he will certainly bless.

Some day a mahogany desk
My Herbert from me shall obtain,
Not inlaid with rich Arabesque,
But handsome, and solid, and plain.

And when he's a much bigger boy,
A store of good books he'll collect;
A bookcase will add to his joy,
And that he may fairly expect.

THE SEASONS.

WINTER is a dreary time,
Then we hear the howling blast,
Then the trees are bare as hop-poles,
Rain and hail fall thick and fast.

Winter is a social season,
Then we gather round the fire;
Books and pictures then delight us,
Fun and feasting mirth inspire.

Spring's a variable season;
First comes zephyr mild and meek,
Then the east wind nips the blossom,
Sun and show'r play hide and seek.

Spring's a sweet and merry season;
Spring with garlands decks the thorn,
Fills the groves with songs of joyance,
Then the lamb and colt are born.

Summer is a sultry time,
Then the glare of light oppresses;
Lilacs fall, and gay laburnum
Parts with all her golden tresses.

Summer's a delightful season;
Then we view the gorgeous flowers,
Fragrant scents are wafted to us
While we sit in shady bowers.

Autumn time is melancholy,
Then the Winter storms are nigh;
Mid the gardens fading relics
Mournful gusts are heard to sigh.

Autumn's a luxuriant season,
Then the harvest glads our sight,
Fruits grow ripe; and, glittering pheasants,
You must fall for our delight.





THE SQUIRREL.

Ay, there's the Squirrel perched aloft,
That active little rover;
See how he whisks his bushy tail,
Which shadows him all over;
Now rapid as a ray of light
He darts up yon tall beach;
He skips along from branch to branch;
And now the top can reach.

Now view him seated on the bough
To crack his nuts at ease,
While blackbirds sing and stockdoves coo
Amid the neighbouring trees;
The light wind lifts his silky hair,
So long and loosely flowing;
His quick ear catches every sound—
How brisk he looks and knowing.

With cunning glance he casts around
His merry sparkling eye,
In yonder hazel by the brook
Rich clusters he can spy;
His lofty station soon he quits
To seize the milky store;
You ne'er can catch him, dearest child,
The useless chase give o'er.

The butterfly you once surprised,
And had him in your power,
While he his painted wings displayed
Upon the passion-flower;
As in the foxglove's bell he dived
You caught the humble bee,
Examined well his velvet coat,
Then gave him liberty.

With lambkins you might run a race
Though swift they hied away,
The nimble kid attempt to chase
Along the healthy brae;
But little squirrel's more alert
Than butterfly or bee,
No lamb or kid is half so light,
So swift of foot as he.

The fleet gazelle, the mountain roe,
You may not hope to seize,
And fruitless were it to pursue
A leaf whirled by the breeze.
A dolphin 'neath the ocean wave
You scarcely could surprise,
Nor on the desert sands o'ertake
The ostrich as she flies.

THE BOY THAT WOULD RATHER BE NAUGHTY THAN GOOD.

YOUNG Ronald one day in a fury was roaring,
His passion still higher and higher was soaring;
Cried he, while the tears from his eyelids were
pouring,

“I'd rather be naughty than good!
To learn stupid lessons I'll never engage,
I'll storm, and I'll bluster and riot and rage,
I ne'er will consent to be kept in a cage,
I will go and walk in the wood.”

His mother, astonished, cried “Ronald, for shame!
This terrible temper unless you can tame,
Such folly the rod must be called to reclaim,
And every one else will be ruffled.”

Don't stare with your eyes, and don't wrinkle your
brow,
Nor stamp and kick up such a dust and a row,
Nor shake your head angrily like the mad cow
Whose horns the old farmer has muffled.

“ You well may remember the hurricane's blast,
Which over the orchard not long ago pass'd,
Which tore up a tree that was fit for a mast,
And almost demolished the wood:
Now this I suppose you prefer to a breeze
That cooled us last summer beneath the green
trees,
And wafted us over the lake at our ease,—
You'd rather be naughty than good!

“ The mischievous flood that with terrible sweep
Knocked down the low cottage when all were
asleep,
And battered the bridges, and drowned the poor
sheep,
Your highest regard must excite!
Whereas the soft streamlets that quietly flow,
And make the green grass in the meadow to
grow,
Relieving our thirst when the skies are aglow,
Can give you but little delight.

“Then as for the tigers that fearfully roar,
The hideous hyæna, and foaming wild boar,
The wolf and the leopard, all reeking with gore,
 Your darlings they surely must be;
The kids and sweet lambkins they prettily play,
The rabbit so gentle, and kitten so gay,
The faithful old dog that keeps robbers at bay,
 With scorn and dislike you must see.

“The lark that sings loud as he soars to the sky,
The blackbird and thrush that in carolling vie,
The elegant pheasant and partridge so shy,
 The robin, the stork, and the dove,
No doubt you despise; while the hawk and the kite,
Fierce vultures that crowd to the field of the fight,
And hoarse boding ravens that croak in their
 flight,
 Must gain your esteem and your love.

“The nettle and night-shade, the gardener’s foes,
I fully conclude you prefer to the rose,
And e’en to the lily that gracefully grows,
 Some coarse and pestiferous weed;
The wasp must delight you far more than the bee,
While you and the emmet can never agree,
The hornet, no doubt, you’re delighted to see,
 The scorpion would charm you indeed.”

“No, no!” cried young Ronald, a little more cool;
“I am not, indeed, quite so much of a fool;
I’d rather spend all the long morning in school,
And never walk out in the wood,
Than live with such horrible creatures as they:
So tell me no more of such wretches, I pray.”
“Then why,” said his mother, “just now did you say,
You’d rather be naughty than good?”

“The flood and the storm that with horror we hear,
Fierce birds and wild beasts that cause hatred and
fear,
Vile insects and plants that we dread to go near,
Are just like a furious boy;
Who makes a ridiculous raving and rant,
‘I will and I wont, and I shall and I shan’t,’
Who rudely behaves to his mother and aunt,
And does all he can to annoy.”

Young Ronald now saw the whole matter aright,
He cleared up his brow and began to look bright;
His mother perceived with the greatest delight
Her boy was resolved to be good;
Within a short time the long lesson was said,
He spoke like a man, and he held up his head,
The rod was put by, and a rosebud instead
He wore as he roamed in the wood.



WHAT ARE LIQUORS MADE OF?

GRAPES make every sort of wine,
 Dark red port and sparkling sherry;
 Juicy Pears a liquor yield,
 Known to all by name of perry.

Cider is from Apples made,
 Ginger flavours ginger beer;
 Cowslips tinge a yellow wine,
 Sweet to taste, and bright and clear.

Elder-berries form a syrup;
 Drink is made of elder flowers,
 Which is cooling, fresh, and pleasant,
 In the summer's sultry hours.

Malt and hops with water brewed
 Make the nut-brown beer and ale,
 Which renew the ploughman's spirit,
 When his strength begins to fail.

Malt from Barley is prepared,
Barley in the kiln is dried;
Hops that give a bitter taste
Are by tender plants supplied.

Brandy is from wine obtained,
Potent Rum from Sugar made;
Should you drink them over freely,
You'd get tipsy I'm afraid.

Both the Scotch and Irish Whisky
Are from Barley-corn distilled;
So is Gin, a poisonous spirit;
Men by it have oft been killed.

THE GOLDFINCH, OR THISTLEFINCH.

No wonder the Goldfinch is airy and light,
On thistledown feasted from morning to night;
The seedlings of flow'rets have wings of their own,
Gay Goldfinch can catch them before they are flown.

