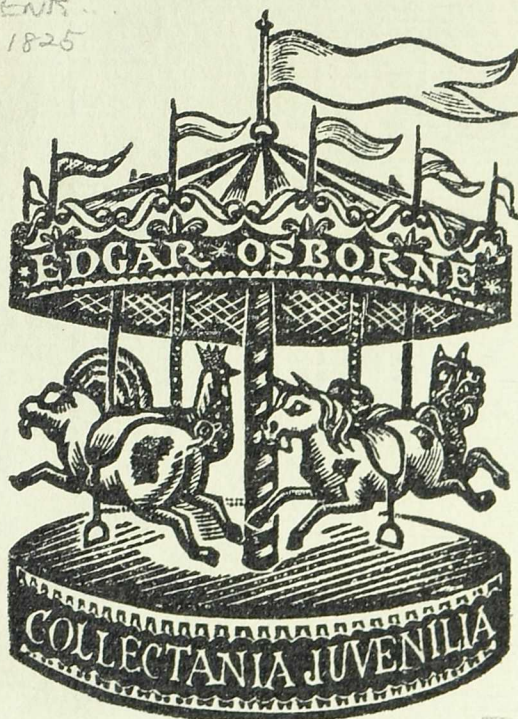


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PARENTS...
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FRONTISPIECE.



THE HORSE.

In war we behold him intrepid and brave &c.

THE
PARENT'S
POETICAL PRESENT,
consisting of
Instructive, Religious, Moral & Entertaining
POEMS FOR JUVENILE MINDS,
— ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. —

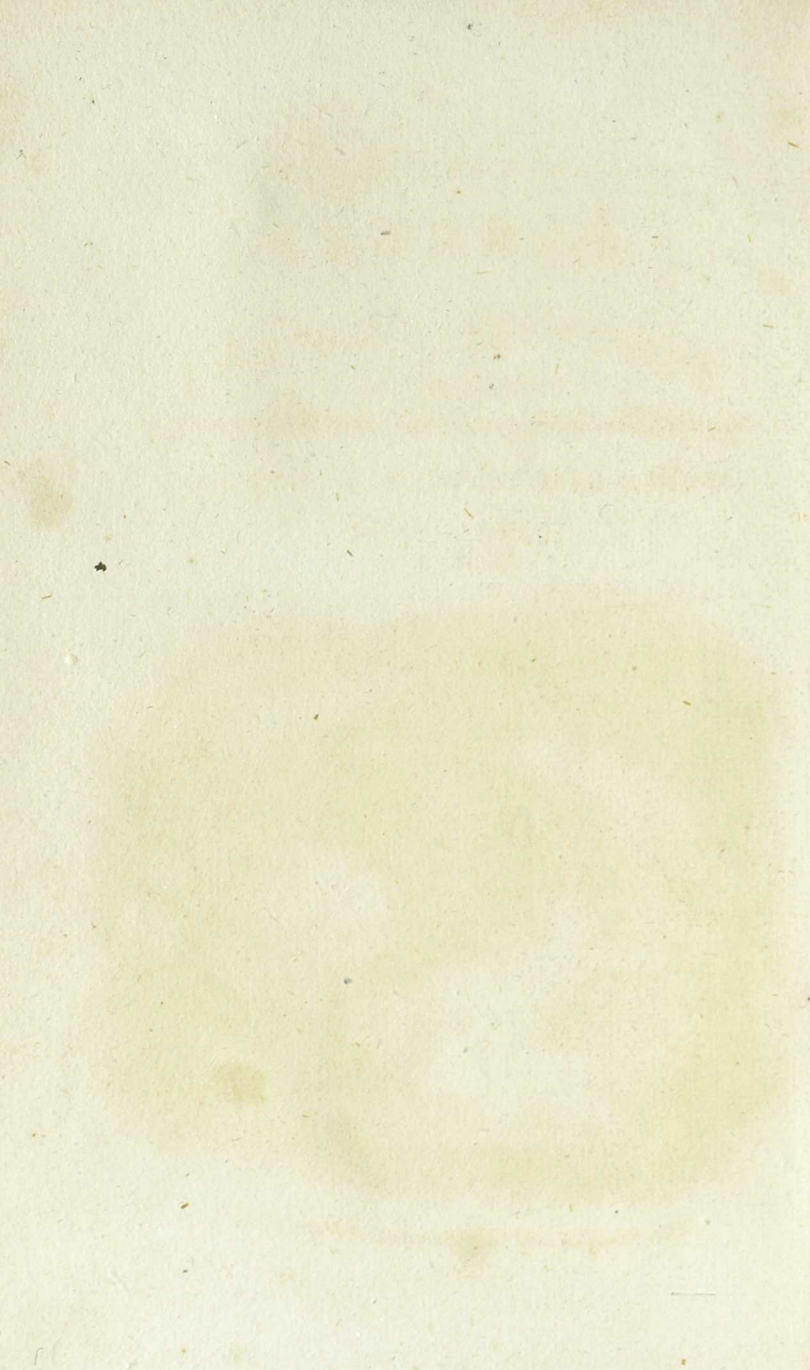
Vol. 1.



The Unnatural Mother and the Lioness. P 132.

LONDON.

William Cole. N^o 10, Newgate Street.



THE
PARENT'S
POETICAL PRESENT;

CONSISTING OF
INSTRUCTIVE, RELIGIOUS, MORAL,
AND ENTERTAINING
POEMS,
FOR JUVENILE MINDS.

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

Infant sense to all our kind
Pure the young idea brings,
From within the fountain mind
Issuing at a thousand springs.

Youth ! with steadfast eye pursue
Scenes to lesson thee display'd;
Yes—in these the Moral Muse
Bids thee see thyself portray'd.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM COLE,
10, NEWGATE STREET.

THE

PARENTS

POTENTIAL PRESENT

CONSISTING OF

INSTRUCTIVE, RELIGIOUS, MORAL,

AND ENTERTAINING

TOY

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. H. W.

THE REV. GEORGE W. H. W.
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
OXFORD



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OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

PRINTED BY G. H. DAVIDSON,

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM COLE

PRINTED BY G. H. DAVIDSON,
IRELAND YARD, DOCTORS' COMMONS.

PREFACE.

THE erudite and profound philosopher, Locke, whose principles have been generally admitted as both rational and consistent, has said, in his “*Essay on the Human Understanding*,” that we possess no innate knowledge at our birth, but that all our *ideas* arise either from *sensation* or *reflection*. It therefore behoves those to whom is committed the—

“ Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
And teach the *young idea* how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,”—

like skilful horticulturists, to be careful in the choice of the soil whence the tender plant is to derive its nourishment, and on which greatly depends the beauty and luxuriance of its hues : else, like the neglected garden, it produces

sickly and unfruitful plants or noxious weeds. With this idea in view, the following Poems have been composed; and it is the hope of the authors, that they will be found to recommend themselves for metrical simplicity, familiar phraseology, and chaste imagery; not forgetting, that children are to be *entertained* as well as *instructed*: and it has been their especial care to avoid introducing, as far as possible, either words or ideas above juvenile capacity.

With an affectionate regard for their well-being, these Volumes are dedicated to all Good Children, as a lively picture of that world on which they are about to enter; particularly inculcating *moral* and *religious* obligations, from a perfect understanding and performance of which flow Justice and Truth—the fountains of *earthly*, and, ultimately, of *eternal* happiness!

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THE
PARENT'S POETICAL PRESENT.

YOUTH'S EXPERIENCE.

'Tis but few years have pass'd away
Since on my mother's breast I lay,
And felt her sweet and warm caress
My infant lips in fondness press.

'Tis but few years I've gaz'd upon
These smiling scenes—yon radiant sun—
Or knew whatever things there be,
Were made for man—were made for me.

But though my years so few have been
To view the world's all-varied scene,
And little yet my heart has known
Of those who are not all its own,—

Oh ! there is on this earth I tread,
Such beauty and such glory spread,
That e'en within my little sphere
God's majesty and love appear.

The birds that at my window sing,
The flowers that in my garden spring,—
Earth, air, and sky—the stream, the gale,—
All breathe the same harmonious tale.

At morn I wake and see the light
Making all things so rosy-bright,
That Nature seems again to bring
Her earliest first-recorded spring.

At eve I climb the mountain's brow,
And watch the sun's declining glow ;
While on the clouds, around him hung,
His rich and burning rays are flung.

And, oh ! how fair, how bright the stream,
The crimson light of his last beam ;
As slowly then he speeds away,
To wake, on other shores, the day.

But when we bid farewell to him,
And the grey twilight, calm and dim,
Wraps, like a curtain, all around,
And stills each rude ungentle sound ;

Soon o'er the scene, with paler look
Than his whose ray the morning woke,
The moon her trembling lustre throws,
To break the evening's dark repose.

And many a star, as bright and clear,
Though small its little golden sphere,
From the deep skies its beauty pours,
To light our dark and sunless shores.

Oh yes! though little, yet, my eye
Hath conn'd of man's philosophy,
Nor yet my foot had strength to roam
Far from my native infant home;

There is enough, where'er I look,
Revealed in Nature's pictur'd book,
Of Him from whom all things begun—
Of Him from whom my being sprung,—

To wake, in these first days of youth,
That holy love of heavenly truth,
Which best to Him the soul may raise,
Or turn the heart to holiest praise.

And, oh! who e'er can dearer be
Than those I lov'd in infancy?
Or can the world, where'er I stray,
In future years be kind as they?

Small is the space I've trod on earth,—
Few years I've counted since my birth;
But scarcely can I deem there's more,
To make the oldest lips adore.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

BIRDS and flowers ! beauteous things !
Those, with many-colour'd wings,
Skimming in the bright blue air,
As if their resting-place were there ;
And these, of every rainbow hue,
Quaffing from urns of pearly dew.

Birds and flowers ! sweetest things !
Those, till every covert rings,
Pouring lays too soft and sweet
For list'ning echo to repeat ;
And these, from where their spirits dwell,
Scents from each deepest-perfum'd bell.

Birds and flowers ! wherefore, say,
Make ye not a longer stay ?
Oh ! cannot ye, so fair and bright,
Persuade the sun to shed his light
A little longer, clear and warm,
On creatures of such gentle form ?

Too fast ye fade, and, sad to tell,
Ye leave not, while I bid farewell,
One thing of all that made ye dear,
To say that ye were ever here.
Oh ! may I, ere my youth be fled,
A more enduring sweetness shed.

THE HOLYDAY INVITATION.

THE sun is shining in our fields,
And many a sweet our valley yields,
 To tempt the summer bee ;
And while my heart with gladness beats,
As now I tread these calm retreats,
 I wish and sigh for thee.

For thou, my young and gentle friend,
Would'st oft thy lively converse lend
 To cheer the rambling way,
And draw from every thing around,
Each smiling scene and rural sound,
 Sweet food for Fancy's lay.

Oh! come, then, for beneath the shade
That many a branching oak hath made
 My grassy seat is spread ;
And all the flowers, the sweet wild flowers,
That freshest bloom in green-wood bowers,
 Are cluster'd round my head.

Here resting calmly, free from care,
We best those simple joys may share,
 Thy pure heart loves so well ;
Converse with Nature in her prime,
And hear, though lowly, yet sublime,
 Her voice in ev'ry dell.

Or, while in peace secure we rest,
And thus delight our tranquil breast
 With soft and soothing thought,
To Hist'ry's page delighted turn,
And from Ambition's story learn
 How dear his prize is bought.

Nor should'st thou want, whene'er thy mind
Might be to gayer scenes inclin'd,
 The long-famed shepherd's reed;
For I would wake my pipe again,
And, though not sweet, perchance my strain
 To blithsome thoughts might lead:

While many a carol gay, though rude,
Of villagers, in merry mood,
 Would tempt thee oft to stray,
And seek at eve the hamlet green,
Where rustic gladness rules the scene,
 And cheers the parting day.

Haste, then, to share, while Learning now
Awhile unbends her studious brow,
 Each healthful calm employ;
And, as we ramble here awhile,
Sweet peace upon our steps shall smile,
 And bless our rural joy.

CHARITY.

SWEET Charity, thy voice is mild,
And soft as summer dew ;
Thy whisper soothes the orphan child,
Thy smiles his hope renew ;
And when, mid snares and perils thrown,
He bows his fainting head,
Thou gently claim'st him for thine own,
And smooth'st his lowly bed.

Whene'er the storm, with chilling blast,
Sweeps o'er the barren land,
Whene'er the tempest-bolt is cast,
From Ruin's quiv'ring hand,
Thy form is shining, bright, and clear,
An angel of the deep,—
An halcyon bird, whose nest is there,
Wherever man may weep.

The captive, in his narrow cell
Left with'ring, there to die,
Or, broken-hearted, sent to dwell
Beneath a distant sky,—
Oh ! he, when none of all he knew
Is left that gloom to cheer,
And not a voice to breathe adieu,
Thy blessing still can hear !

In age, in sickness, and in death,
Mid poverty and scorn,
Where sorrow breathes his latest breath,
And weeps that he was born,
Though grief has dimm'd life's setting sun,
Thou dry'st the hotter tear,
And, when thy earthly task is done,
Lead'st to another sphere.

Oh! be thou, then, in youth, my guide,
My teacher, and my friend,—
Weed from my heart unholy pride,
From hate each thought defend;
And, oh! if ever wealth be mine,
Or Power's extended span,
Teach me to feel, by grace divine,
The brotherhood of man.

THE TIPSYPARTY.

IN an elegant hole, at the foot of a tree,
Liv'd a jolly young knight, call'd Sir Buzzy
the Bee:
His father, a care-taking man in his time,
Had left him six hives and an acre of thyme;

With three banks of flowers, pink, yellow, and
blue,

And an excellent cellar of rosy old dew;
In hair-bells safe bottled, some dozens of mead,
Well wax'd, and each cork'd with a carraway
seed;

Besides his old nightcap of feathers and gold,
To snooze in, in winter, through snow, frost, and
cold.

Nay more: he had left him his curriole, drawn
By two thorough-bred gnats from the coast of
Blackthorn;

His cock'd hat and plume, made to fit like an
earl's;

And his donkey-heel'd boots, strongly nail'd
with new pearls:

Thus amply provided for, Buzzy forbore
To toil and to slave, like his kindred of yore:—
He call'd on his friend, Mr. Wasp, the dragoon,
And his sleepy acquaintance, Tom Sipall, the
drone;

Then invited them home to his mansion, to dine
On his excellent viands and well-season'd wine.

When the table, a mushroom, was set out in pride,
The cloth a white tulip most amply supply'd,

Each plate was a daisy of delicate mould—
Each spoon a young hyacinth's petal of gold ;
The glasses were cowslips, scarce budding and
pale,

The finger-cups, lilies, just pluck'd in the vale.
Of conserves, rich honey and manna so sweet—
Two lady-bird's bak'd in a kernel of wheat ;
For fish, a prime salmon, the best of its sort,
The largest of those in a dew-drop e'er caught.

But what surpass'd all was the mead, clear and
bright,
Of which the friends quaff'd, with such thirsty
delight,

Till, from shaking of claws and professing of
hearts,

They bang'd on the table, by fits and by starts :
The drone caught a lute, just to give them a strum,
And the wasp said his music was merely a *hum*.
Affronted, Sir Buzz gave a sneer at his guest,
And, drawing his wing with disdain o'er his breast,
He said, that no gentleman ever was he,
Who could jeer about *hums* in the house of a bee.

They bounc'd, and they strutted, they flutter'd
their wings ;
They scratch'd with their forceps—they pointed
their stings ;

They collar'd each other—the table turn'd o'er ;
They kick'd and they roll'd in the dust on the
floor ;

While a large grey owl, who was perch'd on the
tree,

Not a little delighted their fury to see,
Gaz'd silently on them, while they, in contention,
Ne'er dreamt of a foe of such bulky dimension,
But wallow'd and cuff'd, till the owl gave a
“ whoop !”

Then pounc'd down upon them, and *eat them
all up.*

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

“ PRAY where, my little curly head,
Are you this morning going so soon ?”

“ To the churchyard, sir,” the poor child said ;
“ My Mammy lies there *all alone.*”

“ And is your mother dead, my child,
And would you really seek her there ?”

“ Indeed I would,” sigh'd he, yet smil'd ;
And back he strok'd his golden hair.

“ For when I can, I steal away,
On my poor Mammy's grave to weep :
They say she can't hear what I say,
Because she lies there fast asleep.

“ But I know better, for, when ill
And in her bed she quiet lay,
She said, ere she became *so still*,
She 'd always hear *her William* pray.

“ Yet, if she hear me pray and cry,
Oh, dear ! how alter'd she must be,
Not to get up, when thus I sigh,
And beg of her to come to me !”

“ But, pretty child, you know, I trust,
That all mankind must surely die ;
And, though your mother's laid in dust,
Her *soul* is gone to yonder sky.”

“ Why, how you talk !” said he, and frown'd :

“ They laid her in a *box*, and then
They dug a deep hole in the ground,
And there she *is*—ah ! cruel men !

“ I scream'd, I begg'd so very hard,
But tears and prayers were all in vain,—
They took her to the cold churchyard,
Nor ever brought her back again.

“ Susan and Ann, though kind, I know,
To play and gambol with me still,
Can never kiss her William so
As Mammy did, when she was ill.

“ Nor do I think my little games
Are half so gay and pretty now ;
Of hoops and balls the very names—
Or I am chang’d I can’t tell how.

“ Then, when night comes, to be undress’d,
And go to bed,—Oh dear ! Oh dear !
All seems so chang’d : I cannot rest
As when poor Mammy put me there.

“ Or when I wake, no more to view
That face so lov’d, my heart will thrill ;
Ah ! how I wish they ’d put me too
Into that *box*—I’d lie as still

As she did lie, when on the bed,
To kiss her ice-cold lips, I crept,
And bid her wake ; but she was *dead*,
Yet *smil’d*, although her William wept !”

“ And she *yet* smiles, my darling boy,
In heavenly realms of bright repose,
Where both again shall meet in joy,
Far, far above *all* human woes.”

Vainly the stranger sought to fill
His heart with hope, that quells despair;
But, turning to the churchyard still,
The child exclaimed, “*I know she’s there.*”
“*Her body; but her soul is fled,*”
The stranger answer’d, “*far from care.*”
Still the young mourner only said,
“*She’s in her grave—I know she’s there.*”

RALPH’S ADVENTURES IN LONDON.

A simple Yorkshire swain was Ralph,
And simple his pursuit,—
To milk a cow, or wean a calf,
To plough, or gather fruit.

Of London town such tales are told
As might belief surpass,—
How all the streets are pav’d with gold,
The coaches made of glass.

Now honest Ralph, who knew no wrong,
Such idle fibs believ’d;
And, fill’d with pleasing wonder, long
For streets of gold he griev’d.

Thought he, if I upon my back
Of that same dirt could bring,
From London town, but home one sack,
They'd call me here a king.

So ev'ry care and toil he brav'd,
Full two long years or more,
Till thirty shillings he had sav'd,
Then vow'd to work no more.

Then on he put his hat of straw,
His Sunday jacket brown :
The London waggon next he saw,
And took his place for town.

At length before his wide-stretch'd eyes
St. Paul's proud dome arose :
" That is," said Ralph, in great surprise,
" The *king*, I do suppose.

" So *great* he is, I've heard it told,
Beyond all disputation,
That in his hand a church he'll hold,
And on his back a nation.

" Now, if all that be true, you see,
When through the streets I hie,
If he should set his foot on me,
'T would crush me like a fly."

The crowded streets now passing through,
Ralph scarce his joy could hold,
And oft he peep'd aside, to view
The pavement made of gold.

“ I do not see,” at last he cried,
The gold that paves this town.”
The driver roguishly replied,
“ They ’ve turn’d it *upside down*.”

“ That may be true,” quoth Ralph, “ I own ;
We ’ve had a deal of rain :
This dirt would spoil the gold, but soon
They ’ll turn it up again.

“ Then I can fill my sack ; but now
I ’ll walk about quite free ;
My purse be full—my heart do glow
Your Lunnun sights to see.”

So, with his crab-stick in his hand,
His hat cock’d o’er his ear,
He strutted forward to the Strand,
St. Dunstan’s clock to hear.

There gaping wide-mouth’d, as he stood
To see the figures play,
A drayman push’d him in the mud,
All sprawling with dismay.

The people laugh'd—Ralph grasp'd his stick ;
 Quoth he, “ I'll crack his crown !”
But through the busy crowd so thick
 The drayman fast had flown.

Ralph brush'd himself in discontent,
 For much his clothes were splash'd ;
Then off he to the Tower went,
 To see the lions wash'd.

Into a boat he gets, and roars
 “ Now let the lions loose !”
With that the boatmen took their oars,
 And sous'd him like a goose.

Dripping with wet, the bridge he seeks,
 And, thinking fate would mend,
Thus to a porter soon he speaks :
 “ Pray, can you tell me, friend,

“ If ever o'er this bridge do pass—
 It must be some mistake—
A gilded stately coach of glass ?
 For sure the thing would break.”

A coach was call'd, Ralph gave a stare
 The open door to find ;
To enter it he did not dare—
 Says he, “ I'll ride behind.”

“Where must I drive?” the man inquired,
“Pray is it to the play?”

To see a play Ralph much desir’d,
So, grinning, answer’d, “Aye!”

Squeez’d in the gallery, at last,
Quite hot, he set him down;
His jacket on a bench he cast,
Then laugh’d to see the clown.

At length, the entertainment done,
And hush’d each merry throat—
“What are you looking for?” said one;
Said Ralph, “I wants my coat.”

’Twas gone, and with it all his pelf;
Poor Ralph was in a fright,
Till thus he reason’d with himself:
“’Tis very dark to-night;

“Unseen, I’ll steal into the street,
And turn them stones of gold—
Some good big bumping lumps, as yet,
These pockets well may hold.”

Stone after stone he overthrows,
For gold in eager haste,
Till soon the watch, with kicks and blows,
To prison drag him fast.

A fortnight to the treadmill sent,
Ralph's *thirst of wealth* was o'er ;
With toil he learn'd to be content,
And sought his plough once more.

And often, when some bumpkin swells
From rustic peace to roam,
With caution kind the tale he tells
That binds him to his home.

THE ANT AND THE BEE.

Go view the Ant or thrifty Bee,
And copy well their industry ;
For if, like them, you lay in store,
You'll ne'er know *want*, nor e'er be *poor* !

Soon as the sun has dawn'd on earth,
You'll see them up, and sally'ng forth :
The Bee, to sip the flowers sweet,
And bear home honey on his feet ;

The Ants, to search for seeds or grain,
To hoard in cells, built safe from rain.
I've watch'd them as they've crawl'd along,
And should have blush'd to do them wrong.

Thus, day by day, they always toil,
Whilst summer suns upon them smile,
To lay up store 'gainst winter comes,
That they may keep their snug warm homes.

So man, advis'd by Bee or Ant,
Should lay up store 'gainst cold and want,
And not waste all his youthful days
In idle and unthrifty ways.

For life and health to him are given,
As well as Ants or Bees, by Heaven :
Let's work to-day, then, or to-morrow
We e'en must pass in want and sorrow.

THE GOOD BOYS,

WILLIAM AND THOMAS.

BOTH Will and Tom were virtuous boys :
Their books they minded well ;
They ne'er left study for their toys,
Or cried at the school-bell.

But, when the well-known sound they heard,
To school they hurried straight,
Nor rod nor master's voice they fear'd,
Nor loiter'd at the gate.

They could far better read and write
Than any other lad,
Which won their master's favour quite,
And made their parents glad.

Thus, day by day, they fast improv'd,
In every virtue true,
And, by all worthy men belov'd,
'They great in knowledge grew.

Some envy'd them their master's smile,
And grudg'd his kind regard;
Whilst others strove, with rival toil,
To earn the same reward.

But they, more studious than before,
The Christmas being come,
Far, far from all, the prizes bore,
And joyful hasten'd home.

Will won a book all gilded o'er,
And so did Thomas, too;
And eke of prizes many more,
And praises not a few.

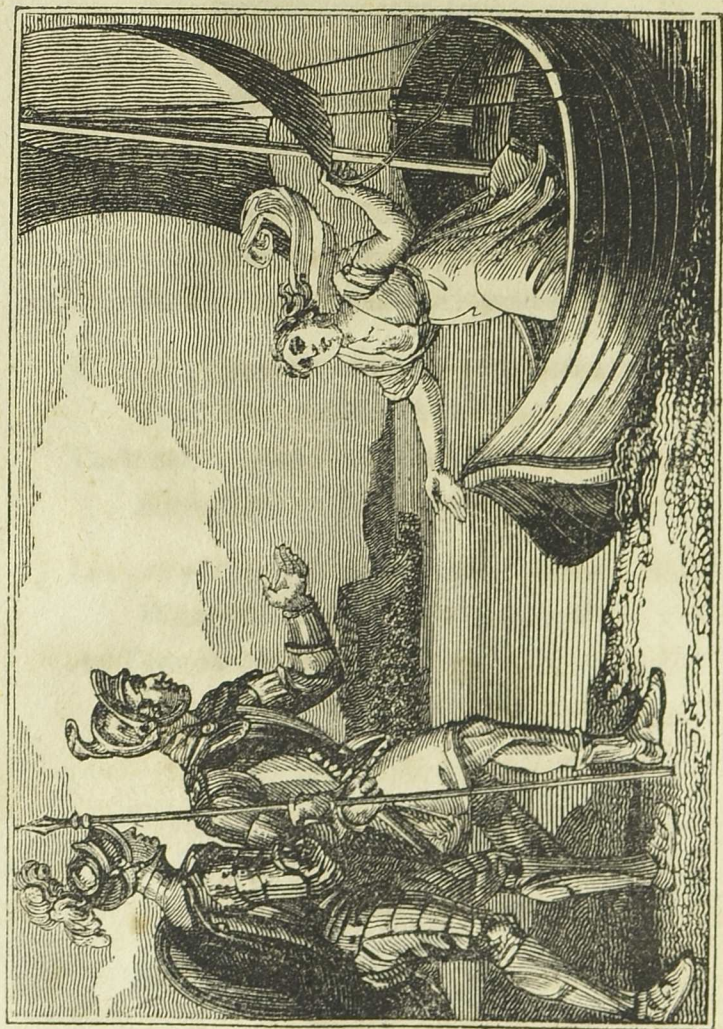
Their parents kiss'd them o'er and o'er,—
Their conduct was so right;
Such joy was never seen before,
Such frolic and delight.

