

THE  
**CROCUS,**  
CONTAINING  
ORIGINAL POEMS

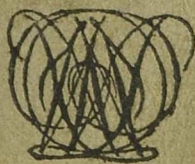
FOR  
Young People.

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By J. E. M.

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*ACCOMPANIED WITH ENGRAVINGS.*



London :

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

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Price 1s. with Plain Plates, or 1s. 6d. with the Plates Coloured.





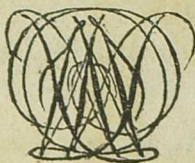
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G. SMALLFIELD, *Printer, Hackney.*



## THE CROCUS.

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*To a Cowslip blooming in January.*

THOU little, lovely, balmy flower,  
Tell me, what secret, potent power  
So soon could give thee birth?  
Dost thou not know the surly blast,  
The beating hail, when heav'n's o'ercast,  
Might crush thee to the earth?

Or didst thou think, because 'twas mild,  
Nature's fair offspring, beauteous child,  
Might leave its lowly bed;  
And fearless on its slender stalk  
Might bud, and deck the morning walk,  
Graced by its modest head?

Indeed, I should rejoice to see  
Thy trembling bells 'neath many a tree,  
Hang nodding to the gale,  
If meek-ey'd spring had ventured forth  
And all the ruffians of the north,  
Had bid us long farewell.

But oh! I tremble when I think,  
Thou stand'st on ruin's fearful brink,  
And e'en this very day  
Should Boreas in his anger blow,  
He'd cover thee with frost and snow,  
Or sweep thee quite away.

And hark! I hear the tempest rise,  
I mark the aspect of the skies—  
The fatal warning's given:  
Farewell thou sweet, advent'rous flower,  
I leave thee in thy danger's hour,  
To the kind care of heaven.

*To a Fly buzzing round the Candle.*

Go, foolish Fly, nor in the flame  
 Thy silken wings consume,  
 That very pleasure here thou seek'st,  
 Will prove thy fatal tomb.

Thou dream'st not of a burning power  
 That lurks beneath the prize;  
 No sooner is thy wish obtain'd  
 Than it that moment dies.

Thy thoughtless whirls, round ruin's brink  
 A lecture sure may teach  
 To man, as thoughtless as thyself—  
 Sound as divines can preach.

For he, like thee, too oft, alas!  
 With Satan's lure complies;  
 Just tastes the sweet the bait affords,  
 Then languishes and dies.

Then learn, O giddy, thoughtless youth,  
 Nor with thy boasted power  
 Of reason, like the insect, fall  
 In vile seduction's hour.

For what is pleasure, if it's brought  
 By months and years of sorrow?  
 Or what that honied bliss, to-day,  
 Which turns to gall, to-morrow?

*Address to a Dead Bird.*

Say pretty, little, harmless thing,  
 What was it made thee die?  
 The very thought that thou art dead,  
 I'm sure doth make me cry.





Say pretty, little, harmless thing,  
What was it made thee die?



see page 4.



see page 6.

"So I will crush thee." — "Hold!"  
The reptile did reply:

London, William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 7 Month 14, 1824.



Perhaps 'twas pain acute that did  
 Thy little heart-strings break ;  
 Perhaps you suffer'd much and long,  
 Without the power to speak.

Yet this I know, and know it well,  
 It was not cruel want ;  
 Thy fountain always was supply'd  
 Thy trough was never scant.

The best of seed thy daily food,  
 The plantain stalk so brown,  
 With groundsel too, of lively green,  
 Oft deck'd thy cage around.

When moulting's gloomy time drew near  
 To rob thee of thy coat,  
 And not one cheerful strain, all day,  
 E'er warbled from thy throat,

I watch'd thee ; and when sickness did  
 Thy little frame assail,  
 To cheer thee, I within thy draught  
 Immersed the rusty nail.

But, spite of all my anxious care,  
 Thy gentle breath is flown ;  
 And many a mortal well might wish,  
 Thy rest was but his own.

*The Snail ; or Vanity reproved.*

“ I cannot think,” said John one day,  
 As in the path a Snail  
 Did well portray the route he'd been,  
 Mark'd by his slimy tail—

“ I cannot think,” he said, “ the use  
Of reptiles such as these ;  
Unless to eat the choicest fruit  
That grows upon our trees.

“ I know, papa has often said,  
God nothing made in vain ;  
But, that he never thought of snails,  
I think must be quite plain.

“ So I will crush thee,” —— “ Hold !”  
The reptile did reply ;  
“ Impatient child ! thy foot forbear,  
Nor me condemn to die !

“ Dost think that God hath nothing made  
But what’s of use to man ;  
To serve his wants or vanity,  
The whole of wisdom’s plan ?

“ Hath not that God who form’d us both,  
Undoubted right to give  
The Snail beneath thy feet to crawl,  
As thee the boon to live ?

“ Ten thousand insects born there are,  
Life’s varied bliss t’ enjoy  
That life which God so kindly gives,  
Wouldst thou in scorn destroy ?

“ Then pray forbear, unthinking boy,  
And let me longer live,  
Nor wish a life to take away  
Not in thy pow’r to give.”

“ I grant thy plea,” said little John ;  
“ So, creeping friend, adieu ;  
Fruit we shall find, no doubt, enough  
To serve both me and you.”



*Disappointment ; or the Ride lost.*

EDWIN, you know the horse is lame !  
 For shame ! what cry again ?  
 And could you for a moment wish  
 The beast to go in pain ?

Would you not rather stay at home,  
 And let the poor thing rest,  
 Than see me drive him in a gig  
 In such extreme distress ?

Have you forgot 'twas but last week,  
 When William hurt your toe,  
 You hopp'd about the house, and said  
 To school you could not go ?

Suppose that I had said, You shall,  
 And whipp'd you all the way ;  
 Would you not then have thought it hard ?  
 " O yes !" I hear you say.

