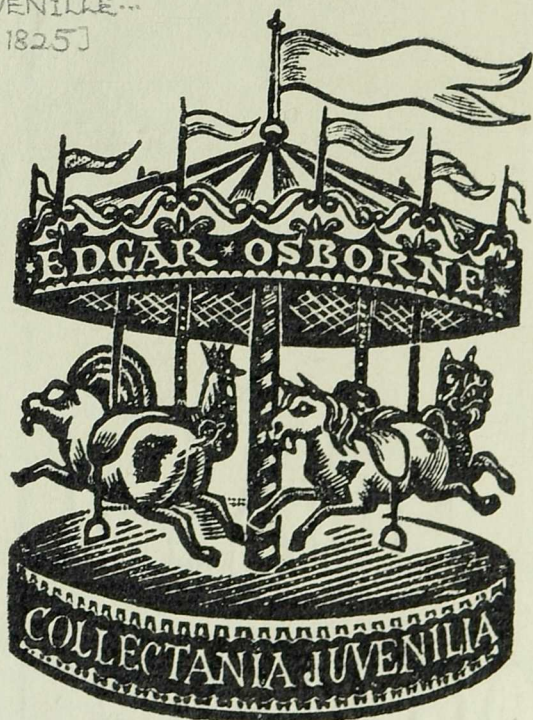




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JUVENILE...

[ca. 1825]



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Memorandum Holder
the gift of a Friend
1826

FRONTISPIECE to the JUVENILE ALBUM.



No rank, I covet, wealth, or ease, so go Dame Fortune where you please

THE
JUVENILE ALBUM,
COMPLETE:
CONSISTING OF
ORIGINAL POETRY,
IN
FABLES, TALES. &c. &c.
FOR THE
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION
OF THE
YOUTHFUL READER.

London :

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PREFACE.

THIS little work is humbly submitted to the patronage of Parents and Guardians ; more particularly to those who may have remarked in the course of their observations, that no species of instruction conveys a more forcible, or a more lasting impression to the mind of infancy, or more advanced childhood, than does the moral and pleasing precepts inculcated by the medium of easy and natural rhyme. This is easily accounted for, from the assistance afforded to the memory, by this means, from the effect of the termination of the lines ; a circumstance unnecessary to enlarge on, as it is so easily proved, from persons of all ages, who by their own feelings can decide, for even those of the most mature years, look back with pleasure, and with a more correct recollection of the Hymns, the Fables, or any other Juvenile lines, then learnt, than what has been the more ardent study of latter years. And the nursery rhymes will be faithfully remembered whilst many useful, or abstruse branches of literature are forgot, or if not, seldom convey the same agreeable sensations to the mind.

Under these circumstances, the following little work is offered to the public ; it is constructed (to the best of the Author's abilities) to impress on the fair surface of youthful imagination, the strictest principles of Religion, Morality and Virtue,—to please whilst giving instruction—to give a genuine taste for reading—and to contribute in some small degree, to the general spirit for improvement, so universally prevalent at this moment.

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THE
JUVENILE ALBUM.

THE DOG

BEHOLD, my love, this dog so true,
So faithful, so sincere ;
Whilst thus he follows close by you,
You have no cause to fear.

He will protect you, all he can,
On him you may depend ;
And seldom will you find a man,
A more devoted friend.—

Mark! how he wags his tail, for joy,
Whene'er his head you pat ;
Sure he must be a wicked boy,
Who hurts a dog, or cat.

When you consider that they feel
 A hurt as much as you ;
How cruel then to kick, with heel,
 Of hard thick leather shoe.

For their poor sides have no defence
 Of dress—to ward the blow :
And as they never give offence,
 Why should we use them so ?

How gentle, and how very kind,
 Does this poor creature stand :
He seems, as tho' to speak inclined,
 As thus he licks your hand.—

He is submissive to your will,
 However harsh it be :
And at your bidding he lies still,
 Tho' full of play is he.

To fetch and carry he is taught,
 And many tricks beside :
He seems as if with reason fraught,
 Or if it were his guide.

Your house by night he will protect,
Your orchard, or farm-yard :
The lurking thief, he will detect,
And prove his master's guard.

Then love the faithful dog, my dear,
His kindness don't despise :
To every one it must be clear,
That all the Dog should prize.

His worth requires you treat him well,
Your dinner let him share :
His gratitude your love will tell,
His health — proclaim your care.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

TO HER SLEEPING INFANT.

Awake ! arise, the sun is gleaming,
Brightly thro' the latticed pane :
Awake ! my child, and cease your dreaming
Wake to light, and life again.

Come arouse thee love, and listen,
To the plowman's merry lay;
See, the dew has ceased to glisten,
Banish'd by the cheerful day.

Hark! how blithe the lark is singing,
As he mounts the morning air:
See the cheerful bee is winging
His way amidst the flow'rets fair.

The plants again their sweets are shedding,
Fragrant as the op'ning morn;
See, the scented woodbine spreading,
'Tendrils sweet, to hail the morn.

See, the tender insects creeping
From their cells, to hail the light;
Thou alone, my child, art sleeping,
Come awake—the sun shines bright.

THE
GOOD TEMPER'D LITTLE GIRL,
AND THE CAT.

A little girl to school was sent,
To learn to write and read ;
So early in the morn she went,
And reach'd the place with speed.

She loitered not upon the way,
To truant tricks inclin'd :
Or catching butterflies did stay,
Or blackberries to find.

For diligent and good was she,
Eliza was her name ;
A better temper could not be,
She ever was the same.

When enter'd there, her new straw hat,
She hung upon a peg :
But she did not observe the cat,
And trod upon her leg.

The cat cry'd loud, and growl'd and spit,
And strove to scratch the child ;
But she not frighten'd was, one bit,
But to the cat spoke mild.—

Poor puss, she said, I'm sure I grieve,
To give you any pain ;
And you may now indeed believe,
I'll not do so again.

Poor puss ! I'm sorry for the pain,
Which I have given you ;
Indeed I'll ne'er do so again,
So don't so sadly mew

Then as these gentle words she said,
And kindly notic'd her,
And patted her upon the head,
The cat began to pur.

So finding puss, now kind did look,
And quiet down did lay ;
Eliza then took up her book,
Her little task to say.

The governess was pleas'd to see,
This child so kind and good ;
And said, my dear, come close to me,
You've acted as you should.

Had you been cross to this poor cat,
Or angry at her moan ;
As she was hurt—most sure by that,
A bad heart had been shown.

No better lesson can I give,
Than what the scriptures say ;
True will you find it, whilst you live,
“ Soft words turn wrath away.”

A gentle disposition will
Bring happiness, and ease ;
And those who do their passions still,
May rule them as they please.

Whilst those who to revenge give way,
To insolence and pride ;
To such—tho' they live many a day,
Is happiness deny'd.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

Sleep on, my pretty babe, sleep on,
In those sweet smiles of beauty dress'd,
Angels shall shed their blessings o'er thee,
And they shall guard thy gentle rest.

Sleep, my child, in peace and quiet,
For no rude storms disturb thy brow;
Oh! how long shall I gaze on it,
Calm and placid, as 'tis now.

Slumber sheds its charms around thee,
Scarcely heaves thy gentle breath;
But it spreads a horror o'er me,
'Tis so like the calm of death.

Sleep on, my love, for days may rise,
In which you may be sank in sorrow:
In tears of grief, and bitter sighs,
For who can answer for to-morrow.

Yet as I look with earnest gaze, [sleeping;
On thy sweet face—whilst thus thou'rt
I sigh to think of those sad days, [weeping.
When smiles shall be, exchang'd for

But still on heaven I will depend,
For comfort to a mother's heart ;
Oh ! grant he may this blessing send,
That thou, and I may never part.



THE
FATALEFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE,
A TALE.

The boat danc'd merrily over the waves,
Rousing the nymphs in their chrystal caves :
Whilst the beautiful tint of the azure sky,
Gave the glassy stream a deeper dye.

The sun was glancing his beams athwart
The verdant valley, and brightly caught
The turretted top of an ancient tower,
O'ergrown with moss, and the wild wall flower :

The stems of the trees, that guarded its walls,
And the ruin'd splendor of its halls ;
Were cover'd with ivy, whilst high above,
Were heard the notes of the cooing dove.

The blackbird was whistling blith, and the
Melodiously warbled upon the bush; [thrush,
In rich profusion the wild flowers crept,
Along the path where the glow-worm slept.

And there was one bright and velvety spot,
With a fountain clear, and a beauteous grot;
Where the blue-bell and violet grew in the
shade, [made.

