

FLOWERS OF INSTRUCTION:

OR,

FAMILIAR SUBJECTS

In Verse.

“TRUTH is the natural nourishment of the Mind; most salutary, when simply dressed.”

By MARY ELLIOTT,

(Late BELSON.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH COPPER PLATES.

LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON, 53, HOLBORN HILL.

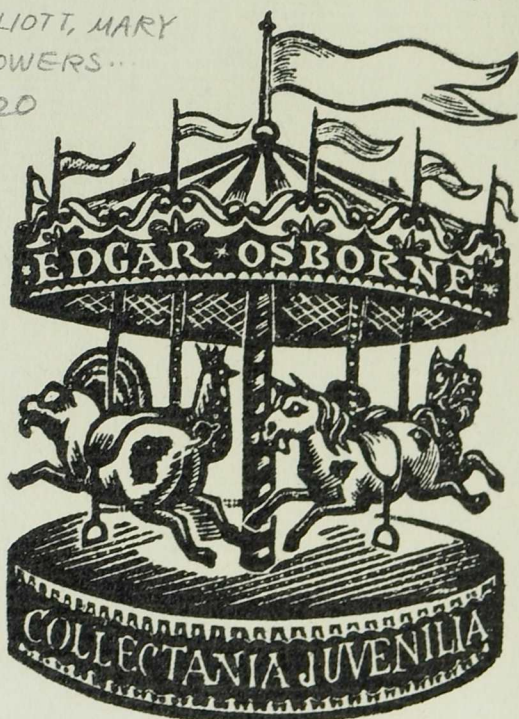
1820.

Price One Shilling.

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ELLIOTT, MARY
FLOWERS...
1820

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III

Caroline Burgess
from her
Father.

Frontispiece to "Flowers of Instruction."



What is so hateful to the sight,
What can so soon deform
Features intended to delight,
As passion's angry storm?

see Page 10.

London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.


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FLOWERS OF INSTRUCTION.

NEW YEAR's DAY.

ANOTHER New-Year's Day has come !

Still I enjoy my peaceful home,
With parents, friends, and all that's dear,—
To me it is a welcome year.

Many more worthy far than me,
Would joy so bright a day to see ;
Nay, half the benefits I share
Would soften many a brow of care.

Last year's evils have passed away,
And left me healthy still and gay ;
Yet, many youthful cheeks I view,
Pale, as though joy they never knew.

Whilst I compare their fate with mine,
I feel there is a Power divine,
Which, in its mercy, sheltereth me
From all the ills of poverty.

I would not boast, yet I believe
The num'rous blessings I receive
Pass not unheeded as the wind,
But dwell within my grateful mind.

THE FRIENDS.

HARRY and James, two little boys,
Shar'd in each other's griefs and joys,
With all the sympathy of brothers;
Together every task was learn'd,
No matter which the praises earn'd,
For half such praise but seem'd the other's.
No childish bickering check'd their play;
The youthful friends had but one way
In all they did and said:
In short, few boys so well agreed
At play; or when, in time of need,
They sought each other's aid.
But Harry now grew tall and stout;
His friends resolved to fit him out,
And send the youth to sea:
All went on well, till Harry's heart
Whisper'd How can I ever part,
My dearest James, from thee!
Hard as it was, the trial came,
And those who may have felt the same,
Will know what tears they shed.
Long on the beach poor James remain'd,
And long his tearful eyes he strain'd,
While swift the vessel sped.
He imagin'd Harry on the deck,
Until the ship was but a speck;
Then slowly left the shore:
Yet Hope, whisper'd the day would come
When Harry would regain his home,
Loaded with foreign store.
Then would his artless bosom swell,
To think what wonders Hal would tell
To all his anxious friends.
James call'd this "sunshine after rain."
To see and hear him once again,
Would amply make amends.

THE BOOK-CASE.

JULIA's book-case makes a show,
Tempting to youthful scholars' sight,
And offers in each well-bound row,
A store of pleasure and delight.

But, to the stranger's eye alone,
Her books suggest the treat within ;
For wish of knowledge *she* has none,—
The covers alone, *her* notice win.

“ Learning's a toil,” poor Julia cries ;
To her indeed it must be so :
For Julia never will be wise,—
She leaves the substance for the show.

Knowledge is sterling, we shall find,
And needs no outward, vain display ;
Like fruits which, stripp'd of useless rind,
Our trouble by their sweets repay.

FALSEHOOD.

TELL me, cries Ann to little Ned,
What end a falsehood ever gains ?
Except to fill the mind with dread,
And cause the heart a thousand pains :

Those who have felt the galling shame
Of being detected in a lie,
Would rather bear the keenest blame,
Than the simplest truth deny.

To witness doubt, nay—disbelief,
Take place of confidence and love ;
While Caution, like a wily thief,
Seems every sentence to disprove.

These, my dear Ned, are fearful things,
 Such as, I trust, you will not feel :
 The want of candour always brings
 Worse ills than those we would conceal.

I trust I shall not hear again
 The doubtful tone I just now heard ;
 Which struggled to say *No* in vain,—
 The *Yes* of Conscience would be heard.

PETULANCE.

COMPLAIN not, Maria,
 Your playmates are rude,
 Or that little Sophia
 Will always intrude ;

A fault there is somewhere we will not deny,
 And where, *you* might easily guess, would you try ?

One playmate we find,
 Who is not so soon pleas'd,
 Who thinks all are unkind,
 When they will not be teaz'd ;

And while, by her whims, she destroys all their play,
 Thinks none but herself can know the right way.

No matter the Game,
 In a moment she's tir'd ;
 The sport is too tame,
 So another's requir'd ;

And, should she this point from her playfellows gain,
 Her temper soon proves they have yielded in vain.

Dear Maria reflect

For a moment on this ;
 And I more than suspect

You will say who it is :

Nay more, that in future you'll shun the offence,
 And your petulance soon give way to good sense.

ON VIEWING THE RAVAGES OF A FIRE.

THESE scattered ruins tell a tale,
Would grieve the youthful heart to know;
Yon aged man so wan and pale,
Here views the scene of all his woe.

A few days since here stood his home,—
A home for all he lov'd to see;
No king beneath his princely dome
Foster'd a happier group than he.

His healthy offspring well I knew,
And notic'd as I pass'd them by;
Mark'd to the father how they grew,
Whilst joy beam'd in the parent eye.

Some three nights since, his humble cot,
By means unknown, was seen on fire;
All hurried to the fatal spot,
To save the babes, to help the sire.

But human aid could save but four:
One little prattler fell a prey!
Though twice the father reach'd the door;
Fast lock'd in sleep his treasure lay.

These are the trials man must bear;
Each feeling heart will share his pain:
His only solace must be prayer;
And pray'r was never tried in vain.

May those now spar'd, his comfort prove,
And soften every painful hour;
In them will centre all his love:
His hope,—in a superior Power.

FISHING.

If Robert's speaking eyes tell true,
He would not wish much harm to do ;
And yet there is one cruel sport,
To which he often does resort.

To pass an idle hour away,
He seeks the fish, an harmless prey ;
Too well succeeds the tempting bait ;
The struggling victim meets its fate.

" Dear Robert, let them peaceful die,
A boy like you should spare a fly.
The torments of a fish can be
No gratifying sight to thee.

The little flutt'ring, helpless thing,
Which careless on the grass you fling ;
Though now it scarcely seems alive,
Return'd to water, might revive.

Then cause it not such cruel pain,
But throw it in the pond again ;
And, be assur'd, when once its freed,
Your heart will not repent the deed."

ENVY.

WHILST Edward's docile mind receives
The lessons which his tutor gives ;
Whilst every day he struggles hard
To merit praise, (his best reward :)
What boy more happy feels than he,
Reaping the fruits of industry.

His cousin Charles, with equal sense,
Is always seeking some pretence
For absence, when he should attend
The improving converse of his friend.
And, bent on some unmeaning plan,
Forgets the boy must make the man.

When praises follow Edward's name,
Forgetting he might share the same,
His low'ring brow, his anger tells,
His youthful breast with envy swells:
Vainly the shameful truth he'd hide,
Envy betrays his wounded pride.

Say, who with feelings keen as these,
Can hope to live a life of ease;
And yet such feelings will grow worse,
If time should add that sting—remorse.
But, Charles, I hope, will lose no time
In checking faults to spare a crime.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

FANCY a little rural bow'r,
Intertwin'd with many a flow'r,
Forming a snug retreat;
Within four cheerful faces see,
Busy as the active bee,
Each on their rustic seat.

And first, see Joseph reading clear
The tale his sisters love to hear,
As eager they attend.
Mary quick the needle plies,
Whilst with active zeal she tries
Her mother's cap to mend.

Young Sarah, seated at her knee,
 Nursing her doll in highest glee,
 And full of childish play:
 Except, when catching Joseph's look,
 She makes him lay aside his book,
 To hear what babe can say.
 Rosy Martha, too, is there,
 Delighted Joseph's tale to hear,
 Which none can read so well;
 For, to her fond and partial eyes,
 No other boy is half so wise,
 Or can such wonders tell.
 Martha's praise is carried far;
 Many boys much wiser are;
 Then, where rests Joseph's claim?
 In the hearts of those he loves:
 And while affection thus approves,
 What need of higher fame.

PASSION.

