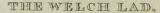


Jemima Taylor In 1936, the property of has qual. grandaughter Aris mary Arinta de Taylor C.I Collection NGE S

Christina Duff Stewart 37131 053 596 953







"Then their good father, with spectacled nose, Reads the Bible alond, c'er he takes his repose. See page 33.

London Rublished by W. Darton and J. Harvey . August 22 . 1805 ..

ORIGINAL POEMS,

FOR

INFANT MINDS. BY SEVERAL YOUNG PERSONS.

"In books, or work, or healthful play, Let my first years be past; That I may give for ev'ry day Some good account at last.

WATTS.

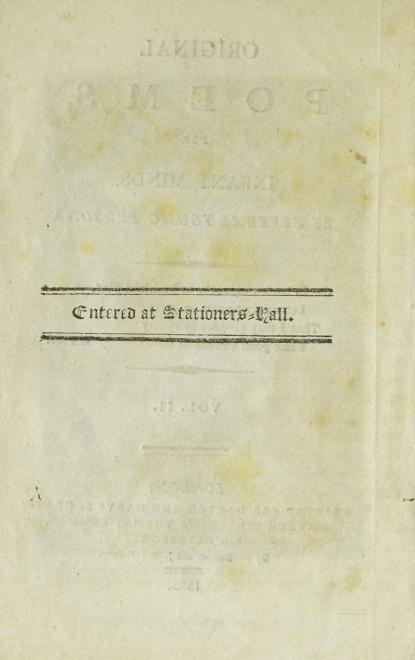
VOL. II.

LONDON:

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By W. Darton, and J. & J. Harvey.

1805.



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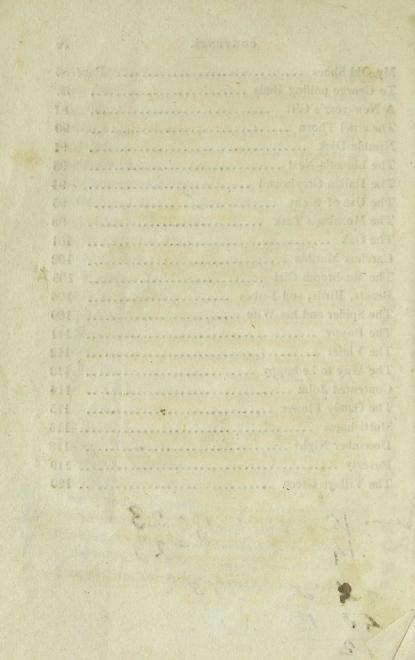
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ORIGINAL POEMS.

TURNIP TOPS.

WHILE yet the white frost sparkles over the ground, And day-light just peeps from the misty blue sky, In yonder green fields, with my basket I'm found; Come buy my sweet turnip tops,—turnip tops buy.

Sadly cold are my fingers, all drench'd with the dew, For the sun has scarce risen the meadows to dry, And my feet have got wet with a hole in my shoe, Come haste then, and buy my sweet turnip tops, buy.

While you were asleep with your bed curtains drawn, On pillows of down, in your chambers so high,
I tript with the first rosy beam of the morn To cull the green tops,—come my turnip tops buy.
YOL. II. Then, with the few halfpence or pence I can earn, A loaf for my poor mammy's breakfast I'll buy; And to-morrow again, little Ann shall return.

With turnip tops green and fresh gather'd, to cry.

THE VULGAR LITTLE LADY.

"Bur mamma, now," said Charlotte, "pray don't you believe _____

That I'm beder than Jenny, my nurse? Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my sleeve: Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

"I ride in a coach, and have nothing to do, And the country folks stare at me so; And nobody dares to controul me but you, Because I'm a lady, you know.

"Then servants are vulgar, and I am genteel, They're creatures that nobody knows, So I'm sure now, mamma, that I'm better a deal, Than maids, and such people as those."

3

"True gentility, Charlotte," her mother reply'd, "Is confin'd to no station or place, And nothing's so vulgar as folly and pride, Tho' drest in red slippers and lace.

" Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess, Should teach them the poor to despise, For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress, That the truest gentility lies."



MEDDLESOME MATTY.

On how one ugly trick has spoil'd The sweetest and the best! Matilda, tho' a pleasant child,

One ugly trick possess'd, Which, like a cloud before the skies, Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,

To peep at what was in it; Or tilt the kettle, if you did

But turn your back a minute. In vain you told her not to touch, Her trick of meddling grew so much.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

Her grandmamma went out one day, And by mistake she laid, Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,

在

Too near the little maid; Ah! well, thought she, I'll try them on, As soon as grandmamma is gone.

Forthwith she plac'd upon her nose

The glasses, large and wide; And looking round, as I suppose,

The snuff-box too she spied. O what a pretty box is this, I'll open it, said little miss.

I know that grandmamma would say,

Don't meddle with it, dear; But then, she's far enough away,

And no one else is near; Beside, what can there be amiss, In op'ning such a box as this?

So thumb and finger went to work

To move the stubborn lid; And presently, a mighty jirk,

The mighty mischief did; For all at once, ah! woful case, The snuff came puffing in her face!

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,

5

A dismal sight presented; And as the snuff got further in,

Sincerely she repented. In vain she ran about for ease, She could do nothing else but sneeze!

She dash'd the spectacles away,

To wipe her tingling eyes; And as in twenty bits they lay,

Her grandmamma she spies. Hey day, and what's the matter now, Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain, And tingling still, and sore, Made many a promise, to refrain From meddling evermore; And 'tis a fact, as I have heard, She ever since has kept her word.

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THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CON-FESSION OF POOR PUSS.

KIND masters and misses, whoever you be, Do stop for a moment, and pity poor me; While here on my death-bed I try to relate My many misfortunes, and miseries great.

My dear mother Tabby, I've often heard say, That I have been a very fine cat in my day; But the sorrows in which my whole life has been pass'd Have spoil'd all my beauty, and kill'd me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing! if I recollect right, I was kitten'd in March, on a clear frosty night; And before I could see, or was half a week old, I nearly had perish'd, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring, I got pretty well over, And mous'd in the hay-loft, or play'd in the clover; And when this displeas'd me, or mousing was stale, I us'd to run round and round, after my tail.

But ah! my poor tail, and my pretty sleak ears! The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears; And little I thought, when I lick'd them so clean, I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen.

Some time after this, when my sores were all heal'd, As I laid in the sun, sound asleep, in a field, Miss Fanny crept slily, and griping me fast, Declar'd, she had caught the sweet creature at last.

Ah! me, how I struggled my freedom to gain, But alas! all my kicking and scratching were vain, For she held me so tight in her pin-a-fore tied, That before she got home I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose; Wherever I went I was follow'd with blows; Some kick'd me for nothing while quietly sleeping, Or flogg'd me, for daring the pantry to peep in:

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him; How many's the time Master Jacky would set him, And while I stood terrify'd, all of a quake, Cried "hey, cat; and seize her boy, give her a shake."

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear Just taking a scrap, that I thought they could spare, Oh! what have I suffer'd with beating and banging, Or starv'd for a fortnight, or threaten'd with hanging.

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that, I've borne with a spirit becoming a cat; There was but one thing which I could not sustain, So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning, safe hid in a warm little bed, That down in the stable I'd carefully spread, Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw, I conceal'd, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud, I mew'd to my kittens, and purr'd out aloud; And thought with delight of the merry carousing, We'd have, when I first took them with me a mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty, I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity, For the very next morning my darlings I found, Lying dead by the horsepond, all mangled and drown'd!

Poor darlings! I dragg'd them along to the stable, And did all to warm them a mother was able, But alas! all my licking and mewing were vain, And I thought I should ne'er have been happy again.

9

However, time gave me a little relief, And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief, And at last I began to be gay and contented, Till one dreadful morning, for ever repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favourite sparrow, And often I long'd for a taste of its marrow; So, not having eaten a morsel all day, I flew to the bird-cage, and tore it away.

Now tell me, kind friends, was the like ever heard, That a cat should be kill'd for just catching a bird? And I'm sure, not the slightest suspicion I had, But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed, I can say with my paw on my heart, I would not have acted a mischievous part; But as dear mother Tabby was often repeating, I thought birds and mice were on purpose for eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its squeaking, Miss Fanny came in, while my whiskers were reeking, And on my poor back with the hot poker flying, She gave me those bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace, And cold clammy sweats trickle down from my face: I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side—— She stopp'd, gave a sigh and a struggle, and died!

ORIGINAL POEMS,



DAY.

THE sun rises bright in the air,

The dews of the morning are dry, Men and beasts to their labours repair.

And the lark wings his way to the sky; Now fresh from his moss dappled shed,

The husbandman trudges along, And like the lark over his head,

Begins the new day with a song.

Just now all around was so still,

Not a bird drew his head from his wing; Not an echo was heard from the hill,

Nor a water-fly dipt in the spring; Now, every thing wakes from its sleep,

The shepherd boy pipes to his flock, The common is speckled with sheep, And cheerfully clamours the cock.

Now, winding along on the road, Half hid by the hedges so gay, The waggon dregs slow with its load, And its bells tinkle, tinkle, away.

The husbandman follows his plough, Across the brown fallow field's slope, And toils in the sweat of his brow, Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city, so noisy and wide,

Begins to look smoky and grey, Now bus'ness, and pleasure, and pride,

March each in a different way. My lord, and my lady so fair,

The merchant, with dignified look, And all to their bus'ness repair,

From the nobleman down to his cook.

For the dews of the morning are flown, And the sun rises bright in the sky; Alike in the field and the town.