Consider, then, that brutes can feel,  
 And strive to give relief  
 To every thing debarr'd of speech,  
 Which can't reveal its grief.

What tho' the cloudless sky foretell  
 A day that will be fine ?  
 To lose a ride through charity,  
 You never can repine.

Such disappointments all must feel  
 In this uncertain state,  
 Then once more smile, my dearest boy,  
 Nor murmur at thy fate.

*The Deceased Parent.*

“ My dear mamma, what makes you cry ?  
 I cannot bear to see you weep ;  
 Perhaps my dear papa’s not dead,—  
 Perhaps he’s only gone to sleep.”

“ Yes, dearest child, he’s gone to sleep ;  
 He sleeps the silent sleep of death ;  
 And O ! that I had worlds to give,  
 Could they again recall his breath.

“ No more thou’lt gaze upon his face,  
 Dear child, whilst seated on his knee,  
 Where oft thou’st heard the pleasing tale :  
 No more, my love, he’ll smile on thee !”

“ But, dear mamma, you’ve often heard  
 Papa declare, when good men die  
 They go to heav’n, to live with God,—  
 Then tell me why it is you cry ?”

“ Ah ! dearest boy, didst thou but know  
 How great the loss we both sustain,  
 You would not ask me why I weep,  
 Or think I shed one tear in vain.

“ That he is happy, I’ve no fear ;  
 O may we some time share his joy ;  
 Thou art my only comfort now,  
 To soothe my grief, my darling boy.”

*The Orphan’s Lament.*

BEHOLD a little friendless child,  
 No house or home have I ;  
 The green grass oft my softest bed—  
 Unshelter’d from the sky.





"MY dear mamma, what makes you cry?"



see page 8.

see page 14



A little flower, with colour none,

London. William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 7 Month, 14, 1824.



Two parents, who were kind and good  
 To me, I once possess'd ;  
 But Providence remov'd them hence,  
 And left me here distress'd.

Oft by the stars' faint glimm'ring ray  
 My wakeful hours I keep,  
 Think on that Heav'n to which they're gone,  
 Then lay me down to weep.

When gentle slumber's soft'ning pow'rs  
 My aching eyelids close,  
 Too short, indeed, and broken are  
 My moments of repose.

Last night I dream'd, as on the bank,  
 Beneath the hedge I lay,  
 My mother took me by the hand,  
 And whisper'd "Come away!"

Yes, gladly will I follow thee !  
 Come, Death's unerring dart,  
 Inflict the wound that bids life cease,  
 And ease my bleeding heart.

### *The Good Nursery Maid.*

COME, come, my dear children, and hasten to bed,  
 For I think you must now be quite tired ;  
 The sun too, you see, has long sunk in the west,  
 And the day-light is nearly expired.

To-morrow, my loves, you will have a new nurse,  
 You have oft heard me talk of the same ;  
 She's a nice healthy lass, with two plump rosy cheeks,  
 And Clara you'll find is her name.

She has not been train'd, like too many poor girls,  
 In neglect of improvement of mind,  
 Her parents have taught her to love and fear God,  
 Which soon, my dear children, you'll find.

By the lessons she'll give you when walking abroad,  
 How Jehovah hath made all you see,  
 From the bramble and daisy, that bloom at your feet,  
 To the aged and far-spreading tree,

She'll inform you that God, though exalted above,  
 And beyond all that man e'er conceives,  
 Condescends, in compassion, to mark our distress,  
 And the wants of his creatures relieves.

I believe she'll impart to you many great truths,  
 Which will tend to enlarge your young mind ;  
 And I hope, in return, you attentive will be,  
 And prove to her civil and kind.

For you, my dear children, must never forget,  
 That God made both the rich and the poor ;  
 And each, if deserving, will share in his love,  
 When this perishing world is no more.

From the mansions on high, where this mighty God  
 dwells,  
 He looks down on our actions and ways ;  
 And the day's not far off, when the just Judge will  
 come,  
 And condemn, or acquit us with praise.

*Condescension and Liberality rewarded.*

“ BLESS me, mamma, how warm it is to-day !  
 What must they feel who toil amidst the hay,  
 Who stand expos'd beneath the burning heat  
 Without one friendly shade, one cool retreat ?



See, how the perspiration from them breaks,  
 Standing in drops upon their sun-burnt cheeks !  
 Those cheeks which well bespeak they labour hard,  
 A mark which claims our tenderest regard :  
 I really think I never could endure  
 To live one day, and labour like the poor."

" Dear Ann, if you from infancy had been  
 Brought up to labour hard, to toil or spin,  
 Use would inure you to those hardships, dear,  
 Which now to you, so difficult appear.  
 Not but I grant their portion to be hard,  
 And think, like you, they justly claim regard ;  
 'Tis theirs to labour for their daily food,  
 'Tis ours to study for their daily good."

" I think, mamma, the rich too often show  
 Whate'er they give they grudgingly bestow.  
 I do not mean that *all* unfeeling are,  
 And think the poor beneath their tender care ;  
 But some appear so haughty—proud to feel,  
 As if their hearts were made of brass or steel :  
 Now if they acted otherwise, I'm sure,  
 Much gratitude they'd find among the poor."

" Yes, my dear Ann, a case not long ago  
 Most clearly proves they gratitude can show :  
 When, on a sudden, our own house was seen  
 To be on fire, by people on the Green,  
 How did they run, how from all quarters came,  
 And nearly spent themselves to stop the flame !  
 And why? because they knew we ne'er forgot  
 The sons of toil, the inmates of the cot ;  
 Nor ever will we ; while life's currents flow  
 Around our heart—no changes shall it know.  
*Friend of the friendless* shall my motto be,  
 And may that motto be transferr'd to thee.