Then rich plum-cakes were straightway made,
And tartlets too, and pies ;
And ev'ry sweetmeat was display'd,
To greet their longing eyes.

Their little friends came all around,
To spend the holydays,
And every tongue was heard to sound
Those worthy children's praise.

Then back to school they went with glee,
Their task neglected not ;
Their master was right glad to see,
Such boys again he'd got.

Let ev'ry little girl and boy,
Who would such pleasure know
As Tom and Willy did enjoy,
Like them in virtue grow.



MARIA AND THE BOAT.

A boat, which oft had stemm'd the tide,
Was by the shore close moor'd,
In which Maria fain would ride,
And therefore went on board.

She put her project soon in force,
And loosen'd boat and sail ;
And down the stream it bent its course,
Drove onwards by the gale.

Then round and round for help she look'd,
But there was none in sight ;
Then wrung her hands, with grief nigh chok'd,
And overcome with fright.

“ Oh, help me ! help me ! ” loud she cried,
“ I fear I shall be drown'd ”—
Just as the boat ashore did ride,
And roughly came aground.

Two warriors, who were passing by,
The heedless girl espy'd,
When she again for help did cry,
And to her aid they hied.

Then from the boat they quickly took
Maria, in affright ;
But, oh ! how alter'd was her look—
A pale and deathlike sight !

Maria's father, passing by,
Now heard, with poignant grief,
His fav'rite daughter's piteous cry,
And rush'd to her relief.

With thanks the strangers he repaid,
For all the care they'd shown ;
Then in his arms he clasp'd the maid,
And bore her to her home.

Her parents griev'd to see her pain,
For both did on her dote,
And begg'd Maria ne'er again
Would venture in the boat.



THE EYE.

WHAT a delicate organ's the eye !
How perfect its parts are compos'd !
By its aid we can quickly descry,
Whatever by Nature's disclos'd.

Not a flower that gems the green fields,
Not a bird that soars high in the air,
Not an object the universe yields,
But it does to this organ appear.

To each different animal's want
How wisely adapted it seems :
It enables the greyhound to hunt,
And the fishes to swim in the streams ;

Or the hawk to look down on its prey,
As it silently soars in the air ;
Guides the bee on its flowery way,—
Or from bloodhounds the timorous hare.

In the beetle, ant, gnat, and the fly,
And in millions of beings around,
Which we scarce can perceive with the eye,
Is this delicate organ, too, found.

None but God, with omnipotence fraught,
Could this wonderful member have made,
Whose texture so finely is wrought,
And for beauty so well is display'd.

If so useful, how kind we should be
To those who 're depriv'd of their sight,
Or have ne'er had the pleasure to see,
But whose life has been one long dark night !

THE VIOLET.

WHO has not seen the vi'let blue,
Resembling Heaven's azure hue,
All clust'ring in the vale;
So modestly, we scarce should know
E'en when or where it chose to grow,
Did it not scent the gale.

Its leaves profuse, of verdant hue,
Conceal the flowers from our view,
As though they seem'd to say,—
“ We'll hide our treasures from the eye
Of man, lest, when he's passing by,
He bears them far away.”

Thus modest merit hides its head,
In some sequester'd humble shed;
Nor would it e'er be found,
Did not its own intrinsic worth,
In spite of diffidence, burst forth,
Improving all around.

THE CREATION.*

I.

Whose Spirit o'er the deep did move,
Who said, " Let there be light,"
Who made the Earth, and Heavens above,
Divided light from darkness, day from night ?

JEHOVAH—GOD.

II.

Who made the Firmament on high,
The Sun and Moon so bright ;
Who set the Stars within the Sky,
The Sun to give us light by day, the Moon and
Stars by night ?

JEHOVAH—GOD.

III.

Who form'd the water into seas,
And made dry land appear—
Who cloth'd that land with grass and trees,
And made each tender flower and shrub his care ?

JEHOVAH—GOD.

IV.

Who made the fish in rivers live—
The birds fly in the air,—
The cattle on their pasture thrive,
And bade great whales within the deep appear ?

JEHOVAH—GOD.

* Genesis, chapter i.

V.

Who made all things that creep on earth—
Ending as he began ;—
Who saw all were of goodly worth,
Which He had made for his own likeness—Man?
JEHOVAH—GOD.

VI.

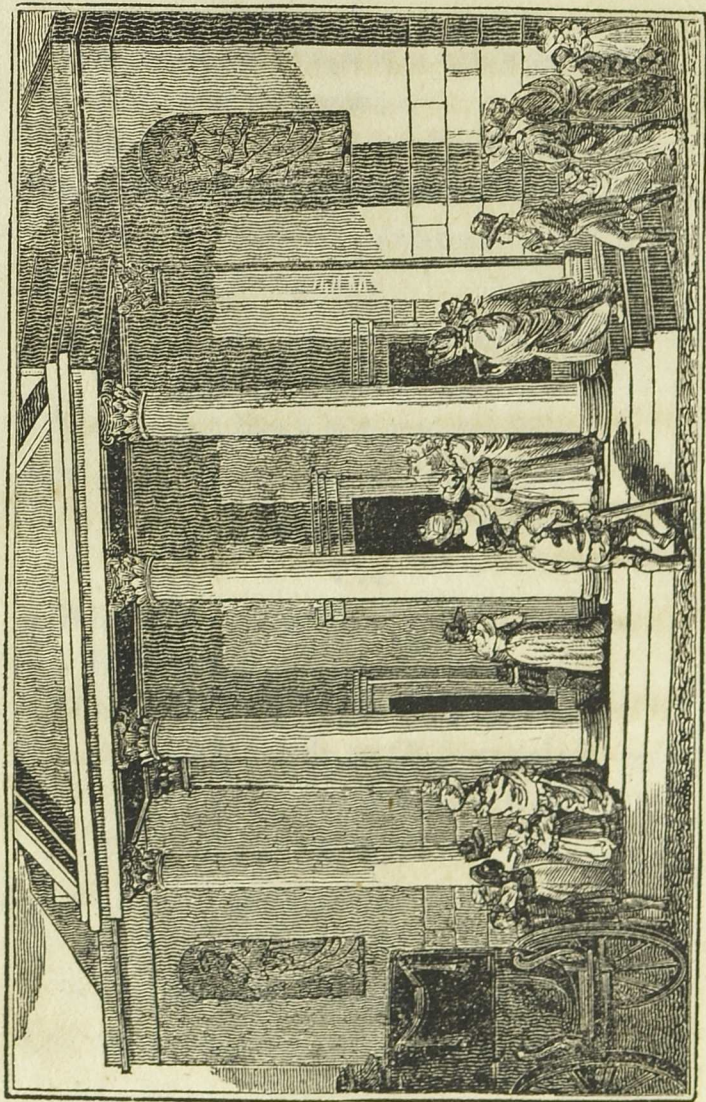
Who, gave that man his likeness—life—
Who made that man of dust—
Who form'd him a companion—wife—
And gave him an *immortal soul* in trust ?
JEHOVAH—GOD.

VII.

Who, when his glorious work did cease,
In mercy bless'd the whole—
Then bade all living things increase,
Earth's utmost bounds to fill from pole to pole ?
JEHOVAH—GOD.

VIII.

Who in six days did end those plans,—
Pronounc'd them good !—then blest
The works of his Almighty hands,
And sanctified the *seventh* day to rest ?
JEHOVAH—GOD.



THE SABBATH ;

OR, GOING TO CHURCH.

THE SABBATH is *a holy day*
Appointed by the Lord,
When all should worship him, and pray,
And hear his heavenly word.

When entering in a *sacred place*,
For all good boys 'tis fit,
They walk in with becoming grace,
And down in silence sit:

Observe their elders—how *they* do—
Sit, stand, or kneel to pray;
When *they* kneel, children should kneel too,
Or sit or stand, as they.

The *text* they should remember well,
The chapter and the verse,
Which to their parents they should tell,
Nay, ev'ry word rehearse.

They should store up within the mind
The *sacred truths* they hear,
Which teach them to be good and kind,
And to their God draw near.

And, when the preacher makes an end,
Sedate, and free from noise,
Homeward should they their footsteps bend,
Nor join with idle boys,

Who, thoughtless, lead a wicked life,
Nor ever go to pray,
But with a sinful course of strife
Begin and end each day.

Good boys—how truly bless'd are they,
To whom the joy is given,
In peace to pour, each SABBATH DAY,
High praise and pray'r to Heaven!



POKER, TONGS, SHOVEL, BRUSH, AND BELLOWS.

ONE day, 't was December, mid frost, sleet,
and snow,
A fine Christmas log gave the parlour a glow;
And Betty, the housemaid, had just shut the door,
And was gone to prepare for the dinner, at four;
So, being quite snug by themselves, o'er the fire,
Mister Poker began of Miss Tongs to inquire,

“ If ’t was true that Dame Bellows”—he spoke
half in jest,

“ Were likely to die with the *wind in her chest?*”

“ Pshaw!” Shovel exclaim’d, “ why of her
make a fuss?

The sooner she’s gone, all the better for us!”

“ The better for us, Mrs. Shovel! and how?”

Ask’d Poker, and bow’d, with a *very stiff* bow.

“ Because, where she comes, as dear Hearth-
brush can tell,

She kicks up a dust, and so puffs with a swell,

That my lady herself, tho’ ’t is shameful to see,

Oft dandles the insolent minx on her knee;

While you, Mr. Poker—the truth you must own,

Are collar’d by John, and oft turn’d upside down;

And I, though my hands be as white as a roll,

Must pick up a cinder, a stick, or a coal:

No wonder so nervous I’m getting of late;

If a spider crawl in, I must e’en pick up that.

Such insults are pointed—I’ll find out the drift,

The cause to the bottom I’ll speedily *sift*;

And when Madam Bellows next enters *en state*,

We’ll all let her see we’re akin to the *grate*.”

“ I’ll give her a *sweep*,” chuckled Brush;

“ and,” said Poker,

“ I wish Mr. Tongs with a hard *nip* would choke
her;

I owe her a *stir*,—and you, Shovel, no doubt,
Will *throw* something over her new copper
snout."

All agreed, and so pleas'd with each other they
were,

That Tongs said, " Miss Brush had a *fine head
of hair*."

Brush ey'd their bald pates, and observ'd, on
the sly,

" " They were welcome her Rowland's Ma-
cassar to try ;"

Which, though they declin'd, still she charm'd
all their hearts,

With a very bright speech, on their very bright
parts.

Mrs. Shovel declar'd, that " Miss Brush had
such skill,

She hop'd she 'd unite in the last new quadrille ;"

Brush hung down her head, as was always her
way,

In modest assent ; and so merry were they,
They caper'd and cut with such frolic and
rout,

That, neglected, the fire went nearly quite out ;
And so small were the sparks, that poor Poker
in vain

Attempted to poke up a blaze once again.

Sobb'd Shovel,—“ When Betty comes into the
room,

She'll certainly knock us all down with the
broom.”

Such tidings so fill'd pretty Tongs with dismay,
That she reel'd on one side and quite fainted
away;

At length she recover'd, and said, with a sigh,
“ Pray call in *dear* Bellows, or else I shall die;
Beseech her to kindle the fire with speed,
Or roughly we all shall be handled, indeed.”

Now Bellows, who hung in the passage just by,
Came puffing and blowing, and winking her eye,
By which their discourse she had heard, they
soon found,

And were forc'd to beg pardon, most humbly,
all round,

Ere a puff she would give to a coal in the grate.
They blush'd and repented, though almost too late,
For the fire seem'd extinct—till Bellows, quite
soon,

Blew it up to a flame just as clear as the moon.
Brush swept up the hearth—Shovel threw the
dust out—

Tongs pick'd up the coals—Poker pok'd them
about;

And by all 't was agreed, they'd no longer be
jealous,
Since Brush, Tongs, and Poker, couldn't do
without Bellows.

MORAL.

Just thus 't is the ignorant seek to repress
The *wisdom* and *talent* they do not possess.

BUY A BROOM!

To sell pretty brooms, useful brooms, is my trade;
Come buy them—but little they cost;
Buy a broom—buy a broom of a poor hapless
maid,
Who father and mother has lost.

At daybreak I rise; to the streets I repair;
Through the alleys and squares, as I roam,
At each window I pause, just to lift up my ware,
And cry out,—“ Pray, pray, buy a broom !”

Good ladies, O think with compassion on me,
While you dine in yon fine painted room!
Though ever so hungry, no food can I see,
Till you “ buy a broom, buy a broom !”

Let pity remind you that fortune may change ;
How hard you would then think your doom,
If, like me, through the streets you forlornly
must range,

And vainly cry,—“ Broom ! buy a broom !”

Ah ! guess, when worn out and quite weary I am,
And my bosom is clouded with gloom,
How my heart it relieves, just to hear you ex-
claim,—

“ A broom there ! come, I’ll buy a broom !”

Some chide me, some scoff me ; but little they know,
When one’s parents are laid in the tomb,
How stern is the fate of a daughter of woe,
Forc’d to cry out, for bread,—“ Buy a broom !”

One hope *still* relieves, and makes cheerful my
mood,

Bids the rose on my cheeks sweetly bloom ;
’Tis that Heaven, some day, if I *still* remain *good*,
May raise me from—“ Broom ! buy a
broom !”

Dear lady, this bounty—that tear for my sake !
Quite happy you send me now home ;
Were all kind like *you*, with what joy should I
wake

Each morn, to cry—“ Broom ! buy a broom !”

L O N D O N.

WHAT place is that, whose praise I sing,
Where stands the palace of the King,
And commerce doth her treasures bring?

That place is LONDON.

'Tis there the dome of huge St. Paul,
Surmounted by its cross and ball,
Majestic lifts its head o'er all

Who dwell in LONDON.

There rolls the Thames, in silent pride,
With vessels floating on its tide,
By which our lux'ries are supplied,

And brought to LONDON.

There crowds on crowds throng ev'ry street,
While merchants, factors, traders, meet
On business, and each other greet:

Oh, matchless LONDON!

There, too, fair Science loves to dwell,
For there her vot'ries most excel ;
And talent is rewarded well,

If known in LONDON.

And ev'ry thing to charm the sight,
Or give each other sense delight,
At home, abroad, by day, or night,
Is found in LONDON.

Then who would in the country stay,
That had the means to come away,
And not exchange it for the gay
Dear charms of LONDON?



OUR VILLAGE.

WHAT place is that, so neat and still,
Where flows the clear meand'ring rill,
And on it stands the moss-thatch'd mill?
Our peaceful VILLAGE.

There calm Content, with eye serene,
With honest Industry is seen,
And youth, disporting on the green
Of our sweet VILLAGE.

The rustics there at early morn
Are rous'd from sleep, by hunters' horn,
When Sol's first rays the hills adorn
Of our dear VILLAGE :

And, when he sinks in western skies,
The lab'rer on his pallet lies,
Till peaceful slumbers close his eyes.—

Oh, happy VILLAGE!

The mower, resting in the shade,
Or milk-maid, tripping o'er the glade,
In russet gown, so neat, array'd,

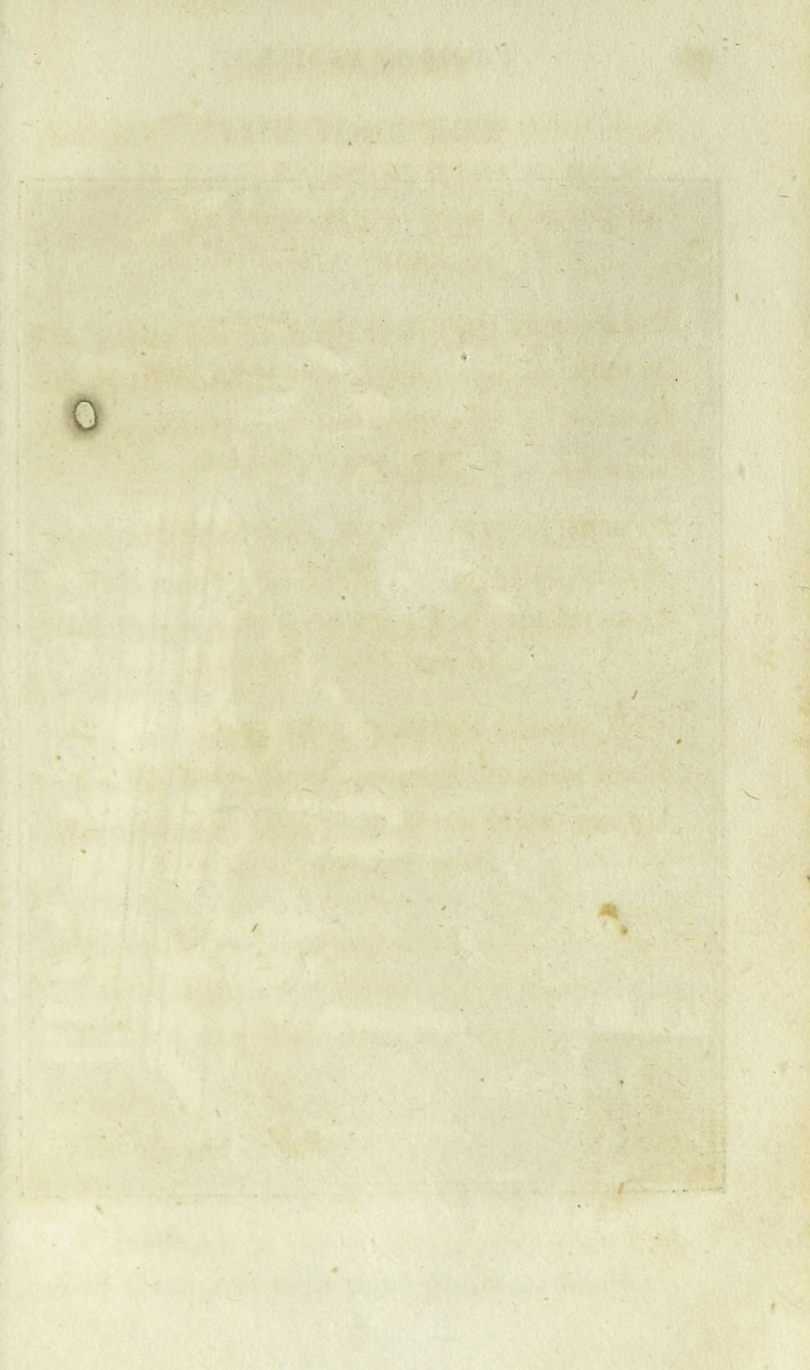
Denote our VILLAGE.

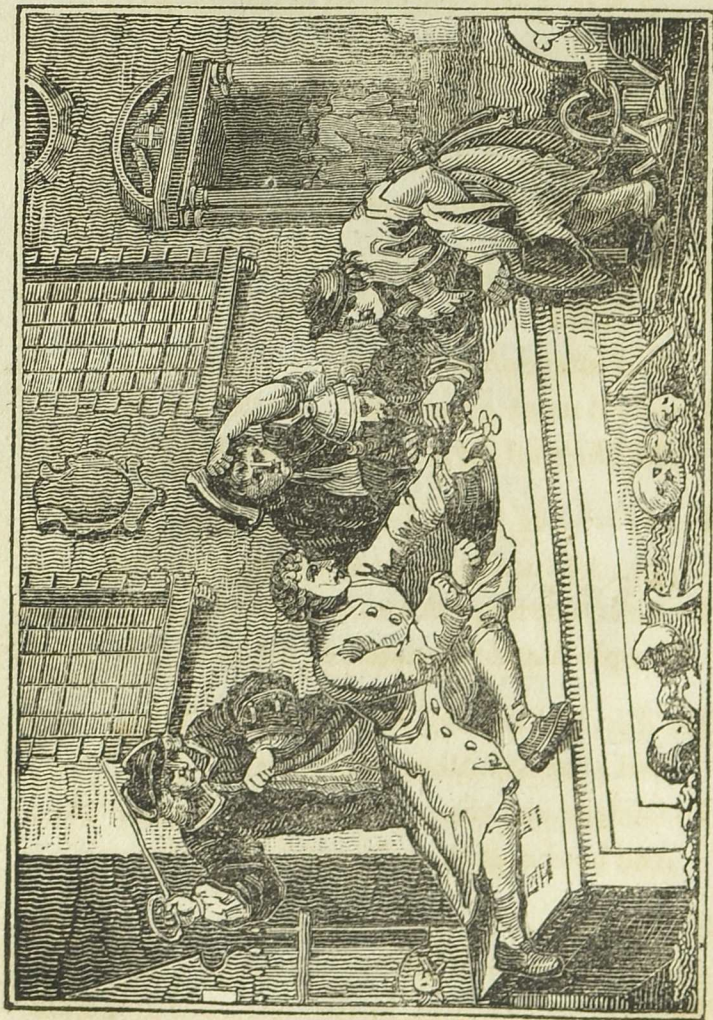
Remote from town's discordant strife,
Where ev'ry joy of Nature's rife,
Thus tranquilly I pass my life,

In our dear VILLAGE.

And, should I ever quit the spot,
Each hill and dale, each grove and grot,
By me could never be forgot;—

Dear charming VILLAGE!





THE IDLE BOY AND THE INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

A MAN had two sons, whom he equally lov'd;
One was wickedly idle and wild;
But, unlike his brother, the other he prov'd
A good and affectionate child.

He lov'd his poor parents, obey'd their com-
mands,
And attended his school, as appears;
Receiv'd many praises and gifts at their hands;
But they oft for his brother shed tears:

For he was as wicked as wicked could be,
Aye, and many more boys he made bad;
For so known for profaneness and mischief was he,
People hated the name of the lad.

He'd go seeking evil from morning till night;
And even the *blind* and the *lame*
To mislead and abuse, it would give him delight;
And he'd call them by some wicked name.

On Sundays, his brother repair'd to the church,
With his neat little pray'r-book in hand;
But this wicked boy in the churchyard would
lurch,

And there join with some dissolute band.

Then games on the tombstones they'd wantonly
play,

And quarrel, call names, curse, and swear,
Till the beadle was forced to drive them away,
Lest the people in church should them hear.

From *gaming*, this boy took to *thieving*, at last,
And was taken and sent to a jail;
Was tried and condemn'd, and for death he was
cast,—

Alas! how his poor parents did wail!

The king, for their sakes, spar'd the wretched
boy's life,

But he sent him far over the sea,
That he ne'er might again cause them sorrow or
strife;

And he never again did them see.

His good brother liv'd for to comfort their days;
And he gain'd himself honour and store,
And walk'd in religious and virtuous ways,
And reliev'd both the maim'd and the poor.

On this naughty boy's fate all good children
should look;

And I hope they'll attend to the tale,
And copy the *good little boy* in the book,
That their friends may have naught to bewail.

THE BUTTERFLY.

“ I’ll catch that *butterfly*,” said John,
And ran with all his might,
But quickly o’er the wall ’t was gone,
And soon flew out of sight.

Then he began to whine and cry,
Till his Papa came out,
And wip’d the tear from off his eye,
And ask’d what ’t was about.

“ How could you wish,” said his Papa,
“ You cruel little boy,
Its short-liv’d freedom to debar,
Which is its only joy ?

“ Its life is scarce a summer’s day,
Its joyous hours are few ;
Then let it go its little way,
And sip the flowery dew.

“ The beauty of its spotted vest,
Which gives you such delight,
Will, by your fingers rudely press’d,
Soon vanish from your sight.

“ Then let it live its little day,
Enjoy its little bliss,
And wing its short aerial way,
To give each flower a kiss.



RISE EARLY;

OR, THE DANGER OF DELAY.

I.

SOON as the morn
Begins to dawn,
All little folks should rise;
Nor waste away
The opening day,
As drone or sluggard lies.

II.

It leads to health,
It leads to wealth,
To honour, and to fame;
For those, I say,
Who waste the day,
Know these alone by name!

III.

Time waits for none,
But on, on, on,
In moments, minutes, hours,
Days, weeks, months, years,
His course careers,
Led by th' Almighty's powers.

IV.

No man can check,
Or e'er call back,
A moment that's gone by ;
'Tis one step to
Where all must go—
The grave—whene'er they die.

V.

Mind, then, my rhymes,
And rise betimes ;
No foe is like delay :
It brings you grief,
But no relief
To wear that grief away.

THE GREEDY PIG.

