

THE CROCUS,
ANOTHER SERIES OF
CAUTIONARY STORIES
IN VERSE.

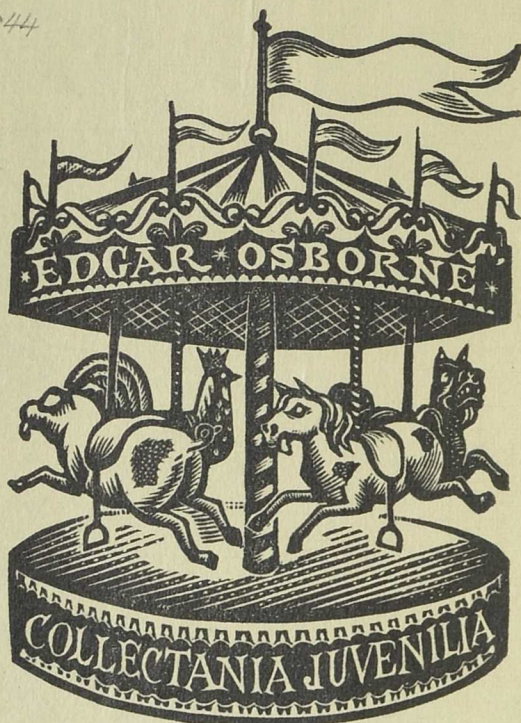
By ELIZABETH TURNER,
AUTHOR OF
THE DAISY, COWSLIP, AND BLUE BELL.



LONDON:
HARVEY AND DARTON, GRACECHURCH STREET;
HENRY MOZLEY AND SONS, DERBY;
GRAPEL, AND RICHARD TAYLOR, LIVERPOOL;
AND R. B. JONES, HIGH STREET, WHITCHURCH, SALOP.

1844.

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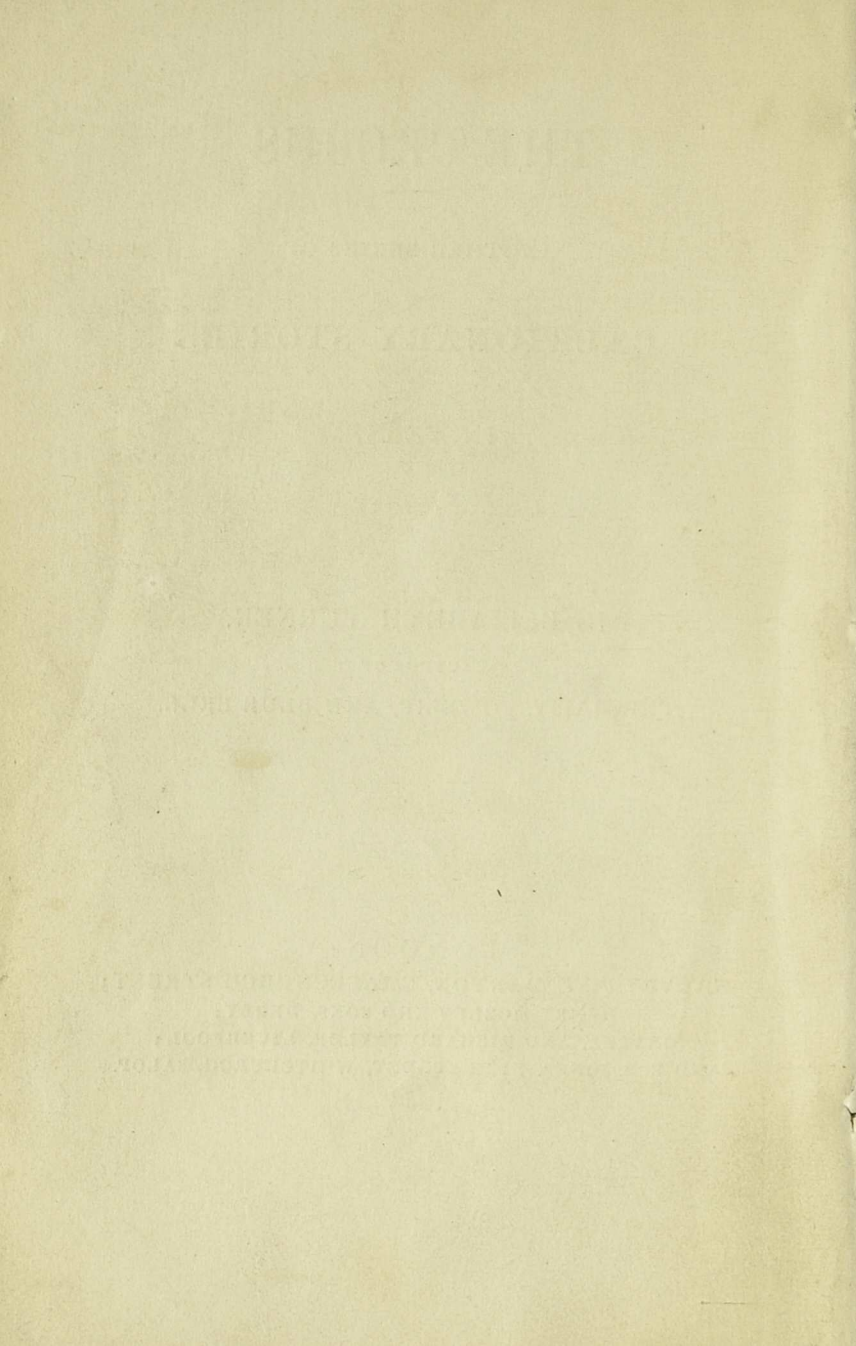
Birthday Present for
Alfred Lees
from his Father
September 29th 1841