WHAT is so hateful to the sight,
 What can so soon deform
 Features intended to delight,
 As passion's angry storm?
 Where nature stamp'd the brow of youth
 With all that's fair to see;
 With candour, cheerfulness, and truth,
 And sweet simplicity.
 How shocking to derange her work,
 To spoil her fairest page,
 To suffer discontent to lurk,
 Till it burst forth in rage.
 And then, when passion's rage is o'er,
 What does it leave behind?
 Sorrow, and shame, with many more
 Regrets, to wound the mind.

PLEASURE.

PRAY what is pleasure? Susan asks,

Come, tell me, all ye wise?

"To be exempt from all our tasks!"

The idle Richard cries.

Nay, Richard, that's a great mistake:

What pleasure has a dunce?

Can none a better answer make?

Come, Jane, speak out at once.

Jane hesitates, and then declares

"To eat of each nice thing."

At this the smiling Susan stares,—

Why that would sickness bring.

And who feels pleasure when they are ill?

Not I, indeed, for one;

But come, I want an answer still:

What say you, sly-boots, John?

I say, that when the heart feels light,

Because we have done well;

When those we love say all is right,—

That pleasure must be real.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

WE cannot hope through life to pass

With all things to our will;

The highest, as the lowest class,

Are liable to ill.

Children should early learn to bear

The cares that prove their lot;

They pass away like summer's air,

And are as soon forgot.

Though evils of a trifling kind

May disappoint our views;

None but a weak ungrateful mind

Will harsh expression use.

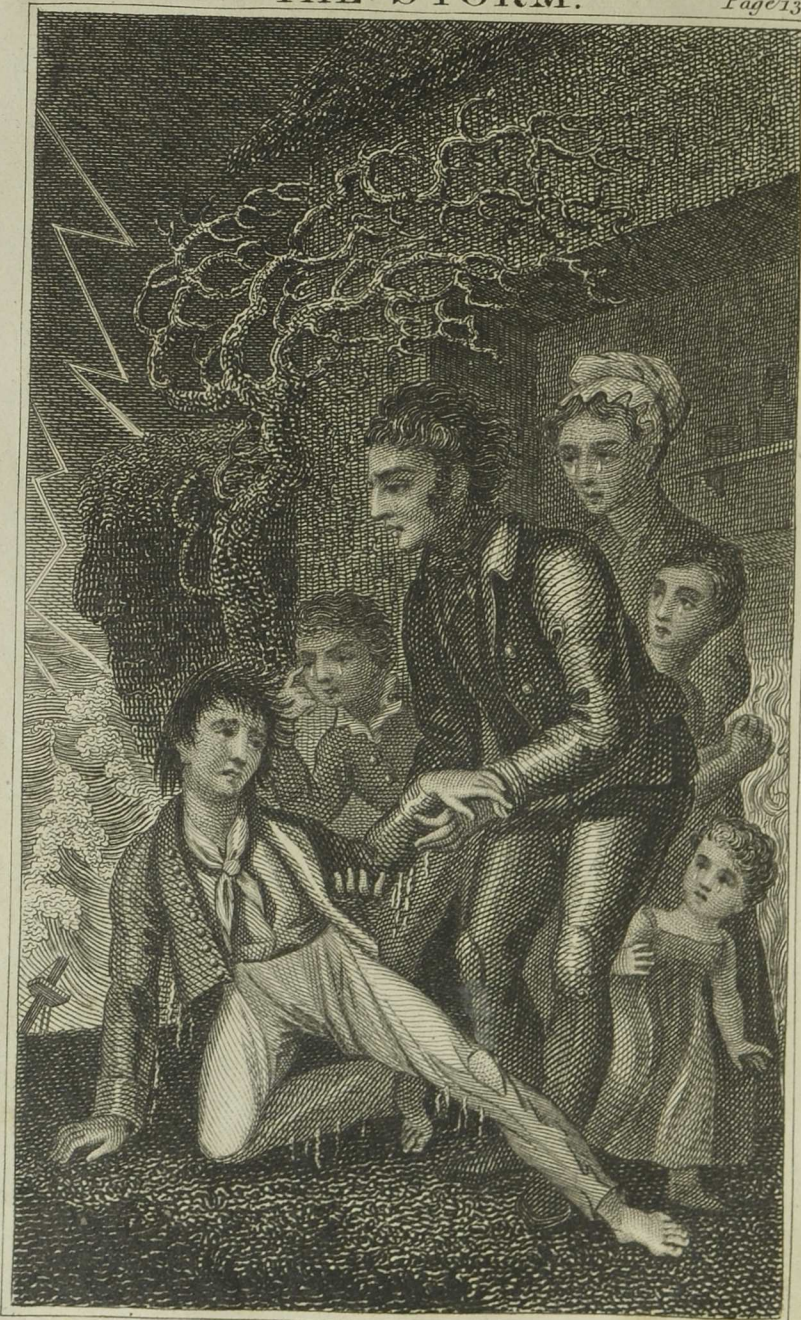
To hear the words of discontent
 From childish lips proceed,
 Unmindful of the good that's sent,
 Distresses much indeed.

KINDNESS.

MANNER makes trifling actions wear
 A value which they do not bear ;
 A smile, a look, will make us prize
 What would be worthless otherwise.
 It is a charm so soon attain'd,
 And worth preserving when 'tis gain'd ;
 'Tis strange the gem we do not find
 In *all* the race of human kind.
 A tone of kindness, when in grief,
 Will often give the heart relief ;
 Reproof, in gentle terms convey'd,
 Will seldom from remembrance fade.
 In short, 'tis Kindness conquers strife,
 And gives a lasting charm to life :
 Then let us cherish in our breast
 This valuable and gentle guest.

THE STORM.

It was Winter's night,
 Not a star gave light,
 And the rain in torrents fell :
 Yet, amidst its pour,
 The loud wind's roar
 Was heard through wood and dell.
 The peasant's cot,
 In a sheltered spot,
 Stood safe from outward storm :
 Round the blazing fire,
 Sat children and sire,
 Huddling to keep them warm.



There, stretched on the ground,
A youth they found,
Faint, and half dead with cold;
He reviv'd at length,
And recover'd strength,
When a piteous tale he told.

London: William Darton, 53 Holborn Hill, 1820.

Their cheeks turned pale
As they heard the gale,
And the distant roar of the sea ;
And they felt for those
Whom fate might expose
To the weather's inclemency.

Then a feeble moan
Roused every one,
It seem'd from the heart to burst ;
But they heard no more,
All ran to the door,
Each striving to be first.

There, stretched on the ground,
A youth they found,
Faint, and half dead with cold ;
He reviv'd at length,
And recover'd strength,
When a piteous tale he told.

On the neighbouring coast
How his ship was lost,
With all his companions brave ;
Whilst he, just gone,
Was thrown upon
The land, by a friendly wave.

With streaming eye,
And many a sigh,
Was heard a tale so sad ;
He was sooth'd and fed
'Ere led to a bed,
And his sorrowing heart made glad.

Nor did he depart,
With a downcast heart,
Each had some trifle to give ;
And he promis'd to keep
In his memory deep
Their charity, whilst he should live.

CRUELTY.

To sport with life, to take away
 The gift perhaps of one short day ;
 To tease or kill a harmless fly
 Evinces great barbarity.

That which Almighty Power has made,
 What human power should dare invade ?
 One minute let the coward heart,
 Reflect before it acts such part.

The child who wilfully gives pain,
 Even to insects, is a bane ;
 One whom his youthful friends should shun,
 For they have hearts, and he has none.

SHAME.

SHAME is indeed a painful thing,
 Which thrills through every vein ;
 But, better far to feel its sting,
 Than sin without a pain.

The repentant feelings shame can give,
 Once felt, may make us better whilst we live.

The fault committed should be own'd,
 Whatever be the deed ;

And thus perhaps be half-aton'd,

For truth knows how to plead.

When thus reveal'd, it may incur some blame,
 But not contempt, which follows want of shame.

SELFISHNESS.

To see a child with anxious care
 Grasp all for self, and never share
 What generous minds would blush to keep ;
 Surely such hearts must be asleep.

To see a smiling brother stand,
 With eye expecting, and open hand;
 Or little sister on tip-toe,
 The nature of her gift to know !
 To see all this, and yet recede,
 Betrays a selfish mind indeed :
 Yet some there are, (I trust but few,)
 Whose hearts will own the picture true.

To such I offer this advice :
 Change the mean system in a trice ;
 Share what you *like* with those you *love*,
 And doubly pleasant it must prove.

THE TWO DOGS.

GROWLER, a mastiff overfed,
 Stretch'd at his master's door,
 A half-pick'd bone lay near his head,
 For he could eat no more.

A hungry spaniel passing by,
 Observing the tempting bit,
 (Hunger they say is not too shy,)
 Began to mumble it.

Growler, though he had amply din'd,
 Would not give up his bone ;
 He seemed for battle more inclin'd,
 And growl'd in threatening tone.

While thus he stood, with flashing eyes,
 As though attack'd he'd been,
 A cunning terrier snatched the prize,
 And bore it off unseen.

Thus churlish folk will often lose
 What most they would retain ;
 But those who neither give nor use,
 Can little pity gain

ORDER;

LOUISA's garden soon we know,
 Where every flower seems to grow,
 Just in its proper place :
 No useless weed shoots up between,
 To interrupt the blooming scene :
 Order in all we trace.

