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London, Published by Darlon, Harry & Co. March 16, th 1819.

## TRIP TO THE COAST;

OR,

#### POEMS

Descriptive of

# VARIOUS INTERESTING OBJECTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

#### BY MISS O'KEEFE,

Author of some Pieces in "Original Poems for Infant Minds," signed ADELAIDE.

#### LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON, GRACECHURCH-STREET

1819.

## TRIP TO THE COAST;

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#### POEMS

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BY MISS O'KERITE.

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# PREFACE.

of body, which often are much more brilliant and effectual, than, without such exertion, they them-

The Author of the following little poems has endeavoured, by their extreme simplicity, to adapt sea-subjects to the most juvenile comprehension. It is therefore hoped they may prove pleasing and instructive to children of both sexes, from the age of seven to fourteen. Still having in view the infantile minds for which they were intended, all scientific terms and sea-phrases, have been avoided as much as possible; at the same time, clear and proper explanations are given of various objects to be met with on the coast.

Although locality is also avoided, (as often linked to personality,) the Author does not write from books, but nature; having long resided at various places on the southern coast, comprehending Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Hants, and

Sussex.

The object of this little work is rather to excite curiosity than to gratify it: its design is to lead children to think, to seek, to enquire, to read, and to exert those faculties of mind, and powers of body, which often are much more brilliant and effectual, than, without such exertion, they themselves, or those around them, are aware of.

The primary object of the Author, (as will be evident on perusal,) in this and all her other works, is to instil into the tender mind of youth piety towards God, admiration of his works, benevolence to their fellow-creatures, and humanity to the brute creation.

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The Arrival......

## PERSONS.

PAPA,
MAMMA,
EDWARD,
JANE,
WILLIAM,
MARY ANNE,
SUSAN,
ØLD BEN,
STEADY SAM,
YOUNG JACK,
AND
DIVER THE DOG.

## TRIP TO THE COAST.

## THE JOURNEY.

"The day is fix'd," said Mary Anne,
"Our journey to begin,
I wish the chaise were at the door,
And we all getting in.
I cannot work, I cannot read,
I know not what to do,
I'm not so grave as sister Jane,
When pleasure is in view.

"Now Jane can all her lessons learn,
And, just as usual, look,
Whilst I, for joy, can do no work,
Nor read a single book."
Thus Mary Anne, a silly child,
Exclaim'd to all around;
She laugh'd, and jump'd, and romp'd about,
And no employment found.

nell his terms forming L

Whilst Jane, with happy, quiet smiles,
Enjoy'd the promis'd day;
Yet, every duty well perform'd,
No time had Jane for play.
Mamma observ'd both sisters well,
To Mary Anne then spoke:
"My dear, we have but one day more,
Indeed it is no joke.

"In garden-bonnet, spencer, gloves,
You surely travel both;
So take and mend them now, my loves:
Why to obey so loath?"

"Because, mamma, a dozen pair
Of gloves you bought for us:
As for my bonnet, that's a rag,
I cannot wear it thus."

"Neither can Jane," replied mamma:

"As bad as yours are Jane's,
But, she will make hers very neat,
Bestowing care and pains."

"But, wherefore mend, when we have new?
I cannot bear old things;
Old spencers, bonnets, ragged gloves,
I wish they all had wings."

It is my pleasure, Mary Anne,"
Her good mamma replied,

"And none shall help you, naughty girl;
You've idleness and pride.

Now mend your clothes, or wear them thus; Your words give me offence:

Be silent then, obey my voice,
Or, take the consequence."

Determin'd to obey mamma,

Up stairs went Mary Anne,
But soon forgot mamma's commands,

To play again she ran.

Thus one day pass'd, and one day more,

She idled thus the next:

The third, the carriage soon arriv'd,

And then was she perplex'd.

In jump'd her brothers, Jane stept in,
Mamma then took her place;
Papa now waits for Mary Anne,
Who did not show her face.
Long time they waited, loud they call'd,
"Miss Mary Anne, come down!"
In tears they met the idle child,
Papa he gave a frown.

When lifted in, oh! what a sight!

A hat with scarce a brim,

And but one glove, and that all torn, She was in pretty trim.

She felt asham'd and saw her fault,
So no one need reprove,

She would not near the window sit,
She scarcely dar'd to move.

Her boot unlac'd, her frock too long, Her spencer all awry,

One naked hand, her frill in holes,
And she did sadly cry:

When on the road they stopp'd to dine, Behind mamma she got,

And when about the towns they walk'd, Poor Mary Anne could not.

"This journey, children," said papa,
"Is chiefly for your sake,

Then as we travel, pray look round,
And observations make.

Churches and bridges, prospects fine,
We must examine well;

And now to purchase pocket-books, Here pocket-books they sell." Papa to each then gave a book,

For every one to write

A journal of each happy day,

Which gave extreme delight:

And Mary Anne, too, had a book,

But, in her trunk 'twas laid,

For whilst they walk'd about the towns,

She staid with Sue the maid.

#### THE WINDING ROAD.

and in mining and A

- "Edward, come here," said his papa,
  And plac'd him on his knee,
- "Now, through the window you can lean, And tell me what you see.
- "We're very near a stony lane,
  Which we must all go down,
  Then up we drive a road so steep,
  To reach a dirty town."

"No, dear papa, I see no lane,
But one fine level road:

Over a common now we pass,
A common long and broad.

"And here are cows, and sheep, and pigs,
And ducks, and fowls around;
How very wide! 'twill never end,
A common without bound."

"But we shall soon a river see,
A broken, wooden bridge,
A ruin'd archway on the left,
A stony, narrow ridge."

The children laugh'd, and thought papa
Was full of fun, no doubt,
For not one thing could either see,
Of all he talk'd about.

When, suddenly the carriage turn'd,
And dash'd a gate right thro',
When every thing papa foretold
Appear'd to instant view!

The stony road, the river, bridge,

The archway, and the town;

Skirting the ruins, on they went,

And a steep lane roll'd down.

"Why, you were right, papa!" they cried,
"And we will doubt no more."
"This is Experience," said papa,
"I've gone the road before.

"And thus, thro' life, I've been the child,
The boy, the youth, the man;
"Tis thus I can direct my sons
To follow the right plan.

"Go here, turn there, and that avoid,
In that path danger lies;
Keep this direction; have a care;
Love this, or that despise.

"To your young sight, the common wide,
All safety, and all sun,
Appear'd as if it had no end:
All ceas'd, when scarce begun.

Suo had her share, no doube,

"Thus, fair and sunny is our youth,
And thus, as soon we leave it;
And ups and downs, and ruin'd ways,
Soon meet our steps, believe it."

## THE ROUGH ROAD.

or This is Expenditure soid paper

Her smiling little daughter Jane

Mamma held on her knee:

Jane through the window look'd around,

And all that pass'd could see.

Narrow and rough the road became,

Deep ruts, and heavy stones;

They jolted up, and thump came down,

Enough to break their bones.

The boys they laugh'd, as boys they ought,
When cuff'd and flung about:
Tho' Mary Anne sat near papa,
She had her share, no doubt.

But, little Jane felt not one blow,
Or jerk, or jolt, or knock,
She gently mov'd and swung see-saw,
And felt no greater shock.

"Why, how is this?" young William said,
"Miss Jane, you sit at ease!
Whilst we can scaroely sit at all,
You move just as you please."

"I do not know," cried little Jane,
"Why you make all this rout,
I watch the clouds, and hedges pass,
And calmly look about."

Both parents smil'd: they knew the cause,
But neither spoke one word.
When reach'd the hill, and level drive,
Mamma then spoke—they heard.

"Whilst you, my child, sat on my knee,
And calmly look'd around,
I watch'd the middle of the road,
The ruts, the stones, the ground:

You gently to and fro;
Prepar'd to meet the ups and downs,
Which you seem'd not to know:

"Your brothers were left to themselves:
Both young and light, they roll'd;
But Mary Anne more steady sat,
Her father's arm had hold.

"We parents, heavier, steadier both,
Were not so rudely treated,
And you, supported firm by me,
Were very gently seated.

Thro' rugged roads we go,
Thro' life, my child, and Prudence helps
To ward, or break the blow.

"Whilst trav'lling onward, look before,
And thus prepare to meet
The jolts of life, and strive to keep
A steady, prudent seat.

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#### THE WESTERN SUN.

The party soon the coast drew near,

The charming southern coast;

"Look out my boys," now cried papa,

"No object should be lost."

"How soft the air is!" said young Jane,
"The hedges sweet and fine,
The honeysuckle, wild rose-bush,
I wish that rose were mine."

the make viol totam od

"I spy a hill, a chain of hills,"
Cried William, in high glee,

"Yonder are mountains, are they not?

Byond them is the sea."

"You cannot know," said Mary Anne,
"Which way the sea it lies;
You never yet were here before,
You must have clever eyes.

"How can the sea behind us lie?
Then from it we are going!
And yet our journey's to the coast:
You are so very knowing!"

Young William blush'd, and look'd asham'd,
When dear papa, quite gay,
Cried, "William, speak, explain to us,
Why is the sea that way?"

"The western sun's my guide," he said,
"No matter how we wind;
"Tis by the sun the coast I know,
And thus the sea I find."

"You're right, my boy, the sun is true;
We, wand'ring here below,
The sea approach, and then retire,
Yet, where it is we know.

"Tho' winding, narrow, wayward be
Our journey thro' life's waste,
Watch well the sun, keep the right road,
We reach our Home at last,

"That Home is Heaven, and what's our guide?

The gospel, like a sun,

Confirms to us there is a heaven,

And how it should be won.

"Then, ever keep the true high road,
Nor deviate a span;

All bye and crooked pathways shun,
My upright, honest man."

#### THE PRECIPICE.

And those are shine, and there are basts :

The sands, the rocks, the shore!

Canals we've seen, and rivers, lakes—

Hark! what is that loud roar?"

"Silence, my love," said kind mamma,
And slow they climb'd a hill:
The children watch'd, nor spoke a word,
They all sat very still.

And slower yet the horses pull,

Now up the downs they wind;

The clouds they almost touch the ground,

A valley deep behind.

When reach'd the summit, "Stop" is the word:

A wondering, joyful cry

Bursts from the lips of all the four,

"O, look! another sky!"

"Is this the ocean? what's beyond
The charming, glorious sight!
And those are ships, and there are boats:
O, let us all alight!

"Run down this hill, and leap those rocks,
Thus we can quickly reach
The sea, the waves, the boats or ships,
And hasten to the beach."

"Edward, keep still, you must not stir:
Beyond that hill so green,
Is a stupendous precipice,
The danger here's not seen.

"Here will I plant this large fir branch,
Where, boys, you, hand in hand,
Would on have rush'd, the peril then
You both may understand.

"Post-boys, go on.—Now see, we leave
The very spot you sought;
And winding slowly downward drive,
With judgment, care, and thought.

"Now, all look up, you see the branch
High hanging o'er the steep."
The boys with trembling joy, replied,
"We'll look before we leap."

"A few more steps, you'd both been lost,
"Then CAUTION learn, and stay:
Precipitation ever check,
Despise not wise delay."

and begin a superior blue is

## THE TIDE,

Now to the shore they gaily run,
The sands they sparkle in the sun:
The happy boys together rush,
And slily give the friendly push.
Now, face the surge, then, turn about,
The waters catch, and drench them well:

"I love this fun!
William, well done!"
Cried Edward stout, when down he fell.

In the white foam he sprawling lay,
And all around laugh'd joyfully;
Then up he sprang, renew'd his play,
And battled with the waves quite merrily.

William threw stones into the sea,

Jane gather'd little shells around,
And very pretty sea-weeds found;

Whilst foolish Mary Anne still cried,

"Mamma, take care of me."

"Why such a coward, Mary Anne?" Papa enquir'd, at last:

"Why not go play with them, my dear?
Two hours we here have pass'd,
What should you fear?"

"The waves will swallow me, I know, I'm sure they will—O, look!
I cannot go.

O see, they swell, and towards us flow."
She turn'd quite pale, and shook.

"Look here, my love," replied papa,
"The sea has reach'd this spot,
And now is there; by this I learn
The tide is going out.

"Beyond this ridge of pebbles broad It will not come to-day: It knows its bounds, how far to rise, And when to go away.

"To-morrow, when the tide is high,
Where now we stand 'twill spread,
And in spring-tides the waters reach
As far as you rock head."

"How do the waters know,"
The child enquir'd,
"Thus when and where to go?
Are they inspir'd?"

"The Almighty's power, my love, does all:
The winds and waves he sways;
He marks their limits: rise or fall,
All nature Him obeys.

"You see those little rocks, that peep
Their heads above the sea,
They'll soon be dry, then, come and stand
Upon those rocks with me."

He stoop'd and took her in his arms, And fondly sooth'd her wild alarms, Then thro' the waters boldly stalk'd, And on the rocks he firmly walk'd.

The little girl soon shut her eyes,
And on his shoulder hid her face,
Whilst round them dash'd the surf and spray,
Wave following wave, as in a race.
The child still sobb'd and wept,
Papa his footing kept

With firm unmov'd command:

"Look up, my dear," at length he cried,

"Come, open wide your eyes."

O! joy, surprise!

The sea is fled away, and wide

Around them both is bright and sparkling sand.

"I will believe another time,"
Cries little Mary Anne;
"I'm but a silly child, you know,
And you're, papa, a man."

"Then trust in me, in what I say,
I never will lead you astray,
The word of God's my guide:
His works I study daily, and his laws,
Of all I see I learn the cause,
And in his wisdom and his truth confide."

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#### THE CAPTIVE FISH.