Men and beasts to their labours apply. Now idle no hand must remain,

Nor eye sink in slumber so dark, For evening is coming again,

And the night, in which no man can work,

And what is our life but a day? A short one that soon will be o'er; Without stopping it gallops away, And will never return any more! Then while its bright beamings we have, Let us keep its grand bus'ness in view, Before our sun sets in the grave,

Which we know not how soon it may do.

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NIGHT.

No longer the beautiful day,

Shines over the landscape so light; The shadows of evening grey,

Are clos'd in the darkness of night: The din of employment is o'er,

Not a sound, not a whisper is heard, The waggon bell tinkles no more,

And still is the song of the bird.

The landscape, once blooming so fair,

With a garment of flowers o'erspread; The landscape indeed is still there,

But all its fair colours are fled. The sun, sinking under the hill,

No longer shoots bright to the earth; The bustle of bus'ness is still,

And hush'd is the clamour of mirth.

The busy hand, busy no more, Is sunk from its labours to rest; Clos'd tight every window and door,

Where once the gay passengers prest. The houses of frolic and fun,

Are empty, and dreary, and dark; The din of the coaches is done,

And the tired horse rests from his work.

Just such is the season of death,

Which comes upon each of us fast; The bosom can't flutter with breath,

When life's little day-time is past. The blood freezes cold in its vein,

The heart sinks for ever to rest; Not a fancy flits over the brain,

Nor, a sigh finds its way from the breast.

The tongue stiff and silent is grown, The pale lips move never again; The smile and the dimple are flown,

And the voice both of pleasure and pain. Clay cold the once feverish head,

The bright eye is sullen and dark; For death's gloomy shadows have spread

That night, in which no man can work. vol. 11.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

But as from the silence and gloom, Another gay morning shall rise, So, bursting awake from the tomb,

We shall mount far away to the skies. And those, who with meekness and pray'r,

In the paths of religion have trod, Shall worship all glorious there,

Among the archangels of God.

DEAF MARTHA.

POOR Martha is old, and her hair is turn'd grey, And her hearing has left her this many long year; Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say, Tho' she puts her poor wither'd hand close to her ear.

I've seen naughty children run after her fast, And cry "Martha run, there's a bullock so bold," And when she was frighten'd, laugh at her at last, Because she believ'd the sad stories they told.

I've seen others put their mouths close to her ear, And make signs, as if they had something to say; And when she said "Master, I'm deaf and can't hear," Point at her, and mock her, and scamper away. Ah! wicked the children, poor Martha to tease,As if she had not enough else to endure;They rather should try her affliction to ease,And sooth a disorder that nothing can cure.

One day, when those children themselves are grown old,

And one may be deaf, and another be lame; Perhaps they may find, that some children as bold, May tease them, and mock them, and serve them the same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their youth, They'll think of poor Martha, and all that they said, And remember, with shame and repentance, the truth,

"That all wicked actions are surely repaid."

THE PIN.

"DEAR me! what signifies a pin, Wedg'd in a rotten board? I'm certain that 1 won't begin, At ten years old, to hoard! 15

c 2

ORIGINAL POEMS

I never will be call'd a miser, That I'm determin'd," said Eliza.

So onward tript the little maid,

And left the pin behind, Which very snug and quiet laid,

To its hard fate resign'd; Nor did she think (a careless chit) 'Twas worth her while to stop for it.

Next day a party was to ride

To see an air balloon; And all the company beside,

Were drest and ready soon. But she a woful case was in, For want of just a single pin!

In vain her eager eye she brings

To every darksome crack, There was not one! and all her things

Were dropping off her back. She cut her pincushion in two, But no! not one had slidden through.

At last, as hunting on the floor,

Over a crack she lay, The carriage rattled to the door, Then rattled fast away;

17

But poor Eliza was not in, For want of just-a single pin!

There's hardly any thing so small, So trifling, or so mean, That we may never want at all, For service unforeseen;

And wilful waste, depend upon't, Is, almost always, woful want!



THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS.

HERE in this wiry prison, where I sing, And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly; Unable once to stretch my feeble wing,

Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky.

Day after day the self same things I see, The cold white ceiling, and this wiry house; Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree, Rock'd by the winds that whistled thro' the boughs.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

Mild spring returning, strews the ground with flower. And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay; But no warm sunshine cheers my gloomy hours, / Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

Oh! how I long to stretch my weary wings, And fly away as far as eye can see;And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe he

Why was I taken from the waving nest? From flow'ry fields, wide woods, and hedges green, Torn from my tender mother's downy breast, In this sad prison-house to die unseen!

Why must I hear in summer evenings fine, A thousand happier birds in merry choirs? And I, poor lonely I, forbid to join, Cag'd by these wooden walls and golden wires!

Kind mistress come, with gentle, pitying hand,Unbar my prison door and set me free;Then, on the white thorn bush I'll take my stand,And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.



18

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THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE BIRD.

DEAR little bird, don't make this piteous cry, My heart will break to hear thee thus complain; Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,

If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Sad was the boy who climb'd the tree so high, And took thee bare and shiv'ring from thy nest; But no, dear little bird, it was not I, There's more of soft and

There's more of soft compassion in my breast;

But when I saw thee, gasping wide for breath, Without one feather on thy callow skin,I begg'd the cruel boy to spare thy death, Paid for thy little life and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care, And fili'd thy gaping beak with nicest food; Gave thee new bread and butter from my share, And then with chick-weed green thy dwelling strew'd.

ORIGINAL POEMS,

Soon downy feathers drest thy naked wing, Smooth'd by thy little beak with beauish care; And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing, And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison door, And let thee out into the world so wide, Unus'd to such a wond'rous place before, Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes, And fight the stranger from their woods away; Fierce hawks would chase thee tumbling thro' the skies,

Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit, Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard, And when the wintry wind and driving sleet, Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my fav'rite, to be free,Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye;I would not take thee from thy native tree,But now, 'twould kill thee soon to let thee fly.

20



THE TRUE HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A poor little mouse had once made him a nest, As he fancy'd, the warmest, and safest, and best,

That a poor little mouse could enjoy; So snug, so convenient, so out of the way, This poor little mouse and his family lay,

They fear'd neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use, Where shavings and papers were scatter'd in loose,

That this poor little mouse made his hole: But alas! Master Johnny had seen him one day, As in a great fright he had scamper'd away,

With a piece of plum pudding he stole.

As soon as young Johnny (who wicked and bad, No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had)

Descried the poor fellow's retreat, He crept to the shavings and set them alight, And before the poor mouse could run off in its fright,

It was scalded to death in the heat!

Poor mouse! how it squeak'd I can't bear to relate, Nor how its poor little ones hopp'd in the grate,

And died one by one in the flame! I should not much wonder to hear that one night, This wicked boy's bed curtains catching alight,

He suffer'd exactly the same.

THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's delight, To chatter and talk without stopping; There was not a day but she rattled away, Like water for ever a dropping!

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes, 'Twas vain to endeavour to still her; Nor once did she lack, to continue her clack,

Till again she laid down on her pillow.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been gaps,

If she had not been wonderful clever; That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate, That it would be forthcoming for ever:

22

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard, That much tongue, and few brains, are connected? That they are suppos'd, to think least who talk most, And their wisdom is always suspected?

While Lucy was young, if she'd bridled her tongue,With a little good sense and exertion;Who knows but she might now have been our delight,Instead of our jest and aversion !

THE SNOWDROP.

I saw a snowdrop on the bed, Green taper leaves among; Whiter than driven snow, its head On the slim stalk was hung.

The wintry wind came sweeping o'er, A bitter tempest blew : The snowdrop faded—never more To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid In its fond mother's arms; Around its rosy cheek there play'd A thousand dimpling charms.

ORIGINAL FOEMS,

A bitter pain was sent to take The smiling babe away; How did its little bosom shake, As in a fit it lay!

Its beating heart was quickly stopp'd, And in the earth so cold, I saw the little coffin dropp'd, And cover'd up with mould.

Dear little children, who may read This mournful story through, Remember, death may come with speed, And bitter pains, for you.

THE YELLOW LEAF.

I saw a leaf come tilting down, From a bare, wither'd bough; The leaf was dead, the branch was brown, No fruit was left it now:

But much the rattling tempest blew,

The naked boughs among; And here and there, came whirling through A leaf that loosely hung.

This leaf, they tell me, once was green, Wash'd by the showers soft;High on the topmost bough 'twas seen, And flourish'd up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow, Wrinkled, and weak, and grey; He'd hardly strength enough to go Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim, He lean'd on crutches high; But while I staid to pity him, I saw him gasp and die

This poor old man was one: as gay As rosy health could be, Yes, and the youngest heal most le Eere long, as low as he:

POOR POMPEY'S COMPLAINT.

Stretch'd out on a dung-hill, all cover'd with snow, While round him blew many a pitiless blast,
His breath short and painful, his pulse beating low, Poor honest old Pompey lay breathing his last.
VOL. II. Bleak whistled the wind, and loud bellow'd the storm, Cold pelted upon him the half frozen rain; And amid the convulsions that shatter'd his form, Thus honest old Pompey was heard to complain.

"Full many a winter I've weather'd the blast, And plung'd for my master through briar or bog; And in my old age, when my vigour is past, "Tis cruel, I think, to forsake his poor dog.

"I've guarded his dwelling by day and by night, Impatient the roost-robbing gipsy to spy; And the roost-robbing gipsy turn'd pale with affright, When the flash of resentment shot fierce from my eye.

"On the heath and the mountain I've follow'd his flocks,

And kept them secure, while he slept in the sun; Defended them safe from the blood-thirsty fox, And ask'd but a bone when my labour was done.

