

LIZZY'S  
POEMS & PICTURES  
FOR HER  
YOUNG FRIENDS.







1155  
Mabel Tanshew  
July 1862  
1857







Let's finish

235





*The Child and the Butterfly.*



LIZZY'S  
POEMS AND PICTURES

FOR HER

YOUNG FRIENDS.

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LINNY'S

POEMS AND PICTURES

YOUNG FARMERS

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## PREFACE.

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THE following Poems are written by a little girl of eleven years of age, and the accompanying Illustrations are from designs of her own unaided composition.

Lizzy's friends have published her Poems and Pictures simply to gratify her own little circle of acquaintance ; for it can scarcely be expected that efforts so immature are capable of attracting a general interest ; but they cannot help believing that Parents and Teachers will look with kindly attention on this little book, and that there are many children of Lizzy's age who will feel pleasure in reading and seeing what has been accomplished by one like themselves.



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## LIZZY'S POEMS.

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### THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

---

I WILL tell you a tale, my kind little friend,  
If you'll be so good as your ear just to lend :  
There once was a squirrel that lived without rent,  
And yet I must tell you he was not content.

For he'd heard of the birds, somehow or other,  
That went to warm countries one after another ;  
Then says he to himself, I'm sure I could go,  
And I certainly will before the winds blow.

So he took him some food and a journeying went,  
Nor did he once stop till the day was far spent ;  
Then came to a mountain and climb'd with great glee,  
But he found it so steep he wish'd for his tree.

Whilst thus meditating a wind storm arose,  
And he hardly knew where he could seek for repose :  
A small hole in the rock on searching he found,  
But the wind was so high he could not sleep sound.



When he woke in the morning a kite saw him there,  
 And took him away high up in the air :  
 Just then, a great eagle who saw her take flight,  
 Pounced straight down upon her ; then followed a fight.

The kite was soon beaten, she let down her prey,  
 And so master squirrel alights on his tree :  
 My tale is now ended, perhaps it may prove,  
 How true is the worth of contentment and love.

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## THE CHILD TO THE BUTTERFLY.

---

PRETTY little butterfly,  
 To my cot you're ever nigh :  
     You oft are caught  
     In childish sport,  
                     Pretty butterfly !

By some pretty warbling brook,  
 There's the place for thee I look ;  
 Or when rambling, there I stand  
 With my nosegay in my hand,  
                     Watching thee, butterfly !



And on a pleasant summer day,  
 I see thee on the sunny ray,  
 Like a star up in the sky;  
 Pretty little butterfly,  
 For thee I hie!

Ofttimes in some flowery corner,  
 I have seen thee, fair purloiner;  
 I love to watch thee there,  
 With thy pretty colours rare,  
 Fair butterfly!

Or when in my garden fair,  
 I see thee dancing in the air;  
 Pretty little butterfly,  
 Now I must bid you good bye,  
 Farewell, butterfly!

---

## THE ROSE TREE.

---

THERE once was in a garden fair,  
 A rose that long had flourished there;  
 Beneath its shade an angel lay,  
 And thus he to the rose did say:  
 "I thank thee for thy shade, fair tree,  
 Whate'er thou ask'st I'll give it thee."



The rose replied, "That in thy sight  
 I may do everything that's right."  
 The angel smiled and softly threw  
 A veil of moss, then said "Adieu!  
 Thy modesty hath pleased me,  
 Adieu, again, I say, fair tree!"

---

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## GOD TAUGHT THEM ALL.

---

Who taught the bird  
 To build its nest?  
 'Twas God, who all  
 Creation blest.

Who taught the bee  
 Abroad to roam;  
 To gather sweets,  
 And bring them home?

Who taught the ant  
 The fields to haunt;  
 To gather store  
 That it may not want?

Who taught the squirrel  
 To find its food?  
 The bird to rear  
 Its little brood?

Who taught the lion  
 With lambs to rest?  
 'Twas God, who all  
 Creation blest.

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### SPRING.

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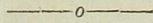
HERE comes a maiden fair,  
 Her dress is all light green;  
 With flow'rets in her hair,  
 This maiden's name is Spring.

The snow doth disappear  
 Where'er her foot doth touch,  
 And flowers then re-appear  
 For which we long so much.

Fair Spring is on her route,  
 And flowers are here and there;  
 See, as we run about,  
 Fair Spring is everywhere.



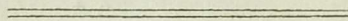
## SUMMER.



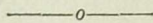
HERE comes another maiden ;  
Oh ! who is this fair comer ?  
With flowers and fruit she's laden,  
This maiden's name is Summer.

She seeks the little brooks,  
To cool her parched lips ;  
For cooling fruit she looks,  
And for the haws and hips.

When Summer's here we roam,  
For she indeed is fair ;  
Then who would stay at home  
When nature most is dear ?



## AUTUMN.



HERE comes an old man so hoary,  
Oh ! who can this old man be ?  
'Tis Autumn, in all his glory ;  
I tell you it must be he.





Autumn.





Hark ! I hear the thrushes sing ;  
 Yonder are some maidens reaping ;  
 With merry songs the fields do ring,  
 And children now for joy are leaping.

Oh ! merry old Autumn so blithe,  
 When you're here, how happy are we ;  
 But when the men lay by the scythe,  
 Then we know you are gone and we grieve.

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### WINTER.

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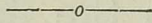
HERE comes another old man,  
 An old man, and who is he ?  
 'Tis Winter ; sure any one can  
 Tell who this old man may be.

His breath is so piercing cold,  
 Sharp icicles hang on his hair :  
 He may not his garments unfold,  
 For the bleak, cold, snowstorm is near.

Though Winter is cold it is pleasant,  
 We then can some snow-balls make ;  
 We know then old Christmas is present,  
 We skim o'er the ice-bound lake.



## NATURE'S PLEASURES.



'Tis in the fields I love to roam,  
Come listen, if you please;  
And 'tis on nature that I choose,  
To make my little piece.

I love to walk where children play,  
And birds abroad do sing;  
And where we hear the echoing wood,  
With merry laughter ring.

I love to walk the wheat fields through;  
The corn doth seem to say,  
“ Good morn, ye lasses and ye lads,  
How do ye do to-day ?”

And where the pretty butterflies  
Their glancing beauties show;  
It always makes me glad to think  
All things with beauty glow.

And where the little running brook  
Doth warble out its song,  
It's music much I love to hear,  
So silvery stream along.





*Nature's Treasures.*





And where the many colour'd flowers  
 Do grow on hill or dale,  
 And bend so gracefully their heads  
 To breeze or gentle gale.

And 'tis where gentle zephyrs sweet  
 Do fan the waving trees,  
 I love the summer eve to greet :  
 Pray do not you love these ?