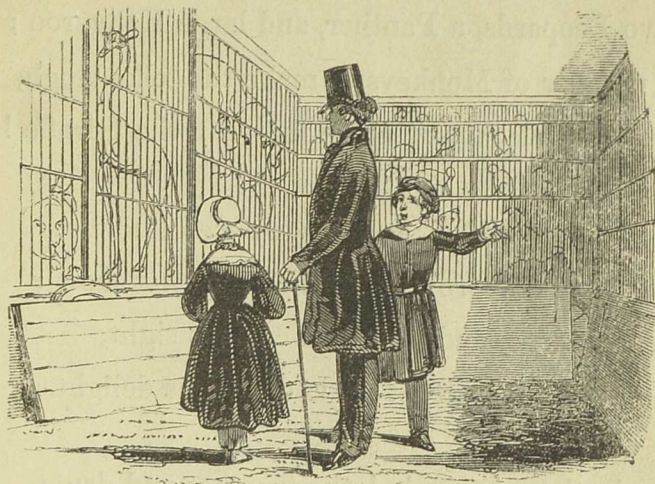
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THE CROCUS.



I.

The Menagerie.

Hark ! hark ! there is music, the trumpet and
drum,
Are sounding to tell us the wild beasts are come !
Three caravans full, and the pleasure is great,
To think of this rare Zoological treat.

Three Lions, a Tiger, an Elephant too,
Two Leopards, a Panther, and large Kangaroo ;
A number of Monkeys to make the folks laugh,
And that elegant creature they call the Giraffe !

My Father will take us, I very well know,
Because he approves of our seeing *this* show ;
Bears, Lions, and Tigers, a curious sight,
He says will instruct us, and give us delight.

Again there is music ! the trumpet and drum
Sound loudly to tell us the wild beasts are come.

II.

Matilda White.

Matilda White can read and write,
Net, knit, and sew, and mark,
Yet is as gay at healthful play,
As any tuneful lark !

Her friends around, have always found
She can be kind to each ;
For often she, can useful be,
Either to fetch or reach.

Poor neighbours find she is inclin'd
To help them in their need,
For though so young, her infant tongue
For Poverty can plead.



III.

The New Book.

Said William, "Mamma, I have learn'd all my
task,

And now, if you please, I've a favour to ask ;

I want a new book, and I don't want the toy

My grandpapa gave me two shillings to buy."

“ Well, do as you like,” said his mother, “ in this,”
And seal’d her consent by bestowing a kiss,
But added, “ My dear, I will go with you soon,
You must not mispend your kind grandfather’s
boon.

A book that is proper for children, supplies
Both food for their minds, and a feast for their
eyes,
Whilst some silly stories, although they amuse,
Are not of the sort I advise you to choose.”

IV.

Good Example.

Miss Susan Brown was seldom known

Improper things to do,

And *never* heard, to speak a word

That was not strictly true.

Sometimes indeed, for want of heed,

She thought or acted wrong,

But "I declare, I do not care,"

Came never from her tongue !

In many ways, both love and praise,

Were given as her due ;

And all who aim, to do the same,

May be as happy too.

V.

Disappointment.

O dear, how unfortunate ! see how it pours,
Papa, we have waited for two or three hours,
And should it rain longer, I very much doubt
We shall not be able, all day, to go out.

John's Father replied, " Yes, the weather is wet,
But where is the use of beginning to fret ;
Come, reach down your slate, or a book from the
shelf,

And then you will not be so tired of yourself !

Although in the fields it is pleasant to roam,
Prevented of this, seek for pleasure at home ;
Employ all your time, be contented, nor let
The day be all lost, though the weather is wet !"



VI.

Danger of being a Dunce.

Nothing gives Sophia Taylor
 Pleasure like a dancing day,
 Then her spirits never fail her,
 She is gayest of the gay !

With her book or slate, I'm sorry
Lately she is idle grown,
Learning lessons in a hurry,
Leaving them before half known !