The Goldfinch's bonnet is greatly admired,
In yellow and scarlet he's richly attired;
Well may he be fine, for he lives upon seeds
Of bright colour'd blossoms and flourishing weeds.

The song of the Goldfinch is mellow and clear,
He seems to be happy—he sings to his dear;
No wonder he chants with such glee at all hours,
He's fed on the fruitage of gay summer flow'rs.

Behold the snug nest which his offspring receives,
O'ertopped by the woodbine and sweet-scented
leaves.

Of moss, and gay lichen, and wool, intertwined,
With down of the coltsfoot and willow-tufts lined.

And well may the eggs be so fair to the sight,
Produced by a helpmate so graceful and bright;
No wonder the birdies soon break from the cell,
In such a warm nursery cherish'd so well.

Now Goldfinch must cast off his beautiful plumes;
The bow'r and the meadow are stripp'd of their
blooms;

Those beauties sweet summer again will unfold,
And he, too, will glisten in velvet and gold.



POPPIES.

THE Poppies blooming all around
My Herbert loves to see;
Some pearly white, some dark as night,
Some red as cramasie:

He loves their colours fresh and fine,
As fair as fair may be;
But little does my darling know
How good they are to me.

He views their clust'ring petals gay,
And shakes their nut-brown seeds;
But they to him are nothing more
Than other brilliant weeds.

O! how shouldst thou, with beaming brow,
With eye and cheek so bright,
Know aught of that gay blossom's power,
Or sorrows of the night?

When poor Mama long restless lies,
She drinks the poppy's juice;
That liquor soon can close her eyes,
And slumber soft produce:

O then my sweet, my happy boy
Will thank the Poppy-flower,
Which brings the sleep to dear Mama,
At midnight's darksome hour.

BIRDS' FOOD.

LONG-LEGS, hasten away!
Cockchafers, leave your play!
The searching Rook for you doth look,
Throughout the livelong day.

Snail with wreathed shell,
Slugs of grove and dell,
The parent thrush on you will rush,
And bear you off to his cell.

Beetles, take to your heels!
Hither the Night-jar steals,
And Moths doth seek, with gaping beak:
He's partial to evening meals.

Flies, both great and small,
The Martlet quits the wall;
And Swift and Swallow will swiftly follow,
And they will swallow you all.

Worms, go under the earth;
Grubs, return to your berth;
The Lapwing will take you, and Robin will shake
you:
The winter's his time of dearth.

Ants, in clustering hills,
Fear the Partridges' bills;
They hunt in the stubble, to work you trouble
And each has a beak that kills.

Bees, take care of yourselves;
Tits are ravenous elves.
The bee-eating bird I lately heard,
Where into the bank she delves.

At sound of the Cuckoo's voice
No reptiles need rejoice;
Cuckoo! cuckoo! He's coming for you
Of grubs he takes his choice.

Glow-worms, hide your light;
The warbling bird of night
On you will sup! He'll gobble you up;
You'd better not shine so bright.

Spiders, scamper away;
Off with your eggs, I pray;
The Woodpecker's drumming—he soon will be
coming:
He'll find where your nests you lay.

Gnats that wheel and flit,
Beware of little Tomtit;
'Tis not for the fruit that Fly-catcher mute
On yonder bough doth sit.

Dragon-flies brightly blue!
King-fisher hawks for you;
See, over the stream, like a rainbow gleam,
She's hovering now in view.

Creatures that live in the sludge,
Jack Snipe will poke and drudge;
The mire he'll rout, till he turns you out,
And who his fare would grudge?

Hop away croaking Frog,
The bittern is come to the bog;
The Bittern that booms in the evening glooms,
As loud as the baying dog.

Fish of river and lake,
The Heron comes out of the brake;
His neck's doubled back, but he means to attack!
He'll cause you to quail and quake.

Fish of sea and ocean,
The Osprey's loud commotion,
Her downward dash, and splutter and splash,
Must frighten you, I have a notion.



THE ROSE.

THE May-buds are all passed away
Anemones leave us too soon,
Hepatica lasts but a day,
The Primrose dies under our shoon;
Gay Daffodils blossomed in March,
The Harebell and Cowslip so wan,
That came with the leaves of the larch,
From dingle and meadow are gone.

And here is the beautiful Rose,
She blossoms right early in June;
What odour she loves to disclose!
How brightly she blushes at noon!
As soon as the cherry is red,
As soon as the strawberries come,
She lifts up her beautiful head,—
The bloom is not yet on the plum.

The Lily in loveliness gleams,
She gracefully bends to the gale;
And fair is the lily of streams,
And fragrant is she of the vale.
But dews are a diadem bright
Of one that more splendidly glows:
Fair Cynthia's queen of the night,—
The queen of the garden's the Rose.

How long will the fair one be here?
She'll outstay the Piony bright;
She'll stay till the fall of the year,
When day is no longer than night.
When harvest is happily o'er,
When nuts in the copses abound,
She perfumes the breezes no more,
Her withered leaves fall to the ground.

THE USURPING BIRD.

A poor little Toadie lived under a stone,
With nettles o'ershadowed, with lichens o'ergrown;
A Wheat-ear, of covetous spirit possest,
Resolv'd to obtain the snug hole for his nest.

Said he, "Shall an animal, squalid and squat,
Inhabit this cozy desirable grot;
While I and my wife must ramble and roam,
To find a fit place for our nursery home?"

So saying, by dint of hard scratches and pecks,
And doing his utmost to harry and vex,
He forced the poor Toad to abandon his cell,
And entered therein with his partner to dwell.

A warm little nest in this cave to construct,
The long trailing stems and dry grasses they plucked;
They lined it with feathers, with wool and with hair,
Which furzes from wandering animals tear.

Six delicate eggs of a soft blueish white,
The couple soon view'd with unmingled delight;
“My dear,” said the father, “that day will be blest,
When first our young wheat-ears take wing from
the nest.”

One morn he went forth, and was hopping hard by,
Intending his wife's noon-day meal to supply;
A feast he expected, the snails seem'd so rife,
When down came the harrier, and ended his life.

For many an hour did his poor hungry mate
Her spouse's return with impatience await;
He never came back for her wants to provide;
Of sorrow and famine, poor birdie! she died.

Her relics were gnaw'd by the carrion crow,
And flies in the cave did their maggots bestow;
The eggs which the pair had so anxiously cherish'd
Were suck'd by the magpies—or otherwise perish'd.

And thus was the grotto restored to the Toad,
Who gladly hopp'd back to his former abode;
In safety dwelt he: for so livid a fright
Was even disdained by the hunger-starved kite.

Now this you may learn both from rhymers and
preachers,

'Tis wicked to injure the meanest of creatures;
Tyrannical tempers we all should control,
Nor even expel an old Toad from his hole.



EDITH ASLEEP.

FAST, fast asleep my Edith lies,
With her snowy night-dress on ;
Closed are now her sparkling eyes ;
All her merry thoughts are gone.
Gone! ah no! perhaps she dreams;
Perhaps she views the crystal streams,
Wanders in the grove and field,—
What hath sleep to her revealed?

Bat and Owl enjoy the night;
All the stars are sweetly twinkling;
While the Moon doth shed her light
On the brooklet gently tinkling:
Perhaps for her the Sun doth shine;
Perhaps she pulls the king-cups fine;
Merry birds around her singing,
Now she hears the echoes ringing!

Perhaps she bends beside the river,
Plucks aurelian's yellow globe,
Sees the willows wave and quiver;
Ah! she wets her fairy robe!

Where the water lilies float
Perhaps she guides the skimming boat,
Now the tender petals crushing,
Now the reedy thicket brushing.