---

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### THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

---

A WIDOW once lived by the shore,  
 And often was in pain to hear  
 The cries of seamen that were lost,  
 And oft for them she dropt a tear.

One night a thought occur'd to her,  
 That as her house the sea-shore faced,  
 She might perhaps her lamp place there,  
 And there it always thence was placed.

And as her lamp was always seen,  
 Many poor sailors did it save ;  
 And many bless'd the widow's lamp,  
 Which saved them from a watery grave.



## THE CHILD AND THE LARK.

—o—

CHILD.

RISING with the early dawn,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
Then your voice starts up the fawn,  
Through the clouds away you pass.  
When the sun with golden ray,  
Brightens all the eastern sky,  
Then you rise, day after day;  
Let me ask you, sky-lark, why?

LARK.

Child, it is because I love  
Thus to fly up every morn;  
Purer air I breathe above,  
When I go to greet the sun.  
Thus to greet it all alone,  
You would ask me why I fly,  
Child, 'tis nature this has done.  
Now you know the reason why.



CHILD.

Yes, I know why you do go  
 Thus to greet the sun on high;  
 'Tis to pay your tribute to  
 Him who "reigns above the sky."  
 Yes, sweet bird, I know indeed,  
 And a lesson me you've taught,  
 On heavenly joys alone I'll feed,  
 Now I've gain'd what I had sought.

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### THE HUMMING BIRD.

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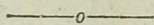
PRETTY little humming bird,  
 Darting to and fro;  
 Happy in your verdant dales,  
 'Mongst the flowers you go.

Happy in your little nest  
 With your little brood,  
 Flying still from flower to flower,  
 You fetch their honey food.

You drink the dew that falls around,  
 From cups of gold or blue;  
 And few there are, sweet humming bird,  
 That would not envy you.



## THE RAMBLE.



THE sun's shining bright,  
The morning is gay ;  
Come, put on your hats,  
And with me skip away.

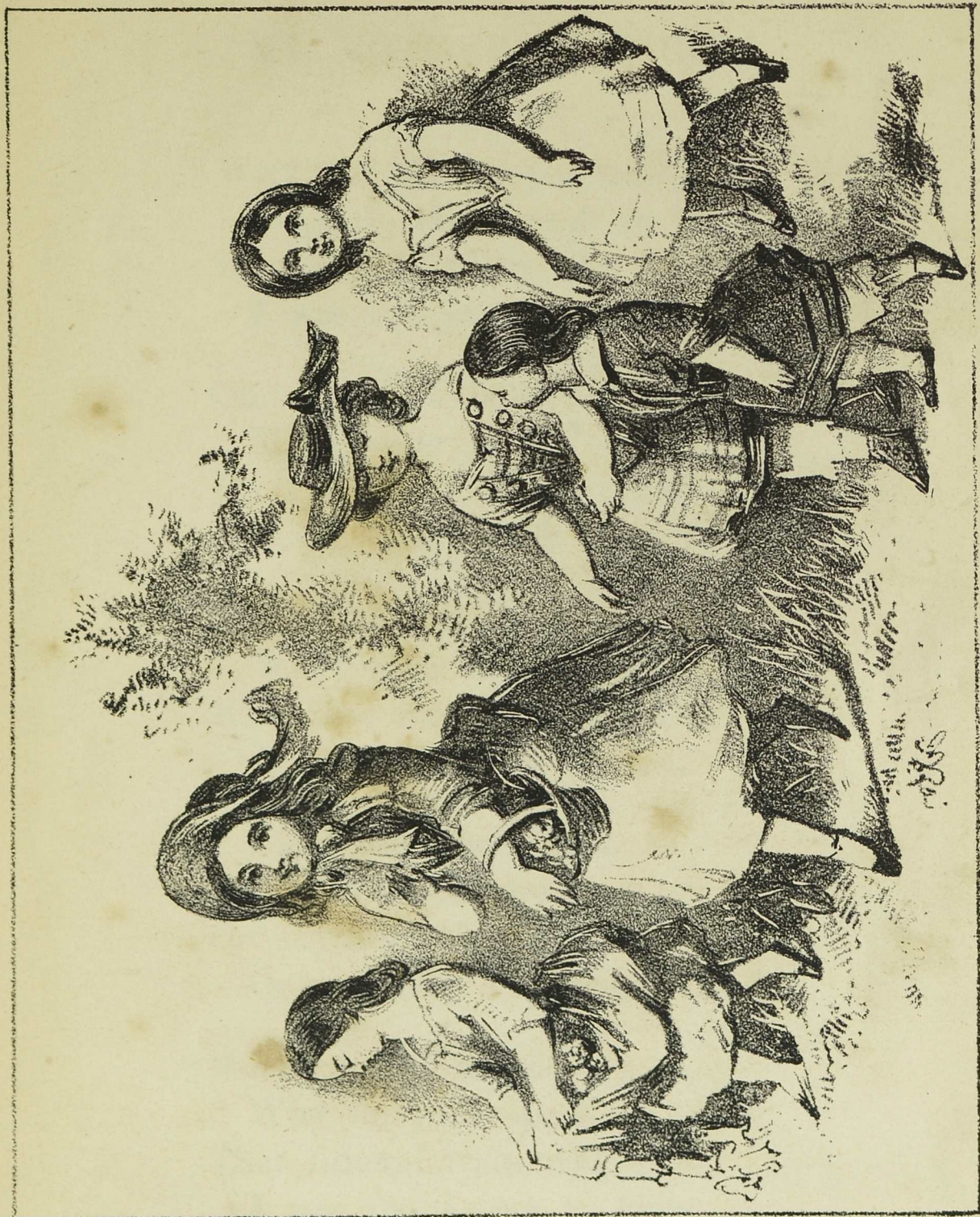
We'll gather blue bells  
And go down to the heath ;  
We'll get roses and daisies  
To make us a wreath.

Look over the hedge,  
'Tis a beautiful day ;  
There's hardly a cloud  
To be seen in the sky.

But hark ! I hear thunder ;  
Oh dear, look behind,  
Oh, now in a storm,  
Ourselves we shall find.

And look at the raindrops  
In the sun how they play ;  
Oh, let's hasten back  
And be home while we may. 5





The Ramble







## MY MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

---

WHY are the people sad?  
Why do they speak so low?  
That funeral train why here?  
I was too young to know.

Oh! now we have no mother,  
My brother he did cry;  
He knew full well our loss,  
Being older much than I.

My father then with others  
Went with the funeral,  
But what was meant by this  
I then could hardly tell.

I could not understand  
Whatever all could mean;  
Or anything they'd said,  
Or anything I'd seen.

