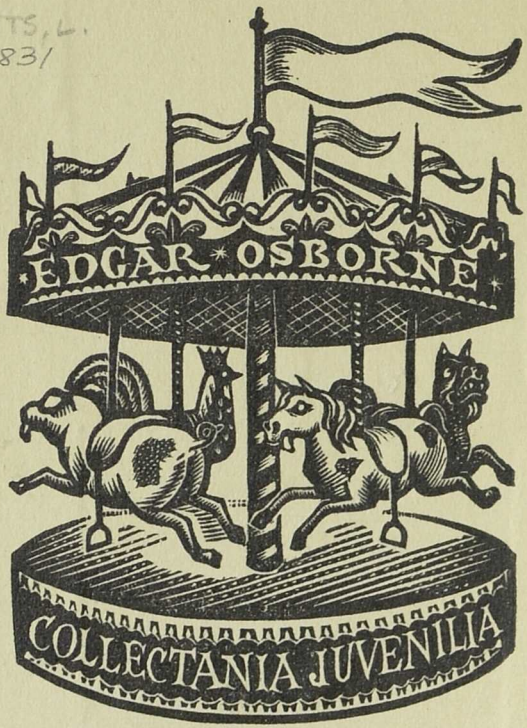
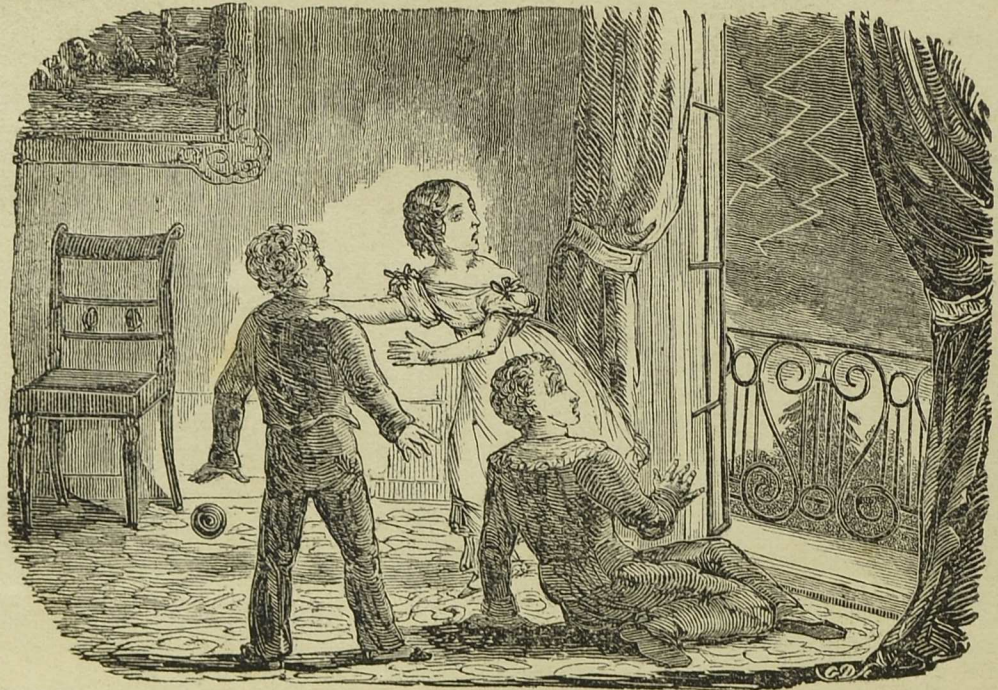


# NATURE DISPLAYED.



Till the lightning and thunder astounded them all,
And Amelia retreated with fright;

George, too, with astonishment, let drop his ball,
And John, with concern, view'd the sight.—p. 23.

# NATURE DISPLAYED;

BEING

A COLLECTION OF

# POEMS FOR CHILDREN;

EXPLANATORY OF THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE, IN A STYLE SUITED TO THEIR CAPACITIES.

---

## BY LOUISA WATTS.

---

What prodigies can power divine perform,
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man,
Familiar with the effect, he slights the cause.

COWPER.

The essences of all things are utterly unknown to us, and therefore all our pretensions to discover them are no more than nomination.

LOCKE.

LONDON:
JAMES DINNIS, 9, SNOWHILL.
1831.

# PREFACE.

At a time when publications are teeming from the press, any addition, and especially in the form of simple rhyme, may be deemed superfluous by many; it seems, therefore, necessary to offer an apology to the public for this obtrusion. It has often occurred to me, that less endeavour has been used to instruct youth in the operations of nature, than any other branch of study (at least the juvenile part of youth, if I may be allowed the expression); the cause is, doubtless, it has been thought a subject too abstruse for them; but what is less interesting than grammar to children, and yet how few are there who neglect to put them to the study of it, as soon as they can read, or learn any thing? because they know the importance of its being well grafted on the memory; that, when its use is understood, and valued,—

the former having been well furnished,—will be found a valuable acquisition. Why, then, should the study of nature, in her beautiful variety, be unattended to, because uninteresting to them? I can assign no cause; and have, therefore, in the following pages, endeavoured to attract attention, by enquiry or detail of natural circumstances; and to state both cause and effect as simply and concisely as possible. How far I have succeeded in blending simplicity with instruction, I leave an impartial and discerning public to decide. I have chosen to convey the instruction in rhyme, (poetry I certainly presume not to call it,) because my own experience in teaching convinces me, that it is not only committed to memory with less labour, but that it makes there a more lasting impression. That this is the opinion of many who have written for youth, cannot be doubted, when we consider the number of quotations from our best poets introduced in some of their works.

# ADDRESS.

My dear little Friends,

Will you allow a stranger to make a request,—or, rather, will you endeavour to comply with the request a stranger is about to make? Though I have used very simple language, I am afraid you will find some words, with the meaning of which you may not be acquainted. Now, my request is, that you refer to your Dictionary, if you have one, or to your parents, or instructors, for their meaning. I should prefer your choice of the former direction, because we are sure to remember that, about which we have had some trouble. If you promise me to do this, I promise myself much pleasure, because, I am certain you will be benefited by what you learn. That this may be the case, is the anxious desire of one, who loves little children.

L. WATTS.

# CONTENTS.

# NATURE DISPLAYED,

IN

# Poems for Children.

---

## SNOW.

Mamma, I should so like to know,
Said Ann, the cause and use of snow?
To me it is a wonder quite
How it becomes so very white?

With pleasure, her Mamma replied,
Your wishes shall be gratified;
I heed not pains I thus bestow,
If you in useful knowledge grow.

I think, last night, you heard the rain,
Loud beating 'gainst the window pane;
But now the air is much too keen
To let mere water fall as then.

Snow, first, is vapour, light and thin,
Which freeze e'er they to fall begin;
The air expands, and makes it light,
And light, refracted,* makes it white.

But snow is of much service found,
And pleased the farmers view the ground,
When cover'd thick, it then destroys
The vermin that conceal'd there lies.

It warms and fructifies the soil,
And makes the earth with plenty smile;
We thankful, therefore, ought to be,
When thus it covers field and tree.

---

## RAIN.

I am so vex'd to see the rain,
To her Mamma, said little Jane,
Indeed it oft has puzzled me
To fancy what its use can be.

This proves you are a silly child,
Said her Mamma, in accents mild,
'Tis therefore time that you should know
From whence it comes, and also how.

---

* Refraction,—passing through.

That pond, you know, the other day
Was full, now part is gone away;
And, pray, can you inform me where?
You can't, 'tis floating in the air.

You know the sun has heat and pow'r;
You felt it had before this show'r;
The sun, from oceans, seas, and streams,
Exhales* the water with his beams.

By this machine, uprais'd in air,
The vapours† then as clouds appear;
Thro' air, distill'd,‡ in drops quite small,
We see them on the garden fall.

If God decreed it should not rain,
My child more justly might complain:
Herbs, fruits, and cattle, soon would die;
Nor could the earth our wants supply.

Behold the flowers in yon parterre,
How fresh and beauteous they appear,
Even the humble field blue-bell
Regales us with its fragrant smell.

Even when wintry floods appear,
They, too, display God's gracious care;
Then give no more such murm'rings vent,
They prove a sinful discontent.

---

* Or draws up.
† Moisture, or steam, rising from the earth.
‡ Flowing or running gently together.

## HAIL.

Mamma, how is it, tell me, pray,
We have hail on a Summer's day ?
If, said Mamma, you wish to know,
I readily will answer you.

'Tis probable you do not know,
That on the tops of mountains snow
Is always found; for vapours freeze,
In Summer, on the Pyrenees.*

Beyond the highest clouds that fly
Vapours are floating constantly;
But it so very cold is there,
That in a freezing state they are.

'Tis not surprising, then, that we
Should sometimes hail in Summer see,
For the cold vapours lower fall,
And then form drops of water small.

And, during their descent, they pass
So suddenly, that the increase
Of heat on them has no effect,
But to increase the freezing act.

---

* The Pyrenees are a chain of mountains that divide France from Spain.

Experiments have prov'd this true,
Though it may seem absurd to you,
Because, did it a minute lay
Upon your hand, 't would melt away.

But, that 'tis oft attended, too,
With thunder-storms you doubtless know;
And hence, electric* fluid in air
Its cause in chief is, we infer.

---

## DEW.

'Twas early on a Summer's morn,
Before the sun had risen high,
That Mary, on the dewy lawn,
Was gazing very thoughtfully.

When, suddenly, Mamma inquir'd—
What so attracts my Mary's view?
She answer'd, as she was desir'd,
Only the pretty sparkling dew.

---

* Electric fluid is distinct from all other fluids, and is thought to consist of two principles, one the most pure and active hydrogen, the other elementary heat.

Hailstones have fallen in some places as large as hens' eggs, and frequently sixteen, eighteen, and twenty ounces in weight.

What were your thoughts, rejoin'd Mamma,
You sure to some conclusion came?
I can't, she answer'd, I declare,
Though every morn I see the same.

The dew, my child, is nothing more
Than vapours, though they don't descend
Like rain, of which I spoke before;
But do from earth and plants ascend.

During the fervent heat of day
Continued exhalations rise,
And though the wind bears part away,
The greater part its power defies.

These vapours by the cooler air
Of evening, soon condens'd become,
And thus it is they now appear,
Of sparkling gems, a countless sum.

And sure my child need not be told
Its use, since that we plainly see,—
This in each flower we behold,
In every leaf, in every tree.

These, all refresh'd by this supply,
The mid-day heat can well sustain;
Without it they would shortly die—
For dew supplies the want of rain.

## CLOUDS.

Pray Ellen, do notice that beautiful cloud,
Said Caroline once to her sister aloud;
What a singular form, and its edges how bright,
I seldom have seen a more beautiful sight.

Nor I, answered Ellen; but it puzzles me
To know how they form'd are, or what they can be;
But here comes Mamma, we well know our task,
She therefore will tell us, I think, if we ask.

