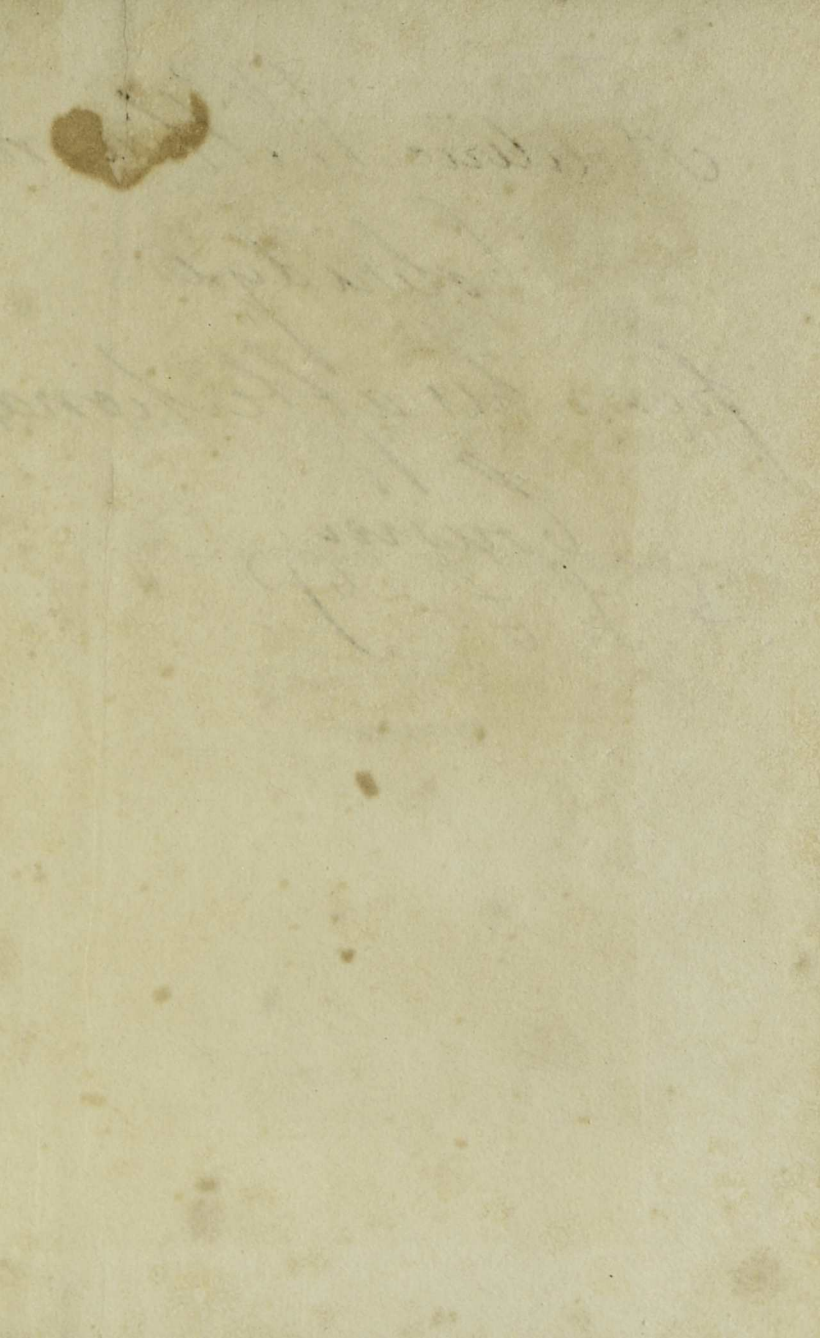




4/6 Sophia Coleridge
by her Grammar



Frederic William

Coleridge

from his affectionate

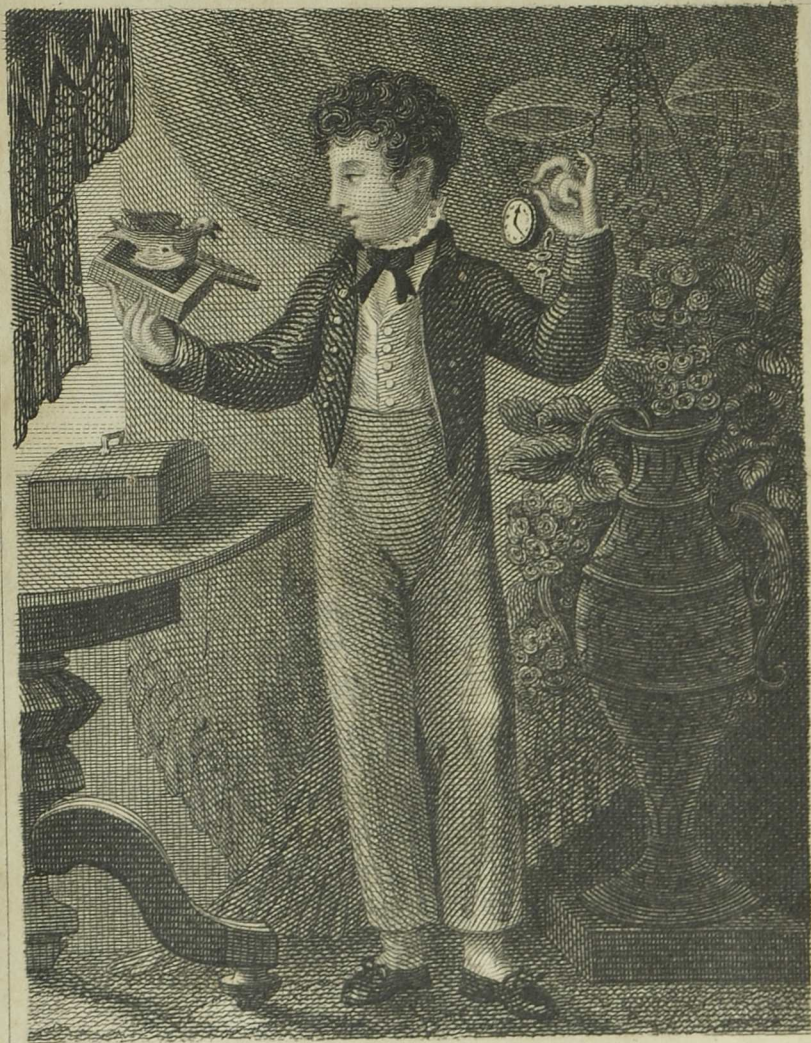
Cousin

F S L P

The gift of Mrs. Badcock
to Sophia Plunige.

May 18 24

Edward's Decision.



*Deep sunk in thought see Edward stand,
Revolving in his mind,
Which of the articles in hand
He shall most useful find.*

Musical box. A Watch.

see Sunflower; Page 70.

London; William Darton; 58, Holborn Hill. 1822.

THE
SUNFLOWER ;
OR,
POETICAL TRUTHS,
FOR YOUNG MINDS,
RELIGIOUS, MORAL, MISCELLANEOUS,
AND
HISTORICAL ;
FORMING
A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS,
And intended as a Continuation of
“ SIMPLE TRUTHS IN VERSE.”

Like as the Sunflower spreads its leaves,
To meet the sun's bright rays,
The youthful mind with warmth receives
The Moral—*Truth* conveys.

BY MARY ELLIOTT, (*late Belson,*)
Author of “ SIMPLE TRUTHS.”

LONDON :
WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

1822.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND

OF THE

OF THE

BY MARY BILSON, M.A.

OF THE

LONDON

Printed by GEORGE SMALLFIELD, Hackney.

THE SUNFLOWER, &c.



The Source of all Good.

Look round the world, o'er land and sea,
View all its grand variety ;
Search in the bowels of the earth,
For all those gems we deem of worth ;
Then ask the mind, if *chance* alone
The work of magnitude hath done.

See from the mountain's lofty brow,
The scene of varying charms below,
Trace in the stately woods and groves,
Those haunts the feather'd songster loves ;
Then ask the heart, if *chance* hath made
Such trees, such hues of light and shade.

The glowing sun, the soft'ning rain,
That nourish and bring forth the grain,
With all the comforts that we need,
Of fruit, and flower, and useful seed ;
Reflect and say, if such a source
As *chance* can thus guide nature's course.

That power of sense, by which we learn
 The good from evil to discern,
 That feeling which directs the eye
 In supplication to the sky,
 Is conscious *truth*, which tells the soul,
 One great Creator made the whole:

Compared with whose stupendous plan,
 How weak and vain the skill of man!
 The Almighty hand alone secure;
 His works for ages will endure,
 'Till life and time shall cease to be,
All yielding to eternity.

Reflections on the Seasons.

RETURNING seasons pass away
 In youth, but as a summer's day;
 Unmoved their various charms we see,
 Accustomed to variety.

But while we revel in delight,
 Selecting all that's fair and bright,
 As though the world were all our own,
 Think we by *whom* the good is done?—

Who made the beauteous scenes we view
 And sends the seasons, to renew
 The gifts of nature, giving birth
 To all the products of the earth?

While thus enjoying such a store,
 Let us not pass the Giver o'er,
 For ev'ry object speaks his claim,
 And bids us praise his holy name,

Not only praise, but bear in mind
 The end for which we were design'd ;
 So living, that our lives may prove
 Some small return for all his love.

Life's Journey.

THAT Life is a Journey we know,
 Uncertain its length and its care ;
 In sorrow its progress seems slow,
 Yet quick when its pleasures we share.

But one path alone can secure
 The bliss we all hope to attain ;
 Which hope softens all we endure,
 And soothes the worst sorrows and pain.

This path is no difficult way,
 To those who in virtue delight ;
 Here travellers meet no delay,
 While every step leads to right.

And when this frail life we resign,
 If thus we have travell'd its road,
 We may hope, through a mercy divine,
 To live with our Saviour and God.

The Convalescent.

FROM the pillow of sickness and pain,
 With pleasure we now see restored,
 The gentle and suffering Jane,
 And all must rejoice she is cured.

No attentions were wanting, or skill,
 To check and remove the disease;
 But it did not depend on the will
 Of those who desired her ease.

They wish'd and they tried to relieve
 The anguish they sorrowing view'd;
 Their power was only to grieve,
 And pray that her strength be renew'd.

The invalid too had her prayer,
 She knew the Almighty could save;
 That human exertions and care,
 Alone could not save from the grave.

One Power alone could avert
 The evil her friends seem'd to dread;
 A Power that would not desert,
 The innocent sick in their bed.

Then humbly *His* mercy she crav'd,
 From whom ev'ry blessing proceeds;
 She was heard, and her life is sav'd,
 To add to his merciful deeds.

Dear Jane, you must never forget,
 What thanks to your Maker are due;
 Each moment increases the debt,
 And exacts fresh devotion from you.

The Danger of Passion.

BRIGHT as summer's brightest day,
 Cheering as the sun's warm ray,

Are the charms of youthful face,
When good humour adds its grace.

But when storms of passion rise,
Dark as winter's gloomy skies,
Not a charm is left behind,
By this tempest of this mind.

Who would willingly deform
Nature's gift by such a storm ;
When a moment's thought can spare
Faults a month would not repair ?

Youth is but the season's flower
In bloom, and fading in an hour ;
Death, who heeds not youth or bloom,
In our beauty's prime may come.

Think—if he should claim his prey,
While thus under passion's sway,
What a dreadful thing 'twould be
Thus to meet eternity !

The Storm.

THE ratt'ling thunder's heavy peal
Strikes Adelaide with fear ;
Close to her mother's side she steals,
And strives to get more near.

And as the vivid lightning darts
Its dazzling flame of red,
In terror, at each flash she starts,
And covers up her head.

Dear child, though you may hide your form,
 The danger still exists ;
 For Him who sends the awful storm,
 No caution can resist.

You must submit to wait his will,
 And to his mercy trust,
 Whether it be to save or kill,
 To *live* or fall to *dust*.

Look to yon heath, so drear and wild,
 Still worse the storm seems there ;
 And yet, behold a wand'ring child,
 With head and feet quite bare.

Exposed at such a tender age,
 Not e'en a barn in view ;
 It cannot shun the tempest's rage,
 As you attempt to do.

But, though it meet the world's neglect,
 There is a saving Power
 Stretch'd forth, the orphan to protect,
 In this appalling hour.

Alike to all his creatures just,
 His mercy reaches all ;
 His summons must be issued first,
 Ere e'en " a *sparrow* fall."

Falsehood in its real Colours.

Tempting as falsehood may appear,
 When struggling to get free
 Of some entanglement or fear,
 No way but this we see :

Take not appearances for truth,
 For falsehood all misleads ;
 And if encourag'd in our youth,
 Must deaden virtue's seeds.

A lie is wrong in any shape,
 Though cloth'd in fairest kind ;
 God's searching eye who shall escape,
 Though all mankind were blind ?

While falsehood seeks the shade of night,
 Truth stands the brightest day ;
 And ev'ry ill it brings to light,
 It helps to do away.

It may a tear of anguish cost,
 When first the fault is own'd ;
 But shame and pain are quickly lost,
 When thus we have atoned.

Never by falsehood gain your ends,
 Or seek yourself to cheat ;
 Consider *truth* your best of friends,
 Who saves you from deceit.