“ LOOK at that greedy pig,” cried Dick,
“ It wo’ n’t let t’ others get a lick ;
It grunts and bites at ev’ry one.”
Then he, to drive it off, did run.

“ Stop, stop,” said his Mamma, “ my dear,
A word I ’ll whisper in your ear :
Observe that greedy pig,—you may
A lesson learn from what I say.

“ You see he bites, and drives aloof
All his companions from the trough ;
And, though they almost beg a sup,
He greedily swills all things up.

“ Some greedy girls and boys there are,
Resembling much this pig, my dear,
Who, when they get nice cakes or fruit,
Will fight and quarrel, like that brute.

“ They ’ll eat, and eat, and eat, until
They oft with gluttony are ill ;
And, though their playmates beg and pray,
Before they ’ll give, they ’ll throw away.

“ So, Richard, never be unkind,
But keep the greedy pig in mind;
And, when you’re eating cakes so nice,
Give all your playfellows a slice.”

EVENING THOUGHTS.

WHEN night with darkness spreads the skies,
And sleep has clos’d our weary eyes,
Who still protects our quiet homes
From ev’ry evil thing that roams ?
From the rude robber, prowling near,
From things of darkness and of fear—
From ev’ry ill whose gloomy form
Roams in the midnight, or its storm?

Soon might the whirling tempest’s blast,
In ruin wide, our roofs o’ercast;
Unheard, the murd’rer seal our doom,—
Unseen, death blight our early bloom ;
Or those dark spirits, who once, above,
Liv’d in the light of joy and love,
But now are chain’d beneath the deep,
Affright our calm and healthful sleep.

But calmly through the night we rest,
While placid slumbers lull the breast,
For He, whose eye is ev'ry where,
Hears on his throne our ev'ning pray'r;
And, though around the robber prowls,
Dark storms, or darker spirits, howl,
In peace we rest, no ill we fear,—
The Guardian of our home is near.

MEMORY.

SWEET Mem'ry! thou art she whose power
Such gentle solace brings,
To sooth the long and weary hour
With forms of vanish'd things.

The young, the old, the rich, the poor,
On thee alike depend;
Thou art the mistress of all lore—
The universal friend.

'Tis thou inspir'st the story'd page
Of Hist'ry's blazon'd chart;
Record'st the science of the sage,
The wondrous powers of art.

For thou alone, in elder day,
Which else had lost its fame,
In many an oft-repeated lay,
Preserv'd each honour'd name.

And Time, whose stream whelms all beneath
The darkness of his tide,
Sees those, whose brows thy chaplets wreath,
His sternest power deride.

While Art and Science, led by thee,
Through rudest ages, bring
Those treasur'd seeds futurity
Shall ripen, like the Spring.

But what is all that Hist'ry tells—
The legend or the lay?
Or what are all the potent spells
That mark thy prouder sway?

Oh! dim the rays that round thee shine,
However bright and clear,
Compar'd with that mild group of thine,
Whose forms are ever near:

Near, in the first fair days of youth,
When ev'ry thing is sweet,
And early love's remember'd truth
And present friendship meet;

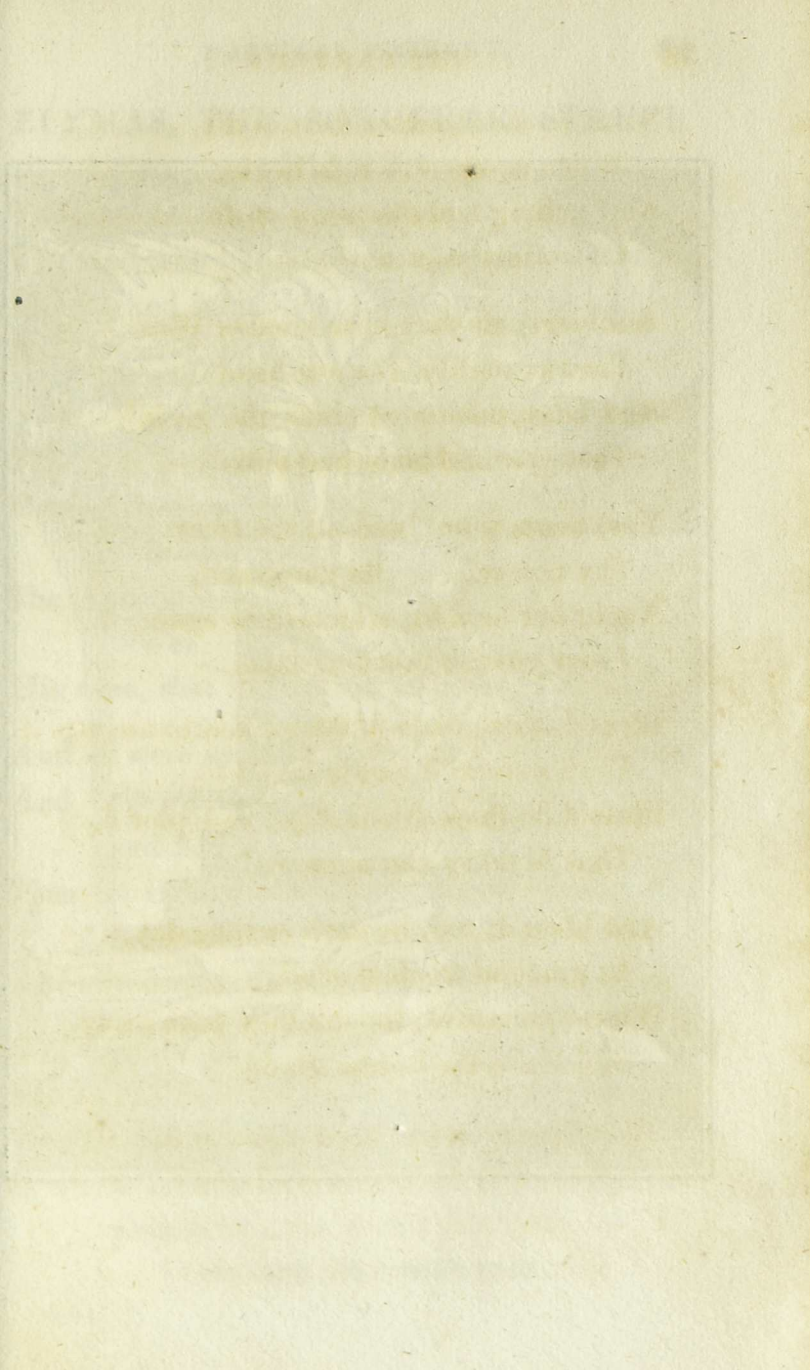
Near, in the stormier days of life,
When manhood's toils begin,
And smiling mid the noisy strife
Of worldly care and sin ;

And near, oh very near ! when Woe
Frowns darkly o'er our head,
And Disappointment chills the glow
That youthful hope had fed.

Yes, there is not, mid all the train
Thy powerful spells command,
Aught fair as that, which lives again,
From youth's receding land.

Bless'd, then, be they whose hearts are stor'd
With pure and gentle love !
Bless'd be those friendships, undeplor'd,
That Mem'ry can approve !

And bless'd, too, be each smiling day,
In graceful trophies clad,
Whose pleasures, though they pass away,
Still leave the bosom glad !





ELYMAS, THE SORCERER, STRUCK
BLIND.*

THE sorc'rer, Elymas, when he revil'd
The God who had made him, upon him recoil'd
His wicked intentions; for he was struck blind,
As he strove to make others, tow'rds God, in
their *mind*.

When, in St. Paul's presence, he tried to mislead
Paulus Sergius, and bade him his God not to
heed,

The Apostle denounc'd him, and darkness came
o'er

His eyes, that he saw *not* as he had before.

And all were astonish'd at what Paul had done,
And believ'd that he came from the Father
and Son ;

Then he righteousness preach'd, in the name of
the Lord,

And turn'd many from sin to believe in the *Word*.

Oh ! tremble, all ye that revile the true God !

For he can annihilate you with a nod ;

You are but the *dust* he created—the *man*

In whose nostrils he breath'd, when he ended his
plan.

* Acts, chap. xiii, verse 6 to 12.

THE SPOTTED FAWN.

As Jane and Henry cross'd the lawn,
To gather flow'rs so gay,
They saw a little Spotted Fawn
Was gamb'ling by the way.

“ My pretty spotted dear,” she cried,
“ Oh ! let me kiss thee, pray ;”
The frighten'd creature her espied,
And bounded fast away.

“ What do you fear ?” cried little Jane,
And ran to fetch her bonnet ;
Whilst Henry chas'd it down a lane,
And set his dog upon it.

But soon the Fawn was out of sight,
So very swift it ran ;
And Jane, who saw its rapid flight,
To cry almost began.

Their parents very soon found out,
How they the Fawn had teas'd ;
And Jane and Henry saw, no doubt,
That they were both displeas'd.

Said their Papa, "Should you like, pray,
" For some fierce dog to come,
" And worry *you*, when I'm away,
" Or when you 're far from home?"

Henry begg'd pardon for the act,
Said he 'd do so no more;
His father pardon'd him,—in fact,
He 'd ne'er done so before.

THE PANTOMIME.

When Christmas came, the joyous time
When Mary left her school,
She went to see the *Pantomime*,
Where *Harlequin* does rule.

Had you but seen the little lass,
You surely would have smil'd,
So joyfully the hours did pass,
When thus of care beguil'd.

For at the play, the school, and task,
And governess's frown,
Were all forgot—so gay the mask
Of *Pantaloön* and *Clown*.

No sooner ended was the play,
And she at home had been
One moment, than she cried—"I pray,
Do list to what I've seen!"

"Oh dear! Mamma, a country maid,
As she was walking steady,
Was all at once, by magic aid,
Chang'd to a dancing lady.

"The people called her *Columbine*;
'T was lovely to behold
Her, deck'd so bright in jewels fine,
And spangles all of gold.

"Then on the stage a fellow flew,
With a huge bearded chin,
Who was, by magic power, too,
Transform'd to *Harlequin*.

"Then next came such a funny man,
With mouth from ear to ear,
Who tumbled, made grimaces, ran,
And shouted out through fear.

"For *Harlequin*, upon his back,
Did beat him up and down,
And made his magic wand go *whack*!
And him they call'd *The Clown*.

- “ An old man, then, with long pig-tail,
Came trotting to a tune ;
To make you laugh he could not fail ;
They call'd him *Pantaloon*.
- “ Now all began to run about,
And dance and caper, too ;
They pass'd so swiftly in and out,
You would have thought they flew.
- “ They jump'd thro' windows wondrous high,
Nor ever seem'd to tire ;
Nay, *Harlequin* appear'd to fly,
And leap'd through sheets of fire.
- “ And then the *Clown* was such a thief,
And such a monstrous glutton,
He swallow'd fowls, and ribs of beef,
And stole a leg of mutton.
- “ Then *Harlequin* chang'd men to trees,
And boxes into carts ;
A barrow he made from a cheese,
A goose, the Jack of hearts.
- “ A sportsman then came, with his gun,
And shot a pretty pheasant,
Which *Clown* pick'd up, and off did run,
Although the man was present.

“ Indeed, there were such funny scenes,
So much to please the eye,
I wonder how they found the means
Such pleasure to supply.

“ A splendid palace in the grove,
Which grac'd the closing scene,
Was called the hall of perfect love,
Where dwelt a fairy queen.

“ The walls were hung with brilliants rare,
And beautiful, and grand ;
The fairy queen, with graceful air,
Sat thron'd, with wand in hand.

“ She first the fell enchantment broke,
Which had possess'd them ; then
She wav'd her wand, and, with a stroke,
She chang'd them once again.

“ Then, as a lord and lady gay,
This couple quick appear,
Bedeck'd with gems and rich array,
And other splendid gear :

“ And then she join'd them hand in hand,
Bless'd them, and said, ‘ Through life
Their deeds must all to virtue tend,
If they 'd live free from strife.’

“ The white-wing’d fairies danc’d right well,
In circles, round the queen ;
Just then, alas ! the curtain fell,
And clos’d the magic scene.”

THE LIFE OF MAN.

THE Life of Man
Is but a span,
A journey, or a flight ;
At morn begun,
At noon half run,
And ending with the night.

A helpless boy
Pleas’d with a toy ;
A man of hopes and fears ;
Till tottering age
(Frail man’s last stage)
Doth close this “ vale of tears.”

If so short, then,
The Life of Men,
Oh, let us live with grace !
That, dying, we,
Eternally,
May see our Maker’s face !

THE FAIRINGS.

“ Oh dear !” cried Joseph, John, and Sue,
And ran as if they 'd wings,
To meet Papa ; they all but flew,—
He 'd brought them such fine things—

As presents, from the neighb'ring fair,
Where he had been that day ;
For Sue, a pretty doll and chair,
Small tea-things, and a tray ;

For John and Joe, a rocking-horse,
Which they nam'd Bonny Grey ;
And each a nice new whip, of course,
To cut and slash away :

They 'd each a little trumpet, too,
A whipping-top and ball :
Likewise a shuttlecock had Sue,
A battledoor and all.

So pleas'd they never were before ;
They jump'd about with joy,
And thank'd their father o'er and o'er,
And kiss'd him for their toy.

But why did he those Fairings give
To John, and Joe, and Sue?
Because, *good children*, they did live
As children ought to do.

THE SNOWDROP.

The warm gales of Spring by the earth are now
felt,
And the ice and the snow are beginning to melt;
Now, modestly peeping, the delicate head
Of the Snowdrop is seen, for stern Winter is
fled.

The Snowdrop's an emblem of Virtue, so chaste,
It blooms in the desert, it thrives in the waste;
But, when brought beneath a meridian blaze,
It droops, and conceals its pure charms from our
gaze :

Thus Innocence ever retires from the crowd,
Thus shrinks from the eye of the bold and the
proud,
And enjoys, in seclusion, a life without pain,
Which Fashion's gay vot'ries are seeking in vain.

The Snowdrop is pure—so must Innocence be :
The Snowdrop is modest—a pattern for thee,
My good little child, if you would have the love
Of man upon earth, and your God that's above.

THE CAT AND THE RAT.

“ Dear mother,” cried Thomas, “ do look at
the Cat ;

I declare she is killing a monstrous great Rat !”

“ Yes, my child,” said Mamma, “ thus our
pantry she guards ;

And a little new milk all her labour rewards.”

“ May I give her some milk, my dear mother ?”
said Tom ;

“ Yes, since she deserves it, you may give her
some ;

She has done well her duty, and, therefore,”
said she,

“ At our hands she is worthy rewarded to be.

“ If she did not kill all the Rats and the Mice,
We could not keep custards and tartlets so
nice ;

They'd be licking and picking them, both
night and day,
Till we should be oblig'd for to throw them
away.

“ You see that, by keeping a Cat in the house,
We shall seldom be troubled with Rat or
with Mouse;

“ And our cream-cheese and custards in safety
shall lie;

For from vigilant Puss all such vermin will fly.

“ So, my dear boy, in future, you never must
tease

Poor Puss, when she lies by the fire at her
ease;

For, when we asleep on our beds take repose,
She's ranging the pantry, and killing our foes.”



THE EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE; OR, THE PUNISHMENT OF NAUGHTY JANE.

“ GIVE me some tea,” said naughty Jane
To her Mamma, one day;
And forward instantly did lean,
To reach some off the tray.

Instead of saying—"If you please,"
And waiting for her cup,
She rudely did the tea-things seize—
The table it turn'd up.

The scalding water flow'd around
Her face, her hand, and arm ;
The broken china strew'd the ground ;
And all was in alarm.

Her mother fainted with affright ;
Papa was quite distress'd ;
The servants, who saw Jane's sad plight,
For doctors ran in quest.

Long time in bed she was confin'd ;
The doctors thought she'd die ;
Her parents, who were ever kind,
Watch'd by her constantly.

At length, she slowly better grew ;
But still, so sad her case,
Her friends said, Jane they scarcely knew,
So scarr'd o'er was her face.

And when she is a woman grown,
She will regret the day
So rudely she indulg'd her own
Self-will'd and stubborn way.



THE HUSBANDMAN.

SOON as the earliest dawn appears,
The sturdy labourer seeks the fields,
And there, remote from noise or fears,
The spade or axe till evening wields.

The grateful soil his care rewards,
The flocks to clothe him yield their fleece;
From the rough wind his plants he guards,
Or marks the fruitful grain's increase.

The seasons vary well his toil :
He ploughs and sows, his corn he reaps;
Now stacks the golden sheaf awhile ;
Now high with grain his garner heaps.

Spring sees the shooting blades appear,
The promise of luxuriant corn ;
And crows and rooks demand his care ;
The grass is mow'd, the sheep are shorn.

Next summer suns, with warmer rays,
Bring on the crops—the fruits prepare ;
Now, in the length'ning sultry days,
The rustic labours doubled are.

When autumn greets his anxious eye,
The crops beneath his sickle bend ;
The fruit-trees, too, yield their supply,
And all with joyous feasting end.

Cloth'd in hoar frosts, stern winter frowns ;
Now seeds are sown, the fallow's till'd ;
No idleness the rustic owns,
Though all his garners are well filled.

Those are the country's wearied joys,
The hopes and fears of rural life ;
Remote from turbulence and noise,
Remote from care, remote from strife.

At eve, his daily labours done,
Homeward his implements he bears ;
In pleasing strife his children run,
To climb his knee and tell their cares.

A faithful dame prepares his food,
A humble, but a social meal ;
Thus virtuous, content, and good,
In peace their years serenely steal.

PAPER, PEN, AND INK.

A FABLE.

“ You black, ugly creature,” said Paper to Ink,
“ Get out of my way, or I soon will upset you.
Come, quick, Ma’am, be off! why, you surely
don’t think

I will sit by your side—oh, faugh! how you stink!
In fact, if *I* would, Mrs. Pen would not let you.”

“ Pray, Miss, what’s the matter?” the Inkstand
replied,

“ That you show such unmannerly airs, and
thus flout me;

Although my appearance you seem to deride,
I think I could humble your insolent pride,

And prove, that quite useless you’d soon be
without me.”

“ ’Pon honour,” said Paper, “ it seems mighty
queer

To hear such a dingy-fac’d minx assume airs,
And, indeed, I’ve a mind you shall not remain
here—

Mrs. Pen ! Mrs. Pen ! come hither, my dear !
And help me to kick this vile Inkstand down
stairs."

Then the Pen, stepping up, cried, " Let me
interpose :

I assure you, dear Paper, this feud must not
last ;

We both are indebted, as every one knows,
To our very good friend—nay, you must not
be foes,

But kiss, and shake hands, and forget what
has pass'd."

" I kiss and shake hands with an Inkstand !—
no, no ;

Don't mention to me such a vile degradation ;
I would rather have Inkstand my bitterest foe,
Than that people of fashion should e'er chance
to know,

I could tamely submit to such humiliation."

These words were scarce utter'd, when in came
a man,

And, drawing a chair to the table up close,
He dipp'd the Pen into the Ink, and began
A letter to write in great haste, and then ran
As fast as he could, for to send it by post.

He was no sooner gone, than the Inkstand
cried out,

“ I wonder what saucy Miss Paper will say,
When she’s put in the bag, and well tumbled
about ?

She may give herself airs—she may whimper
and pout,

But still for a time in the bag she must stay :

“ And, perhaps, when she gets to her right des-
tination,

Into pieces her delicate limbs may be torn,
Or else may be made to fill some dirty station :
Oh, dear ! she will certainly die of vexation.

Poor thing ! such debasement can hardly be
borne.”

“ Hold ! hold !” replied Pen ; “ for, in truth be
it spoke,

We in safety can never be long said to dwell ;
You may meet with a fall, and to pieces be broke,
And *I* to a stump may be cut at one stroke—

So, while we are here, let us strive to do well.”

TO A ROBIN,
WHICH HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN A TRAP, AND
AFTERWARDS SET AT LIBERTY.

PRETTY Robin, fly away,—

Fly beyond the reach of man ;
Never will I let thee stay
In a cage's narrow span.

Go ! thy mate and nestlings dear
Anxious wait thy fond return ;
Haste ! for till thou dost appear
Hearts like their's must throb and burn.

Grateful Robin ! thou shalt sing
The praise of him who sets thee free ;
And I shall prize the notes which bring
To my mind “ sweet liberty !”

For sweet, indeed, was that to me,
When a pris'ner I had been ;
With what delight and jocund glee
I tripp'd across the meadow green.

And must not little Robin feel
His heavy load of grief made light ?
Yes ; could he but his thoughts reveal,
He'd chant my praise from morn to night.

THE HORSE.

THE noblest of creatures, the next unto man,
That God has created on earth,
Is the Horse; and let any disprove, if they can,
His great beauty, his strength, and his worth.

Submissive, by nature, to man, as his lord,
The bit and the bridle he bears,
And patiently lists to his master's stern word,
Yet betrays neither tremblings nor fears.

In war, we behold him intrepid and brave,
And anxious to share with his master
The honour of conquest, the blood-stained grave,
His wounds, his fatigue, and disaster.

The roaring of cannon, and loud dash of strife,
His ardour renews and inspires :
He boldly advances, at risk of his life,
Or retreats, as his master desires.

Behold him in peace—he is tractable still,
In servitude faithful e'en now ;
He readily aids the rich ground for to till,
By his working in harrow or plough.

The cart or the carriage he draws with like ease,
Or he bears the load laid on his back ;
And faster or slower he'll go, if you please,
O'er a plain or the rough mountain track.

Or he in the chase his high mettle will try,
And, bounding swift o'er hill and dale,
He'll follow the hounds and the huntsman's
shrill cry,
With delight, in the deafening peal.

And, though nigh o'ercome with fatigue and with
thirst,
He never once stays to take breath ;
But strives for the honour of being the first
To be in with the hounds at the death.

How noble his ardour, when on the race-course
He's match'd with some rival in speed ;
He neighs, and curvets, till he starts with full
force,
And then naught but the conquest will heed.

He lays his ears close, and his mettle he tries,
Pushing on with astonishing bound,
And, knitting his sinewy powers, he hies
To be first that shall measure the ground.

In all he achieves he exults, in his pride,
If his master he serves meets his eyes ;
For none his affection can ever divide,—
For his master he lives or he dies.

Be kind to him, then—all whose life, and whose
pride,

Is obedience and servile to man :
His days should, in age, without servitude glide,
And his gratitude soon you would scan.

Nor sell him, as some masters cruelly have,
When he's labour'd till useless and grey,
And almost sunk into a natural grave,
To be yok'd to some hackney or dray.

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE;
OR, THE DEATH OF LITTLE ANN.

“ My dear,” said Ann's Mamma, one day,
“ Pray mind, 'tis my desire,
That, when I go out of your way,
You'll *never play with fire!*”

“ Oh, no! I never will,” Ann said,
“ Since 't is what you require ;
I'll stay with Jane, the nurs'ry maid,
And not go near the fire.”

But, when her mother was from home,
And no one else was by her,
She went into another room,
And there play'd with the fire.

“ Oh dear, Oh dear !” scream'd naughty Ann,
Just ready to expire ;
For, when the servants to her ran,
They found her clothes on fire.

Poor Ann was burnt, and sadly bled ;
The doctor then came nigh her,
And quickly had her sent to bed :
This came of playing with fire.

She scream'd with pain, both day and night,—
“ Oh, dear ! I shall expire ;”
And, in her weeping mother's sight,
She died, through playing with fire.

So, all good little girls and boys,
Mind your Mammas' desire,
Lest you bereave her of her joys,
And die from playing with fire.

THE ROSE-TREE AND THE SPIDER.

LITTLE Ann had a rose-tree, which flourishing
grew :

For beauty its like was scarce seen ;
Its buds and blown flowers hung full in our view,
And its leaves all in clusters so green.

One day, she observ'd, in the midst of the tree,
A spider a large web had spun ;
And it made little Ann very angry to see
The mischief she thought it had done.

And she cruelly kill'd the poor Spider—for, lo !
She hunted it from its retreat,
Declaring it was to her rose-tree a foe,
And then crush'd it under her feet.

The rose-tree grew sickly; its leaves, once so green,
Became yellow and shrivell'd, and died ;
Its flowers fell off, till scarce one could be seen,
And 't was covered with insects beside.

She told her Mamma that 't was drooping and
dying,

And how she had kill'd the poor Spider ;
But her mother, though sorry to see she was
crying,
For her cruelty fail'd not to chide her.

“ That Spider you cruelly tortur’d and kill’d,”
Said her mother, “ your rose-tree had guarded
From vermin, which would all its branches have
fill’d;
Yet with death you its service rewarded !

“ That justly you ’re punish’d, you cannot deny,
For, had the poor Spider still liv’d,
I ne’er should have seen that sad tear in your eye,
And your rose-tree had still bloom’d and
thriv’d.

“ Thus you see, that e’en Spiders are made to
some end,
For God has made nothing in vain.”
Little Ann saw her folly, and promis’d to mend,
Nor torment or kill spiders again.

THE FLY.

THAT Fly, which you see,
With its light silken wing,
Much smaller than thee,
Is a created thing.

'Twas God that made man,
And 'twas God made a fly ;
It's life 's a short span,
And frail man soon must die.

Of members he's made ;—
And has not the fly
Feet, body, and head,
And a delicate eye ?

An eye that can see,
And an eye that can feel ?
If injur'd by thee,
It will smart ere 'twill heal.

The wounded man moans,
And so does the hurt fly,
And oft with pain groans,
Though it cannot say why.