The clouds a phenomenon wonderful are,
In answer to Ellen, replied her Mamma;
Philosophers, for us, these regions explore,
And tell us, their classes or orders are four.

The first is the cirrus, which soaring so high,
A spectacle beauteous presents to the eye;
This, rising aloft, meets the rays of the sun,
And hence its red hue when his circuit is run.

The next is the cumulus, so dark and low,
That oft it occasions much terror to you;
Explosions proceed from it, often so loud,
That 'tis commonly termed the dense thunder cloud.

The expanded strata appears like a sheet,
With water, or earth, it seems always to meet.
It is form'd in the night, and at morn breaks away,
And promises mostly a very fine day.

The nimbus, or rain-cloud, the fourth is, and last,
And from this the rain falls in quantities vast;
A dark dreary prospect it presents to view,
When aided by cirrus and cumulus too.

Clouds are but collections of vapours, that are
Rais'd to heights various in our atmosphere,
But chiefly from oceans and seas they are drawn,
And are by the winds to distant lands borne.

Their forms systematic and regular are;
But I shall not stay now to make this appear;
I hope what I've said you'll in mem'ry retain,
Then I shall be pleas'd that my labour's not vain.

---

## AIR.

Mamma, said Ann, the evening's fine,
I should so like to take a walk,
And George our party glad would join,
Then on some useful theme we'd talk.

Mamma consented, and they were
Soon station'd by their parent's side;
George then inquired the cause of air?
To whom she kindly thus replied:—

Its cause immediate is from God,
In common with all else we see;
All nature is its vast abode,
Just like its author's,—Deity.

It is a fluid—that we know,—
Or else we could not it inhale,
And if 'twere not a body too,
We should not feel this gentle gale.

This air, or atmosphere, surrounds
Our globe to forty-four miles high;
Its colour—blue, and hence 'tis found
It gives that colour to the sky.

With air, bright burns the winter fire,*
And air it is supplies our breath;
We constantly must it respire,
Or we should find it certain death.

The sportive fish would quickly die;
The birds that high above us soar;
The smallest insect we can spy;
And every tree, and plant, and flower.

Azote† and oxygen‡ combin'd,
Its chief constituent parts appear,
Kept in a gaseous state we find
By heat, which also makes it clear.

---

* For further particulars, see Combustion.

† Azote composes the third part of our atmosphere, although in itself incapable of supporting life, as is explained in the article above referred to.

‡ Oxygen composes one part of our atmosphere; it is called pure or dephlogisticated air.

'Tis this unseen, this mystic pow'r,
The mighty fabric—earth—supports;
Through it descends the fertile shower;
In it the clouds and meteors sport.

In part I've with your wish complied,
And if you more desire to know,
Let industry be well applied,
And you will then in knowledge grow.

---

## FIRE.

Georgianna was sitting, one cold Winter's night,
With Mamma, in the parlour, at work;
The fire was burning so lively and bright,
On its comforts she made some remark.

So important its agency is, said Mamma,
And its use to the world is so great,
That it was the first object by some we told are
Which did curiosity wake.

Subtle, elastic, and active, we find,
The nature of fire to be:
It penetrates bodies of every kind;
Turns some into fluidity.

It exists throughout nature, in every part;
Unseen, yet as gen'ral, as air;
Heat is an effect, it is made to impart,
By motion, from facts, we infer.

For example—steel, which, to the touch is so cold,
Contains fire, in a quiescent state;
For, struck by a flint, we the fire behold
As sparks, sometimes more or less great.

Heat causes bodies, both solid and fluid,
In vapours to rise, you well know;
This, a candle, when lighted, will make understood,
Its substance to vapour will go.

Flame is a luminous vapour, by fire
Raised, with such increase of heat,
As the substance, or body, may seem to require,
Which will light in proportion emit.

Of its use, I am sure, I nothing need say,
This so great to some heathens appear'd,
They thought it the first cause of life, and hence they
Temples for its divine worship rear'd.

---

## COMBUSTION.

Combustion is but of fire an effect,
Which cannot take place without air,—
Thus a fire, to burn well, in vain we expect,
If we keep not the bottom quite clear.

That air is essential to bright, active fire,
A common occurrence will show,
For often when 'tis on the point to expire,
The bellows will raise it you know.

If a candle, when lighted, we place in a bell,
Made of glass, of particular height,—
This reversely place in a vessel, half full
Of water, we see a strange sight.

The flame of the candle burns faint and then blue,
Soon goes out, and the water arise;
The air that remains is mephitic* found, too,
For an insect plac'd in it soon dies.

Air may decomposed† be by any kind
Of metal; it imbibes the pure gas,
And leaves the remainder quite unfit, we find,
For burning, or breathing, of use.

If the metal, thus calcined, again we expose
To unusual intenseness of heat,
It will, with the oxygen, quickly dispose;
In proof, I a fact will repeat:—

---

* Mephetic, or of the nature of azote, so called from its wanting the principal necessary to sustain animal life. It is necessary, however, in the greatest degree to vegetation, and the multiplication and growth of insects.

† Decomposed, or its particles separated.

A candle, when placed in this very pure air,
Burns with splendour, uncommonly great;
And animals live with much gaiety there,
Though 'tis but of very short date.

They soon are exhausted by life so intense;
And the candle is soon burnt away;
Azote's use, in the atmosphere, manifest thence
Life's early extinction to stay.

---

## WIND.

Mamma, said George, you were so kind
As to inform me what was air;
Perhaps you will now the cause of wind,
For that doth very strange appear.

The wind is simply moving air,
For air, by nature, is at rest:
By various causes, 'twould appear,
'Tis of its ease oft dispossess'd.

Though several causes are assigned
For air's first motion, there are two
Which are of greatest note we find;
These we will separately view.

Heat very much the air expands,
And makes it, in some places, light;
The air, thus rarified, ascends,
And thus a void makes by its flight.

This suddenly is filled by fresh,
Which from all parts tow'rds it flow;
This sometimes with impetuous rush,
At other times more soft and slow.

But cold quite differently acts,
By its condensing power, on air;
Though it produces like effects
By intermixture with the rare.

The speed with which it travels you,
I think, have an observer been:
Five miles an hour is counted slow,
A hundred is an hurricane.

Though the solanoe's* scorching power,—
The hurricane's,† which trees up tear,—
The wild tornado's‡ pelting shower,—
Sufficient are to raise our fear,

We must not surely thence declare
That wind's without utility;
They of essential service are,
By cleansing from impurity.

---

* Solanoes, or hot winds, which blow over a large tract of burning sand from eight to eleven in the morning, when the sea breeze rises, and refreshes the natives.

† Hurricanes, terrible gusts of wind, most common in the West Indies, and the most destructive of all storms.

‡ These are sudden gusts of wind, which blow from all parts of the horizon on the coast of Guinea.

If air was not in motion kept,
It putrified would soon become;
For pestilences oft are swept,
By wind, both from our land and home.

---

## SOUND.

How pleasant 'tis the bells to hear!
Pray is it not, Mamma?
Mamma, replied, it is, my dear;
Sounds enlivening are.

But say, did sound e'er occupy
A serious thought, my Jane?
If not, the present I'll employ
Its nature to explain.

Now list attentive to the bells,
And mark their varied tone.
One minute, and the sound loud swells,
Then to a whisper gone.

These various sounds are by the air
Produc'd, which may be seen,
If we to yonder pond repair,
And throw a stone therein.

According to the size and force
Of that therein we throw,
It follows, as a thing of course,
The circles larger grow.

These circles represent the air,
Which forward moves and round;
These strokes, or movements, on the ear
Fall, and are then call'd sound.

This cannot be discern'd, 'tis true,
When quick, and we are nigh;
But I would recommend to you
Experiments to try.

---

## LIGHT.

Charles, can you tell me what is light?
Ask'd his Mamma, one morn,
While gazing on that lovely sight,
The crimson-clouded dawn.

Mamma, I can't, said Charles, but you
Will, perhaps, inform me now;
I have not thought of it, 'tis true,
But much should like to know.

The light is, like the air, a fluid,
Compos'd of particles,
Small, but of diff'ring magnitude,
Which on our planet falls,

From that vast wond'rous orb, the sun,
With such amazing speed,
That it, in travelling, 'tis known,
Eight minutes don't exceed.

A hundred and fifty thousand miles,
Light, in a second, flies;
And ninety millions, Newton* tells,
Ere it illumes our skies.

Contented we should not remain
With merely viewing things;
But try true knowledge to obtain,
From whence true pleasure springs.

---

## THE EARTH.

Mamma, you say the earth is round,
Said Frederick, with look profound;
If so, at times it seems to me,
We walking on our heads should be.

Besides, the seas and oceans, too,
Would often their contents out-throw;
Of mountains, too, I've heard, so high,
Their summit seemed to touch the sky.

This reasoning proves, said his Mamma,
My Frederick's no philosopher;
But if this yield you such surprise,
What would its swiftness and its size?

---

* Newton, a celebrated English philosopher.

For it is more surprising sure,
That fifty-eight thousand miles each hour
The earth should travel, from west to east,
And we not feel it in the least.

The mountains do not touch the sky;
The highest are but four miles high.
Twenty-five thousand miles earth's round,
Across, above eight thousand found.

I think, then, they compar'd may be
To gnats upon a huge oak-tree;
And liken'd they have been, we find,
To specks upon an orange-rind.

The earth just like a loadstone acts;
That is, all bodies it attracts:
A deluge, then, we need not fear;
The seas can't fall from whence they are.

But now, my Fred'rick, bring your ball,
Stand, and roll it towards the wall;
Observe its motion, and you'll see
That then it turns round rapidly.

Also observe, that this is done,
As to the wall it travels on:
This the earth's motion very clear
Pourtrays, both by the day and year.

Its quickest turnings may display
The motion of the earth each day;
Its forward movement, 'twill be found,
Is that which brings the seasons round.

## THEORY OF THE EARTH.

Mamma, I have very agreeably found
One inquiry produces another.
I know the earth moves, and is nearly round,
From what you have said to my brother.

Of what is composed this wondrous ball,
I am anxious to hear, I declare ?
You should, my dear James, if your knowledge is small,
Said, Mamma, to the study repair.

'Tis composed of water, and matters that are,
From their firmness in general, call'd earth;
These species are metals, stones, salts, and sulphur,
And mould,* in which plants have their birth.

That God made the world is doubted by none;
How, some have attempted to show,—
By saying it once was a part of the sun,
And that God caus'd the severing blow

To be struck by a comet; and hence arise
The inflammable matters therein.
If this be the case, we need not feel surprise
That the earth doth much fire contain.

---

* This substance, which serves for the growth and nourishment of animals and vegetables, is nothing but a composition of decayed animal and vegetable bodies reduced into such small particles, that their former organization is not distinguishable.—BUFFON.