Perhaps along the devious dell
She in fancy now may ramble;
Seeking moss or budding bell
Underneath the gorse and bramble:
Perhaps she's playing with the fawn
Up and down the grassy lawn;
Or with little lambkins skipping,
Or along the birch-grove tripping.

Perhaps she gazes on the pool
'Neath the rock's black shadow lying;
From the mountain's summit cool
Silvery distant lakes descrying.
Perhaps adown the rugged steeps
With the dancing rill she leaps;
See, her cheek begins to flush;
O, she's waking! hush! hush! hush!

THE HAPPY LITTLE SLEEPER.

WHEN Herbert on the pillow lays
His little careless head,
How soon sweet sleep steals o'er his eyes!
How soon his night is fled!
While poor Mama for many an hour
Awake and restless lies;
In vain she shuts her eyelids close,
For cruel sleep still flies.

O then, at midnight's silent hour,
What can her thoughts employ?
She thinks of him she loves so well—
Her little joyous boy:
She prays, that he, for many a year,
Thus cozy in his nest,
May sweetly sleep, and cheerful wake,
With health and spirits blest.

THE BLESSING OF HEALTH.

IF ever my child were confined to a bed,
With limbs full of pain, and a dull heavy head,
O how he would think of the days
When, lightsome and free, like a bird on the wing,
O'er upland or dell he was able to spring,
On river and green-wood to gaze!

To breathe the fresh air underneath the blue skies,
Is worth all the cordials that med'cine supplies;
My darling would prize it in vain;
O how he would long o'er the daisies to tread,
To leave the down pillows, so carefully spread,
And bound in the meadows again!

“In this dull apartment,” he'd sadly exclaim,
“Spring, summer, and autumn, to me are the same;
In vain do the violets blow;
I never can climb to the heather-bell's bed,
Nor watch the rooks building high over my head,
Nor glide where the water-flow'rs grow.”

To those that have health every season is sweet:
Hot Summer has flowers, and a shady retreat,

Where thrushes and turtle-doves sing;
And lovely as light is the roseate glow
Which rests at bright dawn on the summits of snow,
And dear is the promise of Spring.

And they that have never known sickness and grief
Admire the deep red or the light yellow leaf,
Which soon shall be whirl'd from the bough.
Then Herbert, my child, to the meadows repair,
Make hay while it shines, and enjoy the fresh air,
Till age sets his seal on your brow.



THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

A marsh-bred Toad, intent to shun
The fervours of a tropic sun,
Entered a blooming arborous bow'r,
Where hung suspended from a flow'r
The Collibree—that plumed sprite,
Who takes his name from locks of light.
Words cannot paint the varied rays
Which on that elfin's frontlet blaze;
The pendent plumes that form'd his tail
Wave in the scarcely breathing gale,
More exquisitely light and rare
Than beard of corn or maiden hair;
While topazes with rubies blent,
Rich lustre to his raiment lent.
Sir Toad, who, though a harmless creature,
Possessed no very handsome feature,
Struck with dire envy at the sight
Of that gay, glancing, glittering sprite,
Now seemed by contrast doubly curst,
Possessed of every creature's worst.
No brother cramp'd beneath the harrow,
No birdling tortured by an arrow,
E'er felt such pangs as this poor Toad,
Through envy's dart—dejection's load;

While heaved with sighs his leathern breast,
He thus his rankling grief exprest:
“O Nature, why hast thou conferr’d
Such splendour on a useless bird?
Why dost thou prodigally shower
Thy gifts on shell, and plant, and flower—
To me, to me alone, denied
The bloom of youth and beauty’s pride?”
But see, what glances like a star,
A spangle shot from Luna’s car!
No eye could tell from whence it came,
’Tis quivering like a lambent flame
In breezy air: it settles now,
With azure crown upon its brow,
That glances loveliest purple light;
A robe with glittering tissue dight,
Where emeralds into sapphires play,
To form a jewell’d rainbow gay;
And stomacher of purest sheen,
Bedropped with eyes of golden green.
Behold the beamy sylph alight
Beside that ruby-vested sprite,
Who swelled with anger at the view,
And shriek’d aloud, “Hence, goblin blue!
A thousand blossoms round us glow,
In one of these thy form bestow,
But this datura’s spotless shrine
To earthly bird I’ll ne’er resign.”

“Fierce, fiery fright!” the sparkler scream’d,
“If twice ten thousand blossoms gleam’d
Within my reach, I’d ne’er retreat,
Through fear a mortal foe to meet.
Wert thou the eagle, paltry elf,
I’d bid thee fly, or guard thyself!”
The ruffled plumes, erected crest,
And swelling throat, their wrath exprest.
Can tiniest birds such passions know?
Does fire in downy bosoms glow?
In fight the fairy foes engage,
They dart their bills in deadly rage;
Those bills, as keen as tempered steel,
Give wounds no living wight can heal;
And rivulets of blood must flow,
To stain the fair datura’s snow;
For triumph, not for her they die,
As breathless on her breast they lie;
While death itself but feebly tames
The splendour of those fairy frames.
Sir Toad beheld the dire event
With less of sorrow than content;
“Fine feathers make fine birds,” cried he,
“Superior sense is left to me;
I’d ne’er consent to shed my blood,
For all the treasures of the mud.”
The heart that sinks and inly pines
Because another brighter shines,

Is sure within its depths to hide
 Vain-glorious thoughts and sullen pride;
 E'en Pity's self is chill'd to death,
 When touched by Envy's baleful breath.

PROVIDENCE.

ENTWINED amid fresh springing grass
 Doth odorous thyme her sweets exhale;
 Those spicy leaves the flock will pass
 On scentless herbage to regale;

While bees, that with the faintest streak
 Of early dawn the fields explore,
 Will that rejected nectar seek,
 And revel in the balmy store.

The Maker and the Lord of all,
 Who gives to men their daily bread—
 Who marks each little sparrow's fall,
 And watches o'er the infant's head;

Great God, who bids the waves retreat—
 Who made the sky, the earth, and sea—
 Spreads for the flock their pasture sweet,
 And guards the portion of the bee.

All these their Maker's law fulfil;
 By Nature led, they cannot stray:
 But we, with choice of good and ill,
 Must learn to take the better way.

CHILDISH TEARS.

CHILDISH tears are like the dew,
When bright day is fresh and new,
With the Sun's first kindly beam
Vanishing in subtile steam—
Leaving every bell and blade
Fresher, brighter, fairer made.

Thus when simple childhood grieves,
Simplest remedy 'relieves;
Touched by pleasure's gladdening ray,
Sorrow vanishes away,
While th' elastic spirits soar
Higher even than before.

Tears that fall from older eyes
From a deeper source arise;
When those bitter waters flow
May my child his Saviour know—
May he find the best relief
For the worst of earthly grief!

Man was made to mourn and weep,
Doom'd the fruits of toil to reap;
When my child has learnt the truth
Of his heritage of ruth,

May he humbly, meekly pray,
“Jesus wipe my tears away!

Teach my heart a worthier sorrow;
Strength and comfort let me borrow
For the bitter strife within—
Strife of weakness and of sin;
Gracious Master, make me prize
Happiness beyond the skies!”



LESSONS IN LATIN.

A FATHER is *pater*, a mother is *mater*,
A sister is *soror*, a brother is *frater*;
A child should obey both his father and mother,
And brothers and sisters should love one another.

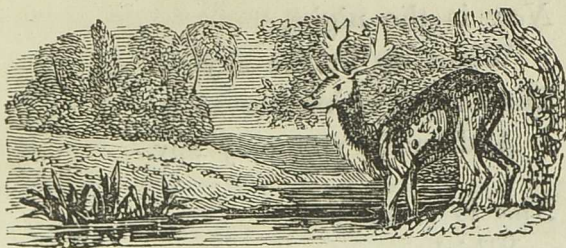
RAMUS means a bough,
Baculum a staff;
Vacca means a cow,
Vitulus a calf.