Many ways are doubtless wronger,
Than to practise such misrule,
But, should Sophy trifle longer,
She must take the Dunce's stool !

VII.

How to Read.

I read for my uncle one morning last week,
Who prais'd my endeavour to read as I speak ;
He call'd cousin Joe's a monotonous tone,
And ask'd with a smile, if his voice were his own !

I must not be proud, though my uncle of late
Approves of my writing and sums on my slate ;
In these I must try to be like cousin Joe,
Who often excels me, I very well know.



VIII.

Fanny Fletcher.

Fanny Fletcher is forgetful,
Never wilful in her life,
Neither obstinate nor fretful,
Loving truth and shunning strife.

From a girl of so much merit,
 May we not in time expect,
She will show a proper spirit,
 One wrong habit to correct ?

Friends will say it is a pity
 If her resolution fails,
Fanny looks both good and pretty
 When she does not bite her nails !

IX.

The Cousins.

Said Helen to Mary, "I don't care a pin,

About this grammatical rule,

What a tedious subject for aunt to begin,

One might just as well be at school."

"O fie, my dear cousin, do pray recollect,"

Said Mary, not raising her voice,

"Mamma said, 'A time or two' was not correct,

And bade us to say 'Once or twice.'"

"I certainly mean her instruction to mind,

A method I wish you preferr'd,

Because it is always a pleasure to find

I can please my Mamma with a word."

X.

Philip's Dog.

Philip's playful dog was willing
 Always to be set on watch ;
When a whelp by daily drilling,
 Trusty seldom found his match !

Philip bought him very early
 From a beggar going round,
Who, from being poor or surly,
 Said he should be "sold or drown'd."

Trusty well repaid his master,
 For the care of rearing him,
For he sav'd from like disaster
 Philip, when he learn'd to swim !



XI.

Troublesome Puss.

Down, down, Mrs. Puss, you have had quite
enough,

Your skin is as smooth as your manners are rough !
What makes you so greedy ? you eat and you
drink,

And never seem satisfied, Pussy, I think !

I must give you a tap, for you don't understand
The meaning of words in a gentle command ;
Down, down Mrs. Puss, if a boy were so rude
To take, without leave, from the table his food,
This question to ask him, I see would be pat,
“ Pray, Sir, do you wish to behave like a Cat ?”

XII.

Kitty's Favourites.

The stories Kitty likes so well,
And often asks her aunt to tell,
Are all about good girls and boys,
With smiling faces—sparkling eyes !
And certainly the sound is pretty,
So when we hear a tale of Kitty,
We hope the story won't be spoil'd,
By telling of a fretful child.



XIII.

Robert and Jane.

“For what are you paying?” said Robert to Jane,
 “A penny for bringing your bag down the lane!
 Sam ask’d for no money, he lik’d the short run,
 And laugh’d when you thank’d him for what he
 had done.”

“I’m sure, brother Robert,” quite mildly said Jane,
“The poor honest fellow deserves all his gain,
I only Mamma’s kind instruction obey,
She bade me be mindful poor people to pay.

Because if their time and their labour they lose,
What have they to buy either victuals or clothes?”

XIV.

Playing with Fire.

The friends of little Mary Green,
Are now in deep distress,
The family will soon be seen
To wear a mournful dress !

It seems from litter on the floor,
She had been lighting straws,
Which caught the muslin frock she wore,
A sad event to cause.

Her screams were loud and quickly heard,
And remedies applied,
But all in vain, she scarcely stirr'd
Again, before she died !

XV.

How to look when Speaking.

“ Louisa, my love,” Mrs. Manners began,

“ I fear you are learning to stare,

To avoid looking bold, I must give you a plan,

Quite easy to practise with care.

It is not a lady’s or gentleman’s eyes

You should look at, whenever address’d,

Whilst hearing them speak, or in making replies,

To look at the *mouth* is the best.

This method is modest and easy to learn,

When children are glad to be taught ;

And ah ! what a pleasure it is in return,

To speak and to look as you ought !”



XVI.

New Shoes.

Mamma, I quite dislike these Shoes,

I hope you'll send them back ;

They are so ugly ! I should choose

Much prettier than black !

I thought you mention'd blue or buff
When ordering a pair,
Or green I should like well enough,
But black I cannot bear !

Young Isabella's prattle o'er,
Her mother soon express'd
A wish that she would say no more,
Since *black* ones suited best.

Which, when the little lady heard,
She did not say another word.

XVII.

Truth the Best.

Yesterday Rebecca Mason,
In the parlour by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin,
Plac'd upon the mantel shelf.
Quite alarm'd she thought of going
Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing,
Of her being there that day.
But Rebecca recollected,
She was taught deceit to shun ;
And the moment she reflected,
Told her Mother what was done ;
Who commended her behaviour,
Lov'd her better, and forgave her.



XVIII.

True Kindness.