The Grave of Little James.

IN the church-yard, where the yews
 Form a thick and solemn shade,
 Where many a tear his grave bedews,
 James—our early friend is laid.

Yes, that low and grassy spot,
 Hides the form we lov'd so well ;
 But, though hidden, not forgot,
 As our fond regrets will tell.

How remembrance brings to mind
 Little tender acts of love !
 All he said or did was kind,
 Such as none could disapprove.

In our childish bickerings, he
 Always strove the breach to heal,
 And with mild authority,
 Made us think, and made us feel.

And patiently he heard the task,
 Our neglect had left too long ;
 Prompt to all who came to ask,
 Pointing out whate'er was wrong.

At school, the head of ev'ry class,
 Nor did it jealousy excite ;
 His praise from lip to lip would pass ;
 All were pleas'd that he was right.

How his parents us'd to smile,
 As they view'd their cherish'd boy !
 Ah ! a very little while
 Brought them grief, and stole their joy.

We thought to have a pleasant treat,
 When his birth-day came again ;
 But the sod beneath our feet,
 Tells us that our plan was vain.

Round his grave we gently creep
 There we feel he still is near ;
 But he sleeps too sound a sleep,
 His friends' eulogiums to hear.

Gracious Being, who took him hence,
 Grant us grace to act the same ;
 Claim us not till riper sense
 Makes us fit to meet thy claim.

Old Peggy.

TIME has not spared poor Peggy's form,
 She must have weather'd many a storm,
 Such marks of care to show :
 Yet does she wear a smile serene,
 And has, through ev'ry trying scene,
 Though great her share of woe.

The prospects of her youth were bright,
 But fickle fortune chang'd them quite,
 And sorrow took the lead ;
 From wealth to poverty she fell,
 But Peggy bore misfortune well,
 Because by Heav'n decreed.

Her parents' deaths caused many a sigh,
 And red with weeping was her eye,
 When they were laid at rest ;
 Yet when reflection gave its aid,
 She check'd her grief, and mildly said,
 That Providence knew best.

Peggy was yet more keenly tried,
 Her son, her only offspring, died,
 Far off in foreign land ;

Though deeply in her heart she griev'd,
 In this affliction she perceiv'd
 The Almighty's chast'ning hand.

While time and sorrow have combin'd
 Her frame to weaken, yet her mind
 Supports the heavy load :
 She soothes her husband in his grief,
 And bids him look for sure relief,
 From its first source—his God.

The sweet serenity we trace,
 Amidst the wrinkles of her face,
 From resignation springs :
 The world, with all its toils and cares,
 The pious Christian meekly bears,
 Looking for heav'nly things.

The Negro and her Master.

CHARLES was born in distant clime,
 Where the Negro tills the earth ;
 With ev'ry luxury at hand,
 And Slaves to 'tend him from his birth.

Overbearing, proud, and vain,
 All beneath him felt his scorn ;
 He laugh'd at Negroes feeling pain,
 Creatures but for Slavery born !

Yet when sickness on him prey'd,
 And his temper tired all ;
 Who beside him watching stay'd,
 Caught his look, and heard his call ?

Poor old Judith, bent with age,
 Then was found a tender nurse;
 Tried his suff'rings to assuage,
 Wept with grief when he was worse.

“ Massa,” said the good old Slave,
 “ Judith no remember now,
 All your faults go to their grave,
 Pity will not let them show.

“ You one God, and one God me,
 He make skins both black and white ;
 He make hearts for you and me,
 Hearts to tell us when we right.

“ Ask white man, if his heart say,
 Poor black Negroes cannot feel,
 When from home they stole away,
 For hard labour, sorry meal !

“ White man’s heart will tell him true,
 Black and white be all born free ;
 All these cruel laws be new,
 God no make such cruelty.

“ If my Massa get him well,
 Never more he be unkind ;
 When he sick, him heart did tell,
 How the tender way to find.

“ Then, when our great Maker see
 How he conquer all the bad,
 He prosper sugar and coffee tree,
 Make Massa rich, and Negro glad.”

Evening Questions.

Now day with all its busy cares,
Its tempting pleasures and its snares,
Hath pass'd away; but 'ere I rest,
Let me consult my tell-tale breast,
And ask if all be right within,
And, as it should be, free from sin.

Would all my actions bear the light
Which conscience gives in darkest night?
Would I desire some deed undone,
Or words unsaid, whose angry tone
I now can recollect with shame,
And feel how much I was to blame?

Have I obey'd my parents' will,
And neither done or spoken ill?
Have my companions found me kind,
And have I learn'd with willing mind?
If truth shall answer *yes*, I may
Reflect with pleasure on this day.

And when I've open'd all my heart,
To *Him* who sees its smallest part,
Return'd him thanks in humble prayer,
And crav'd his all-protecting care,
In peace, I may my eyelids close,
And hope for calm and sweet repose.

Morning Anticipations.

O MORNING, how cheerful thy light,
How gladden'd the heart feels by thee,
When, rous'd from the slumbers of night,
The glories of day-light we see!

But 'tis not for pleasure alone,
 Recollection and sunshine return,
 There is labour and good to be done,
 There is virtue and knowledge to learn,

In vain are we bless'd with thy aid,
 If idly we let thee pass by ;
 Each day has its debts to be paid,
 Some claim that we cannot deny.

Thus when from our pillow we rise,
 And acknowledge the blessing of light,
 If we wish to be happy and wise,
 We have only to do what is right.

The Beggar's Appeal.

PALE wrinkled face, and can it be
 That youth could ever live in thee ?
 The cheerful smile, the healthful glow,
 Tell us, good stranger, was it so ?

“ Alas ! too true, they once were there,
 Though now effaced by age and care ;
 Short was the period of my prime,
 For sorrow took the lead of time.

“ And I was old in sorrow's ways,
 Ere I had number'd half my days ;
 Had lost my kindred, children, wife,
 And all that cheers the ills of life.

“ And now that strength has left me too,
 Crippled and old, what can I do
 But ask my fellow-creatures' aid,
 Though new to me the beggar's trade ?

“ 'Tis want compels me thus to ask ;
 Let it not prove a painful task ;
 Compassion well becomes the young,
 And words of pity suit their tongue.”

“ Poor man! thou hast not sued in vain,
 Nor shall my conduct cause you pain ;
 Freely I give my trifling store,
 And only grieve it is no more.

“ Go tell thy story to the *great*,
 To those who own a happier fate,
 'Tis written in the holy word,
 That those, who ‘*give, lend* to the Lord.’”

Old John's Reformation.

THERE sits good John, lame, deaf, and old,
 Whose simple story may be told,
 A lesson for mankind ;
 Once a neglected orphan child,
 He rambled through the country wild,
 With uninstructed mind.

Untaught, uncheck'd, he past his youth,
 Stranger alike to good and truth,
 In idleness supine ;
 He view'd creation's wond'rous plan
 As but the common right of man,
 And not of source divine.

One day, as near the church he stood,
 Attracted by a coming crowd,
 He went to meet the throng ;

It was a funeral cavalcade,
 A silent, sad effect it had,
 The mourners, too, were young.

John saw them weep, and heard their sighs,
 Unbidden tears came to his eyes,
 He follow'd to the grave ;
 And ere the corpse was laid in sod,
 The minister both spoke of God,
 And of his power to save.

He said—" The youth consign'd to earth,
 Was one of poor and lowly birth,
 His father's fondest care ;
 By industry had earn'd his bread,
 Yet of the village school was head,
 And always first at prayers."

He bade the weeping children nigh,
 Recall their " playmate to the eye,
 In all his brightest bloom ;
 With all the virtues he possess'd ;
 And try on earth to be as bless'd—
 So mourn'd when in the tomb."

To John these words were like a knife,
 He trembled for his former life,
 Compar'd with what he heard ;
 He seem'd a wild and useless weed,
 And wish'd he had been taught to read
 God's pure and holy word.

So strong th' impression on his heart,
 Henceforth he took a different part,
 And first employment sought ;
 Then learn'd to read in leisure hour,
 Using each effort in his power
 To learn what he was taught.

The reformation thus began,
 Went on till he became a man,
 Whom all rever'd and lov'd:
 Often he thought of that bless'd day,
 That led him from corruption's way,
 When all his heart was mov'd.

Infirmities are creeping on,
 But placid is the mind of John,
 For death no fear creates;
 The Scriptures prove a constant balm,
 Keeping his mind serene and calm,
 Death's summons to await.

The Duties of Sunday.

For those who act with sense and reason,
 There is for all things proper season,
 Learning and pastime, rest and labour,
 Duties to parent, friend, and neighbour.

And time for all these things is granted,
 With one day more than should be wanted,
 A day of quiet out of seven,
 In which to render thanks to heaven.

In health and peace should one week finish,
 And still our comforts not diminish,
 Can we not spare some hours from pleasure,
 And pass the day in pious leisure?

He who has all the good been giving,
 Merits return from all that's living,

And those who are his gifts possessing,
Should grateful be for ev'ry blessing.

Down to posterity 'tis handed,
Himself this day of rest commanded ;
One from the seven thus to sever,
Sacred for ever, and for ever.

The Beauty of Worship.

CHILD, when you enter God's high place,
The temple of his bounteous grace,
Does not your bosom swell with awe,
When list'ning to his sacred law ?

When told his power to save and kill,
Tremblest thou not at doing ill ?
Hearing how far his eye can see,
Dost thou not fear his scrutiny ?

Who shall his dreadful wrath abide,
Or where from his resentment hide ?
In vain—for ev'ry thought is known,
To him, the great Almighty *One*.

Thy feeble self could never gain
Exemption from eternal pain ;
But there is *One* beyond the grave
Who gave his life thy soul to save.

Man's form and all his cares he took,
His higher attributes forsook ;
Submitted to the scoffer's jest,
And suffer'd toil, that you might rest.

Remission of thy sins he sought,
 And which his death so dearly bought,
 'Tis through this blessed Saviour's name,
 The Almighty's clemency we claim.

Child, when thou kneelest at his throne,
 Think what his Son for thee has done ;
 And let thy thankfulness repay
 The blood that wash'd thy sins away.

Worldly Gifts of no Value.

THAT which the world or man bestows,
 Is always insecure ;
 From an uncertain source it flows,
 Lost, when it seems most sure.

Friendship, though it may promise fair,
 Will change and prove unkind ;
 And joys that seem remote from care,
 Are fleeting as the wind.

Health, with its blooming, cheerful glow,
 May in a moment fail ;
 The strongest of us does not know
 When sickness may assail.

Our dearest ties are link'd to-day,
 To-morrow breaks the chain ;
 And though one moment brisk and gay,
 The next we yield to pain.

What then can we depend upon ?
 Is all the picture shade ?
 And do we only labour on,
 To find the prospect fade ?

Ah! no, there is reward for those
 Who all these trials share ;
 A sweet, a lasting, sure repose,
 A recompence for care.

What if the world does angry frown,
 And friends withdraw their love ;
 Or pain and sickness bear us down,
 And joys but transient prove ;—

Yet if in heart we have not err'd,
 To God, or to mankind,
 Or by our conduct have incurr'd
 Misfortunes of this kind,—

All this, and more, we may defy,
 And meet with fortitude :
 There is a world beyond the sky,
 To recompense the good!

The Orphan's Prayer.

LORD, let me ope my mind to thee,
 And tell thee all my grief :
 In this my sad adversity,
 Who else can give relief ?

Parents and friends I lost too young
 For mem'ry to recall ;
 And know not who first taught my tongue
 On thee for help to call.

But blessed be the one that did,
 For it has sooth'd my mind
 When angrily I might have chid,—
 And made me feel resign'd.

Though all the world should turn away,
 I will not hide my face,
 Nor from those pious precepts stray
 That promise me thy grace.

Much I have borne, and more could bear,
 If it be thy command ;
 For if thou dost inflict the care,
 Thine is the healing hand.

Now, when I seem of all bereft,
 And hardly gain my bread,
 Still have I consolation left
 While in thy paths I tread.

I know my troubles cannot last
 Beyond this life's short doom ;
 And then what signifies the past,
 When all is joy to come !

Then let me not desponding yield,
 As if without a friend ;
 Thou, who hast been my early shield,
 Wilt be so to the end.

Self-Accusation.

WHAT is it Robert shuns,
 And looks with eyes so sad?
 Faults he has—little ones,
 But none that's very bad.

To all his friends he's dear,
 And he deserves their love;
 Then what has he to fear,
 But what they can remove?

No, Robert's heart would say,
 Though kind my friends' desire,
 My feelings of to-day
 Far greater aid require.

And Robert's heart is right;
 Conscience will have its course:
 A fault, however slight,
 Is sure to bring remorse.

This day, by passion led,
 He gave poor Charles a blow;
 Who fell, and struck his head,
 Which made the blood to flow.

His anger soon was check'd,
 And Charles forgave as soon;
 But Robert must reflect
 With pain on what he's done.

The Scriptures he has read,
 And, in the book of life,
 Remembers it is said,
 That God abhors all strife.

Then how can he but think,
 Who thus has disobey'd?
 'Tis this that makes him shrink,
 And feel of God afraid.

Beneficial Effects of Charity.