Do thou the same, dear girl, throughout thy life ;  
 Be the kind friend, the patron, mother, wife :  
 These are the titles which shall thee secure  
 Wealth everlasting, permanent, and sure.

*A Caution ; or, the Poisonous Berries.*

THE sun shone warm upon a bank,  
 Where many flow'rs once grew,  
 Where many a primrose rear'd its head,  
 And many violets blue.

But summer now had given place  
 To autumn's sober reign,  
 And every daisy's bloom had fled  
 The once-bespangled plain.

Now fond mamma her darling boy,  
 To take the morning air,  
 To this moss-grown and friendly bank  
 Did frequently repair.

The pendant boughs above their heads,  
 Robb'd of their mantle green—  
 But where the blossom once appear'd,  
 The berry now was seen.

“ O dear !” said James, “ do, pray, but look,  
 I never chanced to see  
 Fruit half so beautiful as this,  
 Which grows beneath the tree.

“ I think it must be good, mamma,  
 Therefore I'll have a treat,  
 For if its look so pretty is,  
 It must be good to eat.”



“ Ah ! dearest child,” mamma replied,  
 “ Thou dost not seem aware,  
 That many a gilded bait without  
 Conceals an inward snare.

“ Those ruby clusters there, that rise  
 And catch thy longing eye,  
 Are like the fruit of ancient date—  
 But eat, and thou shalt die.

“ For tho’ these berries look so fine,  
 And most delicious seem,  
 Beware the dang’rous touch, dear child—  
 For poison lurks within.

“ There’s many a sad deception, love,  
 In this vain world we find,  
 And many a dangerous trap is set  
 To catch a thoughtless mind.

“ But if your dear mamma should die,  
 Or you are far away,  
 And folly e’er should you persuade  
 From wisdom’s paths to stray ;

“ O then, dear boy, pray ne’er forget,  
 But well remember this,  
 That vice, alluring, leads to death,  
 As virtue guides to bliss.”

*The Contrast ; or Flowers and Fruit.*

O WHAT a plague papa has had  
 To raise this paltry tree !  
 Now in its bloom, for my own part,  
 No beauty can I see.

A little flower, with colour none,  
 But nothing sweet I smell;  
 I'm sure that stinging-nettle, there,  
 Pleases me quite as well.

Had he but placed carnations here,  
 Or else a lovely rose,  
 Their beauties would have pleased my eye,  
 Their fragrance too, my nose.

“Go,” said the plum-tree, “foolish child,  
 Nor longer me deride;  
 Know this, that graces I possess  
 Which are to them denied.

“Those gaudy beauties you so praise,  
 Will very soon be found  
 To fade away upon their stalk,  
 And crumble to the ground.

“And so must I; but when my bloom  
 Lies prostrate at my root,  
 The branch it leaves, empow’r’d by me,  
 Will yield delicious fruit.

“Now mark, by boy, this well-known truth  
 Which I to you relate—  
 Those flowers are merely gaudy toys,  
 But fruit is good to eat.”

### *Bathing Time.*

COME! my charming, lovely boy,  
 See the water now appears,  
 Baby then must have a dip,  
 Over little head and ears.



Pray, then, mother's darling child,  
 Don't begin your lip to pout,  
 'Tis to make you strong and well,  
 That you soon may run about :

'Tis but for a moment, love ;  
 Soon the painful task is o'er ;  
 Baby soon shall rise again,  
 And be plung'd beneath no more.

There, now! all is well again ;  
 Cease then, dearest, cease to cry ;  
 Mother will, beside the fire,  
 Wipe her lovely infant dry.

Many a dip that's more severe,  
 Thou, my love, may'st undergo ;  
 To thy share, perhaps, may fall  
 Many a bitter draught of woe.

Thou think'st it cruel, love, no doubt,  
 To take thee from thy downy bed,  
 And here, beneath the water cold,  
 To immerse thy little head.

If all thou couldst but understand,  
 My babe, thou then wouldst know  
 It was to gain thee future good  
 Thy mother used thee so.

Thus our Heavenly Father oft,  
 Deep beneath affliction's wave,  
 Sees it fit the child to plunge,  
 He in Mercy deigns to save.

'Tis to make us strong and hale,  
 Strong in faith, in hope and love ;  
 And when we are thus prepared,  
 Takes us to the realms above :

Where, from every care exempt,  
 We for ever shall be blest,  
 Pain and labour then no more,  
 Crown'd with everlasting rest.

*The Midnight Storm.*

“O DEAR, mamma! pull up the clothes,  
 That I may hide my head,  
 For see, the lightning flashes round,  
 And thunders shake the bed.

“O dear! do, pray, the curtain draw,  
 And put the shutters to ;  
 It cannot lighten then, I hope,  
 On either me or you.”

“Lie still, dear child,” the mother said,  
 “And let no false alarm  
 Thy peaceful slumbers e'er disturb ;  
 No lightning will thee harm.

“There is a God who rules above,  
 And whose almighty power  
 Preserves us from all ill by day,  
 And in the midnight hour.

“The forked flash that now descends,  
 And thunders too that roll,  
 Alike are guided by his arm—  
 And under his controul.

“The wicked only have to fear  
 The vengeance of his rod ;  
 The righteous safely may rely  
 On their protecting God.”