Next day, and every day, they lov'd
Upon the beach to roam,
And large supplies of shells and weeds,
Each gather'd to take home.

For ever roving, never tir'd,
All went with great delight,
Their parents watch'd them with great care,
Nor left them out of sight.

"Look at my sea-weeds, Mary Anne,"
Said Jane: "see, what a heap,
To spread on paper, like fine trees,
And them preserve and keep."

"Look at my shells," her sister cried,
"The fishes' houses fine:
They're all at home, look at their horns;
These yellow snails\* are mine."

"But why not gather empty shells,
In preference to these?

Most cruel 'tis to take the fish,
Merely ourselves to please."

Yet, every tiny, colour'd shell,

That held a living fish,

Most carefully she gathered up,

Against her sister's wish.

"You cannot eat them," cried young Jane,
"You take them not for food;
The empty shells you should prefer:
To keep they're just as good."

"But, I have read, and often heard,"

Her sister quick replied,

"That much more beauteous are the shells,

When in them fish have died.

"I'll put them all into a box,

There they may die, or live:

There's no great harm in catching fish,

My live-stock to me give."

"No," said mamma, "you must not take
Them home, as you expect;
So leave them to enjoy their lives:
Pray do what I direct.

"The empty shell, tho' not so bright,
More pleasure will impart:
From wanton cruelty abstain,
And have a tender heart.

"Why should you take these helpless things,
And doom them to starvation?
Tho' small, they're yet the work of God,
They're part of his creation.

"A multitude of lives we are
Allow'd to take for food,
But not destroy for sport or whim,
What God pronounc'd was good."

Then down upon the sands are thrown
The living cargo fine,
The little creatures move about,
And on the sea-shore shine.

Then putting out their little horns,

Enjoy their native shore;

Whilst Mary Anne with truth exclaims:

"I will do so no more."

## THE MUSCLE-BED.

There muscles, then, imitate you.

"Come, look at this muscle-bed," William cries out,

"And over the rocks take a spring,

I wonder what all these black shells are about,

With open mouths, sure they will sing:

Some large, and some small,

Of the same shape are all,

And sticking quite close to the rock,

Why, here they all grow,

Papa, is it so?

With this stone I will give them a knock."

"Stop, stop, my good William, I cannot see why
You should torture, by crushing, these fish,
Take and eat them, and welcome, they speedily die,
Tho' they make not a quite wholesome dish."

As if they would swallow the wind from the south,
Whilst others are shut up so coy?"

"And what do you do, when you're eating, my boy?
Not eating, say what do you do?

You open your mouth, and you shut up your mouth, These muscles, then, imitate you.

"Those nearest the water are drinking the tide,
These waiting with patience sublime,
Until that the waves come, when they also gape,
Their long purple doors then they throw open wide,
And quickly make up for lost time."

"They expect, then, the water. But how do they know That the wave it will reach them, and o'er the rock flow?

This, surely, is what we call wit?"
"'Tis instinct, dear William, to nature they're true,
A very good lesson for Ned and for you,
To Providence you should submit.

"They quit not their station, to rush to the sea, Where swallow'd, or broken, or lost they might be, But, patiently wait for the tide: Let us avoid peril, vexation, and strife,
By keeping our post, and our duty thro' life,
And Providence still will provide."

#### BATHING.

"Indeed I cannot bathe—not I!
I do so scream and cry.

Oh, force me not, my dear mamma; It gives me pain."

"What is your fear, my love, you'll not be drown'd, You feel your feet upon the ground,

How silly, Jane!

The water is breast high,
And I am nigh.
Look how your sister dances,
And in the water prances,
And ducks, and dips, and jumps about;
Oh fie, oh fie, my silly child,
Why do you look so wild?
Come, take her out."

"Indeed, mamma, I would not tease you, I'll strive to bathe, if it will please you.

Do you wish me long to stay?

If you wish, I'll stand all day."

"No, my love, your head just dip, Then from the water you may trip,

And dress in haste, 'Twill soon be past."

Jane dipp'd her head,
The water took her breath;
Then up she rose,
"I knew, I knew," she said,
"Twould be my death:
Where are my clothes?"

"You scarcely want your clothes, my dear, If to your death you are so near,"
Her laughing mother cried.

"And how do you feel now?"

"O! I feel a healthy glow,
And all my fears subside:
To-morrow I will bathe again,
"Tis surely pleasure, and no pain.
How foolish I now seem,
To doubt your word,

My cowardice, a pretty theme,

If this the boys once heard:

Compliance when you could not win,

Mamma, you should have forc'd me in."

"Never, my love, have I us'd force,
The consequence much worse
Than not to bathe at all:
Might not the shock have injur'd you?
Besides, I wish'd in Jane to see
More Fortitude and merit."

"Come, then, to-morrow, take a view,
You'll then be proud of me,
I'll bathe with spirit."

# ROWING.

The happy whit sums

"A water-party for to-day!

The boat is order'd out!

And we may row, my boy,

And we shall have such joy,"

Cried Edward bold and stout.

Mamma, pray do make haste,
Now where is Mary Anne?"

Down to the sea she ran,
A minute not to waste.

Now in the boat they all sit down,

The boatman hoists a sail;

The boys take each an oar,

And quickly push from shore,

With soft and favouring gale.

The sea-gull and the cormorant
In rapid circles flew;
And, floated on the wave,
With web-feet, all so grave,
The happy white curlew.

"Come, William, tug away," cried Ned,
"You know not how to row;
Still near the cliff you see,
Come, give your oar to me,
Soft hands you love, I know."

William felt hurt, and strove to pull,
But often stopt to rest:
"Come," said papa, "you play,
Or stop, or pull away,
And strive to do your best.

"Keep firm your feet against the board,
Extend your arms at length;
This way your body bend,
To you sea-lad attend,"
He puts out all his strength.

"But sea-boys stout and strong they are,
So muscular and tough;
Now Edward does it well,
I never shall excel,
Of oars I've had enough.

"But I can manage well the sail,"
Continued William bold,
"That wants no strength, I see,
So give that rope to me,
The rudder too I'll hold."

"No, no," the boatman cried,
"You know not how to steer,
So keep fast to your oar,
Or we return no more,
The sail pray come not near."

"Sit still, my boy, and to us talk,
Or give us a fine song:
Each has his talent, know,
And yours is not to row,
Come, clear your voice so strong."

William, with cheerful look, then sung,
Smiles on his features shine,
And soon they reach a beach,
And soon a cave they reach,
Where to sit down and dine.

But, first they walk'd about the sands,
To find a water-spring,
Tho' they provisions brought,
They never had the thought,
Some water pure to bring.

And none they found, tho' on they stroll'd;

The sailors off had gone,

Water they'd surely find,

If up the cliff they climb'd,

But who could go alone?

"I cannot climb," young Edward cried,

"It takes away my breath;

Besides so high and steep,

My steps I could not keep,

Indeed, 'twould be my death."

"Then stay with us," papa replied,
When William, with a spring,
Up rugged rocks quick flies,
And mounting tow'rds the skies,
As if with borrow'd wings.

The parents anxious, watch,

And soon of him lose sight:

In silence stand, when down

They see their William flown,

As rapid as a kite.

Around his waist two bottles strapp'd,
Like Johnny Gilpin he,
"This from a cottage, ho!
Good news to folks below,
Now, who so bold as me?"

"Thus, my dear boys, you've skill display'd,
Tho' only for diversion;
Ned rows, and William climbs,
Let's see, in future times,
Such truly brave exertion."

#### THE SHELL-FISH.

Up remain a manie de la commentante della commen

"Two fishes in one house I see!
Why, this is Hospitality!
They could not both be born there;
Which is the owner, I would know;
I'll pull them out, and that will show,
They'll claim their property, that's fair.

Jane from the shell then took one out,
The other made resistance stout:
"Why this is strange indeed!
I cannot make you move, I find,
Nay, inward, backward still you wind,
Poor fish, I would not make you bleed.

"No more I'll touch you, now I see
The owner you appear to be,
The other was your guest;
Then fishes practise kindness too,
Invite their friends with welcome true,
And cheerful give the happy feast."

Mamma she heard her Jane, and smil'd,
"The thought is kind, but rather wild,
The fish was not so good;
It took the other not to treat it,
For, soon or late, it meant to eat it;
Yon fish escap'd, was this one's food.

"Kindness there is, though, in the brute,
Their feelings also are acute;
But each for self provides;
And also for its mate and young,
The parent's kindness is most strong,
In some it very late subsides.

"True hospitality ne'er wants
Reward, but shelter grants,
Nor seeks to be repaid;
Look to the gospel, there we learn,
To give and not expect return,
From friend, or foe, who asks our aid.

# THE STORM.

The other tax and only

"How I should like a storm to see,
A storm would be a treat to me,
With lightning, thunder, and with rain,
But now, I fear, I wish in vain;
The sky so fair, the clouds so light,
There cannot be a storm to-night."

"Ask yonder fishermen, they'll tell,
The change of weather they know well:
See, they are hauling in their boats,
Securing well their nets and floats;
Speak to them, Edward, ask and learn
Whether they think the wind will turn."

Away ran Edward, William too,
And soon came back with all they knew:
"A storm! a storm sublime's at hand,
The fishing-boats all make to land;
They think the tide will reach you height,
That this will be a dreadful night."

"I pity those in ships at sea,"
Said kind papa:—"And so do we,
For when a storm we wish'd just now,
No thoughts on ships did we bestow."

"A thoughtless wish, at best, my boy,
The smiles of nature to destroy:
Sublime, magnificent, a storm;
But, these soft scenes my bosom warm
In humble gratitude to God,
When smiling on our blest abode.
Safe hous'd, it may be grand to see
The elements' inconstancy,
But, think of those upon the ocean
We cannot, without strong emotion.
And be not ever too secure,
No storm to-night you were most sure,
For all seem'd sunshine, void of fear,
Yet, while I speak, the tempest's near.

"I see it coming: watch those clouds,
While screaming sea-fowl fly in crowds;
Hear the loud murmur from afar,
True signs of elemental war:
The wind now roars, the waves get strong,
They swell, they foam and rush along.
The darken'd sky, the raging foam,
All warn us quick to hasten home.

"Now kneel, my children, and thank Heaven, That has to us a shelter given; Grateful for safety and a bed, Pray for a blesssing on each head; And join with your mamma and me In praying for the lives at sea."

### PLUNDERING WRECKS.

The terrors of the night are past,

The morning sun appears,

The dreadful storm is hush'd and gone,

And banish'd are all fears.

Quick to the shore, with one accord, The eager children run;

A sudden calm is spread around,

And brightly shines the sun.

But, what a prospect meets their eyes! As far as sight can reach,

A vessel wreck'd!—and fishing boats, Lie scatter'd on the beach.

And, here are casks, and there are chests,
And tubs, and hoops, and bales,
Floating, and cast upon the shore,
With broken masts, and sails.

"No lives are lost, thank Heaven!" one cries:
"We kept a bad look out,
And though we distanc'd yonder head,
What could we be about?

"We've lost our ship! from Portugal
To Waterford 'twas bound,
Laden with oranges and limes.
Thank God! we're safe and sound."

The children listen'd, watch'd, nor spoke,

They heard their father say,

To all the peasants flocking round,

"Come, help without delay.

"Bring quick these goods, thus sav'd, with me,
From plunder all forbear;
The basest robbery it is,
From wrecks to take a share.

"Assist me, friends, to save all these,
Your labour I will pay:
As on your labour you depend,
You shall not lose a day.

"I'll take this bale upon my head,
Edward and William those;
Come, boys, be brisk, exert your limbs,
And never mind your clothes."

Led by example, they who heard

Most readily obey'd;

The property was well secur'd,

And all the helpers paid.

The captain, owner, sailors too,

By him invited were:

Well fed, and cheer'd, they very soon

Forgot their toil and care.

Mamma address'd the sailors thus:

"You're friendless and in want;

A weekly sum my girls and I

You'r families will grant:

"Until enabled to retrieve
The losses of last night:"
They thank'd the parents gratefully,
Who hurried from their sight.

The children, sad and griev'd till now,
Their purses show'd and smil'd:
"Take all we have, mamma," then cried
Each kind and pious child.

bel immediated and and

## YOUNG JACK, THE SAILOR-BOY.

Well fed, and chesiming very coon

"Come, father, quickly! come, I pray!
My brother yonder he will wait."

"But, William, where's your coat, my boy?
Why out of doors in this strange state?

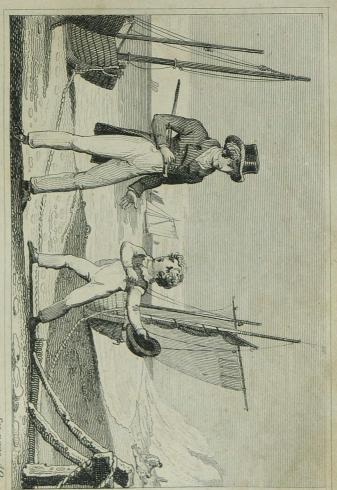
What have you seen, or done, to cause this dread?"

"Upon the shore, papa, a sailor-boy lies dead!

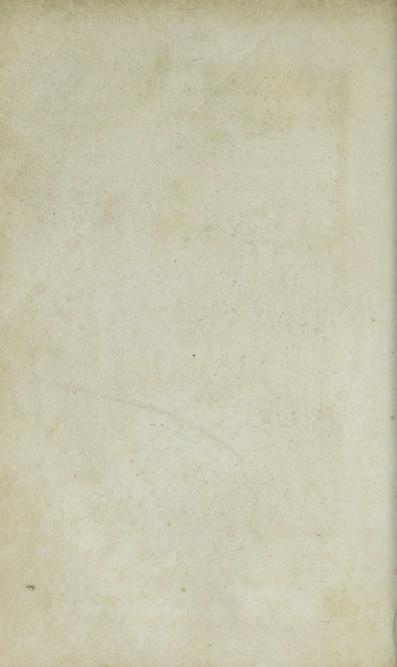
"All stiff and cold, a poor dead boy
Among the rocks we've just now found,
Left by the tide, beneath the cliff,
Most likely in the late storm drown'd."