A bird is called *avis*,
A key is called *clavis*,
And *clava*'s a club;
A nail or knob's *clavus*,
A grandfather *avus*,
And *frutex* a shrub.

THAT *rex* is a king, *regina* a queen,
 And *regnum* a kingdom, to me is well known;
 While *sceptrum*'s a sceptre, *corona* a crown,
 And *solium* has ever been Latin for throne.

I FEAR the wise folks will deride us
 If we cannot tell them that *sidus*,
 And *astrum*, and *stella*, are Latin for star:
 At night you may see how it shines from afar.

STAGNUM means a pool,
Fluvius a river;
Arcus means a bow,
Pharëtra a quiver;
Telum means a dart,
 Which in air doth quiver;
Frigus means the cold,
 Which doth make us shiver;
Donum means a gift—
 Be a noble giver;
Cor doth mean the heart,
Jecur means the liver;
Flumen, I am told,
 Means a flowing river.



SALTUS is a lawn or glade,
 Open space in wood or grove,
 Deer will quit the sylvan shade,
 There to sport and freely rove:
 There a little purling brook
 O'er its pebbly bed is playing;
 Sheep for tender herbage look,
 By its margin softly straying.

GRANDO is hail, and *tonitru* thunder,
 And *fulmen* is lightning, and that is no blunder;
 And *radix* a root, which grows the earth under,
 And *flamen*'s a blast, which tears things asunder.

AURA means a gentle breeze,
 Which curls the lake and moves the trees;
Ventus means the wind so loud,
 Which tears the branch and drives the cloud.

Nox is the night,
 When up in the sky
 The bright twinkling stars
 And moon you may spy.

Nux is a nut
 Which grows on a tree;
 By cracking the shell
 The kernel you see.

Nix is the snow
 Which covers the ground,
 When trees have no leaves,
 And flowers are not found.

A BOY like my Herbert should ne'er
 Shed tears like a baby, and cry,
 Because a new plaything or gift
 Mama may be forced to deny.

His Latin he always must say,
 And *puer* is Latin for boy,
 And *donum* is Latin for gift,
 And *gaudium*'s Latin for joy.

When Herbert can say all his nouns,
 And likewise the four conjugations,
 How much it will please his Papa,
 His Aunty, and all his relations!

RICE is *oryza*, and *milium* millet,
Corbis a basket,—with fruit let us fill it;
Mus is a mouse, the sly cat means to kill it;
 And *felis* is Latin for cat.
Thus is the frankincense, sweet when you smell it;
Quercus an oak, and the woodman will fell it;
Verbum's a word, and my Herbert can spell it;
 And *sorex* is Latin for rat.

DENS is a tooth, *gingiva* the gum,
 And *manus* the hand, and *pollex* the thumb;
 A finger is *digitus*, *cutis* the skin,
 And *nasus* the nose, and *mentum* the chin;
 And *oculus* means in Latin the eye,
 With which many books you'll read by and by.

NEMUS and *silva* I've long understood,
 Both are in Latin the names for a wood.
Olor and *cygnus* are Latin for swan;
 Lately I saw one glide gracefully on:
 Smooth was the stream that he rested upon,
 White was his plumage on which the sun shone.

SOL is the sun
 Which shines in the sky,
 What is the son
 Whom here we espy?

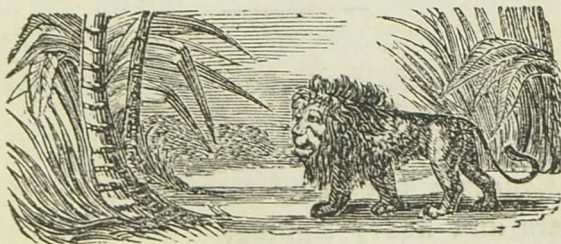
Filius means son,
Filia means daughter;
 Edith must learn this,
 Latin must be taught her.

Pater means a father,
Genitor the same;
Genitrix and *mater*
 Both are mother's name.

A MEADOW is *pratium*, a flower is called *flos*,
 And *muscus*, my child, is the Latin for moss;
 And *flumen*'s a river, and *stagnum* a pool,
Magister's a master, and *schola*'s a school.
 A vineyard is *vinea*, *hortus* a garden,
 And *venia* means what in English is pardon;
 And pardon my Herbert must certainly ask,
 If e'er he's accused of neglecting his task.

CRATER and likewise *cratēra*, I think
 Both mean a bowl out of which you may drink;
Corbis and *calāthus*, if you should ask it,
 Both are, in Latin, the names for a basket;
 Also *canistrum* doth mean the same thing:
 Herbert shall have one this very next spring,
 Flow'rets, and pebbles, and mosses to bring.

THE lion in Africa reigns;
 The tiger his empire maintains
 In India's palm-bearing land:
 And *leo* is Latin for lion;
 I hope that I never shall spy one
 Without his good keeper at hand:
 A tiger is *tigris*; I trust I shall ne'er
 Fall in with a tiger aroused from his lair.





CORN.

SPICA means an ear of corn,
Gluma is the husk or sheath;
 And *arista* is the beard—
Granum is the grain beneath.

Palea's the name for chaff,
Area the threshing floor;
 Better know the whole than half,
 Though you have to labour more.

HEARING is *auditus*,
 Infant's cry *vagitus*;
Lacryma's a briny tear:
 Tears and heavy sighing,
 Baby's piteous crying,
 Ne'er mother see or hear!

Sharpest thorn is *spina*,
 Sword's sheath is *vagina*
Ensis means a sword of steel;
 Foeman fell and fierce,
 Ne'er my child shall pierce,
 Tearing thorn she ne'er shall feel.

Seta is a bristle,
Carduus a thistle.

Aper is a foaming boar;
 Thistle ne'er shall prick her,
 Bristle ne'er shall shall stick her,
 No wild beast my babe shall gore.

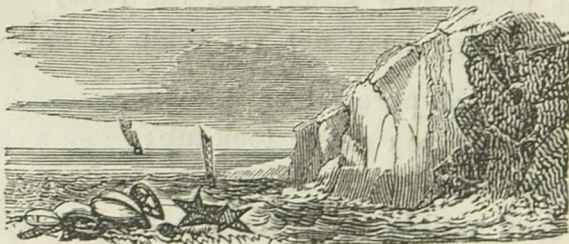
THE LOST SPOON AND FORK.

AN elegant cup, I declare,
 Of silver so pure and so bright,
 Was given to my little boy,
 And great was my Herbert's delight.
 His joy would have been greater still
 Could we but have placed in his sight
 The pretty new spoon and the fork;
 But they have not yet come to light.
 The cup of pure silver is made,
 A finer you never took up;
Argentum is Latin for silver,
 And *poculum*'s Latin for cup.

AQUA is water, and *unda* a wave,
Sinus a bay, and *spelunca* a cave.
Vas is a vessel, and *cymba* a skiff:
Rupes and *petra* are Latin for cliff:
 A skiff means a vessel so light and so limber,
 And *lignum* is wood which is often called timber.
Silva's a wood, a forest, or grove,
 In which we delight in summer to rove;
 And *callis* the path by which we may ramble,
 And *rubus*, I know, is the Latin for bramble.

MARE means the sea,
Littus means the shore;
 Listen unto me,
 I will tell you more.

Alga is sea-weed,
Concha is a shell;
 If you take good heed,
 You will know it well.
 And my boy must understand,
 That *arena* means the sand.