Which the clust'ring leaves of the rose bush

And the peasants believ'd that the fairy queen,
Held her revels at night, on this sloping green;
To this sweet spot, on their sports intent,
Two boys and a girl, in a boat there went.

Blithly they answer'd the dip of the oar,
With a laugh that echo'd along the shore;
And sweetly they sang, as they glided along,
Their favorite glee,—the boat-man's song.

Delighted they reach'd it, and fast to the shore,
They fasten'd their boat, and began to explore
The beautiful woodlands, till evening's shades
Fell dark and chill on the hills and glades.

Then said George (the eldest) "Come, sister
"We must be off, it is growing late; [Kate,
And we must row stoutly, to reach our home,
Before our father and mother come.

"How illnatur'd in them, to deny us the boat,
And I'll warrant they'll make a desperate rout;
If they find we have had it, so haste away,
So farewell to our sport, till another day."

The moon has now risen, and sweetly throws,
Her beam over every ripple that glows:
And the splash of the oars, in the evening shade,
Was calm and soothing, but half afraid.

The children sat in the boat and heard,
Distinctly the scream of night's dull bird,
In silence and shame, for timid grown,
Already they fancied their father's frown.

Already they heard the stifled sigh,
And saw the tear in their mother's eye;
And sick'ning at the thought, grew pale,
As the moon withdrew her light from the sail;

Sadly and silent they glided on,
But the night was dark, and the current strong,
The boat upset—a dreadful shriek,
A splash, and a gurgle, the horror speak!

And nought was left to tell the tale,
But the hapless maiden's scarf, and veil,
These floated in to the grassy shore, [more.
But the boys, and their sister, were seen no

Now consider this story, my child, and beware
For disobedience is a snare [row
Which leads to destruction, to shame and sor-
Distress to day, and guilt to-morrow.
These children's parents had deny'd
The boat, which they knew not how to guide;
In self conceit they disobey'd,
And dearly for their folly paid.
Oh! let their fate a warning be,
My good attentive child to thee;

Your friends and parents best must know,
Where it is proper that you should go ;
Your health and comfort they study still,
And for your good they curb your will.

THE PARROT.

Come here, my pretty, pretty Poll,

(Jane to her parrot said,)

I love you better than my doll,

Come, let me rub your head,

And speak to me, my pretty dear,

And ask me, "How I do?"

Ah! little Poll, indeed I fear,

That is too much for you.

Yet many words can Polly say,

When she is so inclin'd ;

Then, why so silent now, I pray ?

You don't your mistress mind.

For "What's o'Clock?" she can exclaim,
And call for honest Tray;
And "Scratch a pole," and then so tame,
Will on the table stay.

But were she never more to speak,
I should not love her less;
Her pretty head, and eyes, and beak;
So much good sense express.

Look on her plumes of red, and green,
Azure, and yellow dies;
A finer bird scarce can be seen,
Oh! how my Poll I prize.

Observe, how well she knows me too,
Whene'er she hears my voice;
She scarcely knows what she can do,
To shew she does rejoice.

And then, she comes upon my hand
And bows her graceful head;
It's thus my parrot still will stand,
Until that she is fed.

How proud she is of her fine cage,
And of its hanging ring,
For many an hour, she will engage,
On it herself to swing.

Ah ! pretty bird, thus you amuse
A solitary hour ;
Thy mistress for thee this did chuse,
The best within her power.

She cannot give thee free to roam,
That early was deny'd :
And if she did, Ah ! where's the home,
Where Poll would be supplied ?

As here she is, with all that's good,
'To make her happy still,
Constant supplies of nicest food,
And given with good will.

Be happy then, my pretty dear,
Be happy whilst you may ;
No trouble has my Poll to fear,
No danger night or day.

For thy kind mistress loves thee so,
And so does all beside,
That never should we let thee go,
Where ill would thee betide.



THE BIRTH DAY.

"This is my birth-day," Julia cries,
As to the breakfast room she flies;
With heart elate, and beaming eye,
Expressing childish extacy.
"I'm twelve years old," she joyous said,
As to the table she was led,
'Midst smiles and hopes, that many years,
She may live free from griefs and tears;
Congratulations kind abound,
From all the merry group around,
And Julia hears the wishes sweet,
For such occasions, offerings meet.

From many a lov'd and smiling face,
That met hers, in a kind embrace ;
But what attracts her ? What's the sight ?
That thus she dances with delight ;
Oh ! dear mamma, how kind of you,
And good papa, and Sophy too,
What charming presents, how I long
To try this beautiful new song ;
And then this lovely little book !
Oh ! how I long in it to look ;
Thanks, dearest brother, thanks, I would
Thank you much better, if I could.
But where's Maria ? call her pray,
" Is she not up this happy day ?
I'll go and pinch her," and she ran,
To execute her little plan ;
But as she went, with eager haste,
An arm was circl'd round her waist
And a sweet voice said in her ear,
" My dearest sister, I am here.
And here's my present, turn to see,"
It was a beauteous moss-rose tree ;

Laden with flowers in loveliest bloom,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
A scroll there lay amongst the flowers,
Wet with the dew, from its fragrant bowers;
She snatch'd it up, and it proved a lay
To Julia on her natal day;
A moral it was, as the roses sweet,
To warn her from vanity, pride, and conceit.

THE SCROLL.

These beautiful flowers will wither and fade.
As soon as their season is over;
But scatter thou not the leaves, my sweet maid,
For fragrance they still will discover.
Tho' disfigur'd their beauty, they still will
impart.
Their perfumes yet will sweeten the gale;
And such my dear girl, is the balm of the heart
Where virtue and truth shall prevail.

Then think that tho' beauty and youth fade
 away, [past
 Like these flow'rs, as quickly they're
 But goodness survives them, for many a day,
 And carries a smile to the last.

Then do not, my Julia, on beauty depend,
 On your shape, or your fair shining hair ;
 But virtue will ever procure you a friend,
 When beauty is lost in despair.



ON THE DEATH OF A
 FAVORITE CANARY BIRD.

Farewell, sweet bird, no more thy little throat,
 Shall charm thy mistress with its tuneful
 lay ;
 No more shall flow each clear mellifluous note,
 That spoke the joy throughout the live
 long day.

Stiff are thy little wings, that brightly shone,
Cold is that little breast that beat so high;
Alas! my bird, when last I heard thy tone,
I little thought thee doom'd so soon to die.

Dear bird! how often has thy pretty beak,
In playful anger, peck'd my proffer'd lip;
Then press'd thy little breast against my cheek,
And from my tea-cup drops of milk
would sip.

Oft from thy cage releas'd, with sparkling eye,
And fluttering wings, how gaily would'st
thou soar;
And view with rapture the blue vault on high,
Or pick the scatter'd crumbs from off the
floor.

Or perch'd upon the window thou would'st try
To mock my notes, with all thy little skill;
Then viewing me askance, with curious eye,
Hop to thy cage, and wash thy tiny bill.

Farewell, my pretty warbler, fare thee well,
No other pet shall e'er thy place supply:
Sorrow for thee, I'm not asham'd to tell,
Or that thy death had caus'd a heavy sigh

THE
AFFLICTED MOTHER'S ADDRESS,
to the favorite Dove of her deceas'd and
only daughter.

My gentle dove, art thou come to caress,
This widow'd heart, in its loneliness?
Art thou come to coo on the hand that fed
And nurst thee, from thy downy bed?
Is the mild expression of thine eye,
An emblem of thy sympathy?
Does the tender press of thy pretty beak,
Thy sense of my bitter sorrows speak?

I'd fain believe, that one remains
To love me still, and share my pains ;
That yet there lives one faithful heart,
To whom I may my griefs impart.

That thou, my bird, my loss can feel,
A grief which time can never heal ;
Can mourn with me, and droop thy head,
And seem to know, thy mistress dead.

Thou wert Maria's favorite dove,
The object of her infant love ;
Alas ! methinks I see her yet,
Fondling her little pet.

But she is gone, and thy silver wing,
Droops in regret and sorrowing ;
And the gentle coo, which was thy own,
Is now become a plaintive moan.

No more thy little bosom swells,
Nor thy ruffled plume of pleasure tells ;
But sad and cheerless, thy heavy eye,
Looks sympathy with every sigh.

Alas! sweet dove, our loss is great,
Yet I humbly bow to the will of fate;
We echo now each others grief,
But my stay on earth, I trust will be brief.

I shall join again my dearest child,
Her beauteous form, her temper mild;
Again shall I behold once more,
More lovely than she was before.

Her angel form, her azure eyes,
Shall welcome me to brighter skies;
In a little while shall grief be o'er,
And we shall meet to part no more.