Louisa's dress, though always plain,
 Must approbation ever gain,
 So simple, clean, and neat :
 Inspect her work-box, view her books,
 All in such perfect order looks ;
 It is indeed a treat.

Yet how much time she finds each day,
 (Which others idly pass away,)
 To cultivate her mind :
 If Order's rules the young attend,
 They will not fail to find a friend,
 For lasting good design'd.

DISORDER.

BEHOLD these flowers by weeds disguis'd,
 Whose bloom so late Amelia priz'd ;
 This path, so late with gravel spread,
 Mix'd with the mould from yonder bed.

See, in the work-box just now us'd,
 All its contents in heaps confused ;
 And then Amelia's books observe,
 What different purposes they serve.

Volumes that give us such delight,
 Are used in all ways but the right :
 Look at her garments ! who would guess
 How much she costs her friends in dress.

Guided by neither plan nor rule,
 It seems disorder is her school :
 And so completely time destroys,
 She never pleases nor enjoys.

THE BROTHER'S REGRET.

DEAR little William, now you are gone,
 How many things I think upon,
 And words I wish unsaid;
 Little your heedless brother thought
 How dear experience would be bought,
 And you in earth be laid.
 I fear I often harshly spoke,
 Or into sudden passion broke,
 When you mislaid my toys :
 But, when I saw your streaming eye,
 I think I us'd to kiss it dry,
 And call you "best of boys,"
 Yet somehow when I call to mind
 The past, there seems so little kind,
 So little, on *my* part ;
 That all the world contains I'd give,
 To see once more my brother live,
 And press him to my heart.
 To tell him what regret I feel ;
 I know my pardon he would seal,
 With all a brother's love :
 But vain this wish, 'tis God's decree,
 William should live no more for me,
 He lives with Him above.

CUNNING.

O'ER the fairest of faces
 This low vice will steal,
 Destroy all its graces,
 And beauty conceal.

On whatever you enter,
 Let candour preside;
 And if wrong, never venture
 By cunning to hide.

In the secrets of others
 You never should pry,
 Or your real design smother
 By conduct that's sly.

For cunning, though wily,
 Itself may betray;
 And the action done slyly
 Be shown to the day.

FILIAL DUTY.

To those who rear'd our tender years
 With all a parent's hopes and fears,
 Our ready help in ev'ry need,
 To those, our debt is large indeed.

For us what toils they underwent,
 And many anxious moments spent;
 Foremost in all their plans we stood,
 For present joy or future good.

Ever their first and dearest care,
 What worldly trials did they bear,
 In mind and body, labour'd hard,
Our interest their best reward.

When time admits reflection's sway,
 Let not its power be thrown away;
 The picture memory brings to mind,
 Is by Nature's hand design'd.

And well she paints the tender claim
 Connected with a parent's name;
 But can the link be made too strong,
 Which binds the aged to the young?

What can such tender joy impart
 As filial duty to the heart ;
 What sound so sweet, though sweetly sung,
 As blessing from a parent's tongue.

THE BUTTERFLY.

PRETTY insect, inconstant and active,
 Why frighten'd from me would you fly ;
 I own that thy beauty's attractive,
 But it only has charms for the eye.
 I wish not, poor thing ! to detain you,
 To destroy, and then keep you for show ;
 It would give me no pleasure to pain you ;
 For you are but a summer-day's beau.
 Your fine spotted wings I admire,
 But not your pursuits, I must own ;
 Variety's all *you* desire,
 Whilst *I*, seek improvement alone.

FORBEARANCE.

To bear with what we know is wrong,
 Nor answer with an angry tongue ;
 To meet the frown we don't deserve,
 And yet from mildness never swerve ;
 May be a trial to the mind,
 Yet it is sure reward to find.

Few are the beings who could see
 The victims of their tyranny
 Stand unresisting, whilst they heard
 The taunting speech and angry word :
 Few could resist a sight like this,
 And not confess they'd done amiss.

Even when passions seem most warm,
 What like Forbearance can disarm ;

Whilst angry answers but increase
 The power of rage, and banish peace ;
 And who, when all is said and done,
 Would wish to feel the guilty one.

TO-MORROW.

THOUGH to-morrow is nigh,
 Yet To-Day clips its wings ;
 So I may, if I try,
 Do a vast many things :
 Indeed so I must, if I wish to get through
 What yesterday's holiday left me to do.
 For my lessons are long,
 And so various in kind,
 That, although it is wrong,
 Still I have not the mind
 To study attentively as I've been us'd ;
 So much seems to do, that I get quite confus'd.
 But I more than suspect,
 Since yesterday's past,
 That I must not neglect
 To hold this day fast ;
 Or else, when To-Morrow its visit shall pay,
 I may be as much puzzled as I feel To-Day.

THE DONKEY.

YOUNG Alfred eager to display
 His donkey with its trappings gay,
 Trots briskly, not a little proud
 T' excite the wonder of the crowd.
 Poor Neddy, weary of such show,
 Wishes a gentler pace to go,
 He lags awhile, but quickly feels
 The prowess of his master's heels.
 Urg'd on by pain, he mends his speed,
 His master's vanity to feed ;
 Is there no friendly voice to speak
 One word in favour of the weak ?

Alfred, give o'er! kind Richard cries,
 Whilst pity glistens in his eyes;
 This may be sport to hearts of steel;
 Pray, think you not this beast can feel?

If proud, then be it harmless pride,
 And lay the whip and spur aside;
 Real courage springs from better source,
 Conquers by mildness, not by force.

SICKNESS.

MARY's cheek so pale and wan,
 Shows how weak the frame must be;
 Many weeks are past and gone,
 And still no tinge of bloom we see.

Her sufferings have been long and great,
 But never was she heard complain,
 Submissive, yielding to her fate,
 Her friends seem'd most to feel the pain.

Full well she knew the Gracious Power
 That gave the wound, could heal it too;
 And thus she bore the trying hour,
 Waiting to prove his goodness true.

Such remedies as human skill,
 And med'cine given to relieve,
 The patient took with ready will,
 Nor fretted lest her friends should grieve.

Such conduct but endear'd her more
 To those she lov'd, who night and day
 Besought the Almighty to restore
 Young Mary—all their care to pay.

THE BIRD.

WHAT little bosom ever beat
 With pleasure more sincere,
 Than Jane's, when first with warble sweet
 Her goldfinch charm'd her ear.

She said, Papa was more than good,
 The pretty bird to buy ;
 And hop'd that, when she brought it food,
 It would not be so shy.

This present Jane had long desir'd,
 And so her friends she told ;
 Declar'd she never should be tir'd,
 And thought their praise too cold.

But fancy, fickle as the wind,
 Soon made her desire a doll ;
 Then on a Parrot set her mind,
 And long'd for " Pretty Poll."

These gain'd, she of each tir'd in turn,
 So all were taken away
 Until her judgment should discern
 In what enjoyment lay.

FAIR PLAY.

How is it we see
 That in each boyish sport,
 To Thomas with glee
 His playmates resort :
 His opinion is ask'd, and whatever he says,
 Is agreed to at once, as the rule of their plays.

When George joins the throng,
 It's a different thing quite ;
 All seems to go wrong,
 And farewell to delight :
 Such bickerings ensue, as *we* don't wish to name,
 And lost is the spirit and zest of the game.

If the truth we confess
 Why George gains his ends ;
 By art, trick, and finesse,
 He cheats all his true friends ;
 But Thomas, disdaining a plan so unjust,
 Gives fair play to all, and is worthy of trust.

SUSPICION.

THOSE who harbour suspicion
Can expect no repose;
For 'tis giving admission
To the meanest of foes.

What is innocent pleasure
They fear to enjoy,
Lest some underhand measure
The same should destroy.

But if conscious our feelings
From ill-will are free,
And, if just in our dealings,
What distrust should there be.

Then haste to discharge
So unwelcome a guest,
And the mind once at large,
Will bring peace to the breast.

DILIGENCE.

It is my wish, and ever has been so,
All that is good and useful well to know;
Knowledge like this is not acquir'd in haste,
And who would learn, have not an hour to waste.

By diligence alone I can attain
What sloth and indolence will never gain;
In all I undertake my care shall be
To study each, and all industriously.

If thus I act with diligence, my friend,
I hope to shew improvement in the end;
Whoever made a wise or learned man,
But own'd that Diligence had been his plan.

CHARITY.

To be rich, and not wish to impart
Some portion of what we possess
To the wretched, betrays a cold heart,
That selfishly turns from distress.

For remember, that riches, like health,
 Can ne'er be depended upon;
 To-day, though we revel in wealth,
 To-morrow may find us with *none*.

But the pleasure which Charity brings,
 To the end of our lives will endure;
 From the surest foundation it springs,
 The link that unites rich and poor.

No matter what changes we prove,
 If, when rich, to the poor we gave ease;
 No misfortune can ever remove
 Reflections so sterling as these.

DELAY.

WHEN Harry's little dog was ill,
 He strongly begg'd for aid and skill,
 To save his faithful friend;
 His father granting the request,
 Order'd all matters for the best,
 And Dash began to mend.

Harry, with servants at command,
 Would not allow another hand
 His favourite Dash to feed;
 And for a time things went on well,
 But, as the truth we mean to tell,
 The time was short indeed.

His usual habit of delay,
 Made him forget for one whole day,
 The feeding of his dog;
 "It was time enough," he said, "to go;
 It was not late; and then, you know,
 Dash was no greedy hog."