THE top of a tree *cacūmen* is called,
 And *umbra* is shade or shadow, you see;
 To sit in the shade is pleasant enough;
 And Herbert shall climb to the top of the tree.

VIRGA's a rod, *flagellum* a whip,
 And *poculum* means a cup;
 And *vinum* the wine which thence you may sip:
 Don't drink it too greedily up.

CÆNA is supper, and *prandium* dinner,
 And *epulum* means a feast;
 And *dapes* are dainties, my little beginner,
 And *caro*'s the flesh of a beast.

An army is *exercitus*—it causes great dismay;
 And *hostis* means the enemy that should be kept at
 bay;
 And *agmen* means the army when it marches on its
 way,
 And *acies* the army in its battle-field array,
 And *copia* the armed force which makes a great
 display.
 An arrow's *sagitta*, and *nervus* a string;
 A bow is called *arcus*, and *funda*'s a sling.

PLANTS.

VACCINIUM's a hyacinth,
 And so is *hyacinthus*;
 The tree that bears the turpentine
 Was once called *terebinthus*.
 And *myrtus* is the myrtle fair,
 The daffodil *narcissus*;
 And common flax is *linum* called,
 And fine flax is called *byssus*.
Urtica is the nettle's name,
Serpyllum is wild thyme,
Melissophyllon balm doth mean,
 And *tilia* is the lime.
 And as for the true ancient thyme,
 That grew on Mount Hymettus,
 'Twas *thymus capitatus* called:
Lactuca is the lettuce.

AN army is *exercitus*
 And *classis* means a fleet;
 And *sanguis* means the blood that flows
 When fleets and armies meet.

TRUMPETER's *tubicen*, piper *tibicen*,

One word is short and the other is long;

Coots, are called *fulicæ*, soot is *fuligo*;

Mind that you never accent the words wrong.

TIBIA's a flute, which is very sweet,

Tympännum's a drum, which you loudly beat;

What a sound it gives when the people thump it!

Fistula's a pipe, *tuba* is a trumpet.

A TOWN is called *oppidum*, *urbs* is a city,

And *rus* is the country, so fresh and so pretty;

A hill is called *collis*, and *mons* is a mountain,

And *vallis* a valley, and *fons* is a fountain.

DOMUS means a house, *aula* means a hall,

Janua's a gate, *paries* a wall;

Porta means a door, *mensa* means a table,

Tectum means a roof, *stabulum* a stable;

A tower is called *turris*, a window *fenestra*,

A wrestling, the place where men wrestle, *palæstra*

CAUDEX, and *codex*, and *stirps*, all three
Mean the great trunk or stem of a tree,
Which with its head and its limbs you see.

Truncus means nought but the stock or trunk,
Stripp'd of its boughs, beheaded and shrunk,
Shaven and shorn like any old monk.

CORTEX means the bark, *fructus* means the fruit,
Ramus means a bough, *radix* means the root;
Folium's a leaf, *frons* doth mean the same,
Semen is the seed whence the forest came.

A SHRUB is called *frutex*, and *arbor*'s a tree;
And what, my dear boy, may the difference be
That 'twixt trees and shrubs you have found?
“A tree with one stem or trunk springs from its root,
A shrub into several branches doth shoot
As soon as it gets above ground.”



HOAR frost is *pruina*, and *pluvia*'s rain,
 And *nebula* mist, that hides mountain and plain;
 And ice is called *glacies*, *aër* is air,
 And *gëlu* is frost, which the ice doth prepare.

A FATHER'S brother, mother's brother, are not
 called the same

In Latin, though an uncle is the only English name;
 For *patruus* the first is called, from *pater*, I suppose;
 The second is *avunculus*, as every scholar knows.
 One kind of aunt is *patrua*, *avuncula* the other;
Privignus is a son-in-law, *noverca*'s a stepmother.
 A grandmother is *avia*, and *nepos* a grandson;
 And *avus* is a grandfather;—your task is not yet
 done.

Proävus means a great-grandfather;
Abävus, I have been told,
 Means a man's grandfather's grandfather,
 -Who must be wond'rously old.

Atävus—he is no lad,
 He's a great grandfather's grandfather,
Tritävus means the grand-dad
 Of a man's grandfather's grandfather.

PAIN AND PUNISHMENT.

SCUTICA's a scourge, *verber* is a lash:
 Dread the rising surge, which doth fiercely dash.
Virga is a rod, *ictus* is a stroke;
Vulnus is a wound, which is not a joke.
 Should the folks inquire, Herbert soon could tell 'em
 That the horrid whip once was called *flagellum*.

WORDS ALIKE AND UNLIKE.

ACĪNUS means the stone of grapes,
 And *asĭnus* means an ass:
 The boy that can't the difference see
 May well for a donkey pass.

Tribulum means a thrashing machine,
 And *tribulus* means a weed—
 The caltrop, arm'd with a prickly fruit;
 Its spikes would make you bleed.

Clava's a stout baton or club,
 And *clavis* a cleff or key,
 And *clavus* a nail, a button, or stud,
 Which on the dress you see.

Olor doth mean the graceful swan,
 And *oleum* oil so sweet;
 And *olus* the excellent garden stuff—
 The pot-herbs fit to eat.

Cucūmis means the Cucumber
 That winds along the ground;
Cucurbīta the swelling gourd
 That makes the bowl so round.

Pilum's a dart or javelin strong,
 And *pilus* a worthless hair;
 And *pila*'s a pestal to pound withal,—
 A ball to toss in air.

Populus doth the people mean,
 And also a poplar-tree;
 And *poples* means the tender ham,
 The part behind the knee.

PATĒRA's a goblet;
Crater is a bowl:
 Crown the cups with roses,
 That's a merry soul!

Bring the rich dessert in,
 Apples, nuts, and pears;
 Strew the dish with posies,
 Bid adieu to cares.

PRICKLES AND THORNS.

SENTIS means a thorn-bush,

Spina means a thorn;

Go not near the quickset hedge,

Lest your clothes be torn.

Spinus means a sloe tree,

Vepres means a bramble;

Try to keep away from it

When you take a ramble.

Dumus is a low bush,

Rubus is a brier;

When its blackberries are picked,

Throw it in the fire.

Ruscus is the knee-broom,

Carduus a thistle;

Goldfinch feasts on thistle-seed;

Hear his slender whistle;

Spanish broom *genista* is,

Filix is the fern;

In the woodlands you may spy it

Wheresoe'er you turn.

Ovis means a sheep,
Avis means a bird;
Equus means a horse,
Which is often spurred.

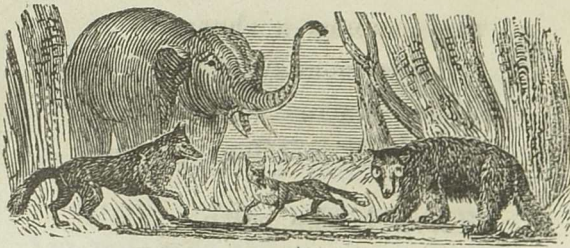
Terra is the earth,
Solum is the ground;
Gramen is the grass
Which thereon is found.

Ventus means the wind
Which is very loud;
Arbor means the tree
Which by wind is bowed.

Aura means a breeze,
Lacus means a lake;
Breezes shake the trees,
Breezes curl the lake.

Vacca means a cow,
Porcus means a pig;
Sus doth mean a sow,
Which is fat and big.

Caper is a goat,
Aries a ram;
Taurus means a bull,
Agnus means a lamb.



Lupus means a wolf,
Ursa is a bear,
Vulpes means a fox,
Lepus means a hare;

Elephas an elephant,
Leo is a lion,
 That's a very noble beast
 As you e'er set eye on.