WE have seen the summer in its bloom,
 And lovely was the sight;
 Can there be any thing to come
 Will yield so much delight?

Yes, Mary,—there is something more
 Will charm the eye to see;
 A summer's harvest for the poor,
 From seeds of charity.

Yon group of youthful forms behold,
 Studying with anxious care;
 Who thus together drew the fold,
 And planted knowledge there?

The charitable, good, and kind,
 Contributed their mite,
 To weed and cultivate the mind,
 And teach it what is right.

These little scholars, once untaught,
 In idleness were bred ;
 Now, into proper habits brought,
 In virtue's steps they tread.

Like plants that grow on commons wild,
 And need a better soil ;
 Transplanted, they become more mild,
 And soon repay our toil.

Is it not sweet to see them grow,
 To see their minds expand ;
 And feel that what of good they know,
 Was foster'd by our hand ?

When their young voices join in prayer
 For blessings on their friends,
 'Tis sweet to think *we* also share
 The prayer that thus ascends.

The useful seed we help'd to sow
 Will to our honour bloom ;
 These helpless plants we foster now,
 Are props for days to come.

They by example shall convey
 The good we now impart,
 And those whom we first taught to pray,
 Love God with all their heart.

True Merit needs no Ornament.

CHILDREN of pride, why turn away
 From those of humbler class ?
 Think ye that garments rich and gay
 Will make your folly pass ?

Merit and virtue are not vain ;
 They wear no gay disguise :
 The truly good, however plain,
 Will not escape our eyes.

And think, with all this gaudy show,
 What is the end of all ;
 The proud, the humble, high and low,
 To *dust*, to nothing fall !

However great in life we seem,
 Upheld by wealth and fame,
 Death will dissolve the flattering dream,
 And then—what is your claim ?

Say what distinction then will be
 Reserv'd for you alone ?
 Say what superiority ?
 Reflection tells us—none.

Then cast aside this useless pride,
 Nor hoard thy worldly pelf ;
 For charity thy sins shall hide,
 And make thee know thyself.

Christmas a Season of Joy.

LET every Christian heart be gay,
 This is a sacred holiday :
 All may rejoice and feel elate ;
 Salvation from this day we date.
 This anniversary of joy,
 No persecution can destroy,
 Or overthrow that act of grace
 Which on this glorious day took place—
 The birth of Jesus Christ, which gave
 A certain hope beyond the grave.
 He took upon himself to bear
 All man's infirmity and care ;
 To spare us from that mighty wrath,
 The world's iniquity drew forth.
 His mediation was receiv'd,
 And man from punishment reliev'd.
 But let us not suppose our part
 Is but to feel rejoic'd at heart ;
 For that alone would not repay
 The mercy shewn us on this day.
 Our faults we must correct, and try
 So well to live, that, when we die,
 We may deserve what Christ secur'd,
 And *thus* repay what he endur'd.

SACRED HISTORY.



Abraham and his Son.

WHEN Abra'm, by divine command,
Went forth to dwell in Canaan's land—
That land of promise, spot of grace,
Destin'd to hold his cherish'd race—
No children crown'd his daily board,
Yet were they promis'd by the Lord,
And Abra'm piously believed
That word which never yet deceived.
When to his tent the angels came,
The Patriarch heard them tell the same,
That in his age a son should be
His just reward for piety.
But who shall speak his joy that morn
On which the promis'd babe was born ;
When Isaac first in life appear'd,
By holy promise so endear'd ?

As on to manhood Isaac grew,
Each day some virtue brought to view,
And Sarah, as she traced his worth,
Thrice bless'd the hour that gave him birth.
But he who all this good bestow'd,
Bade Abra'm quit his dear abode,
And, with the offspring of his heart,
For Moriah's distant land depart,

And there this cherish'd son to kill,
 A sacrifice to God's high will.
 Alas! it was a trying test,
 But Abra'm lov'd his Maker best,
 And hesitated not to yield
 His dearest tie, his age's shield.

When to the mountain they had come,
 Isaac (unconscious of his doom)
 Obey'd his father with a smile,
 And help'd to rear the fatal pile.
 All this arrang'd, he sought to learn
 Whence they should find a lamb to burn,
 And heard with awe and mute surprise,
 Himself must be the sacrifice.
 Just raised the hand to do the deed—
 A voice forbade him to proceed;
 And Abra'm heard the sweet command,
 "Upon the lad lay not thine hand;
 For now I know thou fearest me,
 And God is justly dear to thee."
 The father then his child unbound,
 And soon a fitter victim found—
 A ram, just in the thicket caught,
 Offer'd the sacrifice they sought.
 Thus Isaac lived to bless his age,
 And, as we read in Scripture's page,
 When full of years, the Patriarch died,
 And was interr'd by Sarah's side. *

* Abraham died in the year of the world 2184,
 aged 175 years.

Story of Isaac.

As Abra'm's heir, this favour'd son,
 In whom so many virtues shone,
 Succeeded to his flocks and store,
 And these were wealth in days of yore.
 But Abra'm, ere he quitted life,
 Had chosen for his son a wife,
 And to his brother Nahor sent
 His steward, to obtain consent,
 That one of Nahor's godly race
 Should quit her friends and native place
 For kindred to her own allied,
 And thus become his Isaac's bride.

The messenger, by thirst o'ercome,
 Stopp'd at a well near Nahor's home,
 Just as a damsel forward came
 To fill her pitcher from the same.
 To her the traveller applied,
 Nor was the needed draught denied ;
 Even the tired camels share
 The gentle stranger's friendly care.
 So kind, so modest, seem'd the maid,
 That Abra'm's servant inly pray'd
 She might a branch of Nahor prove,
 And worthy of his master's love.

His pray'r was heard ; she was indeed
 A daughter of the chosen seed ;
 And when his mission he made known,
 He gain'd consent from ev'ry one.
 To him Rebekah they confide,
 Assur'd he was a faithful guide.

And thus, his mission at an end,
 To Canaan's land their steps they bend :
 And Isaac loved his father's choice,
 And Abra'm lifted up his voice
 In pious thankfulness and praise,
 That God thus bless'd his latter days.

Isaac and his Children.

WHILE Isaac prosper'd more and more,
 Two sons, born twins, Rebekah bore :
 Esau, the eldest, wrathful prov'd,
 Yet was he Isaac's best-belov'd.
 Not so Rebekah, who with joy
 Beheld her youngest darling boy,
 Whose gentle mind the mother won,
 And Jacob was her favourite son.
 When Esau to his father brought
 The dainty venison he had caught,
 No praise his father's could exceed,
 So highly Isaac prized the deed ;
 And thus the seeds of discord sow'd,
 Where love and confidence had flow'd.

Esau, returning from the field,
 To Jacob's kindness thus appeal'd :
 " Faint from fatigue I feel this day ;
 Spare me thy mess of pottage, pray."
 Jacob, on certain terms, agreed,
 And Esau, in the hour of need,
 His birth-right sold, and that on oath—
 A promise that dishonour'd both.
 While Esau, now devoid of shame,
 More wild and dissolute became.

Too late the misled parents see
 The fruits of partiality :
 But still no circumstance could move
 The eldest from his father's love.

Isaac's Blessing.

WHEN Isaac found his end was near,
 Anxious to bless a son so dear,
 He bade him dress the savoury food
 Should do his aged father good.
 Rebekah heard the fond request,
 And jealousy disturb'd her breast,
 That Esau should that blessing gain
 She wish'd her favourite to obtain.
 Her active mind suggests a plan,
 That, Esau being a hairy man,
 With skins of kid she might devise
 The hands of Jacob to disguise ;
 His brother's garments he should wear,
 And she the savoury dish prepare,
 Which he to Isaac should convey,
 And for the promis'd blessing pray.

This fraud, though founded on her love,
 The candid mind must disapprove.
 Jacob, misled, perform'd his part,
 And gain'd the blessing by his art—
 For Isaac then was nearly blind ;
 Yet he was cautious, as we find,
 For Jacob's voice alarm'd his ear,
 Till the rough hands remov'd all fear.
 When Esau with his venison came,
 The trembling father took the same ;

He felt that Jacob had deceiv'd,
 And Esau of his right bereav'd ;
 Who, when the truth he came to know,
 Exclaim'd, in bitterness of woe,
 " Bless me, my father, even me ;
 One blessing let me have from thee."
 Then Isaac bless'd him, but foretold,
 That Jacob should dominion hold
 O'er him, and that his race should be
 Honour'd unto posterity.

Esau's Anger.

THIS prophecy engender'd strife,
 And Esau sought his brother's life ;
 But, not to vex his father's age,
 Awhile he did suppress his rage.
 Meantime, Rebekah Isaac sued,
 That Jacob, to avoid the feud,
 Should to her brother's land proceed,
 And choose a wife of Laban's seed.
 So, when his father gave consent,
 Jacob to Padan-aram went,
 Where forty years he did abide,
 And he had Rachael for his bride.

Now Laban from his service thrived,
 And therefore artfully contrived
 His kinsman's journey to delay,
 Till he in secret stole away,
 And with his wife and flocks return'd
 To Canaan, where his friends sojourn'd :
 For, in a vision, God's command
 Bade him to seek his native land.

When nigh to home he drew, we find,
 His brother's anger rose to mind,
 And Jacob fear'd it might destroy
 The prospect of the coming joy.
 But while he ponder'd on these things,
 A promise from the King of kings
 Dispell'd his fears, and, thus relieved,
 No longer for the past he grieved.

When Esau saw his brother nigh,
 Resentment shone not in his eye;
 His heart with tenderness was fill'd:
 That brother whom he would have kill'd,
 A suppliant at his feet he view'd,
 And all his anger was subdu'd.
 Upon each other's breast they lay,—
 Embrac'd, and wept their faults away.
 Thus Isaac saw his troubles cease,
 And clos'd his lengthen'd days in peace.

Jacob's History.

Now Jacob's sons by Leah were ten,
 And these prov'd bold and vicious men,
 Who all their father's counsel spurn'd,
 So Jacob's love to Joseph turn'd;
 For he obedient was, and mild,
 Still more, he was his Rachael's child.
 Another child, a son, she bore,
 But soon the father's joy was o'er;
 For Rachael died, and Jacob's grief
 Awhile admitted no relief.
 This babe, the youngest of his kin,
 He call'd by name of Benjamin.

And Joseph ev'ry day improved,
 And tenderly his father loved ;
 Who, in his fondness, it is said,
 A coat of many colours made
 For this his son ; a preference
 That to the others gave offence.
 And Joseph dream'd that in the field,
 His brothers' sheaves to his did yield.
 Another dream he had, which show'd
 The sun, and moon, and stars, had bow'd
 Before him—and these dreams, when told,
 Increas'd their malice double-fold :
 " For see," said they, " these dreams foretel,
 With him shall pow'r and greatness dwell ;
 That *we*, and e'en his parents, shall
 Submit to him, as head of all."
 Then Jacob bade him not relate
 Dreams that should cause his brothers' hate ;
 Yet did he treasure up the same
 As tokens of his Joseph's fame.
 And now his brethren's enmity
 Rose to a criminal degree :
 Thus Jacob's heart was griev'd to find
 Such envy in the human mind.

Joseph cast into a Pit.

Now Jacob's sons to Shechem went,
 Their flocks to feed, and pitch their tent,
 And when at distance they were placed ;
 Their faults to Jacob seem'd effaced :
 Their welfare he desir'd to know,
 And bade their brother Joseph go

To see if they and flocks were well,
 And then return the same to tell.
 With cheerfulness the youth obey'd,
 Nor loit'ring on his journey stay'd:
 But they from Shechem had remov'd,
 And with their flocks to Dothan rov'd.

There Joseph went, and from afar
 They saw approach their evil star:
 "And see, the dreamer comes," they cry;
 He who betray'd us—let him die:
 Why should he live to mar our joy?
 One blow can all his hopes destroy."
 Reuben alone this plan withstood,
 And dared not spill his brother's blood;
 Into a pit he bade them throw
 Their helpless, unoffending foe;
 Whose supplications they deny,
 Nor heed his sadly streaming eye.
 The garment which had rous'd their ire,
 They from him took, to shew their sire;
 And then, as Reuben bade them do,
 Into a pit their victim threw.

Joseph sold by his Brethren.

THUS leaving Joseph to his fate,
 They spread a feast, and calmly ate;
 As if unconscious of their crime,
 In merriment they pass'd their time.
 But Providence had so decreed,
 That good should spring from this foul deed.
 Some Ishmaelites then passing by,
 Attracted Judah's selfish eye,

And quickly this advice he gave,
 To sell their brother as a slave.
 To this proposal all consent,
 And to the pit once more they went,
 And rais'd their brother, whom they sold,
 Forgetting nature's claims for gold.

Reuben, meantime, who felt remorse,
 Returning by a different course,
 Resolv'd the virtuous youth to save,
 Nor send his father to the grave ;
 But when he found no Joseph there,
 He beat his bosom in despair,
 And scarce would hear his brethren's tale,
 Who artfully at length prevail.
 Then Joseph's coat they stain'd with blood,
 And thus before their father stood
 With proof his darling had been slain,
 By beasts devour'd on Dothan's plain ;
 And so conceal'd the dreadful truth,
 That none could guess they harm'd the youth.