And when a bad boy
(For good boys never do)
Doth a poor fly annoy,
He'll be tormented too.

E D W A R D

OFFERING BREAD TO A FAVOURITE ROBIN.

DEAR little Robin, condescend
To taste the humble treat;
Why, flutt'ring idly, shun your friend,
Or why refuse the meat?
Your songs repay
His little care;
Then why away,
Or why this fear?

Your friend is harmless, as he seems;
With anxious care does thee invite,
To peck the little that he deems
Is thine by gratitude and right.
Gay little thing,
Your fear suspend;
Your flutt'ring wing
Disturbs your friend.

THE DEATH OF THE DISOBEDIENT
CHICKEN.

A HEN her brood of chickens once
Conceal'd beneath her wings,
Lest hawks or kites should on them pounce,
Or other rav'nous things.

She scrap'd and scrap'd, to get them food,
With all a mother's care;
And cluck'd when she found something good,
That each might have its share.

For equally she lov'd them all,
As mothers ought to do,
And, as she rear'd them, one and all
In her affections grew.

She told them, that the kite and hawk
Would surely on them prey,
If, when she took them out to walk,
They from her far did stray.

But one, much bolder than the rest,
Not minding her advice,
And vainly thinking he knew best,
Was borne off in a trice.

A hawk soar'd with him in the air;
His mother heard his cries,
But no relief for him was near—
The naughty chicken dies!

Let all good children understand,
Who read this chicken's fate,
They must obey their friend's command,
Lest they repent *too late*.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

It happen'd, on a summer's day,
As James walk'd in the wood,
He spy'd a bird's-nest on a spray,
'Neath which a streamlet flow'd.

Now little James had often heard,
It was a wicked thing
To rob the nest of any bird,
Since they so sweetly sing.

His parents, too, had threaten'd him
With punishment severe ;
But naught regarded little Jem,
Whene'er they were not near.

His friends had threaten'd him in vain,
For Jem, on mischief bent,
Had quite resolv'd the nest to gain—
So tow'rd's the wood he went.

And soon he reach'd the spot he sought,
And view'd the nest with glee ;
Alas ! the urchin little thought
How fatal was that tree.

And now with might and main he climbs,
To reach the envy'd prize;
And now exerts his little limbs,
And strains his eager eyes.

Already had he reach'd the bough
On which the bird had built;
Stretch'd forth his hand—alas!—but now
He's punish'd for his guilt.

The frail branch broke—down tumbled Jem—
His shrieks were heard around;
The rustics ran to succour him,
Or else he had been drown'd.

For in the rivulet he lay,
Which 'neath the hedge-row ran;
And ever will he rue the day,
E'en when he's grown a man.

For, when they from the water took
This disobedient lad,
They found his leg and arm were broke,
And body bruised bad.

For warning, then, young readers, pray,
Let Jem's mishaps suffice,
And, though your parents are away,
Remember their advice.

THE MAIMED FRENCH SOLDIER.

“ WHO is that man with tatter’d vest
And melancholy face ?
He seems, with age and care oppress’d,
To walk with weary pace.

“ Alas ! I see one leg is gone,
An arm he’s lost also :
What pain and grief he must have known !
How great has been his woe !”

To his Mamma young Henry spoke,
And, bounding o’er the green,
He caught her hand, and bade her look
Where the poor man was seen.

Just then, the object of his care
Implor’d their charity—
His head all silver’d o’er ; a tear
Was starting from his eye.

“ Rest thee, poor man,” the lady said ;
“ We’ll give thee some relief ;
You soon shall have our little aid—
Pray tell us all your grief ?”

Now leapt with joy the vet'ran's heart,
To find so good a friend ;
And thus his tale he did impart,
As list'ning they attend.

“ Within this vale my father dwelt,
In happiness secure ;
Nor want, nor sorrow, ever felt—
His days were calm and pure.

“ Bless'd with a wife, who lov'd him well,
With children and with store,
Content in rustic ease to dwell,
He never wish'd for more.

“ But soon, alas ! came war and woe—
His happiness then fled ;
I from my home was forc'd to go,
With brothers Dick and Ned.

“ Under Napoleon's conscript reign,
A mandate reached our cot ;
And, though it gave our parents pain,
They could not help our lot.

“ They sent us to a foreign shore,
Far from our country dear ;
My hapless brothers I deplore—
Both slain in fight severe.

“ I fought at Egypt, Italy,
Marengo, Waterloo;
And now I'm helpless left to die,
In mis'ry, want, and woe.

“ When from our friends we sever'd were,
My mother died of grief;
My father quickly follow'd her,
And found in death relief.

“ And now that I can toil no more,
And reach'd my native land,
I find no comfort's left in store—
No friend to grasp my hand.

“ But bless your kindness, lady fair,
And little master's, too;
May want, and mis'ry, and despair,
Be never known to you.”

Within their house to let him bide,
His mother Henry press'd;
She kiss'd his cheek with fondling pride,
And granted his request.

And soon the soldier's grateful heart
Won all their kind regard;
For whoso strove to ease his smart
Had thanks for their reward.

Young Henry, now the soldier's pride,
Would play the bold hussar,
As on his rocking-horse he'd ride,
Taught by this man of war.

Young Henry lov'd to hear him tell
Of battles lost and won;
On which the vet'ran oft would dwell,
Whilst resting on his gun.

To march, and face both left and right,
To beat the rattling drum;
And charge, as in the dubious fight,
As though the foe were come.—

This poor old man fell sick one day,
When Henry, by his side,
Would watchful sit, nor go away;—
Alas! the soldier died.

Oh! how he wept, when to the grave
They bore the body off;
Then for his friend, the soldier brave,
He wrote this Epitaph.

THE EPITAPH.

BENEATH this turf rests one I lov'd,
A friend, a soldier true ;
Whose valour in the field was prov'd,
Who sad misfortune knew.

And, though his body here doth rest,
Which death has snatch'd away,
May he be number'd with the bless'd,
Upon the Judgment-day.

HENRY.

THE WASP.

LITTLE William, one day,
Went abroad just to play
Amongst the rich shrubb'ries and bow'rs ;
And, as he was rambling,
And o'er the grass gambling,
He saw a Wasp light on some flow'rs.

“ I will kill thee,” he cried,
And then after it hied,
To catch it straightway, as he thought ;
And he seiz’d on the flow’r,
Which he snatch’d from the bow’r,
Supposing the Wasp he had caught.

But before he could clasp
The poor Wasp in his grasp,
It stung him, and then took to wing ;
And, alas ! he soon knew,
As it off from him flew,
It left in his finger its sting.

He, with sorrow, beheld
That his finger was swell’d,
And, weeping with very great pain,
He declar’d from that hour,
If he e’en had the pow’r,
He never would kill wasps again.

Why should wasps be annoy’d,
Or for pastime destroy’d,
When they are in search of their food ?
Our gracious Creator
Form’d nothing in nature,
But what he design’d for some good.

THE ROSE.

How lovely is the budding rose !
How beauteous, when its flowers disclose
 Their fragrance to the air !
Though choicest sweets the Arabs boast,
There's none, that ever left their coast,
 Can with the rose compare.

In June, when lawns are soft and green,
Where'er you walk, the rose is seen
 To reign above the rest ;
Far higher priz'd than other flow'rs,
It graces gardens, groves, and bow'rs,
 And decks the maiden's breast.

But, when the rude wind sternly blows,
How bends and droops the fading rose !
 How scatter'd is its bloom !
'Tis thus with MAN—when youth is past,
His health and strength no longer last—
 Death warns him of his doom !



JANUARY.

THE new year is come ! and 'tis gloomy and
chill,

There's no flower in the vale, and no grass on
the hill ;

The oxen are stall'd, and the shepherds are fled,
From their snow-drifted folds, to the snugly-
thatch'd shed :

Wherever we turn, the trees are all bare,
Or a glistening net-work of icicles wear ;
And winds, as they whistle o'er woodland and
heath,

Whirl around the sear'd leaves that lie scatter'd
beneath.

Yet, unlit and uncheer'd by the summer sun's
beam,

How gay is the scene on the banks of yon
stream ;

Where, blithsome and glad as the dancers of
May,

The skaters are met, in their frolic array.

But soon sinks the day ! and, though sports
such as these,

The skate and the laughter-flung snow-ball, may
please,

Too quickly the evening draws sullenly on,
For e'en holyday-makers to join in them long;
And happy is he, oh! twice happy then,
Who, at home, with his books and his paper and
pen,

Gets the task for to-morrow, the best in the
school—

Cons the lesson last learnt, and begins a new
rule.

To him gladly passes the evening away,
And the winter's slow hours seem too short in
their stay;

For employment, so good, makes the dark
stormy night

As pleasant and glad as the long summer light.
Come, tell me, then, now, what your studies
have been,

Or what you have learnt, while thus cloister'd
within?

There's snow on the ground—pray how is it
form'd;

Or why is the earth by the sunbeams less
warm'd?

And whence does the hail become hard as a
stone,

Or the water turn ice, that so limpidly shone?

To such questions as these you must learn to
reply,
Or you'll never know aught of earth, ocean, or
sky ;
And the months, of which this is the first, will
ne'er be
A chronicle, save but of folly, to thee.

F E B R U A R Y .

THE trees are still bare, and the fields are still
white,
And the evening as soon seems to close up the
light ;
But often the sky, at the noon of the day,
Shows spots of fair blue, or clouds fleecy and
grey ;
And the winds, as they murmur o'er mountain
and heath,
Though they oft whirl the snow in a feathery
wreath,
Less chilling or fierce, on the traveller's path,
Wing the sleet-driving blast in its withering
wrath.

And see, in yon small shelter'd garden, how
sweet

The snowdrop awakes from its winter retreat ;
And the crocus, who, like it, grows tir'd of its bed,
Ere the rest of the flow'rs, rears its little bright
head ;

And I doubt not but, down in the vale and the glen,
Where, long ere she visits the dwellings of men,
Spring weaves for the birds a soft curtain of green,
That the vi'let and primrose may frequent be seen.
Oh ! catch, then, each short but soft sun-shiny
hour,

To stray through the garden, the grove, and the
bower ;

And strive for to trace, as Spring opens the year,
And the flowers and the birds just begin to appear,
The footsteps of love and of mercy divine ;
That alone, through the storm, makes the
beaming sun shine,

Or awakens sweet Hope, ere the winter be past,
That nor winter nor tempest for ever shall last.

And thus, both with eye and with heart open, too,
A lesson you'll find, in whatever you view ;
In each bud, and each flower, and each soft-
singing bird,—

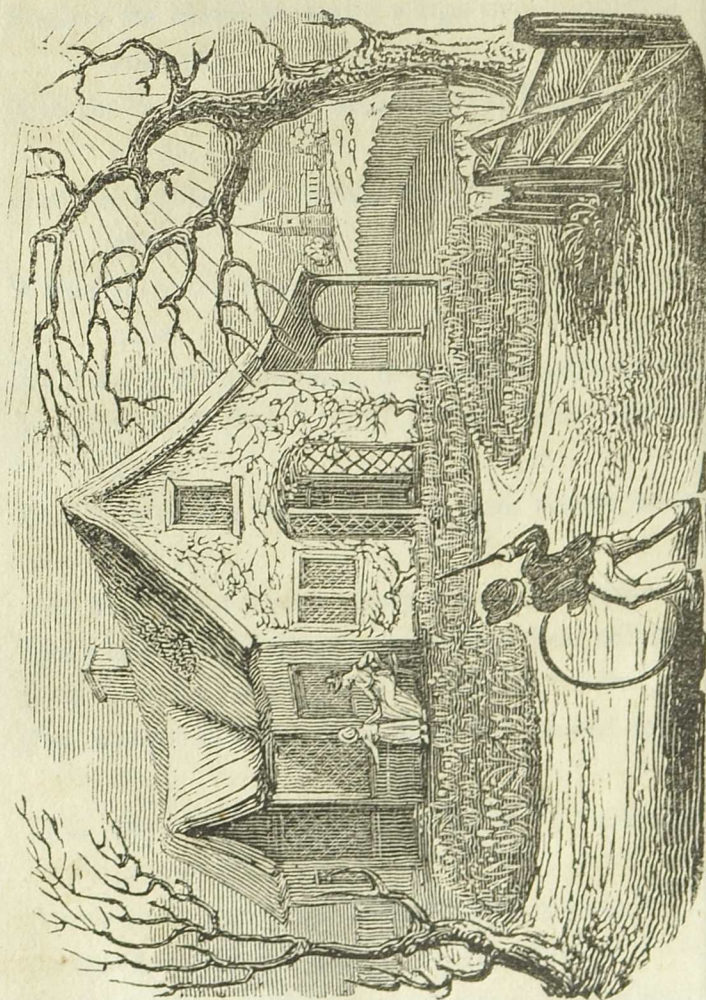
And the sky, that seems clearing at Heaven's
own word :

For He, from whose bidding Creation arose,
By the power he form'd worlds, forms the bud
on the rose ;
And the voice which was heard mid the wild
warring winds
Is the same that their fury in gentleness binds,

M A R C H.

BUT, list! the loud blast is awak'ning again,
And the storm roars around on the dark-singing
main ;
The trees of the forest are bowed to their roots,
And wildly the brook down its narrow path
shoots ;
And is Winter turn'd back, then, with tempest
and gloom,
To wither the first bud of Spring in its bloom ?
Or is she still far from our land, that we hear,
At morn and at ev'ning, such voices of fear ?
Oh, no! though the wind whistles loudly and
shrill,
Soft verdure shall soon mantle valley and hill ;
And the herbs of the field, and the garden's gay
beds,
Bloom fresh in the breeze that blows over their
heads.

Hark, hark ! even now less severely the gale
Shakes its cloud-feather'd wings over mountain
and vale,
And the thrush and the ring-dove are heard in the
shade,
And the soft hum of bees in the flower-blossom'd
glade ;
While the rocks round the elms of their ancestors
caw,
As if they were teaching each other some law,
Ere they built their new city 'mong branches so
high,
That they scarce seem to think their young ones
can't fly.
And now, too, through many a small grassy pool,
The chattering frogs are beginning their school,
And the river receives, in its calm quiet bed,
The spawn-bearing fish, that the ocean have
fled.
Thus the month, that was usher'd by darkness
and storm,
A lion in strength, and a whirlwind in form,
As meek as a lamb or a soft southern wind,
Glides gently away, and leaves sweetness behind.
But what have you learn'd of the tale that it tells,
Of the wonder it opens in groves, vales, and
dells ;



Of the cause of its storms, and its tempests, and
 why
Day and night are once equal this month, through
 the sky ;
For little it boots that the spring-tide is come,
That the flowers e'er sprung, or the birds are
 not dumb,
If we seek not store in the depths of our hearts,
The sweetly told lesson their presence imparts.

A P R I L.

Oh ! gently and calm, o'er the brow of yon hill,
Soft clouds, in mild showers, a sweet fragrance
 distil ;
Far and wide the dim landscape looks hazy
 and blue,
And the meadows are reeking with sunnywreath'd
 dew.
Sweet April approaches ! Meek, timid, and fair,
We feel her, though seen not, abroad in the air,
And we trace her light steps by the odour that
 plays,
And the songs that melt round her, wherever she
 strays ;

And, list! from afar the lone cuckoo repeats
Her welcoming notes from her shady retreats;
And now first in the morning and evening is seen
The swallow, swift darting o'er river and green;
And, oh! sweetest of all the sweet songsters of
spring,

The nightingale, resting her brown dusky wing
In the still twilight thicket, sends forth the soft
song

That the woods, vales, and mountains, all love
to prolong.

And now, too, the garden is rich in sweet sights,
And the blossoming fruits promise future delights;
While on every flower, and each beam of the sun,
A world of bright insects disportingly run,
Which the next cloudy hour, or the chillness
of eve,

Of their sun-coloured garments and lives shall
bereave.

Oh! 'tis sweet now to watch in this month,
that's so gay

As if all the fair things that exist were at play,
How gently, mid changes of sunlight and gloom,
The season steals on, as it were, into bloom,
And to mark, in each spot of the verdure-clad
earth,

The many fair things that in spring have their birth.

M A Y.

SWEET April! I almost had wept in the hour
Thou murmur'dst farewell to our garden and
bower;
But thy sister, fair May, in her fresh blushing
morn,
Is so like thee, I scarcely can deem thou art gone;
Save, perchance, that her blush is more deep in
its glow,
And the white budding hawthorn is wreathed
round her brow,
While her eyes, though their beams are far
brighter than thine,
Have a glance of deep care, when they loveliest
shine:
For see, from their nests, as if woke from a sleep,
The small callow birds with low twitterings peep,
And how frail, though so fair, are the blossoms
which seem
As if they would fall 'neath the sun's nearer beam.
For tho' all around her the landscape is bright,
And the hills and clear fountains are laughing in
light,

Oftimes from the north a chill winterly blast,
In an hour, all the scene, bright with hope, will
o'ercast,

Till the young tender nestlings are scarcely
preserv'd

From death, 'neath the wing of the kind parent
bird,

And the buds, blighted, perish with swifter decay
Than one flower that we cull, and soon lose on
the way ;

But if by no frost, or cold withering gales,
The fair promise of spring thus so suddenly fails,
Too often, unseen, 'mid the soft folded leaves,
The canker or maggot its covering weaves,
And saps the young buds of their sweet-scented
breath,

Till they fall, leaf by leaf, and grow placid in
death.

But let's hope for the best, nor, with doubting
and fear,

Bring a frown on our face in this bloom of the year ;
But watch by yon hedge-row, so sheltered from
storm,

While the flowers smell so sweet, and the sun is
so warm,

The bees from their hive, all delighted and gay,
Send forth a newswarm, o'er the meadows to stray,

And learn, from their lesson, to draw from its
bloom

The sweets that may make us accepted at home,
Even knowledge and gentleness, sweeter than all
The sweet honey they fill in their wax-structur'd
hall.

J U N E.

No longer the sky is with clouds overcast,
And the young fickle herald of summer is past;
Bright and clear shines the sun, and the soft
glowing scene
Has a tint of more deep and luxurious green.
Through the meadows the flocks slow and quietly
graze,
Or seek the cool shade, where a shallow stream
plays,
Whose clear grateful water to them is more sweet
Than the dearest and best of the fruits that we eat.
But why is the village so frolic to-day,
Or the men and the maidens so smart and so gay?
And for what are they met, with such laughter
and glee,
In yon meadows, beneath the old broad-spreading
tree?

It is now in the month of the mirth-loving June,
In the gay cheerful hour of some sun-shining noon,
That the sheep of their soft woolly fleeces are
shorn,

And made nimble and trim as the light slender
fawn;

And there is not a scene that's more joyous and
glad

Than a sheep-shearing group, where none ever
look sad;

For the rural employ of that festival band
Brings delight to our valley, and wealth to the
land.

And now, too, the hills and the far-stretching
plain

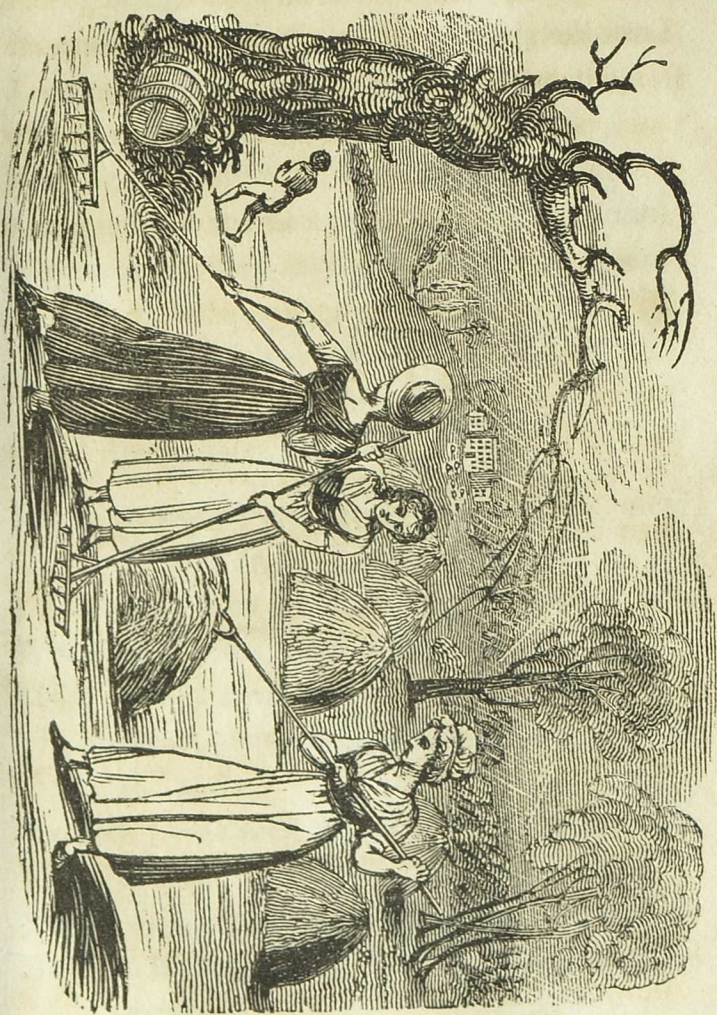
Are green with fair fields of the tall rising grain,
Save where the sweet meadow grows browner
each day,

With the long ripen'd grass, or the newly mown
hay;

While on all the warm hedges around them are
hung

Wild roses, as if by some fairy-hand strung,
And, mix'd with the woodbine, whose tresses so
fair

Hang loosely and gay in the soft-stirring air.



Sweet June, there's no month so delightful as
thine,
No one when the landscape more lovely can shine,
For the bright hues of summer and freshness of
spring
Together are mix'd, on thy sky-tinted wing;
And pleasure and labour so smile in thy train,
That we wish they may never be parted again.

J U L Y.

MORE calm grows the scene, and the clear
glowing sky,
Unchanging from morning to eve, meets the eye,
Wherever it turns, with a deep cloudless blue,
That girds like a zone of bright sapphire the view;
The streams, almost wasted, glide slow through
the plain,
And the herds seek the pool and the brooklet
in vain.
No showers of soft dew on the meadows are shed,
And the freshness and bloom of the landscape
are fled;
While the gossamer fly and each sun-living tribe,
That seems from its orb all their joy to imbibe,

From each bush, tree, and flower, by thousands
awake,

And rejoice in the sultry garden and brake.

But see, far away, from the sky's lowest verge,
Deep whispering winds, just awakening, urge
A long line of dense clouds, whose full burden
the air

Seems but just on its faint panting bosom to bear;
And broader and broader they spread o'er the
scene,

Till, save where one spot of blue ether is seen,
The whole sky seems as if its bright bloom-
giving light

Were involv'd in the dusk of the fast-coming night.
But see from yon cloud that long streamer
of fire,

And, hark! from afar the storm peals in its ire;
Big drops on the hedges are pattering slow;
More loud and more wild the gales fitfully blow,
And the earth seems to meet, from each far
distant shore,

The wild warring skies in the gloomy uproar.

Oh! glad then we hail, on yon cloud that was
rent

By the flash that in wrath from its bosom was
sent,

One ray of soft light, that comes gleaming again
Through the quick sparkling drops of the deluging
rain,

While the fast-driving scud clears away in the west,
And the rainbow, in light and in loveliness dress'd,
O'er half the wide span of the heavens extends,
Now rests on the clouds, and with ether now
blends,

Till it melts all away in the clear shining sky,
Where no trace now remains that a storm has
gone by.

But how fresh smells the air, and how green are
the fields,—

Not the breath of sweet morning more fragrant
yields.

The lily that blooms ever lovely and bright,
Now blossoms, in truth, like a chaplet of light,
And the birds seem to sing on each moist drip-
ping tree,

As if they were now more delighted and free.
Cold, then, is the bosom, and dull is the eye,
That would mark not, e'en now, in warm blooming
July,

These beauties and wonders, or search not the
cause

Whence the lightning bursts forth and its viru-
lence draws :

And cold it would be, too, if thankless and mute,
While the orchard and garden are blooming with
fruit,

It praised not the Father of all, from whose hand
We receive the rich produce that blesses the land.



AUGUST.

FAREWELL to the garden and orchard! for see
All hands are abroad, and all hearts full of glee;
The sickle is whetted—the harvest begins,
And the air with the shout of the husbandman
rings ;

For the hopes that he cherish'd throughout the
long year,

Through many a doubting and harassing fear,
Now completed, reward all his cares and his toil
With the ripe heavy crops of the well-labour'd
soil.

And not only for him is the season so glad,
For whom the broad fields with the harvest are
clad,

But merry, oh ! merrier often, are they
Who far o'er the stubble contentedly stray,
To glean the few ears that are dropp'd from the
load,

That he thoughtfully eyes as it creaks on the road;

For theirs' are the hearts that, with little content,
Rejoice while they may in each good that is sent,
And deem the bright sunshine, and clear healthy

air,

Their rude lowly homes, and their rough simple
fare,

All blessings that are ever new, like the day,
And riches in which none are richer than they.
Glad, then, is this season that calls them to roam,
Though small be the store that they pile up at
home;

For to them it is wealth, and their harvest-
home lay

Is heard from glad lips at the close of each day.
Oh! come then, with them let us stray through
the field,

For there is not a sight that warm August can
yield,

More fair or more grateful to hearts that are kind,
Than the land with the sheaves or the warm
reapers lin'd,

Where Him who feeds all we still seem to behold,
Giving bread, as He once did the manna of old.