THE DECLENSIONS.

Musa—A SONG.

WHAT a pleasant song is learning,
 When 'tis played in time and tune!
 'Tis of finest sounds a concord
 Which my boy must study soon.

When to this melodious strain
 Herbert shall attune his voice,
 Loud and lustily shall chant it,
 How his parents will rejoice!

Dominus—A LORD.

Learning is the noble lord
 Whom my boy must learn to serve;
 Show him zeal and true obedience,
 Choicest gifts from him deserve.

Magister—A MASTER.

Learning is the gracious master,
 Whom my Herbert must obey:
 Peace and plenty shall reward him,
 Under that benignant sway.

Regnum—A KINGDOM.

Learning is the spacious realm
 Which my Herbert may inherit;
 If he rules it well and wisely,
 Great, indeed, will be his merit.

Nubes—A CLOUD.

Though at times with heavy aspect
 Learning like a cloud may lower;
 Soon we view the cloud descending
 In a fertilizing shower.

Lapis—A STONE.

Some a rugged stone may call it,
 Only fit to knock one down;
 I a precious jewel deem it,
 Fit for any monarch's crown.

Opus—A WORK.

Some esteem it toil and trouble,
 Which nor profit brings nor pleasure;
 I'll engage that it will render
 Both in overflowing measure.

Parens—A PARENT.

Learning is a loving parent:
 Be his fond assiduous child;
 Never from his happy presence
 May my Herbert be exiled!
 Though he seem to frown on truants,
 Yet his nature, kind and mild,
 Courts them to his arms indulgent,
 Willing to be reconciled.

Gradus—A STEP.

Learning is a step secure
 To the bowers of fairy-land;
 Through a flowery maze it leads us,
 Nature's gifts at our command.

Facies—A FACE.

Learning, Herbert, hath the features
 Almost of an angel's face;
 Contemplate them fixedly,
 Learn by heart each speaking grace.

Truth and wisdom, high-wrought fancy,
 In those lineaments we trace;
 Never be your eyes averted
 Long from that resplendent face.

THE FIVE DECLENSIONS.

IN words of declension the first—
 Attend, little scholar, to me—
 The singular genitive case
 Doth constantly end in an *æ*.

IN words of declension the second—
 To learn it I beg you will try—
 The singular genitive case
 Doth constantly end in an *i*.

IN words of declension the third—
 Attend, little scholar, to this—
 The singular genitive case
 Doth constantly end in an *is*.

IN words of declension the fourth—
 Pray learn it without any fuss—
 The singular genitive case
 Doth constantly end in an *us*.

IN words of declension the fifth—
 I pray, little scholar, attend—
 The singular genitive case
 In *ei* doth constantly end.

BEES.

IN Latin *apis* means a bee,
And honey is call'd *mel*;
And *favus* is the honey-comb,
And *cella* is the cell.

In Latin *cera* means the wax,
And *alvear* the hive,
In which the Bees their food prepare,
In which they live and thrive.

And *flores* are the fragrant flowers
They skilfully select;
And *pollen* is the yellow dust
Which they from them collect.

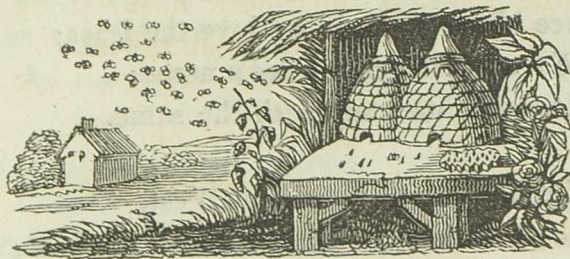
And *femur* is the tiny thigh,
Well fringed with useful hair;
And *tilia* is the linden-tree,
To which the bees repair.

And *mellio*'s the honey-gnat,
And *fucus* is a drone;
And *spiculum*'s the fearful sting,
Which causes many a groan.

Exāmin is the busy swarm,
And *gluten* is the glue
With which they stop the crevices,
When they their work review:

And *chrysālis* the curious case,
The cradle of the Bee;
And *propōlis* the sticky stuff
Which on their doors you see.

But little did the ancients know
With what they feed their young;
And Virgil called the queen a king,
When of their works he sung.



THE
WINDS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

THE North is called *Septentrio*,
And thence the northern wind doth blow;
And *Boreas* the north wind's name is,
A keen and boist'rous blast the same is.

The South is called *Meridies*,
And thence comes many a humid breeze;
And *Auster* is the south wind's name;
Much rain doth oft come with the same.

And *Oriens* doth mean the East,
Whence blows the gale we love the least;
And *Eurus* is the east wind's name;
Injurious blights come with the same.

And *Occidens* doth mean the West,
Whence breathes the wind we love the best;
And *Zephyrus* the west wind's name is,
A soft and gentle breeze the same is.



ANIMALS IN LATIN.

I am told *cercopithēcus*
 Is the monkey's Latin name;
Simia is the ape so ugly,
Felis means the cat so tame.

Lutra is the swimming otter;
 Skipping squirrel is *sciūrus*;
 Put the weasel is *mustēla*,
 As the Latin books assure us.

Bufo is the lurking toad,
 Greatly prized by witch and wizard;
Rana is the leaping frog,
 And *lacertus* is the lizard.

Erinaceus is the hedge-hog,
Talpa is the burrowing mole;
Mus the little nibbling mouse,
 Which retires within his hole.

Stellio's the spotted swift;
Vespertilio the bat;
Glis is Latin for the dormouse
Sorex is the sharp-eyed rat.

Serpens means the creeping serpent,
Coluber doth mean the same;
Anguis is the poisoned snake,
Vipera's the viper's name.

I have read, too, that *echinus*
Means the bristling rough sea-urchin:
All these words you'll surely find
When the classic works you search in.

FRUITS.

IN Latin, *fructus* is a fruit,
And *bacca* is a berry,
And *mespilum* the medler brown,
And *ceräsus* a cherry.

Oliva the green olive is,
And *ficus* means a fig;
And *nux* is Latin for a nut,
Which is not very big.

And *fragum* means a strawberry,
Which grows upon the ground;
And *morum* is the mulberry,
Which on a tree is found.

And *nux castănea* is that
Which we the chestnut call;
Nux avellăna likewise means
The filbert—best of all.

And *malum* doth an apple mean,
Adorned with ruddy streak;
And *malum Persicum* the peach,
Which hath a glowing cheek.

And *pomum* means an apple, too,
And *uva* means a grape;
Cucurbĭta the swelling gourd,
So globular in shape.

And *sorbum* is the service-berry;
Prunum is a plum;
And *glans* the little acorn is,
From which the oak doth come.

And *dactylus* doth mean the date,
Which on the palm-tree grows;
And *pyrum* is the juicy pear,
With which my song shall close.

THE SEA.

OCEANUS in Latin is the ocean's name ;

And *mare* means the sea, that ever ebbs and flows :
And *pelāgus* and *fretum* also mean the same ;

And *ventus* means the wind, that o'er the ocean
blows.

And *nubes* are the clouds, and *cælum* is the sky ;

Arēna is the sand, and *littus* is the shore :

And *alga*'s the sea-weed, which on the shore doth
lie ;

And *mergus* is the cormorant, which o'er the sea
doth soar.

And *specus* and *spelunca* both are names for cave ;

And *nymphæ* are the nymphs who live beneath
the main ;

And water is called *aqua*, and *unda* is a wave,

And *sal*'s the name for salt, which ocean doth
contain.

Corālum is coral, and *concha* is a shell,

And *spuma* is the froth that floats upon the wave ;
And *saxum* means a rock—I'd have you mark it
well :

And *portus* means the harbour, which weary
sailors crave.