Joseph in Egypt.

WHILE Jacob rent his clothes in woe,
 And would not any comfort know,
 The merchants enter Egypt's land,
 And Joseph yields to new command.
 But here his service was not hard ;
 His master, captain of the guard
 To Egypt's king, was pleas'd to find
 What good adorn'd the Hebrew's mind ;
 And Joseph found no cause to fear,
 That Potiphar would be severe.

But while his master's love he gain'd,
 And ev'ry duty well sustain'd,
 Ill-will and envy wrought his fall,
 And even his good name enthal:
 Such slander all his friends deceiv'd,
 And even Potiphar believ'd.
 In prison Joseph was confin'd—
 Once more a victim to mankind:
 Yet here he felt no secret shame,
 Conscious himself was not to blame;
 And though an outcast of his race,
 Supported by an inward grace,
 He bore this change of earthly scene,
 And still was cheerful and serene;
 Even the gaoler's heart was turn'd
 To kindness when his worth he learn'd.

Joseph in Prison.

AND, lo, unto the gaol they bring
 The two chief servants of the King,
 Who under his displeasure lay,
 Which happen'd during Joseph's stay:
 And these had dreams of curious sort,
 Which they to Joseph did report;
 And he interpreted, that one
 Should die for the offence he'd done,
 But that the butler clear'd should be,
 And soon restor'd to liberty.
 And Joseph said, "Remember me,
 When it shall be thus well with thee."

And so it happen'd as he said,
 But courtiers' promises will fade:

The butler, in his own success,
 Forgot the prisoner in distress.
 Thus two years pass'd away, it seems,
 And then King Pharaoh had two dreams
 Which harass'd and perplex'd his mind,
 For none their proper sense could find ;
 Till Pharaoh's butler thought upon
 The youth who did expound his own.
 Then Joseph came before the King,
 And, hearing, thus explain'd the thing :
 " Seven years of plenty are at hand ;
 Next, famine shall o'errun the land ;
 Thus Pharaoh should in time prepare
 To meet these days of want and care."
 When Pharaoh this solution heard,
 Wisdom he traced in ev'ry word ;
 Determin'd to abide the same,
 Joseph his minister became :
 The humble Hebrew soon was known
 As next in power to the throne.

The Famine and its Consequences.

WHILE Joseph rul'd with wealth and pow'r,
 He made provision for the hour
 When famine should the land assail,
 So that their sources should not fail.
 At length the plenteous years were past,
 And famine came—seven more to last ;
 And tribes, in distant countries born,
 To Egypt came to purchase corn :
 So well his plans had Joseph laid,
 To all he could afford some aid.

Jacob in Hebron yet sojourn'd,
 And still in heart for Joseph mourn'd ;
 But when this dreadful dearth arose,
 It overwhelm'd all other woes.
 Egypt alone in plenty stood,
 And there he sent to purchase food.

His sons, with money at command,
 Depart unto the favour'd land :
 When into Joseph's presence brought,
 His ready eye their features caught ;
 But they in him no traces see
 Of Joseph in captivity.
 To search their inmost thoughts he tries,
 And charges them with being spies :
 Three days' imprisonment they bore,
 While conscious mem'ry griev'd them sore ;
 In bitterness then Reuben spake,
 " We suffer this for Joseph's sake :
 My warning then ye would not heed—
 Now, see how God requites the deed."
 And Joseph overheard this said,
 But hid th' impression that it made.

Joseph and Benjamin.

Then Joseph heard their tale again,
 Saying, that Simeon must remain
 In prison, till they prove their truth
 By bringing him the Hebrew youth,
 Their father's youngest, dearest son,
 Who then in Hebron did sojourn.
 This order they in grief receive,
 And of the Governor take leave.

At length again his brethren come,
 And Joseph met them at his home,
 Where tenderly he doth inquire
 If well they left their aged sire ;
 And only sons like him can tell
 What joy he felt that he was well.
 Then quick his eye around he threw,
 And soon young Benjamin he knew ;
 A blessing on the youth he pray'd,
 But, lest his feelings be betray'd,
 Withdrew awhile, in privacy
 To shed those tears that none might see.
 And now a splendid feast was laid,
 And honours to the Hebrews paid ;
 But, that which most they wonder'd at,
 According to their age they sat,
 While Benjamin, the youngest guest,
 Had larger portion than the rest.

When morning came, they all depart,
 Laden with corn, and light of heart ;
 But scarce the journey had renew'd,
 When Joseph's steward quick pursu'd.
 " Have ye not stol'n away," he saith,
 My master's cup, and broke your faith ?"
 Conscious of innocence, they cry,
 " He that did this, shall surely die."
 And now each sack is search'd around,
 When, lo, in Benjamin's 'tis found !
 In silent grief, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 Once more to Joseph's house they came.

Judah's Appeal to Joseph.

BEFORE the Governor they bow'd,
 Whose brow a solemn sternness show'd ;
 None dare attempt his heart to move,
 For none the fact could now disprove ;
 Till Judah, by his grief made bold,
 Stepp'd forth and thus his feelings told :
 " Oh ! let thy servant speak, I pray,
 Thou whom as Pharaoh we obey.
 But now, my Lord, thou said'st to me,
 Come tell me who thy kindred be :
 Then to my Lord my brethren told,
 We left a father very old,
 With one more son, his age's pride,
 Whose only brother long since died ;
 He of his mother left alone,
 Is now our father's dearest son.

" This said, thou bad'st thy servants go
 And bring the child he cherish'd so ;
 Then we thy servants made reply,
 Our father then would surely die ;
 But thou, more urgent than before,
 Bade us to see thy face no more
 Unless the child to thee was brought,—
 With this command our home we sought.
 But when our mission we convey'd
 Unto our father, thus he said :
 ' Ye know two sons my wife did bare,
 And how my heart was torn with care
 When he, the eldest, left my roof
 For death—of which ye brought me proof ;
 And if ye take this last from me,
 Then sorrow shall my portion be.' "

Thus Judah spake—and added this,
 “ Our father’s life is bound in his :
 Then send him to his home again,
 And let thy servant here remain,
 Lest, peradventure, he behold
 The ill his father has foretold.”

Joseph discovers Himself.

THEN Joseph’s heart no longer strove
 To hide its strong fraternal love :
 The wond’ring Hebrews stood in awe
 When he his servants bade withdraw ;
 Till Joseph, melting into tears,
 Address’d them thus, and calm’d their fears :
 “ In me thy brother Joseph see,
 Him whom ye sold, a slave to be ;
 But be not griev’d ye caus’d my woe,
 For Heav’n decreed it should be so :
 God sent me thus before to save
 My sire and kindred from the grave.”
 Thus over all their faults he cast
 A mantle that should shade the past.
 Then on his brother’s neck he fell,
 And wept the tears he could not quell ;
 While Benjamin, thus fondly prest,
 Shed tears of gladness on his breast.

And now his brethren he embraced,
 And bade them to Canaan haste,
 Then with their father to return,
 That he in Egypt might sojourn.
 All this was done, and Jacob came
 To witness Joseph’s pow’r and fame ;

And Joseph's heart with rapture beat
When he went forth his sire to meet—
Nor less was Jacob's joy to see
A son he thought had ceas'd to be.

And Pharaoh gave the Patriarch land,
While Joseph still held high command ;
And to his brethren he was kind,
And gifts of land to each assign'd.
Thus Joseph cherish'd those he lov'd ;
And Jacob died, and was remov'd
To Canaan, where his fathers lay ;
And Joseph mourn'd full many a day,
And tears of filial duty shed
As he accompanied the dead ;
For in his father Joseph lost
The treasure which he valued most.

MISCELLANEOUS.



Fruits of Industry.

GEORGE and Mary were tenderly bred
In all that wealth could procure ;
On luxuries ev'ry day they fed,
Nor dream'd their lot insecure.

No chilling winds were suffer'd to blow
On these pamper'd babes of wealth ;
They never encounter'd the rain or snow,
Lest these should endanger their health.

It made them pale to pore over books,
And study would make them cry ;
And crying, folks said, would spoil their looks ;—
Learning would come by and bye.

The sweets of this world last but a day,
Misfortune can turn them sour ;
And the wealth of years will pass away
Like the vapours in a show'r.

This George and Mary found to their cost
 When both their parents were gone ;
 Their riches at sea in a storm were lost,
 And the tempest left them none.

It was now they felt the sad effect
 Of all their mistaken pride,
 And soon experienc'd the world's neglect
 When grandeur was laid aside.

One humble friend alone stood forth,
 And gave the orphans a home ;
 But his means were small, though great his
 worth—
 The trial was now to come.

To learn was indeed a heavy care
 To those who never had learn'd ;
 Exertion was yet more hard to bear,
 Till the pleasure of praise they earn'd.

But will and desire insured success ;
 Their health and spirits improv'd :
 Regret of the past each day was less,
 While more each other they lov'd.

The sweets of industry gave a zest,
 And the world again look'd kind ;
 Thus what seems the worst may prove the best
 To the just and contented mind.

Folly of Pride.

THE mind of Lucy, once so placid,
 Now harbours discontent ;
 Her gentle temper grows quite acid,
 And trifles give it vent.

Her home was once a peaceful dwelling ;
 For all she lov'd was there ;
 But now her breast with pride is swelling—
 It seems the haunt of care.

Lucy has been to see a cousin,
 Whose house is large and grand ;
 Servants there were, at least a dozen,
 All running at command.

The costly furniture and carriage,
 The park of noble trees,
 Have made her thus her home disparage,
 Which once so well could please.

Mistaken girl ! were you possessing
 The grandeurs you admire,
 It would not bring a single blessing,
 And but increase desire.

Ambition never is contented,
 But still keeps rushing on—
 Though one day's wish is oft repented
 Before a second's gone.

Dangers of Flattery.

Believe them not when your beauty they praise—
 A butterfly's charm at most ;
 The show of a minute, on which we gaze
 Till admiration is lost.

There is beauty more fair than what is seen
 In the bloom of youthful face ;
 It lives in the mind like an evergreen,
 And betrays no fading grace.

Who would look on a face, however fair,
 Where virtue has shed no light ?
 Who would turn from features where no charms
 are,
 When they knew the mind was right ?

Then boast not of beauty, that yields to time,
 And which even insects share ;
 Be yours the portion that's ever in prime,
 Unfading as it is fair.

One thing to Promise, another to Perform.

So readily Thomas agrees
 To all that is said by his friends,
 And seems so desirous to please,
 You think that he never offends.

But to say and to do are two things ;
 His compliance is only a form :
 His promises always have wings—
 Less certain when seeming most warm.

His mother, when sick in her bed,
 Her goldfinch consign'd to his charge,
 To be carefully tended and fed,
 And never be suffer'd at large.

She scarcely had made the request,
 When he, in his general way,
 Assured her of doing his best—
 Her every wish to obey.

For one day he did persevere,
 And gave it both water and seed ;
 The next day he never went near
 The goldfinch, or thought there was need.

His mother, who did not expect
 All day he should tend on her bird,
 Not seeing his total neglect,
 Suppos'd he was keeping his word.

Meantime he enjoy'd all his sport,
 And carelessly pass'd the cage by ;
 Nor look'd if provisions ran short,
 In which case the goldfinch might die.

His mother at length miss'd its song,
 And felt for her pet some alarm ;
 While Thomas, with faltering tongue,
 Express'd his belief of no harm.

Yet conscience oppos'd this belief,
 And the cage he open'd with dread ;
 Nor was it without shame and grief
 He saw the poor warbler was dead.

Beware how a promise is made ;
 For once having given our word,
 To let it from memory fade,
 Is cruel as well as absurd.

The Rash Attempt.

A little reflection,
 And due circumspection,
 Will often much mischief prevent :
 Whate'er we pursue,
 Some caution is due,
 If we hope to fulfil our intent.

Matilda, unsteady,
 Was always too ready
 To enter on every plan ;
 But eager beginnings
 Are not always winnings,
 And seldom conclude as began.

She one day was chiding
 Her brother, for sliding
 On ice that was close to the land ;
 Then urg'd him to try
 A deep pond just by,
 Declaring she'd hold by his hand.

Thus led by temptation,
 Against inclination,
 With her wishes at length he complied;
 But soon he repented
 He thus had consented;—
 The ice was too thin to be tried.

For as they proceeded,
 Much caution it needed
 To find any part that was sound:
 They would have retreated,
 But their wish was defeated,
 And both were fast sinking they found.

It happen'd a stranger,
 Who witness'd their danger,
 Endeavour'd swift aid to procure,
 And when thus defenceless,
 With fear almost senseless,
 Convey'd them in safety on shore.

Matilda, whose error
 Had caus'd all this terror,
 Most earnestly promis'd her friends,
 She never would venture
 On trifles to enter,
 Without first consid'ring the ends.

Wealth not to be hoarded.

THOSE who do not share their treasure,
 Lose its worth, and all the pleasure

Which attends the lib'ral mind
When performing actions kind.

To hoard what we have wish'd to gain,
Is but to prove our wish was vain ;
We might as well the object lose,
As gain a prize we *dare* not use.

It scarcely can be called our own,
If only kept to look upon :
Happier far the humble mind
Whose wishes are by sense confin'd.