Why are the people sad?  
Why do they speak so low?  
That funeral train why here?  
I was too young to know.



## THE DYING FAWN.

—o—

“ OH ! cruel huntsmen of the deer,  
How little do you think or care,  
'Midst what luxuries I've been bred,  
Now this rock's my dying bed.  
I was reared on yonder green,  
Where the lovely flowers are seen ;  
Where I drank the water clear,  
From the little brooklet near.  
Where I ate the foliage green,  
That o'er the spotted landscape's seen ;  
With the green turf for my bed,  
Spotted with the poppies red ;  
And the golden kingcups rare,  
With the lovely bluebells fair ;  
And daisies with their golden eyes,  
Like those others in the skies,  
That form a curtain for my bed,  
With the moonshine o'er my head.  
Oh ! cruel huntsmen, you heed not  
The pain caused by your fatal shot,  
And e'en some water I'm denied.”  
Thus the poor fawn spoke, and died.



## THE BROOK, THE RIVER, AND THE SEA.

—o—  
SOFTLY murm'ring sweetest music,  
Mirror for the moon and sun ;  
Thou goest winking through the meadow,  
Running—rippling—on—on—on.

Sometimes gliding down a fall,  
Looking like a silver wall ;  
At others thou dost smoothly run,  
Away—away—and—on—on—on.

A mirror for the mountain maid,  
Thou dost sing to every one ;  
Companion for the little flower,  
Brooklet, thou goest—on—on—on,

And when the moon is shining bright,  
Then thou lookest silver white ;  
Companion of the moon and sun,  
Dashing thou goest—on—on—on.

Still thou'rt murmuring 'mongst the flow'rets,  
Laughing as with merry fun ;  
Now thou seest a mighty river,  
Down thou glidest—on—on—on.



“Come, and I’ll receive you now,  
Mix your silver with my blue.”  
And the blue waves laughing run,  
Dashing—splashing—on—on—on,

Thou art larger than the brooklet,  
Little craft thou bear’st along;  
And within thee play the fishes,  
River, thou goest—on—on—on.

Thou a mighty ocean seest,  
And towards it ever fleest;  
Therefore, with thy boatsman in,  
Thou dashest—on—on—on.

“Come, and I’ll receive thee here,  
Come, with all thy fishes, come,”  
Say the green waves roaring loud,  
As they’re rolling—on—on—on.

Oh, mighty ocean! scarcely bound  
Thy green waves are seen around;  
With the ships thou bear’st along,  
On thou’rt sweeping—on—on—on.









*The Mermaid and Child.*



## THE MERMAID AND THE CHILD.

—o—  
THERE once was playing by the tide,  
A mariner's only child;  
He truly was his father's pride,  
A son of the ocean wild.

As he stood there upon the beach,  
A lovely maid he spied;  
But he was not within her reach,  
And unto him she cried:

“Thou art indeed a lovely boy,  
And wilt thou not come here?  
I'll bring unto thee many a toy.”  
So the timid child drew near.

“Thy cheeks they are so rosy red,  
Thine eyes so bright and fair;  
And wilt thou not come here,” she said,  
“In my skimming boat so near?”

“Oh, no!” the lovely boy replied,  
“I cannot go with you;  
I cannot wander by your side,  
So mermaid fair, adieu.”



“But stay,” exclaim’d the mermaid fair,

“Thou wilt not go just now.

Wilt thou not go where jewels rare

Adorn my cave—thou’lt go?”

The child with eager eyes so wide,

Unconsciously drew near,

And in a moment by her side

He now found cause to fear.

“Oh, mermaid, pray let me be gone!”

Said he, in accents wild;

And there was grief in the parents’ home,

For a lost and only child.

“Hush! hush! fair child,” the mermaid said,

“And do not grieve thee thus;”

But she could not raise the bow’d down head,

Nor the violent sobbings hush.

“Oh, mermaid, mermaid, let me go!”

Said he, in pleading way:

“I can’t go to the cave with you.”

Then mermaid thus did say:

“I’ve caves of crystal all below,

In the ocean, fathoms deep;

Wherein the waves do never flow,

And, child, why do you weep?”



And then a spell she sweetly sung,  
To charm his bitter cries;  
For in a sleep he soon was thrown,  
And woke with dazzled eyes.

On couch of coral there he lay,  
With pearly pillow white:  
His eyes were fix'd on jewels gay,  
And sparkling rubies bright.

And soon the mermaid fair he spied,  
In all her fine array;  
"Oh, mermaid, mermaid!" then he cried,  
"Is this thy cave, oh, say?"

"This is my cave, my lovely child,  
This is thy mermaid's bed;"  
But still the child was almost wild,  
He scarce knew what he said.

And soon he sprung up from his bed,  
The mermaid held him back;  
"You shall live with us here," she said,  
"And nothing shall you lack."

"I care not for your jewels bright,  
Nor for your coral caves;  
Oh, take me back this very night,  
Across the sweeping waves."



The mermaid laugh'd so silvery clear,  
And proudly toss'd her head:  
"Oh, no! you always shall stay here,  
And be our prince," she said.

And so the days pass'd slowly by,  
And weeks, and months—a year;  
From the coral caves rose many a sigh,  
And dropp'd there many a tear.

As the maid was going to bathe one day,  
The child look'd pale and sad;  
"Come out with me," she then did say,  
And he obey'd so glad.

As in the boat they went away,  
He saw a sail afar;  
And to himself he then did say,  
"Oh, were it but mamma!"

They soon upon an island stepp'd,  
The maid her boat did tie;  
Around the fishes play'd and leap'd,  
And birds above did fly.

Into the sea the mermaid sprang,  
And left on shore the child;  
She join'd the mermaids as they sang,  
He cried in wailings wild.



A boat near'd to the land, and lo !

His parents both he spied :

He sprang into the boat to go,

And left the maid behind.

“My child ! my child ! we’ve found you out,

My lovely child—my joy !”

And there was joy in the parents’ heart,

They had found the long-lost boy.

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### ODE TO MAY.

---

MAY, lovely queen, with smiles and flowers,

And deck’d in green so gay ;

With sparkling gems from April showers,

You come—you come, fair May.

With cowslips here, and daisies there,

And wood-flowers strew’d around ;

The primrose, too, so bright and fair,

Is sparkling on the ground.

The bowers of May are snowy white,

Her golden kingcups rare ;

And towering in her rosy light,

The trees their green robes wear.



The favourite month of Flora gay,  
They ramble on together ;  
Now in the fields and woods they play,  
Now o'er the blooming heather.

Reclining now in fragrant bowers,  
Then on the hillocks green ;  
Thou'rt scattering all the vernal flowers,  
Thou fair and lovely queen.  
And from the sun's hot rays at noon,  
In shade thou makest thy bed ;  
While list'ning to the cuckoo's tune,  
That's singing o'er thy head.