Sophia's two brothers, Augustus and James,
 Amus'd her one morning with puzzles and games ;
 When, as she was playing, she happen'd to fall
 A gift to Augustus—his new Cup and Ball.

Sophia now wept, for the ivory broke,
Augustus was sorry, but instantly spoke,
“Don’t cry, my dear sister, for if I do like
To play with the cup, I can catch with the spike.

Such kindness of conduct more pleasure supplies,
Than having a beautiful set of New Toys.”

XIX.

Falsehood.

Priscilla Wright, on Monday night

Was told to stay within,

Yet out she went, with full intent

To hide that she had been ;

By saying, “ No, I did not go,

Indeed I did not go.”

For self-deceiv'd, she quite believ'd

That nobody would know.

And thus misled she went to bed,

But when the morning came,

She found deceit was sure to meet

Both punishment and shame.

XX.

How to write a Letter.

Maria intended a letter to write,
But could not begin, (as she thought) to indite ;
So went to her Mother with pencil and slate,
Containing “ Dear Sister,” and also a date.

“ With nothing to say, my dear girl, do not think
Of wasting your time over paper and ink ;
But certainly this is an excellent way,
To try with your slate, to find something to say.

I will give you a rule,” said her Mother, “ my dear,
Just think for a moment, your sister is here,
And what would you tell her ? consider, and then
Though silent your tongue, you can speak with
your Pen.”



XXI.

Visit to the Dairy.

Come hither, Charles, see Sally churning,
 The cream to butter she is turning ;
 Observe the staff goes very quick
 To make the liquid cream grow thick ;
 Were Sally hinder'd, it would put her,
 In fear, lest she should spoil her butter.

But you have many things to learn
Besides the wonders of a churn ;
Indeed I brought you here my boy,
To show how you should time employ ;
The staff so constantly kept plying
Resembles lessons, turn'd by trying,
Into a stock (well worth your earning,)
Of valuable—solid learning.

XXII.

Disobedience.

'Tis winter, cold winter, and William has been
To look at the place on the pool,
Where Henry was drown'd by the ice breaking in,
About half a mile from the school.

And Henry was told on that very same day
He must not go into that field,
But then, as he thought, if he did disobey,
The fault might for once be conceal'd.

A lesson for William, who hangs down his head,
Without any spirits for play ;
His favourite friend and companion is dead
Because *he would have his own way.*



XXIII.

Extravagance.

That beautiful cottage not far from the road
 In holiday time was Matilda's abode,
 Who, taken one day by her aunt to the town,
 Had put in her purse rather more than a crown ;

'Twas either to keep, or to give, or to spend,
 In what she lik'd best, for herself or a friend :
 Soon trinkets and ribbons in turn made her stop,
 To purchase a trifle at every shop,
 Before she remember'd the canvass and wool
 She intended to buy when her purse appear'd full ;
 Then wanted to borrow, a favour her aunt
 Refus'd, because very improper to grant :
 Young ladies' extravagance ought to be met
 By teaching them—*never to run into debt.*

XXIV.

Idleness.

Those who saw Miss Sarah gaping
In the middle of the day,
This remark were often making
On this dull and drowsy way.

“Half asleep, and yet she’s waken !
If, poor child, she is not sick,
Some good method must be taken
To correct this idle trick.”

XXV.

The Winter's Walk.

We'll go to the Stationer's, hasten my loves,
To put on your bonnets, fur tippets, and gloves ;
The weather is cold, but if properly dress'd,
'Tis exercise gives us the warmth that is best.

Again I repeat what you've often been told,
Don't go near the stove when your fingers are cold,
For if you forget this precaution to take,
The chilblains may bring you a much sorer ache.

Pens, pencils, and paper, when rightly employ'd,
At home, will both work and amusement provide,
And holidays pass in a pleasanter way
Than when they are wasted in nothing but play.



XXVI.

William and his Sister.

How mischievous it was, when Will
 Push'd his young sister down the hill,
 Then ran away, a naughty boy,
 Although he heard her sadly cry !

Their Mother who was walking out
Saw the rude trick, and heard him shout ;
With gentle voice, but angry nod,
She threaten'd Willy with the rod.

But Mary Anne, afraid of this,
Begg'd they might now be friends and kiss,
She said, "Mamma, I feel no pain,
And Willy won't do so again."

Then Willy call'd his sister "good,"
And said he "never, never would."

XXVII.

Obedience.

Miss Alice was quietly seated at work
When Susan, her cousin, came quite in a hurry,
Exclaiming, "Come, Alice, and look at a Turk,
O if you don't see him, I shall be so sorry.

His dress is so grand, but you don't seem to stir,"
"I cannot," said Alice, "Mamma has requir'd me
To stop in this room, I am waiting for her,
And hope I shall finish the work she desir'd me."