At six hundred feet, it is said, under ground,
Heat gradually is on the rise;
Beside, at the bed of the ocean, is found
Often warm springs, but never there ice.

That changes take place on the earth ev'ry day,
Those may see who have leisure and choose:
We told are by those who these changes survey,
That the seas do them chiefly produce.

The ground upon which we now stand once has been
The bed of the ocean, 'tis said;
The land, which was then peopled, fertile, and green,
Is now by the ocean o'erspread.

But, James, on creation whenever you look,
Be sure it is never without
Viewing God as its author; then in this book
You will wonders discover no doubt.

---

## WATER.

One evening, very fine and clear,
Ann and Eliza walking were,
And being very near the sea,
They view'd it each attentively.

Curious Eliza very soon
Said, dear Mamma, pray is it known
What water is? If you can tell,
Ann and myself should like it well.

The element of water is
Composed of only two gases;*
One of hydrogen,† 'twould appear,
Four oxygen, or vital air.

If by the winds it were not swept,
So as to be in motion kept,
And sometimes driven furiously,
A putrid mass it soon would be.

In proof of this, a trav'ller says,
He was becalm'd for several days;
The heat excessive, and the sea
Calm as it possibly could be.

The crew's supply of water gone,
Some buckets from the sea were drawn;
But there were in it countless swarms
Of insects, some of hideous forms.

---

* Gas is a term used by chemists to denote any air except the atmospheric air.

† Hydrogen is one of the most abundant principles in nature. It will take fire; indeed, it is the principal ingredient in coals.

They were not of the common kind,
Such as we sometimes chance to find;
But large, and chang'd the water's hue,
And made it quite offensive too.

But now, perhaps, you'd have me halt,
And tell you why sea-water's salt?
At bottom there are mines, or beds,
From whence the savour so proceeds.

This saltness is considerably
Productive of utility,
In seas and oceans, only there;—
The rivers are from saltness clear.

Salt gives a firmness to the waves,
To bear the massy ship, which braves
Its ruffled surface; and does more,
It helps to keep the water pure.

The agency of water, too,
Is universal, as we know.
Its having no peculiar taste
Renders it of importance vast.

Here how conspicuous we see
The wisdom of the Deity!
The more we nature's myst'ries know,
The more it bids our praises flow.

## THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

George, John, and Amelia were one day at play,
Athough 'twas unusually warm;
Too busy, however, attention to pay
To what was approaching—a storm.

Till the lightning and thunder astounded them all,
And Amelia retreated with fright;
George, too, with astonishment, let drop his ball,
And John, with concern, viewed the sight.

Soon Mamma with her trembling Amelia appear'd,
In the parlour assembled all were;
And, though then the loud claps of thunder were heard,
They seem'd to lose some of their fear.

How vivid the flashes of lightning, how blue;
What a wonderful sight this, says John:
Its cause, dear Mamma, is, I think, known to you;
If you'll tell us, we'll quickly sit down.

That particles saline,* and sulphurous† too,
In the atmosphere are, it is known;
Their ascent and mixture, philosophers show
Are its cause, though they act not alone.

---

* Of a salt nature.

† Of the nature of sulphur, or brimstone; which, I doubt not, many of my little readers have taken, as a medicine, with treacle.

But how they ignite may be made understood
By a fact you all very well know;
That if sealing wax, glass, or iron are rubb'd,
With warmth they will very soon glow.

'Tis by friction, or rubbing of matters contain'd
In the air, that ignition ensues:
By experiment is this opinion sustain'd,
And this we do wrong to refuse.

When a cloud, that's composed of these matters, is drawn
To one not at all so, quite nigh,
A rushing of matter ensues from each then,
And the flash, or their passing, we spy.

The thunder is but undulations* of air,
Produc'd by the sudden discharge;
And the reverberations† long or short are,
As the quantity's more or less large.

And though 'tis produc'd at the very same time
With ignition, or lightning, we know
Sound cannot with light in velocity‡ chime,
But travels more heavy and slow.

---

* A motion like that of waves.
† Resoundings.
‡ Quickness.

The thunder is harmless, though dreadful the noise;
But the silent-wing'd lightning consumes
Herbs, trees, ships, and houses it often destroys,
And man by its stifling perfumes.

If a storm e'er comes on when in summer you roam,
Be sure you keep far from the trees;
For trees attract lightning, the oak more than some;
It, therefore, most dangerous is.

---

## THE RAINBOW.

Observe, once said Charlotte, that beautiful bow!
How lovely its colours appear.
But how is it formed, Mamma, pray do you know?
If you do, I should much like to hear.

Notice first, said Mamma, the way we now stand,
It is with our back to the sun;
That cloud, too, before us, majestic and grand,
The rain has from thence just begun.

Now each drop of rain a globule we call,
Because each is perfectly round;
And 'tis in proportion as these globules fall,
That the colours are bright or faint found.

For each ray of light enters each at the top,
And being by nothing appall'd,
Makes its exit again at the end of the drop;
This double refraction is call'd.

Its colours are seven in number, you know;
Red, orange, then yellow appear,
Fourth green, fifth blue, sixth indigo,
Then violet, in white all mixed are.

Now if the sun's rays were of one sort and size,
One colour there only could be;
But 'tis from their diff'ring in both that arise
The beautful colours we see.

But now, my dear Charlotte, I would you remind,
That it is the token which God
Has given to man; he has promis'd, we find,
He'll punish no more by a flood.

---

## SUMMER HEAT.

Oh! how excessive is the heat,
Said Ellen, as she chang'd her seat;
'Tis quite oppressive, I declare,
And almost more than I can bear.

Come, said Mamma, you may as well
The cause of heat to me now tell.
She answer'd, dear Mamma, I own
The cause to me is quite unknown.

At least, I can but think of one,
Which is, we're nearer to the sun:
But, perhaps, Mamma, you'll tell me now,
For really I should like to know.

I thought that was my child's idea,
But no, indeed, we're not so near;
We're at the farthest distance now,
Though, perhaps, you cannot fancy so.

You know we in the winter see
The sun but very transiently;
And, although this may strange appear,
'Tis then some thousand miles more near.

We then scarce feel the heat at all,
Because his rays obliquely* fall;
But in the summer's height, as now,
It dries and scorches all below.

The cause of this I will explain,
If your attention I obtain;
For though the causes various are,
I but the chief shall mention here.

Suppose at you I toss this ball,
You scarce would feel its force at all,
As now you stand: the cause is clear,
To strike with force it is too near.

---

* Not straight, but in a slanting direction.

But were it thrown from yonder hill,
And then should strike you, perhaps 'twould kill;
Because the force increased would be
By distance and velocity.

Thus distance and the lengthen'd stay
Of the sun's rays, increase each day
The heat, and with it comforts too,
Which I am well prepared to shew.

For I may venture to affirm,
That you would rather be too warm
Sometimes, than be depriv'd of fruits,
Which well I know your taste so suits.

I hope you will no more complain,
Since both are needful, heat and rain:
'Tis God these varied means employs,
To increase or comforts and our joys.

---

## THE SUN.

I'm really anxious, I declare,
The nature of the sun to hear,
Said Julia; perhaps, to me and Jane,
Mamma, its nature you'll explain.

The sun by most is thought to be
A globe opaque* and fiery;
Larger than earth a million times;
The cause of light and varying climes.

---

* Not clear or transparent.

Though with creative fire it burns,
It on its axis* constant turns
In twenty-five days, fifteen hours,
And sixteen minutes, just like our's.

His journey though we seem to see,
Indeed is no reality;
The earth and planets round him turn
Like boys who round a bonfire run.

The sun's apparent annual path,
As visitor upon this earth,
Is called the ecliptic; this beside,
The learned in twelve signs divide.†

---

* The line, real or imaginary, that passes through any thing on which it may turn round. Thus, if you make a hole through an apple, through which you may pass a stick; by turning the apple round, you will perceive the motion of the sun, earth, moon, or any of the planets on their axis.

† I prefer inserting the lines of Dr. Watts here to any transformation or paraphrase of my own.

"The ram, the bull, the heavenly twins,
And next the crab the lion shines,
The virgin and the scales;
The scorpion, archer, and she-goat,
The man that draws the water-pot,
And fish, with glittering tails."

These signs were invented by the Egyptians, who were the first astronomers.

Dark spots, or mountains in the sun,
By telescopes are plainly shown ;
But these become, in time, consum'd,
Or, like the sun himself, illum'd.

Nature both dull and dreary seems
When not enliven'd with his beams ;
But soon her flow'ry robes she wears,
When he again in spring appears.

But, perhaps, my Julia did not know
That he is always shining too ;
'Tis but the clouds that hide by day
The lustre of his useful ray.

Millions of insects in an hour
Burst into life, when he, with pow'r,
Strides o'er the earth, and bids arise
Herbs, fruits, and plants, for our supplies.

Ninety-five millions of miles he is
Distant from earth, and hence, in size,
He sometimes looks almost as small
As yonder rolling skittle ball.

Since, then, so vast his power we see,
What must his great Creator be ?
Let's be reminded by these sights,
Of God, the father of all lights.

---

## THE MOON.

The bird's had a long time been gone to repose,
When Emily from the snug fire arose,
And casting her eyes on the moon-illum'd green,
Stood still, for some moments, to view the soft scene.

At length, she exclaim'd, what a beautiful night!
The moon and the stars are all shining so bright;
And, having re-seated herself very soon,
Ask'd Mamma for a little account of the moon.

With very great pleasure, replied her Mamma,
I wonder you've not this requested before,--
Philosophers think that the moon is a world,
Which in twenty-nine days round its axis is whirl'd.

And thus the inhabitants, some of them say,
Have a very long night, and a very long day,
For, reckoning time according to our's,
Each lasts between three and four hundred hours;

If those we may credit, who say it is true,
That the day and night lasts from full moon till new;
But it may be proper, perhaps, to remark,
We must not imagine them quite in the dark.

The earth is to them, what the moon is to us,
Only very much larger, and therefore more use;
And while you are viewing the moon, full of mirth,
They perhaps are admiring the beautiful earth.

Of miles, 'tis two hundred and forty thousand
From earth, and consists both of water and land;
'Tis two thousand miles in diameter found;
Six thousand three hundred in circuit, or round.

'Tis said there are mountains, so high, in the moon,
So high upon earth none have ever been known;
Thus, finding earth, water, mines, and mountains too,
We well may conclude there are people also.

By some the dark places, are fancied beside
Caverns, in which, perhaps, the people reside;
For the sun's constant glare so fatiguing may be,
As to render their shade quite necessary.

The moon, like the earth, has no light of her own,
So she gives us but what she receives from the sun;
And while round the earth she is moving, displays,
Each evening, a different figure, or phase.

The cause of these differing figures may be
Discovered, whenever meat roasting you see,—
Each part to the fire successive is turn'd,—
The cause and the figure thus plainly discern'd.