THE
POOR LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Sweep ! Sweep ! I heard a trembling note,
In piteous accents say ;
It issued from an infant throat,
At early dawn of day

At that sad sound, my thoughts present
The urchin to my view ;
Ah ! who could turn to rest content,
And not the theme pursue.

Ah ! helpless child, how hard thy fate,
How grievous is thy lot ;
Condemn'd to such a horrid state,
Neglected and forgot.

Who can behold thy early woe,
And not deplore thy doom ?
Barefoot and wretched forth you go,
To carry bag and broom.

At that soft age, which most desires,

A parent's tender care ;

No one regards what he requires,

None wash, none comb his hair

No breakfast waits his coming down,

To share the happy meal ;

Before that time, o'er half the town,

He goes with chilblain heel.

And up the chimney's sooty sides,

His infant footsteps tread ;

And dirt and filth his features hide,

And fall upon his head.

His aching eyes are filled with tears,

The frosty morning draws ;

And his poor heart is press'd by fear,

Which all these hardships cause.

Thus is he doom'd from day to day,

To labour for his bread ;

No kindness does his toil repay,

But merely he is fed.

How thankful ought all little boys,
And little girls to be ;
Who have nice things, and pretty toys,
When they these children see
That parents have, who love them dear,
And for each want provide ;
Who teach them, there's a God to fear,
And warn them against pride.

Oh ! let such children every day,
Give praise to God above ;
And for his blessing ever pray,
In thankfulness and love.

THE DOVE.

See, how yon little silver dove,
Retires to seek his mother's nest ;
That emblem meek, of peace and love,
Beneath her wing shall safely rest,

There free from danger and surprise,
Her downy pinions o'er him spread ;
Tranquil may close his ruby eyes,
And nestling hide his little head.

But time will shortly guide his wing,
Far distant from her care to roam ;
Yet no remembrance time can bring,
Of parent, nest, or native home.

Away he soars, nor thought nor pain,
Nor anxious pang his flight delays ;
Parent and son ne'er meet again,
Nor one kind thought her care repays.

Unlike thy fate unhappy man,
Whose care for offspring still remain ;
Till death shall close thy mortal span,
And free thee from thy toil and pain.

Absence can ne'er thy thoughts remove,
From the dear son, for still to thee
He is the object of thy love,
Tho' distant from thy home is he.

ON THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

Sweet gentle flower, of silver pale,
Retiring lily of the vale;
Graceful thy trembling blossoms blow,
Fair rivals to unsullied snow.
Secure within their leafy cells,
Profusely drop thy pearly bells,
Shunning the public gaze so rude,
On thy retirement few intrude;
O'erlook'd thy charms, by vulgar eyes,
Thy fragile form they would despise,
And more the gaudy tulip prize;
Which, rich in glowing numerous rays,
Stands foremost to attract all praise:
And pious's deep blushing red,
'The warmest tint by nature shed;
'The poppy's colours bright and bold,
And the gay sun-flower's burnish'd gold;
The aster of unnumber'd hue,
And flag-flower's shades of glossy blue;

All these so fair in beauteous bloom,
Boast not thy fragrant soft perfume;
They strike the eye, unus'd to trace
Thy chasteness, innocence, and grace;
For meek ey'd modesty is rare
An object of the public care :
And oft doth genuine worth I ween,
Like thee expand, and die unseen ;
Unheeded by the breath of fame,
Unknown in merit, as in name.

CAPTIVITY.

The lamentation of a Canary Bird in his Cage

Oh ! happy hundred tenants of the air,
Ye wing'd inhabitants of boundless space ;
I view your floating circles in despair
Your sweetest notes my sorrows cannot
chase.

Confin'd a prisoner in a narrow cell,
What tho' its bars be made of gilded wire?
Here by misfortune I am doom'd to dwell,
Tho' gay it looks, it is my prison dire.

Doth it atone to me that daintiest grain,
And water in a chrystal vase is given?
Can these my anxious bosom ease of pain,
Can these repay the richest gift of heaven?

Fair liberty! for thee in vain I mourn,
For thee, most priz'd, doth sorrow rive
my mind;
Bless'd freedom's happy days can ne'er return,
From ambient air from every joy confin'd.

Happy! thrice happy tenants of the grove!
Whose joyous warblings tremble on mine
head;
'Tis your's to share the bliss of mutual love,
'Tis your's a beauteous progeny to rear.

Even though want may visit thy warm nest,
And drive you forth to seek precarious
food ;

On your return with rapture you are bless'd
In the gay chirpings of your darling brood

Not so with me in solitude I pine,
And sicken 'midst of luxuries a store ;
The joys of love can never now be mine,
For health, and hope, and freedom are
no more.

Oh ! had kind nature giv'n the sparrow's plume,
And not have ting'd my wings with bur-
nish'd gold !

This sad confinement had not been my doom,
Nor would these bars my drooping body
hold.

They praise my notes, tho' nought but heart-
felt woe [throat;

Swell the sad accents of my trembling
And did unthinking man their purport know,
They would not on his ear unheeded float.

The kind compassion of each feather'd breast,
Oh ! dearest kindred let my woes engage ;
Tho' soon I trust this beating heart shall rest,
Which dies a captive in a golden cage.

LIBERTY ;

Or the Sparrow's address to the Cookmaids in Winter.

Ye gentle cookmaids, oh ! in pity spare
The various fragments from your plenteous
board ; [fare,
The smallest pickings from your sumptuous
To us a splendid dinner would afford.

Full many a feather'd songster of the air,
Languid and drooping seeks your shelt'ring
door ;

Made tame and confident by scantiest fare,
They hope to taste a little of your store.

Oh ! do not in the dust-hole's ample waste,
Those dainties empty with a careless air ;
And do not, for excuse, say " that in haste,"
To save such trifles you've no time to spare."

For oh ! reflect that many an hungry cur
Is watching with a pity-moving eye ;
Which turns imploring every way you stir,
And trusts his craving wants you will supply.

And many a starving cat with mournful mew,
And anxious purring to attract regard ;
In which perchance she sings forth praise of you
And hopes a little fragment for reward.

And many a child would gladly eat the crumbs
Which from the great man's table daily fall ;
Haply a bit of pudding fill'd with plumbs,
Which would rejoice him were it e'er so small

And lastly many a wan and feeble man,
Whose lifetime's labour still hath left him poor ;
And now when nearly run his earthly span,
Come to beg his morsel at your door.

Reflect, in time, what may be e'en your fate,
When coachman John becomes thy wedded
love ;

From this wide kitchen, ah ! how chang'd thy
state,

To lofty attic story you remove.

Then when your children shall around you stand
For whose provision you so careful save ;

All drest so neatly by industrious hand,
Tho' hard you work this comfort you shall
have.

When plenty grac'd the board (you'll smiling)
say,

And daintiest cakes it was my lot to share,
I never turn'd the indigent away,

For every bounteous table some can spare.

Yet never did I wrong my honor'd lord,

Or squander ought committed to my trust ;
Tho' well my pantry it was always stor'd,

I never wasted, I was always just.

And then shall every warbling songsters note
 Most sweetly carol near thy window high,
 And on the air shall praises of you float,
 Ascending upward till it reach the sky.

THE ANT'S NEST.

It is such a beautiful day,
 And the sun shines so bright and so warm,
 That the little ants busy and gay,
 Are come from their holes in a swarm.
 All winter together they sleep,
 Or in underground passages run;
 Not one of them daring to peep,
 To see the bright face of the sun.
 But the snow is now melted away.
 And the trees are all cover'd with green;
 And the little ants busy and gay
 Creeping out from their houses are seen.

They've left us no room to go by,
So let's step aside on the grass;
For an hundred poor insects must die,
Under your little feet as they pass.

And sorry I'm sure you would be,
Much rather an hour stand still;
Than these harmless insects you see,
Thus wantonly cruel to kill.

THE CAT, OR DANGER.

Sweet bird ! whose soft and dulcet note,
Distends with joy thy trembling throat ;
Ah ! little dost thou songster know,
The near approach of cruel foe.

That cat whose fierce malignant eyes,
Hath mark'd thee for her future prize ;
Tho' now I chase her far away,
I fear will make thee future prey.

She watchful, silent, cautious, slow,
Reluctant from thy cage will go;
And patient wait till time shall bring
The moment when she means to spring.

Thus innocence secure and gay,
Begins with joy life's thorny way;
As little thinks of danger near,
Deceit or treachery, guilt or fear.

Ah! mournful is it still to see,
Our never-failing destiny;
The complicated state of care,
Which all created beings share.

For hope must fly when grief appears,
And smiles may change for bitter tears;
And dearest ties of life and breath,
Must finally be clos'd by death.