The second field with her

"When he work'd in the corn-field, with brawny hot back,

I watch'd by his waistcoat beneath the tall tree, And woe to the robber that dar'd to attack

The charge that my master committed to me.

26

- "When jogging from market, with bags full of gold, No moon to enliven his perilous way,
- Nor star twinkling bright through the atmosphere cold,

'Twas I kept the slow creeping robber at bay.

- "One night, when with cold overcome and opprest, He sunk by the way-side, benumb'd in the snow, I stretch'd my warm belly along on his breast,
- And moan'd, to let kind-hearted passengers know.
- "Yes-long have I serv'd him with courage and zeal, Till my shaking old bones are grown brittle and dry;
- And 'tis an unkindness I bitterly feel, To be turn'd out of doors on a dunghill to die!
- "I crawl'd to the kitchen, with pitiful moan, And show'd my poor ribs, that were cutting my skin,
- And look'd at my master, and begg'd for a bone, But he said I was dirty, and must not come in !
- "But 'tis the last struggle! my sorrows are o'er; 'Tis death's clammy hand that is glazing my eye; The keen gripe of hunger shall pinch me no more, Nor hard-hearted master be deaf to my cry!

ANN.

THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too, About it white daisies and butter-flow'rs grew, And dark weeping willows, that stoop'd to the ground, Dipp'd in their long branches and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair, To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there: Indeed, the assembly would frequently meet To talk o'er affairs in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to converse,

I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse; For tho' I've oft listen'd in hopes of discerning, I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken, who liv'd thereabout, Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out: Now standing tail upwards, now diving below; She thought of all things she should like to do so.

29

So this foolish chicken began to declare, " I've really a great mind to venture in there; My mother's oft told me I must not go nigh, But really, for my part, I cannot tell why.

"Ducks have wings and feathers, and so have I too.

And my feet—what's the reason that they will not do? Tho' my beak is pointed, and their beaks are round, Is that any reason that I should be drown'd?

"So why should not I swim as well as a duck? Suppose then I venture, and e'en try my luck; For" said she (spite of all that her mother had taught her)

"I'm really remarkably fond of the water."

So in this poor ignorant animal flew, And soon found her dear mother's cautions were true; She splash'd, and she dash'd, and she turn'd herself round,

*And heartily wish'd herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent, The harder she struggled the deeper she went; And when ev'ry effort she vainly had tried, She slowly sunk down to the bottom, and died! The ducks, I perceiv'd, began loudly to quack, When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its

back,

And by their grave looks, it was very apparent, They discours'd on the sin of not minding a parent.



THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green, The pretty English girl is seen; Or beside her cottage neat, Knitting on the garden seat.

Now within her humble door, Sweeping clean the kitchen floor, Where, upon the wall so white, Hang her coppers polish'd bright,

Mary never idle sits, She either sews, or spins, or knits, Hard she labours all the week, With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes, Neatly drest in decent clothes, Says her prayers (a constant rule) And hastens to the Sunday School.

O how good should we be found, Who live on England's happy ground ! Where rich, and poor, and wretched may All learn to walk in wisdom's way.



THE SCOTCH LADDIE.

COLD blows the north wind o'er the mountain so bare,

Poor Sawny benighted is travelling there, His plaid-cloak around him he carefully binds, And holds on his bonnet, that's blown by the winds.

Long time has he wander'd his desolate way, That wound him along by the banks of the Tay; Now o'er this cold mountain poor Sawny must roam, Before he arrives at his dear little home.

Barefooted he follows the path he must go, The print of his footsteps he leaves in the snow; And while the white sleet patters cold on his face, He thinks of his home, and he quickens his pace.

But see from afar he discovers a light, That cheerfully gleams on the darkness of night, And O what delights in his bosom arise! He knows 'tis his dear little home that he spies.

And now, when arriv'd at his father's own door, His fears, his fatigues, and his dangers are o'er; His brothers and sisters press round with delight, And welcome him in from the storms of the night.

For in vain from the north the keen winter winds blow,

In vain are the mountain tops cover'd with snow; The cold of his country can never controul, The affection that glows in the highlander's soul.



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THE WELCH LAD.

OVER the mountain, and over the rock, Wanders young Taffy to follow his flock, While far above him he sees the wild goats, Gallop about in their shaggy warm coats.

Sometimes they travel, in frolicsome crowds, To the mountain's high top that is lost in the clouds, Then they descend to the valley again, Or scale the black rocks that hang over the main.

Now when young Taffy's day's labour is o'er, He cheerfully sits at his own cottage door; While all his brothers and sisters around, Sit in a circle upon the bare ground.

Then their good father, with spectacled nose, Reads the Bible aloud, e'er he takes his repose; While the pale moon rises over the hill, And the birds are asleep, and all nature is still.

Now with his harp old Llewellyn is seen, And joins the gay party that sit on the green, He leans in the door-way, and plays them a tune, And the children all dance by the light of the moon.

How often the wretch, in a city so gay, Where pleasure and luxury follow his way; When health quite forsakes him, and cheerfulness fails, Might envy a lad on the mountains of Wales!

THE IRISH BOY.

Chen they do

Young Paddy is merry and happy, but poor, His cabin is built in the midst of a moor; No pretty green meadows about it are found, But bogs in the middle and mountains around.

This wild Irish lad, of all lads the most frisky, Enjoys his spare meal of potatoes and whisky, As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind, At the door of his cabin, and sings to the wind.

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Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog, Who has plung'd with his master thro' many a bog: While Paddy sings "liberty long shall reign o'er us," Shag catches his ardour, and barks a loud chorus.

Young Paddy, indeed, is not polish'd or mild, But his soul is as free as his country is wild; And tho' unacquainted with fashion or dress, His heart ever melts at the sound of distress.

Then let us not laugh at his bulls and his blunders, His broad native brogue, or his ignorant wonders; Nor will we by ridicule ever destroy, The honest content of a wild Irish boy.

And thus while I sing of the wild Irish lad; The Welch boy; the Scotch, with his waistcoat of plaid, I earnestly pray that I never may roam,

From England, dear England, my own native home !



GREEDY RICHARD.

"I THINK I want some pies this morning," Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning; So down he threw his slate and books, And saunter'd to the pastry-cook's.

And there he cast his greedy eyes, Round on the jellies and the pies, So to select, with anxious care, The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided, As his opinion was divided 'Twixt pie and jelly, he was loath Either to leave, so took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleas'd To eat till hunger was appeas'd, But he'd go on to cram and stuff, Long after he had had enough.

" I sha'nt take any more," said Dick, " Dear me, I feel extremely sick, I cannot eat this other bit; I wish I had not tasted it."

Then slowly rising from his seat, He threw the cheesecake in the street, And left the tempting pastry cook's, With very discontented looks.

Just then, a man with wooden leg Met Dick, and held his hat to beg; And while he told his mournful case, Look'd at him with imploring face.

Dick wishing to relieve his pain, His pocket search'd, but search'd in vain, And so at last he did declare, He had not got a farthing there.

The beggar turn'd, with face of grief, And look of patient unbelief, While Richard, now completely tam'd, Felt inconceivably asham'd.

"I wish," said he, (but wishing's vain,) I'd got my money back again, VOL. II, E

And had not spent my last, to pay For what I only threw away.

Another time I'll take advice, And not buy things because they're nice, But rather save my little store To give poor folks, who want it more:

DIRTY JACK.

There was one little Jack, Not very long back,

And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace, That he never was seen With his hands at all clean,

Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt To see so much dirt,

And often and well did they scour; But all was in vain, He was dirty again

Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent, He reluctantly went,

With water to splash himself o'er, But he left the black streaks All over his cheeks,

And made them look worse than before.

The pigs in the dirt

Could not be more expert

Than he was, at grubbing about; And people have thought, This gentleman ought,

To be made with four legs and a snout,

The idle and bad May, like to this lad, Be dirty and black, to be sure; But good boys are seen To be decent and clean,

Altho' they are ever so poor.



E 2 '

THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red, While yet upon their wholesome bed,

The sleeping lab'rers rest; And the pale moon and silver star, Grow paler still, and wand'ring far, Sink slowly to the west.

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And see, behind the sloping hill, The morning clouds grow brighter still, And all the shades retire :

Slowly the sun, with golden ray, Breaks forth above th' horizon grey, And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice, The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,

The lark ascends the skies; And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm, The sleeping people at the farm, And bid them all arise.

Then to the dairy's cool retreat, The busy maids together meet;

The careful mistress sees, Some tend with skilful hand the churns, Where the thick cream to butter turns,

And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house, With well known cry, to call the cows, Still sleeping on the plain; They, quickly rising one and all, Obedient to the daily call,

Wind slowly thro' the lane.

And see the rosy milk-maid now, Seated beside the horned cow,

With milking stool and pail; The patient cow, with dappled hide, Stands still, unless to lash her side

With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge) Must all be fed, and let at large,

To roam about again; Wide open swings the great barn door, And out the hungry creatures pour,

To pick the scatter'd grain.

E 3

Forth plodding to the heavy plough, The sun-burnt lab'rer hastens now,

To guide with skilful arm; Thus all is industry around, No idle hand is ever found,

Within the busy farm.

READING.

"AND so you do not like to spell, Mary, my dear, O very well: "Tis dull and troublesome, you say, And you had rather be at play:

"Then bring me all your books again, Nay, Mary, why do you complain? For as you do not choose to read, You shall not have your books, indeed.

"So, as you wish to be a dunce, Pray go and fetch me them at once; For as you will not learn to spell, "Tis vain to think of reading well.

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"Now don't you think, you'll blush to own, When you become a woman grown, Without one good excuse to plead, That you have never learnt to read."