"All nonsense," said Susan, "I beg you will come,"
But Alice resolv'd on obedient behaviour,
For which she felt glad, when her Mother came
home,

And gave her a smile of approval and favour.

XXVIII.

The Walk.

“Indeed you are troublesome, Anne,” said her
aunt,

“You begg’d me to bring you abroad,
And now you are cross and pretend that you want
To be carried the rest of the road.

I hope you know better than cry in the street,
The people will think it so odd,
And if Mrs. Birch we should happen to meet
She will ask if we want a new rod.

Then dry up your tears, with a smile on your face,
You will speak in a different tune,
And now you have cleverly mended your pace,
We shall both be at home very soon.”



XXIX.

The two Miss Lloyds.

The two Miss Lloyds were twins, and dress'd
 In frocks and hats the same ;
 The friends who ought to know them best,
 Sometimes mistook their name !

And if in temper they had prov'd
As much alike, they would
No doubt have been alike belov'd,
But it was understood,

That Sarah could not bear rebuke
Without a sullen air,
Whilst Mary with a tearful look
Would promise better care !

So by and by when taller grown
Their faces will be better known.

XXX.

The Place for Play.

As Kate was playing with her toys,
And imitating vulgar boys,

Whom she had sometimes met,
Her Mother gently said, "I fear
Your play is very rude, my dear,
And surely you forget

A shouting noise is apt to make,
Your Mother's head begin to ache.

How frequently I send you out
With leave to skip and run about,

And make what noise you will ;
It does you good, and makes you strong,
Though in the parlour it is wrong,

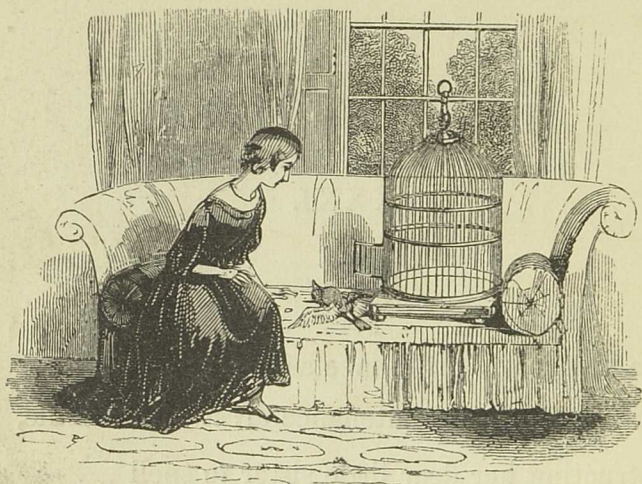
When here, you must be still ;
I'm sure you would not like to make
Your mother's head begin to ache."

XXXI.

The Sisters.

The prettiest sight I have seen a great while,
Was Susan, her countenance drest with a smile,
Instructing her dear little sister to spell
Some words in her lesson, till known very well !

Indeed, it is always delightful to see,
When sisters of different ages agree ;
The elder ones trying the young ones to please,
And show what seem'd hard, may be learn'd with
much ease.



XXXII.

Fanny's Loss.

My dear little bird, I have lov'd you so long,
 For elegant feathers and beautiful song,
 And whilst I was decking your cage, I could see
 You look'd in return with great pleasure at me.

You were not neglected, sweet bird, in the least,
But always have had a most plentiful feast ;
Farewell, pretty bird, for I must not forget
My Mother has told me, I ought not to fret.

In my garden I'll lay you, and plant a fair rose,
Just over the spot, and whenever it blows,
I then shall remember whatever belongs,
To the sweetest of scents, or sweetest of songs.

XXXIII.

Fretful Phœbe.

Phœbe was a fretful child,
Nothing pleas'd her very long ;
Half her pretty toys were spoil'd,
Something always being wrong !

Books and pictures bought for her
Was but money thrown away ;
Nurse declar'd they often were
Lost or torn in half a day !

If all Phœbes were the same,
We should shun their very sight,
But it sounds a pretty name,
When we speak of Phœbe Wright.

XXXIV.

Rudeness.

James went to the door of the kitchen and said,
“Cook, give me this moment, some honey and
bread ;

Then fetch me a glass or a cup of good beer,
Why, Cook, you don’t stir, and I’m sure you must
hear !”

“Indeed, Master James,” was the Cook’s right
reply,

“To answer such language I feel rather shy,
I hear you quite plainly, but wait till you choose
To civilly ask, when I shall not refuse.”

What pity young boys should indulge in this way,
Whilst knowing so well what is proper to say ;
As if civil words, in a well-manner’d tone,
Were learn’d to be us’d in the parlour alone !



XXXV.

Maria's Purse.

Maria had an aunt at Leeds,
 For whom she made a Purse of beads ;
 'Twas neatly done, by all allow'd,
 And praise soon made her vain and proud.