Yet still the patient humble mind,
In virtue e'er a bliss will find;
And comfort springs from honest deeds,
Which every worldly care exceeds.

Let then the path in youth you tread,
Be just in all that's done or said;
Then happiness will you attend,
And every person prove a friend

EPITAPH TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY,

Written at the request of her Mother

As sweetest flowers wither in their prime,
And early roses fade in shortest time,
As lilies opening with the rising morn,
Spotless and chaste fair nature's breast adorn,
Yet e'er the passing breeze hath wav'd their
head,

The silvery white the rich perfume is fled;
Or as the transient rainbow in the sky,
Whose varied tints attract each curious eye,
Which as we gaze to mark each dazzling ray,
Its beauteous form and colours melt away.

So Francis fell, gentle, and good, and kind,
Lovely in form and amiable in mind ;
Cut off in active youth, most happy hour,
As the bright rainbow, or the fairer flower.
Lamented deep by those who knew her worth,
What then their grief to whom she ow'd her
birth.



DAVID'S DEPENDANCE.

“ And art thou he ? ” said Saul, “ so young so fair,
Stripling, can'st thou to face this giant dare ?
When strongest veterans, of the noblest fame,
Tremble when they but hear Goliah's name ;
Tell me what rashness prompts thee to this deed,
What hopes sustains thee that thou shalt suc-
ceed,

'Gainst him whose pondrous body and his mind
As yet no equal on the earth can find ? ”

The youthful David meekly bow'd his head
And unto Israel's king these words he said,
Whilst soft timidity its crimson tide,
Spread over his cheeks as he to Saul reply'd ;
‘ Great king rever'd, an humble swain behold,
Who keeps on distant plains his father's fold,
Few are the flocks which form his little store,
But he's content and covets nothing more.
It chanc'd as I this little charge did keep,
Music's soft strains beguiling drowsy sleep,
A furious bear, by hunger wild and fierce,
With ravenous tusks a tender lamb did pierce ;
Heaven gave me strength I seized the angry bear
And from his murderous jaws the lamb did tear
The bear I vanquish'd, and upon the plain
I left the desperate invader slain ;
Again, a lion, bold and full of fire,
Leap'd 'midst my flock foaming with deadly ire,
Again by heaven strengthened was my hand,
I left the monster breathless on the land ;
My father's scatter'd flocks my care collects,
And into safer folds their steps directs.

Shall I then fear this heathen to subdue,
Whose threats the shrinking army thus pursue?
Shall he who gave me fortitude and might,
To slay a bear and lion in one night;
Forsake me in this great, this trying hour,
And now to conquer give me strength and power
Ah! no, my humble efforts will not fail,
Nor this vain boaster o'er our arms prevail.
For even as the furious beasts I slew,
So shall Goliath perish by me too;
My feeble arm shall prove Philistine's rod,
And all shall own the wond'rous works of God.



THE IDLE BOY REPROVED.

“ My lessons are hard and tedious to learn,”
Said Edward, “ they give me continual concern,
Tho’ the beautiful weather invites us to roam,
These nasty long tasks confine me at home.

I should very much like the whole of the day,
To have nothing to do but to go out to play,
My child said his mother, if now in your prime,
You waste in diversion the whole of your time.
The remembrance of juvenile years badly spent
Hereafter will make you sincerely repent;
But then your regret will be useless and vain
For time when once lost you can never regain,
Think how it will grieve you as older you grow,
To find you are ignorant of what others know;
If you wish to avoid all this grief and concern,
Take courage and try every lesson to learn,
And whatever study and trouble they cost,
Your labour will thus not be totally lost;
The advantage in life's future progress you'll
find,
Of having in youth cultivated your mind:
Then go on, my child, and each lesson pursue,
As it is for your good that I thus counsel you.

Young Edward convinc'd by his mother so kind,
From his tricks to his studies directed his mind,
And so well he manag'd from that very day,
That he minded his task he still found time to play.

THE INTREPID SAILOR BOY.

Perhaps it may give an additional interest to this little tale, when the Young Reader is assured, that the circumstance therein recorded is strictly true.

The morning's grey mist lower'd dull o'er the
ocean,

And dun clouds of vapour were rolling
around,

The sea birds scream'd out in wildest emotion,
And struck to the heart like a death warn-
ing sound.

Noon approach'd, and the ocean as inwardly
raving,

Increas'd the proud swell of each far roll-
ing wave,

Whilst the shrill yelling gulls the approaching
storm braving,

Inspir'd thoughts of horror, of death, and
the grave.

Noon is come, the wind rose with the wild
waves contending,

And black grew the sky like the darkness
of night,

The ocean and clouds appear'd as tho' blending
And hope seem'd to fly from so dreadful a
sight.

Noon is past, the storm rages, the billows like
thunder,

Unceasing dash full on the dark frowning
shore,

Whilst the mind, full of terror, of awe, and of
wonder,

The works of its Maker, with fear must adore.

And thro' the dread mist which o'erspreads
the creation,

Is mark'd the dread spot of the black sunken
rocks,

By the spray that plays over it in wild agitation,
And the sea birds that shriek and whirl round
it in flocks.

No vessel is seen on the low beach now laying,
Each fisherman draws his light skiff to the
shore,

But they linger whilst each to his comrade is
saying

How many have sunk here to rise never-
more.

But now 'midst the storm, air, and ocean pre-
vailing

An object attracts their attention and care,
'Tis a ship in the distance, she's heavily laden,
She'll be lost on these rocks, none can bid
her beware.

They agreed that in such a wild sea as was
raging,

To put off a boat were madness and death ;
That even the thought of such billows en-
gaging,

Was almost enough to deprive them of breath.

Unkind and unfeeling, the glory of saving
A crew from destruction for them was not
meant

For mute with surprize they now saw a boat
braving,

The fury and rage of the dread element.

Where one noble boy, with wild energy striv-
ing,

Row'd on with mix'd feelings of hope and
despair,

Lest his generous assistance, too late in arriv-
ing,

Should but shew by a wreck that they once
had been there.

The storm still encreases, unconscious of dan-
ger,

The vessel is bearing down full on the reef,
When astonish'd the crew see a boat and a
stranger,

Whom they fancy distress'd, and quick
offer relief.

But he soon undeceiv'd them, for foaming
and boiling,

He shew'd them white breakers now roar-
ing a head,

At the view of their danger each brave soul
recoiling,

Thought how soon each had laid in the
ocean's deep bed,

Had not this brave youth, with intrepid be-
haviour,

His life thus expos'd the fair vessel to save,
Thus come to their aid a protector to save
her,

How soon had they sunk in a watery grave.

As pilot now acting, so prompt and so steady,
Each tongue gave its praise and each arm
gave its aid,

To attend his directions each bold tar is ready,
Till safe in the harbour the vessel is laid.

Then praise and reward his exertions attended,
With gratitude true was each bosom inspir'd,
The captain and crew this boy ever befriended,
And gave him much riches tho' none he
desir'd.

THE SKEIN OF THREAD

On seeing it on the Table of a negligent Female.

On Celia's toilet, deck'd with trifles gay,
A skein of thread had long neglected lay,
Tumbl'd and soil'd o'er-look'd by Celia's glance
For kind protection standing little chance;
I took it up, when in a mournful lay,
Methought I heard it softly whisp'ring say;

Ah ! helpless skein, unheeded and abus'd,
With form disfigur'd and with threads unus'd,
By servant's dirty hands about I'm thrown,
Till my fine shape is to the eye unknown.
Was it for this I bloom'd in fields so fair,*
And spread my leaves luxuriant to the air ?
Was it for this cut down in beauteous pride,
Me and my kindred were in bundles tied ?
Immers'd in water till we near expire,
Then scorch'd in sun more fierce than raging fire
Next, beat with mallets till our tender skin
Dividing, shew the fibres that's within :
Then spun on wheels until the finest hair
With our slim texture cannot sure compare.
All this we suffer for a future fame,
Like dying martyrs who expire in flame ;
And all my kindred, happy in their lot,
Shall live for ages, unlike me forgot ;
For some of them the useful loom supplies,
And from their threads the finest cambrics
rise :

* The flax, and its preparations.