This might be true, but Dash was weak,
 And could not like his master speak;

He pin'd throughout the day:
 Harry at length began to feel
 He had too long delay'd the meal,
 And hasten'd where Dash lay.

What were his feelings when he saw
 The half-clos'd eye, the stretch'd-out paw :
 What bitter tears he shed !
 But ah ! his sorrow came too late,
 Delay had seal'd his favourite's fate,
 And Dash, poor Dash, was dead.

CURIOSITY.

THE wish of enquiry may often be right,
 It may gain information of use and delight ;
 Curiosity differs in motive and end,
 And to this nice distinction we all should attend.

If we ask but to learn other people's affairs,
 Then a different face Curiosity wears ;
 Or if every trifle a question demands,
 The tongue asks for more than the head understands.

Inquisitive people will oft give offence,
 And are seldom suppos'd to be gifted with sense ;
 To a certain degree Curiosity's just,
 But that called officious, excites our disgust.

THE TELL-TALE.

LOUISA's playmates all seem shy
 To join with her in play ;
 I grieve to tell the reason why :
 I wonder, you will say.

Louisa seems to like the sport,
 But when she quits the game,
 Of every thing she makes report,
 In hope to call forth blame.

So often has she giv'n proof
 That mischief is her end,
 They bid the Tell-Tale keep aloof—
 She cannot be their friend.

THE HOLIDAY.

THE long desir'd day has come,
 Lucy has leisure now to roam,
 The day is all her own:
 A dozen things press on her mind,
 For all of which she is inclin'd,
 Yet cannot do but one.

Her Doll she first will dress, and then
 Go feed her pretty guinea hen,
 Then weed her garden-bed;
 Then ask her brother George to play,
 Or help to toss the new-cut hay,
 Thus whirls her little head.

But, long before the day was gone,
 Lucy was seen to stretch and yawn,
 There somehow seem'd a void;
 The Holiday, she soon confest,
 Had tir'd, and that day suited best,
 That was the most employed.

 MISCHIEF.

WE can scarce comprehend
 How a child can resort,
 Or indeed condescend
 To make mischief a sport.

Wound the feelings of others,
 And, as often the case,
 Even sisters and brothers
 Bring into disgrace.

A sport so malicious,
 If not check'd in time,
 Will make the mind vicious,
 And lead us to crime.

Some may think it delightful
 Such sports to devise;
 But the sports that are spiteful,
 All the good must despise.

PROVIDENCE.

His cheering rays the sun displays,
And penetrates the earth;
What blooming gems spring from the stems
To which his warmth gives birth.

Refreshing showers expand the flowers,
Renew the herbage green;
All seems combin'd to lead the mind
To the great Source unseen.

Who can behold such charms unfold,
And not desire to know
Whence comes the hand at whose command
Such varied blessings flow?

All that we see of harmony,
The flowers, the fruits, the seeds,
All Nature's plan to succour man,
From Providence proceeds.

For us alone this care is shewn,
Creatures of sea and sod;
Oh! may we prove worthy the love
Of this All-Gracious God.

HABITS.

THE time and the pains that we take to do wrong,
We may just as well take to do right:
Bad habits contracted when pliant and young,
When older, may master us quite.

To loll on the elbows, to stoop down the head,
Our features or limbs to distort,
Not only are proofs of our being ill-bred,
But expose us as objects of sport.

If Nature has given just feature and shape,
Why spoil what she kindly design'd;
By habits more suited to monkey or ape,
Than to beings endow'd with a mind.

If on habits like these we did but reflect,
 Our memory would serve as a glass;
 In which we should see what we might not expect,—
 Those faults we are too apt to pass.

PATIENCE.

YON little maid, who quiet stands,
 With mild but steady look,
 Submissive waits with folded hands
 Her turn to see the Book.

She hears her friends admire the prints,
 And crowd her brother about;
 But even then she never hints
 That “Fanny is left out.”

But, see her brother's eye has caught
 Her patient attitude;
 He feels asham'd his want of thought
 Poor Fanny should exclude.

Soon on his knee she finds a place,
 The pictures are display'd;
 In which Charles says, he cannot trace
 So good a little maid.

Patience, he adds, we all may boast;
 Just now our share is small;
 She who says least, has prov'd her's most:
 Fanny has sham'd us all.

OBSTINACY.

WHEN, conscious of error, we still persevere,
 Though the consequence must lead to ill;
 In spite of remonstrance, yet still to adhere,
 And follow our own stubborn will;
 Betrays such perverseness of temper and mind,
 That we scarcely allow of its truth;
 It seems so revolting that traits of this kind,
 Should inhabit the bosom of youth.

Could the obstinate child be completely aware
Of the horror its temper excites;
Were its portrait but drawn with justice and care,
All matters would soon be to rights.
No heart that has feeling could bear to survey
A resemblance like this, as their own;
In a very short time, I will venture to say,
All signs of this fault would be gone.

PREJUDICE.

DECIDE not in haste,
Lest your judgment you waste,
And again have to change your opinion;
Be not easily led
By what others have said,
Lest Prejudice gain the dominion.

For, if once we admit
This false judge to sit,
We never shall know what is right;
Like sight that is near,
It does not see clear,
But places all things in false light.

Be Candour your guide,
She best can decide
What merits your censure or praise;
From her truth-telling eye
See Prejudice fly,
Aware that it can't bear her gaze.

PENITENCE.

THE harden'd child who errs, yet feels
No sorrow for what is done;
Who turns from Conscience's strong appeal,
In hopes her power to shun :
Such is unconscious of the balm
Real penitence can bring;
Making the guilty breast feel calm,
Removing conscience's sting.

Contrition ever wears a charm,
 More bright than beauty shows ;
 Resentment strong it will disarm,
 And turn to friends our foes.

One hope the Scripture doth impart,
 On which the soul relies :—
 “ The sighing of a contrite heart
 “ Our God will not despise.”

RASHNESS.

IN all that goes forward Amelia concurs,
 Though never with evil intent ;
 Yet it frequently happens, this foible of hers,
 Produces some act to repent.

From projects of danger she does not recoil,
 For she acts without reason or thought,
 Many efforts of genius and things she will spoil,
 Not reflecting awhile, as she ought.

This can neither good-nature nor courage be nam'd,
 It were wrong to admit such pretence,
 It is Rashness alone, and cannot be blam'd
 Too much in a girl of her sense.

THE FULL PURSE.

WHEN Adelaide her purse undraws
 To view its golden store,
 You think it is for some good cause,
 To help the sick and poor ;

But no such thoughts employ her mind,
 For Adelaide's content
 To reckon o'er her wealth, and find
 How little she has spent !

As if her riches could procure
 No pleasure in doing good ;
 A pleasure half so sweet and pure
 She never understood.

I wish she would but ope her heart
 And see what wealth is there ;
 If charity should make a part,
 Her gold she well may spare.

THE EMPTY PURSE.

WELL, Richard exclaims, I despise such a plan
 As Adelaide's miserly care ;
 My guineas ! I always spend fast as I can,
 And to gain what I want never spare.

So far, he says true ; but does Richard suppose
 That in spending his money on self,
 He merits our praise any more than do those
 Who greedily hoard up their pelf.

It is not a purse being empty or fill'd,
 Makes its owner the better or worse ;
 But Matilda can tell us, for she is best skill'd
 In the method of using a purse.

She will say, " in relieving and checking distress,
 The most of her money she spends ;"
 Some in purchasing books, yet, nevertheless,
 Can procure little gifts for her friends.

VANITY.

Look at these particles of earth,
 Seem they of consequence or worth,
 No charms we here discern :
 Yet, from the same we did proceed,
 And when the soul from life is freed,
 To dust we shall return.

What vanity can stand this truth,
 " That all the fairest bloom of youth,
 Must fade and pass away."
 How merciful is God, to give
 A soul that will for ever live,
 Nor yield to life's decay.

Since dust thus speaks our mortal end,
 Should we not studiously attend
 To that which never dies?
 Be it imprinted on our heart,
 The Soul is that immortal part
 On which all hope relies.

SYMPATHY.

To look at Julia's swimming eyes,
 And listen to her sobbing sighs,
 One might suppose her youthful breast
 By some great sorrow was oppress'd.
 Her grief is not of selfish kind,
 See, on her mother's knee reclin'd,
 Her little darling brother sleeps,
 For him she grieves, for him she weeps.
 A fever enervates his frame;
 She has just recover'd from the same;
 His sufferings Julia cannot see
 Without betraying Sympathy.
 Each pain he feels but seems her own,
 Her heart replies to every moan:
 Soon may her grief be turn'd to joy,
 And health revisit the little boy.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

SEE! Thomas exclaims,
 What a treasure I've bought,
 It will teach us such games
 As we never were taught;
 Make the te-totum spin:
 Well! now spin it again,
 And the number you turn
 Will a country explain.
 Let William now try,
 We must each have our turn;
 And I hope, by-and-bye,
 Some Geography learn.

My number, cries Dick,
Is a fortunate chance ;
For it carries me quick
To gay Paris in France.

My twirl, observed John,
Takes me farther from home ;
In a minute I've gone,
To the city of Rome.

Where is Emily ? see,—
Why at Moscow in Russia :
Cried James, Look at *me*,
I'm at Berlin in Prussia.

Laura turn'd up her number
At Madrid in Spain ;
And to Hull on the Humber,
Next travell'd Miss Jane.