Her Mother, willing to repress
This strong conceit of cleverness,
Said, " I will show you if you please
A Honeycomb the work of Bees !

Yes, look within their hive and then,
Examine well your purse again ;
Compare your merits, and you will
Admit the Insect's greater skill !"

XXXVI.

The Cruel Boy.

Richard is a cruel boy,
The people call him "Dick,"
For every day he seems to try,
Some new improper trick !

He takes delight in whipping cats
And pulling off their fur ;
Although at first he gently pats,
And listens to their purr !

A naughty boy ! unless he mends,
He will be told to strip,
And learn how such amusement ends
By feeling his own whip.

XXXVII.

Paper.

Do you know, little lady, that paper is made
Of nothing but refuse and rags ?
And many poor people have no other trade,
But gather them daily in bags.

'Tis therefore a pity to waste a small shred,
Because it would add to the heap ;
And paper, now plentiful, might be, instead,
Much scarcer, and not half so cheap.

Some day, when I've leisure, we'll walk to the mill,
And try a good lesson to learn,
How, what seems so worthless, by labour and skill,
Into beautiful paper they turn !



XXXVIII.

Haircutting.

The hairdresser came to cut Emily's hair,
 Who sat very still all the time in her chair,
 You see she knows better than stir !
 Whilst silly Eliza her night-cap must wear,
 For finding the scissors, she cut her own hair,
 And this is the picture of her.

XXXIX.

Wonders.

Mamma, dear Mamma, cried in haste, Mary Anne,
As into the parlour, she eagerly ran,
“ I hear that a giant is just come to town,
So tall, he is often oblig’d to stoop down ;
O pray let us see him, O do let us go,
Indeed, dear Mamma, he’s a wonderful show.”

“ You are earnest, my love, and shall not be
denied,”

Her truly affectionate mother replied,
“ A lady this morning, is also arrived,
Who of arms and of legs, from her birth was
‘depriv’d,
And yet in a number of ways is expert,
As if she were blest with these limbs to exert.

We'll visit Miss Beffin to-morrow, and then
I'll speak of the giant and lady again,
You are not mistaken, his overgrown size
We cannot behold, without feeling surprise
Whilst Beffin's example most forcibly stands
A silent rebuke to all—*indolent hands*."

XL.

Reproof.

A single fault, persisted in,
Is always doubly wrong,
Then, Mary Anne, my dear, begin,
With care to watch your tongue.

You are too apt to contradict,
A fault I've often blam'd,
And now intend to be more strict
That you may feel asham'd.

But give attention and respect,
To what I kindly say,
This ugly habit must be check'd,
This rude, this vulgar way.



XLI.

The Bird's Nest.

Eliza and Anne were extremely distress'd
 To see an old bird fly away from her nest,
 And leave her poor young ones alone ;
 The pitiful chirping they heard from the tree,
 Made them think it as cruel as cruel could be,
 Not knowing for what she had flown.

But, when with a worm in her bill she return'd,
They smil'd on each other, soon having discern'd

She had not forsaken her brood !

But like their dear mother was careful and kind,
Still thinking of them, though she left them behind
To seek for them suitable food.

XLII.

The Tongue.

Robert, when an infant, heard
Now and then a naughty word,
Spoken in a random way
By his brothers when at play ;
Was the baby then to blame
When he tried to lisp the same ?

No, he could not, whilst so young,
Know what words were right or wrong,
But for boys who better knew,
Punishment was justly due,
Which the thoughtless brothers met
In a way they won't forget.

XLIII.

Lucy's Mistake.

As in the garden Lucy ran
To use her pretty watering can,
From too much haste, she made a slip,
Fell down and cut her cherry lip.

Yet was it not a baby's way
To blame the watering can, and say
"I'll never play with it again?"
But Lucy knew no better then !



XLIV.

Instruction to James.

Come, James, I'll tell you what I saw
 Whilst walking down the street,
A carriage that a boy could draw,
 With cushions made complete.

The body of the coach was green,
The wheels were painted black,
And yellow fringe was to be seen
Before, and at the back !

But was the owner blest like you
With health and strength of limb ?
No, he was lame and sickly too,
Then let us pity him !

XLV.

The Song.

“ My own Mamma, do let me hear,
The pretty song you made for me ;”
“ O yes, most willingly, my dear,
And you shall sit upon my knee.”

Dear Harriet, our Rosebud,
Our love she never loses,
For if she is not always good,
I'm sure we neither can, nor would,
Change her for full-blown Roses !
Although she is a darling child,
Her own Mamma won't have her spoil'd.

XLVI.

Susannah.

Often is Susannah pitied,
And as much admir'd by some,
Since the day she was admitted
To the school for Deaf and Dumb.

There's no doubt she will be clever,
For she gives the utmost heed,
Using diligent endeavour
Both to learn to write and read.

Should you think it a misfortune
If you were to lose your tongue ?
Then attend this kind exhorting
Never, never use it wrong.