Here gnats are wheeling round and round,  
And butterflies so gay,  
Fling their swift shadows on the ground,  
As in the air they play.  
Then, lovely queen, before you go  
To follow April fair,  
Leave us your flowers, and we shall know  
You'll come another year.









*Harvest Time.*



THE HARVEST TIME.  

---

OH, harvest time, we welcome thee,  
Glad season of the year;  
Old age rejoices when thou'rt come,  
And maidens young and fair.  
With wreaths of corn and purple fruit,  
Thou hast a power sublime,  
To drive pale sorrow far away,  
Then welcome, "harvest time."

Where fields spread far their cloths of gold,  
And deck the landscape fair;  
Where glassy lakes reflect the sky,  
All free from want and care.  
The village swain his sickle takes,  
And reaps the smiling grain;  
Young maidens gather up the store,  
And sing the "harvest time."

Then, harvest time, thy presence here  
Is welcomed in by all;  
Old folks, when they look on thee, smile,  
And many a scene recall.  
The hearths where poverty has dwelt,  
Now with gay faces shine;  
And anxious mothers gladden'd now  
Do bless the "harvest time."



## THE BEE.

—o—

OF industry an emblem thou,  
Fancy has prompted me  
To make a verse about thee now,  
Thou busy little bee.

In summer thou dost go abroad,  
And with the greatest glee  
Thou bringest home thy honey load,  
Thou busy little bee.

There's not an hour thou canst recall,  
When thou didst ever play;  
Sweet labour is thy portion all,  
Thou busy little bee.

Unto thy honey-work thou'lt go,  
As though thou wast not free;  
To where the fragrant flowers blow,  
Thou busy little bee.

Of industry an emblem thou,  
Then let me copy thee;  
That I may learn like thee to grow,  
Thou busy little bee.



## THE WIND.

—o—

I WANDER o'er the desert wild,  
Where the scouring ostrich flies ;  
When the fiery sun at evening sets,  
In gold and crimson dyes.

There, 'long the rocky, rugged waste,  
With sullen cry I sweep ;  
And on the mountain's side I blow,  
Where rushing torrents leap.

Then on the mighty ocean deep,  
My wings I spread and blow,  
Upon the rolling, roaring waves,  
And toss them to and fro.

And I have seen brave, daring men,  
That on their ships rely,  
Their vessels shatter'd into wrecks,  
Sink 'neath the waves, and die.

And now, on Greenland's icy shores,  
In piercing blasts I blow ;  
The natives, from my howling wails,  
Hide in their huts of snow ;



While Bruin, in his rocky hall,  
 Or snow-toss'd cliff so high,  
 Rolls up himself so snug and warm,  
 And can my powers defy.

Where fishes, from the ice-bound sea,  
 In shoals do make their way,  
 I ope a passage for their course,  
 Or round the icebergs play.

And now, in Asia's fertile land,  
 I sigh in eastern bowers ;  
 And on my balmy wings I bring  
 The scents of lovely flowers.

Spice, myrrh, and aloes there I see,  
 And humming-birds so gay,  
 Dart, flashing in the sunny light,  
 Now here, and then away.

Then, down a lovely valley I  
 Revel 'mid purple fruit ;  
 And on my spreading wings I bring  
 Sounds of a wanderer's lute.

Then o'er the fields and meadows I  
 Pass cottages so neat ;  
 Fair maidens love my fanning breeze,  
 And call me zephyr sweet.



And now in England's happy Isle  
 I play 'mid trees and flowers ;  
 And on my steady wings I bring  
 Soft and refreshing showers.

---

## ODE TO SPRING.

---

LOVELY Spring, thou child of fancies,  
 Art thou come again to reign  
 O'er this waste of snow expanses ?  
 Be our sovereign fair again.

Oh ! I see thou'rt come already ;  
 Thou hast deign'd to be our queen ;  
 Brooks are gliding free and steady,  
 And their banks are lined with green.

Robed in light, and crown'd with flowers,  
 Thou comest forth, delightful Spring ;  
 Singing birds dwell in thy bowers,  
 And to thee their praises sing.

Little children now are singing,  
 Some blithe, merry infant song ;  
 And the woods and fields are ringing,  
 With their laughter loud and long.



Daisies fair, all white and yellow,  
 Deck the fields, as stars the sky :  
 Insects gay of every colour,  
 And the painted butterfly,

See it, like some sprightly fairy,  
 Conscious that itself is fair,  
 Winging round, in rings so airy,  
 On a flower—now in the air.

On the bank, like stars a twinkling,  
 There the yellow primrose grows ;  
 Where we hear the sheep-bells tinkling,  
 There the odorous cowslip throws

All its perfume, so delightful,  
 On the light winds merrily ;  
 And the fair breeze, oh, so grateful,  
 Brings it to the passer by.

Whilst the crimson apple blossoms,  
 Sparkling with the dewy gem,  
 Bring to many grateful bosoms,  
 Thoughts of Him who moulded them.

Lovely violet, so entrancing,  
 How fair to the admiring eye ;  
 Peer or hind, that's on thee glancing,  
 Marks thy lovely modesty.



Singing birds from foreign regions,  
 Wing their way to this fair Isle ;  
 Birds on birds increase their legions,  
 As they come o'er many a mile.

Welcome o'er the stormy ocean,  
 Cuckoo here his way does wing ;  
 Every bird is now in motion,  
 Here awhile in bowers to sing.

Now, the little sparrow's busy,  
 Seeking moss to weave her nest ;  
 And the rook in heights so dizzy,  
 Builds a house wherein to rest.

All is joy and animation ;  
 All with sweet new life is teeming ;  
 Trees and flowers, and all creation,  
 Now with gladness fresh are beaming ;

But soon, fair queen, swift time will bring  
 His summons once again to thee ;  
 Bright season, sweet delightful Spring,  
 We then shall have to say, " Adieu."



## THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

---

“OH! mother dear, a letter's come;  
 But why those falling tears?  
 Is not my father coming home?  
 Do tell me, then, your fears.”

“Oh! ask me not: he'll come no more.  
 Beneath the ocean's foam  
 He's found a home, where the wild waves roar—  
 No more he's coming home.

“Oh! ask me not: he'll come no more,  
 The wave his dirge is singing;  
 And whilst I hear it break and roar,  
 To me his mem'ry it's bringing.  
 He's gone—he's gone where the billows foam,  
 They o'er his corpse are sweeping;  
 Then ask me not when he'll come home,  
 He's left me lone and weeping.