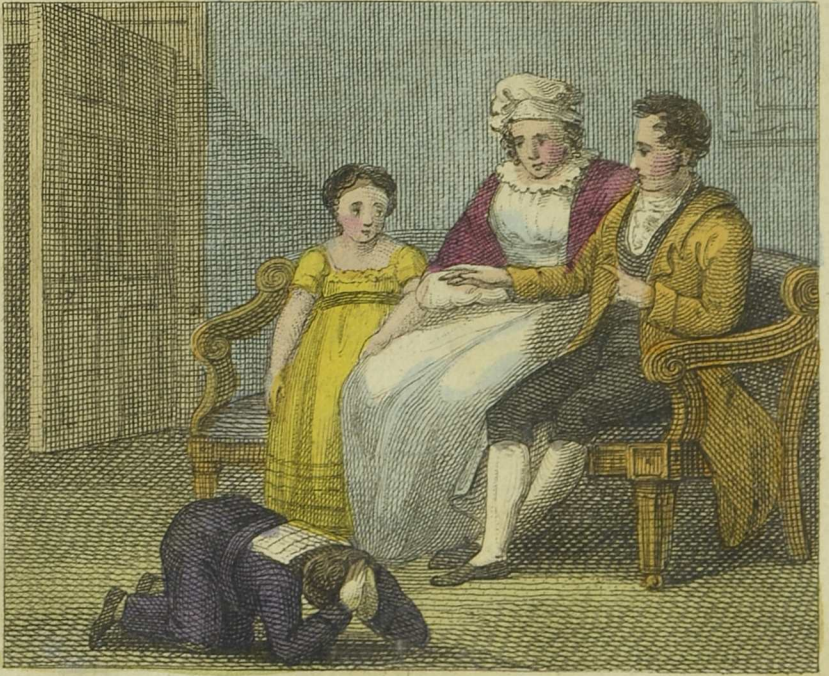
She's at length grown so good, as I've understood,



see page 17.

The Circus.

see page 18.



Disgraced and humbled, he return'd,  
And prostrate lay upon the floor,

London: William Dering, 58, Esbore, Hill, 7 Month 14, 1824.



*The Reclaimed Dunce.*

SAID Emma one day, "I think I could play  
 If it were for a month, and not tire;"  
 So she took up her dolly, and call'd it sweet Polly,  
 Then set herself down by the fire.

She dress'd, and undress'd it, and fondly caress'd it,  
 And she was as pleased as could be;  
 But in a good book, she never would look—  
 Such a silly, vain girl was she.

But Emily strove, with sisterly love,  
 To make her more wisely inclin'd;  
 And so well did succeed, that she cured her, indeed,  
 Of having so thoughtless a mind.

She's at length grown so good, as I've understood,  
 That now she can read, write, and spell;  
 And her friends all declare, her conduct bids fair,  
 That in learning she soon will excel.

Her sister is glad, that a child once so bad,  
 Should now become careful and wise;  
 And is thankful to find, that a once playful mind  
 Her instruction no more will despise.

*Impertinence and Cruelty chastised.*

"MAMMA," said Jane, "pray speak to John;  
 Look here—see what he's done for me—  
 In climbing up to take a nest  
 He's broken down my apple-tree!"

"I told him 'twas a wicked thing,  
 To rob the birds, and spoil the trees;  
 He said, I was 'a prating jade,'  
 And he would do what he should please.

“ ’Twas but last night he caught a dog,  
 And whilst James Harnett held its tail,  
 He to it, with a piece of string,  
 Fasten’d a worn-out milking-pail.

“ The poor thing ran all down the lane,  
 And made a most distressing cry,  
 When every dog ran after him  
 That did by accident pass by.

“ Now Farmer Jones came riding by,  
 And was quite shock’d the sight to see—  
 A boy so cruelly disposed,  
 At such a tender age as he !

“ John call’d him then ‘ a bumpkin,’ ‘ clown,’  
 Who nothing knew about the matter ;  
 Bid him go home, and mind his farm,  
 And let him hear no more his chatter.”

“ Indeed ! Indeed !” said his papa,  
 For he had heard the whole affair,  
 “ Are you quite sure, Jane, this is true ?”  
 Said Jane, with grief, “ I thus declare.”

“ But pray, papa, from what I’ve said  
 I hope you don’t intend to beat him ?”

“ O no, my dear,” said her papa,  
 I mean quite diff’rently to treat him.”

So sending now for master John,  
 He made him, on his bended knees,  
 Implore his sister to forgive  
 The damage he had done her trees.

To Farmer Jones, he next was sent,  
 To do the same with all submission ;  
 Who said, he freely him forgave,  
 Upon his duly-felt contrition.



A paper on his back was pinn'd,  
 And down the village he was sent,  
 On which was written, "See, good folks,  
 I here of cruelty repent."

Disgraced and humbled, he return'd,  
 And prostrate lay upon the floor,  
 Begging his father to forgive  
 Those deeds he vow'd to do no more.

His father saw he was sincere,  
 And soon his weeping child he rais'd;  
 For though he blamed his conduct past,  
 His penitence he justly prais'd.

### *The Evening Shower.*

It is folly, my dear, to be vext,  
 To be crying and rubbing your eyes,  
 For the rain that's descending so fast  
 Is a blessing dispensed from the skies.

Besides, you have often declared  
 How much you're delighted with flowers,  
 But what would become of them, child,  
 Were it not for these plentiful showers?

You see how they hang down their heads,  
 And wither and droop on their stalk;  
 They seem as dejected as you,  
 In losing your evening walk.

You have oft, too, express'd your delight,  
 When regaled by the whispering breeze,  
 That hath shook the fair rose on its stem,  
 Or pass'd o'er the sweet-briar trees.

Then dry up your tears, love, and smile,  
 Tho' deprived of your pleasure to-night—  
 To-morrow's sweet breath of the morn  
 Shall repay you with joy and delight.

By this moisture, refresh'd from on high,  
 The air will be fill'd with perfume;  
 Carnations more fresh will appear—  
 The roses recover their bloom.

Besides, we must never forget,  
 That Christians must often forego  
 Their present enjoyments—for those  
 Which futurity has to bestow.

Faith and patience are requisite here,  
 And those who possess them are bless'd;  
 They shed a sweet calm upon earth,  
 And lead us to heavenly rest.

*The Inkstand overturned.*

THERE, now! you naughty little boy,  
 I knew it would be so,  
 You've knock'd the leaden inkstand down,  
 And sadly hurt my toe.