Some form the richest and most costly lace,
Which e'er did shade the charms of beauty's
face ;
Others have fallen to the house-wife's care,
And all but me industry's honors share :
Ah ! cruel Celia, think, e'er 'tis too late,
On all the horrors of my wretched state ;
That I alone of all my happy kind,
Should idle lie, which heaven ne'er design'd.
Oh ! had some dame of yore seen me disgrac'd
And all my threads thus tumbld thus misplac'd
Her patient fingers would each maze divide,
Restoring neatness would have been her pride,
Her skilful genius would have me employ'd,
And I the honors of my race enjoy'd.
A sad reverse, ah ! Celia is my doom,
My threads shall form no lace, supply no loom,
I serve a slattern—can a state be worse ?
A slattern ! to herself, to all a curse.
Look on her cloaths where pins supply my place,
Alike to her and me a dire disgrace,

Look on her stockings they're beneath her care,
She feels not for the wounds created there,
So she can coax them slyly to conceal,
Those wounds which time, alas ! can never heal,
I, being the only balsam to apply,
'To hide the fractures from the public eye ;
What will she do when all her money's spent,
Whilst on her gown still wider grows each rent
Whilst thus proceeding with a frisking bound,
A playful kitten toss'd it to the ground ;
With ruthless claws and many a circling maze,
With the entangled thread she jumps and plays
Celia beheld, without the least regret,
The antic frolics of her favorite pet ;
She view'd its gambols till those gambols tire,
Then threw the hapless skein into the fire.

THE WISE MAN,

Who rejected the Temptations of Fortune,

—
A FABLE.
—

Close by a wood, which grac'd a hill,
Whose foot was water'd by a rill,
Where the spread beech and reverend oak
Had never felt the axe's stroke,
The humbler hazel rears its head,
And, friendly, yields a rich repast
To break the squirrel's winter fast ;
Where lowly creeping o'er the ground,
The native strawberry is found ;
And many a root, and many a weed.
On which the sylvan tribe may feed.

A sage recluse, almost forgot,
Liv'd here in neat and simple cot,
His temper mild, his judgment strong,
His sense was sound, experience long ;

No wishes vain e'er fill'd his head,
 His joys were calm, by reason led :
 With learned books his shelf was stor'd,
 And simple plenty deck'd his board ;
 His meals were short, his hunger sauce,
 And but for health he took his glass.

It chanc'd one eve, 'twas somewhat late,
 He heard a trampling at his gate,
 And murmuring voices struck his ear,
 Which spoke a multitude was near,
 'Twas Fortune's self who led the van,
 Gave a loud rap, and thus began ;
 "Stay not, but ope' the door—'tis I,"
 "You? Who are you?" was the reply,
 "Open the door," again she said,
 "For my commands must be obey'd."
 The sage unmov'd, no notice took,
 But turn'd attentive to his book ;
 "How's this?" said she, "Not ope' the door
 To Fortune, when she proffers store?"

What not to Fortune lodging give,
Whom all with open arms receive ? ”
“ I, know you not ” return’d the sage ;
At this the dame began to rage,
“ Till now, ” she said, “ I never knew,
A man so obstinate as you ;
Full sure I’ve reason for complaint,
To be refus’d ! ’Twould vex a saint.”
“ It nought avails, ” the sage replied,
“ My mind is fix’d, you’re here deny’d ;
Besides my cot’s so very small,
I could not lodge you, train and all, ”
“ Well then, ” said she, in milder strain,
At least make room for half my train.”
With steady voice, once more said he,
“ You no admittance gain from me ;
Begone to those who anxious wait,
To see you enter at their gate,
Who court your entrance night and day,
And for dame Fortune, constant pray.
No guest so fickle I receive,
Whose promises I ne’er believe.

No visiter I entertain
Who tempts by riches weak and vain;
Content within this humble cot,
I happy live—shall die forgot;
No rank I covet, wealth or ease,
So go dame Fortune where you please.”

SLEEPY ANN, OR THE BROWN COW.

When the hawthorn sweet blossoms the meadows adorn,
And the lark and the linnet salute the spring morn,
When the violet so blue, and the primrose so gay,
Confess the soft influence of all cheering May.
Betty rose with the sun to milk the brown cow,
And close by her side was her little bow-wow,
For never was spaniel more faithful than he,
And a prettier dog you seldom would see;

His name was Carlo, full was he of fun,
And he bask'd and he caper'd, as by her he run,
Quite happy and playful and much at his ease,
And ready to follow where Betty should please.

Now Betty had promis'd to call pretty Ann,
To see the cow milk'd in her little tin can;
And this was the time she intended to go,
In a gown neat and clean, and an apron like
snow,

But Ann being lazy, was snug in her bed,
And forgot in the morn what at night she
had said;

Betty enter'd her room and she gave her a
shake,

"Come Anny, my love, it is time to awake.
The cow must be milk'd, so make no delay,
Or I cannot stay for you, come, Anny, I pray;

"Oh! Betty, I'm sleepy, but some other day,
If you will but call me, I'll surely away;

But, if you please, Betty, I'd rather sleep now,
Than in your bright can see you milk the
brown cow,

Oh, then, my dear Betty, some other time call,"
So she laid down her head, and asleep she did
fall.

Then Betty was vex'd at this idle young maid,
And believ'd not a word of the promise she made,
For when any person his promise don't mind,
No one to believe him is ever inclin'd.

Yet she went to her work with a heart free
from care,

Refresh'd and enliven'd by sweet morning air,
And she sang as she went, with notes clear and
shrill,

Which, when Moggy the cow, heard, she stood
very still,

For she knows Betty's voice, and her dog and
her pail,

And she look'd quite demure, tho' she lash'd
with her tail ;

And she heeded not Carlo, his gambols and
tricks,

Tho' he bark'd at heels quite regardless of kicks,
And fearless of horns when he bark'd at her
head,

And play'd all his tricks without danger or
dread;

For quiet and steady this good-humour'd cow
Knew that no harm was intended by bow-wow
And gentle she stood, what could she do more
Whilst she yielded to Betty her plentiful store
Of milk so delightful, so good, and so sweet,
Which makes such nice custards and puddings
to eat;

Then homeward she went as brisk as a bee,
For who was so gay, or so happy as she.

Whilst Ann, she was laugh't at till she was
asham'd,

And by her papa and mamma she was blam'd,
Who told her each promise she should strictly
keep,

Nor ever forget one, awake or asleep;

Ann blush'd for her folly, and often she said
No more she'd behave so, or lie in her bed
When her learning, her health, or her pleasure
should need
Her attention to walking, to work or to read ;
Her word she regarded, she prov'd a good
child,
She was gentle and modest, industrious and
mild,
And from that same morning, they say, until
now,
Never fail'd in her word since the milking the
cow.

THE VAIN BUTTERFLY.

A richly speckled butterfly,
One sunny day about did fly,
Displaying all his pride ;
What lady e'er more vain than he
Of gaudy dress or form could be,
Or sparkling gems beside.

As in the sun's refulgent light,
His vivid colours shone so bright,
 Reflecting in his ray ;
How pleas'd was he to be admir'd,
His feathers view'd, his form desir'd,
 As children round him play.

Attracted by the circling maze,
In which his airy tricks he plays,
 A little boy did stand,
And as the butterfly drew near,
(His vanity preventing fear)
 He struck him with his hand.

Alas ! it was a fatal blow,
It laid the beauteous insect low,
 And broke his wing of gold ;
Poor Tommy griev'd his death to see,
(For ne'er was kinder boy than he)
 When this he did behold.

Ah ! poor unhappy little thing,
Your splendid dress this fate did bring
 Your folly and your pride ;

To shew your wings so fine and gay,
Yourself to danger you betray,
And thus untimely died.

Let modesty then guide each youth,
Let him pursue the paths of truth,
And shun the rude or wild;
And humbly to his Maker pray,
To share his blessings, day by day,
And be a happy child ;

Let him remember in his prime,
How quick will pass his youthful time,
And every hour improve ;
And from this simple tale he'll find,
Dress never can improve the mind,
Or gain upon our love.

THE PRETTY USEFUL BEE.

Oh ! how amusing 'tis to see,
The labours of the busy bee ;
Observe, from flow'r to flow'r he goes,
First to the tulip, then the rose,
Then the honey-suckle next he tries,
Then to the daffodil he flies ;
The hyacinth, with azure bell,
And violet lying in the dell ;
Next on the lilly's pearly bed,
And hollijoeh of glossy red,
To each by turns does visits pay,
But none can cause his long delay.
The value of his time he knows,
And still from this to that he goes :
His business is collecting sweets,
And something good from all he meets ;
To best advantage spends each hour,
More than we think within his power,
He never time doth idly spend,
But turns it to some useful end ;

Precious to him the fleeting day,
He knows life passeth swift away,
Behold how cautiously he brings,
The honey on his laden wings,
And carefully the store is laid,
In time of need to yield him aid.
And when his daily work is o'er,
The little bee is seen no more,
Till morning does his task renew,
And he again his course pursue.

From this a useful lesson learn,
And your best interest here discern;
From him instruction good you'll find,
Keep the Bee therefore in your mind,
Like him, industrious pass your days,
Like him, deserving thanks and praise:
So shall your youth in joy be spent,
Manhood in honour and content,
And when these seasons each are past,
The joys of heaven shall come at last.