S E P T E M B E R.

THE crops are all hous'd, and the harvest-feast
done ;

Soon again is the toil of the rustic begun ;

Once more the bright plough, through the long
furrow, shines,

And up-turns the broad field, in unvarying lines ;

While the sower disperses the seed, that shall
cheer

Our hearts with a rich blooming harvest next year.

And, now, sooner the day closes in, and at eve

The winds a cold haze on the low meadows leave ;

Less frequent the swallow skims by, on swift
wing,

And the lark half forgets, in the dawning, to sing ;

While the field-fare and red-wing return to our
shores,

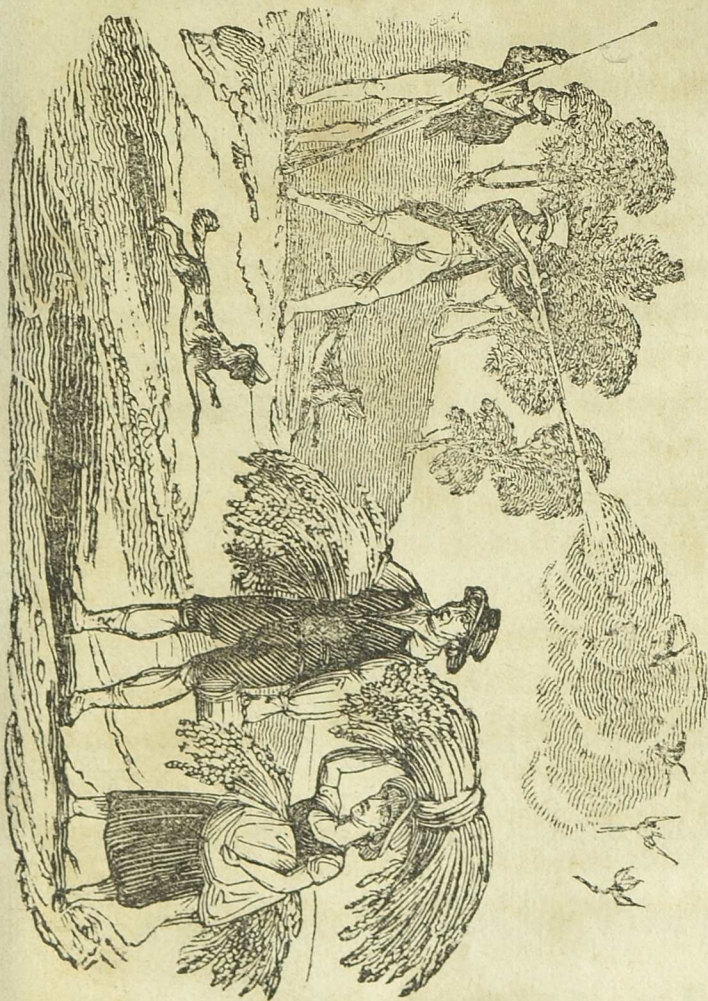
From lands farther north, where the storm louder
roars.

Now, too, from the full rosy orchard they bear

The firm healthy apple and brown russet pear,

Whose bright sparkling juices so often afford

The cool lively draught to the temperate board ;



But faster each day seems the summer to speed,
From the garden, the vale, and the moist grassy
mead;

And now, as in spring, in the wane of the year,
Day measures the night in its path through the
sphere.

Oh! haste, then, to treasure, ere yet, o'er the
moor,

Drear winter comes scowling, that far better store
Than aught riches can purchase, to cheer the
dark day,

When summer has fled from the land far away.

OCTOBER.

FAST fade the fair flowers, and the winds, as
they fly,

Seem to brush from their leaflets each soft tinted
dye;

While they bow their faint heads, torn, wither'd,
and pale,

As if never again they would bloom through the
dale.

But, wherefore were all the sweet blossoms they
bore,

If so soon they thus perish, and wake never more ;
Or for what with such care did each seem to be
placed,

If all were to die with the stems that they grac'd ?
If, with eye more intent, through the woodland
you stray,

And each plant that is fading more nearly survey,
New wonders of Nature will rise to your view,
And wonders the mind will delight to pursue ;
For see, as the flowers are bent down by the wind,
And their leaves fall away, there is still left
behind

The seeds of those myriad buds, that shall bloom
When the vales the green mantle of summer re-
sume ;

And mark, now—how, fitted with soft downy
wing,

The small firm-catching hook, or the far-jerking
spring,

They are scatter'd around on the shower-
moisten'd earth,

Till again brighter suns to the flow'rets give
birth.

And now the last swallow, the martin, retires ;
And often, at evening, the bright blazing fires

Shine glad on the hearths that so lately look'd
gay

With wreaths of fresh flowers of the white-
blossom'd May.

For winter comes peeping each eve o'er the hill,
And his voice in the wind and the hoarse sound-
ing rill

Proclaims, while the trees grow so brown and so
sear,

That his dark chilly nights and his tempests are
near.



NOVEMBER.

WHERE now shall we stray, or in wandering find
Fair sights to delight us, or food for the mind?
For the hedges are bare, and no bird trills its lay
To soothe the lone traveller's storm-beaten way.
Oh! even this month, tho' so gloomy and cold,
Has a tale and a warning for young and for old:
And the trees, as they scatter their yellow leaves
round,

That wither in loose gather'd heaps on the
ground,

Are an emblem of manhood, whose budding
and bloom

For awhile look so gay, and then fade in the tomb.

Now the farmer withdraws the strong plough
from the fields,

And the herds from the storm under warm
shelter shields,—

Protects, too, the bees, who, the long summer
through,

Have gather'd sweet stores from the flowers'
nectar'd dew,

And then closes his door against want and care,
Well pleased with the comforts his labours pre-
pare.

For darker, far darker, the winter would scowl,
And more terrible far would the loud tempest
howl,

Had not industry toil'd, ere its season was fled,
To store up the good that in summer was shed;
But often, to many, as well might the plain
Be grown o'er with thistles as golden-ear'd grain,
Or the fruits of the summer soon wither away,
As those sear yellow leaves that are strewn on
our way ;

If no other beside marked the good that is given,
Or no lip, save their own, breathed its praises
to Heaven.

D E C E M B E R.

STILL gloomier grows the short day, and, ere
night,
Soon veils with dark clouds the faint glimmering
light;
While around the dull landscape looks naked
and bleak,
Or scarce through the mist that surrounds it can
break,
And, save when the winds and the tempest arise,
Sad Nature seems drowsily closing her eyes.
But see now how chang'd, all at once, is the
scene,
Though no soft summer-day has reclothed it
with green,
And how laughingly gay, 'neath the clear frosty
sky,
The trees spread their broad leafless branches
on high;
While the plain and the valley, in darkness no
more,
Seem smiling as gladly as ever before!
For again in its fleecy and bright-woven vest,
Old Winter the earth in good humour has
dress'd :

And thus, having travell'd along with the sun,
And with him through each month not unmin-
fully run,

Once more the same objects arise to our view,
As when first Nature's track we began to pursue.

THE MATRICIDE;

OR, THE

THE DANGER OF MEDDLING WITH A GUN.

WHEN from shooting Tom's father came back,
Instead of discharging his gun,
Or placing it high on a rack,
As he certainly ought to have done;

In a corner 't was carelessly plac'd,
Which no sooner did Tommy espy,
Than he ran, with all possible haste,
To take it, while no one was by.

He then in his hand took the gun,
Shoulder'd arms, and march'd quickly about,
And declar'd that he'd have some rare fun,
If his brother he could but find out.

“ Pop, pop, now I’ll shoot you,” Tom said,
As soon as he saw his dear brother,
So that Henry was really afraid,
And scream’d out, and ran to his mother.

The too-willing trigger he press’d,
And his mother fell dead, wounded deep;
For he’d lodged the contents in that breast
Where oft he’d been cradled to sleep.

He stood all in sorrow amaz’d,
When he saw the sad deed he had done;
And his father distractedly gaz’d;
But he scarce could reproach his poor son.

He mourn’d and lamented in vain,
O’er the corpse of his dear belov’d wife;
And the son was ne’er happy again,
Who’d deprived his good mother of life.

So, all my good children, take care,
That you ne’er touch a pistol or gun;
But of dangerous weapons beware,
Or some fatal deed may be done.

THE UNNATURAL MOTHER, AND THE LIONESS.

LET man bind man with *Charity*,
Or savage beast and brute
Will shame him else, as we shall see,
Although their tongues are mute.

A mother, but no mother—yet
She had a little son,
A boy, a rosy cherub, that
Would other's love have won;—

But she, unnatural as could be,
Left him where he'd have perish'd,
Had not a brute, more kind than she,
The little urchin cherish'd.

She took him to a forest deep,
And gently laid him down,
Whilst he, sweet boy, was fast asleep,
Unconscious of her frown.

A famish'd lioness, that rov'd
In search of spoil or prey,
And fiercely prowling, onward mov'd,
By chance, to where he lay;

Where all unconscious still he slept;
A smile play'd in his face,
As the fierce creature to him crept,
With slow and cautious pace.

She eyed the infant's body,—then
She lick'd him gently o'er,
And carefully unto her den
The helpless baby bore.

And there he liv'd, till Providence
Sent to the child, one day,
A traveller, who bore him thence
To where his mother lay.

For on her bed, with grief oppress'd,
This cruel mother pin'd;
No solace could relieve her breast,
Or comfort bring her mind.

The horrid deed, by day and night,
Her misery increas'd;
His form was ever in her sight,
Torn by some savage beast.

Oft through the forest she had rang'd,
But could not find her son,
Till misery her mind derang'd;
And reason now was gone.

And when the child was to her brought,
She fancied 't was a dream;
For wild despair fill'd ev'ry thought,
And naught did *real* seem.

Then, having cast a maniac look
On him she first gave breath,
The infant in her arms she took,—
Then—clos'd her eyes in death!

So let all children, who 've the love
Of parents good and kind,
Be thankful to the Pow'r above,
And bear this tale in mind.



THE TRAGICAL DEATH OF POOR ALFRED;

OR, THE DANGER OF PUTTING YOUR HEAD
OUT OF A COACH-WINDOW.

(A TRUE STORY.)

WITHIN a city that's well known,
And noted for its trade,
An ancient *dome*, of some renown,
High rears its classic head.

A school it was, in times of yore,
And still a school is found ;
Where men, much fam'd for learned lore,
First trod their classic ground.

'Twas here young Alfred first was sent,
To cultivate his mind ;
And here, on learning firmly bent,
He left each boy behind.

From time to time he oft appear'd,
Best read in ev'ry rule ;
The highest form, at length, declar'd
Him *head-boy* of the school.

An annual custom here was held,
For all the corporation
To hear the boy that most excell'd
Deliver an oration.

This honour fell to Alfred's lot,
Who well the task perform'd ;
And who both praise and presents got—
His eloquence so charm'd !

Then modestly he did approach,
And low his head he bent,
Was handed to the Mayor's coach,
And to the Guild-feast went.

The feasting ended—things more dear
Did soon his thoughts engage,
For, with his friends his joys to share,
He left town by the stage :

He laugh'd and talk'd with other boys,
Who 'd been invited home
To share, with him, the country's joys,
As Midsummer was come.

The wheels now rattled o'er the stones,
The horses gallop'd fast ;
When, oh ! poor Alfred screams and groans !
Alas ! he breathes his last.

His head he from the window rush'd,
Another coach pass'd by ;
It came in contact—he was crush'd,—
E'en now I hear his cry !

That pleasant, cheerful, smiling face,
Which shone serenely bright,
No longer did his body grace ;
'T was now a ghastly sight.

Alas ! alas ! his parents, when
They heard the fatal tale,
Wept for him, o'er and o'er again,
A lamentable wail.

Their pride, their hope, their only son,
Had yielded up his breath ;
Their darling boy, their much-lov'd one,
Had died a dreadful death.

So all good children, never, when
You in a coach may ride,
Look from the window :—Alfred then,
When least expecting, died.



THE WORM.

WHEN William in the garden stole,
Upon a summer's day,
He saw a worm crawl from its hole,
And in his pathway lay,
But would not tread
Upon its head.

“ Why should I tread upon thee, worm ? ”
Said he ; “ there's room for both
In this wide world : thy fragile form
To hurt I should be loath,
Or tread on thee,
Who hurts not me.

“Thou’st many enemies, I see,
Who watch thy coming forth,
Who quickly will devour thee,
Thou tenant of the earth ;
I’ll not kill thee,
Who hurts not me.

“The rook, the raven,—e’en the dove,
Which else seems harmless quite,
Will hunt thee out, in field and grove,
With ravenous delight ;
I’ll not hurt thee,
Who hurts not me.

“Though boys will dig up thy retreat,
Too oft, to get at thee,
To make thee bait for fish to eat,
I hate such cruelty ;
I’ll not hurt thee,
Who hurts not me.’



THE PRODIGAL SON.*

“ If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him ; and
if he repent, forgive him.” LUKE, xvii. 3.

A prodigal, the Scriptures say
 (A vain presuming youth),
Determin'd not at home to stay,
 Nor heeded sacred truth ;

But went, and to his father said,
 I would receive from thee
My portion ; let the sum be paid
 That falleth unto me.

His father gave it instantly,
 Which he'd no sooner got,
Than forth he went the world to see :
 But mark his wayward lot !

In riot and in revelry
 He spent each day and night ;
But, while he seem'd in joyous glee,
 His substance vanish'd quite :

* Luke, chap. xv. v. 11 to 32.

And now how hard the spendthrift's lot,
For, lo ! a famine gaunt
O'erspread the land,—no food he got,
But almost died of want :

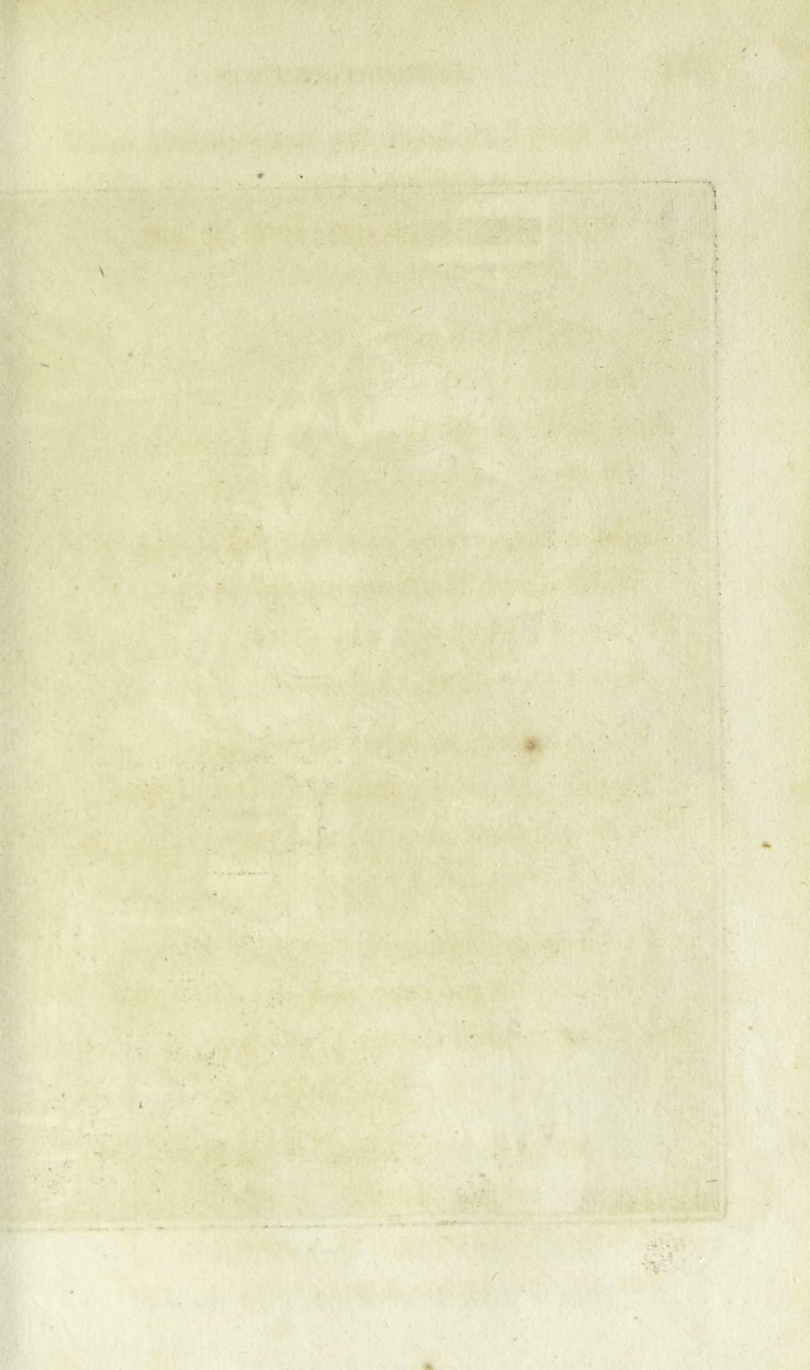
He servant to a stranger went,
For hungry he did pine ;
And in the fields this youth was sent,
To feed and herd with swine :

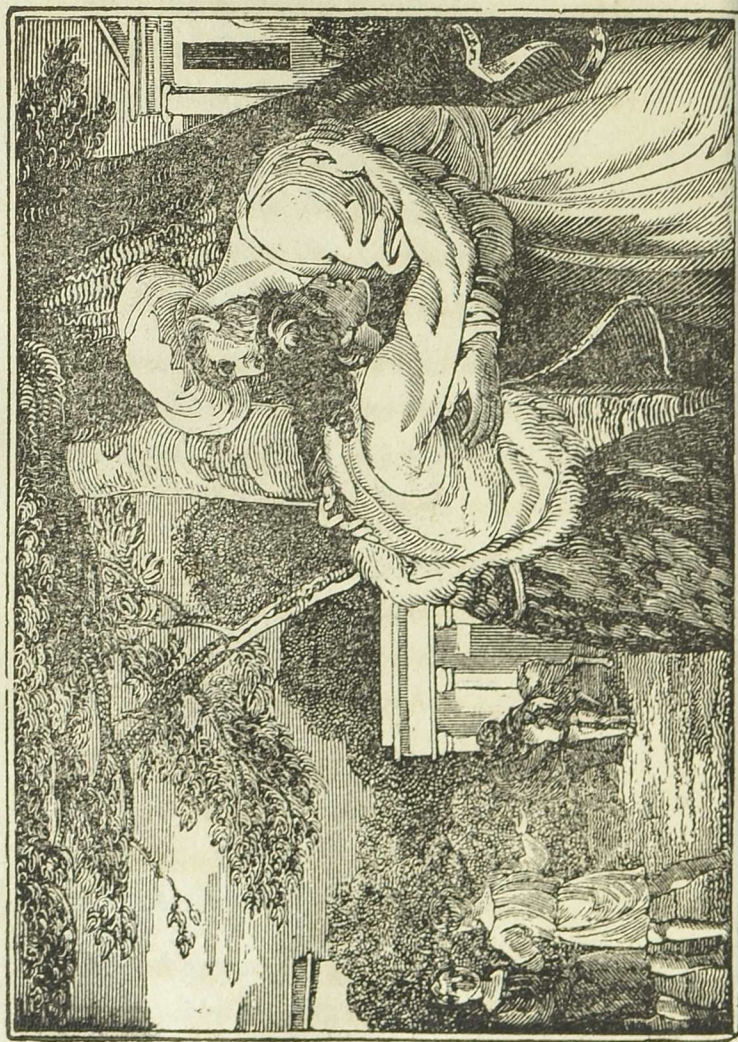
And fain the husks he would have eat,
With which the brutes were fed ;
For no one gave him any meat,
Nor e'en a crust of bread.

“ I will arise,” he cried, “ and go,
Repentant to my home ;
Nor perish here in want and woe ;
Alas ! why did I come !

“ I will arise, and go and say,
‘ Father, forgive thy son ;
For I have sinn'd before thee—aye,
'Gainst Heav'n—the Holy One.’ ”

In ragged garments, famish'd, sad,
He reach'd his father's land ;
And there he saw, as on he sped,
Far off, his father stand ;





Who, for the prodigal, return'd,
His fondness could not check ;
For, while with love his bosom burn'd,
He hung upon his neck.

“ Father,” he cried, “ alas ! I know,
A wicked course I've run ;
I've sinn'd, and am not worthy now
E'er to be call'd thy son.”

“ The best robe,” said his father, “ bring,
And put it on him meet ;
And on his finger put a ring,
And shoes upon his feet ;

“ And let the fatten'd calf be kill'd ;
With merriment and joy
Let all the house awhile be fill'd,
Since I have found my boy :—

“ My son was dead, but is alive—
Was lost, but now is found ;
Therefore, right merrily we'll strive
To make the dance go round.”

And, as they all rejoicing were,
The elder son came forth,
Who did the cause with anger hear,
Which fill'd his breast with wrath ;

And, though his father begg'd that he
Would, like the rest, be glad,
He said, he saw no cause for glee,
But, rather, to be sad.

“ Lo ! I have serv'd thee many years,
Did never break thy will,
And yet for me no joyful tears
You shed, or calf did kill.

“ But, when thy son returns to thee,
Who has devour'd his half,
You sing and dance right merrily,
And kill the fatten'd calf.”

“ Thou ever art with me, my son !”
The father fondly said ;

“ But he's now found, who once was gone,—
Alive, who once was dead.

“ My wealth, my dearest son, is thine—
Nay, all that I possess ;
Then why at my rejoicing pine ?
Why make my comforts less ?

“ My son, we should make merry now,
And raise our cheerful voice ;
For God is pleas'd when men below
In gratitude rejoice ;

“ For, ’tis the will of God above,
Affection should us bind ;
Unite in harmony and love ;
Be merciful and kind.”

END OF VOL. I.

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The PALACE and the COTTAGE.
*"With insulting rebuke from the door he was sent,
Nor received either money or food"*

THE
PARENT'S
POETICAL PRESENT,
consisting of
Instructive, Religious, Moral & Entertaining
POEMS FOR JUVENILE MINDS.
— ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. —
Vol: 2.



The Balloon. P. 45.

LONDON.

William Cole, N^o. 10, Newgate Street.

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PARENT'S
POETICAL PRESENT;

CONSISTING OF
INSTRUCTIVE, RELIGIOUS, MORAL,
AND ENTERTAINING

POEMS,
FOR JUVENILE MINDS.

ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

Infant sense to all our kind
Pure the young idea brings,
From within the fountain mind
Issuing at a thousand springs.

Youth ! with steadfast eye pursue
Scenes to lesson thee display'd;
Yes—in these the Moral Muse
Bids thee see thyself portray'd.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

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THE
PARENT'S POETICAL PRESENT.

THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

As a Bee and a Butterfly happen'd to meet
In a garden well cover'd with flowers,
Said the Butterfly, gayly, "How pleasant a treat
It is for us insects to chat when we meet,
And with pastime beguile the dull hours.

"So, sit down, good Bee, and we'll talk of the
news,

Of the fashions, and such kind of things ;
For I've nothing to do but myself to amuse—
I rise when I like, go to rest when I choose,
And by day plume my beautiful wings."

"No, no! Mrs. Butterfly," answer'd the Bee,
"My time I must not idly spend ;
There's a very wide diff'rence betwixt you
and me ;

I must gather up honey, or else, do ye see,
My existence next winter would end.

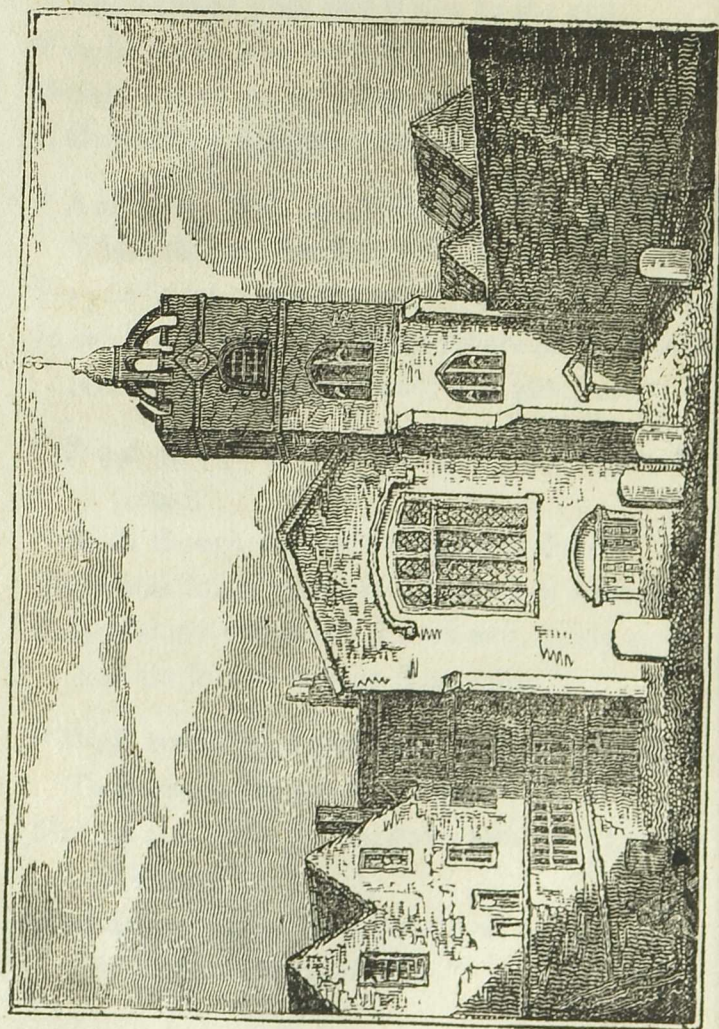
“ While you roam about, without motive or care,
And expand your gay wings to the sun,
You little imagine what bitter despair
Would attend on my offspring, if idle I were,
Or gadding delighted to run.