"Perhaps some life remains," remarks papa,
When taking off the clothes, small hope he saw.

"Upon my skill I can't depend,
Of good advice I should be glad;"
And then he took up in his arms
The senseless body of the lad.
To the next house, he with him swiftly went,
And for a clever surgeon two men sent.



Su page 40



They soon return with skilful aid,

And certain methods quick apply;

Thanks to that Institution bless'd,

The good Humane Society.

Some hours elaps'd; at length, to all what joy,

To see restor'd to life the sailor-boy.

Papa departing with his sons,
Said to the people of the place:
"Of this poor lad take care, I beg,
And in your hands this sum I place;
Unless again he wish to go to sea,
When quite recover'd, he shall live with me."

Then homeward as they walk'd along,
And being now alone once more,
"Let me, my dearest boys, express,
What I could not well do before:
For, in such cases, time must not be lost,
One minute longer, all our hopes were cross'd.

"You both, this day, have far surpass'd
What could be look'd for at your age;
Your courage, thought, humanity,
My admiration must engage;
For death's appearance you, till now, ne'er saw,
Enough to fill the youthful mind with awe.

"Had you been frighten'd, or run back,
Some other help to seek and bring,
Life then had surely fled, they say,
To death he was so near, poor thing!
Great strength of body too, I find you have,
And well exerted both, my boys, that's brave.

"You took your coats off, which was kind,
At first to warm his poor cold feet:
And, dead or living, would not leave
Him for the crows and dogs to eat.
Thus wrapp'd, you dragg'd him here with eager speed;
God bless you both for such a worthy deed."

### THE ANCHOR.

What I could not well to before:

You see it lying on the beach;
Sure it must be a great plough-share,
The top of which we cannot reach."

"No, my dear Jane, an anchor 'tis;
A cable, sailors call this rope:
The anchor, as you must have read,
A happy emblem is of Hope."

"But what's the use of these great hooks?

What can men with the anchor do?

Why is it tied to this thick rope?"

"Well, listen, I'll explain to you.

"You feel how strongly the wind blows,

Now look at yonder ships at sea;

But for this rope and anchor stout,

They dash'd, and toss'd, and sunk might be.

"The cable's to the ship made fast,
The anchor's to the cable tied,
And then let down into the sea,
And then the ships at anchor ride.

By means of these, you understand

That all the vessels steadied are;

Which else would drive before the wind,

Be lost, or scatter'd wide and far.

"Sometimes the cable breaks, and then
They must another anchor cast:
For more than one they always have;
The good sheet-anchor is their last.

"When that is gone, poor souls, they lie
Full at the mercy of the waves:

Dash'd here and there, on shoals and rocks,

Are shipwreck'd and find wat'ry graves.

"A moral can you draw, my child?
What is the safe-guard anchor like?
Whilst we're at anchor, we may hope
On shoals or breakers not to strike.

"In all uncertainties of life,
'Mong storms, distress, vexation, pain,
Our good sheet-anchor is the Lord,
Our trust in him is never vain.

"And tho' depriv'd of all, still cling
To his soft, healing, blessed care:
Tho' sinking, he may choose to save,
And give us hope to chase despair.

## THE CORK-JACKET.

Before papa is well amini

"Why, Edward, what makes you so brisk?

Now here you jump, and there you frisk!

Some odd intention in your head,

That early thus you leave your bed:

What is the use of all that twine?

You're going to make a good long line;

Most likely 'tis to fly a kite,

I think it is.—Am I not right?"

"I'm sure you're wrong, Sir," Edward cried,
"By silence, yes was not implied:
No childish kites employ my mind,
As, if you'll help me, soon you'll find.
Come, lazy William, will you rise,
And rub the sluggard from your eyes?
Help me to join these cords, and then
We both will meet old sailor Ben.

The corks, last night I spoke about,
He'll have all ready, there's no doubt.
Two safe cork-jackets we will make,
Before papa is well awake.
He said, this morning he would teach
Us both to swim, from off the beach:
And what surprise 'twill be to him,
To see us in our jackets swim!
Without a jacket I'll not try,
Lest I should chance to sink and die."

"Well, Edward, pray remember this,
Papa will take it much amiss.
He said these jackets he'd explain:
So pray don't go; I'll here remain:
Danger attends them, he has found;
Do, brother, stay: suppose you're drown'd."

"Drown'd, in cork-jackets! nonsense, boy!
You take a pleasure to destroy
All my fine independent sports;
Your pillow you; me, pleasure courts."

Down to the beach then Edward ran, And holla'd loud, "Ho! Ben, my man! Where are the corks, my dear old friend? To make all tight a hand you'll lend. And then I'll swim like any fish, Tho', honest Ben, 'tis not my wish, To be serv'd up on China-dish."

The corks prepar'd, young Edward strips, And clothed in cork, he takes some dips: In water smooth as looking-glass, He sees the clouds reflected pass: But soon disturbs the surface round, With frolic, gambol, leap, and bound. Grown bolder now, he floats about, And from the shallows launches out.

"Hoy! master!" cries the pilot-man, "Is that the way you serve old Ben? You promis'd not to leave these rocks, Where you were safe as on the stocks: For, as you cannot swim, I know You'll soon entangled get below. Ay, and much sooner by the cork: And, if you're drown'd, what shocking work! So here, come back! d'ye hear, my lad; Come back, I say. What! are you mad?"

Edward he laugh'd; and now much more When honest Ben set up a roar, Which might be heard from shore to shore. As yet he floated very well; But soon the wind produc'd a swell. The waves, receding, bore away, And carried him with pow'rful sway. Far from the beach his head is seen, Expanse of water wide between: Terror now rushes on his mind, He's almost deaf, he's nearly blind, Entangled soon, and now quite wild; The struggling, screaming, thoughtless child, Can scarcely keep himself affoat, Until he reach the coming boat.

His father, William, and old Ben,
With two expert good fishermen;
Before he sinks can scarce arrive,
And take him in but just alive.

Once more on shore, his father spoke:
"Now, my dear boy, say where's the joke
In secrets and in mysteries,
Whether to pleasure give, or tease?

You wish'd to take me by surprise, And with your talents glad my eyes: Instead of waiting to be taught, You're in your own deception caught. You broke your word to Ben, I hear, And to your death were very near. Could you my leisure but have waited, I'd have gone with you, as I stated. Without cork-jackets, I desire, To be good swimmers you'll aspire. Swimming's a noble exercise, of use, So learn it well, you've no excuse: I'll teach you both, t'excel you'll strive, Much peril you may then survive, And others bring to shore alive."

Edward his fault with true contrition feels, Forgiveness asks, as on the ground he kneels: Declares, in future good advice he'll take, Nor in mad frolics set his life at stake.

#### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

man and move at other

- "Where do the birds in winter go?"

  "Indeed, my love, I cannot tell;
  A secret all desire to know:

  They disappear, we know full well.
- "How curious, to see prepare,
  Swallows and martins for their flight;
  They often exercise in air,
  And often on our roofs alight.
- "As though they were in consultation,

  (Waiting fair wind to aid their flight,)

  About their future destination,

  Hoping to reach it in day-light.
- "The morning dawns, and not a bird Of the whole flock doth here remain:
  To southern countries fly, I've heard;
  When spring returns they come again.

"No idle straggler stops behind,
No active rebel flies before;
With one consent, one heart, one mind,
They foreign lands and skies explore.

And whether halt, or whether feed,
Still to mankind is all unknown:
Migration is by Heaven decreed,
Guided by Providence alone.

"When to depart, and when come back,
By their kind Maker they are faught;
'Tis he instructs them in their track,
They fly as if endow'd with thought.

"No choice have brutes of good or ill,

They merely act by instinct led:

And thus their duties well fulfil;

But when they die, their all is dead.

"The fruit of knowledge they ne'er ate,
Yet act their part with seeming skill:
How far superior is our state,
If we obey our Maker's will,

"We have our choice of ill or good;
With reason gifted, free-will bless'd;
Conditions made are understood,
Or punishment or heavenly rest."

## THE NAUTILUS.

"Dear master, I beg you will buy my fine shells, See, some are like mushrooms and some are like bells; All shapes and all sizes you see.

And here are some very clear crystals so bright, Like sweet sugar-candy, or barley-drops white: They're yours, if two crowns you give me."

"Ten shillings, good fellow! well, show us your store, And if we should like them, we may want some more. How long were you gathering these?"

"Three weeks, my good master, and hard work enough,
For now I am tender, tho' once I was tough,

As any who sails on the seas.

"You see I am lame, Sir, and almost am blind, A wonder it is that these shells I can find; But my children are us'd to the trade: They traverse the beach, and the quarries they search, Tho' sometimes in rambling I'm left in the lurch; Yet thus a good livelihood's made.

"For, old and infirm, as you see, I can't fish, And they are but young, yet do all that I wish, And that is to gather these things. I sell them to gentlefolks when they will buy, And none are so happy as children and I, When our labour some money it brings.

"Now this is a Nautilus; look at it well, A comical fish as I've often heard tell; It taught us the use of the sails. It came from afar: why, I've sail'd round the world, And many a canvass these hands have unfurl'd, In boisterous squalls and stiff gales.

"Now, this Nautilus, Sir, we the mariner call, His oars he puts out, and his sail in can haul, As well as the best of us can: He takes in his oars, furls his sail, if he please, And plump down he dives, when that danger he sees, For oh, he's as clever as man!" The best bidder at

The children all laugh'd, as indeed they might well, And then ask'd more closely to look at the shell, And all express'd great admiration:

"Oh, how can you, fisherman, part with this beauty?"

"Because, my young ladies, I think it my duty,
And am glad it meets your approbation."

"Remember, I'm old and I soon may be dead,
These shells I exchange for a bit of good bread,
Of much more importance to me:
Thus, Providence kindly takes care of us all,
Distributes his favours to great and to small,
As you very plainly may see.

"To me he gives shells, and to you he gives gold,
And these we'll exchange, as you soon shall behold,
If anxious to have them you feel;
To ornament cabinets, drawers, and so forth:
Only pay me the price that you think they are worth,
Then children and I'll buy a meal.

"You laugh, my good friends, yet we're all of one trade,

'Tis but by exchange that all fortunes are made; Or shells, or estates, set to sale.

The soldier his blood sells, the poet his brains,
The doctor sells health, and the brewer his grains,
The best bidder still must prevail.

"A great hall of commerce is this our wide globe, Let but justice preside in her lily-white robe,

And lawyers are merchants of law:

The printer sells words, and the farmer sells corn, Thus wc are all traffickers, high or low born:

You laugh, but I don't care a straw."

"Well, well, my fine fellow, come, give us your shells, Some of which are like mushrooms, and others like bells;

See, here is your cargo all sold:

And when you have more, you may bring them to me, On shells or on logic we'll not disagree;

Here, take this new Sovereign in Gold."

### QUARANTINE.

"Look at that man, mamma, who stands Among the rocks, upon the sands,
With his long spy-glass in his hands,

"Say, what can he be spying out,

He puts it down, now looks about,

As if perplex'd and in much doubt."

"We'll go and ask him, shall we, Jane?
Our walk, 'tis true, may be in vain;
But then we can come back again.

"He may not wish to make reply,
He may be surly, may be shy,
Which we must bear quite patiently.

"For some there are who take delight,
To question others, wrong or right,
When questioned, look with pride and spite."

Mamma she walk'd, the children ran: When reach'd the spot where stood the man. Mamma her honest speech began.

"My girls have been observing you,
They wish to know what here you do,
Or with your glass what you can view?

"For not a ship is to be seen,

(Their little eyes are very keen,)

Yet standing here an hour you've been."

The stranger smil'd, with courteous look;
But soon the smiles his cheek forsook,
As from his eye the glass he took.

"Long time I've watch'd, at length they come; The fleet from Malta's sailing home, I long to know a dear son's doom.

"Whether alive or dead, my child."

The stranger's eyes with tears now fill'd;

His looks, tho' soft, were somewhat wild.

"And is the fleet arriv'd, my friend?

I see it not; your glass pray lend."

He held it with unsteady hand.

"Now I distinguish—it is there."

The children cried, "Oh where! oh where!"

To have a peep they anxious were.

The man then steadied well the glass,
At first appear'd a shapeless mass;
Distinctly soon the vessels pass.

"Will they not lie at anchor there?

If so, my friend, you need not fear,

Soon you'll behold your son so dear."

"No, madam, no such bliss is mine;
Yet what's the use to fret and pine,
They'll be put under Quarantine.

"A long time yet, ere he will be Suffer'd to land and come to me; My son I never more may see.

"But for this quarantine, no doubt,
Sooner to land he'd take a boat,
Or I alongside be afloat.

"But intercourse cut off, you know,
He cannot come, I cannot go;
This makes my heart sink very low.

"Well, now I must make haste away,
The ships at yonder point will stay,
And anchor there without delay.

"From yon high hill I may descry
His ship, on deck my son may spy:
Madam, young ladies, all good bye."

Then up the hill the stranger stalk'd,
And back again mamma then walk'd,
And with her girls of him she talk'd.

One said, she could not understand Wherefore the son he could not land: What was that quarantine command?