“Oh! ask me not: he'll come no more,  
 His course of days is run;  
 I now am left to grieve and mourn,  
 But oh! Thy will be done.”  
 And tears fell on his blooming cheek,  
 Like dew upon the rose;  
 “Mother,” he said, “a duty sweet  
 'Twill be to heal thy woes.”





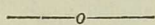
*The Sailor's Wife.*







## THE MERMAN.



My home is where the billows sweep,  
Where in storms they rage and swell;  
My chariot is a pearly shell,  
My steeds the monsters of the deep.

And when the raging storm-winds blow,  
Then dashing billows toss me high  
In the beclouded, murky sky,  
Then down into the gulf below.

Though naked I, what's there to mind?  
With coral 'mongst the sea-weeds brown,  
I make for me a shining crown;  
And food I everywhere can find.

Could kings, with riches greatly fraught,  
But see my home—my riches scan,  
They'd learn that I'm the richer man,  
And that their wealth to mine is nought.

A palace is the merman's cave,  
With diamonds bright, and rubies red,  
And pearly ground whereon to tread—  
Rich is the merman of the wave.



THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.  

---

WHEN Winter comes with his snowy train,  
And his crown of frostwork neat,  
Then he bringeth Christmas here again,  
On his wings of snow and sleet.  
Yet still we smile when he is come,  
We strike the tight-bound lyre ;  
For lo ! he loveth the cozey warm,  
Beside the Christmas fire.

Oh ! how we deck'd the chimney wide,  
With fir-boughs fresh and green ;  
And placed the holly by its side,  
With scarlet berries sheen.  
And there we all would sit around,  
And talk, we ne'er would tire ;  
For, oh ! we loved the friendly chat,  
Beside our Christmas fire.

When the lambent flame, like living gold,  
Stream'd up the chimney wide ;  
With the dusky smoke that lighter roll'd,  
And the sparks that danced beside,  
'Twas then we loved our Christmas feasts,  
And games that ne'er would tire ;  
For oh ! we loved the harmless mirth,  
Beside our Christmas fire.





*The Christmas Fire.*













*Treasures of the Country.*



## PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY.

WHERE the water's gently flowing,  
 And its liquid pearls are glowing  
     On the blushing flowers;  
 Where viewless nymphs seem whisp'ring by,  
 As in the breeze they gently sigh,  
     Mid fair Flora's bowers.

Guide me there, my humble Muse,  
 Where the blooming flowers diffuse  
     Perfumes pure and sweet;  
 And lead me from the dusky town,  
 To a place without renown,  
     Where trees and herbage greet;

Where the lambkins skip and play,  
 In bright sunshine all the day,  
     By their grazing dams;  
 Where little children, playful—free,  
 Hail their pets with wildest glee,  
     The sporting little lambs;

Where Summer rules with fairy wand,  
 Where pleasing prospects cheer the land,  
     Clothed in a robe of green;  
 Where roses shed their sweet perfume,  
 Where variegated tulips bloom,  
     And lilies pale are seen.



Oh, guide me where the golden trees  
Sigh in the Autumn's rustling breeze,  
    Where Autumn weeps alone,  
Her golden leaves on hills and dales,  
For wither'd flowers, for coming gales,  
    For sunny days all gone.

And where the sun retires to rest,  
In golden hues so gorgeous drest,  
    Or sinks in pillowy clouds;  
Whilst purple curtains, tinged with gold,  
Hide him with many a graceful fold,  
    Behind their gleaming shrouds.

Where Night comes on, with her starry eyes,  
Like jewels bright in the sable skies,  
    Oh, guide me there, sweet Muse;  
And let me view the lovely night,  
And trees that wave in glancing light,  
    And drip with sparkling dew.









*The Ball of Flowers.*



THE BALL OF THE FLOWERS.  
—o—

Now, it was on the dawning  
 Of Midsummer day,  
 That a flow'ret, one morning,  
 To its neighbour did say—  
 "Come, open your eyes,  
 There's a ball on the green  
 Look into the skies,  
 Not a cloud's to be seen.

"Madam Poppy, no doubt,  
 Will be smart when she goes;  
 And Miss Pink's to 'come out'  
 At the ball of Miss Rose.  
 Miss Forget-me-not, too,  
 By the brook waterfall,  
 With Miss Violet blue,  
 Will go to the ball.

"Now, Miss Violet's the belle,  
 Wherever she goes;  
 I'm sure I can't tell  
 Her number of beaux.  
 There's Miss Cowslip yonder,  
 And Lady Primrose;  
 But come—we won't ponder  
 On whoever goes."



Just then the sun's beam  
 Flash'd down on the rill;  
 And its waters did gleam,  
 As it flow'd from the hill.  
 It look'd like pure gold,  
 And like gems were its flowers,  
 As onward it roll'd  
 To the fairy-like bowers.

The lark was swift winging  
 Her course through the sky,  
 And sweetly was singing  
 At heaven's gate high;  
 And the birds on the trees  
 Were singing their trill,  
 Like a cheerful "good day,"  
 To their mates on the hill.

The eastern hill stood  
 So verdant and bright,  
 All wrapp'd in a flood  
 Of the sun's rosy light.  
 In a green fragrant bower,  
 The ball then began;  
 The ray kiss'd each flower,  
 Whilst breezes did fan.



A radiance so bright  
 Enliven'd the hall,  
 That fitted 'twas quite  
 For a brilliant ball.  
 Mid dances and bounces,  
 Some flowers did protest,  
 With her red satin flounces  
 Miss Rose looked the best.

Whilst others declared,  
 That the crown they had seen,  
 Mid her flounces quite buried,  
 All yellow gold sheen.  
 The crown they placed on her,  
 And brightly it shone;  
 But where was the sceptre?  
 Oh dear! she had none.

Said Mr. Monkshood,  
 "All know, I am sure,  
 White Lily so good,  
 So spotless and pure.  
 This fair one so white,  
 Has a pistil, know we;  
 'Tis the sceptre so bright,  
 We all must agree."



Thus Nature, it seems,  
 Has set on the throne  
 Two separate Queens—  
 The Rose with the crown,  
 The Lily, with sceptre  
 So shining and gay;  
 Then, let us all make them  
 The theme for the day.

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## SPRING AND SUMMER PARTING.

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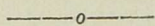
“OH Sister! I must leave thee,”  
 Said a lovely maiden fair,  
 In softest whispers on the breeze,  
 “Sister, I leave thee here.”

“Oh! don’t despond, my sister,”  
 Said a voice so sweet and low:  
 “Let’s go to yonder valley,  
 Where cooling zephyrs blow.”

“Indeed I cannot, Sister,”  
 Said Spring, with failing breath;  
 In vain did Summer press her,  
 She lies, alas! in death.