“ And pray, Mrs. Butterfly, what is your fate,
When the gay summer season is pass'd ?
Do you live through the winter, and lie up in state
In some evergreen bower, and there calmly wait ?
And pray, my dear friend, can you *fast* ?”

“ What questions ! how silly !” the Butterfly
said,

Such thoughts never trouble me, dear !
My whole life is pleasure—and when I am dead
Some others will come, I dare say, in my stead,
And do just as I have done here.”

“ Well, well !” said the Bee, “ it may satisfy you
To flutter away all your time ;
But let me, while I live, have some good end in
view,
And attend to my duty, whatever I do,
For idleness sure is a crime.”



THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

AMID the cypress-shaded grove,
The ancient fabric rears its head,
Where villagers but seldom rove,
For there repose the silent dead.

Mark the old venerable tower,
From age to age erect has stood ;
Here, at the consecrated hour,
Resort the pious and the good.

The distant bells are heard to chime,
Reminding them that 'tis the hour
They all should give to one Divine,
To one Almighty saving Power.

'Tis Sabbath,—and the village throng,
In silence moving on, are seen
To go the church-way path along,
Dress'd in their cleanly Sunday sheen.

No wild ambition fills their breast,
No pride or pomp by them is known ;
Their minds enjoy a tranquil rest,
Unfelt by such as wear a crown.

Clad in his rev'rend garb, they see
The pastor entering the church-yard,
And, as they bow respectfully,
He views them with sincere regard,
Or kindly greets them with a smile ;
Then, entering on his sacred task,
He wins them to their God awhile,
And bids them help of Jesus ask.

The sermon ended, each retires,
The pastor leading on the way,—
Now patriarchal awe inspires,
And now to shake a hand will stay.

The church-yard claims a tribute next,
For who so harden'd will not weep
At that impressive awful text,
Plac'd where our dearest kindred sleep?

How many there unconscious rest,
Who in the world once proudly shone,
Wealthy, and honor'd, and caress'd,
But *now* have no recording stone.

Vain pomp and glory—mark the spot
Where worldlings like yourselves repose ;
Their very names are now forgot—
And thus o'er you the tomb will close.

Here, from the oppressor freed at length,
Beneath the turf the rustic lies ;
In vain he 'd prowess, health, and strength, —
Death, mighty conqueror, claim'd his prize.

Perhaps, beside the church-yard wall,
Some broken-hearted maiden sleeps,
Who first found peace beneath the pall,
Where death his silent vigil keeps.

Stranger, tread lightly on the sod,
Nor wantonly profane the grave, —
Reflect, you're near the house of God,
Who can destroy as well as save.

When, on the Sabbath-morn you come,
To worship Him who gave thee life,
Think of the grave, that last long home —
The end of pleasure and of strife.

And when you hear the deep-ton'd bell,
Re-echoing widely through the vale,
Reflect how soon thy funeral knell
May float upon the rising gale.

And whilst such thoughts engage your soul,
And calm devotion warms your breast,
Strive not such feelings to control,
But think of God's eternal rest !

Then not in vain, believe me, friend,
The village-church its head has rear'd ;
Since it has warn'd you of your end,
Taught you that God is to be fear'd.

THE YELLOW CROCUS.

THE Yellow Crocus, when the year
Can scarcely boast a flower,
Peeps from the earth, both here and there,
Adorning bed and bower.

But when the full-blown rosy spring
Each plant and tree inspires,
And humming bees betake to wing,
It from our view retires.

And is it not the same with man ?
Ere one hath run his race,
Another hath his course began,
And quickly fills his place.



THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.

A FABLE.

NOT far from a Cottage, a Palace once stood,
Which was built by the lord of the land :
Surrounded with gardens, with fields and with
wood,

Its appearance was lofty and grand.

Its halls were all gilded, its walls were of stone,
And mirrors adorn'd ev'ry room ;
For splendour scarce ever was seen such a one,
Such a grand and magnificent dome.

The chariot and horse, and the chaise and the
coach,

Did often appear at its gate ;
And beautiful ladies and lords did approach
With their livery servants in state.

Thus honor'd, this Palace grew haughty and
proud,

And look'd down with contempt on the Cot,
Declar'd its existence should not be allow'd,
But that raz'd it should be from the spot.

This Cottage was built by the side of a wood,
Where the Palace high-rear'd you might see;
Though its walls were of clay, it for ages had
stood,
The abode of the happy and free.

The beggar ne'er came to ask alms at the door,
But the hatch it was thrown open wide;
For the owner had something to spare for the
poor,
And a hearty good welcome beside.

But when to the Palace the beggar-man went,
Where the servants in livery stood,
With insulting rebuke from the door he was
sent,
Nor receiv'd either money or food.

The Palace grew prouder and prouder each
day,
And desir'd the means to destroy
Its humbler neighbour of poor whitewash'd clay,
Which unconsciously did it annoy.

At length, it began to insult the poor cot,
Saying—"Prithee, where had you the right
Thus rudely to set yourself down in a spot
Where a Palace appear'd in your sight?"

And insult on insult, and taunt upon taunt,
With patience the poor Cottage bore ;
And its lordlier neighbour, the Palace, did
flaunt,
Till the Cottage could bear it no more.

And it thus to the Palace, with deference, said,
Though by no means with vexation scared,—
“ Remember, the Palace by time is oft laid
In the dust, when the Cottage is spared ;

“ And, though proud in prosperity, can you
deny,
If misfortune should fall to your lot,
Your halls and your turrets in ruins may lie,
Dwindled down to a poor humble Cot.”

And thus it fell out, for dread war came at
length,
And laid waste the country around ;
And the Palace, which boasted such beauty and
strength,
Was levell'd, alas ! with the ground,

Save one little arch, which is now but a cot,
And the cottager sits at the door,
Which once, when prosperity fell to its lot,
Was shut in the face of the poor.

MORAL.

LET those who are rolling in riches to-day,
Be kind to the wretched and poor ;
For misfortune may follow, as night follows day,
And they roll in their riches no more.

Then, spurn'd from the door of the proud man,
abus'd,

Where, where shall they turn for relief?
To the Cottage—where Charity never refus'd
To the hungry the crumb of relief.

THE LILY.

THERE is a flower,
That gems the bower,
The choicest that is seen ;
The Lily hight,
With blossoms white,
And leaves of purest green.

Like modest maid,
It seems afraid
To mingle with the crowd ;
And dwells retir'd ;
But is admir'd,
And has its charms allow'd.

THE POOR IDIOT BOY.

OH ! pity the poor little Idiot Boy,
On whose face there 's no smile, in whose breast
there 's no joy ;

He wanders forlorn, a poor comfortless lad,
And is quiet and harmless, though some call
him mad.

How wicked 'twould be for to turn him to
sport ;

Rather give him the morsel his life to support ;
Protect him and shelter him safe from the storm,
In the bosom of pity, oh ! keep his heart warm.

Perhaps, he 's no kindred ! no father and friend,
Till his spirit its way to the heavens shall bend ;
And God, who beholds all our deeds from on
high,

Will take you to heaven whenever you die.

Some children will wickedly spit in his face,
Call him names,—aye, and hurt him, like dogs
in a chase ;

But remember, their cruelty has its reward,
When they come to be judg'd in the sight of
the Lord.

I need not admonish good children, for they
Will the Idiot assist, when he comes in their
way ;

And let those who have cruelly used him before,
Henceforward be kind, and torment him no
more !



THE HARVEST-HOME.

“ LET us go, Master Giles’s farm-yard just
to see,”

Cried Harriet, to Mary and Dick ;

“ For the harvest is o’er, and rare sport there
will be,

When the corn is piled up on the rick.”

Then, with one accord, they agreed to set out,

And they hasten’d away with great glee,

For they heard at a distance the Harvest-home
shout,

And they long’d all the pastime to see.

And when they arriv’d, the good farmer came
out,

And welcom’d the gay little crew,

Took their hands very kindly, and led them
about,

And he ask’d them to dine with him too.

Then the farmer's two children, Sophia and Ben,
Invited these three little folk
To partake of the Harvest-home feast with them
then,
And join in the frolic and joke.

They all kindly thank'd them,—rejoic'd that
they went;

And, oh dear! how delighted they were,
When they learn'd the good farmer for music
had sent,

And the fiddler was heard coming near.

Then dancing began, and briskly went round

The plum-cake, and wine, and strong ale :
Some hopp'd, skipp'd, and jump'd, with asto-
nishing bound ;

Some sung, and some told a droll tale.

Whilst some, in disguise, many antics did play,

Like tumblers and clowns at a fair,

With hats strangely made of straw, rushes, and
hay,

Trimm'd with flowers and ribbons so rare.

Some painted their faces, and one wore a wig,

With a huge pigtail pendant behind ;

Some stuff'd up their clothes till they look'd
monstrous big ;

For all were for frolic inclin'd.

Some caper'd about, and some join'd in a jig ;
Some toppled, some jump'd in a sack ;
Whilst some tried, blind-folded, to catch a
 soap'd pig,
And none of amusement did lack.

Thus with mirth, fun, and jollity, all the day
 pass'd,—

None heeded the moments that flew,
Till evening was closing upon them full fast,
And they then bade each other adieu.

The health of good Giles and his wife was then
 drank,

“ Hip ! hurrah ! ” too was shouted amain,
And the farmer bestow'd on them many a thank,
Ere each sought his own cottage again.

Thus pleasantly ended the Harvest-home Feast ;
Dick, Mary, and Harriet went home ;
And the last ray of twilight sunk low in the west,
As their friends were expecting they'd come.



THE WORD OF GOD.

How truly pleasant 'tis to hear,
Within God's holy place,
The minister his word declare,
Of Mercy, Truth, and Grace !

To hear rehears'd the angel's word,
Which brought th' important Truth ;
The coming of our Saviour, Lord !
To all in early youth.

“ Fear not ! behold, I bring to you
Glad tidings of great joy,
Which shall be to all people,” Lo !
The angel cried, on high ;

“ For unto you this day is born
A Saviour, Christ the Lord !”
And straight a host did heaven adorn,
To sing his holy word.

“ To God above high praise be given,
Good will and peace on earth,”
Was shouted by the hosts of heaven,
At Christ's auspicious birth.

These were the words of God to men,
Deliver'd from above:
Devoutly let us thank him, then,
And give him all our love;

Truly his holy will obey,
And make it our delight
To hear our pastors teach the way
To reach his glorious sight;—

That, when we yield our mortal breath,
We worthy may be found
To dwell in Paradise, and wreath
Our brows with glory round.



THE SWEET-BRIAR.

Who does not admire
The scented sweet-briar,
All spangled with dew in the morn?
Yet I'd have you beware
How you pluck it, for fear
It should leave in your finger a thorn.

When you pass the hedge-rows,
Where it modestly grows,
How delicious the odour it yields ;
And its sweets to inhale,
From the dew-soften'd gale,
Who'd not ramble at dawn in the fields ?

Then cheerfully rise,
If you wish to be wise,
Or possess true contentment and health,
When the dew on the green
In spangles is seen,—
For it leads to the true source of wealth.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

“ HARK, hark !” said Maria,
“ What sweet notes I hear ;
Now softer, now higher,
Float through the still air.

“ ’Tis, sure, some enchanter
That sings in the dell,
Or some fairy tormenter,
That warbles so well.

“ I love often to hear
 Brother George play his flute ;
And I list to the air
 Just like one that is mute ;

“ But I never did, sure,
 Hear such soft sounds as these,
Which, so mellow and pure,
 Come from yonder green trees.”

Said her mother,—“ My dear,
 ’Tis the fam’d nightingale,
Whose sweet notes you hear,
 As he sings in the vale.

“ And since, my dear child,
 You enjoy the sweet strain,
When the ev’ning is mild,
 You shall hear it again.

“ ’Tis the king of the grove,
 And is call’d Philomel ;
And some other night, love,
 I will more of it tell.”



THE ESQUIMAUX.

How bless'd are we, to whom 'tis given
To know that we may hope in Heaven,—
To know that there's a God above,
Who will reward our faith and love ;
When there are millions live and die
Without this comfort from on high :
For men in distant parts we find,
With but, as 't were, a baby-mind ;—
A people whom an infant toy
Will rouse to liveliness and joy ;
With gesture wild and mimic mood,
To dance to shadows in the flood ;
Who live mid tracts of ice and snow,
Where summer breezes never blow ;
Where neither herbs nor trees are seen,
Nor flowers gay, nor turf that's green.
From spot to spot they wander forth,
As though they had no place of birth ;
As though they were ordain'd to roam,
And claim no spot for *home—sweet home!*
They live but on a carrion food,
Whilst we have ev'ry thing that's good :

No horses, carriages, have they,
To shorten their lone weary way ;
No houses, built of brick or stone,
No beds of down to rest upon;
But in a cavern, built of snow,
They lay their tired body low,
With but the skin of some wild beast
To warm and cover them in rest.
And yet, e'en these rude *Esquimaux*
Have scarce a want of which they know ;
So God has, in his mighty plan,
Made man suit climate, climate man ;
And what He's done let none gainsay,
For He's PERFECTION every way.

THE SOILED FROCK;

OR, THE CONSEQUENCES OF GIVING WAY
TO ANGER.

“ WHY all this noise, young ladies, pray,—
Those screams, so loud and shrill ;
No more I'll give a holyday,
Tis such a source of ill.

“ You’re more like boys than ladies, far,
So boisterous are your games ;
You quarrel, scold, and scratch, and tear,
And call each other names.

“ Matilda, child, why flow your tears ?
And what is this I see ?—
Your frock all soiled with ink appears,
Pray tell the cause to me.”

A piteous tale, by sobs nigh chok’d,
Was by Matilda told,
Of petty insults, which provok’d
Her to nickname and scold.

At length the fatal truth came out
(Good children it must shock);
Matilda threw the ink about
To spoil a lady’s frock.

And much, indeed, she had it soil’d,
But, most of all, her own ;
So, being in her object foil’d,
Outrageous she had grown:

For, in the struggle they maintain’d,
Matilda seiz’d the stand,
Which at her playmate’s dress she aim’d—
But, oh! her luckless hand

Upset it on her own new dress,
Which made her tears to flow;
For she delighted to distress,
And laugh at others' woe.

The governess, in accents mild,
And precepts good and sage,
Admonish'd the sad wayward child,
The victim of her rage.

But though her governess forgave,
She did not overlook
Young ladies who would not behave,
Or gusts of anger brook.

She therefore, as a punishment,
Confined her to a *task*;
And, what Matilda little dream'd,
Made her forgiveness ask

Of her whom she had us'd so ill,
Which curb'd her spirit quite;
And, though it was a "bitter pill,"
She felt that it was right.

May this, my child, a lesson prove,
As long as you may live;—
Ne'er let your *temper* anger move,
But *pardon and forgive*.

ROBBING THE ORCHARD.

As sly as a fox,
When he peeps in a box,
Where a brood of young pullets are kept,
Tom, Harry, and Joe,
To the orchard did go,
And o'er the wall silently crept.

“ Look here,” Harry cry'd,
As the apples he ey'd,
Which hung thick from a beautiful tree ;
And, beginning to climb,
Without loss of time,
He was caught, as you shortly shall see.

The gard'ner's great dog,
Behind a huge log,
Who had watch'd them, tho' they knew it not,
Without more ado,
Ferociously flew,
And caught hold of poor Hal on the spot.

Then Harry he bawl'd,
And for mercy he call'd,
Till the gardener, hearing the noise,
Came running to see
What noise it could be,
And discover'd these three wicked boys.

Then he took up a stick,
And beat them so quick,
They could scarcely entreat him for pardon;
And then, o'er and o'er,
They promis'd no more
They'd rob either orchard or garden.

And Harry will rue
That he ever knew
Where the orchard or apple-trees stood;
For the dog's savage bite
Has lam'd Harry quite,
And the fright almost curdled his blood.

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

WHO nourish'd me from her own breast,
Whereon she lull'd me oft to rest,
And with a kiss her baby bless'd?

MY MOTHER.

Who watch'd her whilst she lull'd me so,
And stole to kiss me on tip-toe,
That he might bless his darling too?

MY FATHER.

Who taught me first to lisp, "*Papa,*"
To cry, "*Mamma, Mamma, Mamma,*"
And wave my hand and say, "*Ta, ta?*"

MY MOTHER.

Who, to reward my prattling tongue,
Gave me some silver bells that rung,
And "*Ding-dong, ding-dong,*" to me sung?

MY FATHER.

Who taught me, in red-leather shoes,
First step by step my feet to use,
And strove her darling to amuse?

MY MOTHER.

Who, to entice me, with more ease,
To cross the room and reach his knees,
Held plums in sight, his child to please?

MY FATHER.

But, if perchance her darling fell,
Who'd kiss the place to make it well,
And pretty soothing stories tell?

MY MOTHER.

Who fondly kept me by his side,
And ev'ry act of kindness try'd,
And ey'd me with a parent's pride?

MY FATHER.

Who taught me first to read and pray,
To kneel to God, his word obey,
And holy keep his *Sabbath-Day*?

MY MOTHER.

Who lov'd to see me sport and play,
And skip about with spirits gay,
And joyous pass my time away?

MY FATHER.

Who, when oppress'd with sickness, I,
Convuls'd with agony, did cry,
Wept, lest her darling child should die?

MY MOTHER.

Who sooth'd my mother when she wept,
And calm'd my pain, until I slept,
Whilst sorrow for me o'er him crept?

MY FATHER.

Oh! then, for ever will I be
As kind as thou hast been to me,
And love with fond affection thee,—

MY MOTHER.

And thou, my guardian, too, shalt share
My earliest love, my latest care,
And none to me shall be more dear,—

MY FATHER.

And, as thou over me did'st weep,
Should sickness through *thy* body creep,
I'll watch and soothe thee into sleep,—

MY MOTHER.

And, as thou ever wast my guide,
I'll sit and watch *thy* couch beside,
Should ill thy eve of life betide,—

MY FATHER.

And when, from age, grown weak and gray,
I'll guide thy steps and be thy stay,
And soothe thy eve of life away,—

MY MOTHER.

My breast thy dying couch shall be ;
I'll watch thy parting breath from thee,—
"T will bear a blessing unto me :—

MY FATHER.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

THERE was once a little boy,
Who was all his mother's joy,
But his conduct oft fill'd her with woe ;
For his parents he sore teas'd,
As he'd have whate'er he pleas'd,
And would shriek if they ever said—" No."

If he saw another boy
Who had got a pretty toy,
He would cry till he got it away ;
And to scratch and to bite
Was this naughty boy's delight,
And he always would spoil all the play.

To whatever place he went,
On some mischief he was bent,
And he'd both shout and bellow and bawl ;
And, at last, so wicked prov'd,
That, by nobody belov'd,
He became quite a by-word for all.

His friends fell sick and dy'd,
But he never mourn'd nor cry'd ;
Nay, he never shed one single tear ;
But the people even say
That he laugh'd on the way,
As he follow'd the corpse on the bier !

Left in the world alone,
With not one friend that would own
This spoil'd, thoughtless, wicked little boy,
To the *workhouse* he was led,
Where they made him earn his bread,
Where, alas ! he'd not one single joy.

Now, all good children, pray
Attend to what I say :
Be obedient to the *word* and the *nod*
Of your parents and your friends,
For 'twill lead unto these ends—
You'll be lov'd both by man and by God !

OLD BETTY.

OLD Betty liv'd within a cot,
And was content with what she'd got,
Although she'd no great store;
Her dwelling was a humble shed,
Her food was little else than bread,
Yet she ne'er wish'd for more.

She had a mind of tender mood,
Although her manners were but rude;
For, though her purse was low,
She did, by industry and care,
Lay up a something for to spare,
To aid another's woe.

Go, imitate old Betty's plan,
That you may give to needy man,
When he's with want oppress'd;
And when you may in sickness lie,
In want you'll ne'er be left to die,
For he that gives is bless'd.



THE BATTLE.

“ To arms, to arms ;” the trumpets sound,
Contending foemen take the ground,
And, form’d in *Battle’s* dread array,
Prepare to fight the bloody fray.

The word is given, “ On, on, ye brave !”

They shout “ For vict’ry or the grave !”

They meet,—the clash of arms they hear,

And feel a momentary fear ;

But, mingled soon in bloody strife,

They fight for conquest and for life.

See where the thickest combats rage ;

See, too, where men with men engage ;

Now death has given the deadly wound,

The victim falls upon the ground,—

The conqu’ror seeks another foe,

And he himself in death’s laid low :

Thus man kills man, till thousands lay,

Victims of the remorseless fray ;

All bent to conquer, none to yield,

Till their last life’s blood dyes the field :

At length th' unwelcome sound—"Retreat!"
The trumpets sound,—the drummers beat;
Then vengeance fills the conqueror's breast,
And close the flying soldier's press'd;
Now turns to face his foe, or flies,
Or, badly wounded, falls and dies;
And scarce a foeman's left to tell the tale,
How many breathless lay—dead, deadly pale!

But, aided by the veiling night,
A few escape the foe by flight,
To thicken ranks another day,
And fall in a still bloodier fray.
A mother mourns her darling son;
A wife a much-lov'd husband gone;
A country wails its citizens,
And many a man his dearest friends;
Yet still in war and bloodshed they delight;
Still, still they'll on to battle and to fight!

THE BALLOON.

“ OH ! Papa,” cried young Tommy, and to him
did bound,

“ What is that soaring high in the air ?
Sure it can’t be a bird, ’tis so large and so
round,
And its colours so brilliant appear.

“ See, it enters a cloud, and is lost to our sight :
Now, now I can see it again ;
Now higher and higher it swiftly takes flight,—
Now I scarce can distinguish it plain.”

“ That, my dear,” said his father, “ is called a
balloon,

And the boat at the bottom, a *car* ;
See, it scarcely now larger seems than a full
moon,—

Now, ’tis almost as small as a star.”

“ Pray, what is it made of, I wish much to
know,

That it mounts, without wings, up so high ;
That it seems with such ease on its journey
to go,

Till it reaches the very blue sky ?”

“ The *balloon*, my dear boy, is of silk closely wrought,

In a conical shape, as you see;
The *car* is of very light wicker-work, fraught
With sand, that it steady may be.

“ And o’er the *balloon* a fine net-work is cast,
With nicety, judgment, and care,
Which comes off to a point, where the threads
are made fast,
And affix’d to the car they appear.

“ The *balloon*’s filled with *gas*—that is, vapour
made *rare*,
Which forces its way to the top; [the air,
And its lightness impels it to pass through
And, indeed, it scarce ever would stop,

“ Were it not that they have, at the top, a valve
plac’d,
Which they open and shut at their ease,
By the aid of a string; they thus check their haste,
Rise and fall, fast or slow, as they please.

“ Just such is the nature of ev’ry *balloon*,
Which, like this, with scarce any delay,
Will ascend to the clouds, and pass through
them full soon,
And be borne from our sight far away.”

A MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE radiant orb now streaks the dappled sky,
Gay Chanticleer exerts his clarion shrill;
The feather'd choristers now soar on high,
And flocks, unpenn'd, range over plain and
hill.

How fresh the verdure, spangled o'er with dew!
How fragrant are the flowers which deck the
grove!

How lovely bright the rose's blushing hue!
All, all inspire my heart with praise and love.

How cheerful 'tis to roam the fields at morn,
Or else along the hedge-row walks to stray;
To scent the perfume of the blossom'd thorn,
Or hear the lark salute the God of Day!

In yonder glade the mower whets his scythe,
The cow-boy gaily whistles in the lane;
Beside yon barn the dairy-maid sings blithe,
And Echo, faint, reverberates the strain.

Look round! all nature's lovely and serene,—
With day's fresh dawn each creature health
inhales;

On no man's cheek the trace of care is seen,
But bland Content presides o'er hills and dales.

A MORNING IN LONDON.

Look through the vista of the murky street,—
Fogs rise on fogs, and clouds of smoke appear !

What nauseous scents our nasal organs greet,
And, oh ! what discord now salutes the ear !

See, yonder, reeling, staggering about,
A city beau, whose haggard looks bespeak
That he, at some gay masquerading rout,
Has spent the hard-earn'd wages of a week.

Mark that poor imp, with bag and brush in hand,
Proclaims his trade by shrilly bawling,
“ Sweep ! ”

While only one old coach upon the stand
Denotes that coachmen yet are fast asleep.

But hark ! what's this that rattles o'er the stones ?
A load of living lumber come to town !
Be careful, coachee, lest you break the bones
Of some poor discontented silly clown.

Now sleepy 'prentices their shops unbar,
And Molly with the slop-pail's at the door ;
While “ Milk, below ! ” is heard both near and
far :

St. Paul's strikes EIGHT—the scene is nearly
o'er.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

~~~~~  
“ Let your last moments be like their’s.”  
~~~~~

LITTLE children should strive to live well in
their youth,
That their gray hairs may find them devoted
to truth;
That, when Death overtakes them in natural
course,
They may ne’er wish to shun him, or call him
morose.