"A good wise law, altho' severe,
They will not let the ships come near,
Lest they may bring the plague, my dear.

"The plague now rages whence they came, Which here is only known by name:

To run a risk would be a shame.

"Full forty days from land they live, A bill of health they then receive, Them from their station to relieve.

"On individuals tho' 'tis hard, The public safety we regard; 'Till now, success is our reward.

"But for this law, which keeps from shore The chance of dread infection sore, This kingdom might the plague deplore."

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# LOBSTER-POTS.

"Он, where are they taking that poor languid horse?
Now, papa, come and ask them, I pray:
Tho' young, yet how thin and dejected he looks,
Why don't you desire them to stay?
Poor horse, he is sickly, I'm sure that's the case,
And I think they would cure him, don't you?
How kind thus to take him to bathe in the sea,
A remedy good, it is true.

A remedy good, it is true.

"With food and sea-bathing, a run in the fields,
He soon will recover his strength:
Papa I love horses, so noble they are."

Papa with a smile said at length;

"No, no, my dear child, 'tis this animal's fate, This day to have finish'd his course:

They mean now to kill him, to feed lobster-pots: Good bye then, poor worn-out old horse.".

"And why should they kill him? what use could he be?

I should think they would rather he'd live; I'm sure, with good treatment, he still might exist, For his life I a guinea would give."

"Then here is a guinea, go, buy him, my boy, Humanity ever I'll cherish;

But, much do I fear that he long cannot live, With disease, soon, I think, he will perish.

The horse then was purchas'd, and put in a field, And long it seem'd half-dead to be;

For, worn with ill-usage, and hunger, and blows, It scarcely could eat, hear, or see.

The boys on him waited, and fed him themselves, With oats, and with hay, a good share;

And liberty sweet, with fine air, and fresh grass, By a change soon rewarded their care.

And, when he could bear it, they took him to swim, And into the waves he would walk;

Grown fat, and quite cur'd, now the boys often ride, And of him incessantly talk. They met with the fishermen, soon after this, And the wonder perform'd, they now told;

"And what, had you kill'd him, would have been the use?"

"Why, to bait lobster-pots, they were told."

"What! lobsters eat horse-flesh! the horrid, vile things?"

"Ay, and dogs, master, also they eat:

Why, how should we otherwise catch them, d'ye think?

A horse is to them a great treat."

"And we eat the lobsters, and crabs that thus feed!"
"Ah, master, 'tis no use to think:

We live by each other, so nature ordain'd, So, when you eat fish, you must wink."

"Is this true, my dear father?" cried Edward, in doubt."

"Too true; but, remember, my boy,

By Nature's wise process, her food well prepar'd, We should without scruple enjoy.

"There's nothing can hurt, or disgust, if we all To temperance strictly adhere;

So, if you at dinner a lobster should meet, His claw you may eat without fear." The title and when we were

## THE WEATHER-GLASS.

- "Our party for to-morrow fix'd!
  Well, first, what says the glass, let's see:
  Oh, 'twill be fine; then that's arrang'd;
  But, are you all to go with me?"
- "I go," replied mamma, "the rest

  Must answer for themselves. Will you,

  My loves?—the girls are both afraid,

  Then safely stay at home with Sue.
- "Your brothers, they will like the sail,
  But you, I see, are cowards both;
  Then you can safely stay behind,
  To press your going I am loath,"
- "Indeed, mamma, we'll go," they cry;

  "And tho' you should be drown'd to-morrow,
  We still should like to be with you;

  Without you, we should die with sorrow.

"Well, then, my dears, should it prove fine,
Be ready all, nor make us wait;
The tide and wind for no man stay,
And women often are too late."

"But, when the weather he would know,
Papa looks up at yonder glass:
Barometer, I know 'tis call'd,
But still I'm wise as e'er I was.

"Do bring it here, papa, to me."

"It must not be remov'd, my dear."

Then Jane he lifted in his arms,

And brought her to the glass quite near.

"With quicksilver one tube is fill'd,
And will the coming weather show:
When dry the air, it rises high;
When damp or wet, will fall quite low.

"In the thermometer, we find,
'Twill fall by cold, and rise by heat:
The glass is high, I now observe,
And may be higher when we meet.

"So now, good night, my dears, good night,
To-morrow think not of, but sleep;
To Heav'n now let us join in prayer,
That we may all from danger keep."

#### TACKING.

"Now, who's for a sail, this fine morning so gay?

The sun, look how brilliant and fine;

No time's to be lost, come, let's hasten away,

The waves with the sun-beams they shine.

Pleas'd the party so much, they could not but admire

"But is not young Jack come? our poor sailor-boy, ]
Whose life our good sons nobly sav'd:

Oh! this way he scampers. Well, Jack, my good lad, We thought that our offer you wav'd.

"That enough of salt water for ever you'd got,
And determin'd henceforth not to face
The sea, or a ship, or a boat, or a flag."
For answer, Jack takes a good race;

And leaps into the boat, and then seizes an oar,
They follow with glee and with laugh;
And soon board the vessel, which lies under weigh:
"Hurra!" cries young Jack, "now we're off."

The glittering sea, and the glorious sun-beams,
The vessel so staunch, and so tight;
The sailors, all cheerful, upon their clean deck,
And the sails all so clean and so white;

Pleas'd the party so much, they could not but admire
The care and attention of Ben:
Their footman, and Susan, were also on board,
Which made the whole company ten.

Excepting two sailors, who now busy were, One coiling a rope, whilst the other View'd thro' his spy-glass the point whither bound; Beside them stood Edward and brother.

Both questions were asking, without taking breath, "What's this? and what's that? I would know;" Whilst Ben, at the helm, stands in attitude grand, And moves, as requir'd, to and fro.

The parents were seated, at first, side by side,
He wrapping warm shawls round his wife;
Whilst the little girls, timid, to Susan close press'd,
And the footman was plying his knife

Upon a groat oak-stick, which little Jack held, Still giving directions to him;

"That's quite long enough, man, now cut a sharp point,

And fasten my net, it will swim."

The sea was quite calm, and the sun it was hot,

The gentle air wafted the sails;

They glided along fast beside the tall cliffs, With fragrant and soft summer gales.

"Well, this is quite charming!" cried young Mary Anne,

"How silly of us 'twas to fear!

We're as safe as at home, in our own little room, And the beautiful coast we keep near."

"My child," her mamma then most wisely replied,
"'Tis true that all now is a calm;

But, this deck is not safe as our own parlour-floor, Expos'd we are here to much harm.

"True dependance can never be plac'd on the sea, From security dangers result;

Sudden squalls may arise, and the ocean may rage, On this subject papa we'll consult.

"Now enjoy your calm hour, the fine prospect and sun,

At present be happy and wise; Such a beautiful day may again not occur, So make a good use of your eyes."

"Papa," Edward cried, "why, I heard we were bound

To yonder high light-house, look there!

And see, we are sailing directly from thence,
I thought that the wind was quite fair!"

"Why, Sir, we are tacking, to reach the light-house," Said Jack, as he handled a sail;

"When we double that point, we may chance of a wind, I wish it would blow a brisk gale."

"But 'tis very odd, Jack," then William replied,
"To turn from the spot whither bound."

Why, would you run right, Sir, against the wind's eye?

Why, then we should all be aground,"

"Indeed," said old Ben, "we shall tack ten times more

Before at that point we arrive; You see the wind rises, and shifts us about, Observe how before it we drive.

"Come, ma'am, and young misses, I'll thank you to move

To that side: take care of your head!"
In five minutes more they shift places again;
"This is tacking, my girls," papa said.

- "O! tacking, and tacking! I'm tir'd of the word," Cried both Mary Anne, and young Jane;
- "I'm sure, when at work we shall use that sad word \*,
  I ever shall hear it with pain."
- "Remember, my dears," said papa to the four,
  "That when we return home to-night,
- I shew you 'Cook's Charts,' and the tracks thereon mark'd,

And then you will see that all's right."

\*Little girls, fond of needlework, know very well what tacking is; and if little boys do not, they must ask their sisters.

"O! what is the matter with William, papa,
He trembles and looks very pale!
And my sisters like ghosts now begin to appear,
Their courage begins them to fail."

The three poor sick children a visit then paid,
With Sue, to the cabin below;
Whilst the rest kept their legs, all so hearty and
strong,

And illness they seem'd not to know.

But, soon 'twas all over; again on the deck,

They laugh'd, and they chatter'd and sung;

And Jack he caught fish, and amus'd them all four,

And then up to dry his net hung.

### THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

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The party now landed, and oh, with what joy
They again felt the use of their feet!
With hearts light and gay, the young caper'd along,
In frolics they part, but to meet.

They climb a steep rock, and then all stop to gaze
On the lovely creation around;

The blue sky so clear, and the sea a rich green, And, cover'd with velvet, the ground.

"And here are wild flowers, and there beauteous trees,

Peeping gaily from over grey rocks;
The lark sings above, tho' the nightingale's still
And the sea-fowls fly silent in flocks.

When all had well rested, their way they pursue,
And up to the light-house they climb;
The keeper receives them, and civilly bows,
And says, "You are come in good time.

"For the day is now clear, and the sun very bright,

A prospect extensive you'll view;

This wonderful structure, its make, and its use,

Good gentlefolks, now I'll show you."

"For my part, I feel as if plac'd in the moon," Said William, with wondering look:

"Well! this exceeds all that I ever yet saw, Or what I have read in a book! "And this, at a distance, when lit, I have seen;
These reflectors must give a great light:
How glad seamen must be, when this they discern,
In a terrible, dark, stormy night."

"Thus warn'd," said the master, "to keep from the rocks,

Which yonder, you see, are below."

"But, should two lights appear, then what do they do?

Can they one from the other well know?"

"A very wise question, my young master, that;
Sad accidents thus are prevented:

Some revolve like dark-lanterns, which you may have seen,

And others, I hear, are invented."

Well pleas'd with the sight, they prepare to depart, "No hunger," cries Jane, "can match mine!" Their dinner is spread, by the servants they left, Half way down the rock, where they dine.

a slive of the total constitution with a

## TAKING IN TOW.

ONCE more they're on board, but now have no wind:

"Ho! messmate," cries Ben, to a sail

Of three times their size, which went swiftly before;

Good sailors kind hearts never fail.

"I'll throw you a rope, and do take us in tow, Until we get into the wind."

No sooner 'twas said, but in silence 'twas done, And quickly they follow behind.

"We're now in their wake, Sir," said honest old Ben,
As crossing his arms he sat down;
The sailors and Jack all loung'd careless and free,
The children were noisy alone.

"Well, this is fine sailing, as ever I saw!"
Said Edward, "why now we've no care,
Protected, and led along by this great ship:
Well, this is good luck, I declare!"

Just then, as he spoke, the great vessel before
Threw back the thick rope from the side:
They parted.—"Ho! thank ye," cried Ben with a
roar,

"My messmate, you've sav'd me the tide.

"Now that's what I call a good friend in distress: So long at the light-house you staid,

That, but for this kindness, we should not get home Without boating it, I was afraid.

"But now the tide's sav'd, and we glide like a fish:
My lads, to the sailors," he cried,

"That's the young Bonny Bet, should she want a good turn,

Let nothing she asks be denied."

#### THE COMPASS.

Before the tall helmsman, and near the head-stairs, A new object catches their eyes:

"Say what is this glass, and a box, dear papa?"

The children all cry, with surprise.

The mariner's compass, my dears, there you see, Which teaches the helmsman to guide;

In the centre's the needle, which points to the north, To the load-stone it has been applied.

"The rudder he holds, and he still keeps his eye
On the compass, to watch if he's right;

But, a compass I'll draw, and you'll then understand, 'Twill give us all mutual delight.

And also we'll read both of that and the magnet."
Said Ben, while the rudder he rocks,

"Better leave them to me, I know more of the matter,

I'll teach them the compass to box."

"To box!" said young William, in very high huff, "We're gentlemen, Mr. Ben, Sir."

Papa he laugh'd heartily, and his son ask'd, "What coat gets a quarrelsome cur\*?"

\* I make no doubt, most little boys have heard the adage, "A quarrelsome dog gets a dirty coat." This note is added for the information of little girls, in case their brothers might not choose to explain the meaning of the above line.

- "Why swell so with ire?" says papa, "Ben's correct, The compass to box, is to know it."
- "Forgive me," says William, "I'll be more circumspect,

And take care, if I'm vex'd, not to show it."

#### PORPOISES.

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The western sun shone, and all was at peace,
No noise but the boat tied behind,
Which follow'd the ship in its track still along,
To silence the party inclin'd.

When suddenly Edward, with jump and with fright, Caught his father and gave a loud shout:

"Oh, what are those yonder, papa, O look there!
Now tumbling and tossing about?"

"Why, they are call'd sea-hogs," said Jack, coming near,

"Did you never see any before?
Some, porpoises call them, they're catching small fish,

Which in shoals lie alongside the shore."

- "What comical creatures!" the children exclaim'd, "Why, which are their heads, and their tails.
- I wish they'd come nearer, if harmless they are,
  I am glad that they are not great whales:
- Or soon would our vessel be toss'd in the air.

  Of what use are porpoises, pray?"
- "Why they're not fit for food, so they seldom are caught,

And have nothing to do but to play.

"When they come near the shore, as you see they do now,

'Tis a sign there's a storm out at sea."

- "No, no," said a sailor, "they come but to fish, Their gambols are fine sights to me.
- "And gentle, and harmless, Sir, porpoises are:
  I once drew a dead one to shore;
- And many a meal the poor birds had of him, Of dinners they laid in a store.
- "So, dead or alive, Sir, each creature's of use;
  All animals prey on each other:
- The whale eats the herring, the herring the smelt,

  The porpoise may eat up his brother."