Besides, look here, your frock you've spoil'd;  
 It never will come out;  
 Why did you not take greater care  
 Of what you were about?

Run, Ann! make haste and fetch a cloth,  
 And see if you can get  
 The stains from off the carpet-rug—  
 Dear, how it makes me fret!



THERE, now! you naughty little boy,



*see page 20.*

*see page 23.*



A rose at my feet I espied,  
Its beauties were faded and gone,





Now what think you, papa will say,  
 When he shall come to hear  
 That all this mischief you have done  
 By climbing up the chair ?

For tho' you are your father's joy,  
 Yet very well I know,  
 He never can, in truth, be pleased  
 To find you've acted so.

Now pray don't stand and rub your eyes,  
 And make them look so red,  
 For then he'll see you've crying been—  
 And send you up to bed.

Come, say, you will do so no more,  
 And mother will not tell ;  
 In future be a better child,  
 And all will then be well.

*Mischievousness punished.*

“THAT's right, my boy,” said George to James,  
 “How glad I am you're come !  
 And if you can, pray stay all day,  
 We'll have some charming fun.

“I'll fetch the cat—see, here's a mouse,  
 We'll tie it to her tail,  
 And laugh to see how she'll turn round  
 Just like our wind-mill sail.”

Now puss was on the faggot-pile,  
 And in a peaceful doze,  
 Nor dream'd how very soon she'd be  
 Robb'd of her sweet repose.

A hog-tub placed beside this pile  
 For many a month had stood,  
 The top of which reach'd full half way  
 The level of the wood.

Aided by this, George climb'd aloft,  
 And puss was soon secure  
 Within his grasp;—but coming down  
 The way he climb'd before,

A dreadful scratch across his face,  
 For squeezing puss too tight,  
 Compell'd him now to lose his hold,  
 As very well it might.

So headlong in the tub he fell  
 Quite over head and ears,  
 And sinking in this filthy wash,  
 Oh! who could tell his fears?

But soon ascending up again  
 With arms extended wide,  
 (And well for him it was so full,)  
 He caught hold of the side.

He now began to bawl aloud,  
 Which brought the servants round,  
 And every one astonish'd was  
 He'd not therein been drown'd.

His father too, among the rest,  
 Now quickly did appear,  
 And George, who lately quaked with cold,  
 Began to quake with fear:

And justly too, for soon the whip,  
 That closely round him sat,  
 Convinced him 'twas a wicked thing  
 To tantalize the cat.



*The Rose.*

As I walk'd down a lovely parterre  
 Where Flora her beauties display'd,  
 I with rapture, unceasing, admired  
 Her tints, and gradations of shade.

Laburnums bright, pendant, and gay,  
 Intermingled with lilacs were seen,  
 Whose bunches, half-hidden from view,  
 Peep'd through a rich lattice of green.

These beauties suspended aloft  
 That waved their fair heads to and fro,  
 Seem'd promising friendship and love  
 To their kindred—the beauties below.

The tulip, so proudly erect,  
 Bedizen'd with scarlet and gold,  
 By the side of a peony bloom'd,  
 And look'd as in rivalry bold.

The emblems of pride here were seen,  
 And those of humility too;  
 For, on the same bed, side by side,  
 The red rose and white lily grew.

So chequer'd are all things below,  
 We oft in one family find  
 The gay, and the grave, and the proud—  
 The humble in manners and mind.

As I carelessly stray'd up the walk,  
 A rose at my feet I espied,  
 Its beauties were faded and gone,  
 Its leaves were all wrinkled and dried.

This flower, I had often remark'd,  
 Was the pride of the tree where it grew,  
 For its tints far out-redden'd the sky,  
 When young morning had bathed it in dew.

Its beauties attracted the eye  
 Of a youth who chanced hither to stray,  
 Who pluck'd it, and wore it awhile,  
 Then wantonly threw it away.

Ah! this I exclaim'd with a sigh,  
 Is too often the fortune of those  
 Whose beauties but please for awhile,  
 When they share the same fate as the rose.

Then let me be humble and good,  
 Like the lily contented to dwell,  
 Unnoticed, perhaps, by the world,  
 As the flow'ret that blooms in the dell.

### *Pride in Danger.*

HARRIET was a pretty girl,  
 But was by all allow'd  
 In manners to be too austere,  
 And each declared her proud.

She'd violently ring the bell,  
 Enough to break the wire,  
 And when poor John came in, perhaps  
 'Twas but to stir the fire.

Sometimes she, merely for a whim,  
 Would call or ring again,  
 And when a servant humbly came,  
 Her *wants* could not explain.



The servants tired, as well they might,  
 Of treatment such as this,  
 Began much more reluctantly  
 To run to answer Miss.

One morning, as she sat alone,  
 And clothed in loose attire,  
 A spark from off the grate flew out,  
 And set her all on fire !

She call'd, she rang, most furiously,  
 So had she oft before—  
 Therefore no person hasten'd now  
 Toward the parlour door.

She quickly bounced out in a blaze,  
 Through terror and affright ;  
 John met her, caught her up, and then  
 The flames extinguish'd quite.

But not before she was so burn'd,  
 That no one yet could tell  
 Whether poor Miss would live or die,  
 Or if she might do well.

In this one thing they all agreed,  
 Indeed they were quite sure,  
 That, if her life should be preserved,  
 She'd *handsome* be no more.

She now began, when 'twas too late,  
 To see her foolish pride,  
 And much lamented how she'd oft  
 The servants' patience tried.

Full twelve long tedious months elapse  
 Before her cure's complete ;  
 Nor can she now, without a tear,  
 The dreadful tale relate.