"O dear mamma," (said Mary then,) "Do let me have my books again, I'll not fret any more indeed, If you will let me learn to read."

IDLENESS.

Some people complain they have nothing to do, And time passes slowly away; They saunter about with no object in view, And long for the end of the day.

In vain are their riches, or honors, or birth, They nothing can truly enjoy; They're the wretchedest creatures that live on the earth, For want of some pleasing employ,

When people have no need to work for their bread, And indolent always have been, It never so much as comes into their head, That wasting their time is a sin.

But man was created for useful employ, From earth's first creation till now; And'tis good for his health, and his comfort, and joy, To live by the sweat of his brow.

And those who of riches are fully possest,Are not for that reason exempt,If they give themselves up to an indolent rest,They are objects of real contempt.

The pleasure that constant employments create, By them cannot be understood; And tho' they may rank with the rich and the great, They never can rank with the good.



THE HORSE.

A HORSE, long us'd to bit and bridle, But always much dispos'd to idle, Had often wish'd that he was able To steal unnotic'd from the stable.

He panted, from his inmost soul, To be at nobody's controul, Go his own pace, slower or faster, In short, do nothing—like his master.

But yet, he ne'er had got at large, If Jack (who had him in his charge) Had not, as many have before, Forgot to shut the stable door.

Dobbin, with expectation swelling, Now rose to quit his present dwelling, But first peep'd out, with cautious fear, T' examine if the coast was clear.

At length he ventur'd from his station, And with extreme self-approbation, As if deliver'd from a load, He gallopp'd to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating, (Till he was almost tir'd of waiting) Which way he'd please to bend his course, Now there was nobody to force.

At last, uncheck'd by bit or rein, He saunter'd down a pleasant lane,

And neigh'd forth many a jocund song, In triumph, as he pass'd along.

But when dark night began t' appear, In vain he sought some shelter near, And he was sure he could not bear To sleep out in the open air.

The grass felt very damp and raw, Much colder than his master's straw, Yet on it he was forc'd to stretch, A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly, Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly: Perhaps a feeling like remorse, Just now might sting the gentle horse:

As soon as day began to dawn, Dobbin, with long and weary yawn, Arose from this his sleepless night, But in low spirits and bad plight.

If this (thought he) is all I get, A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet; And thus forlorn about to roam, I think I'd better be at home.

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"I'was long e'er Dobbin could decide, Betwixt his wishes and his pride, Whether to live in all this danger, Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way; The thought of savoury oats and hay To hungry stomach, was a reason Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set, with look profound, Right glad that he was homeward bound; And trotting fast as he was able, Soon gain'd once more his master's stable.

Now Dobbin, after this disaster, Never again forsook his master, Convinc'd 'twas best to let him mount, Than travelling on his own account.

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria, As happily liv'd as good girls could desire; And tho' they were neither grave, sullen, nor mute, They seldom or never were heard to dispute. If one wants a thing that the other could get, They don't go to scratching and fighting for it; But each one is willing to give up her right, For they'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

If one of them happens to have something nice, Directly she offers her sister a slice; And not like to some greedy children I've known, Who would go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done, 'These good little girls would immediately run, And not stand disputing to which it belong'd, And grumble and fret, and declare they were wrong'd.

Whatever occur'd, in their work or their play, They were willing to yield and give up their own way;

Then let us all try their example to mind, And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

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MISCHIEF.

LET those who're fond of idle tricks, Of throwing stones, and breaking bricks, And all that sort of fun; Now hear a tale of idle Jim. That they may warning take by him, Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport and healthful play, He never past his time away,

He took no pleasure in it; For mischief was his only joy, Nor book, nor work, nor even toy,

Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slily pass, And throw a stone to break the glass, And then enjoy the joke;

Or if a window open stood, He'd throw in stones, or bits of wood,

To frighten all the folk. VOL. II.

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If travellers passing chanc'd to stay, Of idle Jim to ask the way,

He never told them right; And then, quite harden'd in his sin, Rejoice to see them taken in,

And laugh with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street, So to entangle people's feet,

And make them tumble down; Indeed, he was dislik'd so much, That no good boy would play with such

A nuisance to the town.

At last, the neighbour's in despair, Could all these tricks no longer bear,

In short (to end the tale) The lad was cur'd of all his ways, One time, by spending a few days Inside the county gaol.



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THE SPIDER.

"O LOOK at that great ugly spider," (said Ann,) And screaming, she knock'd it away with her fan; 'Tis a great ugly creature, as ever can be, I wish that it would not come crawling on me."

"Indeed," (said her mother,) "I'll venture to say, "Twill take care next time not to come in your way; For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain. I'm sure it has much the most cause to complain.

" Now why should you hate the poor insect, my dear? If it hurt you there'd be some excuse for your fear; But if it had known where it was going to, "Twould have hurried away, and not crawl'd upon you.

"For them to fear us, is but natural and just, Who in less than a moment could tread them to dust; But certainly we have no cause for alarm, For, if they should try, they could do us no harm. "Now look—it has got to its home, do you see? What a fine curious web it has wove in the tree! Now this, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you, Only see what industry and patience can do!

"So, when at your bus'ness you idle and play, Recollect what you've seen of this insect to-day, For fear it should even be found to be true, That a poor little spider is better than you."

THE COW AND THE ASS.

Hard by a green meadow a stream us'd to flow, So clear one might see the white pebbles below; To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray, To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppress'd with the heat of the sun, Came here to refresh, as she often had done; And standing stock still, leaning over the stream, Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream./

But soon a brown ass, of respectable look, Came trotting up also, to taste of the brook,

And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass; "How d'ye do?" said the cow, "how d'ye do?" said the ass.

" Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand,

" By no means, dear madam," said he, " while you stand ;"

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow, "Ma'am, your health," said the ass ;—" thank you, sir," said the cow.

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When a few of these compliments more had been past,

They laid themselves down on the herbage at last, And waiting politely, (as gentlemen must,)

The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began, "Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injur'd by man? "Tis a subject that lays with a weight on my mind; We certainly are much oppress'd by mankind.

"Now what is the reason? (I see none at all,) That I always must go when Suke chooses to call:

Whatever I'm doing, ('tis certainly hard,) At once I must go to be milk'd in the yard.

"I've no will of my own, but must do as they please, And give them my milk to make butter and cheese; I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail, Or give Suke a box of the ears with my tail."

- "O dear, I beg pardon,—pray finish your speech; I thought you had done, ma'am, indeed," (said the
 - swain,)
- "Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only a going to observe, I'm resolv'd, that these tyrants no longer I'll serve , But leave them for ever to do as they please, And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done, And then, "not presuming to teach,"—he begun— "With submission, dear madam, to your better wit, I own I am not quite convinc'd by it yet.

"That you're of great service to them is quite true, But surely they are of some service to you;

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[&]quot;But, ma'am," said the ass, not presuming to teach-

'Tis their nice green meadow in which you regale, They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.'

" 'Tis under their shelter you snugly repose, When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might

be froze.

For my own part, I know I receive much from man, And for him, in return, I do all that I can."

The cow upon this cast her eyes on the grass, Not pleas'd at thus being reprov'd by an ass; Yet, thought she, I'm determin'd I'll benefit by't, For I really believe that the fellow is right."

JANE,

THE BLIND SAILOR.

A SAILOR with a wooden leg, A little charity implores; He holds his tatter'd hat to beg,

Come, let us join our little stores. Poor sailor! we ourselves might be As wretched and as poor as thee.

A thousand thanks, my lady kind,
A thousand blessings on your head;
A flash of lightning struck me blind,
Or else I would not beg my bread.
I pray, that you may never be
As wretched and as poor as me.

I watch'd amid the stormy blast, While horrid thunders rent the clouds;
A flash of lightning split the mast, And danc'd among the bellowing shrouds;
That moment to the deck I fell,
A poor, unhappy spectacle !

From that tremendous, awful night,

I've never seen the light of day; No,-not a spark of glimmering light

Has shone across my darksome way. That light I valu'd not before, Shall bless these wither'd eyes no more.

My little dog-a faithful friend,

Who with me cross'd the stormy main, Doth still my weary path attend,

And comforts me in all my pain; He guides me from the miry bog, My poor, half-famish'd, faithful dog!

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With this companion at my side, I travel on my lonely way;

And God Almighty will provide

A crust to feed us day by day. Weep not for me, my lady kind, Almighty God protects the blind.

THE WORM.

No, little worm, you need not slip Into your hole, with such a skip; Drawing the gravel as you glide On to your smooth and slimy side. I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I, Peeping about, your holes to spy, And fly away with you in the air, To give my little ones each a share. No, and I'm not a rolling-stone, Creeking along, with hollow groan; Nor am I of the naughty crew, Who don't care what poor worms go thro'. But trample on them as they lay, Rather than step the other way;

Or keep them dangling on a hook, Choak'd in a dismal pond or brook, Till some poor fish comes swimming past, And finishes their pain at last. For my part, I could never bear Your tender flesh to hack and tear, Forgetting that poor worms endure As much as I should, to be sure, If any giant should come and jump On to my back, and kill me plump, Or run my heart through with a scythe, And think it fun to see me writhe !

O no, I'm only looking about, To see you wriggling in and out, And drawing together your slimy rings, Instead of feet, like other things; So, little worm, don't slide and slip Into your hole, with such a skip.

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FIRE.

WHAT is it that shoots from the mountain so high, In many a beautiful spire? What is it that blazes and curls to the sky? This beautiful something is fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan, Hot cinders fall thicker than snow; Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown, For burning fire rages below.

When winter blows bleak, and loud bellows the storm, And frostily twinkle the stars;Then bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm, And the kettle sings shrill on the bars.