THE name for fish in Latin is *piscis*, I declare,
 And *salmo*'s the salmon, that doth to sea repair;
 And *delphin* is a dolphin, so frolicsome and fair;
Balæna is a whale, a monster strong and bold;
 And *ardea*'s a heron, which loves a fish to eat;
 And *halcyon*'s the kingfisher, which on the coast
 you meet;
 And *ostrea*'s an oyster, which many think a treat;
 And *specula*'s a beacon, which mariners behold.

FLOWERS.

A LILY is called *lilium*, and *rosa* is a rose,
 And *viola*'s the violet that blossoms in the shade;
 And *crocus* is the saffron that in the meadow grows;
Papāver is the poppy whence opium is made.
Ligustrum some call privet, but others do allege,
 That 'tis the snowy bindweed that hangs upon the
 hedge.

accinium's the hyacinth, of which the poets sing;
 Some fancy it the bilberry that grows upon the hill;
 And *primula*'s the primrose, the darling of the
 spring,
 And *caltha* is the marygold, *anēthum* fragrant dill;
 And *juncus* is a bulrush, *arundo* is a reed,
Ranunculus is crowfoot, and that's a common weed.

That *thymbra* means strong savory, some writers do
aver;

Cerint is the honeywort in which the bees delight;
And ivy is called *hedera*, on that there's no demur,
Pæonia's the peony, in richest crimson dight;
Verbena is the vervain, for healing virtue famed,
Centaurea the centaury, from wounded Chiron
named.

AGRICULTURE.

THE land or earth is *terra*, and *ager* is a field,
A husbandman's *agricola*, *arātrum* is his plough;
Fru mentum is the corn or wheat which fertile earth
doth yield,
And *messis* is the harvest which crowns the farmer's
vow.

And *vomer* means the ploughshare, and scholars are
agreed

That *stiva* is the handle, in ancient Latin lore;
And *lolium* is darnel, and that's a sorry weed,
Arātor is a ploughman, and *sator* is a sower.

The land, when tilled, is *seges*, which also means a
crop,

And *messor* is the reaper, and *granum* is the grain,
And *semen* is the seed which careful sowers drop;
A reaping-hook is *falx*, and *plaustrum* is a wain.

A fallow field is *arvum*, and *cespes* turf or sod,
 And *rastrum* is a harrow, or what we call a rake;
Flagellum is a flail, and *gleba* means a clod,
 And *crates* means a hurdle, and that is no mistake.

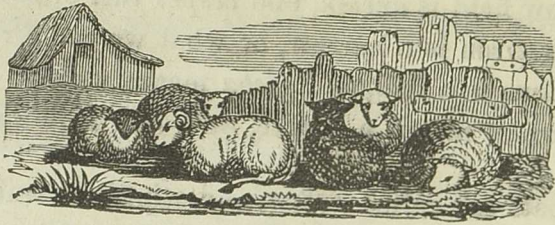
And oats are called *avēna*, and *stipūla* is stubble,
 And *hordeum* is barley, and that's a useful grain;
 And *lappa* is a bur which gives the farmer trouble,
 And *horreum*'s the granary which doth the corn
 contain.

And *satum* means that which is sown, the standing
 corn, the blade,

And *spica* means the spike, the precious ear of corn;
Farīna is the flour which into bread is made,
 And *culmus* is the straw on which the ear is borne.

Arista is the ear, more properly the beard,
Pistrīnum is the mill in which the corn is ground;
 And *boves* are the oxen that for the plough are reared
 And *rota* is the wheel which in the mill goes round.

And *area*'s a thrashing-floor, and *palea* is chaff,
 And Herbert must remember that *vannus* is the fan;
 And *panis* means the bread which is of life the staff:
 His bread my boy must earn as soon as he's a man.



PASTORALS.

In Latin *ovis* means a sheep,
 And *aries* a ram;
 And *vervex* is a wether's name,
 And *agnus* means a lamb.

And *lana* is the name for wool,
 And *vellus* means a fleece;
 And *tonsor* is the shearer kind,
 Who doth the sheep release.

But *pastor* is the shepherd's name,
 And *pedum* is his crook,
 And *fistula* the flute or pipe
 No shepherd e'er forsook.

And *grex* is Latin for a flock;
Ovile means a fold,
Tugurium the little hut,
 So lowly to behold.

And *pratum* doth the meadow mean,
 Where tender herbage grows;
 And *rivus* is the rivulet
 Which by the meadow flows.

And *gramen* is the dewy grass
 Well cropped by nibbling flocks;
 And *canis* is the barking dog
 Which drives them from the rocks.

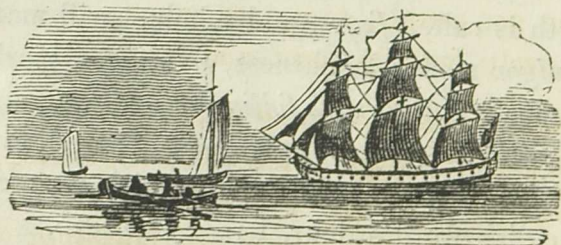
And *umbra* is the shade they seek
 Within the ancient grove;
 And *sepes* is the verdant fence
 O'er which they may not rove.

FIRE, &c.

THAT *ignis* is fire, and *flamma* a flame,
 And *fumus* the smoke which comes from the same,
 And ashes are *cinis*, I'd have you remember:
 And as to *favilla*, it means a hot ember.
 A hearth is called *focus*, and scholars will mark
 That *fulgor* means brightness, *scintilla* a spark;
 Black soot is *fuligo*, and *follis* the bellows,
 And heat is called *calor*, my good little fellows;
 And *ardor* means burning, from which we receive
 Our English word ardour, I really believe.

THE SHIP.

IN Latin, *navis* means a ship, and *cymba* means a skiff,
 And *malus* means the towering mast that is so tall
 and stiff;
Antennæ mean the sail-yards, and *velum* is a sail,
 And *lintea* are streamers that flutter in the gale;
 The keel is called *carīna*; and, Herbert, you must
 learn,
 That *prora* means the prow, and *puppis* means the
 stern;
 The rudder's *gubernaculum*, and *remus* is an oar;
 And *nauta* is a sailor, and *remex* is a rower:
 A pilot's *gubernātor*, he guides the ship along,
 And *funis* is a cable, which should be stout and strong.
Phasēlus is a pinnace, a little ship or bark:
 That *cornua* are yard-arms, I pray you learn and
 mark;
 And *anchōra*'s an anchor, and *carbāsus* a sail;
Naufragium is shipwreck, and *flatus* is a gale.



THE VINE.

Vitis means the clasping vine,
Palmes means a twig or shoot;
 Grapes which make the rosy wine
 Are the vine's delicious fruit.

Vinea's the pleasant vineyard,
 And *propāgo* means a layer;
Vinitor's the cultivator,
 He who rears the plants with care.

There's another name for vineyards,
 'Tis *vinētum* you must know;
Vinea and eke *vinetum*
 Mean the place where vine-plants grow.

Uva means a bunch of grapes,
 Grieved would all be to resign 'em;
 But the sparkling wine they make,
 Has the Latin name of *vinum*.

Tendrils are *capreōli*,
 And *racēmus* means a cluster;
 Some are purple, some are green,
 Lovely both in form and lustre.

Prelum is the squeezing press,
 Where the grape's rich blood is gushing;
Pampīnus a leaf or vine-branch,
 Whereupon the grapes are blushing.

Acinus a grape-stone means—
 Once it stopped a poet's breath;
 But the grape's inflaming juice
 Causes many a proser's death.