For such experience not the fear
That costs the miser's heart so dear ;
And covet not the useless store
Which makes the owner truly poor.

Then follow not the selfish plan ;
Do to mankind what good you can :
Wealth so dispos'd will bring us peace
When all our worldly riches cease.

The Fickle Child.

From sport to sport young Helen ranges,
But soon she tires, and quickly changes,
While none afford delight :
Yet is enjoyment still the same ;
The fickle Helen is to blame,
Who sees not what is right.

While other children are enjoying,
 Helen her pleasure is destroying,
 Yielding to fancies new ;
 Surpris'd, she hears those things admired,
 Herself had once so much desired,
 Till others came in view.

How many useful things she passes
 Were hard to say ; for what she classes
 As those of worthless kind,
 Not only now, but some years hence,
 Would entertain a girl of sense,
 If not improve the mind.

The child whose fancy thus is roving,
 Has little prospect of improving—
 Trifling in all pursuits :
 Learning requires more time and thought ;
 We must be steady to be taught ;
 Wisdom but slowly shoots.

Yet, ev'ry bud some knowledge showing,
 The youthful mind continues growing,
 Till sense becomes mature :
 Then, Helen, give this trifling over ;
 Be steady, and you will discover
 For fickleness a cure.

The Fruits of Instruction.

GEORGE, who is now the village pride,
 By strangers' bounty long was fed ;
 When he was young, his parents died,
 Nor left him what would purchase bread.

Full many hardships he endur'd,
 With scoffing terms and scanty meal,
 Till by temptation he was lur'd
 To do those acts he would conceal.

But when he once had learn'd to read
 The sacred page of Holy Writ,
 His wav'ring mind receiv'd the seed,
 Which soon took root and strengthen'd it.

No longer vice had charms to tempt;
 His idle habits vanish'd quite;
 He view'd the wicked with contempt,
 And practis'd only what was right.

By industry, and means like these,
 The friendless village boy we find
 Arriv'd at affluence by degrees,
 Esteem'd and lov'd by all mankind.

Bird-Nesting.

“DEAR John,” said Charles, “you often say,
 Of climbers you are sure the best;
 Now let us try; just step this way,
 And see in yonder tree a nest.”

John look'd, and saw that Charles was right;
 Rubbing his hands with eager joy:
 How could he feel so much delight?
 For John was not a cruel boy.

He gain'd the nest with all its young,
 Yet was not pleas'd, he knew not why ;
 And when he hop'd to hear a song,
 Heard but a feeble, plaintive cry.

To keep them warm in vain he strove ;
 In vain Charles brought them crumbs of bread ;
 Their mutual efforts useless prove—
 In one short hour they all were dead.

“ Alas !” said John, “ I feel too late
 The cruel action we have done :
 Just think how hard the old birds' fate,
 Robb'd of their nestlings ev'ry one !

“ We might have known our foolish care
 Could never rear the tender things,
 Nurs'd and attended as they were
 Beneath a careful mother's wings.

“ In future, never shall a nest
 Be either robb'd or touch'd by me ;
 In safety shall the warblers rest,
 Till time and strength shall make them free.”

The Beauty of Candour.

EMMA, who never wish'd to say
 A thing that was untrue,
 Had yet a kind of wavering way ;
 Wherefore, she hardly knew.

When to the point one wish'd to go,
 And ask'd the question straight,
 She would not answer, Yes, or No,
 But blush and hesitate.

To speak out plainly seem'd a task,
 And yet great pains she took
 To hide her meaning in a mask,
 And let it dubious look.

Thus, though a falsehood was not told,
 All doubted what she said :
 At length her kindest friends look'd cold,
 And what they thought betray'd.

Sobbing, she to her mother flew,
 Asking, why thus her friends
 Should fancy all she said untrue,
 And meant for basest ends ?

“ Because, my love, you do not speak
 As conscious of the truth ;
 Your words and actions are too weak
 For open-hearted youth.

“ A want of candour leads to doubt,
 Though eloquent the tongue ;
 We cannot be belov'd without,
 Especially the young.”

How to shun bad Example.

ALICE was cheerful, mild, and kind,
 And would not hurt a worm ;
 But Alice had a yielding mind,
 That led her into harm.

The mischievous, as well as good,
 Could guide her as they pleas'd ;
 And if *persuasion* she withstood,
 She could not—being teas'd.

Though conscious others acted ill,
 When ask'd to do the same,
 She soon submitted to their will,
 Deserving equal blame.

While never first to swerve from right,
 She often join'd in wrong,
 By not resisting as she might
 A soft, or jeering tongue.

Hearing her cousins laugh to scorn
 A poor decrepit lad ;
 Whose lot by nature thus forlorn,
 They help'd to make more sad,—

At first she tried to check the jest,
 Though in a feeble tone ;
 But in the end she join'd the rest,—
 Too weak to act alone.

Janet, who had stood by unseen,
 Now took them by surprise ;
 On Alice fix'd a look so keen,
 She blush'd—cast down her eyes.

“ O, Alice!” cried the gentle girl,
 “ It grieves me much to see
 My sister thus forget herself,
 And yield to cruelty.

“ How can you act so base a part,
 From such example too ?
 Why should you shew a hard, cold heart,
 Because your cousins do ?

“ Left to yourself you would not wound
 Another's feelings thus ;
 That all the world are cruel found,
 Is no excuse for us.

“ Such conduct, seen in proper light,
 Will not mislead you long ;
 Be independent when you're right,
 And yielding, when you're wrong.”

The Living Nosegay.

WHEN looking on the flower-beds,
 Where blooming beauties rear their heads,
 May we not trace amid the throng,
 Resemblance to the gay and young ?

The fine streak'd tulips, just like Frank,
 Among the showy holds a rank ;
 But where its fragrance shall we find ;
 Or where Frank's solidness of mind ?

The crimson pink of spicy smell,
 Suits Robert's character full well ;
 His mind is rich, his manners sweet,
 And in his bloom is no deceit.

The sunflow'r, with its golden leaves,
 That turns the sun-beams to receive,
 Is like our John, whose glowing mind
 Expands to all that's warm and kind.

The beauteous rose which charms the eye,
 And fragrant smells when colours die,
 May with the lovely Jane compare,
 Whose charms of mind are yet more fair.

The scarlet poppy's flaunting pride,
 To Clara well may be applied ;
 All see its bloom, but none approve—
 For who the proud and bold can love ?

Mary is like the blue-bell bright,
 Pretty and gay, with heart as light ;
 Sweet-William still may keep its name,
 For is not our sweet boy the same ?

The lily of the vale we trace
 In modest Sarah's mind and face ;
 James is the sturdy southern-wood,
 That makes no show, but yet is good.

From these we might select and glean
 A nosegay meet for king or queen,
 Which, though first sown by foreign hand,
 Is *now* the produce of our land.

The Home Question.

WHO that saw Charles listening stand,
 To hear his father's last command—
 Who would believe in one short day,
 Remembrance of it should decay?

Yet if we judge from what we see,
 It has quite slipp'd his memory ;
 And all the good advice he heard,
 Has pass'd away like stranger's word.

But Arthur, who was likewise there,
 And did the admonition hear,
 Has treasur'd all his father said,
 With recollections not to fade.

To him it is a pilot guide,
 By which he strictly will abide,
 A warning voice to reason's ear,
 To check him in a wrong career.

In vain to Charles he tells the same,
 And oft repeats his parent's name ;
 But time will come when Charles will feel
 Regret for slighting the appeal.

When next he meets his father's smile,
 (And undeserving feels the while,)
 And conscious when his conduct's known,
 That smile of pleasure will have flown,—

How will he wish the time renew'd,
 Or diff'rent plans he had pursu'd!
 But Arthur's glowing cheek will prove,
 He merits all his father's love.

Let ev'ry youthful breast inquire,
 While following its own desire,
 "Would parents give their free consent?"
 If not—abandon the intent.

Content dwells with the Good alone.

'Tis not within the castle grand,
 Where pomp and splendor hold their sway,
 That happiness is at command,
 Or discontent is driv'n away.

Nor wealth, nor rich possessions give
 The owner true content of mind;
 Those who in humblest station live,
 As soon the valu'd prize may find.

The straw-roof'd cottage oft contains
 This blessing all desire to own;
 A guest, that with unwearied pains,
 Is eager sought by ev'ry one.

But happiness betrays no pride,
 No grandeur, or exterior show ;
 Where virtue and content abide
 Is her abode, with high or low.

Then think not greatness can secure
 Exclusively a happy lot ;
 The good enjoy it just as pure,
 Though but the inmates of a cot.

Henry's Progress, in Four Parts.

EARLY YOUTH.

WHEN Henry laid the boy aside,
 He felt a kind of manly pride,
 As looking onward to the time,
 When life and hope should reach their prime.

What he had learn'd was now to be
 A source of future industry ;
 A recompence for early pains,
 And the sure road to greater gains.

His sanguine mind the future drew
 In colours of a flatt'ring hue ;
 He traced success in ev'ry plan,
 And hop'd to prove a shining man.

Not for himself alone he'd thrive ;
 He knew his parents' would derive

From his success and acting well,
Pleasure, which they alone could tell.

To be the cause of such delight,
His hardest trials would requite ;
No difficulties could he find,
While thoughts like these engrossed his mind.

THE DEPARTURE.

IMPERFECT is all worldly joy,
And pleasure ever has alloy ;
In thought he took delight to roam,
But Henry's heart was still at home.

At length the day of parting came,
Then vanish'd all his wish'd-for fame ;
The present only touch'd his heart,
And occupied its ev'ry part.

His father's grave, yet tender look,
As in farewell his hand he shook ;
His mother's fervent prayers, her sighs,
His little sister's streaming eyes ;

The kisses given o'er and o'er,
And yet he would return for more ;
All seem'd to urge a longer stay,
Though prudence bade him haste away.

When he had giv'n the last adieu,
His home was quickly lost to view,
The coach in rapid motion mov'd,
And bore him from the friends he lov'd.

LONDON SIGHTS.

LONG past those times when it was told,
 That London streets were pav'd with gold;
 Yet much there was to cause surprise
 To our young rustic's wond'ring eyes.

What splendid shops, and buildings grand!
 What bustling crowds on ev'ry hand!
 Such noble squares and dazzling sights,
 In which the youthful heart delights!

To Henry all was bright and gay,
 But reason soon assum'd her sway,
 And turning from these scenes aside,
 Closely to business he applied.

He learn'd his duties by degrees,
 Taking the greatest pains to please;
 Praise but improv'd and spurr'd him on,
 'Till he was lov'd by ev'ry one.

And now apprenticeship is done,
 For Henry has to manhood grown,
 Again he seeks those scenes of joy,
 So dear, so valued, when a boy.

THE RETURN AND HAPPY PROSPECTS.

THE truant of so many years,
 Is welcom'd not with sighs and tears ;
 Joy beams on all since Henry's come,
 Once more to share their happy home.

With restless eyes he views each face,
 Some well-remember'd trait to trace ;
 And as his safe return they greet,
 Imagines ev'ry voice more sweet.

What wondrous things he has to tell,
 On which young Martha likes to dwell !
 And he in turn attention lends,
 To her account of self and friends.

No period of his life like this,
 Replete with all to make it bliss ;
 No dazzling prospects tempt his mind,
 If here he can contentment find.

Honor he covets not, nor wealth,
 But independence, peace, and health—
 Enough to spare when others need,
 And join in charity's sweet deed,—

His parents' years of age to soothe,
 And make the close of life run smooth ;
 To be his sisters' best support,
 And to his friends a sure resort.

If Henry should fulfil all this,
 (And virtue kindly whispers yes,)
 He will not need a flatt'rer's pen,
 To place his name 'midst virtuous men.

Parents shall bid the young aspire,
 Such commendation to acquire,
 And when they see them act the same,
 Desire no higher, nobler fame.

The Peevish Girl.

WHEN hearing Lydia's constant whine,
 Her peevish, fretful tone,
 We ask, what makes her thus repine?
 What cause?—and learn there's *none*.

Indulgent parents, flatt'ring friends,
 Brothers and sisters kind;
 What can there be that thus offends,
 What mis'ries can she find?

Alas! if she but look around,
 Real sorrows she may see;
 Not such as in her list are found,
 But pain and poverty.

The blessings she enjoys are great,
 And merit gratitude;
 How many hearts would feel elate,
 With half her share of good!

It is not for imagin'd woes
 We feel compassion rise ;
 Our pity is reserv'd for those
 Whom adverse fortune tries.

But Lydia's peevishness, we trust,
 Will vanish by degrees ;
 For who would willingly disgust,
 That had the pow'r to please ?

The Real Coward.

COWARDS there are who fear to fight,
 Cowards who fear the gloom of night ;
 But greater cowards we discern
 In those who are *afraid to learn*.

Afraid of what ? Of growing wise,
 Though wilful ignorance all despise ?
 Is it a fearful thing to gain
 Riches that will for life remain ?

Robert, with spirits light as air,
 Appears insensible to care ;
 Give him a lesson, or a book,
 And he assumes a diff'rent look.

He seems some dreadful truth to hear,
 That fills his coward mind with fear :
 Weeping he sits, and twists his hair,
 Or picks the leaves in dumb despair.