"Why you're a philosopher!" Edward exclaim'd, With a good hearty shake of the hand: Well, here we're at last, and we've had a fine sail, But how joyful it is to touch land!"

Away they run home, and, with spirits untir'd,
Their questions so curious renew,
Until it is bed-time.—" Papa, now good night,
Many thanks to mamma and to you."

### CUTTLE-FISH.

"What have you, Jane, got there?"
"O, 'tis a fish most rare,
Pray handle it with care."

"How white, well shap'd it is, I do admire much this." "Tis yours then, for a kiss.

"Do look at it, mamma, I only this one saw, It has nor head nor claw. "Another I could wish:

If scoop'd 'twould make a dish."

"This is the Cuttle-fish.

"You've heard me speak of this, my love,
The soft part you know well;
On paper us'd, they call it pounce:
How beautiful the shell!

"But, I cannot pretend to say,

(We'll ask papa to tell,)

If animal, or fungus this:

All species he knows well.

"The boys will thank you for the pounce,
With which to fill their glasses;
And of the shell, some ornament
We'll make, my little lasses."

The olds with more control of the

ments and a server

## STAR-LIGHT.

"I beg a favour, dear mamma,
A clearer sky I never saw:
Do let us sit up this one night.
To see the sky and stars so bright,
Would give us both such great delight."

"Well, then, my dears, the pleasure earn, Sit down and these few lines both learn; And when the stars and planets shine, Repeat to me that hymn divine."

The lesson learnt by each repeated.

The night was fine and very clear,
The stars like twinkling fires appear;
The girls wrapp'd up, for fear of cold,
Were taken out all to behold:
When on the beach they look'd up high,
And cried, "Oh, what a brilliant sky!

What is that fleecy cloud? do say."

"A sheet of stars, the milky way."

And then the planets to their view,

Were pointed out, their names they knew.

"The stars are fix'd, the planets move,

The earth and moon we know they rove;

One round the sun, one round the earth,

Which they have done since their grand birth."

Whilst gazing thus, before their eyes A star shoots quickly 'cross the skies. "A star is lost! is gone, mamma! 'Tis surely gone, its fall we saw. Where is it gone? why did it fall?" "A secret, child, that's hid from all; Or star, or meteor, (false-fire nam'd,) The cause we cannot tell; Or what's its nature, whither gone, From whence, or why it fell. But, as we cannot stay out long, Let's hear your hymn, or holy song." By turns the little girls comply, Repeat with soft and up-rais'd eye, "The Spacious FIRMAMENT on high\*." "Well spoken, girls! that's not amiss:"
Papa rewards them with a kiss.

"And now you've seen this glorious sight,
Pray take your leave, and bid good night
To all the stars that yonder shine,
And worship still the Hand Divine."

## THE SHARK.

"Where are you going, little Ned?"

"Into the water, Master Ben."

"Suppose I say you must not go?"

"I'd say I would." "And I say, no."

Edward then takes to his quick heels,
But soon, Ben's heavy hand he feels;
For Ben he could run faster:

With rage o'ercome, young Edward roars,
Then up he gets, now on all fours;

"No use to struggle, master.

"Why, what's the matter with the lad! Do cease your squalling, little Ned;

You shall not to the water go, And if the reason you would know, Why hold your tongue, and I will tell; Come, hush, dear boy, you may as well. You will not listen, then, I find, Still to the beach you are inclin'd," Then up he catches him behind: Over his shoulder Edward throws, And tow'rds the village quickly goes. Edward, struggling, cuff'd Ben's head, Ben whistled on, and nothing said: Still by his heels he held the boy, When, at a distance, he with joy Espied his father.—With a shout, "Here! this way, Sir!" he holla'd out; "I've much ado to hold this spark. There, take him, Sir: 'tis pretty work, To keep this young 'squire safe and sound. Look at the people flocking round: Some running to the beach in haste, And from it some, no time to waste. "A shark is in the offing, Sir,

"A shark is in the offing, Sir,
Left by the tide, that makes this stir.
A boat already it has smash'd;
Another by its tail was lash'd.

Jack brought the news, we find 'tis true,
But one so bold I never knew.
Why, Sir, it swam quite close to shore,
And this young fellow gives a roar,
And says he will go down and swim,
All I could say or do to him;
Just to be swallow'd by the shark,
Who'd snap him, as the kite a lark."

The humbled Edward caught Ben's hands,
Too late, as usual, understands
That all he meant was good and kind,
Now grateful words he scarce can find:
Asks pardon for his foolish rage,
Another time he will engage
To listen to what may be said,
And of advice not have such dread.

"'Tis thus, my son," his father cried,
(It never yet has been denied,)
The angry-proud most humbled are,
Who of offending take no care.
Ever affronting, thus must they
Be asking pardon every day:
Whereas the gentle, courteous youth,
Will listen to the voice of truth."

#### THE PRISM.

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The little girls were running home,
When stopp'd by a great crowd
Of boys and girls, who, near their door,
Were talking very loud.

And in the midst there stood a man,

A Chinese by his dress,
Who, with complacent smiles on all,
Said only, "Do not press.

"Whoever has a penny, speak."

His foreigh accents droll,

Amuse the little children much,

Who laugh without control.

They muster then their pence in haste,
Some have, and some have not;
Those with abundance, give the rest,
Thus each has money got.

"Now, one by one," the Chinese said,
"Keep off, my little men;
All in your turn shall have a look,
I say, have patience, then."

Jane and her sister quit the throng,
Into the house they run:
Then call mamma, to know the cause
Of all this bustling fun.

The little crowd, when gratified,
Return back to their play;
The Chinese, now he's left alone,
Prepares to walk away.

When from the house mamma comes out:
"What have you there, my friend?"
"This is a Prism, Ma'am, and which
To all the folks I lend.

"Each, for a penny, has a peep,
And that buys me some bread,
And rice and other food, and drink,
And shelter for my head."

"A Prism! mamma," cries Jane, "what's that?
Pray, Chinese, let me see:

A small three-sided glass! for what?

Of what use can this be?"

"A glass to view the sun, my dear,
It will not hurt the sight;
By Newton it invented was,
T' explain the rays of light.

The children and mamma all look'd,

And very pleas'd they were:

"When older, you may read of this;

You're yet too young, I fear.

Each gave a shilling to the man,

And said, "Good bye, Chinese."

He thank'd them with a smile, and said,

"Peep ev'ry day you please."

Those of summer to the same of the

### THE WHEAT-EARS.

All as the 4 andre or ressure Babba-doubt Hame A

"Come, over the downs who will run,
And tumble and roll in the sun?"
Cries William so gay, setting off.
"Mamma likes to saunter below,
Papa by her-side walks so slow;
Of dawdling I've had quite enough."

Away they all spring in a race.

Their footsteps leave scarcely a trace;

So light and so frolicksome bound:

Upon the green velvet so fine,

On which the warm sun-beams now shine,

And soon a new object they found.

These children of liberty fair,
As running they cut the soft air,
All suddenly stop and cry out:
"Why, what is this cut in the sod?
It seems something curious and odd:
I wonder what 'tis all about."

"A hole, and a stick, and horse-hair,

I wish to know what they do here:"

While stooping, then cried little Jane.

"I suppose to catch birds."—" To be sure,"

The boys said, "which we cannot endure,

We hate to give animals pain."

"Why see," Edward cried, "what I've found,
All lying so safe on the ground:

'Tis twopence! four halfpence! look here,
'Tis lost, I imagine, which I
Will give the first child that goes by,
Of the owner I never shall hear."

"Another trap! O, come and see!"

Cried William aloud, "come to me!

A little bird here is just caught."

With wonder they all ran to view,

The bird from the noose William drew,

"You see," he said, "just as I thought.

"How great, little bird, your distress!
Or sparrow, or lark, do you guess?"
"'Tis neither,' young Edward replied;

"For this sort of bird I ne'er saw.

O, here come papa and mamma,

The species they soon will decide."

"'Tis a Wheat-ear," papa said, "thus caught:
By people who like them they're sought,
Who pay for them thus, as you find.
The peasants and others traps lay,
But as they can't watch them all day,
The stranger leaves two-pence behind.

"And what with your bird will you do,
Or roast him, or boil him, or stew?"—

"I think, Sir, your question's not fair,"
Young William replies, "for, you know,
I'd bid him to liberty go;
Fly, fly, little bird, in the air!

"And now we will range o'er the downs,
And destroy all the traps of the clowns;
Come, girls, and come, Edward, my boy."
Hand in hand then away they all flew,
Their heart-pleasing search to renew,
And captivity turn into joy.

# SEA-WEEDS.

The mother and come by middle, you will

"What is the use of these sea-weeds,
And all this rubbish?—wat'ry reeds,
And grass, and ugly slimy stuff?"
"To walk on when the beach is rough,
Is all their good; and that's enough.
Why do you, Mary Anne, abuse,"
Enquir'd her sister, "what's of use?"
"They are no use, that I can see,"
Said Mary Anne, quite peevishly.

On went the party 'cross the fields,
Shelter from rain a cottage yields:
A woman spinning by the fire,
Whose cheerful looks they all admire;
Three children rosy, plump, well fed,
And clean, and very neatly clad.

Mamma first spoke: "'Tis strange to see, How fine the children near the sea:

They healthy, fat, and merry look, As if of them some care it took." The mother smil'd, "Why, madam, ves, The case I do believe is this: The sea-air fattens them, and all Contrive to gather, great and small, Some sort of fish upon the beach; All's fish to them within their reach: Cockle, and muscle, and sea-snail, Their little stomachs never fail. And then, no manufacture here, They're not confin'd, but live in air: For out of doors they all day run, To work, as yet, they are too young; And yet they help, for one can nurse, Another knits:—I've seen much worse Beginning than that stocking, ma'am, Last night from schoool she only came. "But where your boys, my worthy dame?"

"Oh, they are gone down to the shore,
Of good sea-weeds to get a store."
"Sea-weeds!" cried Mary Anne, "for what?
What use sea-weeds are, I know not."

"Why, bless you, Miss, I'll tell with pleasure, Sea-weeds to poor folks are a treasure: This fire that warms you, dries your clothes, Is made of them. What heat it throws! Of winter fuel we've no lack, For near the house we have a stack. Good roofs for pigs-ties sea-weeds make, And for manure we sea-weeds take. Their ashes, when we sea-weeds burn, In washing clothes to good use turn. You see our walls, that patch around, Enclosing our small garden-ground? They're all sea-weeds, well heap'd on high, Which wind and sunshine help to dry, And rain but serves to bind them more. These blessings we reap on the shore: For God to every one is good, He gives us fuel, house, and food. My house is wind and water proof, Well thatch'd and warm my lowly roof; My garden cropp'd, with husband's care, Potatoes, and fine greens will bear."

The rain was over, and they rose,
All rested were, and dry their clothes;

They thank'd the honest dame, and then Departing, said they'd call again.

Cried Mary Anne, "I'm much inclin'd To own she has improv'd my mind:
Sea-weeds are useful, now I find."

## THE YACHT AND THE COLLIER.

Their ashoe where a commercial terms and

"Oh, what a beautiful fine ship!

'Tis call'd a yacht, they say;

All gold and purple! colour'd flags!

'Tis really very gay.

"And see, beside it what is that?

A dirty ship, so black!

Why does the fine one come so near,

Why does it not turn back?

"If I were, now, that vessel smart,
I'd order it far off;
It should not come within a mile,
I would so scout and scoff.

"A dark and dingy ugly thing!
Why, what can it contain?
I wish the winds would blow it far,
And let the yacht remain."

"And just contrary is my wish,"
Papa to William said,
"Ten gilded yachts might sail away,
Or ever I'd be led
To call one back; for what's the use
Of them to you or me?
Whilst that black vessel by its side
I'm very glad to see."

"How very funny is papa!
I cannot make him out."

"Why, Edward understands me well, He seems to have no doubt.

Come, Edward, speak, what is that ship
In such a dingy trim?

And what those fellows on the deck, So very black and grim?"

"I think it is a collier come,
It now approaches near,

For long it has expected been

By all the village here.

They are in want of coals, they say,

A collier they expect;

From Newcastle, I think, arriv'd,

They fear'd it had been wreck'd.

"See all the people in their boats
Flock round it in much haste!
Such joy to see the coals, that they
No time on yachts can waste:
Not one appears to deign a look
Upon that yacht so fine;
Attention to the collier's giv'n,
They all that way incline."

"You see, dear William," said papa,
"How often we are led
To judge by outside, which is wrong,
Choose usefulness instead.
That yachts are beautiful, 'tis true,
They pleasing thoughts inspire,
But, give to me that which supplies
Our social, useful fire."

#### PAPA'S GIFT.

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At breakfast papa look'd so happy and glad,

That the children all guess'd some fine pleasure's

at hand:

They crowded close round him, with questions and noise,

So that none could well hear, none at all understand.

"Well, sit you all down:"

He said with a frown,

Which fled in a good-natur'd smile;

"For how can I say

What gift I've to-day,

While you're chattering round all the while."

Then down they all sat, with their faces demure:

Not a finger, nor foot, nor an eye did they move;

And silence profound thus succeeds noisy mirth,

To parents so kind their obedience to prove.

But William, at length,

Exerts all his strength

To make the rest laugh, which they do:

The uproar's renew'd!

"We've been very good,

So now the fine present let's view."

"Well, then," said mamma, "you must all of you guess,

And who guesses rightly shall give it a name;
For to all it belongs, both to us and to you,
If none can guess right, why I think 'tis a shame.