THE GOOD SON.

There was a poor widow, who liv'd in a cot,
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got,
Her windows were broken, her walls were all bare
And the cold winter wind often whistled in there

Industrious she had been in time long ago,
But sickness, and losses, and sorrowful woe,
Had reduc'd this poor woman, and now we
may say,

That she was unable to work or to play

And Susan was old, and too feeble to spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled her hands very thin,
And she must have starv'd as many have done,
If she had not been bless'd with a dutiful son.

How happy was she, even tho' thus distress'd,
With such a good dutiful son to be bless'd,
Who ever was ready her sorrows to cheer,
And to do all he could for a mother so dear.

For he lov'd her so well like a dutiful lad,
He thought her the very best friend that he had
And now to forsake her he very well knew,
Was the wickedest thing he could possibly do.

'Thus he made up his mind that his mother so
dear,

Whilst he liv'd should never have starving to
fear;

That early and late he would work at his trade
And that she should share every penny he made

For he was quite healthy, and active and stout,
Whilst his poor mother scarcely could hobble
about;

And he thought it his duty and greatest delight,
To work for her living from morning till night.

So he went every morning as gay as a lark,
And he work'd all day long, till the evening
was dark,

Then came home at night to his mother's
dear cot,

And joyfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh! how she lov'd him, how great was
her joy,
To find her dear James such a dutiful boy;
Her arms round his neck she would tenderly
cast,
And kiss his red cheeks, whilst the tears trickl'd
fast.

Pray, then, was not little Jem, happier far,
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are,
For as long as he liv'd 'twas his comfort and
joy,
To think he had been such a dutiful boy.

And the neighbours all lov'd him, and often
did say,
His good conduct would be well rewarded
some day
That for being so dutiful, loving and kind,
Good friends he would ever be able to find.

And so it turn'd out, for as he went one day,
The rent of the cottage so punctual to pay ;
The Lord of the Manor had heard of his fame,
And tho Jem 'was so humble, yet knew him
by name.

Then the landlord he said, "My very good lad,
To hear your fair character, makes me quite
glad ;

To your mother and you the cottage I'll give,
And make you both happy, as long as you live ;

And never henceforward the rent you shall pay,
And what you have brought me shall now take
away ;

The heart of your parent to make dance with
joy,

And likewise reward you her dutiful boy.

Oh ! then they were happy, as may be believ'd
No more did they want, for each want was
reliev'd,

Jemmy went on so well, a great farmer grew he,
And his poor mother liv'd his good fortune to see

THE GOOD GOVERNESS'S ADVICE,
TO HER PUPIL.

A governess once to her pupil did say,
Miss Emma, my love, you are too fond of play,
Your time, at your age, you should better
employ,
'Than in dressing your doll, or in breaking a toy
For when you're a woman, how 'sham'd you
will be,
When any accomplish'd lady you see ;
At your ignorance then, how you will be griev'd
For, neglecting your learning, yourself you
deceiv'd,
Then you'd give the world (yet the gift would
be vain,
The advantage of youth, you could never re-
gain)
That learning to have, which now you neglect,
And those lessons to read, you so often reject
Ah ! then will repentance your bosom assail,
But repentance, alas ! which can never avail.

But lend your attention to me and you'll find,
The best thing you can do is improving the mind
To acquire what is useful engage every hour,
And mind well your teachers, that is in your
power;

Their instructions will make you both good
and polite

For good manners should ever with knowledge
unite,

And if in your studies you wish to proceed,
You will first learn to work, to write and to read,
Next to dance, and speak languages fluent and
well,

Industry will cause you in each to excel;
You music's sweet science must also obtain,
And to execute well its most difficult strain;
For music and dancing each well you must
know,

If to concert or ball you are likely to go:
For what could be more silly than to see any
there,

Who were quite unable the pleasures to share?

How would you be vex'd to hear each one say,
As nothing you knew you had best keep away,
For music you knew not, to learn did ne'er try
And if ask'd to dance, you could not comply ;
Whilst some other young lady would fill up
your place,

And go thro' the movements with order and
grace,

How awkward you'd then be I need not explain,
The contrast I see doth already give pain ;
Comparison further shall now be declin'd,
As I trust my dear Emma my lessons will mind,
And still to the moral of all this attend,
As my dear little girl knows I am her true
friend

I have spoke of such things as will make you
admir'd,

But more my sweet Emma, from you is requir'd,
For your mind must be model'd to virtue and
truth,

And to know what is just from your earliest
youth ;

Ever scorn what's deceitful, or cruel, or mean,
 Let honor and worth in each action be seen,
 Let religion still guide you in life's thorny way,
 And truth dictate for ever each word that you

say,

Be just in your dealings, from all offence free,
 And then dearest Emma, most happy you'll be,
 You'll remember my precepts when I'm far

away,

And acknowledge your governess rightly did

say,

Who advis'd you most strictly that path e'er
 to tread,

To do good whilst you're living, be blest when
 you're dead;

For believe neither music, nor dancing will do,
 Where the heart is found bad, and the word
 prov'd untrue:

Then conduct yourself so, my sweet little dear,
 That from every bad quality you may keep clear
 And then each perfection which you may attain
 Good friends and esteem for you ever will gain

The delight you will prove of your parents so
kind,
And the blessings of life you ever will find.

THE GARLAND.

I'll make you a garland, my sweet little dear,
Of lilies, and roses so rare
We'll gather them now whilst the weather is
clear,
And these daisies I place in your hair.

Come hither and help me to gather them all,
For sure a great number 'twill take,
For some are full blown, whilst others are small,
A beautiful garland to make.

This elegant rose, which thus hangs down its
head,

What can with its beauty compare?
How profuse are its leaves, how charming the red
Its perfume how it spreads thro' the air

The stately carnation too, tow'ring with pride
Admiration is sure to obtain
And the humbler pink, growing near to its side,
Its own portion likewise will gain.

Behold the convolvi's soft shining blue,
It rivals the bright summer skies ;
Its colour perhaps may be liken'd to you,
When compar'd to the blue of your eyes.

The rose, as the queen of all flowers, I prize,
Do you think, my Maria, with me?
Tho' if you don't see it with my partial eyes,
I am sure we shall not disagree.

The pale silver jessamine, next let us take,
As delicate as it is sweet ;
A wreath of all these such a garland will make,
That to see it will be quite a treat.

The lily, the pink, and the jessamine unite,
Their colours and odour to blend ;
And flowers more lovely, or tinted more bright,
The goddess of spring could not send.

But mark, my Maria, and mind what I say,
'Tis an emblem of life I pursue ;
As we look on these beauties, they fade fast
away,
And the moral they give is most true.

On the rose's fair lustre, ah ! can we depend,
Can the lily survive its short hour ;
The carnation's soft leaves shall quickly descend
To prevent it, what man has the power
Yet the blessings which Providence throws in
your way,
With thankfulness meet, and with joy ;
Whilst life you possess, be in innocence gay
Nor depress'd when misfortunes annoy.

For God has decreed our existence to be
A mixture of pleasure and pain,
So live in this world, that when call'd away
A heavenly kingdom you gain.

THE STORY,

Of the Wretched Little Beggar Boy and the Lady.

Stop! lady, stop, my wretched tale attend,
And to my wants, your kind assistance lend,
So may kind fortune e'er propitious be,
And smile on you, tho' sore she frowns on me.

An hapless child of misery am I,
And at a rich man's door expos'd did lie,
In earliest infancy, by parent left,
Of every tender care at once bereft,
For no kind pity warm'd this great man's breast
He no compassion for my fate express'd;
But tearing hastily, with scorn and pride,
A paper which about my waist was tied,
To a churchwarden had me hence convey'd,
And no attention to my cries he paid.

The harsh church-warden, (never one was
worse)

Consign'd me to a cruel parish nurse.

No tender mother dried my infant tears,
No father's fost'ring hand my childhood rears,
But meagre want and negligence combin'd
To a spare growth, my puny limbs confin'd ;
The rose of health upon my cheek ne'er bloom'd
To early misery and sadness doom'd,
No wavy ringlets wanton'd in my hair,
For barbarous scissors crop'd each ringlet there,
And soon almost as I could lisp a sound,
To a rough chimney-sweeper, I was bound.
In ceaseless agony my hours are spent,
Stranger to hope, to comfort, or content,
A wretched sustenance I seek to gain,
Tho every moment is an age of pain.