Thus the Travellers far'd,
When to London one came ;
And then Thomas declar'd
They had finish'd the game.

THE LITTLE CHATTERER.

It were needless to think of being heard,
When Edward the Chatterer is by ;
No other can put in a word,
All subjects he seems to supply.

Conversation from such a poor source
Is silly and trifling indeed ;
And, whilst he pursues such a course,
To attainments he cannot succeed.

If the power of speech he restrain'd,
And used but his ears in its stead,
Some advantage I think would be gain'd,
Which in time to much greater would lead.

JOSEPH'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, farewell! poor Joseph said,
 As well as he *could* speak ;
 Whilst from his mother he turn'd his head,
 To hide his moisten'd cheek.

I'm sure I never shall forget
 How kind you have been to me:

No, dearest mother, it is a debt,
 To dwell on memory.

In London I shall learn a trade ;
 And, when I know it well,
 Your debt, my mother, shall be paid,
 With joy I cannot tell.

Then such a pretty Cot I'll build
 Where we are parting now ;
 A garden all with flowers fill'd,
 And, if I can, a cow.

So, mother, cheer your drooping heart,
 Think of my little plan ;
 The useless boy with whom you part,
 Will soon return a man.

Have you not one more blessing to give,
 For ah! the coach I see ;
 Remember Joseph while you live,
 As he will think of thee.

 THE WALK.

WHEN Edward and Harriet say *where* they have been,
 We scarcely believe they describe the same scene ;
 For Edward declares he observ'd not one thing
 That could give him the smallest idea 'twas spring ;
 Whilst Harriet assures us it gave her delight,
 To see the improvement in one single night.

All is barren, cries Edward, not a leaf on the trees.
 (He forgets that perfection must come by degrees ;)
 And, as Harriet observes, he expects to see bloom,

When she is contented to see the *bud* come.
If her brother, indeed, were to do as she does,
He would find many beauties which early spring shows :
It is not the surface of Nature alone
We should look at ; for, deep in her bosom are sown
Many charms which unfold as the seasons advance,
And others, that cannot be view'd in a glance :
Nay, the wildest of hedges some beauty conceals,
Which at times from its lowly obscurity steals.
But, if in our rambles we stop but to trace
Such beauties as Nature betrays on her face ;
Like Edward we walk, without opening our eyes,
The fault not in Nature, but in ourselves, lies.
If the mind be observant, some charm will appear,
No matter the season, or time of the year.

MIRTH.

THE joy which gives birth
To innocent mirth
In youth, is delightful to see ;
When all seems to please,
And the bosom at ease,
From care and vexation set free.
But here let us pause,
For mirth without cause,
Is too often a proof of weak mind ;
Yet some I have seen,
When at lessons they've been,
More for tittering than study inclin'd.
It were vain to inquire
What creates the desire
For mirth so unseemly and rude ;
Not one who gives way,
To such folly, could say,
The cause they themselves understood.
Let children of sense,
Avoid this offence,
And their merriment keep within bounds ;

To "be merry and wise,"
Is a maxim to prize,
For even our mirth should have grounds.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHEN Henry, Eliza, and Rose, are at play,
Though united by dearest of ties,
Each thinks that the other their whims should obey,
Hence frequent disputes do arise:
First, Henry insists what *he* does must be right;
Then his sisters declare he is wrong,
That when he finds fault, it is merely from spite,
Or to make them appear as too young.
But Eliza observes, though she is not so old
Or half so conceited as he,
She does not require by him to be told,
For she knows what her conduct *should* be.
How mistaken this boast; how disgraceful to all
Contentions and quarrels like these;
When expressions are used they in vain would recal,
And which harden the heart by degrees.
Let the brother and sister reflect 'ere they chide,
How different was Nature's decree;
For, if *strangers* give way to their passions and pride,
Relations should always agree.

THE GIFT.

LOOKING at Mary's face of pleasure,
Her glowing cheek, and eye so bright,
One might imagine some great treasure,
Was the source of such delight.

It is to *her* a valued prize,
Although in form of simple flower;
The donor gave it with sparkling eyes,
Wishing that more were in his power.

It was the first of Flora's train
 Her brother in his garden rear'd ;
 Preserv'd from frost, from wind, and rain,
 And therefore is the more endear'd.

A gift of little value may,
 From manner kind and good-intent,
 Give far more pleasure than baubles gay,
 When not the will, but deed, is meant.

PAIN OF DISOBEDIENCE.

IN vain I attempt to be cheerful and smile,
 For my heart is too heavy for joy :
 No effort of gaiety even awhile,
 Can the keenness of memory destroy.

My bosom seems loaded with anguish and pain,
 My eyes are fast filling with tears ;
 Oh ! could I recal those few moments again,
 Which may fill me with sorrow for years.

It seems like a dream, that I could disobey
 The commands of a parent so lov'd,
 That to answers of pertness I dar'd to give way,
 That my stubborn will could not be mov'd.

If forgiveness I ask, I am sure to succeed,
 For my father too well loves his child ;
 But long, very long, will my wounded heart bleed ;
 I merit not conduct so mild.

Each smile he bestows, each kind word he speaks,
 Will seem as rebuke for the past ;
 God grant that these tears, which flow down my cheeks,
 For a fault so abhorr'd, be the *last*.

CONCEIT.

BEWARE of a fault to which many are prone,
 Though few have the sense to perceive it their own ;
 And youth is too apt to suppose it can do
 What requires both practice and time to pursue.

A child, thus presuming, but little acquires,
 For vain admiration is all he desires;
 Conceit makes him fancy his talents are great,
 While a trifling encomium his pride will elate.

Unaffected good sense never seeks a display,
 Real merit is modest, nor forces its way;
 In short, my young readers need scarcely be told,
 It is only the weak, and the vain, who are bold.

FLATTERY.

NEVER give ear to idle praise,
 In which the tongue alone takes part;
 For, though the tinkling sound may raise
 Some trifling pleasure in the heart,
 That heart the tempter should distrust,
 Until assur'd the praise is just.

Reflect, if every trifling act
 Deserves to be extoll'd thus high;
 What's right from what is wrong extract:
 View the result with candid eye.
 And quickly will that merit fade,
 Which only shines by flattery's aid.

Those only are your friends, who see
 Your faults in proper point of view;
 Who lop the branch to save the tree;
 Who only praise where praise is due.
 For, spite of words and deeds of show,
 The flatterer is a dangerous foe.

THE LOST CHILD.

HARK! the village is all in alarm,
 Each countenance sadden'd with care,
 There's only one face looks calm,
 And that is the calm of despair.



The showman, with grotto of shells,
Induc'd little Lucy to go;
She has follow'd his musical bells,
And her mother forgot for the show.

London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.

Oh! look at her pale cold cheek,
Which seems as if turn'd to stone ;
If her tongue had power to speak,
It would tell you her child is gone.
The darling so priz'd in her heart,
Whose prattle delighted her ear ;
What mother could bear thus to part
With an object so tender and dear.
What tempted young Lucy to stray ?
Little rover ! she knows not the pain
She has giv'n her mother this day,
Or quick she would come back again.
The showman, with grotto of shells,
Induc'd little Lucy to go ;
She has follow'd his musical bells,
And her mother forgot for the show.
But, when to a distance she roves,
And pleasure gives way to new fears ;
When her eye looks for all that she loves,
And no smiling mother appears ;
Ah! Lucy, what grief will be thine,
How sore will thy pretty eyes weep ;
In sorrow thy head will recline,
And, no bosom to which thou may'st creep.
Then hasten kind neighbours to seek,
And the poor little wand'rer restore
To the arms of her mother, whose cheek
Shall press her dear Lucy's once more.

MORNING.

I would not waste my time in sleep,
And lose the morning's early peep ;
I love to see it gently creep,
Dispersing night :
And then to feel the lightsome breeze,
Which scarcely agitates the trees ;
To watch the dawn, as by degrees
It sheds its light.

To tread the waving grass among,
 And listen to the sky-lark's song,
 While, as the sun becomes more strong,
 All smiles around :

The fragrant shrub, the blooming flow'r,
 Gain odour as they feel His power ;
 Nor would I, in so sweet an hour,
 In bed be found.

THE SECRET.

WHEN Maria, (of learning afraid,)
 Conceal'd in her cupboard her book ;
 She smil'd as she saw the search made,
 Well knowing in vain they might look.

Thus the Secret remain'd with herself ;
 She had nothing to do but to play ;
 All lessons were laid on the shelf,
 And Maria was happy and gay.

But, whilst thus enjoying her scheme,
 On a sudden her heart felt oppress'd ;
 She awaken'd as if from a dream,
 And thus were her feelings express'd.

" Though my friends are deceiv'd by my art,
 There is One that I cannot mislead ;
 Whose eye, searching every part,
 Knows the motive for every deed.

To Him all my sin is display'd,
 He causes the pain I now feel :
 Oh ! why did I strive to evade,
 When Providence *all* can reveal."

THE BLOW.

TELL me, dear Robert ! Harry cri'd,
 His cheek with crimson blushes dy'd ;
 Can you forgive that shameful blow ?
 I fear, I dread, you will say *no*.

Dear Harry! Robert warmly said,
 Why of your brother thus afraid?
 Which feels most pain, I need not say:
 Forget, as I forgive, I pray.
 The Scriptures bid us not espy
 The mote within a brother's eye,
 Until we have remov'd our own:
 "Who never sinn'd, may cast the stone."