*The Remonstrance.*

“I will shew you some apples, so fine and so red,  
 Where the branches hang down almost touching  
     one’s head,  
 And if you will consent, we’ll have some of them too,  
 For I’m sure there’s enough both for me and for you;  
 The old man is gone to work hard all the day,  
 And he will not return till it’s night, I dare say;  
 And, indeed, if he should, he cannot run fast,  
 And so nimble are we, we should trick him at last;  
 So we’ve nothing to fear, but away let us go—  
 What say you, my boy? Shall it not then be so?”

“I think not,” said James, “and I’m sorry to find  
 You possess such a wicked, ungenerous mind:  
 What! ask me to rob! and, what’s worse, a poor  
     man,

That scarce gets a living, do all that he can!  
 As for me, I am sure, if I never had fruit,  
 And the apples hung there even down to the root,  
 Not for all the good things that the world could  
     bestow,

Should it ever be said that I once acted so!  
 But suppose the old man should be out all the day,  
 And we should get clear with our apples away;  
 What then, may I ask, Have you no kind of love  
 For those best of commands that came down from  
     above?

Don’t you know it is written, ‘Thou never shalt  
     steal’?

And, Robert, pray tell me, how then did you feel  
 When you were complaining, while yonder at play,  
 That some wicked boy took your marbles away?  
 Did you *like* it?—Come, tell me—what! not deign  
     to speak?

I know you did not, by that blush on your cheek.



Then, again, ne'er presume unto others to do  
 Those things you dislike to be done unto you.  
 And, indeed, if my friendship you wish to retain,  
 Such another proposal ne'er mention again.  
 Well, now give me your hand, I'll not be severe,  
 I perceive you repent, by the fall of that tear ;  
 And I freely forgive you,—but trust, you will see,  
 As a friend, 'tis a duty incumbent on me,  
 If a flaw in your conduct I chance to espy,  
 That no delicate feeling should let it pass by.  
 But, however, I hope I shall never again  
 Have the unpleasant task of affording you pain ;  
 So cheer up and smile, my dear Robert, and prove,  
 That tho' I've been candid, I still have your love."

*The Butterfly-Monitor.*

"O STAY, little butterfly, stay !  
 And let me more closely behold  
 Those wings you so flutter about,  
 That seem to be spangled with gold.

"O ! how I should like to be dress'd  
 In clothing so fine and so gay ;  
 Like you, I would then rove about,  
 My many fine things to display."

The butterfly heard all she said,  
 But good manners forbade him to speak,  
 Till he found her discourse at an end—  
 Then he silence no longer could keep.

But perching himself on a rose,  
 With countenance solid and grave,  
 He made a fine bow to the maid,  
 And thus his instructions he gave :

“ You are sadly mistaken, my child,  
 That you by fine clothes could be bless'd ;  
 'Tis virtue and goodness alone  
 Which can plant a sweet calm in your breast.

“ The greatest of beauties must die,  
 And quickly return to the dust ;  
 But virtue shall triumph o'er both,  
 And take her fair seat with the just.

“ 'Tis true, a kind Providence gave  
 Me, in brilliant colours to shine ;  
 But remember 'tis but for *a day*,  
 And forget not—*eternity's* thine !”

### *The Lost Shilling.*

“ SAY what makes you cry, my dear,  
 And why you look so sad !  
 Methinks a little child like you  
 Should cheerful be, and glad.

“ I hope, my love, 'tis not because  
 To school you're sent to-day ;  
 And, that you cry because you want  
 To waste your time in play ?”

“ No, Sir, indeed, I love my school,  
 As all my friends can tell ;  
 But being sent to buy a loaf,  
 I slipp'd, and down I fell.

“ My knee I've sadly bruis'd, I fear,  
 My forehead too I've hurt ;  
 But, what is worse, I fear I've lost  
 My shilling in the dirt.



What! ask me to rob! and, what's worse, a poor man,  
That scarce gets a living, do all that he can!



see page 26.

The Crocus.

see page 29.



"And then conduct me to the spot  
Where thy poor parents live,





“ Though mother bid me hold it fast,  
 And unto me did say,  
 ‘ See, Nancy, this is all I’ve earn’d  
 By working hard all day !

“ ‘ So if you should this shilling lose,  
 Remember what I’ve said,  
 You and your little brothers must  
 Go supperless to bed.’

“ ’Tis this, indeed, Sir, makes me cry :  
 And oh ! my brothers too,  
 If they should nothing have to eat,  
 O dear ! what will they do ?”

“ But they shall something have to eat,”  
 The gen’rous stranger said ;  
 “ So cease your tears, and wipe your eyes,  
 My artless, little maid ;

“ And then conduct me to the spot  
 Where your poor parents live,  
 And what they need, within my pow’r,  
 I’ll freely to them give.

“ That little warm and gen’rous heart  
 Which glows within your breast,  
 Though young, indeed, doth well bespeak  
 You feel for the distress’d.

“ Such love toward your brothers shewn,  
 Shall not forgotten be ;  
 And should you ever need a friend,  
 That friend you’ll find in me.”

*The reluctant Scholar.*

NOT love to go to school ! why, then, at once,  
 I think, I may conclude you'll be a dunce ;  
 And then, I'm sure, if that should be the case,  
 You well may be ashamed to shew your face.  
 Not love to learn to read, to write and spell !  
 Oh fie ! for shame ! I hope no one will tell  
 Your father, how you have behaved to-day,  
 And wish'd the little truant-boy to play.  
 You know that William Grant, not long ago,  
 Was most severely whipp'd for doing so ;  
 And then compell'd to stand upon a stool,  
 Just in the very middle of the school,  
 Where every boy might see his sad disgrace,  
 And mark the conscious blush upon his face :  
 Nor was this all of his unhappy fate—  
 For not one bit was he allow'd to eat  
 Throughout the day ; and when he went to bed,  
 His only fare a morsel of dry bread.  
 You would not like to be served thus, you say ;  
 Be a good boy, then, otherwise you may ;  
 For tho' I know your father's temper mild,  
 He will not spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
 Come, then, my love, make haste and run to school ;  
 Then, in the ev'ning, when it's grown more cool,  
 We'll take a walk along the river side,  
 And see the little fishes gently glide  
 Beneath the stream—behold them skip and play,  
 And sport their little wat'ry hours away.  
 Meantime repair to school—attention pay  
 While there to every word your teachers say ;  
 Youth is the bud, dear boy, of life mature,  
 And hard's the task to keep that bud secure  
 From blight and canker-worms, those seeds of death,  
 Bred by the gale of folly's sickly breath :



But may the kind instructions on you shed,  
 Secure from injury your infant head ;  
 May your fair bud of life thus soon disclose  
 A sweeter fragrance than the lovely rose.