## THE TIDES.

Mamma, we home despair'd to reach,
Said Julia, for, while on the beach
We gather'd shells, the water rose,
I thought it would have wet my clothes.

But pray, Mamma, do tell me why
The waters sometimes rise so high?
I watch'd it yesterday, and saw
It backward roll'd as swift I'm sure.

These motions of the sea, replied
Mamma, are mostly call'd the tide:
By most philosophers 'tis shown
The moon o'er them doth influence own:

For while she passes o'er the sea,
It drawn towards her then will be;
And as from them again she rolls,
The sea as gradually falls.

They this phenomenon display
Later fifty minutes each day;
And if you watch'd, you'd see this sight,
Twice every day, and every night.

Sometimes both sun and moon concur
To change these motions; we are sure
Tides are call'd high at each full moon,
And low when half her circuit's run.

But some philosophers declare
By the earth's motion caused they are;
That by its turnings every day,
These oscillations* they display.

---

## FIXED STARS.

I think there's not a lovlier sight,
Said Rosa, than a star-light night—
While trotting by her mother's side—
Who, answering, thus to her replied:

I wonder does my Rosa know
Aught of the stars, but that they glow
With tiny and oft sullied light,
Because the mists obscure the sight?

But perhaps you'll be surpris'd to hear
That all day long they shining are;
'Tis but the sun's superior light
That hides them from our constant sight.

They are but hidden, for they may
Be clearly seen at bright noon day;
And for this purpose pits there are
Constructed, so that they appear.

---

* Moving backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock.

If, now, these glitt'ring orbs you view,
You soon will find their sorts are two,
And these distinguish'd soon may be.
If we them view attentively.

The planets motionless appear,
But twinkling all the fix'd stars are;
And this, by most, is thought to arise
From interception of their rays,

By particles, which, though minute,
Do in the air, like vapours, float;
Each twinkling star is thought to be
A sun, like that we daily see.

Above one hundred thousand, too,
Are plain to telescopic view;
Four hundred thousand miles, 'tis known,
The nearest is beyond the sun.

Than this, there is much more to know
About them, when you older grow:
The constellations, and their names,
From each a mark'd attention claims.

---

## PLANETS.

There seven prim'ry planets are
Revolving round the sun,
And perhaps you'll be surpris'd to hear
That this our earth is one.

Mercury, Venus, then our world,
Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn,
And Herschel, with their moons, are whirl'd
Around the sun, 'tis certain.

The earth, you know, has but one moon,
And Jupiter has four;
Herschel has six; and it is known
That Saturn has one more.

Some larger and some smaller are
Than earth on which we live;
Some are more distant, some more near;
All solar heat receive.

And light and heat from him alone,
Hence all their comforts, too,
For if the former two were gone,
Their number would be few.

Scripture and reason each concur
To lead us to conclude
They like the world constructed are,
And therefore an abode

For man and beast; for though they may
Be climes unfit for us,
Presumption it would be to say,
God made them without use.

## MERCURY.

Mamma, I should so like to know,
If 'twere not too much troubling you,
About the planets something more,
'Twould interesting be I'm sure.
Mercury, the nearest to the sun,
Performs its journey, it is known,
In eight and eighty days, or near,
Which must, of course, complete its year.
Thirty-two million miles it is
Distant from Sol, and is in size
Miles 'bout two thousand six hundred,
And travels with the wondrous speed
Of ninety-five thousand miles an hour,
According to our time, we're sure.
It less than earth is fourteen times;
And, we are told, that in its clime
Iron would melt there soon, the heat
Being in Mercury so great.
Discovered it has also been,
Although it is so seldom seen,
Because so near the sun's his range,
That, like the moon, his phases change.

---

## VENUS.

Then comes pretty Venus, and that, to the sight,
Presents itself shining in a yellow white;
Miles more than sixty millions from the sun,
And sixty-nine thousand each hour moves on.

Two hundred and twenty-four days are its year;
But some computators have made it appear
Its days are to our's one to twenty-four;
Hence, it has nine days eight hours—no more.
But Venus has mountains, miles five or six high;
Besides, you perhaps know, that she alternately
Is called the morning or evening star,
For why, I'll endeavour to make plain appear:—
When Venus appears to us west of the sun,
It rises to view before him in the morn;
But when in the east, it a long time is seen,
After on us it has ceased to shine;
And regular it this appearance displays,
Successively, two hundred and ninety days.
There are at its equator two summers, two springs,
Two winters, two autumns: than this, many things
I might of this beautiful planet declare,
But perhaps you imagine it time to forbear.

---

## MARS.

Mars is the first above
Earth's orbit, it is known;
Hundred and twenty-five
Million miles 'tis from the sun.

It takes about two years
To travel round him, too;
Its year, it thence appears,
Is as to our's two.

More than two thousand miles
'Tis in diameter;
Besides, it also travels
Five hundred miles an hour.

Its hue—a fiery red—
Diff'rent from all beside,
With tellescopic aid,
Thus easily descried.

---

## JUPITER.

Jupiter larger is, by far,*
Than any of the others are;
Besides its distance from the sun,
Miles four hundred million.

Twenty-five thousand miles, we're sure,
Jupiter travels every hour;
And from the learned it appears
Its year makes twelve of our years.

Jupiter, just like Venus, too,
Is morn or evening star, we know;
Besides, it is surrounded quite
By belts, which are a curious sight.

---

* One thousand times.

These clouds, by most, are thought to be
(For we through telescopes might see
Them change their place, contract and spread,)
Like those which float above our head.

---

## SATURN.

The next is slow Saturn, and it from the sun
Is miles seven hundred and eighty million:
Moves eighteen thousand miles each hour, 'tis clear,
Though thirty of our years make but one there.

Than earth, it's six hundred times larger, we're told,
And that it must there be surprisingly cold;
Surrounded it is by a curious thing—
It is a thin, broad, but luminous, ring.

This twenty-one thousand miles broad, is besides,
Its distance the same from Saturn on all sides;
It turns on an axis, the learn'd Herschel's powers
Has plac'd beyond doubt, in about ten hours.

---

## GEORGIUM SIDUS.

One thousand five hundred sixty-five million
Miles is the Georgium Sidus from the sun;
According to our time, eighty-three years
To travel it takes round the sun, it appears.

Than earth, it is eighty times larger, 'tis shown;
The length of its day and night is quite unknown;
It moves seven thousand miles every hour;
And is seen but through glasses of very great power.

That Herschel discovered this planet, we know,
Of years, not a very great number, ago;
In honour, he gave it the name, perhaps you've heard,
Of the present king's father, King George the Third.

---

## COMETS.

But what are comets, dear Mamma?
I think I've heard such things there are.
From Newton, said Mamma, we find
Comets are of the planet kind;
But they do not around the sun
Revolve like them, but as if drawn,
They to that orb, approach so near,
That they soon greatly heated are.
At least the nucleus, or the head,
Which doth in size the earth exceed;
We also are inform'd the heat,
Three hundred times, has been more great
Than red hot iron; and we are told
They suffer the extremes of cold.

The tail is form'd of vapours, that
Are from the head, forced by the heat,
Like steam from boiling water, or
As smoke ascending from the fire;
These vapours so transparent are,
That through them may be seen each star;
They many thousand miles extend;
And it is thought for this great end;
That they may other worlds supply
With moisture, as they pass them by;
And they may also be supplied
With heat, emitted from the head.
'Tis thought that there are twenty-one,
But the return of three is known;
And there are those who do declare,
That for the sun, they fuel are,
But these are subjects that will be
Found ever wrapp'd in mystery:
God has set bounds to human ken,
And why? to show they are but men.

---

## VOLCANOES.

I've heard, there burning mountains are,
Pray will you tell me, dear Mamma,
Something about them? once said Ann.
Mamma consented, and began:
If I may use the words of Buffon,*
They are a sort of larger cannon,

---

* Buffon, a celebrated French philosopher and naturalist.

From which is ejected flames and smoke,
With clouds of cinders, stone, and rock,
In columns through the air ascend,
And then on distant plains descend,
Rivers of melted metal too,
With bitumen† and sulpher flow;§
Nor are they spent for many a day,
But last for months successively;
And hence the depth becomes so great,
As to exceed a hundred feet;
Almost all modern Italy,
Upon these ruins built must be:
Of course it soon must life destroy,
Cities and forests buried lie;
And the fam'd Herculaneum|| now,
Shows what destruction it can do;
These are effects, and vast indeed,—
To note the cause, I now proceed,
That fire exists within the earth,
Is now an undisputed truth;
With matters quite inflammable,
And every kind of mineral;

---

† Bitumen is a substance resembling oil or resin.

§ Sulphur is a substance that easily takes fire, and is found in the neighbourhood of Volcanoes.

|| Herculaneum, a large town in Italy, suffered first by an earthquake, February 6th A. D. 63, and was totally overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, accompanied by an earthquake November 1st, A. D. 79; was discovered in 1730, and an hundred and fifty volumes of MSS. found there in a chest 1754. Pompeii was destroyed at the same time.

These acted on by damp and air,
Which make a way by some means there,
Cause then a very strong ferment,
And having not a place for vent,
Forces a way with dreadful noise,
And hence it is eruptions rise;
The principal in Europe are
Etna in Sicily, and Hecla
In Iceland, and Vesuvius too
In Italy, you doubtless know;
If we enumerate great and small,
As scatter'd on this earthly ball,
Their number proves at least three score,*
And doubtless there are many more.

## EARTHQUAKES.

But there are earthquakes, and you now
May feel inclin'd their cause to know,
Which much the same appears to be
As of eruptions gen'rally;
And it is no more strange than true,
They happen at the same time too:
Sometimes large cities swallow'd are,
At others new Islands appear;
About one hundred years ago,
Out of the Archipelago,
Which is, you ought to know a sea,
An Island rose up suddenly;

* It is said there are two or three hundred.

Stones were cast from it out of sight,
Dense clouds of smoke and flames quite bright,
And what most singular appears,
It kept increasing for four years;
Near to the mountains Cordelier,*
Earthquakes so very frequent are,
That houses more than one floor high,
Are only built of reeds when dry,
The shock has been strong enough to make
The earth in all its parts quite shake:
But if, what some affirm is true,
They are most common in Peru;
They very oft are felt at sea,
At times, indeed, violently;
Its bottom is, we understand,
Continuation of the land;
But as I only wish to raise
Desire in your younger days;
To study nature, I shall now
Close my remarks, in hopes that you,
The subject further will pursue.

---

## THE CAUSE AND USE OF MOUNTAINS.

But are all mountains, dear Mamma,
Of the eruptive kind?
She answered, they are not my dear,
Of them three sorts we find.

---

* Andes or Cordelier mountains in South America, and the highest in the world.

The first, or lowest are the hills,
Then those of moderate height;
The third, a rank are higher still;
A grand majestic sight.