Now speak all in turn,
And patience thus learn:
What say you 'tis? Edward, my boy,"

"A horse, or a donkey,
A squirrel or monkey;
All, or each of them, I could enjoy."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Tis now little Jane's turn. Well, what do you say? Five guesses had Edward, then take five my love."

"I think 'tis a linnet, canary, or finch,
Or, perhaps, it may be a young pigeon or dove."

"What says Mary Anne?"
The child thus began,
"Tis a rabbit, or parrot so sly,
Or spy-glass so long,
Perhaps a new song:
We wish'd some new music to buy."

"And now, Mr. William, Sir, what do you say? You look very solemn and wise at us all."

"But one guess I'll have, papa," William replied,

"Which will make these good guessers all look very small."

"Well then, my boy, speak,
At the door stands young Jack,
Who waits but the signal to hear:
If rightly you guess,
It cannot do less
Than open the door and appear."

"'Tis a Dog, dear papa, 'tis a Newfoundland Dog!"

The door open flew! and then what should they see,

But a beautiful dog of the Newfoundland breed,
Who with Jack now walk'd in, and at home seem'd
to be.

The uproar, delight,
At this charming sight,
The parents with pleasure enjoy:
His soft head and breast
Were strok'd and caress'd;
Astride him gets each little boy.

"This gentle young creature, so noble and strong,
I've purchased for all, but our William was right,
So give it a name, my boy, what shall it be?"
Now to name it, Will knew, would be Jane's great delight.

"I give up my claim,
Let Jane the dog name,
Of pleasure I would not deprive her."
Jane gave him a kiss,
Said, "Thank ye for this,
The name of the dog shall be DIVER."

## DIVER, THE NEWFOUNDLAND-DOG.

Now down to the shore all run,

Education is begun:

Diver to papa keeps near,

Diver is devoid of fear;





Watches close his hand and eye,
Listens to his voice and cry,
Learns at last to know his name;
Runs for stones, brings back the same;
Boldly plunges in the sea,
Catches sticks with ease and glee;
Readily obeys the voice,
Seems in duty to rejoice.

"Who will Diver trust? now speak,
Who is strong, and who is weak?
Who will run into the waves,
Who's the first that Diver saves?
Tho' to danger not expos'd,
Who to try him is dispos'd?"
"I," said Jack, "for one will try,
Of the water I'm not shy."
Up to the middle, in his clothes,
Jack into the water goes,
Lays him down upon his back:
Of floating he had got a knack.

"Hey, boy! in, and bring him out."
Diver dashes in so stout,
By his jacket catches him,
Back to shore they see him swim.

Both the little boys, by turns,
Now go in, thus Diver learns
Lessons well, and very quick:
Then he carries papa's stick,
Lets the girls caress and kiss,
Nothing seems to him amiss.
"Many lives you yet may save,
Diver, from an early grave!"
Said papa, "now give him food,
That's my Diver, kind and good:
Love him children, never tease,
He will ever strive to please."

### TREES NEAR THE COAST.

"Why do the trees back from the sea
Thus always turn?
The cause, mamma, pray do explain,
I wish to learn."

"The winds from off the sea prevail,
I've heard, my dear;
And give this universal bent,
As seems quite clear.

As rear'd the tree,

It grows, retaining early bend,

As now we see.

"The force of education, this
We well may call;
The winds that most prevail give shape
To branches all.

"Transplant that little tree in-land,
"Twould grow upright:
As yet 'tis supple, young, and soft,
To touch and sight.

"The youthful mind may thus be train'd
To every good;
But, bred to inclinations bad,
"Tis crooked wood!

"In heart and mind, then, grow upright;

Both sound and straight,

In person also, or you will

Repent too late."

# SCOLLOP-SHELLS.

"HERE are some pretty shells, Miss," said the maid, "All sizes and colours you see,

And if you will buy them, the man's to be paid, To ask you, mamma has sent me."

"Oh, certainly, yes," Jane replied, "buy them all! The lovely, the beautiful shell!

The inside so white, and the outside so gay, Pray can you its name, Susan, tell?"

"Indeed, Miss, I can, 'tis a scollop-shell call'd, And ornaments pretty they make,

As I can soon show you, for I have them here, A present to me, a keep-sake."

The man he was pleas'd, and the shells were all given To Jane, and to young Mary Anne,

Who to Susan applied for a sight of her store, Then all to the nursery ran.

- A pincushion, purse, and a watch-case so smart,

  And many more wonderful toys,
- All of scollop-shells made, very pretty and neat,
  From her trunk smiling Susan now draws:
  - "But these are all bor'd, and they're work'd with chenille."
  - "Well, ladies, I'll show you both how,
    For I've often made them, 'tis such pleasant work,
    If you please, I will teach it you now."
  - "In orange, and yellow, and pink, red, and brown, By nature these shells are array'd,"
  - Said mamma, "but what use are all these fine affairs, Thus beautiful, neat, and well made?"
  - "To look at, mamma, and to give to our friends."
    "A dozen, my dear, would be plenty
  - To keep, and to take back as presants with you, And then there remain more than twenty.
  - "Suppose you give these to that poor cottage dame, Where once we kind shelter receiv'd?
  - I think she'll be grateful, and sell them all well, Of her rent she might thus be reliev'd.
  - She's pious, industrious, contented, and good,
    And brings up her children so kind;
  - Some assistance to her I've designed long ago, Such a woman we seldom can find."

Mamma scarcely finish'd, when all the gay things Were pack'd in a basket quite tight;

Then on went their bonnets, and spencers, and gloves, And away went their little hearts light.

With mamma, and with Susan, they now trip along, And scamper across the wide beach;

They climb the high hill, and run over the fields, And soon the thatch'd cottage they reach.

The cottage stands close to the great public road, Past which, daily, travellers go;

A table is plac'd near the door by the girls, Who then spread a cloth white as snow;

And thereon arrang'd, both with order and taste, The articles thus set to sale,

Among all the company now at the place, Of customers they cannot fail.

In a week they return'd, and oh, with what joy
The little girls heard the good dame

Say all were soon sold off, and for a great sum!
With gratitude showing the same.

"Dear madam, here's more than the rent coming due."
"Then new-clothe yourself, my good friend,

For whilst we remain here, more shells you shall have, For soon a fresh cargo we'll send." (To ask bimself he seems too east)

### STEADY SAM.

"Mamma, may I the window shut?

That ragged sailor he will put

His head, and stare in here,"

Cried Edward, as his milk he took,

And walk'd about with sulky look.

"No, no, my boy, don't fear."

"Papa, now pray look at the sea,
Those ships are all unknown to me,
Or merchantmen, or fighters:"
Papa put up his spy-glass then,
And said, "They are not marchantmen,
Nor men of war, nor lighters.

"I, with my glass, can scarcely say,
But call that sailor here, I pray,
He'll tell us all about them;
His eyes tho' old, are very keen,
He has so many vessels seen,
He'll tell us right, ne'er doubt him.

"Here, my good Sam, do tell this boy,
(To ask himself he seems too coy,)
What are those ships we spy?
Now, listen, children, give attention,
Experience speaks, and not invention,
He knows much more than I."

Then steady Sam began to speak:
At first, all seem'd as hard as Greek,
He us'd such strange sea-phrases:
But soon the boys could comprehend,
Resolv'd most willing ears to lend,
Curiosity he raises.

He nam'd each ship, its size, its freight,
When, and where built, condition, weight,
And every master's name:
"This is a frigate, pilot that,
Two sloops lie out, on yonder flat,
From south-east late they came.

"Yonder's a twenty-four gun-ship,
In her I've made full many a trip;
And that's a merchant-man:
Yon flag's performing quarantine,
From Sicily; that's of the line,
Taken when the war began.

"You see yon port-holes, master, eh?"
"No, my good friend, I must say nay,
Nothing but hulls I see;
A few black specks upon the water."

The sailor then replied with laughter,
"Ah, come to sea with me!

"Why you can spy to eastward there,
Those ships, like crows, that this way bear?
I'll tell you what they're all;
A passage-vessel this tow'rds shore,
A fishing-smack is that, with more,
The third a cutter call."

"A good sea-eye's a precious thing,

I wish, good Sam, you'd let me bring

My sons with you some day;

To teach them to distinguish well,

And distant objects learn to tell,

Just in your own sea-way."

The boys delighted were to hear
The sailor's "yes!" (and gave a cheer;)
"I'll teach them ships to know:

To-morrow they shall take a trip,
Examine all on board a ship,
And learn to steer and row."

"You'll thus, my boys," their father said,
"Drink knowledge from the fountain-head;
And ever, when you'd learn,
Be taught by those experienc'd well,
And thus alone, hope to excel,
And real wisdom earn.

"His jacket worn, his trowsers old,
His gait is awkward to behold,
But here is judgment—skill:
Outside we never should despise,
Nor think ourselves so very wise,
Thus guided by our will.

"With Sam you both may sometimes sail,
For Ben's too old, his legs oft fail,
And Jack is yet too young:
An able seaman this, I find,
Yet, when to sail with him inclin'd,
Take Diver bold and strong.

# OLD BEN.

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"Oн, let us see the rowing-match,
The sailing-match also;
Old Ben is gone to fetch his boat,
He says he means to row:
And here he is!"—" Ho! masters all,
Will not the ladies come?"
"No, no, put off, the weather's cold,
They'll see it from our home."

"This is a pretty sight," cried Ned,
When at the spot arriv'd,
"Look at the company! what throngs!
I'm glad we're not depriv'd
Of this most noble, charming sight!
What are the prizes, Ben?"
Old Ben informs them all they wish
Of matches, where and when:

The diff'rent flags, and names them all. "Those pilot-boats, you see,

All ready are to start away,
As eager as may be.

Why, bless you all, would you believe,
A pilot once was I?
I won the first, the greatest prize,
That no one can deny."

"And did you ever try again?"
"No, master, that's not law;
Once win the first prize, there you stop,
No first prize more you draw."

"The second then, I'd rather win," Cried Edward, with a smile.

Would that be well worth while?

"'Tis not so much for money we
Exert our arms and skill;
We love to see our noble ships
Obey their owner's will.
But, ho! the signal! there, 'tis fir'd!
You heard the gun go off;
Now see the boats, away they start!"
Cries Ben, with a loud laugh.

And jumping up to clap his hands,

And watch the rowers well,

Forgot he was not on the land,

And in the water fell.

The boat upset, papa and boys

A good salt dip all had;

But swimming well, they soon got out,
And cried, "Why, Ben, my lad!

"A curious frolic that of yours,
No danger much, 'tis true;
I'm glad the ladies were not here,
This ducking they would rue."

"The boats are almost out of sight," Cried William, in a pet:

"What made you clap your hands, old Ben? Or where you were forget?"

"Pardon, my boy, I thus rejoic'd
To see old times again;
And then, to see my friend take lead
Was too much for old Ben!
Three times they must go round that ship,
The third time wins the race,
And winners, losers, all shake hands,

For losing's no disgrace.

"Come, cheer up, Master William, Sir!
You're not a sailor-lad:

These are but trifles; why, you're safe,
Your clothes are not so bad.
Salt-water gives no cold, you know,
And now you'll see the sail;
I promise not to stir from hence,
My promise shall not fail."

## THD SAILING-MATCH.

The sailing-match is now begun,
Ben eager watches all,
Foretels who loses, who will win,
On some will loudly call.
His back turn'd tow'rds his company,
His eyes fix'd on each ship;
A vessel hails him now by name,
He starts, and gives a trip.

Over the side again he goes,
And all are overset,
The various boats around all help,
And into one they get.

Poor Ben looks foolish, shakes his clothes, Like Diver, the large dog:

"Well, my good masters, try again, My brain was in a fog.

"Come back once more into my boat, And all along I'll lie."

"No, no," papa then laughing said,
"We cannot, Ben, comply:

That glass of wine, my man, I see

Has made you quite unsteady;

To-morrow, when you find your legs, "Why, you will find us ready."

"You see, papa, the green flag wins,
The gun it fires! all's done!
And I am tir'd, let's hasten home,
To learn which pilot's won."
"Thus 'tis, my boys, oft pleasure tires
Much more than useful labour,
Besides the duckings we have had,
From honest Ben, our neighbour."

And were some waster

4 Well, my good sessees, try against

## SUN-RISE.

"Up to the downs we all will run,
To see the glorious rising sun;
So, come along, my little Jane,
The summit we will both soon gain.

"Ho! William, Mary Anne,
Follow us you may;
Do catch us, if you can;
To that I cry out, nay."

"O, Edward, do pray stop,
For out of breath I am;
I cannot reach the top,
So very fast we came."

"Then, sit you down awhile, Until they come in sight; And now, dear Jane, do smile, Like me, be brisk and light. In sunshine we now stand,

Upon the mountain's brow;

Come, give your little hand:

Well, how do you feel now?"

"Dear Edward, look! O see!

How brilliant is the east!

A new surprise to me,

I could not this have guess'd.

The sun's not up, I think,

According as we say;

I know it does not sink,

'Tis we that turn away.'

"My love, your'e very wise,
And what you say is true:
"You've read," young Edward cries,
"And more I'll teach to you.

Just as, in travelling, we
See trees and hedges move;

Yet hedge stirs not, nor tree,
Just so the sun above.

Now face the east, and say,

Where north, and south, and west;

I think this is fine play,

But I can answer best.

All on the map you find,

But now you cannot tell;

Here is the east behind."

"Oh, now I know them well.

"The north is to my right,
Where many cows I see;
The south is very bright,
The west you did show me.
Oh, Mary Anne is here!
Dear William, do behold
The rising sun, how clear,
The clouds all edg'd with gold.