*Edwin at his Sister's Tomb.*

Poor Clara ! art thou sleeping here  
 In darkness and in death ?  
 And could not all our tears and sighs  
 Recall thy fleeting breath ?

Oh, no ! thy friends tried ev'ry art,  
 In that conflicting hour,  
 To save thee from the shafts of death,  
 And stay the tyrant's pow'r.

I saw mamma hang o'er thy couch,  
 I saw her wipe thine eyes,  
 When she exclaim'd, ' Poor, suffering child !'  
 I heard thy piteous cries.

When first I heard the nurse declare,  
 Poor dear, thou couldst not speak,  
 I sobb'd, and cried, and really thought  
 My little heart would break.

For well did I remember then  
 Thy kindness and thy glee,  
 The pretty presents too, thou gav'st  
 So fondly unto me.

When in the morning I arose  
 And sent to heav'n a prayer,  
 That God would guide me thro' the day,  
 I own'd thy constant care.

That care then saw me wash'd and dress'd,  
 And smoothly comb'd my hair ;  
 And, o'er my cheeks, thy willing hand  
 Would youth's sweet rose repair.

But thou art gone, and never canst  
 Again return to me :  
 Then let my life be pure as thine,  
 That I may go to thee.

And when each sabbath-day returns,  
 One pleasure I shall have,  
 Beside this sacred roof to shed  
 A tear upon thy grave.

### *Fatal Curiosity.*

'Twas at that season of the year  
 When orchards breathe perfume,  
 When gay laburnums wave their heads,  
 And lilacs spread their bloom :

Nature her carpet fair had spread,  
 Bedeck'd with varied hue ;  
 For here the tufted cowslip hung,  
 And there the primrose blew :

When from a cottage, near a grove,  
 Ah ! must the muse relate  
 The cloud that darken'd such a scene—  
 That cloud of fearful fate ?

Forth from the cot of health and peace,  
 Proceed an infant pair,  
 Gay as the lark that mounts on high,  
 And, as the morning, fair.



Poor Clara! art thou sleeping here



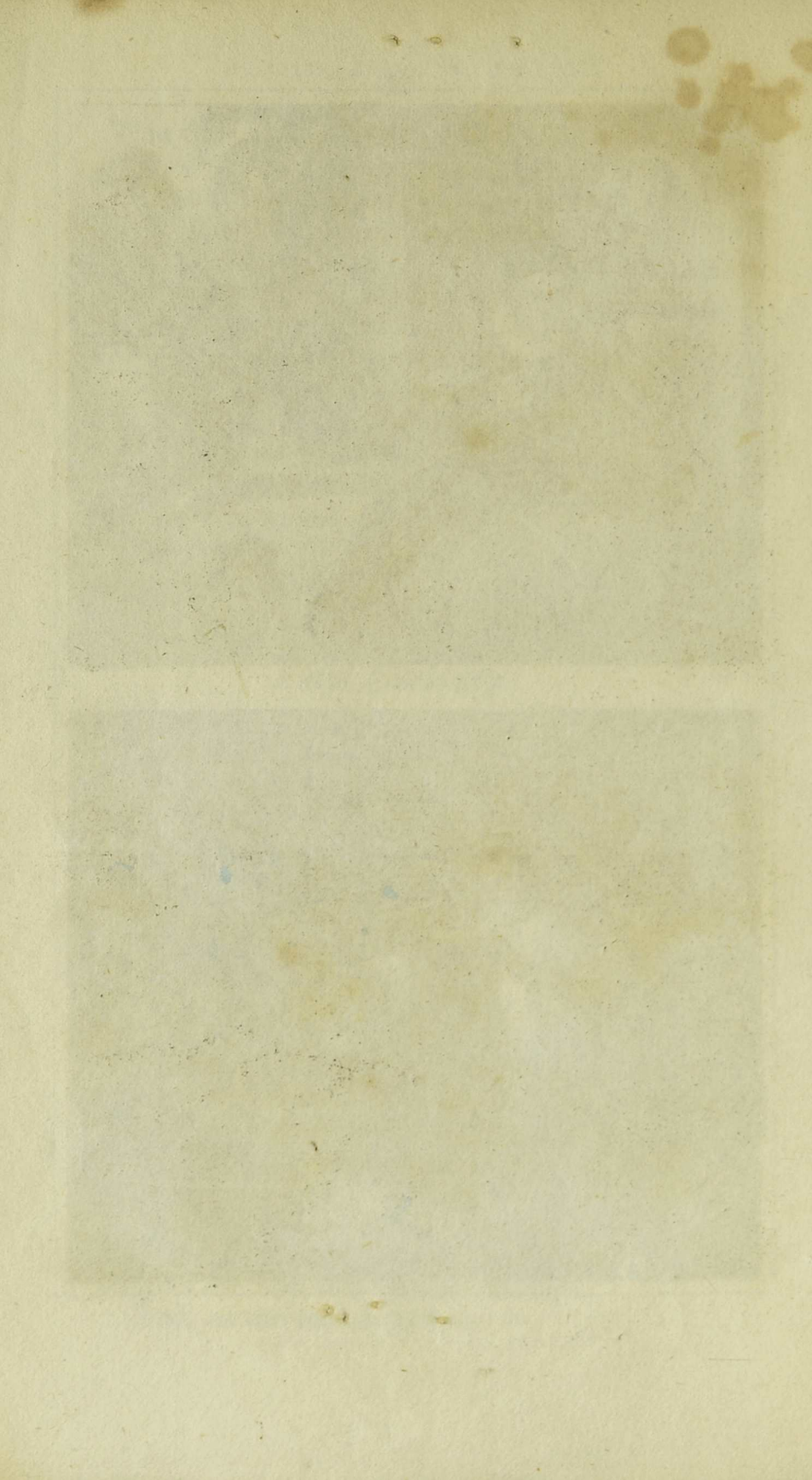
*see page 31*

The Crocus.