By some 'tis thought, that they have been,
Form'd chiefly by the sea;
Because all those who dig therein,
Do its productions see.

'Tis thought, that they were formed at first,
Beds of shells, slime, and sand;
Time them increased in size, at last
They left were on dry land.

Some think they with the world were made,
Much as they now appear,
And that the shells therein now laid,
Placed by the deluge were.

Islands, I think you know, is land,
Surrounded by the sea,
And hence from some we understand
They tops of mountains be.*

But mountains are of service too,
Rivers from them arise,
And on their sides provisions grow
For man and beast supplies.

---

* Buffon thinks this is the case.

Beside, the earth would very soon
Be covered by the sea;
For fishes an abode alone,
All else destroy'd would be.

---

## RIVERS.

But how can rivers formed be
By mountains, dear Mamma?
With the recital favour me,
'Tis curious I am sure.

I told you that the vapours were
Drawn from the earth by heat,
And that they then as clouds appear,
These 'gainst the mountains beat;—

And many a fissure being formed
Upon the mountain sides;
The clouds are very quickly turned,
To rain, which down them glides.

Caverns, or hollows, we are sure
In mountains oft abound;
And these a kind of reservoir
Are for the water found.

But all we know does not there stay,
The overplus from there;
Forces itself again away,
Then brooks or streams appear:—

These down into the valleys run,
With others readily
Unite their streams, and then as one
Flow on and reach the sea.

---

## THE EYE.

I see you've enough, Ann, your thoughts to employ,
By the number of books on the shelf,
I hope they all solid instruction supply;
Pray what have they taught you of self?

Has ever that curious complex machine,
Excited a curious thought?
I fear that because 'tis so frequently seen,
You've slighted it more than you ought.

If we take of the senses a cursory glance,
The time we shall not misapply,
But be making in knowledge, some little advance,
We'll begin by considering the eye:—

This organ consists of a transparent coat
Which is outside and call'd the Cornea,
A pure liquid follows, and adjoining that
Is the lens or chrystaline humour.

A jelly-like substance composes the ball,
At the back a fine net work is seen,
On this, the retinas, intended should fall
A picture of each passing scene.

To tell you I must not omit, there's a nerve
Which conveys an idea to the brain,
Of all that is passing, and hence you'll observe,
Without this, the eye would be vain.

---

## THE EAR.

Now let us a little examine the ear,
That too, near the brain has its place,
And all the five senses indeed centre there,
But how, I shall not stay to trace.

We first will consider the external part
Which is form'd, to collect and convey
The sounds, from whatever object they start,
And here I may, perhaps, as well say,

In Turkey one species of punishment is,
To cut off, or hang up by the ear;
A lasting and terrible punishment this,—
If the former, they no more can hear.

The turnings within are most curious found,
The reason of this seems to me,
To prevent the too furious rushing of sound,
Which perhaps would an injury be.

But now of what use is the wax you would know,
Its uses are various no doubt,
But one is, kind nature has formed it so,
To keep, noxious insects without;

The next is the membranum tympal, or drum,
To which is attached four small bones,
Then three inner muscles are used
To move them according to loud or soft tones.

There two other cavities are beside these,
Call'd the laybrinth and the cochlea;
Its uses I'm sure I need not stay to trace,
So I close my account of the ear.

---

## SMELLING.

Since we have talk'd of the eye, and the ear, I suppose
You expect I should something now say of the nose;
This membrane anatomists make plain appear,
Has not near the number of nerves as the ear:
But of nerves and of nostrils, it consists two,
The latter are useful in breathing you know;
The effluvia rising from bodies that are
Scented, are sure to impregnate the air,
And the nerves in the nose, being struck with much force,
By the air thus impregned, is of smelling the cause;
By the nerves in the nose, we this pleasure enjoy,
For the nerves might be press'd of the arm or the eye.
By the scented effluvia, exhaled from the rose,
But would not the sense of its fragrance disclose;

Thus each set of nerves their tasks have assign'd,
Which tasks, I hope you will now bear in mind.

---

## FEELING.

If through a microscope you view
Your skin, 'twould almost frighten you;
But underneath this outer skin,
A number of fine nerves are seen.
Now if this skin in any part,
Receives from any thing a hurt;
The joining nervous papillæ,
It irritates immediately;
And this is call'd the sense of touch,
Or feeling, be it small or much.
This sense is in the fingers found,
The most acute for square or round;
If bodies are we best can tell,
When with the hand we grasp or feel,
And here I may as well observe,
There's something wondrous in a nerve;
In one not thicker than a hair,
There twenty perfect others are,
And each is with a fluid fill'd,
Which very plainly is beheld,
Through a good magnifying glass,
Through each a needle fine might pass.
I surely need not you remind
This sense, most general we find;

For, can the head be touch'd or foot,
By any thing and we not know't?
Some fancy that the other four,
Modification of this are;
For well we know this sense pervades
The others to the nicest shades.

---

## TASTE.

Of senses now, I think the last
I have to mention is the taste;
Which don't entirely belong,
As some have fancied, to the tongue;
The gums, the tongue, and palate too,
With tasting something have to do;
The tongue, besides, has coverings three;
The last the finest seems to be,
The nerves together run therein,
Like papillæ beneath the skin,
And these if touch'd by food or juice,
Do then the sense of taste produce.

---

## THE BODY.

But doubtless now you think the frame,
Has to regard an equal claim?

The first that I shall mention here,
And make their uses to appear,
Are bones; their number no less great
Than two hundred and forty eight.

And thus we move about with ease,
In whatsoever way we please.
There are eight pieces in the head;
The jaws, you know, the teeth imbed.
And pray how many teeth have you?
You know not; there are thirty-two.
I think the next material part
We have to mention is the heart.
This holds the blood, or vital store,
For which it cavities has four.
One, the left ventricle, supplies
With blood, by force, the arteries.
These last throughout the frame are spread,
And bear the blood from foot to head.
But, perhaps, you think it there remains:
Oh, no, 'tis taken back by veins.
To the right ventricle 'tis pass'd,
From whence it to the lungs is forc'd,
Four thousand times in every hour:
The cavities I nam'd before
Open successively, and close,
From life to death, without repose.
The lungs a spongy substance are,
Inhaling and expelling air.
This process is repeated, too,
Each minute twenty times by you.

And all these motions are without
Even your notice, or your thought.
The blood's produced by drink and meat,
And also every thing we eat:
From oxygen in air, 'tis said,
Its colour rises, which is red.

This sketch should sure our minds impress
How vast the blessings we possess.
Hundreds of tendons, nerves, and veins,
Art'ries, glands, tubes, like linking chains,
Together work and commonly,
'Tis in the greatest harmony!
Besides, each hair upon our head
A hollow tube is, and is fed
With moisture of an oily kind,
An ornament to all we find.
Impressions strangely by the brain
Receiv'd are, and we there retain
A sense of what we've learnt or done;
For mem'ry makes this place her own.

---

## THE SOUL.

Mamma, said Rose, it puzzles me
To fancy what the soul can be:
You've often told me I have one,
But since unseen, how is it known?

We read that God made man at first,
As likewise all the beasts of dust;

But God in man, to crown the whole,
Breath'd, and he then possess'd a soul;
Which indestructible must be,
Because 'tis part of Deity.
This soul must be our life alone;
For when that life so called is gone,
'Tis but the soul remov'd away
From a frail case of diseas'd clay.
Than animals we are no more,
If not thus made superior;
For they five senses have like we,
They hear, and taste, smell, feel, and see;
And instinct is, in some, so great
As to astonishment create.
The soul of man is more, we find:
It includes mem'ry, reason, mind;
For mem'ry will with us remain
When into dust is turn'd the brain.
In heaven, 'tis by the Bible shown,
We there shall know as we are known.
The body, then, appears to me
But the soul's agent; for we see
'Tis moved to act by that within,
To practise good, or practise sin.
But tell me, when you wrong have done,
And wish the action to disown,
When you your lips in silence seal,
Does not a blush your guilt reveal,
And very oft against your will?
I hope you'll hence attentive be,
When it reproves so faithfully;

For wicked is that child indeed,
Whom it refuses thus to aid.

---

## THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF MANKIND.

Charlotte and Henry chanc'd one day
To ramble from a little way
Their parent, but they soon back ran,
Alarm'd at seeing a black man.
Mamma suppress'd their foolish fear
By showing how absurd they were;
And told them, as they journey'd back,
The cause of many being black.
Some have divided all mankind
But into classes six, we find:
Each class, or each variety
Produc'd by food and clime may be;
And length of time, we find as well,
Renders it constitutional.
The people of the north pole all
Are very black, and very small;
Their food is fish, train oil their drink,
Which last a luxury they think:
They live in huts beneath the ground,
Because, no doubt, 'tis warmer found.
The constant glare of snow, we find,
Occasions many to be blind;
Yet happy and contentedly
They live, and love their country.

The people of the south pole are
Extremely black, because it there
So hot is, that the people go
Cov'ring without, or nearly so.
Between these two extremes, we find
People of ev'ry hue and kind:
And some, indeed, quite ugly are;
But so they make themselves appear.
For strange ideas of beauty they,
According to our views, display:
Some black their teeth, because, if white,
They think 'twould be an ugly sight:
Some stretch their ears so very low,
That they their shoulders hang below:
Some drive sticks through their nose, so that
The nostrils on the cheeks lie flat:
Some stretch their eyes, so that between
A space quite frightful may be seen:
Some press their lips, to make them thick,
And others curiously prick
Their legs and arms, thus they appear
As flowers, because they shaded are:
Some black their skin, and rub it too,
Which makes it shine just like your shoe.
Their customs quite as strange appear;
But them I shall not mention here.
These beings we should not despise;
Their acts from ignorance arise:
They organs have of sense like you,
As may be seen by Prince Le Boo.
'Tis true, indeed, they're bought and sold
Like cattle, whether young or old,

By those who churlishly obey
An English monarch's gentle sway:
For many 'gainst oppression cry
Who scruple not to sell or buy
A black—but human—family.

---

## THE SILK PELISSE.

Amelia, what are you attending to, pray?
Oh, oh, it is only to silk-worms, you say.
I hope you to them display proper care;
Since they work for you, you know 'tis but fair.

For me do they work? dear Mamma, how is that?
Their method I really don't understand yet:
I've seen little silk-balls; but how can they be
Made up into any thing useful for me?

It is not unlikely your green silk pelisse
Has been made of silk, made by them in Greece;
For Turkey, France, Italy, Persia, and Spain
From the work of these insects much profit gain.

The worm is brought forth by the sun's heat, 'tis clear,
From eggs that were laid the preceding year:
They find both their food and their residence too,
In the mulberry-tree, where in numbers they grow.

To a leaf it suspends itself, soon as grown,
And then rolls itself in a small silken cone:
But not the least worthy of notice is,
That it, in that state, becomes a chrysalis.