"The first sun-rise I've seen,"
Said William, "to my shame;
In bed till now I've been;
I knew sun-rise by name.
How glorious is this sight!
How beautiful the sky!
I feel such great delight:
Oh! if I could but fly."

Said Mary Anne, "Suppose
We each repeat a prayer,
Or hymn: I would propose,
To thank God for his care."

Well said, my little lass!

Come, girls, sit on my knee;

The dew is on the grass:

Well, listen now to me."

Edward, with manly voice,

Recited Adam's prayer;

Then William spoke his choice,

This hymn: "The Heaven's Declare."

Jane gave the twenty-third,

"The Lord My Shepherd is."

Distinct is said each word,

And not a line amiss.

"Now, Mary Anne, repeat
From your dear, favourite book,
The hymn to Morning, sweet.
She does, with smiling look.

The objects round inspire

Their tender hearts with truth;

They gaze, and still admire,

With all the warmth of youth.

<sup>\*</sup> Original Poems, Vol. I. "Morning."

The rising sun, the sky,

The herds, the flock, the hill;

The birds that round them fly,

Their minds with pleasure fill.

Now, with loud mirth, they run
Down to the vale below;
"Breakfast is ready, and begun,"
Cries Edward; "nay, perhaps, 'tis done,
I think we'd better go."

### THE LIFE-BOAT.

"What are you reading, William, so intent? You seem upon the newspaper quite bent; What lines so interesting in that page, Which thus your mind and heart so much engage? For, in your eyes I see a trembling tear: What is it thus affects you? Speak, my dear."

"Oh, such a scene! upon the Kentish coast, In the late gales full twenty vessels lost! But many lives were sav'd in the life-boat, For, still the men of Deal would venture out: Brave men they are! reading of them I cried; Many were sav'd, but some of them have died. What is this life-boat, father, do explain."

"Without a model, William, words were vain. Give me a knife, and little block of wood, In carving boats, you know, my skill is good; From memory, a model I will make, Then to the water-side my boat we'll take.

The boat was made, away then went the boys,
And each experiments so new enjoys.
Papa explain'd: "The bottom's flat, you see,
And broad, and wide, and deep, it ought to be,
Upon the waves a balance to maintain.
To overset, the surges try in vain,
So great the surface that it occupies;
And therein, like a raft, its safety lies.

Now, Edward, where's your little wherry-boat Of a foot long?—There, set it quick a-float; Let them both take their chance in this rough sea: I think my life-boat will come sturdily,

And safe to shore, whilst your's will be ill-treated."
In went the boats, which both the boys loud greeted.

The wherry this way, that way, side-ways fell, Whilst the preserver floated safe and well:
The wherry fills, and sinks—appears no more;
The life-boat, on the billows, comes to shore.
"Oh! oh! papa, is't thus I lose my boat!
"Hey, Driver!" Edward calls, "go, bring it out."

"A noble, fine invention!" William cried;
"But, will this serve in every sea and tide?
I've read of shooting, from the ship, a rope,
By means of which, of saving life there's hope;
Or, from the land, across the ship to throw
A cable strong, thus chance of life bestow."

These means, my boy, have oft been tried, I hear,

But, full security's still far, I fear:
The nearest to perfection, as I'm told,
Are Thrackston's life-boats, which I would behold.
God bless all those who study life to save,
They are the real great, the truly brave.
For good, our Maker did on earth all send,
Then, thro' your lives, my boys, to good let study tend."

the supple so, has also all tolls

### THE DIVING-BELL

"What is the use of diving-bells?

I cannot rightly understand,

How we could breathe deep in the sea,

Or, use our eyes, or feet, or hand."

"In many of the Indian isles,"

Papa replied, "there divers are;

Long under water they can stay,

And, now and then, come up for air.

"But, we have no such powers here,
So science to our aid we call,
By means of which we also dive,
Nor run great risk to drown or fall.
Look at this little parlour-bell;
But, first the clapper we'll remove;
A good idea this will give,
The full design 'twill serve to prove.

"Bring here a bowl of water deep."

All this no sooner said than done:

The curious children skipp'd with joy:

The operation's now begun.

"Now for a walnut-shell, my girls:

There, throw it in the bowl;

That is a sunken yessel, see.

I think we're clever, on the whole!

"Mamma, pray cut a paper man,
Whilst here some little bits of sticks
Across the bottom of the bell,
For him to stand upon, I fix."
The silent boys, both eager, watch,
And soon the meaning they discern.
The little girls both laugh aloud,
Mamma then said, "Pray look and learn.

"Thus ignorance presumptous is,
And often pert, and very vain;
Whilst those more learned, modest are,
And from weak ridicule refrain."
"But then a paper man," cried Jane,
"He, surely, will be drown'd, mamma:
You do not think he'll come up dry;
So strange a sight I never saw!"

The bell prepar'd, the man was fix'd,

Papa then gently lower'd the bell;

Deep in the water down it plung'd:

"Bravo!" he cried, "that's very well.

Come, now, who says my man is drown'd?

What say you? is he come to harm?

You see I hold it firmly down,

The water comes above my arm.

"What is my little man about?

Examining the wreck, I think;

And, when he's tir'd, a signal gives,

And then I draw him to the brink.

Suppose that treasures are below,

Or chests, or bales, or what you please,

Cannot he now fix cords to them,

Which those above can raise with ease."

"Yes, if alive, he can do that;
But, is not water in the bell?
'Tis full of water, I'm convinc'd."

"Why Jane, my love, how can you tell?
We'll raise my man. Come, show yourself,"
Then cried papa, with pride and glee:
Up rose the bell, when they all saw
The paper dry as it could be.

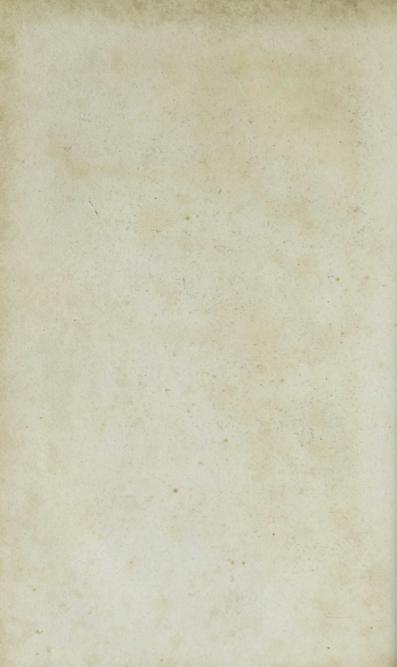
"Well, this is wonderful, I own!
And now, indeed, I wish to know,
Why it did not with water fill.
I see it dry, but wherefore so?"
"The bell, my child, was full of air,
Resisting downward pow'rfully,
And whilst the water press'd all round,
It kept the inside thus quite dry.

"The men can breathe the air within
A certain space of time, well known:
That air exhausted, they ascend;
You are convinc'd, I hope, you'll own.
But, yet to make it clearer still,
We will this large glass-tumbler try;
Come, put inside a glove, or cap,
You giddy girls."—They both comply.

"You now behold the water sink,
Press'd by the air within the glass:
The principle you understand,
And how these wonders come to pass.
But apparatus there is more
To real diving-bells, than I
Have got to show; yet this explains
How men may dive, and yet not die."



See page 126



"Well, after this," cried Edward bold,

"The Royal George I'd wish to see;
Down in a diving-bell I'd go,
No harm, I'm sure, could come to me."

"Yes, but, good Edward, should there chance
To visit here, a diving-bell,
I'll thank you first to ask my leave:
Such prudence will be full as well."

### MOON-LIGHT.

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On the hill near their house sat mamma,
A little girl close to her side;
Round both now was thrown her warm shawl,
In silence they watch the ships glide.

Soon they hear their mother say, "Silver moon, pass not away,"
On the sea-wave dance and play:
How we love to see thy light,
Showing beauties to our sight.

There a merchant-fleet, full sail,
Catching now the fav'ring gale;
In solemn stillness gently glide,
You have wind, and you have tide.
Now that rocky point they round,
Quickly, move with scarce a sound;
Like the planets in their sphere,
Calm and silent to the ear,
And tho' large, they small appear.

"Outward-bound, those merchantmen, Will they England see again? Some on board with heavy heart Watch the land as they depart. I can fancy some make moan, Standing on the deck alone, 'Lumin'd by the silver moon. Oh, farewell my native shore! Shall I ever see thee more!' Quitting parents, country, wife, To engage in active life: Leave their British, blest abode, Seeking fortune all, abroad. Cheerful bosoms also, there, Who return, all free from care, To their homes, now distant far.

How the moon-beam lights their sails, Swift they go, with fav'ring gales; May their voyage happy be, May they safely cross the sea!

"Hear the rippling wave now dance;
See, the moon now casts a glance
On the cloud now passing by,
Full across the deep-blue sky:
Oh, I fear the cloud will soon
Hide from us the lovely moon!
Thus in shadow are we all,
Eclips'd is now the silver ball.
Colour'd cloud, swift pass away,
Give us back the beauteous ray;
Now its edge is tipp'd with gold,
A purple mantle we behold.

"See the leaping fish at play, Seizing eagerly their prey; Insects, motes, and little flies, See you not your enemies? Hear you not their heavy leap, Splashing from the briny deep? Into air, then, fly away,
Strive to live another day;
Days to you, are years to us,
Clever sages tell us thus.

"Hark! salutes from yonder shore!
Hark! the cannon's thund'ring roar!
Ships salute, and forts return,
None, none seek to sink and burn.
Thanks to Heaven, no sound of war,
To our ear is brought from far.
All around is blessed peace,
Which, Heaven grant, may never cease.

"Now, then, see before our eyes
Clouds of smoke round each arise;
Ships envelop'd in those clouds,
Hide their hulls, and lose their shrouds.
Now again the smoke's dispers'd,
Clear and beauteous, as at first,
Ev'ry ship of war appears,
Tow'rds the port each stately steers.

"But, my dear children, 'tis bed-time,
Papa and your brothers will soon
Return from their long evening sail;
Good bye then, calm sea, and bright moon."

Near ever do they stop to the sweet of

### GATHERING SHRIMPS.

"The tide is going out now very fast,
Come, let us to the beach, my dears, make haste,
A novel sight you'll there be glad to see,
So Jane, and Mary Anne, come both with me."

"We will, papa, but objects to us new Cannot be shown, at least, but very few; All objects we have seen upon the coast, Of information great, we now can boast."

Papa he shook his head, "You silly child,
By foolish vanity to be beguil'd:
Children and fools still think they all things know,
The wise and learned modest are, and tho'
We daily see fresh wonders to admire,
Each object serves to raise our wonder higher.

"Then, as you are so clever, tell me, Jane, What are those people doing? Speak, explain; You see them walking boldly in the sea, And even with the waves up to the knee;

A barrow seemingly they drive before, And briskly, firmly, walk upon the shore. Nor ever do they stop to gather. Look, They seem as if no pains they really took. Barefooted, see them wading thro' the wave, Still onward do they keep their course so brave. Now tell me, Jane, my dear, what there they do? You do not know.—Then, Mary Anne, do you?" "We cannot say," the girls both gently cried. "They're getting shrimps, my loves," papa replied: "Thus driving baskets, as you see, before, They of black shrimps contrive to get a store: Left by the tide, the sand, and mud, and fish, Soon fill their little baskets to their wish. First black, then turn, when boil'd, as lobsters red. On prawns and shrimps you both have often fed."

"What trouble!" Jane remark'd, uncertain too, Some may get many, and the rest but few; A hard-earned livelihood, papa, is theirs."
"Labour, my child, must have attendant cares. Still, we are right t'enjoy what Heaven has sent: Besides, this work is no great punishment. Most healthy in itself the exercise, Which many might observe with envious eyes.

They gather shrimps for food, or else for sale, So that a sure reward they cannot fail.

"But, look upon this brooch I wear, my girl,
How great the danger to procure this pearl!
For this the diver may have lost his life,
At least his days are one perpetual strife
With peril, wave, and rock, and shark,
For ever plunging in the ocean dark;
And say for what!—To gratify man's pride:
Tho' not in real or commercial view,
A shrimp's of value more to them, than pearls to you."

"Papa," said Jane, "I now remember well
Robinson Crusoe, what to him befel;
He found some gold upon his desert isle,
Which he threw down with a contemptuous smile:
You are not grain, nor rice, nor fit for food,
As gold, you here can never do me good."

"Well, my dear love, come, meet the shrimpingmen,

The women, baskets, boys, and girls, and then We'll glad their hearts, and all their cargo buy, Here in a body, see, they all draw nigh."

# THE PILOT.

"How noble a sight 'tis, to see a fine ship
Come sweeping along when all's fair!
But why do they keep out so far from the land?
I suppose of the rocks they're aware.

"A signal is made, and a boat I can spy,
Now puts out quite briskly from shore;
And from it a man ascends into the ship,
And the boat it returns as before.

"Now, who is that man they have taken on board?

And how thus prepar'd could he be?"

"He's a pilot, my dear, who is e'er on the watch,
That ships for this port he may see.

"The resident pilot knows well all the coast,
Which captains and masters can't know;
The quicksands, the shallows, the breakers and

The quicksands, the shallows, the breakers and rocks, And dangers all hidden below. "The wise captain stops till the pilot arrives,
Who soon upon deck takes his stand:
Taking hold of the helm, he skilfully steers,
And brings the good ship safe to land,

"For which he's rewarded, and well ought to be,
For ship, cargo, lives, all depend
Upon his quick sight, and his skill, and stout heart:
All the crew to his voice must attend.