## THE FAIRIES' SONG FOR EVENING.



COME, fairies, join in jocund play,  
 See in the west departing day;  
 Night has thrown her flowing veil  
 O'er lake, o'er hill, and quiet dale,  
 And hung her jewels everywhere—  
 On waving tree and flow'ret fair;  
 And see the moon, so full and bright,  
 Is come to cheer the sable night.

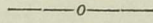
Then fairies join in merry play,  
 See in the west departing day;  
 The sun on rosy clouds is borne,  
 To greet elsewhere the opening morn.

Come, let us dance in this green field,  
 Where roses sweet their fragrance yield;  
 And where the honeysuckle bower  
 Scents the air with many a flower;  
 And the kingcups, bright and bold,  
 Lie in the grass like drops of gold;  
 Ring the hare-bells loud and clear,  
 Sleeping mortals cannot hear.

Then fairies join, &c.



## THE FAIRIES' SONG FOR MORNING.



COME, fairies, leave your jocund play,  
 See in the east approaching day;  
 See, the sky is streak'd with red,  
 Let us leave this flowery bed.  
 Night is folding up her veil,  
 Leaving many a silver trail;  
 For the liquid dew-drops bright,  
 Glisten as she takes her flight.

Soon will come the rosy morn,  
 Ah! she now begins to dawn;  
 Fairies, leave your jocund play,  
 Hasten fairies—haste away.

The owl is quiet in his tree,  
 The fox is hiding with his prey;  
 The daisies ope their pink-laced eyes,  
 And look into the azure skies.  
 Soon as comes the radiant morn,  
 Up starts the timid hare—the fawn,  
 And on the grass they feed and play,  
 Rejoicing at the opening day.

Soon will come, &c.





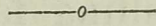




*Our own Rose Tree.*



## OUR OWN ROSE-TREE.



WHEN Spring had gladden'd all the land,  
     And we were free ;  
 Oh, nought we watch'd more fondly than  
     Our own rose-tree.

Never was lord of fertile plains  
     More proud than we,  
 When all in budding beauty stood  
     Our own rose-tree.

Fair Summer strew'd the fields with flowers  
     So bright and gay ;  
 But no plant e'er could rival with  
     Our own rose-tree.

We hail'd its crimson-colour'd flowers  
     With greatest glee,  
 No tree so full of fragrance as  
     Our own rose-tree.

The vines with purple fruit were hung,  
     In plenty free ;  
 Nor purple fruit nor vines were like  
     Our own rose-tree.



When Autumn came, with mellow fruit,  
How sad were we !  
For leaves were falling fast from off  
Our own rose-tree.

When Winter came, and o'er us ruled  
With iron sway ;  
Oh then we were so anxious for  
Our own rose-tree.

When Spring return'd—the gladsome Spring,  
Then watched we ;  
But not one sign of life put forth  
Our own rose-tree.

And then, alas ! we grieved to learn,  
No more should we  
Await and watch the buds upon  
Our own rose-tree.

And so we in our hour of bloom  
Are snatch'd away ;  
We fade and wither as, alas !  
Our own rose-tree.



## SONG OF THE BIRDS.

WHEN Autumn comes upon the breeze,  
 When Autumn tints the waving trees  
 With golden colours as she's flying,  
 Weeping for flowers all dead or dying;  
 'Tis then—'tis then, when the wind is howling—  
 'Tis then, when the tempest clouds are rolling—  
 'Tis then we birds, the wide ocean o'er,  
 Do wing our way to some foreign shore.

To Afric's coral strand,  
 To Asia's fertile shores,  
 Where, in a foreign land,  
 We dwell mid spicy bowers.

Where the sparkling waves are gently heaving,  
 As on the shore their pearls they're leaving;  
 Where the woods are bathed in the fair moonlight,  
 But the lion steals from their shades at night—  
 Where we'd rest sometimes, mid the flow'rets gay,  
 But huge serpents there concealed lay.  
 Sometimes in the cloudless sky we'd roam,  
 But there—but there is the vulture's home.

When Spring returns again,  
 We, glad, our way are winging  
 To England, o'er the main,  
 Till in our home we're singing.



And here—oh here, in our lovely home,  
 O'er the meadows green we freely roam;  
 And in rosy bowers or green wood tree,  
 We sing our songs, sweet Spring, to thee.  
 And we build our nests, so warm and neat,  
 Mid hazel-bush or brier so sweet;  
 Whilst, peeping from the leaves so green,  
 Full many a blushing flower is seen.

Where lilacs scent the breeze,  
 Laburnums shine with gold;  
 We live where opening buds  
 Their honied sweets unfold.

When Summer comes, delightful maid,  
 With sunshine bright and greenwood shade,  
 We revel mid the flowers so fair,  
 Or float along on the perfumed air.  
 When eve steals on, with her mellow light,  
 As a token sent from veiled night,  
 We tune our songs, mid length'ning shades,  
 And end our notes ere twilight fades;

Till only a chirp is heard  
 From twitt'ring sparrow's nest,—  
 A call to his neighbour bird,—  
 Ere all sink into rest.









*My Garden.*



MY GARDEN.  

---

My garden's surrounded with red brick walls,  
Black smoke is wafted by ;  
And there is no shade 'neath quivering leaves  
For Zephyr to breathe its sigh.

But nasturtiums climb along the walls,  
Convolvulus hangs its bells ;  
And the blushing rose, so fair and sweet,  
The air with its perfume swells.

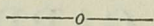
And here the sweet pea blossom's fragrant breath,  
The senses grateful greets ;  
And honey-bees, busy, are flitting around,  
And gathering golden sweets.

Here are pansies, pinks, and sweet mignonette,  
Monkshood, of sombre hue ;  
And hollyhocks tall, with their crimson flowers,  
That peep the wide window through.

I love it, I love it, my garden sweet,  
Its buds and blossoming flowers ;  
And I welcome the sun, with his bright, warm rays,  
And the cool, refreshing showers.



## THE FOREST QUEEN.



FAR in the forest proudly stood  
 A high majestic oak ;  
 That forest ne'er had heard the sound  
 Of the woodman's fatal stroke.

Merrily danced the sun's bright ray  
 On the rustling, quivering green ;  
 And it kiss'd the bough, and it lit the spray  
 Of the towering Forest Queen.

And thither throng'd the fairies bright,  
 And tripp'd the mossy ground ;  
 Their favourite spot to dance at night  
 Was the Forest Queen around.

Merrily danced, &c.

The noble stag, with its antlers high,  
 That darts through the sunny glade,  
 Loves 'neath her branches wide to lie,  
 T' enjoy the embow'ring shade.

Merrily danced, &c.

O, bow your heads, ye sylvan lords,  
 Make homage to your Queen,  
 That proudly lifts her stately head,  
 And spreads her branches green.