Poor foolish boy, it is a crime
 In ignorance to waste your time ;
 Say, why is man endow'd with sense,
 If not to gain intelligence ?

The willing learner never knows
 The difficulties you suppose ;
 All comes to him in easy guise,
 And naught is difficult he tries.

E'en birds and beasts, though wanting thought,
 By perseverance may be taught :
 Shame on the boy who stands aloof,
 When animals afford such proof.

Let Robert rouse himself at once,
 Only afraid to prove a dunce ;
 He needs no courage but good-will,
 For application does not kill.

Wisdom's no giant to affright,
 But certain source of sweet delight ;
 Hers is a safe and pleasant school,
 Neglected only by the fool.

The Prudent Mariners.

By the cooling river's side,
 Where the drooping willows shade,
 Let us watch the flowing tide,
 Or float the vessels we have made.

The voyage must not to India be,
 Our little fleet can't sail so far ;
 They are but pleasure-boats you see,
 Not trading ships, or men of war.

A coasting voyage we mean to make,
 Keeping in view our native shore ;
 Lest dang'rous storms should overtake,
 If venturing where the billows roar.

But let us pause ere we proceed,
 For simple as our plan appears,
 It may of danger bear the seed—
 Shall ripen into worse than fears.

I well remember Harry's fate,
 Who stoop'd to swim a walnut-shell ;
 And being urged by little Kate
 To push it farther—in he fell.

The river was not deep, or wide,
 But then poor Harry could not swim ;
 To catch each straggling weed he tried,
 But soon the water swallow'd him.

Sorry his playmates were to lose
 The cheerful and good-natur'd boy ;
 But they another soon could choose,—
 His *parents* lost their only joy.

Thus William spake, and all agreed
 Such danger it was best to shun ;
 The wisest must abide the deed,
 Let it be good or bad, when *done*.

Edward's Decision.

DEEP sunk in thought see Edward stand,
 Revolving in his mind,
 Which of the articles in hand
 He shall most useful find.

An ivory box the right hand holds,
 From which, by curious springs,
 A little bird of fine-wrought gold,
 Comes forth and sweetly sings.

He pictures all his friends' surprise,
 When hearing its sweet voice ;
 And thinks it would be fair and wise,
 To make the bird his choice.

The other hand no bird contains,
 To charm the listening ear ;
 But holds what cost both care and pains
 To bring each part to bear.

It is a guide that will direct,
 How best our time to use ;
 Edward, one minute more reflect,
 Ere the fine bird you choose.

A watch is like a valued friend,
 And warns us every hour,
 That time and man must have an end,
 Yielding to greater power.

The watch will aid you to pursue,
 Your studies one by one ;
 And all you undertake to do,
 Will in good time be done.

The inconvenience it will spare,
 Will soon your choice repay ;
 While for the bird you would not care,
 When freshness past away.

Two Ways of using Books.

CHARLOTTE takes pleasure in arranging
 Her well-bound handsome books,
 From shelf to shelf the volumes changing,
 To see which prettiest looks.

This done and finish'd is her pleasure,
 For it is all can please ;
 She cares not for their inward treasure—
 A part she seldom sees.

And when her library's commended,
 Her books as neatly bound,
 She boasts how much has been expended,
 In words of high-wrought sound.

But when some young interrogator
 Of their contents inquires,
 How foolish looks the idle prater,
 And all her pride expires !

“ She hopes and thinks they are amusing,
 Indeed remembers well ;
 But reading much is so confusing—
 Though Ann she thinks can tell.”

True, Ann can best instruct the reader,—
 She follows a better plan ;
 In puffing, Charlotte is the leader,
 In understanding, Ann.

It is not binding, though attractive,
 Could charm her steady mind ;
 In seeking knowledge she is active,
 Real worth alone to find.

And thus no ornament requiring,
 No show her thoughts engage ;
 Charlotte the *outside* is admiring,
 But Ann, the inward page.

The Travellers.

Two travellers stop at our door,
 Who had taken a fancy to roam ;
 But the whim of the moment is o'er,
 And with us they expect a snug home.

One looks of a strong hardy race,
 And his bonnet and jacket of plaid,
 With shrewdness and sense in his face,
 Proclaim him a true Scottish lad.

Our earliest hist'ry relates,
 We once were inveterate foes ;
 And various horrors it states,
 That from this dissension arose.

When Edward the First wore our crown,
 The Scots his interference sued ;
 But he seized their rights as his own,
 And quickly the country subdued.

His son prov'd too weak to retain
 What he so unjustly procur'd ;
 Yet in Edward the Third's busy reign,
 Poor Scotland much hardship endur'd.

When settled with kings of their own,
 They were harass'd, though noble and brave,
 And many who came to the throne,
 Were brought to a premature grave.

Queen Elizabeth's death chang'd affairs,
 Her crown to King James she bequeath'd ;
 With its riches, its honours, and cares,
 And the sword of destruction was sheath'd.

Queen Anne made both Parliaments one,
 Since when, (though rebellion has been,)
 Each other's good-will we have won,
 So to welcome our brother we mean.

TRAVELLER THE SECOND.

THE wand'rer who stands by his side,
 And seems to expect our regard,
 In our service has often been tried,
 And justly deserves such reward.

His fine open brow makes us feel,
 He would give us the welcome he seeks ;
 And the accent he cannot conceal,
 A son of Hibernia bespeaks.

'Tis more than six hundred years since
 His favourite isle was o'ercome,
 By Henry the Second, a prince
 Who had warfare enough in his home.

From that time our kings have been theirs,
 Though rebellion has darken'd the scene,
 Each country has suffer'd its cares,
 And now to forgiveness we lean.

The Irish are gen'rous and kind,
 With talents we all must admire ;
 Yet sometimes their too ardent mind
 Will mislead them, and anger inspire.

Then be it our task to suppress
 An ardour we do not approve ;
 By soothing their minds in distress,
 With the warmth and the feeling they love.

Then travellers each give a hand,
 On you may our gates never close;
 Through life by each other we'll stand,
 The Thistle, the Shamrock, and Rose.

The Sorrows of Disobedience.

SAY, where has fled the rosy blush,
 That was wont to tinge the cheek
 Of Catherine, that lively flush
 Which seem'd her happiness to speak?

The blush has fled, asham'd to stay,
 While its wearer acted ill;
 Seldom thus 'tis driven away—
 And return again it will.

A mother's word she should obey,
 Not of her commands make light;
 But she prefer'd her own weak way,
 As though she alone were right.

How truly sorry now she is,
 By her sadden'd looks we see;
 Better had she thought of this,
 And spar'd her self-sufficiency.

Let not youth suppose *their* sense,
 Can with that of age compare;
 For such vain impertinence,
 Riper judgment will not bear.

The young should only list'ners be,
 Never entering on debate ;
 But hearing all with modesty,
 Without attempting to dictate.

Such deference is due to friends,
 From whose sense we may improve ;
 And sure, when parents condescend
 To give advice, they claim our love.

Brotherly Love.

WHAT is more lovely to behold,
 Than kindred link'd in love ?
 'Tis a rich sight worth more than gold,
 And more the heart doth move.

To see a boy of Philip's age,
 Expert in youthful sports,
 Who with his equals can engage,
 And all that's manly courts ;

To see him quit the blithest play
 At little Edwin's call,
 Or lead him through the rugged way,
 Lest the young urchin fall—

It does not make him childish seem,
 The motives are too good ;
 Such conduct gains him more esteem,
 When rightly understood.

His own convenience ever yields,
 When he can serve another ;
 The young and weak he tries to shield,
 Especially his brother.

With him young Edwin feels a king,
 Whom none would dare offend ;
 His sisters to their Philip cling,
 As brother, guide, and friend.

Fraternal love their bosom warms,
 In one fair path they walk ;
 Like flowers bearing kindred forms,
 And growing on one stalk.

Real and false Mirth.

To be happy and merry is never a crime,
 For we cannot be happy when wrong ;
 We may appear cheerful and gay for a time,
 But such merriment will not last long.

To strangers, Cecilia might seem full of mirth,
 For she's laughing from morning till night ;
 But the feeling that gives to her merriment birth,
 Can never be termed real delight.

Some mischievous freak, that must end in disgrace,
 Will occasion this seeming great glee ;
 But if to its source her loud laughter we trace,
 No occasion for mirth should we see.

She knows that her folly is blamed by the wise,
 And is vex'd though she yet wears a smile ;
 'Tis true their opinion she seems to despise,
 But what does she suffer the while !

Far, far from the dear little circle we love
 Be the laugh of malignant import :
 When nature and innocence cannot approve,
 It must be a bad kind of sport.

From mischief or meanness no pleasure can flow,
 But good-nature is sure of applause :
 Not only be merry, but happy also—
 Not ashamed of your mirth or its cause.

Faults on both Sides.

The testy Annette
 Seems quite in a pet,
 And her cheeks with passion are red ;
 George, who likes joking,
 Her temper's provoking,
 And mocking her toss of the head.

How weak she must be
 His drift not to see,
 And treat it as matter of sport !
 If thinking him wrong,
 Why does she prolong
 The quarrel, by foolish retort ?

But why does George strive,
 To keep thus alive
 A passion he knows is to blame?
 He must not suppose,
 All censure he throws
 On his sister, while thus he makes game.

He acts a mean part,
 And shews little heart
 In awaking such anger as this;
 How can he prefer
 To mortify her,
 In place of "forgive"—and a kiss?

They both may repent,
 And wish to relent,
 When remorse has added its sting;
 For well we all know,
 That trouble and woe
 From family quarrels must spring.

The Comparison.

WELL, Monday was a happy day,
 I rose with spirits light and gay,
 And having said my prayers—
 Then took my breakfast, as the coach
 Did up the avenue approach,
 To drive away all cares.

A pleasant ride indeed we had,
 The trees were all in blossom clad,
 The sun was shining bright;

We found dear grandmamma at home,
 And cousin Ben from school had come,
 To add to my delight.

How many romps and tricks we play'd !
 And such a swing as Ben had made,
 Fix'd high between two trees !
 When tir'd of this, we play'd at ball,
 Then went to skipping in the hall,
 And did what most could please.

And such nice things we had to eat,
 Such custards, tarts, and all that's sweet,
 With butter from the churn !
 Thus happily the day passed on,
 I scarcely could believe it gone,
 When summon'd to return.

Once more at home, I went to bed,
 With all these pleasures in my head,
 And dream'd them o'er again ;
 Next morning, how I rubb'd my eyes,
 And look'd about me in surprise,
 But ah ! I look'd in vain.

All the nice things had fled with night,
 Nor cousin Ben, nor swing in sight—
 The holiday was past ;
 Lessons I had to learn and say,
 And many things to do that day,
 To make up for the last.

TUESDAY.

TUESDAY at first appear'd quite dull,
 Although my head and hands were full;
 For I was not inclin'd
 To study in my usual way;
 It seem'd the gadding holiday
 Had quite upset my mind.

Throwing this weariness aside,
 Close to my lessons I applied,
 And soon the task was done;
 My spirits once again grew light,
 Dinner I ate with appetite,
 Though it was no rich one.

All went on well: when ev'ning came,
 I walk'd to see the good old dame,
 Who broke her leg last year;
 Poor soul, I found her sunk in woe,
 And when I sought the cause to know,
 Was answer'd with a tear.

It seems, her earnings being spent,
 And, owing for a quarter's rent,
 Her goods were to be sold;
 And now, she said, so near the tomb,
 To leave her comfortable home,
 Was hard to one so old!

I trembled till I heard her say
 What sum the trifling rent would pay—
 Then how my heart did bound!

For grandmamma the day before,
 Had given me as much, nay more,
 So I could spare a pound.

I cannot well her thanks repeat,
 But in my ear they sounded sweet,
 Though some few tears I shed ;
 And yet my spirits were not sad—
 When I reach'd home my heart was glad,
 Well pleas'd I went to bed.

I think when I compare the days,
 Monday deserves not half the praise,
 Gay as it was to me ;
 The selfish pleasures were my own,
 No kindness to another shown,
 Or deed of charity.

No idle pleasures Tuesday brought,
 But a sweet lesson I was taught,
 Not to receive, but *give* ;
 Thus Monday might be bright and fair,
 But *Tuesday* is a day will bear
 Reflection—while I live.

Inside and Outside.

Attracted by all that looks gay,
 How often is Joseph deceiv'd !
 And for trifles so dearly will pay,
 His folly will scarce be believ'd.

Yet when to inspection he comes,
 He finds they but dazzled his eyes,
 And that he has squander'd large sums
 On things he no longer can prize.

Now Frederick considers the use
 Of the things he is going to buy,
 And never has need of excuse,
 For being misled by his eye.

In all he possesses we find
 A value above its expense ;
 Some worth with the striking combin'd,
 A proof of his prudence and sense.

Thus Joseph has nothing but toys,
 He but for a minute admires ;
 And, like many other weak boys,
 No sooner has gain'd than he tires.

While Frederick, who thinks, and thinks well,
 Not only considers the skin ;
 He minds not the form of the shell,
 But seeks for the kernel within.

The Albums.