Though it in this state but a little time lays,
For a butterfly moth, in a very few days,
Eats its way through the cone, delighted it flies
In the bright cheering sunshine, lays eggs, then dies.

The cones, which are mostly of pale yellow found,
I here must observe, are generally wound
While yet in a chrysalis state in the moth,
Which otherwise renders it of nothing worth.

To the weaver 'tis very soon after conveyed,
By whom ingenuity great is displayed;
The dyer and presser perform their part too,
And the dress-maker, ere this pelisse we could view.

In dress, though 'tis sinful if pride we display,
'Tis needful that to it attention we pay,
According to station, if lofty or low;
For benefit from it to others will flow.

---

## FLOWERS.

Pray what so attracts your attention, my dear?
Said Ellen, the flowers in yonder parterre:
Don't you, Mamma, think it is wond'rous indeed,
How each is produced from a very small seed?

That process, my child, being hidden from view,
Has puzzled a great many wiser than you:
Though something we know of cause and effect,
We cannot tell how water, earth, and air act.

In whate'er position the seed may be sown
In the earth, the fibrous parts always strike down:
The green struggles upward, through earth, into air,
And very soon after, the flowers appear.

Observe now the number of nerves in this leaf;
The under are larger, and, therefore, are chief
In preparing the moisture rising from earth,
And conveys it so as to aid the bud's birth.

The leaves are to shade the small buds from the sun,
By which all their moisture would soon be withdrawn:
The air also enters the leaves, it is plain,
Through the plant runs, and leaves at the root again.

The beautiful leaves are called the corrola,
And these for their hue and scent, we admire,
Design'd the protectors of certain parts are,
Which contain the seed to be sown the next year.

These balsams, though now they so lovely appear,
Are annual—that is, they live but one year:
These stocks are biennal—that is, if we sow
The seed this season, the next it will blow.

And some are perennial—that is, many years
They live; such are most kinds of fruit-trees and firs:
The first are deadious—that is, their leaves fall;
But not so the fir-trees, they change not at all.

Iron mixes with most of their particles too,
And is the cause of the fine colours we view;
But the hue of the large outside leaves is green,
Which rises, 'tis said, from the oil they contain.

I think I've said now all you can understand,
And, therefore, I shall, with the rose in your hand,
Leave you your curious thoughts to pursue;
For nature too much can't be studied by you.

---

## THE BREAKFAST.

Pray how many persons, think you, are employed
In procuring your breakfast, Maria?
I'm sure I can't tell you, Mamma, she replied,
Then 'twill be worth while to inquire.

The miner is first, who procures us the ore
Of which the bright ploughshare is made;
The wood-cutter second, the wood must procure;
The machinist in order these laid;

The ploughman, who guides this machine, called
a plough,
By horses 'tis drawn; and the grain,
In the moist upturn'd earth, another must throw,
Then carefully cover again.

The seasons their kind evolutions perform:
In Autumn 'tis ripe and full grown;
Then come the blithe reapers—brown, weary, and
warm—
To cut it, with sharp sickles, down.

Some tie it in bundles, some bear to the barn,
There cleansed of the husk and the straw,
In this prepared state, to the miller 'tis borne,
Who soon has it ground into flour.

Salt, yeast, and potatos the baker employed,
They baked it while we lay in bed.
A great many others I might name beside,
Who have helped to form this loaf of bread.

From Turkey the coffee, from China the tea,
From Jamaica the sugar, perhaps, came:
And, perhaps, you have seen, in your own
country,
How butter is made from the cream.

Then think of the seamen, and vessels beside,
That backward and forward swift sail:
Thus several thousands are doubtless employed
In procuring this sociable meal.

This shows us how very dependant we are
On others for all we enjoy:
The rich are in this more dependant than poor;
Their wants yield the latter employ.

For us the poor miner has worked all the day;
For us others now are employed:
Our comforts without them would quickly decay;
Then sure we've no reason for pride.

Man's station must vary, and greatly, 'tis true,
But gratitude it should excite
In you, my Maria, if God has for you
Ease appointed, to serve Him delight.

---

## THE HISTORY OF TULLIA.

Mamma, if I sit quietly,
Said Rosa, perhaps you'll favour me
With the recital of a tale?
I know your memory will not fail.
As you are good, Mamma replied,
Yor wishes shall be gratified:—
Among the Roman kings was one,
Who but a little slave was born;
His name was Servius, and, we find,
He was a king, both good and kind.
This king, we read, had daughters two,
And as they up from childhood grew,
One was unruly, rude, and wild,
The other an obedient child.

In course of time, they married were;
But haughty Tullia could not bear
Her husband's temper, which was meek—
So she resolved his death to seek.
Her sister's husband she best loved,
And for his sake a murderess proved;
For he was bold, and fierce like her,
Thus they in temper suited were.
He, to have Tullia for his wife,
Soon took away her sister's life.
Lucius Tarquinius was his name;
He soon display'd ambition's flame;
Resolv'd King Servius to dethrone,
And claim the kingdom as his own.
Soon to the Senate House he went,
Big with his murderous intent;
And, making his intentions known,
Seated himself upon the throne.
The poor old king soon entered, when
He was thrown down by young Tarquin,
And finding their intentions, he
Struggl'd from them to get away;
But ere he could his palace gain,
Not only cruelly was slain,
But they his mangled body threw
Into the street, for public view.
Tullia, his cruel daughter, she,
Was waiting, all anxiety,
Her husband monarch to proclaim,
And bear herself a regal name:
And when her humane charioteer,
Had to the bleeding corpse drawn near,

And there the mangl'd Servius saw,
Turn'd from him with becoming awe;
But this enrag'd fierce Tullia so,
She at his head the footstool threw,
And bid him, heedless, over her dead,
Still bleeding, father drive with speed,
Rejoicing in the dreadful deed.
From hence, I hope, my Rose and Ann,
Each disobedient act will shun,
For fear, like Tullia, they should be
Harden'd in their impiety;
Those weeds at first but small appear,
Which afterwards infect the air;
And disobedient acts are sure
To increase, in magnitude and pow'r;
But their own punishment they bring,
For conscience has a dreadful sting,
With which she punishes all those
Who her repeated checks abuse,
And to attend her voice refuse.

---

## CHARITY REWARDED.

Susannah, one cold Winter's day,
Was by her Mother's side
Tripping, with spirits light and gay,—
A shivering child she spied.

Her little limbs scarce cover'd were,
With rags, of many a hue;
Her little feet were chill'd and bare;
Her cheeks with cold were blue.

Susan beheld, with sympathy,
The little sufferer's pain,
And her compassions rose so high,
She tears could not refrain.

Just at that time, it happened so,
One shilling was her all,
And that, in part, was meant to go
Towards a new wax doll.

But as they pass'd a gay decked shop,
At which they made a stand,
The tender-hearted child let drop
The shilling in her hand.

Their ramble finished; they return'd;
The hour arrived for play;
When in her play room she discern'd
A doll extended lay.

In ringlets hung its auburn hair;
Its eyes were lovely blue;
Its waxen arms extended were;
Mamma it uttered too.

With joy she ran Mamma to tell,
The treasure found, how great!
Who heard the quick told wondrous tale,
With joy scarce less elate.

She, answering, said, I heard the sigh,
For sufferings not your own;
I mark'd the wanderings of your eye,
And saw the bounty shown.

And never did a scene more joy
To your fond parent give,
Than when she saw you silently
The suffering child relieve.

I hope this germ of sympathy
Will never know decay;
But that 'twill bloom luxuriantly,
Still blessings to convey.

For charity consists in this,
Although indeed 'tis rare,
To give that which is of real use,
Not that we well can spare.

Take, then, thy mother's gift, and let
It this great truth display,—
That gifts, to poor, impoverish not,
But blessings large convey.

---

## THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Ah! why was hapless Zemia made
Of grosser mould, if such he be,
Than white man? why is death delay'd,
Since life to him is misery?

No white man cares for Zemia's woe;
He tells his sorrows to the wind;
And if they see his tears fast flow,
No pity kindles in their mind.

When white man's darling baby dies,
Then Zemia very sorry be;
At his distresses Zemia cries,
But white man has no tear for me.

I make my baby's grave alone;
Alone I lay my baby there;
And not one white man's plaintive tone
Descends upon poor Zemia's ear.

But some whites tell us there's a God,
Who hears alike all men complain;
But sure if heaven's our joint abode,
They there poor Zemia will disdain.

No, Zemia pleased, I'd tell thee, no.
Could'st thou but hear my pitying voice;
One white for thee a tear could show,
Would bid thee look up and rejoice.

That where the prince of pity dwells
Will not be heard one scorning tone;
Philanthrophy each bosom swells,
And Zemia's bliss would aid their own.

---

## THE DEAD BABY.

Mamma, I saw a baby dead,
Within a narrow coffin laid!
Its eyes were shut, and cold its cheek;
I called it, but it could not speak.

Must I, too, die, my dear Mamma,—
I really hope not, I am sure?
I thought the doctor life could save,
And keep us from the dark cold grave.

No, Julia, no, Mamma replied,
Death will with none the spoil divide;
So certain as we draw our breath,
So certain we are claimed by death.

Nature, all lovely now appears—
In spring her loveliest dress she wears;
But soon these lovely flowers will die,
And fresh their place take bye and bye.

Temples and palaces arise,—
Their grandeur fills us with surprise;
But piece by piece these all decay;
Time, at length, bears them quite away.

Their fragments mingle with the earth,
And very soon another birth
They have, though different it may be
From that they have had formerly.

Thus, if we nature look throughout,
We find that all things change about,—
Trees become houses, ships, and more,
We want them for our furniture.

So our bodies, though they die,
And in the grave a long time lie,
Yet God will raise each one again,
To live in happiness or pain.

It should, then, be our chief concern,
God's will to do, as well as learn;
Death will not then unwelcome be,
Since from the pains of life 'twill free,
And yield us immortality.

---

## On the death of a Magpie, shot in a cherry-tree, and which held when dead the cherry in her mouth.

A Magpie lately built its nest,
A well-stocked orchard near,
Esteeming it of places best
Her progeny to rear.

Of all the trees that therein grew,
One cherry-tree full soon
Attracted her maternal view,
And made her visits known.

Full many a ripen'd cherry she
On wide-stretched pinions bore,
To her scarce half-fledged progeny,
Who, chirping, ask'd for more.

But soon her active course was stayed,
For aim was taken well,—
Shot-penetrated was her head,
And motionless she fell.

Ah! hapless bird, thou paid full dear,
For such a paltry prize;
Now vain thy nestlings moaning are,
And vain thy lone mate cries.

The prize still holden is by thee;
But what can it avail
To thee? ah! nothing; but to me
It tells this useful tale:—

That mortals, as they pass through life,
Catch at each fancied good,
And very quickly rises strife,
If it their grasp elude.