Merrily danced, &c.





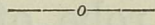




*Flora and the Wreath!*



## FLORA AND HER WREATH



THE air was balmy, trees were green,  
And flowers were bright and gay ;  
When Flora, goddess fair and queen,  
Was wending on her way.

She saw a tulip, whose varied dyes  
Were passing rich and rare ;  
And on its robe she fix'd her eyes,  
But saw that pride was there.

Then pass'd she on to a fair green tree,  
Where a lovely rose did blow ;  
She smiled to see the crimson free  
Rise in a modest glow."

"Sweet rose," she cried, "oh, thou shalt shine  
A gem in my wreath so fair ;  
For though the rarest beauty's thine,  
No pride is harbour'd there."

The poppy lifted high its head,  
Beside the hill-side brown ;  
Pleased with its show, the goddess sped  
To make the prize her own.



But quick the flower is thrown aside :

“ Ah ! nauseous weed,” cries she,  
 “ Thy colours are a robe of pride,  
 Thy breath’s impurity.”

She came, then, by a river fair,  
 Whose sparkling waves were flowing ;  
 And at its side, with bells so rare,  
 A lily bright was growing.

“ Of purity, an emblem thou,  
 Fair lily, snowy white,”  
 The goddess cried, “ ah ! you shall glow  
 Upon my garland bright.”

Now, on the brooklet’s sloping bank,  
 There bloom’d a violet fair ;  
 And she a balmy greeting threw,  
 To her goddess, on the air.

Pleased with its grateful, sweet perfume,  
 The goddess kindly smiled,  
 And said, “ Thou in my wreath shalt bloom,  
 Thou’rt Flora’s fairest child.”

A lovely daisy on the green,  
 Next caught fair Flora’s eye ;  
 “ O beauteous flower, ne’er have I seen  
 Such sweet simplicity,”



Said Flora, as she graceful stoop'd,  
 And broke its slender stem,  
 "Thou, too, my flow'ry wreath shalt deck,  
 Bright gold and silver gem."

Then, a meek flower, of azure hue,  
 That flourish'd near the spot,  
 As it trembling gazed, with eyes of blue,  
 Falter'd, "forget-me-not."

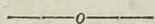
The goddess caught the accents low,  
 And turning, there she spied  
 A fair bright flower, of gentlest glow,  
 That blossom'd at her side.

The flow'ret fair the goddess pluck'd.  
 "O, lovely flower!" cried she;  
 "Thy name henceforth, Forget-me-not,  
 For aye, sweet one, shall be."

And now, the flowery wreath complete,  
 She, on her temples white,  
 The circlet placed, then bade farewell,  
 And soar'd to fields of light.



## THE ZEPHYR.



SEE in the glowing east,  
Blushes the early morn;  
And in the car of the sun afar,  
The young day is upborne.

Spreading my pinions wide,  
I fan the earth below;  
Then mounting high the amber sky,  
On fleecy clouds I blow.

And here, 'mid airy forms,  
Shining like molten gold;  
I gaze beneath as I glide past heath,  
Mountain, and lake, and wold.

The mist on mountains blue,  
Melts from the sunbeam bright;  
And field and wood, and plain and flood,  
O'erflow with streams of light.

Now, through the forest green,  
I pass 'mid whisp'ring trees;  
They wave and bend, and greetings send  
To the calm zephyr's breeze.



See how the sunbeams play,  
 And dance the leaves between,  
 With fitful light, like fairy sprite,  
 Then flit o'er the ground so green.

Now, from this maze of trees,  
 I spy an open glade;  
 And on the lawn there plays the fawn  
 Within the forest's shade.

Hark to the waterfall,  
 That sparkles in the sun;  
 Till, like a thread of gold and red,  
 It winds the trees among.

The bank beside the stream  
 Is clothed in verdure fair;  
 There creepers climb, and the wild thyme  
 Sheds perfume on the air.

Here, round the young sweet-briar,  
 Fond ivy twines her stems;  
 And yellow broom, in all its bloom,  
 Hangs out her golden gems.

And now the bugle horn  
 Is echoing through the glen;  
 The awaken'd stag starts from the crag,  
 Where he before had lain.



One anxious glance behind,  
 And tossing his antlers high,  
 With sudden bound he clears the ground,  
 And soon is far away.

When on my wings I waft  
 The deep-toned bay of hound,  
 Fear lends him wings, and on he springs,  
 Spurning the mossy ground.

He dashes the crystal drops  
 From off the blue-bell flowers ;  
 He shakes the bough, and glist'ning dew  
 Descends in sparkling showers.

But now he's past pursuit ;  
 They cannot chase him there :  
 He's swum the tide of the river wide,  
 No scent is on the air.

Now, many a league away,  
 I flit o'er the lake so blue ;  
 I stir its breast, then sink to rest,  
 And gaze on its depths below.

See, o'er its bosom calm,  
 There glides a skimming boat,  
 That swan-like moves past meads and groves,  
 O'er the blue lake afloat.



I hover in its wake,  
 And flutter overhead;  
 I fill the sail, then lift the veil  
 Of the coy, bashful maid.

I kiss the rosy cheek  
 Of the mirthful child so fair;  
 Then am off aloft, with pinions soft,  
 Into the fragrant air.

I fly where lilies pale  
 Do wave with motion slow;  
 Forget-me-not blooms near the spot,  
 Gazing with eyes of blue.

I rove to meadows green,  
 Spread with a flowery sheet  
 Of daisies white and king-cups bright,  
 And May-flowers scented sweet;

Where honeysuckles bloom  
 Within the hedgerows green;  
 Where roses red their fragrance shed.  
 And wild festoons are seen.

I dance where butterflies  
 Flutter like dazzling gems  
 Or flowers fair, of colours rare,  
 Freed from their slender stems.



I revel 'mid the fruit  
Of shady orchard bower ;  
I shake the bough, and see, below,  
Descends a varied shower—

The purple-polish'd plum,  
The apple, and the pear,  
The apricot and hazel-nut,  
The full-cheek'd cherry fair.

Then o'er a smiling field  
Of yellow, waving corn,  
Where larkspurs blue, and poppies blow,  
On outstretch'd wings I'm borne.

Then, on the sultry plains,  
I fan the traveller's cheek,  
As through the heat, with painful feet,  
He journeys faint and weak.

I climb the mountain sides,  
And scale its crown of snow ;  
I look around on heights profound,  
And gaze on depths below.

The wild goat nimbly leaps  
On precipices high ;  
But I plunge down its depths unknown,  
Unseen by human eye.









*Insect Feast.*



And thus the time I pass,  
 The freest of the free ;  
 Ye birds that soar, and beasts that roar,  
 I'm freer far than ye.