Then call the poor trav'ller in, cover'd with snow, And warm him with charity kind;Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire rugged metals are fitted for use, Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin; Without its assistance, we could not produce So much as a minikin pin.⁴

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes; If only one spark should be dropt, Whole houses, or *cities*, sometimes it consumes, Where its violence cannot be stopt.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise, How wide will its blazes be curl'd! With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies, And burn up this beautiful world.

AIR.

WEAT is it that winds about over the world, Spread thin like a covering fair? Into each crack and crevice 'tis artfully curl'd; This sly little fluid is—air.

In summer's still ev'ning how peaceful it floats, When not a leaf moves on the spray; And no sound is heard but the nightingale's notes, And merry gnats dancing away.

The village bells glide on its bosom serene, And steal in sweet cadence along; The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green, And the cottage girls join in the song.

But when winter blows, then it bellows aloud,And roars in the northerly blast;With fury drives onward the snowy blue cloud,And cracks the tall, tapering mast.

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The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies In billows and fringes of foam; And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lays and smothers, or gnaws thro' the beam, Air forces it fiercer to glow;And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream, Unless the wind ceases to blow.

In the forest, it tears up the sturdy old oak, That many a tempest had known; The tall mountain's pine into splinters is broke, And over the precipice blown.

And yet, tho' it rages with fury so wild, On the solid earth, water, or fire,Without its assistance the tenderest child, Would struggle, and gasp, and expire,

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay, Gave life to these bodies at first; And when in the bosom it ceases to play, We crumble again to our dust.

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EARTH.

WHAT is it that's cover'd so richly with green,
And gives to the forest its birth?
A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene;
Whose bosom?——the bosom of earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines, The ruby, and amethyst blue;And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

Large quarries of granite and marble are spread In its wonderful bosom, like bones; Chalks, gravel, and coals, salt, sulphur, and lead, And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colours and forms,Either stalk in its desarts, or creep;White bears sit and growl to the northerly storms,And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak, and the snowdrop, the cedar, and rose, Alike on its bosom are seen; The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows, And the mountain-ash scarlet and green.

Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills, A thousand flowers breathe in the gale; Tall water-weeds dip in its murmuring rills, And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decay'd,And this warm throbbing heart is at rest;My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,To find a long home in thy breast.

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### WATER.

WHAT is it that glitters so clear and serene, Or dances in billows so white? Ships, skimming along on its surface, are seen—

'Tis water that glitters so bright.

G 2

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet, The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps;

A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet, And coral, glows red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicsome wrath, While hoarsely the winter wind roars; And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the north, And wander along by our shores.

When tempests sweep over its bosom serene, Like mountains its billows arise;The ships now appear to be bury'd between, And now carry'd up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill, And sparkles right down from the steep; Then waters the valley, and roars thro' the mill, And wanders in many a sweep.

The trav'ller that crosses the desart so wide, Hot, weary, and stifled with dust, Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side, To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast, Nor ruffles its surface serene;

And the duckling unfledg'd waddles out of its nest To dabble in ditch-water green.

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The clouds, blown about in the chilly blue sky, Vast cisterns of water contain; Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly, In summer stream gently in rain.

When sun-beams so bright on the falling drops shine, The rainbow enlivens the shower,And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign, That water shall drown us no more.

### TIT FOR TAT.

TIT for tat is a very bad word, As frequently people apply it; It means, as I've usually heard,

They intend to revenge themselves by it. There is but one place where's it's proper and pat, And there, I permit them, to say 'tit for tat.'

Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load, Or gallops with master or man, Don't lash him so fast on the road,

You see he does all that he can: How long has he serv'd you? do recollect that, And treat him with kindness; 'tis but 'tit for tat.'

G 3

Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail, And trudges home morning and night, 'Till Dolly appears with her pail,

To milk out the fluid so white; Don't kick her poor haunches, or beat her, and that, To be kind to poor Brindle is but 'tit for tat.'

Grey Donkey, the sturdy old ass,

That jogs with his panniers so wide, And wants but a mouthful of grass,

Or perhaps, a green thistle beside: Don't load him so heavy, he can't carry that; Poor Donkey, I'm sure they forget ' tit for tat.'

There's honest old Tray in the yard,

What courage and zeal has he shown; 'Twould surely be cruelly hard,

Not to cast the poor fellow a bone. How fiercely he barks at the robbers, and that, I'm sure, that to starve him, is not 'tit for tat.'

Poor Puss, that runs mewing about,

Her white belly sweeping the ground; The mother abus'd and kick'd out,

And her innocent little ones drown'd; Whenever she catches the mischievous rat Be kind to poor Pussy, 'tis but 'tit for tat.'

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Whatever shows kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay;
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
And ev'ry thing else in its way;
In cases like these, it is proper and pat,
To make use of this maxim, and say, 'tit for tat,'

JANE AND ELIZA,

THERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain,

One's name was Eliza, the other was Jane;

They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,

And both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas thought by most people, who slightly had seen them,

There was not a pin to be chosen between them; But no one for long in this notion persisted, So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well, that she could not be pleasing . While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing ; And therefore in company artfully tried, Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide*.

So when she was out, with much labour and pain, She contriv'd to look *almost* as pleasing as Jane; But I'm sure you'd have laugh'd, to have known all

the while,

How her mouth would oft ach while she forc'd it to smile.

But in spite of her care, it would sometimes befal That some cross event happen'd to ruin it all,

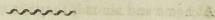
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,

Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispers'd.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide, And therefore these troublesome arts never tried; Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing, But her face always show'd what her bosom was feeling.

The smiles that upon her sweet countenance were, At home or abroad, they were constantly there; And Eliza work'd hard, but could never obtain, The affection that freely was given to Jane.

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# ELIZA AND JANE.

Thetets is and beide d alle

CHEER up, my young friends, I have better news now,

Eliza has driven the scowl from her brow, And finding she paid to get *nothing* so dearly, Determin'd at last to be good-natur'd *really*.

'Twas a great deal of trouble at first, I confess, Her temper would rise, and 'twas hard to repress; But being a girl of some sense and discerning, She would not be stopp'd by the trouble of turning.

Ten times in a day she'd her work to begin, When passion or fretfulness begg'd to come in; But determin'd to see their vile faces no more, She sent them off packing, and bolted the door.

Sometimes she would kneel in her chamber, and pray That God in his mercy would take them away; And God, who is pleas'd with a penitent's cry, Bow'd down in compassion, and help'd her to try, The smiles that now beam on her countenance fair, At home and abroad, they are constantly there; And Eliza no longer is forc'd to complain, That she is not belov'd like her play-fellow Jane.

THE BABY.

SAFE sleeping on its mother's breast The smiling babe appears, Now sweetly sinking into rest,

Now wash'd in sudden tears. Hush, hush, my little baby dear, There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care

The little thing must die, Its chubby hands too feeble are

One service to supply; And not a tittle does it know What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass When scarcely born a day; The foal, beside its mother ass, Trots frolicsome away,

And not a creature, tame or wild, Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the Dolly, gaily drest, And stroke its flaxen hair, Or ring the coral at its waist,

With silver bells so fair, Is all the little creature can, That is so soon to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow And lighten up the skies, Before its tender limbs can grow

To any thing of size; And all the while the mother's eye Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him For toil and enterprize,
His mother's kindness is a debt,
He never, never will forget.

# THE POOR OLD MAN.

AH! who is it totters along,

And leans on the top of his stick? His wrinkles are many and long,

And his beard is grown silver and thick. No vigour enlivens his frame,

No cheerfulness beams in his eye, His limbs are enfectled and lame,

And I think he is going to die.

They tell me, he once was as young,

As gay and as cheerful as I, That he danc'd the green wood walks among,

And caroll'd his songs to the sky; That he clamber'd high over the rocks,

To search where the sea-bird had been, And follow'd his frolicsome flocks,

Up and down, on the mountain so green.

But now what a change there appears !

How alter'd his figure and face! Bent low with a number of years,

How feeble and slow is his pace!

He thought, a few winters ago, Old age was a great while to come, And it seems but as yesterday now,

That he frolic'd in vigour and bloom.

He thought, it was time enough yet, For death and the grave to prepare, And seem'd all his life, to forget

How fast time would carry him there. He sported in spirits and ease,

And religion thought troublesome stuff, Till all in a hurry he sees,

That he has not got half time enough.

Now weak with disorder and years,

And tottering into the dust, He wishes, with penitent tears,

He had minded religion at first; He weeps, and he trembles, and prays,

And wishes his life to return, But alas! he has wasted the blaze.

And now it no longer will burn.

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# THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK, who had got such a habit of stuffing, That all the day long she was panting and puffing; And by every creature, who did her great crop see, Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy.

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner, With full twice as much as there should have been in her,

While up to her eyes in the gutter a roking, Was greatly alarm'd by the symptoms of choaking.

Now there was an old fellow, much fam'd for discerning,

(A drake, who had taken a liking for learning,) And high in repute with his feathery friends, Was call'd Dr. Drake,—for this doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dung-hill was Dr. Drake's shop, Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop; Some gravel and pebbles, to help the digestion, And certain fam'd plants of the Doctor's selection.

So, taking a handful of comical things, And brushing his topple and pluming his wings, And putting his feathers in apple-pye order, Set out, to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

"Dear sir," said the duck, with a delicate quack, Just turning a little way round on her back, And leaning her head on a stone in the yard, "My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

"I feel so distended with wind, and opprest, So squeamish and faint—such a load at my chest; And day after day, I assure you it is hard, To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard."

"Give me leave," said the Doctor, with medical look,

As her flabby cold paw in his fingers he took; "By the feel of your pulse,—your complaint, I've been thinking,

Is caus'd by your habits of eating and drinking."