What’s death to a good man, that he should
repine ?

To cease to be *mortal*, *immortal* to shine,—
To yield up his *sorrow* by yielding his *breath*,—
To dwell in high *heaven*, instead of low earth.

What comfort and hope to the Christian is
given,

Since God’s holy angels direct him to heaven,
For ever to dwell in the sight of the Lord,
The fruit of *believing* and *doing* his word !

Go, seek the death-couch of the honest old
man,
That has Piety's course to the last moment ran;
And you'll see him, with hope beaming full in
his eye,
Resign his last breath without even a sigh.

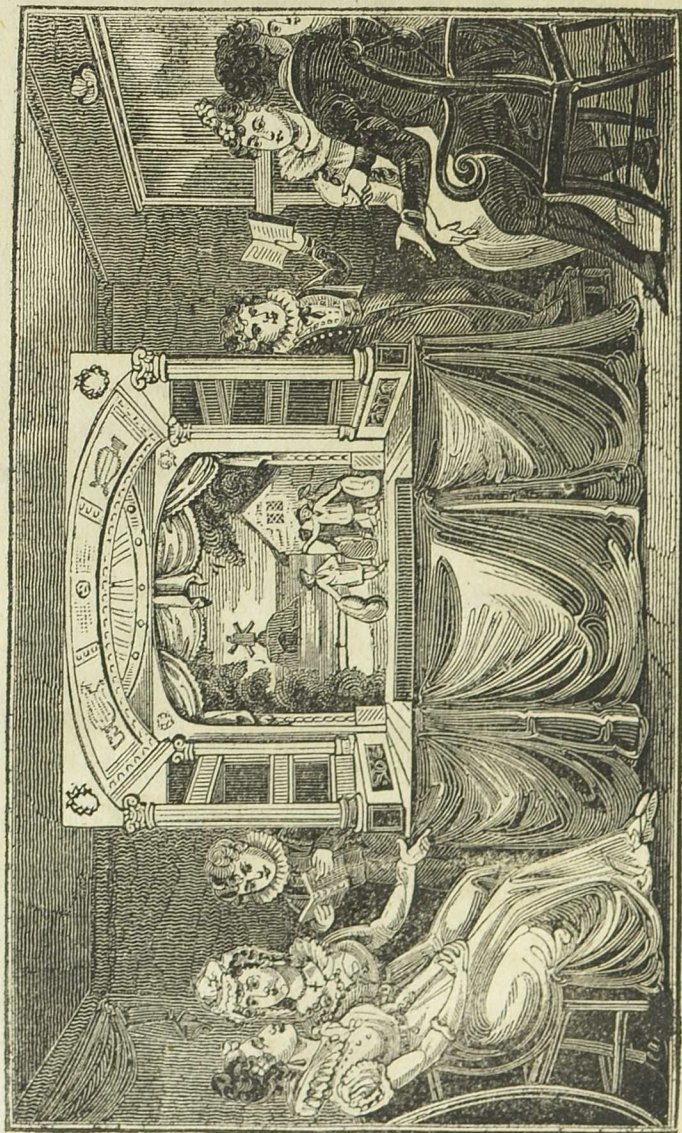
“ And why,” you will ask, “ has he no conscious pain?”

Because he has never been wicked or vain;
Because he has liv'd, as we ev'ry one should,
Void of guilt towards God, and to man doing
good.

Go live, my good children, as children should do:
Keep strictly the word of your God in your
view;

Go live, my good children, to be Heaven's
heirs,

And “ *let your last moments be like unto their's.*”



THE BRITISH STAGE IN
MINIATURE.

ALL people talk of London sights,
For London's all the rage;
But that which most a *youth* delights
Is call'd "THE BRITISH STAGE."

IN NEWGATE STREET, at NUMBER TEN,
"The British Stage" is found,
Where figures, just like *real men*,
In miniature abound.

"ALADDIN'S" there, with wond'rous lamp,
And eke "THE BLOOD-RED KNIGHT;"
There "FORTY THIEVES," in caverns damp,
The travellers affright.

There's "GILDEROY THE BONNIE BOY,"
The "BLACK PRINCE EDWARD," too;
There's "HAMLET" and the bold "ROB
ROY,"
Who ne'er from battle flew.

And there's the "MILLER AND HIS MEN,"
"GUY MANNERING," and "MONTROSE,"
And hapless "MARY OF THE INN,"
Whose mind was fill'd with woes.

There ROMEO on his JULIET calls,
And there is seen "MACBETH;"
And there "A horse!" "KING RICHARD"
bawls,
Till Richmond stops his breath.

"PIZARRO" there enslaves Peru,
And Rolla nobly dies;
And "MAGNA CHARTA" there you view,
Which Britons dearly prize.

The glittering "VISION OF THE SUN"
Enchants the ravish'd sight;
And "FAUSTUS" there such deeds hath done
As sober folks affright.

There "BLUE BEARD" stalks in dread array,
While bleed his headless wives;
There "TIMOUR," in the battle-fray,
Regards not human lives.

There's "LIFE IN LONDON," Tom and
Jerry,

There's also "LIFE IN PARIS;"
There's "FAIR STAR" and her darling
"CHERRY,"—

Nay, ev'ry thing that rare is.

For there are *Combats*, great and small,
And *Portraits* out of number ;
Processions, *Cars*, *Stage-Fronts*, and all !
To fill one's mind with wonder.

The *Drama*, too, call'd " Juvenile,"
Portrays each sep'rate Part,
And, while we thus our time beguile,
We get the Play by heart.

Then, let us haste to *Newgate Street*,
And find out *Number Ten*,
For there THE BRITISH STAGE, complete,
Delights both boys and men.



VIRTUE SHALL HAVE ITS REWARD.

VICE ever was punish'd, and ever will be :
Be it cruelty, malice, or fraud :
But Virtue's belov'd, as we ev'ry day see,—
Aye, and *Virtue shall have its reward !*

A poor orphan boy once begg'd bread at the door
Of a rich man ; but he'd no regard
To the cries of the orphan, the houseless, or poor :
But his wickedness had its reward.

For his wealth became wasted—his grandeur
soon fled,

And he then became houseless and poor;
And was forc'd to seek shelter, and beg his own
bread

Of those he'd rejected of yore.

But the orphan, industrious, as some had fore-
told,

Became rich, and lent unto the Lord,
And his wealth was return'd him again seven-fold;
Thus—Virtue shall have its reward!

And thus it fell out, as it ever will be,
And was taught by our Saviour and Lord,
That all wickedness punish'd we ever shall see,
And that—Virtue shall have its reward!

THE DANGER OF TAKING SHELTER UNDER TREES, DURING A STORM.

LIST, list to the thunder! how awful it rolls—
See the lightning, how vivid it darts from the
sky—
The rain falls in torrents, the heavy gale howls;
The earth seems to tremble;—where, where
shall I fly?

The cattle, affrighted, look wildly around,—

Hark ! hark, to that crash, alas ! what do I
see :

A poor man lies bleeding upon the wet ground,
Who had just taken shelter beneath a large
tree.

'T was struck by the lightning, and, ere he could
fly,

It fell on his body, and crush'd him to death :
So sudden the shock, he ne'er utter'd a cry,
But in vigour and health resign'd his last
breath.

Thus, the danger of sheltering under a tree,
When the tempest is raging, does plainly
appear ;

Though it seems for to offer protection to thee,
It may fall, and you're kill'd when no danger
seems near.

Let good little children send pray'rs on high,
To Him who rules over the pitiless storm,
For the wanderer, who knows not whither to fly,
And has no home or shelter to keep him from
harm.

POOR PUSS SAVED.

A WICKED little boy, one day,
Had got a pretty cat,
Which he had stolen by the way,
And put into his hat.

He tortur'd her, till almost mad
Poor Puss with anguish grew;
So very cruel was this lad,
Though he much better knew.

And straightway to a pond he went,
In haste poor Puss to drown;
By chance, that way was Henry sent,
To whom poor Puss was known.

A string around poor Pussy's neck,
This naughty boy had tied,
Which he unto a stone did tack,
Just as young Goodboy cried—

“ Hold, hold, thy purpose, cruel boy,”
As, panting quite for breath,
He forward ran, to snatch with joy
The trembling cat from death.

The wicked boy, he held it tight,
Bade Goodboy get away,
Who cried, " I'll purchase her outright,"
And offer'd for to pay

The price he did upon her set,—
Said he, " What have you got ?"
" A sixpence," Goodboy cried, " a bat,
And marbles quite a lot."

Poor Puss was bought of cruel Ned,
Which Goodboy thought a prize,
And homeward straight he with her sped,
While joy beam'd in his eyes.

And when are we most happy, pray ?
Or when are we most wise ?
When doing good :—as Christ did say,
" Go, thou, and do likewise."



PRAY TO GOD.

OUR Saviour has taught us to watch and to pray,
And he's both our God and our Lord ;
He is able to punish, if we disobey,
Or do not attend to his word.

Then let us each morning, as soon as we rise,
Kneel down and give thanks for the past,
And open our hearts without any disguise,
And confess all our faults to the last.

For his mercy is gracious, and ever will last,
And he will both give and forgive ;
He ne'er will remember the sins which are
past,
If in future we penitent live.

When we sit down to meat, grace should always
be said,
With grateful submission and fear ;
For it is from our God we have our daily bread,
And he always is present to hear.

And when to repose we retire, at night,
Having first return'd thanks for the day,
For protection in darkness, as well as in light,
Let us kneel down and fervently pray.

THE SEASONS:

A SKETCH.

SPRING-TIME opes the flow'rets gay,
And richly decks both hill and dale ;
Leaves are budding on each spray,
And warmly breathes the soften'd gale.

Nature's cloth'd in verdant hue:
Daisies pied, and primrose pale,
Cowslips gay, and violets blue,
Gem the bank and strew the vale.

Summer suns invite the young
Beneath the cooling shade to rove,
Whilst, the hedge and copse among,
Sweet resound the songs of love.

Birds, scarce fledg'd, essay the wing,
To reach the lofty branching tree ;
Wild bees hum, the crickets sing,
'Tis Nature's choicest revelry.

Clothed in a garb of sober dye,
Stately Autumn dares advance ;
Purple clusters greet the eye—
The peasants join the mazy dance.

Harvest-home, with well-crown'd board,
Now rewards the rustic's toil ;
Farmers have the corn all stor'd,
And join the jocund song awhile.

Nurs'd in tempests, winter reigns ;
Rivers, streamlets, frozen are ;
Fleecy herds desert the plains,
And claim the trusty shepherd's care.

Giles feeds his pigs, his flocks he guards,
With fodder strews the frozen ground,
And keeps the cows within the yards,
Where straw and wholesome food abound.

The idle throng, upon the ice,
Both skait and slide the pits around ;
The hunters and the hounds rejoice,
And fearless break across the ground.

Spring returns, puts forth her smiles,
And wantons with the world again,
And, deck'd in her enchanting wiles,
Another year begins its reign.



DANGER OF LYING;

OR,

THE DEATH OF ANANIAS, AND SAPPHIRA
HIS WIFE.*

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“ A liar is not to be believed, even when he speaks the truth.”

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ALL lies are spoken unto evil,
The Prince of Darkness, or the devil;
But lies in which men sin the most,
Are those against the Holy Ghost.

When Ananias, prone to vice,
Sold and kept back part of the price
Which his possession to him brought
(And that he lied none knew, he thought)—

At Peter's feet he laid a part;
For Satan then possess'd his heart :
“ 'Tis not to man !” the apostle cried,
“ But unto God that you have lied.”

* Acts, chap. v. verse 1 to 10.

When Ananias this sentence heard,
He fell down dead at Peter's word ;
Then out this wicked man was carried,
And in a grave untimely bury'd.

When, afterwards, Sapphira came,
Because she lied, and did the same
As Ananias had before,
She was struck dead, and rose no more.

Then, all good children, speak the truth ;
Indulge it from your earliest youth ;
Lest, in your old age, you despise
Your God, and tell against him lies.

For God, who could avenge it *then*,
Has *now* the same power over men ;
And even men despise a liar,—
Therefore, let truth your words inspire.



CHARITABLE GEORGE.

“ O DEAR, may I give those old shoes,”
Said George, to his Mamma,
“ To that poor man who yonder goes ?”
They'll not do for Papa.

“ See, see ! how sad, along the street,
He begs from door to door !—
Poor fellow, he has naked feet,—
The stones will make them sore.

“ They ’re not worth much, and Jane, our maid,
When she cleans out the room,
Will burn, or sweep them, I ’m afraid,
In the dust-hole with her broom.”

“ Yes, yes, my dearest boy,” said she,
“ Come here, and have a kiss ;
For I ’m delighted much to see
You ’ve such a thought as this.

“ Go, tell our John to call him here,
And give him food to eat,
And let him have a little beer ;
’Twill be, poor man, a treat.”

George kiss’d his mother, and then ran
To John, who quickly sped,
And fetch’d in the poor beggar-man,
And gave him beer and bread.

The man, with gratitude o’ercome,
For tears could scarcely eat,
And, having thank’d them, hasten’d home,
With shoes upon his feet.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE *Albion* was a vessel trim,
The crew a fearless band,
Who dar'd to lose both life and limb,
Their country to defend.

The order came, they must away,
To meet the daring foe;
And hearts so brave would scorn to stay,
When duty bids them go.

The boatswain pip'd all hands aboard,
The anchor soon was weigh'd;
The vessel, which was lately moor'd,
A-head to windward laid.

Her sails were bent, the port was clear'd,
As many a last adieu
From cliff and strand the seamen cheer'd,
Whilst they were yet in view.

Right gallantly she bore away,
Before the fresh'ning breeze,
Till around blue waters lay,
And none a landmark sees.

They soon reach'd Biscay's fatal bay,
Where many a hapless bark
Deep in its dangerous bosom lay,
Hid in its caverns dark.

There suddenly arose a gale,
The sun became o'ercast;
It thunder'd, too, a distant peal,
And then it blew a blast.

Near and more near the tempest came,
Their useless sails they reef;
Incessantly the lightnings flame,
And there is no relief.

The waves run furiously high;
A vivid fiery flash
Strikes down the foremast, and a cry
Breaks through the deaf'ning crash.

"A leak! a leak! a leak is sprung!"
Is echoed from below;
Then overboard the guns are flung—
From wreck they clear the prow.

They lighten her, but all in vain,
For, though the leak they'd cork'd,
The waters quickly on them gain,
Although the pumps are work'd.

Now they despair, now work anew,
Till, with a dreadful crush,
The lightning strikes the mainmast through,
And in the waters rush.

The rudder had been torn away,
And ev'ry hope is gone ;
Plank after plank is broke, and they
Look round them all forlorn.

“ The boats ! ” they cry—they quickly launch,—
And many rush to save
Their lives ; but one alone is staunch,—
The rest sink in the wave.

The light'ning darts another flash ;
The wreck is seen no more ;
And o'er the spot the billows wash,
With loud continuous roar.

The struggling few within the boat,
With desperate essay,
Exert their strength to keep afloat,
But make but little way.

At length, the wish'd-for morning dawns,
But still the tempest blows ;
Each wave, still threat'ning, round them yawns,
As if to mock their woes.

Hunger preys on them—they've no food ;
No land is yet in sight,
And all, in a despairing mood,
Dread the approach of night.

It comes—'tis weather'd ; still no land,
And hunger gnaws apace ;
And sailor upon sailor bend
A look, with wolfish face.

'Tis understood—the lot is cast ;
The knife op'd ready lies ;
The neck is bar'd, and fear is past,
When " Land !" the steersman cries.

" Where, where ? " they cry, as far a-head
The little speck of blue
So small is seen, on wavy bed,
It scarcely meets their view.

" A sail," cries one ; " it nears, it nears ; "
The willing oar is plied ;
The vessel now indeed appears,
And joyfully is eyed.

They hoist a signal—it is seen ;
The ship the long-boat leaves ;
Death flies, and Hope steps in between
To snatch them from the waves.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle Spring,
And with thee bring
A vase of budding flowers ;
With song inspire
The feather'd choir,
And deck the yearning bowers.

Be prosp'rous now
Unto the plough,
And send the sower forth ;
That fruitful grain
May not in vain
Be strewn upon the earth.

Let zephyrs blow,
Soft showers flow,
And all-reviving Sol,
With golden ray,
Possess the day,
To make a perfect whole.



CONTEMPLATION.

“LET us, my dear sister,” said Robert, “awhile,
Since the sun shines so bright, and makes ev’ry
thing smile,

Go and ramble along the green vale ;
Each flower, plant, tree, and the soft purling rill,
The works of our God, will arouse us, and fill
Our minds with contemplative zeal.”

Jemima consented ; then upstairs she ran
To fetch shawl and bonnet, and put them on, when
Robert led the way to his old nook ;
And, just at the brink of a murmuring stream,
With a bough overhead, to keep off the sun’s
beam,
They sat down by his favourite oak.

“Behold all the fields, how with corn they’re
o’erspread,
The meads that with rich verdant turf are thick
clad ;

See how well our Creator provides :
There’s a tongue in each stream, that’s alive to
his praise ;
The trees, my dear girl, whisper eloquent lays,
And the birds rejoice in him besides.

“ Then never, oh never ! let mortals be mute,
Since they tell of his praise that are less than
the brute,

But let's hallow his sacred name !
His works are so wondrous, surpassing all
thought,
There's none that can fathom the depth he has
wrought ;
We imagine—but all is a dream.

THE FUNERAL.

Now slowly tolls the solemn bell,
Proclaiming far the awful knell
Of the departed dead ;
And sorrowing friends, in black array,
With tears the last sad duties pay,
To him whose soul is fled.

The widow'd heart, in accents faint,
Now to its God may raise its plaint,
And his protection crave ;
Since all that render'd life once dear,
Or shar'd the sympathetic tear,
Is laid within the grave.

And, haply now, the orphan's eye,
Bereft of friends, may look on high,
Now houseless and alone;
He listens to his creature's call,
Nor suffers e'en a bird to fall
Unnoticed and unknown.

Or, borne to an untimely grave,
A parent's eye with tears may lave
The coffin of his boy;
And grieve to see the tomb enclose,
Within its gloomy precincts, those
Who form'd his greatest joy.

Such is the chance, my child, of man :
His life is but a little span,
A space of hopes and fears ;
The morn may dawn both clear and bright,
But, e'er the shadows fall at night,
Unpitying death appears.

Then learn, my child, whene'er you see
The wreck of frail mortality,
To think on God above ;
Each day your knee most humbly bend—
Each Sabbath at his house attend,
Beseeching for his love.

And, whensoever to church you go,
On Him your praises to bestow,
With reverence bow the head;
For, though in health you then appear,
You may, before the morrow's near,
Be number'd with the dead.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

ON the mountain's rough brow,
Be it wind, rain, or snow,
Young Lubin attends his flocks;
Though brown bread for his fare,
With a little small beer,
Yet he merrily sorrow mocks.

He's a smile on his face,
For his mind is at peace,
And he envies no rich man's wealth;
But the height of his pride
Is his sheep for to guide,
A green bank, and a cheek of health.

THE LITTLE CABIN BOY.

THE rain was pouring fast—

Red lightning flash'd around,
And awful thunder, past,
Rush'd with terrific sound.

Said Kate, in pale affright,

“ Dear John, shut, shut the door—
Oh! 't is a fearful night!
Hark to the breaker's roar.”

“ How bless'd this cot,” said he,
A tear-drop in his eye,

“ To the ships on yonder sea,
Where many to-night must die.”

“ Come in,” then falter'd Kate,

“ And let us beg, in pray'r,
From such a dreadful fate
That God may all men spare.”

They knelt in fervour warm,

And, as their pray'rs they said,
A voice came through the storm,
Imploring timely aid.

John sought the wat'ry strand,
In pity and in awe,
Where, scarcely wash'd to land,
A prostrate boy he saw.

He caught him in his arms,
And to his cot withdrew,
Where soon that cheek rewarms,
And beams that eye of blue.

They sooth'd his accents wild—
They lull'd him to repose,
And grateful was that child,
When from their bed he rose.

With Kate and John he dwelt
A fortnight, if not more ;
And each had never felt
So truly pleas'd before.

At length a captain came,—
Remorseless captain he,—
This cabin boy to claim,
And bear him off to sea.

While o'er the wat'ry plain
The hostile vessel flew,
Sobb'd Kate, " We ne'er again
That thankful child shall view."

And many a year had flown,
Till John was lame and gray—
Kate, too, infirm had grown—
An aged pair were they.

Too old for toil at length,
Oppress'd by life's decay,—
For want of health and strength,
Their rent they could not pay.

The landlord now was come,
His cruel rage to speak,
And drive them from their home,
The workhouse next to seek.

As weeping, hand-in-hand,
They hobbled down the shore,
They saw a seaman land,
With gold all cover'd o'er.

Twelve hardy tars and trim,
With flag and cap in hand,
Appear'd to wait on him,
And aid him o'er the sand.

Sigh'd Kate, "Before I die,
'T would glad me much to have
Some news of that poor boy,
Whose life 't was our's to save."

With that, the seaman brave
Tow'rds them his footstep bends,—
To each a hand he gave—
He knew his long-lost friends.

“ And is it John and Kate ?
No more shall grief annoy.
And do ye then forget
Your little cabin boy ?”

Kate scream'd—John wept aloud—
Dispell'd were all their fears ;
Each heart in rapture glow'd,
And spoke in silent tears.

“ My early friends !” said he,
“ I bring home wealth in store,
Which you shall share with me,
Nor taste of sorrow more.”

THE QUEEN-BEE'S SUPPER PARTY.

IN a beautiful valley, where wild flowers grew,
And the air was perfum'd with whole acres
of thyme,

There fresh blooming garlands of every hue
Gave a grace to the scene that was truly
sublime.

The Bees had long chosen this favourite spot
To gather their honey, and there to regale;
And the flowers they suck'd, and the treasure
they got,
Were known to all insects who liv'd in the
vale.

Now, the Queen of this hard-working, brisk,
busy tribe,
To her subjects one day said, " I think I
shall give
To all my good neighbours, who dwell far and
wide,

A treat, just to show them how working-bees
live."

The Queen her intention had scarcely made known,

Before she observ'd that the gay little crew
Choice viands and sweetmeats had plac'd round
her throne,

With nectar, distill'd from the rose's rich dew.

As the business was *feasting*, a drone sallied out

To invite ev'ry insect to come as a guest,
And his *hum* was so loud, that the news flew
about

All over the valley—north, east, south, and
west.

The first that appear'd was the Butterfly, dress'd

In his new scarlet coat, trimm'd with purple
and gold;

And close by his side was the friend he lov'd
best,—

Mister Moth, his great uncle, so smooth, sleek,
and old.

Then next came the Hornet, the Wasp, and the
Gnat,

Each arm'd with their stings, though they
meant not to use them,

Unless (as they said), when in innocent chat,
Any other arm'd insects should dare to abuse
them.

A Grasshopper next, in his liv'ry of green,
With little Miss Cricket, his musical cousin,
Came chirping along—while, behind them, were
seen

Dame Ant and her young ones, not less than
a dozen.

And there came the Beetle, as black as a coal,
Arm-in-arm with a Chafer, brown, glossy,
and bright;

And many an earth-worm crawl'd out of his hole,
To partake of the feast to be given that night.

A Dragon-fly now through the air whizz'd
along,

And, close at his elbow, two Gad-flies were
seen;

While Flies of the common sort join'd in the
throng,

With their blue-bottle brethren, and kindred in
green.

Two dashing young Lady-cows now flitted past,
In their very best dresses of orange and
black;

The Snail hobbled after, but not very fast;

No wonder—she carried a house on her
back.

As the Queen-bee presides o'er a hard-working
nation,

Who earn well the sweets which they lay up
in store,

She invited all insects, whatever their station,

To come to her supper, though ugly or poor.

And, therefore, the Flea and the Woodlouse
were there ;

There, too, were the Earwig, the Grub, and
the Slug,

With many more Insects of earth and of air,—

Nay, even the Spider, the Leech, and the
Bug.

Oh ! could I describe how the sideboard was
grac'd,

Or tell you what dainties were spread on the
table,

It would make my dear children all long for a
taste

Of things which to give them I ne'er should
be able.

When the cloth was remov'd, how the mead
flew about !

What drinking of healths, and what compli-
ments pass'd !

Till, with feasting quite tired, they caper'd
about,

But hop'd that this supper would not be the
last.

At length they were rous'd from their revels so
gay,

By the owl's shrill shriek (for the sun had
gone down);

And, courtesies over, they hasten'd away,

To seek out their homes by the light of the
moon.

But, oh! had you seen how they saunter'd along,

You'd have known they'd have much rather
staid where they were;

Some whistling a tune, others humming a song,

With hearts light and free, and devoid of all
care.

But when they reflected, like sensible elves,

That all this enjoyment from *Industry* came,

They promis'd, like Bees, they would work hard
themselves,

And, in future, obtain an industrious name.

THE EAGLE'S CONCERT AND BALL.

ON a towering cliff, that o'erlook'd the wide
sea,

An Eagle for years had in solitude dwelt ;
As the monarch of air, he was happy and free,
But the want of good company sorely he
felt.

“ Other birds,” said the Eagle, “ in harmony
live,

Enjoy themselves well, and are cheerful and
gay ;

And, therefore, a Ball and a Concert I'll
give,

To show them that I am as merry as they.”