“ COME shew me your Album,” cries Harriet to
 Jane,
 “ And I in return will shew mine ;
 No doubt some amusement from yours I shall gain,
 Though mine is as full to a line,

“ I have verses, and riddles, and all sorts of news,
 And some which you may not have seen ;
 For an Album, you know, is but meant to amuse,
 With the various matter we glean.

“ But what do I see? Yours is not half full,
 And how neatly each subject is penn'd !
 I should fear that their matter must be very dull,
 When thus to the form you attend.”

Jane smil'd as she heard her poor Album con-
 demn'd,
 And Harriet examin'd the book ;
 In a minute her torrent of censure was stemm'd,
 And she seem'd with some int'rest to look.

Her features betray'd many marks of surprise,
 As long she continued to read ;
 At length she exclaim'd, and she rais'd her blue
 eyes,
 “ Ah ! this is an Album indeed.

“ One page in your Album, dear Jane, is worth all
 That in my silly book you will find ;
 And glad should I be if I could but recall
 Such proofs of a frivolous mind.

“ You must lend me the volume that I may inspect
 What I see will afford me delight—
 Information and pleasure I did not expect
 In a work I consider'd so light.”

Jane readily granted what Harriet desir'd,
 Who read it again and again ;
 And ere she return'd it, some knowledge acquir'd
 Of matters we here shall explain.

Contents of Jane's Album.

JANE had not pretty verses sought,
Or asked from ev'ry friend a thought,
For fancy's sake alone ;
But she selected, with much care,
Accounts of things, saying when and where
To us they first were known.

Now Harriet learn'd that large and gay
As London is at present day,
In good queen Bess's reign
The streets were narrow, the houses wood,
Fine ladies ate of farmers' food,
And stockings came from Spain.

The palace floors with straw were laid,
And this the only carpet made
For England's fairest dames ;
A coach was then a thing so rare,
They rode on horse-back ev'ry where,
To fêtes or public games.

This reign did watches introduce,
And stops in reading came in use,
And knives were first made here ;
Botany too was then reviv'd,
Literature and commerce thriv'd,
Increasing ev'ry year.

Now what a diff'rence ! Harriet cried ;
What in our ancestors caused pride,
From us excites no praise ;
Such new inventions have we found,
So many seeds enrich our ground,
We smile at *their* great days.

More Information.

FURTHER the volume she explores,
 Desirous to increase her stores,
 From times that once had been ;
 And learns that pins from France were brought,
 And first were us'd in England's court
 By Cath'rine Howard the queen.

The date historians agree
 Was fifteen hundred and forty-three,
 Before which time we're told,
 Laces and tags, or hooks and eyes,
 Were used, or skewers of clumsy size,
 In silver, brass, or gold.

Needles were brought us in this reign,
 They were indeed a useful gain,
 As modern times evince ;
 And if we did not quite invent
 This clever little instrument,
 We have improv'd it since.

Soap also at this time was made,
 And soon became a London trade ;
 For what they used before
 From foreign manufactures came,
 But soon our own acquired fame,
 And now is worth much more.*

Hats came in fashion near this time,
 And hemp and flax, from distant clime,
 In England first were sown :
 Thus Henry's bold, despotic reign,
 With all its crimes, produced some gain,
 The candid mind will own.

* There was also a manufactory for the gray soap at Bristol.

More Matter from Jane's Album.

AGAIN the curious girl perus'd
 The book, to find the date
 When glass in England first was us'd,
 If early known, or late.

Henry the Second's reign she found,
 First mentions panes of glass ;
 Venice for plate-glass was renown'd,
 Which *now* our own surpass.

Three hundred years have pass'd we find,
 (Henry the Eighth was king,)
 Since Lillo England's map design'd,
 A truly useful thing.

In fifteen hundred and eighty-eight,
 Paper was first made here ;
 Newspapers also bear that date,
 As records make appear.

Then quickly follow'd china-ware,
 And then the plant call'd tea ;
 No longer are they reckon'd rare,
 As ev'ry day we see.

Thus luxury, as well as use,
 Hath visited our land ;
 But let us not be too profuse,
 Though plenty be at hand.

Harriet's Reflections and Resolution.

ALL this and more did Harriet read,
 And noted many a part
 For reference, in time of need,
 And some she learn'd by heart.

And many thanks she gave her friend,
 For proving to her mind,
 Instruction might with pleasure blend,
 If so we were inclin'd.

The little volume once her boast,
 She felt asham'd to see ;
 And blush'd to think what time was lost
 In such frivolity.

Another Album she would buy,
 To fill as Jane had done ;
 Or if with hers it should not vie,
 At least a useful one.

If those who take a pen in sport,
 To scribble forms uncouth,
 Would quote some apt, or pious thought,
 Or some historic truth,—

A little volume soon would grow,
 Beneath the writer's pen ;
 And they some useful things would know
 Of nature, art, and men

Retrospection.

LET me look back on life's past scene,
 And recollect what I have been.
 When two years old I lisping talk'd,
 At three spoke plain and stoutly walk'd ;
 At four and five was blithe as May ;
 At six and seven still lov'd my play :
 But then my infant mind began
 To enter on some useful plan,

Already I began to feel,
 The riches knowledge can reveal;
 Already had I learn'd to hear
 The name of God with love and fear;
 I knew he sent me all that's good,
 That ev'ry look he understood,
 That when I cried, or stubborn proved,
 The gracious Being disapprov'd;
 This check'd my little pouting airs,
 And help'd my anxious mother's cares.
 At nine my studies were enlarg'd,
 Yet was my mind not overcharg'd;
 Progressive knowledge does not tire,
 For step by step we do acquire
 What, if at once forc'd on the mind,
 We should a painful labour find.
 At ten I still was getting on,
 And sev'ral little prizes won;
 And now eleven and twelve are past,
 I enter on my teens at last.
 This is a day I long'd to see,
 When I a child should cease to be.
 Much on myself must now depend,
 My friends began what I must end;
 What as a child, they thought was well,
 Is not enough—I must excel.
 Bless'd as I am with means to gain
 What many wish, but can't attain,
 It were a crime to cast away
 Advantages of early day:
 And how could I for grace address
 Almighty God, that he would bless
 My efforts, if I did not prove
 My wish and will to meet his love?

HISTORIC TRUTHS.



COME tell us a story of pity,
I dont mean an old nurse's ditty,
But something that's simple and new ;
As the Babes in the Wood, be it sad,
We can sorrow as well as feel glad ;
Still more should we like it if true.

A subject has enter'd my head,
Well known to young folks who have read,
Yet always our pity must claim ;
But stop ; lest our memory err,
To History let us refer,
Which feelingly narrates the same.

You have heard of the Red and White Rose,
How they turn'd the best friends into foes,
By York and by Lancaster led ;
Each struggling the crown to obtain,
Content by oppression to reign,
While thousands of Englishmen bled.

The White Rose of York gain'd the day,
And for Edward the Fourth pav'd the way,

Who by bloodshed ascended the throne ;
 A fickle and weak-minded prince,
 Whom experience could not convince,
 Who acted from self-love alone.

At his death he bequeath'd to his son,
 A crown thus by violence won,
 And Edward the fifth did succeed—
 Whose honours endured a short time :
 This monarch was kill'd in his prime—
 A cruel, unnatural deed.

His uncle, base Richard of York,
 Who could so persuasively talk,
 Inveigled the king to the Tower ;
 With semblance of kindness and love,
 Young Richard he next did remove,
 And thus had them both in his pow'r.

Not long did affection appear,
 As the end of his wishes drew near ;
 Two hard-hearted villains he hir'd,
 Who into their bed-chamber crept,
 And smother'd them both as they slept,
 And thus the sweet princes expir'd.

But what had ambition procur'd ?—
 A crown which on thorns he endur'd,
 And that for a very short reign ;
 For Richard, deserted by all,
 Was destin'd in battle to fall,
 And at Bosworth the tyrant was slain.

In the Tower the chamber is shown,
 Where the barbarous deed was done,
 And the sight calls from us a tear ;

But past are those tyrannous times,
 When monarchs committed such crimes,
 And the people were silent from fear.*

*Henry the Sixth and his Son Prince
 Edward; or, the Miseries of Civil
 War.*

THIS little hist'ry brings to mind
 Another of the piteous kind,
 And springing from that source,
 The fatal roses, red and white,
 Which first the Yorkists did excite
 To gain the throne by force.

Henry the Sixth, of temper meek,
 Possess'd an understanding weak,
 Acting with little skill:
 This weakness well his consort knew,
 (Ambitious Marg'ret of Anjou,)
 And guided him at will.

When York her husband's pow'r assail'd,
 And in the fight of Wakefield fail'd,
 He and his son were slain;
 How Marg'ret triumph'd in their fate,
 And with her conquest felt elate!
 But triumph was in vain:

* This tragedy occurred in the year 1483.

For soon the Yorkists rallied strong,
 Headed by Warwick, who ere long
 His King a pris'ner made :
 The Queen, too, with her youthful son,
 When Tewkesbury's fatal day was won,
 Yielded for want of aid.

When before Edward's council brought,
 The brave young Prince bore all retort,
 Yet not denied the truth—
 But having boldly dared to own,
 By right of birth he claim'd the crown,
 They stabb'd the candid youth.

Thus perish'd Lancaster's young heir,
 Whose youthful virtues promis'd fair
 To ripen into worth :
 But crowns too oft engender strife,
 And kings must bear the ills of life,
 Although of royal birth.

The first who struck this cruel blow,
 And caus'd King Henry's overthrow,
 Was he at whose command
 His nephews' lives were ta'en away—
 Alas ! and many more, they say,
 By his own cruel hand.

He who in independence lives,
 And feels the peace contentment gives,
 Will ne'er desire a crown ;
 Which, though adorn'd with jewels rare,
 Is weightier still with royal care,
 That weighs the wearer down.*

* Prince Edward was killed in 1471 ; King Henry the same year.

Henry the Second and his Sons.

FROM facts a moral may be drawn,
 The flow'r be pluck'd, and left the thorn ;
 In hist'ry, not a page we read
 That does not scatter useful seed.

Examples rise before our eyes—
 The good, the bad, the weak, and wise ;
 A warning here we meet, and there,
 Some proofs our faults we may repair.

Henry the Second's life affords
 Example stronger far than words,
 Of private griefs that kings can feel,
 Which don't affect the public weal.

He who proud Ireland had subdu'd,
 And nought but grandeur round him view'd ;
 By subjects cheerfully obey'd—
 Saw all these flatt'ring prospects fade.

His offspring, whom he truly lov'd,
 Ungrateful and designing prov'd ;
 Join'd in rebellious league they stand,
 To wrest the sceptre from his hand.

Still worse we see the Queen conspire,
 And aid the children 'gainst the sire ;
 Supported, too, by foreign arms,
 Rebellion spreads its dire alarms.

But justice lean'd to Henry's side :
 Their pow'r subdu'd, though not their pride,
 Their ranc'rous spirit did not cease,
 Although awhile they rest in peace.

PART THE SECOND.

EACH other's claims they next deny,
 And all controul or check defy ;
 But Death, who can the boldest quell,
 O'ertook young Henry at Martel.

Before he died, his vicious course
 Struck on his conscience with remorse ;
 A *father's* wrongs his heart dismay,
 And make him dread the judgment-day.

His death made room for Richard's claim
 As heir of England, and his fame
 Was great in warlike deeds of show ;—
 Would that his duty had been so !

Geoffry, the next of worthless mind,
 Shunn'd and detested by mankind,
 Was killed in Paris near this time,—
 Cut off in youth, but deep in crime.

Even for him the father griev'd,
 For nature to his bosom cleav'd :
 But soon his other children's strife
 Drew him to painful scenes of life.

But it was John, his youngest son,
 Who had his best affections won ;
 And when he found a name so dear
 First on the rebel list appear,—

His wounded heart no more could bear,
 And, in the moment of despair,
 He *curs'd* his children—dreadful fact !
 And this he never would retract.

Sorrow had now perform'd its part ;
 A fever, caus'd by broken heart,
 Soon terminated all his woes,
 Leaving his sons, his greatest foes.

'Tis said when Richard came next day
 To where his father's body lay,
 It gush'd with blood as he drew near,
 And fill'd his guilty heart with fear.

Richard the First,

WHOSE years of peace were but a few,
 For strange vicissitudes he knew :
 He join'd the bold, romantic band
 Who carried arms to Holy Land ;
 And, after useless valour shown,
 Once more he sought his English throne,
 But, captive made upon the way
 By Austria's Duke, a pris'ner lay,

Till England ransom'd back her prize—
 When treason open'd to his eyes.
 His brother John, in hopes no more
 To see the King on British shore,
 His own ambition brought to light,
 And seiz'd upon his Sov'reign's right :
 But Richard, kind as he was brave,
 This and all other acts forgave ;
 And John's cold heart for once was mov'd,
 For he a faithful subject prov'd.
 A treasure found in Normandy,
 Which Richard thought his own should be,
 And which the finder would not yield,
 In Chalus Castle was conceal'd :
 This he besieg'd, and as he rode
 Around, to see where weakness shew'd,
 An archer bold his arrow drew,
 And pierc'd the Monarch's shoulder through.
 When ask'd his motive, he reply'd,
 " By your own hand my father died ;
 My brother too ;—but not in vain,
 Since I their murderer have slain."