*see page 34*



They stand, and smiling, look awhile,  
Then slip through rush and sedge;





Their parents, thoughtless and unwise,  
 Permitted them to stray  
 Into one meadow, and no more,  
 To see the lambs at play.

But flow'rs have charms for minds mature,  
 As well as infantile,  
 No wonder then, if step by step,  
 Fresh beauties did beguile.

Thus soon forgetting all restraint  
 That kindness had imposed,  
 They, by transgressing love's command,  
 Were soon by toils inclosed.

They now were on forbidden ground,  
 And fancied there they spied  
 Enjoyments better still by far  
 Than those already tried.

Thus youthful wanderers often find,  
 That pleasure's flattering breath  
 Is but a snare that leads them on  
 To darkness and to death.

Blithe as the flocks that grazed around,  
 They frolick'd o'er the green ;  
 When, yet half-hidden by the trees,  
 The sparkling stream was seen.

Here many unknown beauties rose,  
 To meet their raptured sight ;  
 The fish were frisking up and down,  
 With scaly armour bright—

The sun-beams tremble on the wave,  
 The shadowy branches play ;  
 The clouds seem moving in the flood  
 And rolling fast away !

They now approach with eager steps,  
 To view these wonders near ;  
 And then, as in a mirror, bright,  
 Reflected forms appear.

They stand, and, smiling, look awhile,  
 Then slip through rush and sedge ;  
 Ah ! hapless babes, they little know  
 They are on ruin's edge.

The treacherous bank too soon gives way  
 On which their feet have stood,  
 And oh ! the muse is pain'd to state,  
 They plunge beneath the flood.

Three times the lovely infants rise,  
 But none is near to save ;  
 They sink, alas ! to rise no more,—  
 Theirs is a wat'ry grave !

### *Early Repentance.*

IF naughty children vex their friends,  
 I never will, I'm sure ;  
 And if I ever did so once,  
 I will do so no more.

For they are kind and good to me,  
 Therefore I should delight,  
 In every thing I say or do,  
 To study what is right.

I never shall forget, one day  
 I pull'd poor Pompey's tail,  
 When suddenly he, turning round,  
 Knock'd down the milking-pail.



Now, father thinking him to blame,  
 (Poor Pompey!) kick'd his side;  
 And knowing that it was my fault,  
 I sat me down and cried.

For, though I never did intend  
 To give poor Pompey pain,  
 Yet never will I once in sport  
 Pull Pompey's tail again.

### *Infant Gratitude.*

HERE I lie upon my bed,  
 With pillows soft to rest my head  
 Blankets warm, with sheets so clean,  
 Curtains too, that do me screen.  
 O what pains mamma must take,  
 Such good things for me to make!  
 Some for use, and some for pleasure,  
 Sure her love's beyond all measure.  
 Let me then, too, ever prove  
 Full of gratitude and love.

### *Morning.*

THE sun on my pillow shines warm,  
 And seems to say, Edwin, arise!  
 I smell the sweet breath of the morn,  
 And hear the lark's song in the skies.

Then shall I, through slumber, forego,  
 Those rosy-cheek'd hours of delight?  
 O no! let me hasten abroad—  
 Adieu to the shades of the night.

I hear from yon meadows, where oft  
 I wander the wild-flow'rs among,  
 The blackbird is tuning his voice,  
 To greet the young day with his song.

All nature in harmony joins,  
 And ev'ry sound seems to say,  
 Come, quit the dull chambers of sleep,  
 And haste to the mountains away.

But e'er I depart from the spot  
 Where from danger securely I've slept,  
 Let me offer up praise to my God,  
 By whose goodness alone I've been kept.

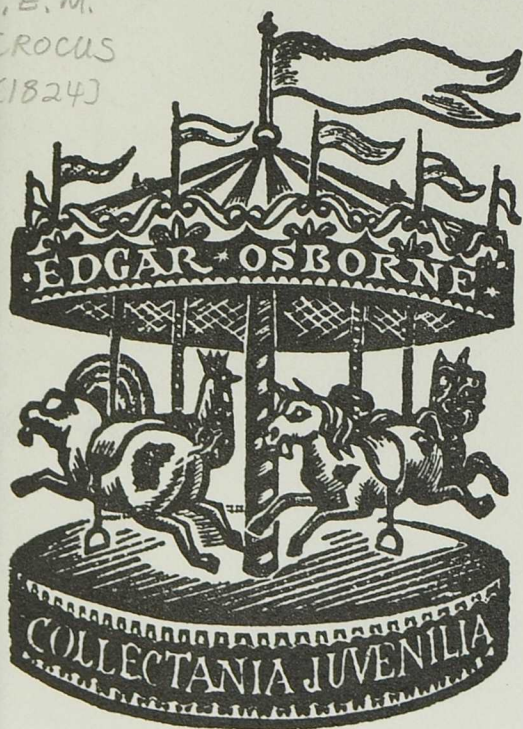
Then accept of my infantile praise,  
 Thou Father of mercy and love ;  
 And may the kind angels of light,  
 Waft my prayer to mansions above.

THE END.



P  
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