And if, like thee, they do obtain
That which their hearts desire,
The hoped for pleasure proves their pain,—
They grasp it, and expire.

---

## THE RIVAL FLOWERS.

One morn, e'er Aurora had scarce drawn her vail,
My steps to the garden I bent;
The noise was not heard of the peasant's loud flail,
Nor Dolly returned with her full flowing pail;
Nought, then, did reflection prevent.

As thus, with much pleasure, I musingly strayed,
And gazed with delight on the flowers;
The notes of the lark on the silence soft played,
As seeming to hasten bright Sol's crimson shade,
To dry up the dew from the bowers.

I soon found that rivals in flowers there were,
The same as in woman or man,—
For a tulip, the gayest that decked the parterre,
Unfolded its beauties, and with a proud air,
To converse with a heart's-ease began.

The day is advancing; the dews now depart;
I shall therefore my beauties unfold;
But see—what a poor little minion thou art,
I wish thou hadst further from me been apart—
I can scarce such an object behold.

Each one as he passes admires my hue,
Whilst thou in obscurity lie,
And if e'er admired 'tis but by a few,
Who sometimes, when passing, will deign thee to view:
My assertion thou canst not deny.

Nor do I desire, the heart's-ease replied,
My name and my form well agree,
And though I would not in harsh accents chide,
I cannot help saying, I fear that thy pride,
Thy sudden destruction will be.

Remember, we both to one master belong,
Who gathers or leaves at his will;
And you will, 'tis likely, be pluck'd before long,
'Midst others, as rude as myself, placed among,
All the pangs of decay, too, soon feel.

From speaking this monitor scarcely had ceased,
When two sisters approached the bed,—
Said one, with this tulip Papa will be pleased,
And then in an instant the proud flower seized,
And, in triumph, away with it fled.

This scene gave a fresh turn of thought to my mind,
And from flowers reverted to man;—
This tulip an emblem is sure of mankind,
Who boast of their beauties,—too often, we find,
They last but a very short span.

The Maker of all things affixes our state,—
The plain, and the beauteous, as well;
And though adolescent charms may elate,
Without introduction, Death enters the gate,—
Others warn by their funeral knell.

---

## THE FRUITLESS SEARCH.

In search of happiness I strayed,
And soon a field appeared,
With flowers, beauteously arrayed;
The sight my spirits cheered.

I culled the loveliest that grew;
Sweet fragrance it supplied;
But soon the sweet enjoyment flew,—
I culled—I gazed—it died.

I saw its quick decay approach,
And pressed it fonder still;
It seemed to chide me for the touch,
Which must it quicker kill:
And thus it said, or seemed to say,
Cease pleasure to pursue,
It blooms but where it can't decay,
Impervious to the view.

'Tis true, sweet moralist, I cried!
I this am taught by thee;
I've others heard the search deride,
But thought 'twould not mock me.
'Tis like thyself, a fading flower,
Or odoriferous breeze,
Which sends its sweet perfumes before,
Then sounds its sad decease.

———

## DUTY TO GOD.

Children should love the Lord,
Above all things beside;
If they obey his word,
He will for them provide.

Children the Lord should love,
Because 'tis he that sends
Them every comfort from above,
Their food, their health and friends.

Parents, you know, may die,
And all beside forsake;
If they on him rely,
He will provision make.

If they will not obey,
And serve him while below;
By death, when call'd away,
To heaven they cannot go.

They may, perhaps, be told,
To serve him they're too young;
'Tis time enough when old,
But surely this is wrong.

If to their parents so
They had been taught to act;
All little children know,
They anger must expect.

If parents angry be,
When children disobey
Their just commands, then we
Must God displease each day.

---

## ADDRESS TO A LITTLE GIRL.

My dear little friend, whom afflictions attend,
To you may they sanctified be;
May Jesus impart his free grace to your heart,
Himself manifest unto thee.

Oh! say have you felt sin a burden, and knelt,
With repentance and awe at his throne;
Has sin caused you pain, has it made you complain,
And fear you were none of his own?

Have you felt, though a child, sin has often beguiled
And led you in Satan's broad path;
That path scriptures say, from God leads away,
That none can escape his just wrath.

At home and at school, you have sung but by rule,
The praises of Jesus your king;
But in heaven, sweet thought, sin can never be brought,
Nor ever alloy what we sing.

You often have read, Jesus suffer'd and bled,
That himself did for sinners atone;
May time clearly show that he suffer'd for you,
And mark'd you for one of his own.

Little children we're told, are the lambs of his fold,
He gathers the lambs in his arms;
It is likely that you may be taken there too,
From a world in which vice hath such charms.

With the redeem'd race made perfect through grace,
To praise him in heaven you'll join;
And O! that to meet, in that happy retreat,
May be your blissful portion, and mine.

My dear little friend, to these things pray attend,
While time for improvement is given;
Try it to improve, that when summon'd above,
You may dwell with your Saviour in heaven.

---

## SABBATH DAY.

Mamma, said Ann, will you allow
Us each to take a walk?
We went to church this morn you know,
And then we did not talk.

Is it, indeed, my children, true,
That duty once perform'd,
Is all you think to God is due?
I'm at the thought alarm'd.

Holy we bidden are to keep,
Each moment of this day;
Nor pass in walking, play, or sleep,
Its sacred hours away.

Have you forgot the man was ston'd,
Who dar'd first break this law;
He gath'ring sticks by some was found,
Who witness 'gainst him bore.

Would not that servant censure have,
Who did her morning task;
But all her after duties leave,
In idleness to bask.

Expulsion doubtless would ensue,—
It must then madness be
To think that God, to whom is due
So much, should heedless see

His wise authority abused,
His threat'nings so defied,
Obedience, too, if not refused,
Is often marred by pride.

Conscience or custom, sometimes may
Our bodies drag, 'tis true,
To church, but, perhaps, 'tis to disp y
A frock, or something new.

But mark, my children, God is there,
He knows your ev'ry thought;
Whether you merely mockers were,
Or serv'd him as you ought.

Indeed the heathens were, and are
Examples unto us,
In the observance of their law,
The time and rights they use.

One ceremony was began,
Near thirty times, 'tis said,
Because misplac'd was horse or man,
The entrails, reins, or head.

They fancied that their Deity
Would utterly reject,
A service perform'd carelessly,
Or fail'd in due respect.

I hope my children hence will learn,
The Sabbath to revere;
Far from its profanation turn,
And each attending snare.

---

## ON TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

George and his cousin James once sat,
Indulging in a social chat,
When thus said George,—dear James, excuse
The freedom I'm about to use,
And listen while I now declare
From what I think you should forbear.
I, in your conduct, much admire,
Yet oft have felt a strong desire
Gently to chide, but knew not how
To use this freedom until now;
The fault is this—I must be plain—
You often take God's name in vain.

In social chat, or mirth, you say,
My God! God bless me! Thus you pray
More frequent than those people do
Whom some as hypocrites would view;
Because in converse oft they use
God's sacred name, yet not abuse.
Have you forgotten God has said,
Cursed was he who disobey'd,
Or broke the law which he had made?
Is he a man that he should lie?
Unheeded justice may be nigh,
And suddenly demand to know
Why you contemn your Maker so?
Of all the laws I know of, none
More frequent broken than this one.
The gamester very oft, at play,
If fortune chance to turn away,
Though just he did another cheat,
Swears, by his God, there's no deceit.
And round the more domestic board,
How often is such language heard:
Indeed, I've heard it with dismay,
And, shuddering, have turn'd away.
And having oft heard such from you,
Resolv'd, whatever might ensue,
To tell you plainly that I think
You are upon destruction's brink;
For if so often you blaspheme,
By using thoughtlessly his name,
'Tis proof, quite certain, you've not thought
Yet of his being, as you ought.

If we consult the sacred page,
We find that, in the first-form'd age,
The man was ston'd this law who broke,
And dar'd God impiously invoke.
To say we do not mean it so,
Is no excuse, for well we know
The law proclaims, in accents plain,
Thou shalt not take God's name in vain;
Therefore, those guiltless cannot be
Who dare to use it impiously.
Perhaps you'll place me on the list
With those you term mad Methodist;
But soon, soon, time will pass away,
And then will come the judgment-day:
Then, before God's dread judgment-seat,
Both you and I must surely meet;
And, without doubt, it will be known
Which of the two was wrong, for one
Or other must be so:
The Bible says it would be you.
Therefore, dear James, I you entreat
To check yourself when next you meet
Your friend or friends, and part without
A benediction void of thought.
And soon, I trust, the varied name
Of God, Jehovah, Lord, I am,
Redeemer, Intercessor, Lamb,
Will so your every thought engross,
As soon to make you feel a loss
How either name of Deity
You can express most rev'rently.

Then will this be a happy state :
May it be so when next we meet.
To part uncivilly's not right,
Therefore, I wish you a plain good night.

---

## THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Mamma, I read, this morn, at school,
Said Sarah, of a wond'rous pool,
To which sick people did resort,—
Some even on their beds were brought.
Opinions various have been form'd,
And many things have been affirm'd,
But commentators disagree,
And leave it still a mystery.
This we, however, may believe,
The water once was sanative;
And there are some who do us tell
That it was quite medicinal,
And the ferment that rose, ensued
From minerals therein imbued.
Of this opinion there are few;
Why, I shall not now state to you.
That sacrificial dregs were thrown
Into the pool, some others own,
And hence a healing warmth arose;
Not many this idea oppose.
It will not seem so strange, indeed,
If we believe what has been said,

That there is virtue in the skin
Of animals when newly slain,
And warm applied to the diseas'd,
Some have been cur'd, and others eas'd.
Thus they've some ground to stand upon
Who form this last opinion.
For near six hundred thousand beasts
Were slaughter'd at the annual feast.
By angel simply is meant
The servant whom the chief priest sent.
The season was the passover
When he went down the pool to stir.
The reason that it cur'd but one
Is, that its virtue soon was gone;
And it was purposely made small,
Or 'twould have cur'd, perhaps, none at all.
'Tis said, its healing virtue died
When our Lord was crucified.
But here a lesson we should learn
From the deportment of the man;
For one convey'd is, in this place,
As well in nature as in grace.
Means must be used if we to gain,
Are anxious, a discharge from pain:
And if from sin's ascendancy
We're really anxious to be free,
We perseveringly should pray
To the Redeemer every day.
To those who seek him he is nigh,
And will all needful grace supply.