Though depriv'd of speech and hearing,
Still Susannah understands,
How she may, by persevering,
Learn to use her eyes and hands.

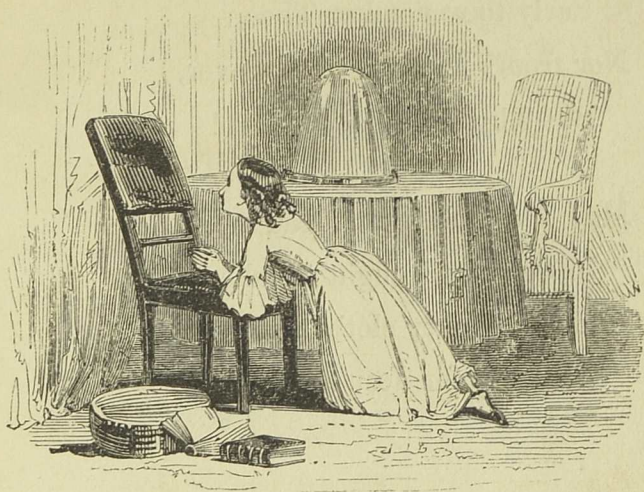
XLVII.

Important Question.

Which is the way, dear Mother, say,
The way to Heaven I mean ;
The clouds and sky appear so high,
And they are all between !

The mother smil'd upon her child,
As with a tender look,
She bade him read the Truth indeed
In God's own Holy Book.

Where beams of light through depth and height
Point out the happy road,
And show the way to endless day
In heavenly abode.



XLVIII.

The Prayer.

Gracious God, I kneel before thee,
With my song of thanks and praise,
And with humble prayer adore thee,
In such notes a child can raise.

Grant me by Thy grace and favour
Early to remember Thee,
Nor from sacred truth to waver,
But Thy child for ever be !

May Thy holy Spirit lead me,
In the way I ought to take ;
And thy bounty clothe and feed me,
All I ask for Jesu's sake.