Lady, I see soft pity in your eye,
And from your bosom bursts the tender sigh,
Is it a tear I see upon your cheek ?
And does it kind compassion for me speak ?
Ah ! sure that heart must good and gen'rous be
Which feels compassion for a wretch like me.

Oh ! answer quick the anxious hearer said,
Doth on your arm appear a mark of red ?

Ah, if it does, expose it to my view,
Perchance I find a long lost son in you.

The arm is bar'd, the mark appears in sight,
The eager parent views it with delight,
Then springing forward with a frantic joy
Her outstretch'd arms embrace the sweeper boy
Which he return'd unconscious, and amaz'd,
Whilst his expressive eyes upon her gaz'd.

Ah, child, she said, abandon'd and forlorn,
Oft have I ru'd the hour when you were born ;
By gypsies stolen, on one fatal day,
When in your cradle you asleep did lay,
Whom idle servants brought within my door,
They took my child —and left me to deplore ;
How oft for you have flow'd my bitter tears,
For you, what horrors suffer'd, and what fears !
But, heaven in pity hath restor'd my son,
And now whate'er befalls, its will be done ;
Kind providence, in mercy, sent me here,
Your piteous accents, caught my ready ear,

Your tale of sorrow answer'd to my own,
And whisp'ring nature cry'd, Behold your son,
All hope had vanish'd, but this happy day
Restores my child, and drives despair away.
Come then, till now neglected and despis'd,
By sorrow humbled, and by want disguis'd ;
Come then, to share the blessings of my state,
Where bounteous fortune pays the debt of fate.

THE LITTLE COWARD.

“Oh ! help me, help me ! sister, brother,
Oh ! help me, Henry, —father, mother ;
Here's a cow coming, dear, oh ! dear !
Oh, help me ! or I die of fear.”

Thus cried young Edward, loudly screaming,
Whilst down his cheeks the tears were stream-
ing ;
Such tears as silly children shed,
When by caprice, or fancy led.

“Now fie for shame, my little man,”
His mother said, as in he ran,
Panting with terror, “Silly child,”
She said, but yet in accents mild.

“Thus from a pretty cow to fly,
And with such cowardice to cry,
Entreating from the cow to save,
I thought my Edward, far more brave.

“For Moggy’s gentle, mild and good,
And gives you milk for daily food;
She never any did annoy,
Or hurt man, woman, girl or boy.

“But sit down here, and I will tell,
A circumstance, which once befell
A little boy, and it is true,
And may the story prove to you

“A useful lesson ne’er to let
A silly fear the master get;
For even when a danger’s near
Presence of mind should conquer fear.”

STORY OF THE
PEASANT BOY AND THE WOLVES.

Some years ago, in Germany,
There liv'd a peasant boy ;
Poor, but industrious was he,
His happy parents' joy."

'Twas on a bitter winter's day,
When the rough wind blew bleak,
That little Albert trudg'd away,
A neighbouring town to seek.

Gaily he went to purchase food,
Across the dreary plain,
'Twas five long miles, and then a wood
E'er the town he could gain.

Safely he reach'd it and with meat,
His basket soon did fill ;
Then home again he turn'd his feet,
E'er twilight gloom'd the hill.

He pass'd the wood and reach'd the plain,
Whilst day yet ling'ring shone,
But evening shades press'd on amain,
Then heard he wild beasts moan.

Still faster on he trudg'd, yet still,
He heard their horrid growl;
And e'er long, from the nearest hill,
A troop of wolves did howl.

On, on they rush'd, a famish'd pack,
He threw them meat, and fled;
But soon again, close at his back,
He heard their dreadful tread.

All the provision he had bought,
He flung to them at last,
He saw a little hut, he thought,
And to it gallop'd fast.

He enter'd, 'twas a ruin'd place,
E'er he could close the door,
A wolf rush'd in, with rapid pace,
And wild, and angry roar.

Nimbly he sprang, and reach'd a beam,
Across the roof that hung ;
And swinging up, he gain'd the top,
Whilst bells around him rung.

The pallid moon sent forth a gleam,
And to his terror more,
A numerous band of wolves did seem,
To enter at the door.

That all were in, he soon had proof,
A rafter then he tore ;
And clamb'ring o'er the ruin'd roof,
Upon them clos'd the door.

With rage and hunger up they sprang
To seize the hapless child ;
Whilst all the neighbouring echoes rang,
With hideous yellings wild.

But he was safe above their reach,
And there he sat their watch,
He knew a price was set on each
Grim monster he could catch.

All night he watch'd, at break of day
 He saw his father's form,
 Who rush'd along in wild dismay,
 To seek him, 'midst the storm.

He call'd him loudly from the hut,
 "Give me your gun, I pray ;
 But come not in, the door is shut
 On wild and savage prey

"A furious pack of wolves are here,
 But give to me your gun ;
 'Twill be the best day of the year,
 When all my work is done."

Trembling with dread, the father gave,
 The gun to his brave boy,
 The wolves he kill'd, his life to save,
 Then shouted loud with joy ;

And quick descending with a bound,
 He said, "Come ope' the door,
 'Twill be a happy sight to see,
 Those grim ones strew the floor."

Then off their savage heads they cut,
And to the governor,
From out the old and ruin'd hut,
Their prize they gladly bore.

The governor he heard with joy,
The tale they had to tell,
And this courageous, clever boy,
Rewarded much and well.

Soon the adventure spread around
To all the neighbouring towns,
And every tongue his praise did sound,
With joy his heart rebounds.

And all were anxious to reward,
His courage and his strength,
Plenty upon his home was pour'd,
And he grew rich at length.

Reflect on this, dear Edward, pray,
Try courage to obtain ;
And never let me hear you say,
You are afraid, again,

Oh ! never let a harmless cow,
Excite such dire dismay,
My tale is done, my child, and now,
Run out again and play.

THE DECEITFUL BOY

How shocking, is deceit, and lies,
And truly may we say,
Dreadful the tongue, whose falsehood tries
To injure and betray.

Two lads there were, my story shows,
Whose parents neighbours were,
And these two lads, in friendship chose
Each other's lot to share.

For whether work or play should be
The pastime of the day,
Together would their parents see,
The boys at work, or play.

And just like brothers, were the two,
In what each said or did ;
Yet one was false, and one was true,
Tho' the deceit lay hid.

The artful boy, whose name was Joe,
Whose heart I'm sure was bad,
Tho' he seem'd fair, was yet a foe
To the unthinking lad.

For tho' so kind to John, when nigh,
And ready to protect ;
Yet he to injure him did try,
Which John did ne'er suspect.

Joe, little petty things would tell,
To lessen and defame ;
Would say, " John could not write or spell,
Nay, scarcely his own name."

He said, " John cheated him one day
When marbles was the game ;
He knew he did not fairly play,
And he could prove the same.

‘ But pray don’t mention what I tell,”
 (Joe said, to each he told)
“ For I am sure, I wish him well,
 Tho’ I his faults unfold.”

Meanwhile he kept with John e’en more,
 Than he had ever done ;
And just as eager as before,
 To play, to walk, or run.

And here, and there, with John he stray’d,
 Who thought him most sincere,
Little suspecting what he said,
 For John lov’d Joe most dear.

At length a boy, who knew them both,
 Despising Joe’s deceit ;
Altho’ to meddle he was loath,
 Resolv’d him to defeat.

And when they next all met at play,
 This honest little lad,
Calling on Joe, he said, “ This day,
 I’ll prove that you are bad.

“For you have slander’d John to me,
And every boy you know,
And every one can plainly see,
To him you are a foe;

“And if to him you seem to love,
To every one I’m sure,
An enemy you’ll ever prove,
Such ways I can’t endure:

“And it is proper all that’s here,
Your company should shun
And speak no more to you for fear,
Of your deceitful tongue.”

Then all despis’d this naughty Joe,
Disgrace and shame he bore;
And very long it was, (I know)
E’er he was play’d with more.

Convinc’d by this how very bad
His former course had been;
How shocking in so young a lad,
Thus to give way to sin.

He grew resolv'd to mend his way,
And good henceforth to be;
And ever from that hour, they say,
With all he did agree.

And never more did Joey dare
To speak a word untrue;
Mind this, my love, and pray take care,
And ever do so too.

THE INDUSTRIOUS BEE.

Come here, my children, come and see
This pretty little humble bee,
See how from flower to flower she flies,
And sweets of each fair blossom tries.

This bee which doth so simple seem,
Deserves from all the best esteem,
For it provides a store of sweet,
Which you, I'm sure, all think a treat.

The honey which this pot contains,
Is all the produce of their pains,
What man could e'er the loss supply?
If all the bees at once should die.

Behold the comb the bee doth make,
From which the honey first we take,
This work of insects, wond'rous rare,
With man's best work it may compare.