THE TRICK.

MARTHA bade Henry shut his eyes,
 And walk to where she stood;
 Promis'd the laughing boy a prize,
 If he made the trial good.

Eager to show his blindfold skill,
 He did as she desir'd;
 As he approach'd, the wily girl
 Still farther off retir'd.

Till, deviating in his track,
 (Which she enjoy'd to see,)
 A gate opposing, threw him back
 With force against a tree.

Bleeding he fell, and senseless lay,
 Away fled Martha's fun;
 Her heart was fill'd with sore dismay,
 To see the deed she'd done.

Tricks are a dangerous sport to try,
 And often end in pain;
 As Martha own'd with many a sigh,
 When Hal got well again.

THE WISH.

I wish'd it might rain, for my flowers
 Were parch'd with the sun's glowing heat;
 My wish was soon gain'd; and soft showers
 Reviv'd both their bloom and their sweet.

But soon I grew tir'd of the rain,
 And watch'd for a change in the sky ;
 I wanted to walk out again,
 And long'd for the roads to be dry.
 How ungrateful, my father observ'd,
 For assistance in time of such need ;
 Did we gain only what we deserv'd,
 Our blessings were trifling indeed.

FILIAL LOVE.

DEAR grandfather, thy feeble form
 A guiding hand requires ;
 For thou hast weather'd many a storm,
 And quench'd thy youthful fires.
 Come, let me be thy staff and guide,
 I know the shadiest spot,—
 The smoothest paths ; for I have tri'd
 All those about our cot :
 Can lead thee to a shelter'd seat,
 Thy aged limbs to rest ;
 When from the sun's o'erpowering heat
 Thy weakness feels oppress.
 In winter, when the cold winds blow,
 I'll place thy great arm-chair
 Close to the fire, and round thee throw
 My own warm coat with care.
 Thy silver locks I like to see,
 They make me love thee more :
 When I stand list'ning at thy knee,
 To tales of times before.
 And when I kneel my pray'rs to say,
 And see thy lips slow move,
 I guess, in secret thou dost pray
 That God thy child may love.
 Feeble and old I know thou art,
 Let me thy cares assuage ;
 In all thy labours bear a part,
 And help to lighten age.

THE PEACOCK.

His tail the peacock vainly spreads,
 To catch admiring eyes ;
 With awkward gait he proudly treads,
 Like folk not over wise :
 Who fancy outward charms alone
 Secure the world's respect ;
 Not thinking, when those charms are flown,
 All will the cheat detect.

SQUIBS AND CRACKERS.

RICHARD and John had often heard
 How many dangers were incurr'd
 By heedless boys who play'd
 With fire-works, and took delight
 To let them off on some dark night,
 Of mischief not afraid.

Richard some crackers had procur'd,
 And wish'd to fire them, if assur'd
 No danger would ensue ;
 But John observ'd, his mother had told
 Such tales as made the blood run cold,
 And that his brother knew.

True, Richard said, but you or I,
 Methinks, one squib might surely try,
 And yet no harm be done.
 John call'd such reasoning very poor,
 And said, with one, or half a score,
 An equal risk we run.

Richard at length no longer tri'd
 To gain his brother to his side ;
 Alone a light he sought :
 To fire one, he said, he meant ;
 No matter what was his intent ;
 For ten, at least, soon caught.

Envelop'd in the smoth'ring flame,
 He call'd upon his brother's name ;
 That brother ever kind,
 Soon hasten'd to the fatal spot ;
 And saw at once poor Richard's lot,—
 To be for ever blind.

NOVELTY.

So eager is Arthur for any thing new,
 That the moment a novelty's placed in his view,
 He is anxious and restless to make it his own,
 And would give all he has, in exchange for this one.

Thus he often gives up things of general use,
 For such as no pleasure or service produce ;
 And finds that the article giv'n away
 Was the thing that he wanted almost every day.

Disappointment succeeds to each wish he attains ;
 His losses are certain, but doubtful his gains :
 Ever wishing and changing, he knows not his mind,
 And his playmates contemptuously call him the *Wind*.

SCHOOLFELLOWS.

TOGETHER were Charlotte and Caroline rear'd,
 Both were taught and attended with care ;
 But though their instruction so equal appear'd,
 How little was Caroline's share.

Too idle to profit by means in her pow'r,
 How many advantages past ;
 She saw her companions improving each hour,
 While she remain'd dunce to the last.

Though life open'd fair to the juvenile friends,
 Adversity soon chang'd the scene :
 It was then former trouble made Charlotte amends,
 But Caroline's feelings were keen.

The one earn'd her bread, was respected, and lov'd,
 And was soon reconcil'd to her lot ;
 In the circle of poverty Caroline mov'd,
 Only pitied awhile, then forgot.

SELF-WILL.

"Dear Fanny," said George, "I would have you beware ;
 You will certainly fall, if you see-saw your chair."
 "Fear not," answer'd Fanny, and stopp'd for awhile,
 As she witness'd the shake of his head, and his smile.

But soon was the habit resum'd, and again
 George ventur'd to speak, though now it was vain ;
 For his sister offended, would do as she pleas'd ;
 And she begg'd for such trifles she might not be
 teas'd.

So Fanny continu'd the dangerous sport,
 Against good advice, but her triumph was short ;
 One swing of the chair brought her flat to the ground,
 Where, stunn'd by the force of the blow, she was
 found.

As frighten'd and bleeding she rested her head
 On the bosom of George, in low accents she said :
 "*When I slighted your warning, I did not foresee
 What the painful result of my folly would be.*"

THE PETITION.

FROM the affluent and healthy I hope some redress,
 If they contrast their station with mine ;
 For the rich can afford to alleviate distress,
 And with health ! oh, how few should repine.

Nature gave to my form little portion of strength ;
 I was foster'd with no tender care ;
 My infancy pass'd in neglect, till at length
 My limbs took the form they now wear.

But deformity is not a fault of my own,
Though it raises the finger of scorn ;
The least they can do, is to let me alone,
Already I feel too forlorn.

When I hear the loud laugh of some happier child,
As he points to my poor weaken'd frame ;
I could wish him to know, that the being revil'd
Has no other cause to feel shame.

If your heart can feel pity, oh ! hear my appeal ;
The succour I crave is but small ;
And remember, the weakness and misery I feel,
Might have been the sad portion of all.

BATHING.

It is pleasant to sit by the clear flowing tide,
As it ripples beneath the bright sun ;
But, beware of the danger its surface can hide,
Lest you suffer as others have done.

Little Charles overheated, was tempted to try
What relief the cool stream would afford ;
But the rivers and seas must be empty and dry,
'Ere Charles to his friends is restor'd.

His strength was too feeble the stream to resist ;
He struggled, but soon lost his breath ;
And the sweet smiling face we so often have kiss'd,
Is now overshadow'd by death.

Could you hear but the sighs, could you witness the
tears,
Of his sorrowing friends left behind ;
You would take the advice of experience and years,
And let it sink deep in your mind.



Losing all power to keep his seat,
Tom soon lay at the pony's feet;
Whence he was taken up as dead,
And not for months could quit his bed.

London: William Darton, 58 Holborn Hill, 1820.

THE PONEY.

Look at my poney's flowing mane!
Cried smiling Tom to sister Jane;
Would you not like to have a ride?
Yes, answer'd Jane, if I had tri'd.

Oh, never wait to learn, said he;
Nothing like courage—look at me!
Stop, Jane exclaim'd, and caught his hand,
Have you forgot papa's command?

Tom, hesitating, answer'd No,
Declar'd he only wish'd to show
How well his little horse could trot,
And should not venture from that spot.

Now mounted, he would fain display
His skill, to make the beast obey;
But, without bridle, spur, or whip,
What signifi'd his horsemanship.

In vain his effort to restrain
The poney, or dismount again:
He tri'd to check the unruly steed,
Who, frighten'd, but increas'd his speed.

Losing all power to keep his seat,
Tom soon lay at the poney's feet;
Whence he was taken up as dead,
And not for months could quit his bed.

KITE-FLYING.

WHEN I view this fine kite, I must own my desire
To fly it grows stronger and stronger;
But, for some cogent reason I must not inquire;
I am told I must wait somewhat longer.

On a bright sunny day, when I feel a breeze rise,
 I look with regret on my kite;
 And fancy how gracefully one of its size
 Would ascend, and how rapid its flight.
 Then I lengthen the tail, and each paper so ti'd,
 Seems to add to my wishes one more:
 I cannot conjecture why thus I'm deny'd,
 Unless my impatience to cure.
 If such be the motive, I ought to subdue
 The feeling they cannot approve;
 Convinc'd that my parents no plan can pursue,
 But is founded on reason and love.

THE EXPLANATION.

I was right in supposing my friends would not act
 But from motives the kindest and best;
 To-day my dear father has prov'd it a fact,
 And set all conjecture at rest.
 The reason my flying the kite was delay'd,
 Was because this is Edward's birth-day;
 From school he is coming to lend us his aid,
 And we are all to be happy and gay.
 The weather is clear, and the wind briskly blows;
 With my brother I soon shall repair
 To the fields, where the daisy and butter-cup grow;
 And then, for my kite in the air.

THE SHIP.

Thou noble work of human hand,
 That o'er the sea from land to land,
 In venturous voyage to distant shores,
 Open'st the source of nations' stores.