Some will tell you that *vinaceum*
 Means a single grape or berry:
 All agree that good grape wine
 Is the drink to make one merry.

FIGHTING.

ENSIS and *gladius* both mean a sword,
 Both mean the blade with which foemen are gored;
Cassis and *galea* both mean a casque,—
 That means a helmet, if Herbert should ask.

Fustis and *clava* do both mean a club,—
 Hercules used one the dragon to drub;
Scutum and *clypeus* both mean a shield,
 Which the stout warrior wears in the field.

Hasta and *lancea* both mean a spear,
 Which the brave combatants brandish and rear;
Pilum and *jaculum* javelin or dart,
 Hurl'd by the hand at the enemy's heart.

Currus in Latin 's a chariot or car,
Telum a dart that is hurl'd from afar;
 As for *aurīga*, it means charioteer,
Cuspis the point of a weapon or spear.

Pugna and *prælium* both mean a battle,
 There the darts fly and the chariots rattle;
Milites soldiers, who make up the host,
Dux is the gen'ral who never should boast.

Acies means a battalion, they say,
 Also an army in battle array;
Sanguis and *cruor* mean blood that is shed
 When the great armies to battle are led.

Hostis means army and likewise a foe;
 As for *exercitus*, that, you must know,
 Signifies army, and *campus* the field
 Where they do battle, and conquer or yield.

BIRDS.

A swallow is *hirundo*, and *noctua*'s an owl,
 The osprey's *haliaëtos*, a most rapacious fowl;
 The sooty coot is *fulica*, the screech-owl is called
strix,
 And *pica* is the magpie, so fond of playing tricks;

And *passer* is the sparrow, and *regulus* a wren,
And *perdix* is a partridge, *gallina* is a hen;
And *aquila*'s an eagle, and *gallus* chanticleer,
Alauda is the skylark we love so much to hear;
And *turtur* is the turtle-dove, *monedula*'s a daw,
And *cornix* is the crow or rook, that doth so loudly
caw;

An ostrich is called *struthio*, *columba* is a pigeon;
Palumbes is the ring-dove, *Penelope* the widgeon;
And *larus* is the sea-mew that wails above the wave,
Just like the ghost of some one that found a watery
grave;

The cuckoo is called *cuculus*, and *turdus* is a thrush,
And *vultur* is the vulture who on his prey doth rush;
And *pavo* is the peacock that wears a gorgeous train,
Luscinia is the nightingale, and *grus* a long-necked
crane;

And *corvus* is a raven, and *milvus* is a kite,
Accipiter the sharp-eyed hawk, so ready for a fight;
And *halcyon*'s a kingfisher, of whom a tale is told
Which you, my little boy, shall read before you're
very old.

INSECTS.

A COMMON fly is *musca*,
 And *apis* means a bee,
Papilio's a butterfly,
 So beautiful to see:
 A spider is *aranea*,
 And *limax* means a snail;
 And *vespa* is the slender wasp,—
 A sting is in his tail.

Cicāda is an insect
 That sings a merry song;
Formīca is the busy ant
 That labours late and long:
 And *vermis* is the earth-worm
 That crawls along the ground;
 And *fucus* is the lazy drone,
 That ne'er at work is found.

The hornet fierce is *crabro*,
 And *tinea* the moth
 That flies about the candle's flame,
 And frets away your cloth;
 And *culex* is the humming gnat,
 And *pulex* is a flea;
 I wish that neither of the twain
 Would ever come to me.

TREES.

IN Latin *ulmus* means an elm,
 Which grows all o'er this noble realm;
 And *fraxinus* the ash so fair,
 Which many a bunch of keys doth bear;
 And *thus* the tree which doth dispense
 Arabia's pleasant frankincense.
 The hazel is called *corŷlus*,
 The spreading plane is *platănus*,
Cedrus is the fragrant cedar;
 And the yew, my little reader,
 Is *taxus* named; and I aver
 That *abies* means the hardy fir.
Sambucus is the elder fair
 Which doth such fragrant blossoms bear;
 And *quercus* means the knotted oak,
 Which yields to many a sturdy stroke;
 One sort of oak, as I believe,
 The name of *robur* did receive:
 And *robur* is the name for timber,
 And *larix* is the larch so limber.
 The maple with a rugged bark,
 Is *acer* called; and pray remark
 That *siler* is the withy-tree,
 The boughs of which bend gracefully;
 And *pinus* is the pine that grows
 On lofty mountains capp'd with snows;

And *ilex* is the dark holm-oak,
 Which shining leaves in winter cloak.
 But *ornus* is the mountain-ash,
 Which grows where rocky streamlets dash;
 Its berries are as red as coral:
 And *laurus* some translate a laurel,
 But I have heard good scholars say
 That *laurus* is the Italian bay.

MORE TREES.

THE cypress with her lofty spire,
 A tree which poets much admire,
 Was *cyparissus* named of old,
 And eke *cupressus*, I've been told;
 And *betula*'s the slender birch,
 For twigs of which we need not search;
 And *fagus* is the spreading beech,
 The top of which a boy can reach;
 And *tilia* is the light green lime,
 The boughs of which a boy may climb;
 And *suber* is the cork tree's name,
 And *buxus* what the box doth claim;
 The strawberry tree is *arbutus*,
 The poplar tall is *populus*;
 And *salix* doth the willow mean,
 With hoary leaves of soft sea-green;

And *cornus* is the cornel-tree,
 The fruit of which is fair to see—
 'Tis also called cornelian cherry;
 And *sorbus* bears the service-berry;
 And *spinus* is the armed thorn,
 Which lovely flowers in spring adorn;
 And *alnus* is the alder dark,
 With blackish spots upon its bark.
Castanea is the chestnut-tree,
 On which the bearded nuts we see;
 And *palma* is the palm so high,
 Which grows beneath a burning sky.
 The olive-tree of graceful growth
 Is *olea* and *olīva* both:
 The wilding olive's *oleaster*;
 And so you'll find my little master.

THESE trees are all feminine, saving a few,
 And those that are masculine are but these two;
 The thorn, which produces the wild plum or sloe,
 And also the tree on which wild olives grow;
 Their names, *oleaster* and *spinus*, you know.
 But five are called neuter, as Latin books say, sir,
Thus, robur, and suber, and siler, and acer.

THE END.

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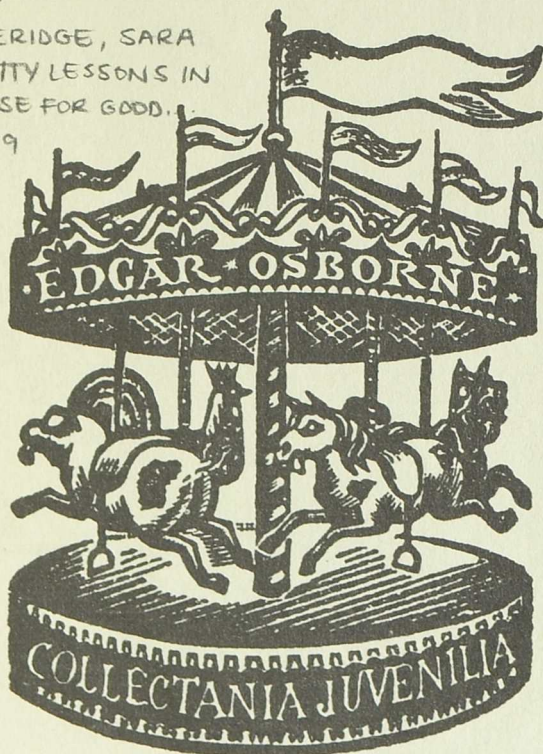
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