"Oh! no, sir, believe me," the lady replied, (Alarm'd for her stomach, as well her pride,) "I am sure it arises from nothing I eat, For I rather suspect, I got wet in my feet,

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" I've only been raking a bit in the gutter,

Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted butter;

And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold meat,

Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat."

The Doctor was just to his bus'ness proceeding, By gentle emetics, a blister, and bleeding, When all on a sudden she roll'd on her side, Gave a horrible quackle, a struggle, and died!

Her remains were interr'd in a neighbouring swamp By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp; But I've heard, this inscription her tombstone was put on,

"Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton :" And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends,

To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

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# THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S COMPLAINT.

I'M a helpless crippled child, Gentle Christians pity me; Once in rosy health I smil'd,

Blythe and gay as you can be, And upon the village green, First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas! I'm weak and low,

Cannot either work or play; Tott'ring on my crutches slow,

Drag along my weary way; Now, no longer dance and sing, Gaily in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,

Turning on my weary bed: Softest pillows cannot give

Slumber to my aching head; Constant anguish makes it fly, From my wakeful, heavy eye.

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And when morning beams return, Still no comfort beams for me; Still my limbs with fever burn,

Painful shoots my crippled knee, And another tedious day Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber windows high, Lifted to my easy chair,
I the village green can spy, Once I us'd to follow there,
March, or beat my new-bought drum: Happy times! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,

Sporting on the daisied turf, And amidst their cheerful play,

Stopp'd by many a merry laugh; But the sight I cannot bear, Leaning in my easy chair,

Let not then the scoffing eye,

Laugh, my twisted leg to see; Gentle Christian, passing by,

Stop awhile and pity me, And for you I'll breathe a pray'r, Leaning in my easy chair.

# POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

Down in this ditch poor Donkey lies, Who jogg'd with many a load; And till the day death clos'd his eyes, Brows'd up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head, Whatever winds might blow; A neighbouring common was his bed, Tho' drest in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often stray'd, To nip the dainty grass; And friendly invitations bray'd To some more hungry ass.

Each market-day he jogg'd along Beneath the gard'ner's load, And snor'd out many a donkey's song To friends upon the road.

A tuft of grass, a thistle green, Or cabbage-leaf so sweet, Were all the dainties he was seen For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport,—the sober soul Was such a steady Jack, He only now and then would roll, Heels upwards, on his back.

But all his sport, and dainties too, And labours, now are o'er, Last night so bleak a tempest blew, He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs benumb'd, His blood was freezing slow,And presently he tumbled plump, Stone dead upon the snow.

Poor Donkey! trav'llers passing by, Thy cold remains shall see; And 'twould be well, if all who die Had work'd as hard as thee.

ANN.

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### THE ORPHAN.

My father and mother are dead, No friend or relation I have: And now the cold earth is their bed, And daisies grow over the grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb, The sight made me bitterly cry; I said, and is this the dark room Where my father and mother must lie!

I cast my eyes round me again, In hopes some protector to see; Alas! but the search was in vain, For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky, I groan'd, tho' I said not a word; Yet God was not deaf to my cry, The friend of the fatherless heard.

O yes—and he graciously smil'd, And bid me on him to depend;
He whisper'd—fear not, little child, For I am thy father and friend.

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# RISING IN THE MORNING.

THRICE welcome to my op'ning eyes The morning beam, which bids me rise

To all the joys of youth; For thy protection whilst I slept, O Lord, my humble thanks accept, And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin This day, O keep my soul from sin-

And all things shall be well. Thou gav'st me health, and clothes, and food, Preserve me innocent and good,

'Till evening curfew\* bell.

\* Curfew Bell-was ordered by King William to be rung at eight o'clock at night, at the sound of which all fire and light was to be extinguished. Curfew comes from the French, course, to cover; and feu, fire.



# GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed; Soft pillow, O receive my head,

And thanks my parents kind: Those comforts who for me provide, Their precepts still shall be my guide,

Their love I'll keep in mind.

My hours mispent this day I rue, My good things done how very few ! Forgive my faults, O Lord ! This night, if in thy grace I rest, To-morrow I may rise refresh'd, To keep thy holy word.

# FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

My Fanny, I have news to tell, Your diligence quite pleases me, You've work'd so neatly, read so well, With cousin Jane you may drink tea. But pray, my dear, remember this, Altho' to stay you should incline, Tho' warmly press'd by each kind Miss,

I wish you to return by nine.

With many thanks, the little child Assur'd mamma she wou'd obey;When wash'd and dress'd she kiss'd and smil'd, And with the maid she went away.

When reach'd her cousins, she was shown To where her little friends were met,And when her coming was made known,Around her flock'd the cheerful set.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing, In ev'ry sport each child partakes, And now the servants sweetmeats bring, With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

In comes papa, and says-" My dears,

The magic lanthorn if you'd see, And that which on the wall appears, Leave off your play, and follow me."

Whilst Frances too enjoy'd the sight,

Where moving figures all combine To raise her wonder and delight, She hears the parlour clock strike nine.

The boy walks in, "Miss, Ann is come"— "O dear, how soon!" the children cry; They press, but Fanny will go home, And bids her little friends good bye.

" My dear mamma, am I not good?" "You are, indeed," mamma replies, "But when you said, I knew you wou'd Return, and thus you've won a prize.

" This way, my love, and see the man Whom I desir'd at nine to call :" Down stairs young Frances swiftly ran, And found him waiting in the hall.

"Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy, A parrot or maccaw so gay; A speckled dove, with scarlet eye, But quickly choose, I cannot stay.

"Would you a Java sparrow love?" "No, no, I thank you," said the child; "I'll have a beauteous cooing dove, So harmless, innocent, and mild!"

"Your choice, my Fanny, I-commend, No bird can with the dove compare; But lest it pine without a friend,

You may, my dear, choose out a pair." VOL. II. I

## MY OLD SHOES.

You'RE now too old for me to wear, poor shoes, And yet I will not sell you to the Jews: Yon wand'ring little boy must barefoot go Thro' mud and rain, and nipping frost and snow; And as he walks along the road or street, The flint is sharp, and cuts his tender feet. My shoes, tho' old, might save him many a pain, And should I sell them, what might be my gain? A sixpence, that wou'd buy some foolish toy— No, take these shoes, poor shiv'ring barefoot boy.

# TO GEORGE PULLING BUDS.

Don'T pull that bud, it yet may grow As fine a flow'r as this; Had this been pull'd a month ago, We should its beauties miss.

You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy, Weigh well the consequence ere you destroy, Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future joy.

# A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town, A baby-house quite neat; With kitchen, parlours, dining-room, And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose, From grand-papa it came; The little Rosa smil'd delight, And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examin'd all,The furniture was gay;And in the rooms they plac'd their dolls,When dress'd in fine array.

At night their little candles lit, And as they must be fed, To supper down the dolls were plac'd, And then were put to bed.

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Thus Rose and Emma pass'd each hour, Devoted to their play;

And long were cheerful, happy, kind, No cross disputes had they.

'Till Rose in baby-house would change The chairs which were below,"This carpet they will better suit; I think I'll have it so."

"No, no, indeed," her sister said, "I'm older, Rose, than you; And I'm the pet—the house is mine, Miss, what I say is true."

The quarrel grew to such a height, Mamma she heard the noise, And coming in, beheld the floor All strew'd with broken toys.

"O fie, my Emma ! naughty Rose ! Say, why thus salk and pout? Remember this is New-year's day, And both are going out."

Now Betty calls the little girls To come up stairs and dress; They still revile, with threats and taunts, And angry rage express.

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But just prepar'd to leave their room, Persisting yet in strife, Rose sickening fell on Betty's lap, As void of sense or life.

Mamma appear'd at Betty's call-John for the Doctor goes; The meazles, he begins to think, Dread symptoms all disclose.

"But tho' I stay, my Emma, you May go and spend the day."
"O no, mamma," replied the child, "Do suffer me to stay.

"Beside my sister's bed I'll sit, And watch her with such care, No pleasure can I e'er enjoy, Till she my pleasure share.

"How silly now seems our dispute, Not one of us she knows; How pale she looks, how hard she breathes, Poor pretty little Rose!"



# THE CRUEL THORN.

A BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn, Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep! And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn, Its coat so thick, a hot and cumb'rous heap.

The wool a little bird takes in his bill, And with it up to yonder tree he flies; A nest he's building there, with matchless skill, Compact and close, that cold and rain defies.

To line that nest, the wool so soft and warm, Preserves the eggs which hold its tender young; And when they're hatch'd, that wool will keep from harm

The callow brood, until they're fledg'd and strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can spare: In this, my child, a wholesome moral spy, And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty share; Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.



# NIMBLE DICK.

My boy be cool, do things by rule, And then you'll do them right, A story true I'll tell to you, 'Tis of a luckless wight,

He'd never wait, was ever late, Because he was so quick; This shatter-brain did thus obtain The name of Nimble Dick.

All in his best young Dick was drest, Cries he, "I'm very dry!"
Tho' glass and jug, and china mug, On sideboard stood hard by—

With skip and jump unto the pump, With open'd mouth, he goes, The water out ran from the spout, And wetted all his clothes.

A fine tureen, as e'er was seen, On dinner table stood; Says John, "'tis hot:"—says Dick, "'tis not. I know the soup is good."

### CRIGINAL FOEMS,

His brother bawl'd, yourself you'll scald— O Dick, you're so uncouth !Dick fill'd his spoon, and then as soon Convey'd to his mouth.

And soon about he spurts it out,And cries, "O wicked soup!"His mother chid, his father bidHim from the table troop.