How proudly through the foaming deep,
 Thou mak'st way, that man may reap
 Such profit as the worldly mind
 Expects from intercourse to find.

Yet may thy strong and bulky form
 Be shiver'd to atoms by the storm;
 Thy crew despairing, trust that wave
 That swallows thee, their lives to save.

Vain ingenuity of man,
 However wonderful the plan,
 On Providence the whole depends,
 Whose wisdom checks what man intends.

Of God, the Psalmist justly says,
 "Who plough the deep best know his ways:"
 When the world's gifts before them fade,
 Then most his wonders are display'd.

GOOD REASONING.

PRAY Louisa, said William, do keep your feet still,
 At least while I translate this fable;
 You tell me, whenever I speak, that you will
 Yet continue to jostle the table.

Louisa, as usual, appear'd to comply,
 But her feet were not wholly remov'd;
 They shook just enough William's patience to try,
 And were still, when again he reprov'd.

Dear sister, cried he, with a glow on his cheek
 That somewhat to anger inclin'd;
 I will venture to say, if you candidly speak,
 For such conduct no reason you find.

Yes, I can, replied she, for I put my feet here
 Not to shake you, as you may suppose;
 But because, just because,—ah! I see that sly leer;
 So I shall not my reasons disclose.

LUCY'S PLAIN REASONING.

WELL, Louisa, said Lucy, allow me to show
 What these excellent reasons may be;
 And, if I should prove that I really do know,
 You must not be angry with me.

Your motives or reasons are but stubborn will,
 That will not give up to another;
 You know William has a long task to fulfil,
 And did any one else thwart your brother.

You would think it unkind, yet yourself persevere
 In preference to owning you're wrong:
 Now this is my reasoning, and, if I see clear,
 You and I shall agree before long.

Indeed, my dear Lucy, Louisa repli'd,
 Your argument speaks but too plain;
 You could not a method more certain have tri'd
 To prevent this occurring again.

TWO WAYS OF READING.

I AM reading again what I read long ago,
 Yet scarcely encounter an Event that I know;
 Surpris'd and delighted new matter I find,
 And all that I read is impress'd on my mind.

Can this be the History of England? I ask,
 That once I consider'd so heavy a task!
 The reigns of whose kings I went through like a drone,
 And never remember'd who sat on the throne.

When ask'd if I knew how that monarch was nam'd
 Who unwillingly sign'd Magna Charta so fam'd;
 The name of King John never enter'd my head,
 By whose orders the blood of Prince Arthur was shed.

I knew not the monarchs whose red and white rose
 To the mis'ries of war, did their country expose ;
 Or the name of that queen, whose bigoted zeal
 Made our protestant martyrs her cruelty feel.
 Truth is, that I read without thought and in haste,
 Afraid on the subject one moment to waste :
 All pass'd as a dream ; but at length I'm awake ;
 And in reading both pleasure and interest take.

GRATITUDE.

FROM my earliest childhood this debt was incurr'd,
 As my present advantages shew ;
 And, surely for favours so often conferr'd,
 Some return on my part must be due.
 As I pass on through life, obligations increase,
 Some assistance I need ev'ry day ;
 It seems my necessities never will cease,
 And are thanks all I mean to repay ?
 No, gratitude is not so coldly inclin'd,
 More in action than words does it show ;
 As a stream which is check'd, some new channel will find
 In another direction to flow.

THE LISTENER.

How deep does little Emma blush !
 Nay, there seems anger in that flush ;
 Her eyes look full of tears :
 I am sure no falsehood she has told,
 Or giv'n answers pert or bold,
 Yet something wrong appears.
 Emma has heard a painful truth,
 Unwelcome to the ear of youth,
 She heard it too, unseen,
 When list'ning at her cousin's door ;
 A trick she had often done before,
 And what can be more mean ?

Charles said, such conduct he despis'd,
 And strongly Eleanor advis'd
 To be upon her guard
 Against sly Emma's mean deceit,
 Which, in the end, he hop'd would meet
 A suitable reward.

Enough, he said, to cause the effect
 Just now describ'd, and we suspect
 His censure will remove,
 A fault, condemn'd by every one ;
 And which has made her Cousins shun
 A Girl they wish to love.

FORTITUDE.

WHEN George (with little sense endu'd),
 Teas'd his poor dog, and made him bite,
 He boasted of his fortitude

In bearing pain so very slight.
 See Edward, see, I do not flinch,
 Although my hand is bleeding fast ;
 I think I'm mettle every inch ;
 Where danger is, I'm never last.

You rather seek it, Edward said,
 And so you did just now ;
 That fortitude is thus display'd
 I can't so soon allow.

I see no merit in bearing pain,
 Which from ourselves may spring ;
 This showing-off, applause to gain,
 Is quite a diff'rent thing,

From what papa calls fortitude,
 Which means to be resign'd
 To all the ills, as well as good,
 By Providence design'd.

To bear such trials, and meekly yield,
Patient when suffering most;
Is fortitude, a better shield
Than *that*, you vainly boast.

THE QUARREL.

At the same table sat Lydia and John,
Their late smiling faces disguis'd by a frown;
His book of fine prints John holds from her view,
Whilst Lydia in vain tries her rage to subdue.
Mistaken, poor girl, and you ill-natur'd boy,
Why punish each other when both might enjoy;
Can a trifling dispute your plans thus derange;
You may both of ye blush to account for the change.
This present of pictures your grandfather sent,
With the hope of amusement; but this kind intent
Your own silly humours contrive to defeat,
And have turn'd to dissension, what might be a treat

THE RECONCILIATION.

The frown on John's brow, gave way by degrees,
And Lydia's anger began to appease:
Half way on the table she stretch'd forth her hand,
A token her brother could well understand.
A glance and a smile soon the matter explain'd,
And quickly no vestige of anger remain'd;
John offer'd his sister a part of his chair,
And then in due order began to prepare,
The pictures for show, which so lately he strove
From the sight of the petulant girl to remove;
Both were eager to please, and the past to forget,
Though neither asham'd to express their regret.

How foolish, cried Lydia, have both of us been,
 For, even whilst angry, no harm did we mean;
 Our quarrel was nonsense, the consequence pain,
 Thus disputes always finish—all loss, and no gain.

LAZINESS.

ONE can hardly help smiling Sophia to see,
 As languid she throws her eyes round;
 How listless she sits with her hand on her knee,
 Whilst her feet seem transfix'd to the ground.
 Yet her work is suspended, and quite at a stand,
 For her pincushion lies on the floor;
 How provoking! she cries, without moving a hand,
 I declare it has roll'd to the door.
 Yes, Sophia, and there it will surely remain,
 Unless some exertion you make;
 Do you never intend to be active again;
 From this dream of inertness awake!
 There is something in laziness raises contempt,
 For all to some trouble are born;
 And those who live on, from such labour exempt,
 Though envy'd, are sure to meet scorn.

DEAF AND DUMB.

Poor little girl, by signs alone
 Thy thoughts can be express'd;
 From thee none hears that lisp'ing tone
 For which the babe's caress'd.

No words of fondness meet thine ear,
 Or wish can friend impart;
 In vain thy mother calls thee dear,
 It cannot joy thy heart.

The sweetest sounds to thee are dead,
 And all that language tells ;
 The pleasing tale by others read,
 Not in thy memory dwells.

When all around thee bend the knee,
 In rev'rence to God's name,
 The sound rever'd is lost to thee,
 Thy deafness is the same.

But cheer thy heart, such means are found
 The deaf and dumb to teach ;
 That time may yet procure thee sound,]
 And give thee power of speech.

No longer mute, thy eager tongue
 Shall fervent join in pray'r ;
 Thy voice be first in grateful song,
 God's mercy to declare.

LIBERTY.

Foolish bird, you have badly been taught,
 Or you would not thus flutter your wing ;
 See the fine gilded cage I have bought,
 With a perch and, in short, every thing.

All my wealth I bestow'd on this cage,
 What bird could desire better home ?
 Yet you seem to fly off in a rage ;
 You forget that cold weather will come.

It is you, my dear Jane, who forget
 That the splendour you offer this bird,
 Could never make cheerful your pet,
 Whose wants are compris'd in one word.

Liberty is all he requires,
 For freedom was Nature's first plan ;
 And a prison, though form'd by gilt wires,
 Is repulsive to birds and to man.

CONTRADICTION.

WHEN in company with Laura, whatever you say,
 She is sure to point out you are wrong;
 She has heard the same fact told a diff'rent way,
 And would fain teach the old, well as young.

In most serious converse she stops you quite short,
 To contradict something that's said;
 If check'd for a time, she will pertly retort,
 For impertinence is not afraid.

Nay, even her parents she seeks to reprove,
 Whilst strangers look on with surprise;
 Contradiction is stronger than duty or love:
 For so Laura's conduct implies.

But if thus she continues her friends to insult,
 Her society none will allow;
 If she could but contemplate the painful result,
 To avoid it she soon would find how.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

HANNAH and Rose were early taught,
 But each on diff'rent plan;
 Rose only what is useful sought,
 She walk'd, whilst Hannah ran.

What Hannah learn'd was soon display'd,
 And made at first great show;
 All wonder'd that the little maid
 So many things should know.

But time at length the truth reveal'd,
 And poor was Hannah's claim;
 No hidden talents long conceal'd
 Now added to her fame.