## THE EGYPTIAN PLAGUES.

What were the judgments that befel
The Egyptians, Mary, can you tell?
What was their number, and for why?
I really can't, she made reply.
The Israelites a long time had
Been by th' Egyptians treated bad;
But God had promis'd they should be,
In time, a nation large and free.
Moses had been to Pharoah sent,
By God, to ask of him consent
That Israel should thence depart;
But Pharoah hardened much his heart,
Though but three days required were
That he would them from labour spare,
And let them go and worship God,
As they should be by Moses show'd.
But Pharoah said, who is the Lord,
That I should listen to his word?
And, therefore, God such judgments sent,
As made him, for a time, repent.
When 'gainst him first God's anger burn'd,
The waters into blood were turn'd.
The second, frogs, which were about,
Leap'd upon all, within and out.
The third, a grievous swarm of flies,
Annoy'd them, both by sting and noise:
The land of Goshen, though, was clear,
For favour'd Israel lived there.

The fourth, a sad distemper, sprung
The Egyptian herds and flocks among;
Of which they in vast numbers died,—
Still unsubdu'd was Pharoah's pride.
The fifth, was vermin of that kind
Still in abhorrence held, we find,
Though few, beside the dirty sea,
This tiny, dreaded enemy.
The sixth was dreadful boils, or blains,
Which, by their lasting fiery pains,
Made Pharoah promise, if reliev'd,
To let them go; but still deceiv'd.
The seventh, a dreadful storm of hail,
God caused both man and beast to assail:
But all secure in Goshen were;
The plague was not permitted there.
The eighth was somewhat dreaded more,
For Moses told them, the next woe
Locusts should be; which dreadful doom
Would vegetation quite consume.
His servants, too, their fears express'd,
Yet was not Pharoah's pride repress'd:
For, though so oft the vanquish'd foe,
He still refused to let them go.
The ninth a dreadful darkness was,
Which lasted three entire days:
But, though they were in this sad plight,
God's favour'd Israel still had light.
The tenth, and last tremendous woe,
Threaten'd their final overthrow:
At midnight, Death his task perform'd,
And Pharoah really was alarm'd.

Amazed, in haste, each one arose,
The direful tidings to disclose.
With agonising grief, each cried,
Alas! my first-born child has died!
Pharoah arose, for Moses sent,
To Israel's journey gave consent,
And soon six hundred thousand men
Went, with their wives and children.
Moses and Aaron led the way,
Having in Goshen been that day
Four hundred and thirty years:
Thus plain God's providence appears.
This interesting history
Should on our minds imprinted be;
For if, like Israel, God we serve,
He in all dangers will preserve.

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## THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Mamma, I really think, said Ann,
It is a very useless plan,
And quite absurd, that there should be
Of languages a variety.

But, asked Mamma, pray what's the cause
Of language having diff'rent laws?
You know not that surprising is;
The cause is found in Genesis.*

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* Or the first book in the Bible.

We read that men displayed their power
In the erection of a tower;
Intended for their safe abode,
Should there occur another flood.

And this they did presumingly,
Thinking God's power to defy:
He taught them soon how vain their skill,
And made them his displeasure feel.

Exultingly they building were,
When, on a sudden, filled with fear,
They felt the signal power of God—
They spoke, but were not understood.

Surprised, they on each other gazed,
And told, in vain, how much amazed
They were; and children, perhaps, in vain
Their parents asked the cause to explain.

They left their then unfinish'd tower
A monument of God's great power;
Arranged themselves in companies,
According to their languages.

These companies to nations grew,
In numbers formidable too.
The Assyrians were the first that rose,
And Nimrod their first king they chose.

But now, when foreigners you view,
Reflect that you are foreign too
To them in person and in speech;
And the embarrassment of each

Should raise in you a strong desire
Their language rightly to acquire:
Italian, French, and Latin too,
Might very useful be to you.

This subject chiefly should impress
Your mind, that 'twas presumptuousness
Which caused Jehovah to display
His anger in this signal way.

Nor can the cause forgotten be
While we so demonstratively
See its effects, which will remain
While day and night alternate reign.

Oh! let us not that God offend,
On whom our intellects depend;
Remember he that gave can take,
If of them a wrong use we make.

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## THE EFFECTS OF TEMPER.

What first with human blood earth dy'd?
What first fed death, with jaws spread wide,
And human food to worms supplied?
Cain's envious temper.

What was it made sad Agar flee
From Sarah, as an enemy,
And, weeping, sit beneath a tree?
Mutual bad temper.

What caus'd poor Joseph to be cast
Into a pit, and then, at last,
Sold unto Ishmaelites, who pass'd
An envious temper.

How was the life of Pharoah lost,
His horses, and his num'rous host?
What with dead bodies strew'd the coast?
His furious temper.

What was it forc'd from friends and home,
Poor David, who, compell'd to roam,
Sought refuge in the mountain's gloom?
Saul's envious temper.

How was it Haman came to die
Upon a gibbet wond'rous high,
The just meed of his infamy?
An arrogant temper.

What was it in the lion's den
Caus'd Daniel to be put by men,
Though God preserv'd his servant then?
A malicious temper.

As up in life all children grow,
'Twill not be long before they know
That much of happiness must flow
From temper.

By being gentle, kind, and meek,
Their own felicity they seek;
Then certainly they ought to check
Bad temper.

For if they're peevish and unkind,
Furious or spiteful, then we find
They pests are render'd to mankind
By temper.

Then surely children ought to pray
To their Creator every day,
For grace, a due regard to pay
To temper.

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## HEAVEN AND HELL.

Pray where is heav'n, and where is hell,
Perhaps you, dear Mamma, can tell?
Indeed it oft has puzzled me,
Even to think where they can be.
I'm glad you've been so occupied,
Mamma to Mary Ann replied,

I hope you soon will anxious grow,
To know to which you're travelling to ;
Many inquisitive have been,
But never any thing could glean,
For a forc'd silence is maintained,
By those who've other things explain'd.
That there is neither up or down
In nature may to you be known,
Thus heaven above and hell below,
Can only be in fancy so ;
There are some writers who agree,
In saying there are heavens three :—
First, that in which the vapours are,
The second, where the stars appear ;
The third or next is thought to be
The residence of Deity,
Where angels dwell, and where, you know,
We all, at death, desire to go.
'Tis true that some absurdly own,
They think that heaven must be the sun ;
And we from them must turn as well,
Who fancy that the sun is hell.
If 'tis material or no,
Nothing decisive we can know :
But we of this assured may be
They each are a reality,
And whether we believe or no,
We certainly shall find them so.
It shows the mind's impotency,
But to believe what we can see ;
What God has said we should believe,
For he, we know, cannot deceive;

He has assur'd us there's a place,
For every creature of our race ;
And that he will provide a seat,
For all who him prepare to meet.

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## JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Pray what was the name of that lady, Mamma,
Whose dancing pleas'd Herod so well,
Said Eliza? how very inhuman of her
To wish him that good man to kill.

Her name was Salome, her Mother replied,
And 'twas by her Mother's command ;
She asked in a charger, that holy man's head,
Nor did Herod resist the demand.

They both had committed a very great sin,
And were by the Baptist reproved ;
This raised in Herodias emotions within,
Which resolv'd her to have him remov'd.

For sin being conscious 'tis greatly deform'd,
Cannot bear this deformity seen :
If it we discover and fail to be charm'd,
Her revenge is most certain and keen.

But John was disliked by the Pharisees too,
And, therefore, an easier prey ;
They jealous of his popularity grew,
And were pleased when in prison he lay.

In a very strong castle and near the dead sea,
Was the prison in which he was cast;
Here vice gained a conquest o'er innocency,
But soon was its glory o'erpast.

Herodias's brother a king had been made,
By Caligula emperor of Rome;
She jealously this his preferment survey'd,
And it filled her with envy and gloom.

To ask the like honour she tried to prevail
Upon Herod, and saw him depart;
Already she dream'd with a prosperous gale,
He'd returned his success to impart.

But mark, my Eliza! the sudden reverse,
He return'd not elated and gay;
His new conferr'd honours at home to rehearse,
But was exiled, or banished away.

Herodias, his paramour, followed 'tis said,
First to France, then to Spain, where they died;
Their history, famous by cruelty made,
Their end ignominious, through pride.

History informs us, Salome likewise,
Her merited punishment had,
For walking one day upon unsafe ice,
She fell in and was taken up dead.

## THE HOUR IS COME.*

'Twas in an upper chamber, and with up-lift eyes,
Jesus, the great vicarious sufferer, prayed;
Reviewing coming piercing agonies,
His firm tranquillity he thus displayed.

Not with a criminal's dismay be viewed
The king of terrors, in his dread approach;
He saw that foe, the last to be subdued,
Anxious to lay on him his withering touch.

Father, he said, the expected hour is come;
Justice no longer will protracted be;
The debt of sinners—that enormous sum—
It now demands, and must be paid by me.

The hour is come,—the ceremonial law—
That ancient record—must be done away;
From its observance, though thy people draw
Their comfort, this foundation must decay.

The hour is come,—the covenant which was made
In days of old must now be ratified.
Thy law must both the heart and mind pervade
Of those who by thy grace are sanctified.

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* This poem was composed after hearing a sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Henrietta-street, Brunswick Square, from the words found in John xvii. 1. and is the outlines of it.

The hour is come,—and, O, with what delight,
Thy people have beheld, by faith, this time;
The types and shadows take their lasting flight;
Their faith no more up these dark mountains climb.

The hour was come,—when smitten was the Rock,
That Rock on which unnumbered millions stand,
Whence living waters for the thirsty flock
Flow, and convey them safe to land.

The hour was come,—when prophecies, that were
Of chief importance, and chief interest too,
Were all fulfilled, with the minutest care;
No blemishes can meet the sceptics view.

The hour was come,—when Jesus should obtain
A final conquest, over all his foes;
Lasting as powerful should be his reign;
Each day fresh trophies of his powers disclose.

The hour was come,—when most consummate awe
Possess'd all nature, and the silent, small,
But deep afflicted, church, dared not near draw,
Fear, palsied love, and cowards, rendered all.

The hour was come,—when, with malignant joy,
Satan essayed to mount the victor's car;
He thought he'd conquer'd, when, in agony,
He saw expire the heavenly sufferer.

The hour was come,—which prophets had foretold,
Which they, the priests and patriarchs, had seen,
When they beheld, from 'mongst the numerous fold,
The lamb, unblemished, slaughtered for their sin.

For at that hour, atonement, full, was made
For all, who should by faith on it rely;
That wondrous act is still to those display'd,
Who to the table of the Lord draw nigh.

## GLORIFY THY SON.

By strengthening, Father, glorify thy Son,
By giving proofs of my divinity;
By giving, now, the Mediator's crown,
Accept the sacrifice now offered thee.

## THAT THY SON MAY ALSO GLORIFY THEE.

Let now thy Son thee, Father, glorify,
By proving thou'rt inflexible and true;
By the young church protecting further, by
Its bounds extending, o'er all nations too.

Thus did the Saviour plead—thus did he pray,
When first his mental agonies began;
Divinity in him quiescent lay,—
He suffer'd, and expired, as a man.

J. Unwin, Printer, White Lion Court, Cornhill.