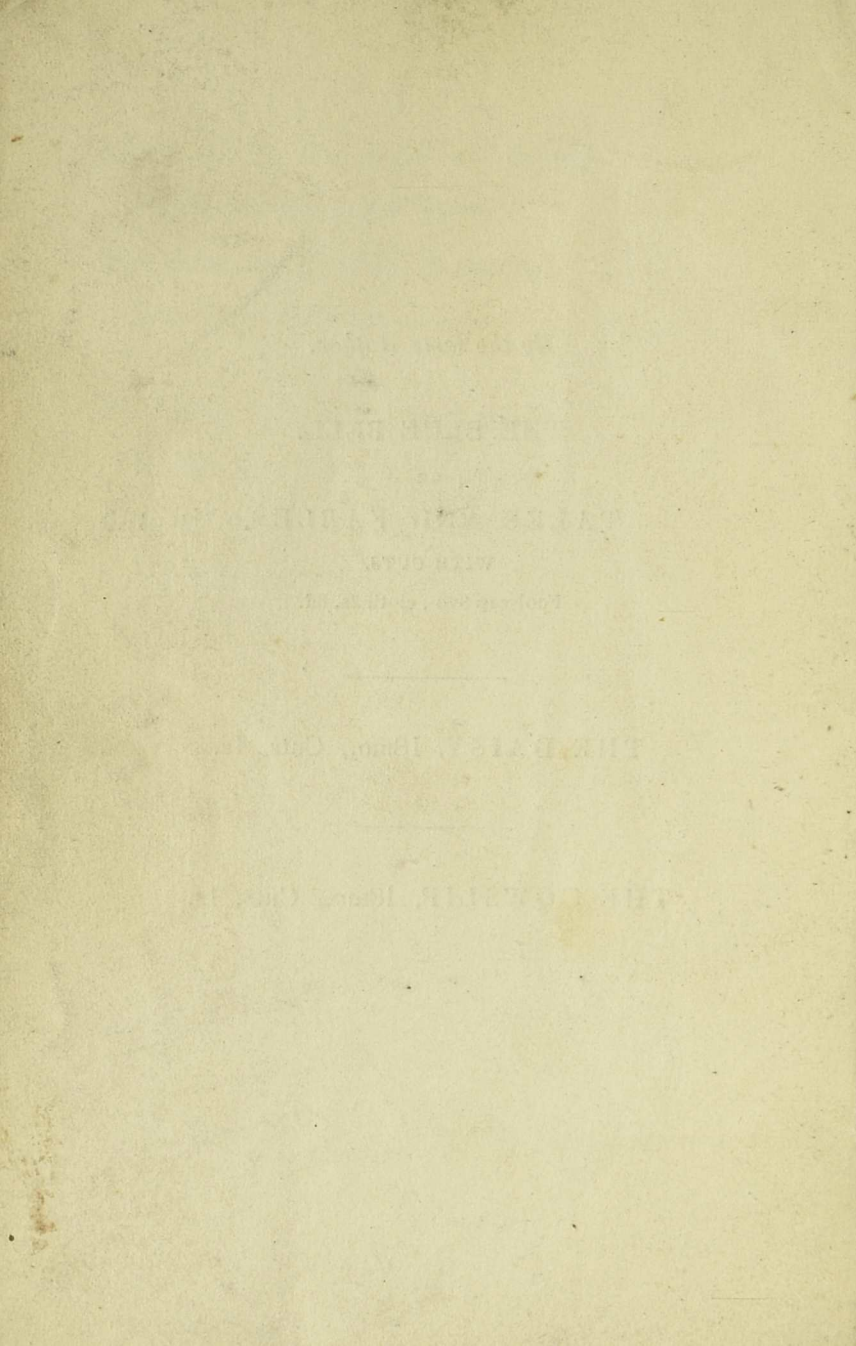
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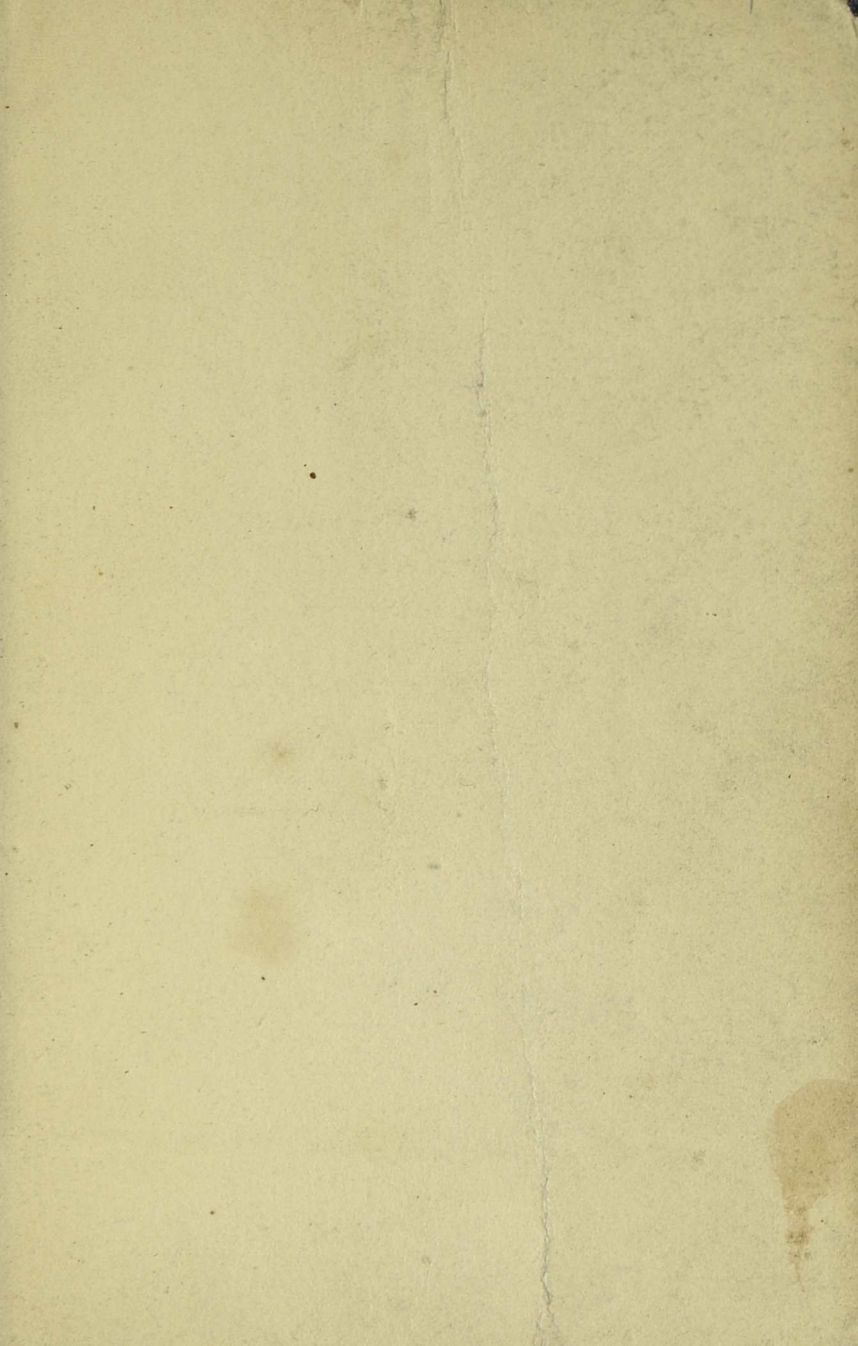
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