Attainments of a trifling kind
Alone could Hannah boast ;
Rose shew'd a cultivated mind,
On which no time was lost.
The substance all was on her side,
And answer'd some good end ;
The shadow, had not thus supply'd
Her superficial friend.

THE SIGHT.

WHEN obedient and studious young Edwin had been,
He was promis'd a pleasing reward ;
A sight of a nature he never had seen,
But one that delight would afford.

It will cause (said his father), a glow from the heart,
You will smile when it first meets your eye ;
Yet I venture to say, that before we depart,
We shall both be half tempted to cry.

How anxiously Edwin expected the treat,
And how joyful he rose on that day ;
With his father proceeded through many a street
To St. Paul's, where, he heard, the sight lay.

When seated beneath its grand dome he look'd round,
His heart did indeed feel a glow ;
For thousands of children* before him he found
Neatly clad, and rang'd row by row.

When their innocent voices united in praise
Of the Power who thus had bestow'd
Such mercies upon them, and guided their ways,
How rapidly Edwin's tears flow'd.

* The children supported and instructed by charity in this great metropolis unite and assemble once every year in the Cathedral of St. Paul, and present a sight so grateful to the Christian eye, that all who have witnessed it pronounce it the most gratifying scene of their lives.

And yet, he observ'd, (when the service was o'er,)
I felt happy, and full of delight;
And if these be the produce of Charity's store,
Let me hasten to add my poor mite.

THE CHOICE.

A CHRISTMAS gift is offer'd Mary,
Who quickly takes a book;
Not so the vacillating Harry,
He takes more time to look.

Of books, he says, he has too many,
Nine-pins and kites likewise;
His last year's maps he gave to Fanny,
And puzzles he never tries.

At length a handsome drum he chooses,
And all the house alarms;
Then finds the noise his head confuses,
And beating tires his arms.

He wish'd his choice was yet to come,
But this is all pretence;
For Harry's head is like his drum,
Empty, and void of sense.

A DUNCE'S DIFFICULTIES.

WHATEVER Charles is told to do,
Appears in such tremendous view;
One might suppose his friends unkind,
So much to press upon his mind.

If told some pretty verse to learn,
He knows not how the rhyme to turn;
He starts at having ten words to spell,
And sums he never can do well.

A trifling task is not amiss,
 But pray, what child can do all this ;
 He might acquire them, if a man,
 But as a boy he never can.

If Charles would open both his eyes,
 No difficulty would arise ;
 Attention, and a wish to learn,
 Would soon this mountain overturn.

BEHAVIOUR TO ALL CLASSES.

To obey our superiors the Scripture commands,
 And our equals to cherish and love ;

Our inferiors require still more from our hands,
 The distinction of rank to remove.

Condescension and kindness at least is their due,
 And those who possess the most power,

The reverses of fortune should keep in their view,
 For her gifts are an uncertain dower.

How much of the comforts of life must depend
 On our servants and labouring class ;

And if to our orders and wants they attend,
 Not unnotic'd such conduct should pass.

To be pleas'd with their services is not enough,
 Though it soften their life's busy scene ;

But when past their labour, should fortune prove
 rough,

We should help them, for what they have been.

THE LITTLE PENITENT.

I BLUSH to raise my hands to Heav'n,
 And scarcely hope to be forgiv'n,
 So near committing crime ;

Yet sure it was by Heaven's decree,
 The dread of guilt came over me,
 And check'd my hand in time.

Affrighted, from the spot I flew
 And wander'd, where—I hardly knew,
 'Till in the church I stood ;
 But when I rais'd my eyes and saw,
 In words of gold, God's written law,
 A chill ran through my blood.

“ *Thou shalt not steal,*” the sentence said,
 Again,—and then again, I read ;
 No farther reach'd my eye :
 It seem'd for me it there was plac'd ;
 I thought the letters newly trac'd,
 My inmost soul to try.

Hunger impell'd me to the deed,
 Thank God ! the intent did not succeed,
 This yields my heart relief :
 But should my life in future give
 All that could make one wish to live,
 The past will cause me grief.

THE AGED HORSE.

RECLINING on his grassy bed
 Old Dobbin lies at ease ;
 He who was prais'd as thorough-bred,
 Now stiffly bends his knees.

At races who so fleet as he ;
 How many plates he won !
 But past his youth's celebrity,
 His fame and strength are gone.

They call'd him Dashall in those days,
 And all his prowess knew ;
 But when he turn'd to useful ways,
 Then humble Dobbin would do.

Full many a heavy load he bore,
And man's impatient blow;
Thanks to his master, toil is o'er,
And here he fears no foe.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

HALF way down yon shady lane,
Some twenty paces from the road,
From whence we hear that buzzing strain,
Stands a low-roof'd neat abode.

The shallow casements heavy frame,
Too high to let the group within
See what is passing, even the dame
Can see but with uplifted chin.

The door in summer open stands
And gives the passer-by a view
Of many busy heads and hands,
Who read and spell, or knit, or sew.

The Mistress of this rustic school,
Her scholars' merits well discerns;
Without severity can rule;
Even the dunce a something learns.

Yon little girl with clean-comb'd hair,
Is first of all the spelling class;
And see a little studious pair,
A chubby boy and rosy lass.

One idler, more inclin'd for play,
Watches the dame with cunning eye,
And when she turns her head away,
Some trick, to cause a laugh will try.

With one or two he does succeed,
 (That curly-headed laughing boy,
 And one, who looks too young to read,)
 They seem his nonsense to enjoy.

But hark! they hear the village-clock,—
 The hour for play and freedom's come;
 The dame sends forth her little flock,
 With strict injunction,—“*to go Home.*”

FINIS.

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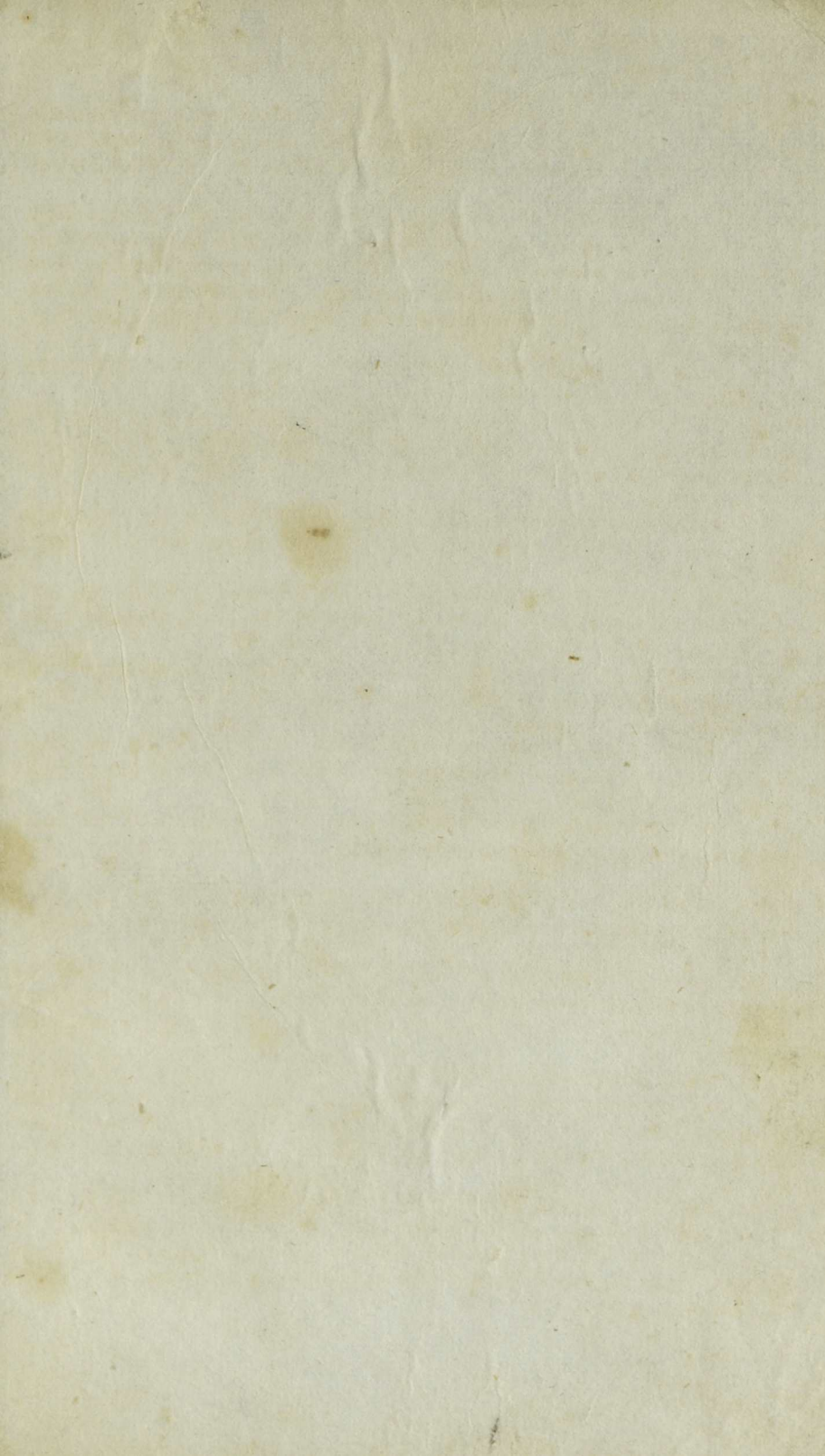
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