All in dispatch, he made a match To run a race with Bill;

"My boy," said he, "I'll win, you'll see; I'll beat you, that I will."

With merry heart, now off they start,

Like ponies full in speed ; Soón Bill he pass'd, for very fast

This Dicky ran indeed.

But hurry all, Dick got a fall, And whilst he sprawling lay, Bill reach'd the post, and Dicky lost, And Billy won the day.

- " Bring here my pad," now cries the lad Unto the servant, John;
- " I'll mount astride, this day I'll ride, So put the saddle on."

No time to waste, 'twas brought in haste, Dick long'd to have it back'd; With spur and boot on leg and foot, His whip he loudly crack'd.

The mane he grasp'd, the crupper clasp'd, And leap'd up from the ground; All smart and spruce, the girt was loose, He turn'd the saddle round.

Then down he came, the scoff and shame Of all the standers by: Poor Dick, alack! upon his back, Beneath the horse did lie.

Still slow and sure, success secure, And be not over quick;For method's sake, a warning take From hasty Nimble Dick.



# THE LINNET'S NEST.

My linnet's nest, Miss, will you buy? They're nearly fledg'd—Ah! no, not I— I'll not encourage wicked boys To rob a parent of its joys;

Those darling joys, to feed its young, To see them grow up brisk and strong.

With care the tender brood to nourish, To see them plume, and perch, and flourish; To hear them chirp, to hear them sing, To see them try the little wing, To view them chaunting on the tree The charming song of liberty.

I do not love to see them mope Within a cage, devoid of hope, And all the joys that freedom gives: The pris'ner's sonnet only grieves. I love their song, yet give to me The cheerful note that sings, " I'm free!"

## THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

LIGHTLY as the rose leaves fall, By the zephyr scatter'd round; Let thy feet, when thee I call, Patting softly touch the ground.

Happy I to think thou'rt mine! Gentle greyhound come apace; Beauty's form in ev'ry line, Ev'ry attitude is grace.

Speaking eyes thou hast—why shrink? 'Neath my hand why tremble so? Beauteous greyhound, dost thou think Harm from me?—believe me, no.

Cruel dogs and savage men Hunt a wretched hare for miles, Guiltless greyhound here lie then, Course thy mistress for her smiles.

# THE USE OF SIGHT.

"What, Charles return'd!" papa exclaim'd; "How short your walk has been! But Thomas—Julia—where are they? Come, tell me what you've seen."

"So tedious, stupid, dull a walk !" Said Charles, "I'll go no more— First stopping here, then lagging there, O'er this and that to pore.

"I cross'd the fields near Woodland House, And just went up the hill; Then by the river side came down, Near Mr. Fairplay's mill."

Now Tom and Julia both ran in, "O dear papa," said they, "The sweetest walk we both have had,

O what a pleasant day !

"Near Woodland House we cross'd the fields, And by the mill we came."

"Indeed !" exclaim'd papa, "how's this? Your brother took the same,

"But very dull he found the walk. What have you there? let's see-Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat, As new to you as me."

"First look, papa, at this small branch, Which on a tall oak grew, And by its slimy berries white The misletoe we knew.

A bird, all green, ran up a tree, A woodpecker we call,
Who, with his strong bill, wounds the bark, To feed on insects small.

"And many lapwings cry'd peewit! And one among the rest Pretended lameness, to decoy Us from her lowly nest.

"Young starlings, martins, swallows, all Such lovely flocks, so gay !

A heron too, who caught a fish, And with it flew away.

"This bird we found, a kingfisher, Tho' dead, his plumes how bright !--Do have him stuff'd, my dear papa, 'Twill be a charming sight.

- "When reach'd the heath, how wide the space, The air how fresh and sweet; We pluck'd these flow'rs and diff'rent heaths, The fairest we could meet.
- "The distant prospect we admir'd, The mountains far and blue;
- A mansion here, a cottage there, See, here's the sketch, we drew.

"A splendid sight we next beheld, The glorious setting sun, In clouds of crimson, purple, gold, His daily race was done." YOL. II. K "True taste and knowledge," said papa, "By observation's gain'd; You've both us'd well the gift of sight, And thus reward obtain'd.

" My Julia in this desk will find A drawing-box quite new: This spy-glass, Tom, you oft desir'd, I think it now your due.

"And pretty toys and pretty gifts For Charles too shall be bought, When he can see the works of God, And prize them as he ought."

# THE MORNING'S TASK.

SIT to your books, the father said,

Nor play nor trifle, laugh nor talk; And when at noon you've spelt and read,

I'll take you all a pleasant walk. He left the room, the boys sat still,

Each gravely bent upon his task; But soon she youngest, little Will,

Of this and that would teazing ask.

"I've lost my ball," the prattler cry'd, Have either of you seen my ball?"
"Pray mind your book," young Charles reply'd, "Your noisy talk disturbs us all.
Remember now what we were told, The time, I warn you, Will, draws near,"

"And what care I?" said Will so bold, "You, Charles, I neither mind nor fear."

He spun his top, he smack'd his whip, At marbles also he would play,
And round the room he chose to skip, And thus his hours he threw away.
But at the window what comes in? A lovely painted butterfly !
" A prize ! a prize that I will win," Young William loud is heard to cry.

Quick on the table up he leaps,

Then on the chairs and sofa springs; Now there, now here he softly creeps,

And now his books and hat he flings. The brilliant insect flutter'd round,

And out again it gaily flew; Then thro' the window, with a bound, Will immediate the formula of the formula of

Will jump'd, and said, "I'll soon have you."

From flow'r to flow'r the boy it led, He still pursu'd the pretty thing, Away it sprang from bed to bed,

Now sipping dew, now on the wing. And to the fields it took its flight,

He thought the prize was worth the chase, O'er hedge and ditch, with all his might, He follow'd up the pleasing race.

To catch it he was much perplex'd, The insect now is seen no more; Whilst standing thus confounded, vex'd, He hears the village clock strike four.

T'wards home he hasten'd at the sound,

All shame, surprize, and fear, and doubt, Nor sisters, brothers, could be found,

He asks, and hears they're all gone out.

With sorrow struck, when this was told,

He cried—in sadness down he sat : Now o'er the stones a carriage roll'd,

And at the door came, rat tat tat. And from the coach the girls and boys

Stepp'd out, all smiling, pleas'd, and gay, With books and dolls, and pretty toys, Bats, ninepins, hoops, and kites had they.

"Why, Will, my boy!" the father said,
"Come hither, child, but wherefore cry;
Don't droop your face, why hang your head?
Let's see the pretty butterfly.
I kept my promise, home I came,
According to my first intent;
You broke your word, and yours the shame,
We then without you shopping went."

## THE OAK.

THE oak for grandeur, strength, and noble size, Excels all trees that in the forest grow;From acorn small that trunk, thoses branches rise, To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold what shelter in its ample shade,From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching rain;And of its timber staunch, vast ships are made,To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watry main.

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benet? the father said.

## CARELESS MATILDA.

AGAIN, Matilda, is your work astray, Your thimble gone! your scissars, where are they? Your needles, pins, your thread, and tapes all lost— Your housewife here, and there your work-bag tost. Fie, fie, my child! indeed this will not do, Your hair uncomb'd, your frock in tatters too; I'm now resolv'd no more delays to grant, This day I'll send you to your stern old aunt. In vaint Matilda wept, repented, pray'd, In vain a promise of amendment made.

Arriv'd at Austere Hall, Matilda sigh'd, By Lady Rigid when severely ey'd: "You read and write, and work well, as I'm told, Are gentle, kind, good-natur'd, far from bold; But very careless, negligent, and wild, When you leave me, you'll be a diff'rent child."

The little girl next morn a favour asks, "I wish to take a walk."—" Go learn your tasks," The lady harsh replies, nor cry nor whine, Your room you leave not 'till your call'd to dine."

As thus Matilda sat, o'erwhelm'd with shame, A dame appear'd, Disorder was her name: Her hair and dress neglected, soil'd her face, She squinted, leer'd, and hobbled in her pace. "Here, child," she said, "my mistress sends you

this,

A bag of silks—a flow'r not work'd amiss— A polyanthus bright and wondrous gay, You'll copy it by noon, she bade me say." Disorder grinn'd, then shuffling walk'd away.

Entangled were the silks of ev'ry hue, Confus'd and mix'd were shades of pink, green, blue; She took a thread, compar'd it with the flow'r, "To finish this is not within my pow'r. Well-sorted silks had Lady Rigid sent, I might have work'd, if such was her intent." She sigh'd, and melted into sobs and tears, She hears a noise—and at the door appears A pretty maiden, clean, well-dress'd, and neat, Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet: "My name is Order; do not cry, my love; Attend to me, and thus you may improve." She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade, In sep'rate skeins each hue with care she laid; Then smiling kindly left the little maid.

Matilda now resumes her sweet employ, And sees the flow'r complete—how great her joy! She leaves the room—" I've done my task," she

#### cries;

The lady look'd with disbelieving eyes, But soon her harshness chang'd to glad surprise. "Why, this is well! a very pretty flow'r, Work'd clean, exact, and done within the hour, And now amuse yourself, ride, walk, or play." Thus pass'd Matilda this much dreaded day. At all her tasks Disorder would attend, At all her tasks still Order stood her friend. With tears and sighs her studies oft began, These into smiles were chang'd by Order's plan; No longer Lady Rigid seem'd severe, Her looks the negligent alone need fear.

And now the day, the wish'd-for day, is come, When young Matilda's suffer'd to go home; "You quit me, child, but oft to mind recal, The time you spent with me at Austere Hall. And now, my dear, I'll give you one of these, Your servant she will be—take which you please." From me, Disorder ask'd, old friend, why start? Matilda clasp'd sweet Order to her heart, My dearest girl, she said, we'll never part.

## THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

'Tis surely time for me to rise, Tho' yet the dawn be grey;
Sweet sleep, O quit my closing eyes, For I must now away, The young birds twitter on the spray.

It is not for the dewy mead I leave my soft repose, Where daisies nod and lambkins feed, But there the mushroom grows, And that the sportive fairy knows.

I'll rove the wide heath far and near, Of mushrooms fine in quest;But you remain, kind mother, here, Lie still and take your rest, Tho' we're with poverty oppress'd.

No toad-stool in my basket found; My mushrooms when I sell, I'll buy us bread, our labour's crown'd, Then let our neighbours tell, That you and I live wondrous well.

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## BEASTS, BIRDS, AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come when he is call'd, The Cat will walk away,
The Monkey's cheek is very bald, The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-a-pace, Yet knows not what she says;
The noble horse will win the race, Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice, The Squirrel loves a nut, The Wolf will eat you in a trice, The Buzzard's eyes are shut. The Lark sings high up in the air, The Linnet on the tree; The Swan he has a bosom fair, And who so proud as he?

O yes, the Peacock is more proud, Because his tail has eyes, The Lion roars so very loud, He fills you with surprise.

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The Raven's coat is shining black, Or rather raven grey. The Camel's bunch is on his back,

The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe, The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe, The false Hyena cries.
The hen guards well her little chicks, The useful cow is meek,
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks, The Lapwing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small, The Humming Bird is less; The Lady-bird is least of all, And beautiful in dress. The Pelican she loves her young, The Stork his father loves; The Woodcock's bill is very long, And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood, The Pigeons feed on peas, The Duck will gobble in the mud, The Mice will eat your cheese.

A Lobster's black, when boil'd he's red, The harmless Lamb must bleed.
The Codfish has a clumsy head, The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk, The little Worm may thank, The sick man drinks the Ass's milk, The Weazel's long and lank. The Buck gives us a venison dish, When hunted for the spoil; The Shark eats up the little fish, The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,

With candle in its tail; The Turtle is the cit's delight,

It wears a coat of mail. In Germany they hunt the Boar, The Bee brings honey home, The Ant lays up a winter store,

The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak, The Plaice has orange spots; The Starling, if he's taught, will speak; The Ostrich walks and trots.

The child that does not these things know, May yet be thought a dunce; But I will up in knowledge grow,

As youth can come but once.

ADELAIDE.



## THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

IN a little dark crack, half a yard from the ground, An honest old spider resided:

So pleasant and snug, and convenient 'twas found, That his friends came to see it from many miles round; It seem'd for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life, This spider was thoroughly tir'd;So, leaving those scenes of contention and strife,(His children all setfled,) he came with his wife, To live in this cranny retir'd.

He thought that the little his wife would consume, 'Twould be easy for him to provide her, Forgetting he liv'd in a gentleman's room, Where came, ev'ry morning, a maid and a broom,

Those pitiless foes to a spider !

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For when, (as sometimes it would chance to befal,) Just when his neat web was completed,

Brush—came the great broom down the side of the wall,

And, perhaps, carried with it web, spider, and all, -He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and dry,

His wife, (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner,) Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try, If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly, As a bit of a relish for dinner."

Directly he went, his long search to resume,

(For nothing he ever denied her,) Alas! little guessing his terrible doom, Just then came the gentleman into his room,

And saw the unfortunate spider.

So, while the poor fellow, in search of his pelf,

In the cobweb continu'd to linger, The gentleman reach'd a long cane from the shelf, (For certain good reasons, best known to himself,

Preferring his stick to his finger.)

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Then presently poking him down to the floor,

(Not stopping at all to consider,) With one horrid crush the whole bus'ness was o'er, The poor little spider was heard of no more,

To the lasting distress of his widow !



## THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed, A scarlet poppy grew; And up it held its staring head, And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win By all these efforts made, And less offensive had it been In some retired shade.

For tho' within its scarlet breast No sweet perfume was found, It seem'd to think itself the best Of all the flowers around.

1.2

From this may I a hint obtain, And take great care indeed, Lest I should grow as pert and vain, As is this gaudy weed.



## THE VIOLET.

Down in a green and shady bed A modest violet grew, Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r, Its colours bright and fair; It might have grac'd a rosy bow'r, Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom, In modest tints array'd; And there it spread its sweet perfume, Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go, This pretty flow'r to see; That I may also learn to grow, In sweet humility.

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## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day, No follies to have to repent;But reflect on the past, and be able to say, That my time has been properly spent.

When I've done all my bus'ness with patience and care,

And been good, and obliging, and kind; I lay on my pillow, and sleep away there, With a happy and peaceable mind.

But instead of all this, if it must be confest, 'That I careless and idle have been; I lay down as usual, and go to my rest, But feel discontented within.

Then, as I don't like all the trouble I've had, In future I'll try to prevent it;For I never am naughty without being sad, Or good—without being contented.



## CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher, Altho' he was poor, did not want to be richer; For all such vain wishes to him were prevented, By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Tho' cold was the weather, or dear was the food, John never was found in a murmuring mood; For this he was constantly heard to declare, What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

For, why should I grumble and murmur, he said? If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread; And tho' fretting may make my calamities deeper, It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain, He wish'd himself better, but did not complain; Nor lie down to fret, in despondence and sorrow, But said—that he hop'd to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong'd him, or treated him ill, Why John was good-natur'd and sociable still;

For he said—that revenging the injury done, Would be making two rogues, when there need be but one.

And thus honest John, tho' his station was humble, Pass'd thro' this sad world without even a grumble; And I wish that some folks, who are greater and richer,

Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

JANE.

#### and the second second second

## THE GAUDY FLOWER.

WHY does my Anna toss her head, And look so scornfully around, As if she'd scarcely deign to tread Upon the daisy-dappled ground.

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye, The brilliant tint, the satin skin? Does the lov'd glass, in passing by, Reflect a form genteel and thin?

Alas! that form, that brilliant fire, Will never win beholders' love: They may make flutt'ring fools admire, Persons of sense they cannot move.

So glows the tulip, staring, bold, In the broad sunshine it abides; Like rubies, pearls, and burnish'd gold, It shows its bulbous, glossy sides.

But who the gaudy flowret crops, His breast, or sense, to gratify! Admir'd it blows, neglected drops, Like a fair girl with scornful eye.

The heart's internal feelings move By virtues, seated in the mind; Beauty excites more fear than love, As fair, but empty damsels find.

SLUTTISHNESS.

Ah! Mary, my Mary, why where is your Dolly ? Look here, I protest, on the floor;

To leave her about in the dirt thus is folly,

You ought to be trusted no more.

I thought you were pleas'd, and receiv'd her quite gladly,

When on your birth-day she came home; Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly, And strew her things over the room.

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Her bonnet of straw you once thought a great matter, And tied it so pretty and neat;

Now see how 'tis crumpled, no trencher is flatter,

It grieves your mamma thus to see't.

Suppose, (you're my Dolly, you know, little daughter,

Whom I love to dress neat, and see good,) Suppose, in my care of you, I were to faulter, And let you get dirty and rude!

But Dolly's mere wood, you are flesh and blood living, And deserve better treatment and care; That is true, my sweet girl, 'tis the reason I'm giving This lesson so sharp and severe.

'Tis not for the Dolly I'm anxious and fearful, Tho' she cost too much to be spoil'd; I'm afraid lest yourself should grow sluttish, not careful,

And that were a sad thing, my child.

of blank a fit.



## DECEMBER NIGHT.

DARK and dismal is the night, Beating rain and wind so high; Close the window shutters tight, And the cheerful fire come nigh.

Hear the blasts, in dreadful chorus, Roaring thro' the naked trees, Just like thunder, bursting o'er us; Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many o'er the wild Wander in this dreadful weather; Some poor mother with her child, Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family,

'Neath some mud-wall, ruin'd shed, Shrugging close together, lie On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm, Shelter'd, comfortable, safe; Think how many 'bide the storm, Who no home, or shelter have.

Sad their lot is, wretched creatures! How much better off are we; Discontent then, on our features Surely never ought to be.

POVERTY.

I saw an old cottage of clay, And only of mud was the floor; 'Twas all falling into decay, And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt, In a cottage so dismal and rude; And tho' gnawing hunger they felt, They'd scarcely a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread, And to their poor mother they run: "O give us some breakfast," they said. Alas! their poor mother had none. I. T.

She view'd them with looks of despair;She said, (and I'm sure it was true,)"Tis not for myself that I care,But, my poor little children, for you."

O, then, let the wealthy and gay But see such a hovel as this,
That, in a poor cottage of clay,
They may learn what real misery is.

And the little that I have to spare, I never will squander away, While thousands of people there are, As poor and as wretched as they.

# THE VILLAGE GREEN.

And only of which which he floor;

"I was all falling into de

On the cheerful Village Green, Scatter'd round with houses neat, All the boys and girls are seen, Playing there with busy feet.

Now they frolic, hand in hand, Making many a merry chain; Then they form a warlike band, Marching o'er the level plain.

Then ascends the worsted ball; High it rises in the air; Or against the cottage wall, Up and down it bounces there,

Or the hoop, with even pace, Runs before the merry crowd : Joy is seen in ev'ry face; Joy is heard in clamours loud.

For, among the rich and gay, Fine, and grand, and deck'd in laces, None appear more glad than they, With happier hearts, or happier faces.

Then, contented with my state, Let me envy not the great; Since true pleasure may be seen On a cheerful Village Green.

JANE,

#### FINIS.

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