"Some mischiefs have happen'd thro' pilots unskill'd, Who've vessels by ignorance lost;

And some, without pilots, have ventur'd their ships, And wreck'd they have been on the coast.

"Your pilot I am, thro' life's dangerous course,
Implicitly yield then, my dear;
I'll keep clear of perils, and, till you're in port,
Will always try rightly to steer

" Rim back and sembold Bon, my dear," "

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### THE QUICKSAND.

"Он, papa, come quick,
Or William's lost!
Running on the sand just now,
Near to the anchor there,
I saw him fall; I don't know how,
But he has sunk, I greatly fear."

The father ran in haste to see,
That instant sunk up to his knee;
A quicksand, then he understood,
Was left expos'd and bare,
By the receding flood.
Presence of mind he could command,
Nor struggled once, nor mov'd a hand,
But call'd to little Jane:
"Run back and send old Ben, my dear,"
Then to poor William—"Do not fear,
We'll soon be out again."

But still to extricate himself, Will strove,

The father loudly bade him not to move.

Their heads alone appear'd above the sand,

And hope seem'd gone:

Save us, Almighty! now stretch forth thy hand, Oh, save my son!

"William, look up, the anchor is in view, There fix your eyes;

We cannot perish, that in sight."

Poor William only sighs,

And holds his head most patiently,

Yet feels the sand recede, His lips now catch a weed;

The anchor's top alone they merely see!

That instant, loud and jovial "Hoys!" are heard,
The voice of Jack and Ben;
"Got into quicksands! masters! eh!
Well, there with courage you must stay,
Till come the other men.

"And here they are. Now spread the planks;
A good wide flooring make,
And ten good strides we'll take,
To hear them give us hearty thanks.

Why, like snow-shoes, these boards serve well
But, you must know, the sands are thick,
They're sluggish sands, not very quick,
Or you would both have died when in you fell."

Again on good firm ground,
Young William, with a bound,
Ran forward, and the anchor kiss'd.
"Thank God!" his father cried,
With gratitude he sigh'd,
And many thanks to Ben, and Jack, and Sam
express'd.

"Now mark the place, my friends, Thus happily our quicksand-danger ends."

### THE CAVERN.

(do laram minimaslaisa otal sol)

The parents sat upon the beach,
A ridge of pebbles high;
The children rambled, gathering shells,
But kept together nigh.

Papa he read, mamma she drew,
Until a gathering cloud
Warn'd both to rise, and seek their home.
Papa he call'd aloud,

For all his young ones to come back,
He calls them each by name:
He whistles, shouts, and Diver calls,
No answer to the same.

Alone, at length, he makes mamma Go tow'rds their house, then he Runs onward. They have disappear'd, He none of them can see.

The clouds still darken; thunder too
He thinks, far off, he hears;
A flash of lightning now he sees,
Augmented are his fears.

The tide is rising rapidly,

And cover'd is the beach!

Beneath the high cliff now he runs,

A slanting lane to reach.

Down which he thinks they may have stroll'd;
The heavy rain down pours;
The mist grows thick, the sea it swells,
The raging ocean roars.

The father, breathless with despair,
Keeps still beneath the cliff;
Some hundred feet in height it is,
To climb, th' attempt is death!

With breath suppress'd, and bursting eye,
Clench'd hands toss'd to and fro;
Thro' rain, and lightning, thunder, waves,
He still persists to go.

He calls in vain, his voice is drown'd,
It changes to a shriek;
The elements are all at war,
His trembling limbs grow weak.

When, suddenly he hears a cry;
A parent's heart alone
Could know that cry; it struck on his,
He answer'd with a groan.

Now by his coat-skirt he is seiz'd,
'Tis Diver! oh, what bliss!'
Diver, when known, then lets him go,
And bounds with happiness.

And, wading thro' the waves, they reach
A cavern large and high;
And there, all four, with outstretch'd arms,
"Papa! oh, save us!" cry.

Wildly he snatches both the girls,
And holds one in each arm;
"Hold by my coat, my boys," he says,
"You cannot come to harm."

But, to return's impossible,

For high is now the tide:

The lane is near, he makes for that

With Diver by his side.

Down on the grass he kneeling falls,
In silent, grateful pray'r;
Then tow'rds their home they quickly go,
And find their mother there.

Their anxious mother, all in tears!
So silent and so pale:

"To watch these stray-sheep, love, we must In future never fail,"

Remark'd papa: "Why, when the storm You saw and heard around, Why did you not return, my dears? Thank God, you're safe and sound!"

### THE BRIDGE.

And holds one in each arm;

"How shall we cross this stream, mamma?

No boat nor bridge is here, we find:

To jump across I have no mind;

What shall we do?"

"Sit down, and think a little, Jane;
Shall we turn back, or take a sweep,
Or, will you venture at a leap?
You at a loss I never knew."

"I wish to see the other side,
And gather wild-flow'rs in the wood,
And moss, and ivy, if we could,
To make our little grot.

Come, Mary Anne, cannot you speak,
What shall we do, to get well over?
Some clever way can't you discover?
For my part, I cannot."

Why, build a bridge," her sister said.

"A bridge!" exclaim'd young Jane aloud, 
"We're not with such great skill endow'd, 
How silly, Mary Anne."

"Then I'll begin," replied the other:
A knife she from her basket took,
Mamma and Jane both smiling look,
Yet neither guess her plan.

She cut some twigs and branches down;
But, finding soon, without some aid,
Her famous bridge could not be made,
"Come, help me, pray," she cried:
"These fishing-poles, I think they seem,
Mamma must place across the stream,
All close, thus, side by side.

"These broken boughs let us throw on,
They'll serve to make my bridge more tight;
Already 'tis a pretty sight,
To cross it I do long."

Full half an hour was gaily spent,
In childish, pleasant exercise,
Which made Jane think her sister wise,
And clever, the so young.

Shallow and narrow was the stream,

They cross'd it in due form and state;

Then follows a most grave debate

About the fishing-poles.

"My dears, they are not ours, as yet

No sort of injury we've done,

But, to the owners quickly run,
And call the honest souls."

Quick from their garden came the man,
And from their cottage came his dame;
Mamma said, "I know not your name,
But, see what we have made:
This little bridge, to wearied feet,
I really think, may save a mile;
To strengthen it is worth your while,
By me you shall be paid."

They simper, curtsey, bow, and laugh,
Admire the curious structure fine,
Accept the terms; their faces shine
With grateful pleasure.

Now ten times over, back again,

The children cross their darling bridge,
Which firmly rests on either ridge.
"Well, this is sure a treasure."

"The origin of bridges this,"
Remark'd mamma: "a fallen tree,
O'er streams and cataracts we see,
Bridges by nature made.

I like exertion of the mind;
Papa and brothers must come here
To see the bridge of sister dear,
Her hand the first pole laid."

and letters of each tours enrively look.

Acrept the terms term faces shine

## A CALM.

"How calm is the ocean,
How soft the air round;
The ships have no motion,
The waves have no sound:
All nature, as if it were sunk in fast sleep,
How clear the reflection of each in the deep.

The hull, ropes, and mast,
At anchor safe ride;
Those fine vessels tall,
And high is the tide,
As they cover it wide:
Success to them all!"

"Where, mamma, are your drawings? Do show me your book,

And let me at each most attentively look."

"You often have seen them, my Jane,

The tints of the sea

Are now study for me,

But come, and look at them again."

"How beautiful, mamma, they are,
Red, orange, purple, white:
From nature these you colour'd all,
How pleasing is the sight."

"Yes, my dear child, some think the sea
One fine perpetual green;
But various are its hues, we know,
You these have often seen.
The clouds, the sky, the sun, the wind,
Such different tints effect
Upon the wide expansive sea;
And now the waves rich blue reflect,
With curling wreathes of surf bedeck'd."

"I wonder when the boat will come?"
Young Mary Anne then cried;
"Our last day's pleasure this, I fear,"
And then she deeply sigh'd.

"Together we are all to sail,
To see them taking eggs;
To go with us, mamma, I find,
Our Susan humbly begs.

"And, if you'd please to let her go,
"Twould be to her a treat."

"With all my heart, my dearest girls,
Now dress yourselves both neat.

"On water-parties, ladies should Be well prepar'd for all: Their clothes secur'd, much trouble saves, Should there arise a squall.

"No ribands, veils, long petticoats,
Shawls flying in the air:
Compact and tight your dress should be,
Of this pray take good care.

"And then, you can enjoy the day,
Your clothes not put to rout;
Hear all that others have to say,
And calmly look about."

Then up stairs ran the little girls,
With Susan soon came down;
Both in their cloth pelisses blue,
And hats of beaver brown.

"Oh, here come all!" they loud exclaim,
"Papa comes with old Ben,
Brothers, young Jack, and steady Sam:
As usual, we are ten!

"What, Ben, are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, madam, long ago:

There, keep the boat steady,

You need not jump to and fro."

The sailors row, and Jack he steers,

They swiftly glide along,

And, looking up to the tall cliff,

Of sea-fowl see a throng.

All rang'd in lines upon the top,
Gulls, cormorants, are there;
A black line now, and then a white\*,
And puffins high in air.

"They independent look, and grand,"
Said Edward, gazing high:
"They care not for us here below,
Yet I will make them fly."

\*As often seen at the Needles.

Then up he set a scream so shrill,

His sisters stopp'd their ears;

But, not a bird stirr'd from its place,

"They're deaf, it now appears."

"No, master, no, they are not deaf,"
Said Sam, and gave a hem!
"But, little voices like your own,
Are nothing new to them."

He then took up his fowling-piece,
And fir'd it with great care;
Oh, what a mighty rush and scream
Was then heard in the air!

"You see," he cried, "they know that sound, Yet not at them I fir'd;
They'll shrieking fly in circles long,
And rest when they are tir'd."

And still the party smoothly row
Upon the sunny wave,
Around them swim and dive like ducks
White-fowl so bold and brave.

"Now, now," cries William, "I will catch
You, Sirs! and save alive:"

A rope well noos'd he strives to fling, When down they quickly dive.

William still tries, but 'tis in vain,

Looks foolish; all enjoy

His disappointment:—" Now sit still,

Or you will dive my boy."

- "Oh! see what's yonder?" Jane cried out, "O, look, mamma, on high!"
- "They're men, my dear, seeking birds' eggs;
  I look, but fearfully.
- "By ropes suspended see they hang,
  Thus samphire's got, 'tis said;
  (Some lines in Shakespeare you shall read,)
  Indeed, a dreadful trade!"
- "No, madam, no," then said old Ben,
  "Tis not so dreadful, sure,
  There are some trades much worse than this,
  Which I could not endure.

"What do you say of all the mines;
As salt, and coal, and tin,
Gunpowder-mills, glass-furnaces,
I've most of these been in?

"Now those good lads, you see aloft,
Accustom'd are to-climb;
No more than on the top-mast head,
They hazard life or limb.

"They rob the nests to eat and sell:

I heartily declare
That I as soon"——"Well, well, good Ben,"
Papa cried, "do not swear."

"This is a day I dearly love,
This peaceful, gentle calm;"
Said Mary Anne, "how soft the air,
And sweet it is as balm.

"Oh, how unruffled is the sea!
Say who can like a storm,
"Twould ev'ry grace and beauty hide,
And land and sea deform."

Her parents smil'd, well pleas'd to hear
Such sense from their dear child:

Mamma said, "Tempers we compare,
To weather rough and mild.

"Then cultivate this holy calm,
My dears, in every place;
Let peace and sunshine ever beam,
From heart, and voice, and face."

They now approach'd the firm white sand,
Which spread with colour'd wreaths
Of drifted ooze, that forward runs,
Thus wafted by the breeze.

The party do no choose to land:

"My men, we'll now turn back,"

Papa said, taking out his watch,

"But, good friends, where is Jack?"

"Why, he was steering but just now,
The fellow's fall'n asleep!
Oh! oh!" the sailors cried, "is't thus
A good look-out you keep?

"Trust you to steer! my little man!
Your duty better know."
Before papa could either stop,
Over the boy they throw.

The water shallow is, and clear,
The shore within his reach;
Into the waves now Diver springs,
And drags him to the beach.

"You've torn my jacket, that you have,
You dog!" cries laughing Jack:

"Hollo, my messmates! turn in here,
And he and I'll come back."

The party now proceeded on,
Still fast and smooth they glide,
And all at home at length arrive,
In time to save the tide.

"Oh, thanks, papa, and dear mamma!"

The happy children say,

"For all your kindness, love, and care, We've spent a charming day."

Another summary we come,

Please God we within the

### RETURNING HOME.

"Sister, our time is out," Jane said,
And then she gave a sigh,

"We quit this dear, this charming place, I could sit down and cry.

"For, here I could for ever stay,
A happy time we've spent:
To London we now haste away,
But we must be content."

"Though we must go," said Mary Anne,
"I dearly love the sea;
But, bus'ness now must have its turn,
Though nought to you or me."

"Bus'ness, my love," replied mamma,
"Gives shelter, clothes, and food:
We're rich, 'tis true, but not so weak,
To slight such sterling good.

"Another summer we may come,
And many days here spend,
Please God we are alive and well,
And duty strict attend.

"The boys must go to school, whilst we Have much to do at home;
Papa has got enough to do,
No longer he can roam.

"Pleasure, employment, take by turns,
Thus render life more sweet.
Our duty well perform'd by each,
A sure reward will meet."

### THE ARRIVAL.

it I hough we must go, be

THE happy family return'd,
And Mary Anne, now clean,
Sees all she had not seen before,
And goes where they had been.

Once more in town, they run about
Their own dear house with joy:
"Well, Home is Home!" exclaims each girl,
And smiling, thankful boy.

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