See, in the glowing west  
 Blushes the golden eve ;  
 And in the car of the sun afar,  
 The day now takes its leave.

## THE INSECTS' FEAST AND ITS TRAGICAL END.

'Tis midsummer day, and the dragonfly's hall  
 Is prettily graced with a table tall :  
 A table I say—'tis a moss-grown stone ;  
 And what is the covering it has on ?  
 Ah, ah ! Mistress Spider could tell you, I trow,  
 'Twas made with her own fairy fingers, I know.  
 How soft and how silky, how pretty it is ;  
 Was ever a table-cloth woven like this ?

And see, 'tis spread with viands good,  
 And, doubtless, they'll partake of food,  
 So rich, so fine, with ready will,  
 And (blush to say) will have their fill.



Ah! here is golden honey sweet,  
And here, too, are some grains of wheat,  
And nuts, and apricots, and cherries,  
And pears, and peaches, and strawberries,  
And plums, and grapes, and gages green,  
A fit repast for any queen.

'Twas through a little crevice small,  
The sunbeam glanced to light the hall;  
And many were the sights, and gay  
The sunbeam saw that festal day.

When night, with sable shadow came,  
The glow-worm lit his shining flame,  
And spiders, too, some curtains hung,  
Of varied forms themselves had spun,  
And grasshoppers and crickets sung,  
While merry groups whirl'd gaily on,  
Till tired of dancing and of play,  
They sat them down in full array,  
Around the supper table gay;  
They drank from hare-bell goblets blue,  
Fill'd to the brim with crystal dew.

The tale was told, and jests went round,  
Till late at night they still were found,  
Seated the table store around.



When, lo! the window peeping through,  
 Two eyes they saw, the owl's, they knew.  
 Oh! what a fearful cry was heard,  
 How screams were raised and wings were whirl'd.  
 One sunk upon her partner's arm;  
 Another fainted with alarm;  
 Some leap'd, some flew, some ran the floor;  
 But all were crowding for the door.  
 It chanced that 'mid the rushing throng,  
 A buzzing fly was hastening on,  
 Which, by a beetle's ponderous wing,  
 Was struck so hard, it fell, poor thing!  
 Stunned by the blow and by the fall,  
 The fly lay senseless in the hall.

What happen'd next, I do not know;  
 But in the morn 'twas whisper'd low,  
 Murder had been committed by  
 A wicked spider on the fly.  
 They soon, alas! the body found,  
 Stretch'd cold and lifeless on the ground.  
 A sever'd wing was lying here,  
 And mangled parts were scatter'd there;  
 And as they stood around their friend,  
 They wept at his untimely end;  
 And ere eve came, with twilight dim,  
 They made a shroud and placed him in.



A flower his coffin—for a pall,  
A leaf they chose; then left the hall.

The night was calm, the stars shone bright:  
A cricket bore the coffin light.  
The mourners all behind him came,  
Preceded by a shining flame;  
'Twas Will-o'-th'-wisp, who'd been so good  
As to conduct them to a wood.  
No grave had they to dig, for why?  
They light upon a tree close by,  
And in a hollow, time had made,  
Their late loved friend they gently laid.  
While twinkling stars their watches kept  
Above the tree where poor fly slept,  
And winds that rustled mid the spray,  
Sang dirges o'er him night and day.

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### THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

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I SAW an old man, with snow-white hair,  
Steadfastly scanning the boundless sea,  
As though some treasure lay hidden there,  
Or he on its bosom long'd to be.  
And he toss'd his arms and wildly did rave—  
“The sea! the sea! for the mariner's grave.”





*The Mariner's Grave.*







“And why the sea for thy grave?” said I—

“Why wish to sleep in its bosom wide?”

He turn’d on me a glistening eye,

Then, gazing long on the ocean, cried,

In accents loud as the curbless wave,

“The sea! the sea! for the mariner’s grave.

“Where the tall ship glides with its busy crew,

And spreads its sails to the breezes fair,

That so softly sigh, or gently woo,

Like sprites unseen, on the whisp’ring air,

To rest ’neath the billow ’tis all I crave,

The sea! the sea! for the mariner’s grave.

“On a stormy night, when the winds and rains

Are howling in concert with drowning shrieks;

When nought of the once gallant ship remains,

But tempest-toss’d and drifting wrecks,

Then my spirit will start from each crested wave,

And shout, ‘The sea for the mariner’s grave.’”

Son of the ocean, so wild and so free,

Thy wish—thy last longing wish—is fulfill’d;

Now the ocean weeps with its foaming spray,

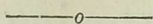
As it chants thy dirge with rough music wild.

Thy winding sheet’s the bright sparkling wave,

“The sea! the sea! is ‘the mariner’s grave.’”



## SUNRISE IN THE METROPOLIS.



WHEN springing from the eastern sky,  
 The Sun unveils his golden eye,  
     No lark his presence greets;  
 But the hum of a city roused from sleep,  
 Salutes him when he 'gins to peep  
     In squares and narrow streets.

He rises, but no flowers are there,  
 Hung with the pearl of dew-drop fair,  
     For him to light and gild;  
 On windows dim, on dusky walls  
 And courts unclean his brightness falls,  
     With dust and cobwebs fill'd.

No trees are there where he might play,  
 Amid the branches wreathed with spray,  
     But chimneys straight and high,  
 Around which hangs a smoky haze,  
 Meet his benign and searching gaze,  
     While mounting in the sky.

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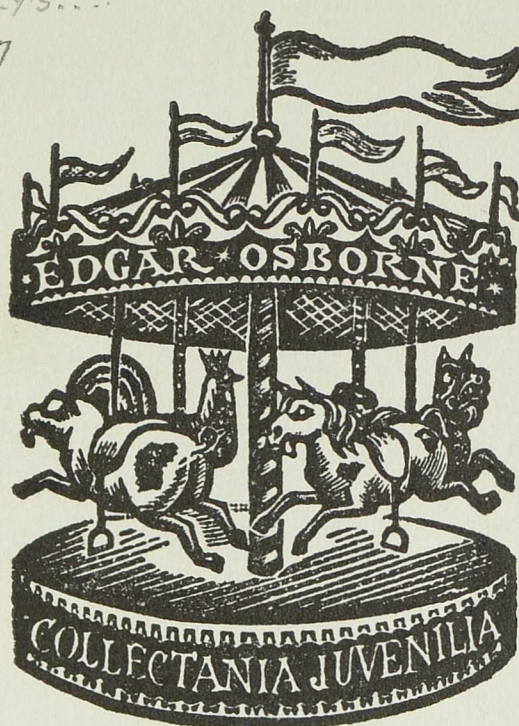






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