The King, with magnanimity,
 Bade them reward and set him free.
 These mild commands were not obey'd—
 The murderer alive was flay'd.
 Thus perish'd Henry's froward son ;
 And if his death did but atone
 For all he made his father feel,
 His wounds a greater one did heal.
 To John the kingdom now devolv'd,
 Who, with Barons and Pope involv'd,
 Liv'd in a constant factious scene,
 And died, at Newark, of chagrin.

MORAL :

In these events we plainly trace
 The hand that struck the guilty race,
 And, vindicating nature's laws,
 Aveng'd an injur'd parent's cause.*

Story of Prince Arthur.

HENRY's son in Paris kill'd,
 Had left an only son,
 And he, if right had been fulfill'd,
 Was next heir to the throne.

Philip of France upheld his claim
 Against his uncle John ;
 And, in the young Duke Arthur's name,
 Some provinces were won.

But Arthur's mother felt distrust
 Of Philip's real designs ;
 And, hoping John might yet be just,
 Herself and child resigns

To his protection—fatal plan !
 For soon suspicions rise ;
 And Constance read the wily man
 Through all the King's disguise.

* Richard died in the year 1199, and John in 1216.

From Mans they fled, and once again
 In the French King confide ;
 When Arthur join'd the warrior train
 That did his fate decide.

His party were but few, though brave,
 While John had pow'rful aid ;
 And Arthur's troops soon found a grave,
 And he was pris'ner made.

This was a sad and fearful hour ;
 For John his death design'd
 At Falaise, in its famous Tow'r,
 Where he was close confin'd.

'Tis said he was depriv'd of sight,
 Though John the crime denied :
 The truth was never brought to light,—
 But certain *there* he died.

And thus, a restless crown to gain,
 John added to his crimes
 A deed of guilt his name will stain,
 To the most distant times.*

The Siege of Calais, in the Year 1347.

IN all the early reigns, we see,
 Conquest alone was fame ;
 And kings, in spirit of chivalry,
 Each other's countries claim.

* Arthur was killed in the year 1202.

Edward the Third, with like pretence,
 To the French crown aspir'd ;
 And, though they made a bold defence,
 Some cities he acquir'd.

Calais he took among the rest,
 But long the siege went on,
 Until, by famine sore opprest,
 The people's strength was gone.

Edward, whose heart by war was steel'd,
 With indignation view'd
 The citizens so slowly yield ;
 And, when at last subdu'd,

In spirit of revenge, declared
 Due vengeance he would take ;
 And though at length their lives he spared,
 'Twas not for mercy's sake :—

Six virtuous citizens agreed
 To die, the town to save ;
 And Edward bade them mark the deed
 With forms, to wound the brave.

And ropes about their necks were placed,
 Like criminals condemn'd,
 But ere the crime our King disgraced,
 The Queen his anger stemm'd.

Kneeling, fair Philippa besought
 The pris'ners might be sav'd,
 And Edward, by her mercy taught,
 Granted the boon she crav'd.

The laurel wreath the warrior wears,
 Bespeaks some slaughter done ;
 He who his fellow-creature spares,
 Adds honour to his throne,—

And ev'ry act of mercy gives
 Real splendour to his name ;
 It shines around him while he lives,
 And Time records the same.

*King Richard the Second, Son of the
 Black Prince, and Grandson of Ed-
 ward the Third.*

VALOUR and mercy were combin'd
 In the Black Prince, whose noble mind
 Was form'd for great and just renown,
 Had he but liv'd to wear the crown.

His death to Edward was a grief,
 For which this world had no relief ;
 He died—and left the prince's son
 The legal heir to England's throne.

Young Richard, in his early days,
 Perform'd some deeds deserving praise,
 And by a firm and wise address,
 Tyler's rebellion did suppress.

But when to man's estate he grew,
 He let his favourites pursue
 Conduct that rous'd his people's ire,
 And lost the love they bore his sire.

By an unjust and harsh command,
 He banish'd from their native land
 Norfolk's proud Duke, who shortly died,
 And Hereford, to himself allied.

Cousins they were, the Earl being heir
 To John the Duke of Lancaster,
 On whose demise he seiz'd upon
 The wealth the Duke had left his son.

And now the Earl's resentment rose ;
 Quickly he join'd his cousin's foes :
 Ambition was the leading spring—
 He hop'd to conquer and be King.

His plans well laid, and back'd by friends,
 In course of time he gain'd his ends :
 Richard from greatness soon was hurl'd,—
 Forsaken by the fickle world.

Full many a scoff, that wounded sore,
 And keen rebuke, the Monarch bore :
 In Pomfret Castle next confin'd,
 He mix'd no longer with mankind.

But Henry could not feel at rest
 While Richard liv'd, and so express'd :
 Too soon his wish was gratified—
 By vile assassins Richard died.

'Tis said he bravely fought his foes
 Till overpower'd by their blows.
 His death has left a dreadful stain
 On his successor's, Henry's, reign.*

* Richard's death took place in the year 1400.

Henry the Fourth.

By usurpation thus, we see,
 Henry the Fourth was King :
 But mark what scenes of cruelty
 From one bad action spring.

Those peers in whom he trusted most,
 Soon in rebellion rose ;
 And many valu'd lives were lost
 Ere England felt repose.

His son's career in private life
 Occasion'd much chagrin ;
 And public or domestic strife
 By turns disturb'd the scene.

Yet did the Prince of Wales betray
 Some qualities of worth,
 That promis'd, on a future day,
 To grace his noble birth.

But ere these seeds were fully shown,
 Henry the Fourth expir'd,
 Whose wisdom well deserv'd a throne,
 If lawfully acquir'd.

Conscience, no doubt, assum'd her right,
 And told him in his pride,
 That though a King by power and might,
 Justice his claim deny'd.*

* Henry the Fourth died in the year 1413.

Henry the Fifth.

Now Henry Prince of Wales succeeds,
 Forsaking all his faults ;
 He soon gives proof of better deeds,
 And England's fame exalts.

But *then* the chief pursuit was war,
 And narrow was the mind ;
 'Twas nobler then to seek a scar,
 Than to improve mankind.

Thus he whose valour all admir'd,
 Belov'd where'er he came,
 By cruel bigotry inspir'd,
 Sullied his general fame.

The truly Christian mind allows
 Of faith in various ways :
 The One Great Being hears all vows,
 Nor heeds the sect that prays.

But Henry look'd to forms alone,
 And persecuted those
 Whose tenets differ'd from his own ;
 Hence cruelties arose.

And in a cause whence mercy springs,
 And tolerance should reign,—
 In the great name of King of kings,
 The innocent were slain.

Amidst this zeal and conquests vain,
 While with all kings he vied,
 After a twelve years' active reign,
 Henry at Rouen died.*

Henry the Sixth.

HENRY the Sixth, while yet in arms,
 As Monarch was proclaim'd ;
 Too young to join in those alarms
 For which those times were fam'd.

Had he but died in those young days,
 Ere civil wars began,
 The dreadful scenes his reign displays
 Had never sullied man.

Those conquests once his father's boast,
 Were ceded one by one :
 In England, too, arose a host
 To crush his hapless son.

Then first the House of York stood forth,
 Disputing Henry's rights ;
 Ambition, kindling into wrath,
 To desperate deeds incites.

Feeble himself, and rul'd by those
 Who knew not how to guide,
 Henry was forced to yield to foes
 Who chang'd from side to side.

* Henry the Fifth died in the year 1422.

One day a King, the next a Slave,
 A weary life he led ;
 Outliv'd his son, and found a grave
 Where blood had oft been shed.

His murder in the Tower took place,
 By wily Richard's means,
 And thus made way for York's proud race,
 And future tragic scenes.

Of these we have already told ;
 And in them we may see,
 As time and circumstance unfold,
 The fruits of treachery.

Where fathers have usurp'd the throne,
 But woe the children gain'd ;
 And those who violence have done,
 In turbulence have reign'd.

'Tis plain that ev'ry evil act
 Its punishment will bring ;
 For Justice will her right exact
 From subject and from king.*

Lady Jane Gray, the Victim of Ambition.

FOR ev'ry fellow-creature's woe
 The tender heart must feel ;
 And doubly should our pity flow
 When virtue does appeal.

* Henry the Sixth was murdered in the year 1471.

The sad events in hist'ry traced,
 Too frequently we find,
 Were caus'd by confidence misplaced,
 On some ambitious mind,

Which sought itself to aggrandize,
 Though crime should pave the way ;
 And few when tempted were so wise
 As Suffolk's fair Jane Gray.

Edward the Sixth his crown devis'd
 By will to Lady Jane ;
 A gift by *her* but little priz'd—
 Who had no wish to reign.

Her husband's hopes, her father's pride,
 She tried to overcome ;
 But when they would not be deny'd,
 Submitted to her doom.

Her pious mind no pleasure knew
 In sound of royal name ;
 She own'd the crown was Mary's due,
 And fain would yield the same.

Scarce pass'd the forms that made her Queen,
 Ere all her greatness fail'd ;
 And then how sadly chang'd the scene
 When Mary's friends prevail'd !

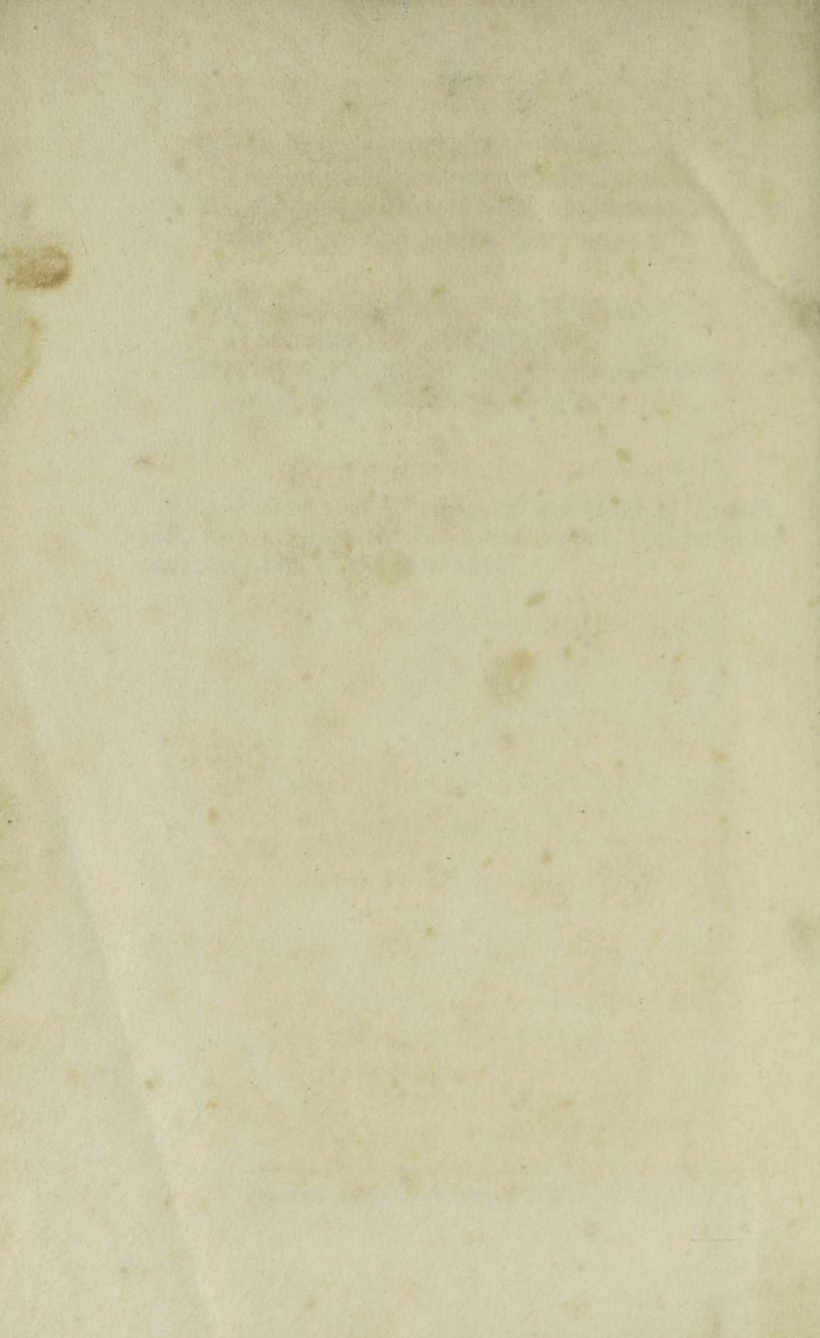
Lord Dudley and his virtuous bride
 Were to the Tower convey'd ;
 The victims of their parents' pride—
 Born but to bloom and fade.

Queen Mary's cruel orders were,
 The youthful pair should die;
 Which Jane with fortitude could hear,
 Nor heave one selfish sigh.

With beauty, talents, sense adorn'd,
 When aged but seventeen,
 Meekly she died, more lov'd and mourn'd
 Than England's bigot Queen.*

* Jane Gray was daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, and, with her husband, the Lord Dudley, was executed on Tower-hill, in the year 1554.





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