Can we observe without surprize,
The cells wherein the honey lies?
Or see the order, strict and true,
With which each bee his work must do?

Their industry is great indeed,
And industry must still succeed,
By that is to perfection brought,
The work, which nature bees has taught.

Therefore, may you, my children dear,
Pursue the course so plain and clear,
For sure it would be grief to see,
Children less wise than is the bee.

Less careful to improve their time,
When health and youth are in their prime,
Than is the insect which doth bring,
Honey from every flower in spring.

The bee must ever emblem prove,
Of diligent domestic love,
For 'tis to feed her young she tries,
And thro' the fragrant garden flies.

And when returning home she brings
The honey on her laden wings,
A fair deposit first she makes,
Before her young the feast partakes.

This is preserv'd with strictest care,
To serve the hive for winter fare,
Prudent and cautious, evermore,
To keep untouch'd the precious store.

For well they know that winter's wind,
Alike to flower and herb unkind,
Would soon deprive them of the power,
To gather food from opening flower.

Therefore most wisely they decree,
A kind of tax upon each bee,
And by such foresight would contrive,
Did man permit, to keep alive;
Till winter storms were pass'd away,
And the sun shin'd with splendid ray,
And then the pretty humble bee,
Again should rose and lily see.

THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

"I'll have my best frock on, I'll lay,"
Said Mary to her nurse one day,
"You know I'm going out to dine,
And so I must be very fine.
"I am to meet Miss Austin there,
She always has smart things to wear,
Come make haste, nurse, 'tis time to go,
But nurse unwilling, answer'd "No."

"Pray, Miss, consider, as you should,
Your best dress is by far too good,
Another will suit best to day,
To romp about, to run and play."

"But, nurse, I will I tell you wear it,
Or else for spite I'm sure I'll tear it,
You naughty nurse, you always tease me,
And never try a bit to please me."

The nurse, she answer'd, "Dear, dear, heart,
You need not be so very smart,
Tis pity little girls should be
So fond of dress and finery."

But little angry Mary, said,
(Her cheeks with passion growing red)
"Come put it on, I'll tell mamma,
You naughty nurse, how cross you are."

With manners rude, and loud she talks,
When in the room her mother walks,
The nurse refers to her the matter,
Which caus'd such an unusual chatter.

With mild reproof she told her child,
To curb her angry passions wild,
Then adds, "Pray wear the frock, but mind
If the least hole or rent, I find;

'Wear it, my love but still beware,
If torn or injur'd any where,
You go not to the ball with me,
So take your choice, I leave you free."

Then Mary hesitates to think,
How would the one look trimm'd with pink
'Tis pretty, but not half so gay,
And then she wore it, yesterday.

Miss Austin too, that frock had seen,
And the strip'd leno, trimm'd with green,
Besides, this has such lovely lace;
Thus sense to vanity gives place.

The dress is on, the little maid
Is all delight, but half afraid,
Lest aught should hurt the costly frock,
Yet looks with rapture at the clock.

'Tis time to go, and off she flies,
Delighted at the mark'd surprize
With which each village maiden stares
At all her graces, whims, and airs.

Desert and dinner now is o'er,
And indoor sports amuse no more ;
Upon the lawn the children rove,
Or go a nutting in the grove.

And then to play at hide and seek,
Thro' many a gate and fence they break,
They dance and gambol, laugh and run,
And all is mirth, and joy, and fun.

And Mary joins the laugh as loud
As any in the giddy crowd,
Forgetting that romps like those
Would never suit with fine new cloths.

See her now seated on a gate,
In childish play and joy elate,
Eager she jumps, when lo ! the frock
Is caught upon the iron lock.

She heard it tear, she saw the rent,
Sobbing and weeping on she went,
And looking on it, thro' her tears,
Thought of the ball, and nurse's jeers.

She saw the rich and costly lace,
Hanging in rags about the place,
And to increase her sad dismay,
In her alarm she lost her way.

What can she do, she calls in vain,
And now descends a shower of rain,
In sad distress she gazes round
Her shoes stick in the soften'd ground.

And thus are frock, and shoes, and lace,
The witnesses of her disgrace;
And thus, in melancholy mood,
Poor Mary griev'd, and weeping stood.

At length alarm'd at her long stay,
Her young companions leave their play,
Find her wet thro' and pale with fright,
Her dress and shoes in woeful plight,

JUVENILE ALBUM.

Whilst they, with cloths of coarser stuff.
Could bear their romps tho' e'er so rough.
Home she must go, for all to see
The sad effects of vanity.

Thus for the sake of dressing gay,
She lost an evening's happy play,
She lost the pleasure of the ball,
Expos'd her foolish pride to all.

To wear a frock thus trimm'd with lace
She with her mother got disgrace,
Rude she behav'd to her good nurse,
No naughty girl could e'er be worse.

But she was punish'd, as you find;
So bear it ever in your mind,
That foolish vanity in dress,
Is ever punish'd, more or less.

THE CONTENTED MAN,

THE GREATEST BLESSING.

Happy hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crowds and noise,
And happy is the humble dwelling,
Fill'd with self possessing joys.

Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleased,
Who listens to the voice of nature,
With no fancied ills diseas'd.

And with his daily bread contented,
Thankful to his God can be,
Tho' oftentimes he hath lamented
For others still worse off than he.

Then his open hand was ready,
What he could to give away,
And with tender feeling steady,
For others as himself to pray.

Every passion wisely ruling,
True as reason holds the scale ;
And each hour of time improving,
That no anxious care prevail.

How bless'd the man who thus proceeding,
Finds pleasure wheresoe'er he goes,
State and grandeur he's not heeding,
All he seeks is calm repose.

Domestic peace he still possesses,
To share with some companion dear ;
For joy imparted, then encreases,
And grief when told will disappear.

Therefore beware of all repining,
And envy not another's state,
But, to content your heart resigning,
Be happy in your present fate.



THE GYPSIES;

Or, the Story of Two Little Girls and their dog Leo.

Come hither, my love, and a story I'll tell,
Of two little girls which will please you right
well,

And by their example you plainly will see,
That if you are good you most happy will be.

One sister was good, she went early to school,
The other was naughty, and heeded no rule ;
Whilst the first little girl she was learning apace
She could spell out of book, could say collects
and grace,

Could work on her sampler, which she learnt
with ease,

And always endeavour'd her parents to please,
Attentive and quiet and modest in look,
She did every duty, and minded her book ;
And every one lov'd her because she was good,
And always behav'd as a young lady should.

But her sister, poor thing, she scarce knew a letter,

And all were afraid she would never grow better;
For she hated to learn, was rude or would cry,
And when there was company sulky and shy,
Her mamma was quite sorry to see this bad way,
And that Jane car'd for nothing her teachers
could say,

And often assured her, if she did not mind
And better behave that no friend she would find,
But Jane still was obstinate every day,
And all that she thought of was romping and
play.

It happen'd however, one sunshiny day,
Some gypsies came by, and they stole her away,
For she loiter'd along when to her school sent,
And all her companions away from her went;
And thus left alone intent on her play,
These gypsies came forward and took her away.

Ah Jane ! hapless child, how great was thy woe,
From your home and your parents compell'd
thus to go ;

How frighten'd was she and how loud she
did cry,

But in vain, no one heard tho' much she did try,
The gypsies triumphantly bore her along,
And her tears and her cries were both lost in
their song.

Oh ! then she repented most deep and most sore,
And said she would never be naughty once more
If that her papa, and mamma she might see,
For they would be glad, but much more happy
she ;

Oh ! if ever that time comes and I get away,
I'll never be idle, I never will play ;
My learning I'll mind, just like my dear sister,
Who she knew would be griev'd the moment
she miss'd her.

Two days had elaps'd since thus poor Jane was
lost,

Who in vain had been sought for with trouble
and cost,

Whilst her father was ranging about far and
wide,

With his faithful dog Leo just close by his side
In hopes that his dear little girl he should find
And ease the despair of her fond mother's mind

Now it chanc'd that as near to a thicket they
drew,

Leo paus'd for a moment, then quickly he flew,
His master observ'd him in utmost surprize,
And mark'd his proceeding with most watchful
eyes.

Leo leap'd o'er a gate and most joyful did bound
Where some gypsies were sitting so gay on the
ground ;

And selected out Jane who absorb'd in her
grief,

She observ'd not the friend who had brought
her relief,

For her father soon follow'd where Leo had led,
And the gypsies who saw him all scamper'd
and fled ;

Then he took little Jane in his arms to his
breast,
And with tenderest kisses his child he carest,
And brought once more to mamma and her
friends,
Where she grew good and happy—so my
story ends.

FINIS.