So he order'd the Magpie to go and invite

The feather'd creation to come at his call ;
And *Mag*, fond of talking, was full of delight,
In announcing the Eagle's grand Concert and
Ball.

The Eagle's first cousin, the Falcon, so brave,
With his talons so sharp, and his bill hook'd
and strong,
Came first; and then entered the Owl so grave,
Who conceitedly thought he could sing them
a song.

Old spindle-shank'd Heron and grenadier
Stork,—

Mister Curlew, Miss Coot, and of Fishers
the King,
Came all in together;—then follow'd the Lark,
Who with him a Linnet and Goldfinch did
bring.

And there was the Goshawk, the Buzzard, and
Crow,

The Starling, the Pewet, the Jackdaw, and
Jay,—

The smart Parroquet and the gaudy Macaw,
The Cockatoo white, and the Parrot so gray.

The beautiful Peacock, with green and gold tail,
With a lovely Cock Pheasant, came in side
by side ;

Then follow'd a Ring-Dove, a Pigeon, and
Quail,

With a Turtle-Dove mild, and his new-mar-
ried bride.

The Nightingale next, in his quaker-brown
dress,

Came in with the Bullfinch and Robin so red;
And little Miss Wren, and the Humming-bird,
less,

Came tripping along, by the Mocking-bird
led.

The Martin, the Swallow, the Cuckoo, and
Swift,

With a gallant Cock Sparrow, came twitting
along;

And the Cuckoo observ'd, *he could lend them a
lift,*

By joining in chorus to ev'ry bird's song.

But how shall I name *all* the birds that were
there,

From the Titmouse, so short, to the Ostrich,
so tall?

Suffice it to say, all the birds of the air

Attended the Eagle's grand Concert and Ball.

The Concert began with a trio between

The Nightingale, Woodlark, and pretty Ca-
nary;

But the Owl made them laugh, for he said he'd
join in,

And give them a tune of *his own*, light and airy.

Then up got the Blackbird and Skylark to sing,
And so sweet were their notes, yet so loud
and so shrill,
That the Eagle declar'd all the mountains must
ring
With the notes of those songsters of exquisite
skill.

Sweet Philomel now was call'd on for a song,
So, modestly bowing and pluming her breast,
She pour'd forth a strain, so melodious and
strong,
That the Eagle, delighted, declar'd 't was the
best.

The Bullfinch and Robin next join'd in a glee
With the Thrush and the Titlark, the Green-
bird, and Starling;
But though 't was as merry as merry could be,
Yet the Nightingale still was consider'd the
darling.

But the drollest of all was the Mocking-bird's
song,
For he gave imitations of every note
That each bird had sung—were it sweet, shrill,
or strong,—
So varied the medley that pour'd from his
throat.

And, now that the Eagle's grand Concert was
over,

Each bird chose his partner to join in the
dance.

There was gay Squire Woodcock and pretty
Miss Plover,

Who, graceful and slow, in a waltz did
advance.

The next pair that came were the Magpie and Jay
Who join'd with the Blackbird and Daw in
a reel;

But the Owl look'd wise, just as much as to say,
He thought that their motions were quite
ungenteel.

The Peacock then gave them an exquisite treat,
For his movements were just like a ship in
full sail;

And, though he seem'd fearful of showing his
feet,

All look'd at his grand and magnificent tail.

The Spoonbill, the Pelican, Lapwing, and Teal,
With the Moorhen, the Cormorant, Widgeon,
and Ruff,

Next got up, and clumsily danc'd a quadrille,
Till the Eagle observ'd, there was dancing
enough.

Thus ended the Eagle's grand Concert and
Ball;

The birds, all delighted, look'd merry and gay,
And, having first promis'd each other a call,
They parted in friendship, and then flew away.



THE DOLPHIN'S GALA.

A DOLPHIN, who dwelt in the depths of the
sea,

And sported about like a gay cavalier,
Went and told all his friends how pleas'd he
should be,

If they'd come to his Gala, and taste his
good cheer.

“What's the use,” said the Dolphin, “to spend
a dull life,

In swimming and sauntering idly about?

So, come, my dear friends, and let each bring
his wife,

And his daughters and sons, and I'll give
you a rout.”

Now, a rout was quite new to the salt-water
tribe,

Though *Insects* were known to have had such
before,

And each felt in his breast—what I cannot
describe,

To think they should rival the beings on
shore.

Safe shelter'd from winds, and secure from the
storm,

In a large rocky cavern the fishes all met ;

'Twas roomy, yet snug—and, though wet, it
was warm,

And no danger was there of a fisherman's net.

The Pilot-Fish cautiously first enter'd in,

But took up his station just outside the door ;

Then followed the Shark, with a terrible grin,

Although his mouth ne'er was so close shut
before.

A Flying-Fish next darted into the cave,

As swift as a swallow that skims through
the air ;

Then enter'd the long-snouted Sword-fish, so
brave,

Whose prowess his enemies fills with despair.

A silvery Salmon now follow'd in state,
With his back all so blue, and his belly so
white;

And aft'r him came the Plaice, Flounder, and
Skate,

The delicate Whiting, and Mackarel bright,
A shoal of young Sprats, by the Trumpet-fish led,
Came swimming in haste, crying, "Room
for the Whale!"

When the Lord of the Ocean pok'd in his great
head,

Saying, "Leave me alone to make room for
my tail."

The Lobster came next, in his armour so black,
And under each claw hung a smirking young
Crab,

While a Shrimp, Prawn, and Oyster rode in on
his back,

And close to his tail was the lovely Miss Dab.

The Grampus and Porpoise came in rather late,
And so did John Dory and old Master Cod;
But they hop'd they had not made the company
wait,—

The Dolphin said "No," and the Whale
made a *nod*.

On corals and pearls the collation was plac'd,
And ev'ry nice dainty the sea could afford
Was there in abundance, for plenty had grac'd
The Dolphin's rich cavern and bountiful
board.

The cave shone resplendent with crystals and
spar,
Embroid'ring a tapestry of sea-weed so
green,
While here and there glitter'd a rich diamond
star,
In splendour excelling a gay fairy scene.

Festivities over, the Dolphin led out
The two young Miss Salmons to join in a
reel,
And the Mack'rels and Herrings, too, caper'd
about,
And show'd off in style in a lively quadrille.

The big-bellied Porpoise a somerset threw ;
The dashing Miss Dab shook a fin with John
Dory ;
The Trumpet-fish play'd and the Flying-fish
flew,
And the Grampus declar'd he was quite in
his glory.

At length all grew weary of pastimes so gay :

The Trumpet-fish own'd he was quite out of
breath ;

The Whale was fatigued, and old Cod slipp'd
away ;

And bold Captain Lobster was tired to death.

So they parted in harmony, friendship, and
mirth,

Determin'd again to the cavern to come,

Till the galas at sea, like the galas on earth,

Should become quite the fashion with people
of *ton*.



THE LION'S BANQUET.

“ SINCE the birds of the air and the fish of the
sea

At galas and concerts have thought fit to
meet,”

Said the Lion, one day, “ it is high time for *me*
To assemble my friends, and afford them a
treat.

“ So, my dear faithful Jackall, go round and invite

My quadruped neighbours to come to the feast,

Which, I've made up my mind, shall be given to-night

To ev'ry respectful and well-behav'd beast.”

The Jackall went round, at his master's command,

And the four-footed race were delighted to find
That the King of the Forest, so noble and grand,
Had grown so urbane, condescending, and kind.

The Leopard came first, with his fine spotted coat,

And was instantly plac'd by his Majesty's side;

Then follow'd the Tiger, as if to denote

That the strongest and fiercest were King Leo's pride.

Next, in pranc'd the Horse, with a dignified air,

And neigh'd his respects to King Leo, his host;

And after him tripp'd a fine Zebra, so rare,

Who had long, as a beauty, with beasts been the boast.

Majestic and slow, in the Elephant walk'd,
And curl'd up his trunk, as he made his best
bow,

While, as compliments pass'd, he most sensibly
talk'd,

And declar'd he was never more happy than now.

The Bison, the Bull, and old Bruin the Bear,

Next enter'd the cave and saluted the king;

The Lynx and sly Reynard the Fox, too, were
there,

Who with them a troop of relations did bring.

And there, too, the Laughing Hyæna was seen,

Who, for once in his life, now appear'd to be
tame;

And the Wolf, as a lambkin, look'd mild and
serene,

While the Goat, as his neighbour, most
lovingly came.

The Stag and the Roe-buck, the Elk, and
Rein-deer,

With fine branching horns ornamenting each
head,

Stepp'd gracefully in, and sat down to the cheer

Which, on Nature's green carpet, the Jackall
had spread.

Such a motley assemblage was ne'er seen before
As were usher'd in now—the Ape, Monkey,
and Hog,

With the Antelope, Camel, and many beasts
more,

Came in with the Kangaroo, Squirrel, and Dog.

The choicest of viands were spread on the board,
And the guests were right welcome, as King
Leo said,

To eat and to drink till their bellies were stor'd,
And then, like good subjects, to go home
to bed.

But their food was too rich, and their liquor too
strong;

Such feasting, indeed, they had ne'er known
before,

So one and all call'd on the King for a song,
And the table was presently set “in a *roar*!”

The Jackall call'd “Order!” the King shook
his mane,

Then chanted a stave in a voice loud and
gruff;

But he hiccupp'd and cough'd so at every strain,
That they all saw his Majesty had had *quite*
enough!

The Elephant, then, like a well-behav'd beast,
In the company's name thank'd the Lion, and
said,

That they all had enjoy'd themselves well at the
feast,

And, with his permission, they'd go home
to bed.

So they rose up together, and muttered their
thanks,

Some reeling, some cap'ring—all merry and
gay;

While the Fox and the Monkey kept playing
their pranks,

And cutting their jokes as they trotted away.

With the Banquet of Leo the forest long rang,
For the beasts all regarded the King as their
friend;

His bounty they talk'd of—his praises they sang,
And their jokes at the feast serv'd for mirth
without end.

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS.

A TALE.

A ROBIN REDBREAST, born and bred
Within a shady grove,
Had long beheld a gentle bird,
With eyes of partial love.

For her he cull'd the choicest food ;
For her he spread his wing ;
For her he perch'd upon a bough,
And thus was heard to sing :

“ Thy Robin has to offer thee
An honest heart alone ;
For fortune, family, and fame
Are things I cannot own.

“ Yet, fairest of the feather'd kind,
My love, my friendship try ;
Thy faithful mate I'll ever live—
Thy faithful mate I'll die.

“ Nor will I swear, as men have done,
By the immortal powers !
By cheerful morn ! by dusky eve !
By fountains ! groves ! or bowers !

“ My heart is not by nature form’d
To act a treacherous part ;
Ah! trust, then, to my constancy,
And bless me with thy heart.”

The bird belov’d was pleased to hear
The burden of his song,
And promis’d she would be his mate,
Those happy shades among.

The pretty pair together liv’d,
Till autumn’s mellow hand
Embrown’d the grass, and scatter’d leaves
Along the fallow land.

No more the bud, or blossom gay,
Or opening rose, was seen ;
Nor fruits disclosed a ruddy hue
Amid a foliage green.

No more the farmers’ fields appear’d
Enrich’d with golden grain ;
The mower cast his scythe away—
The reaper left the plain.

Swift o’er the hills the huntsmen came,
And blew their merry horn ;
No more retarded in their course
By fields of waving corn.

Keen from the north the wind arose,
And whistled through the glade,
Whilst, shelter'd in their peaceful grove,
The birds contented staid.

Then thus the Robin sweetly sang,
Ere he retired to rest:

“ Ah ! let no anxious cares, my love,
Disturb thy gentle breast.

“ Though winter, with a meagre face
And frozen hand, is near,
Though famine oft his steps pursue,
Yet wherefore shouldst thou fear ?

“ The Lord, beneficent to all !
Sufficiency will give,
Though winter scarcity creates,
To let a Robin live.

“ To every hedge, to every shaw
And glen, will I repair ;
With berries daily I'll return,
My only love to cheer.

“ Thy tender frame would ill endure
The rain and piercing wind :
To me, with greater strength endued,
The task must be assign'd.”

So sang the bird, whose heart was warm'd
With virtue, truth, and love;
Whose faithfulness and constancy
Might well become a dove.

His gentle mate approv'd his lay,
Her song responsive told,
That, while he tarried by her side,
She fear'd nor storms nor cold.

But soon, alas! the wintry wind
Was louder heard to rise;
It swept the leaves from every tree,
And clouds deform'd the skies.

Yet did the little Redbreasts bear
The rudeness of the blast;
They shook their pinions, wet with rain,
And saw the storm was past.

Then forth the jocund Robin flew,
And, from a neighbouring grove,
A bunch of berries quickly brought,
To cheer his drooping love.

Some leaves, that yet were dry, he found,
And form'd them like a nest;
Then chirp'd the notes of artless love,
And woo'd his mate to rest.

To sleep they went, but soon again
The wind was heard to blow ;
Inclement grew the freezing air,
And heavy fell the snow.

On every twig, on every thorn,
The ice in clusters hung ;
On every blade of grass was seen,
To every berry clung.

An universal robe of white
Was o'er the meadows cast ;
Nor hip nor haw remain'd to give
The birds one slight repast.

Shiv'ring with cold, with hunger faint,
His love the Robin view'd ;
He stole, in silence, from her side,
And went in quest of food.

Though almost famish'd, for himself
He felt no sense of fear ;
The bird whom more than life he lov'd
Was now his only care.

Pale grew the feathers at his breast,
And languid was his eye ;
His drooping limbs were numb'd with cold ;
He scarce had strength to fly.

While, with despairing looks, he cast

His anxious eyes around,

A charitable crumb of bread

He espy'd upon the ground.

His little heart then beat with joy;

He seiz'd the gift of fate;

“Ah! give me strength, kind pow'rs,” he cried,

“To bear it to my mate.”

He reach'd the grove—he call'd his mate;

His feeble mate replied:

He laid the offering at her feet,

Dropp'd from the tree, and died.

THE TWIN-BROTHERS;

AND THE TREES.

NED and Tom twin-brothers were,

Two rosy youths, a pretty pair,

And much beloved by all:

But Thomas was the favourite,

Because he always acted right,

And Edward scarce at all.

Their tempers, by their deeds, to see,
Their father gave to each a tree,
 To cultivate with care;
Both healthy, full of blooming fruit,
Which every little boy would suit,
 A luscious juicy pear.

Now, both these trees were in their prime,
And flourish'd bravely for a time,
 And all the fruit was bagg'd;
But, when the spring came round again,
Their father saw, with no small pain,
 That Ned's tree droop'd and lagg'd.

Tom's tree was cover'd o'er with bloom;
Indeed, there scarce was left the room
 For e'en one flow'r beside:
But Ned's look'd sickly, and, what's more,
With vermin was all cover'd o'er,
 And shortly after died.

His father was much hurt to see
That Ned so negligent should be,
 And leave his tree to perish;
Whilst Tommy ev'ry day would tend,
And water his, just like a friend,
 His favourite tree to cherish.

Indeed, 'twas charming thus to see
The fruit on master Tommy's tree,
All hanging ripe and mellow ;
Whilst Ned's was wither'd, dry, and bare,
And bore not e'en a single pear,
To countenance its fellow.

Now, Ned would in the garden go,
And steal, first, just a pear or so ;
But then, he little thought,
That, when he went some more to take
From Tommy's tree, the branch would break ;—
It did—and he was caught.

His father flogg'd him for the crime,
But said he'd try him one more time,
So gave another tree,
Which he attends with so much care,
His friends all praise him, and declare,
Tom's not more fruit than he.

THE MONKEY JACKO'S LAST WILL AND LEGACY TO HIS FRIENDS, &c.

SAID Jacko, " Pray bring me a pen and ink-stand ;

What can be the matter,—I 'm taken so ill."
Then, leaning his pretty ribb'd cheek on his hand,

He set about making his last dying will:

The magpie, cat, parrot, and lap-dog, so small,
Came round him, expressing their grief and despair ;

Says Jacko, " Don't weep, I'll remember you all ;

Such sorrow, my friends, I, indeed, cannot bear.

" To Miss Magpie I give up my platter of delf ;
To Tiny, my nice shining collar of brass ;
To Pussy, my rug, for her kittens and self ;
And my kennel, to Poll, free from mortgage,
shall pass.

“ To the Cook, for her jack, I my best chain
consign—

But my breath gets so short I can scarce
speak the rest;

To the Footman, my coat, deck'd with tinsel
so fine,

For he looks like an ape, and 'twill fit him
the best.

“ And now, my *sweet friends*, I must bid ye good
bye;

Ah! think with each other you all must part
soon.”

Puss wiped with her paw the big tear from her
eye;

Poll scream'd, and fell down from her perch
in a swoon.

Now Jacko, quite stiff, in his kennel lay
still,—

The mourners *vain* fretting began to give
o'er,

They chuckl'd, they frisk'd, and they open'd the
will;

Then grumbl'd and growl'd that he hadn't
left more.

“ A mischievous *hound* !” bark’d Pug, with a sneer.—

“ A *thief*, too,” mew’d Puss, “ yet as poor as a mouse !”—

“ We’ll stuff him and sell him,” cried Mag, in a jeer,

While Poll call’d the kennel, “ a tumble-down house !”

Now Jacko, sly knave, who had heard what they said,

His death being feign’d, put an end to the strife;

With a grin full of malice, he leap’d out of bed,
And set them all scamp’ring and running for life.

“ *Dear* friends !” he bawl’d out, full of fun and disdain,

“ Since your grief for my loss makes ye scorn what I give,

I thought it as well just to come back again,
And *comfort* ye all, by resolving to *live*.”

THE JAVA SPARROW'S LETTER TO HER SISTER AT HOME.

I WRITE by the Swallow, our new *flying* post,
To you, my dear Jib, from this outlandish coast,
A letter of all I have suffer'd, forlorn,
Since out of our nest I was cruelly torn :

They put me, at first, in a cage made of grat-
ing,

With many poor warblers all crying and
fretting ;

You know I was weak, having just had the pip,
And the rolling about of the thing call'd a ship
Made me sick, till I fell, with a scream, on my
side ;

I really thought, Jib, that I then *must* have
died.

Ah ! little I dream'd of the evils to come,
So far from Mamma, and my own happy
home.

After sailing about, over water, much more,
And deeper, I'm sure, than the pond at our
door,

My feathers came off, and my head was as bare
As the back of your claw,—'tis true, I de-
clare,—

And nearly half-starv'd, for the boy who was set
To give us our biscuit would often forget;
He'll remember *our* pangs, should it ere be
his fate

To linger for food through the bars of a grate.
A storm once arose, and, oh dreadful! we heard
What chill'd with new awe the scar'd heart of
each bird:

'Twas said overboard every thing must be
thrown;

We, lock'd in our prisons, of course could but
drown.

However, at length, we got safely ashore,
And I was dispos'd of, with ten or twelve more,
Whose feathers were sprouting, to ladies of
mind,

Who imprison us birds, and consider it *kind*.

'Tis true that my lot was much mended, in-
deed;

My clean cage of brass being stor'd with nice
seed,—

Well sanded, and amply with water supplied
By good little Lucy, who makes it her pride

To have one look well; and, I candidly own,
I should sometimes feel brisk, but for one fear
alone :

You must know, on our hearth, oft a monster
there lies,

'Tis call'd a *Tom Cat*, with such terrible eyes,
Such teeth, and such whiskers,—I shudder to
say,

When he looks up at me, how my heart dies
away :

I dread e'en his footstep—and well I have
cause,—

I saw him one day with a bird in his jaws.

The thought overpowers me,—Ah! should I
e'er die

In the mouth of a cat—dear Jibba, good bye!
My tears flow so fast, I do nothing but blot,
Yet, concluding, remember, whate'er be my lot,
I shall think to the last of my friends and my
home ;

And, if once I escape, soon expect me to come,
For the Martin, who lives at the *hole-in-the-wall*,
Has promis'd to guide me.—Farewell, and
that's all.

TOWN AND COUNTRY:

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN LUBIN AND DORICOURT.

LUBIN.

ALL hail to the country! 'tis healthful and sweet,
Its groves are so shady, so verdant its fields :
There Innocence, Virtue, and Temperance
meet ;
From the follies of life it affords a retreat,
And cheerful contentment it constantly yields.

DORICOURT.

Dear London ! I love thee, I'm free to confess,—
Thy streets are so gay, and thy buildings so
grand ;
The country can never be found to possess
Thy rivals in fashion, in pleasure, or dress,—
And pastime and gaiety go hand-in-hand.

LUBIN.

If pleasure you love, I will show you a scene
That rural retirement always can give ;
Come with me, and witness the sports on the
green,
Where rosy-cheek'd nymphs with the rustics
are seen—
How cheerful they look, and how happy
they live !

DORICOURT.

O ! talk not of rustics and dull village sports ;
What are they, when liken'd to balls and to
plays ?
O ! give me the pomp and the splendour of
courts
On gala days, when ev'ry herald reports
That, resplendent with beauty, Pall-Mall's
in a blaze.

LUBIN.

My pleasures are simple, and so is my fare,
Yet my life I can spend in enjoyment and
ease ;
Your galas oft bring with them sorrow and care,
While the follies of fashion oft end in despair,
And more they make wretched than ever
they please.

DORICOURT.

Well! let us no more, then, this wordy war
wage;

Gay London has pleasures—the country has,
too:

Let us try, then, each evil of life to assuage;
Let the actions of youth bear the test of old age,
And our maxim e'er be,—*to keep virtue in
view.*

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE,

FROM Albion fair the warrior came,
To earn the meed of glory,
And he hop'd that his deeds and martial fame
Might grace some minstrel's story.

But little thought this warrior brave,
As he cross'd the pathless ocean,
That a foreign land would prove his grave
In the hour of fierce commotion.

He left the home where his kindred dwelt,
To join the ranks in battle;
And his bosom the ardour of conquest felt,
As he heard the cannons rattle.

The trumpet and the noisy drum
To his duty seem'd to call him ;
And in transport he cried, " I come, I come !"
No danger could appal him.

Into the thickest fight he rush'd,
Where swords around were gleaming,
And many a foeman brave he crush'd,
Though his own life-blood was streaming.

Amidst the dying and the dead,
He fell, all maim'd and gory ;
And, though no funeral prayer was said,
The warrior's grave was glory !



THE FAIRY PRINCE TRANSFORMED TO A FLY.

(FROM A VOLUME OF UNPUBLISHED POEMS, ENTITLED,
" MAMMA'S FAIRY TALES IN VERSE.")

THERE flows a stream through fairy lands,
O'er sparkling rocks of living gold,
On whose green banks a palace stands,
A thousand fairy ages old :

Prince Mali was as bright a boy
As ever liv'd in Elfin land ;
But mischief was his only joy,
And cruel was his dimpled hand.

And, oh ! he had as bright a vest
As ever rob'd a fairy king ;
Yet mischief lurk'd within his breast,
Though purple was his plumed wing.

Fair wav'd his shining locks of gold,
And brightly shone his eyes so blue ;
But false was every word he told,
Though said by lips of rosy hue :

Nor did he love, like fairy child,
To bathe in drops of morning dew :
Prince Mali he was fierce and wild,
And never yet control he knew.

He lov'd to chase the humble bee
O'er fairy fields from hour to hour ;
His wicked eyes would flash to see
It caught and caged within a flower.

Oh ! he would hide him in a shell
To watch the little fish swim by,
Then out would spring, with impish yell,
And catch and kill the golden fry.

And he would wet his dimpled feet,
And soil with dirt his purple wings,
The glowworms in the dew to meet :
Oh ! then he kill'd those harmless things.

How oft he scratch'd his tender legs,
To climb some thorny forest tree ;
And, when he broke the poor bird's eggs,
No fairy boy so gay as he.

At moonlight hour, when fays resort
To make some toadstool's cap a throne,
He crept beneath, and broke the stalk,
Then laugh'd to see them tumble down.

He in the lion's den would peep,
And, if the old ones were not there,
Seeing the cubs lie fast asleep,
Stole in and pull'd their silken hair.

His mother griev'd his pranks to see,—
She was a fairy queen of power ;
That such an imp her son should be
Vex'd the poor fairy every hour.

One day Prince Mali he was tired,
And hard it rain'd—he could not play :
His naughty heart with mischief fired,
He to the palace took his way.

Soon perched upon the window-frame,
His hands began to torture flies;
Each hapless one that near him came
Beneath his cruel fingers dies.

And still for more he look'd about
To kill; and, when they buzz'd, poor things,
The louder rose his noisy shout,—
He laughed for joy and clapp'd his wings.

“ Buzz, buzz!” he cried, “ you buzz in vain!”
His fairy mother heard that cry,
And, angry, said—“ Now feel the pain
That you inflict—become a fly!”

She touch'd him with her fairy hands,
His fairy body pass'd away,—
Among the poor crush'd flies he stands,
No better in his form than they.

THE first thing that Prince Mali did,
When he was chang'd into a fly,—
He turn'd, and stung the hand that chid,
Which made his fairy mother sigh;

Then whisk'd his wings, and look'd about :

“ If I'm a fly, what do I care,—
'Tis useless now, I know, to pout,
I'll go and taste the country air.”

Then out into the fields he flew,
With seeming joy, but sad his breast:
The breeze was fresh, the heavens were blue,
The sun was sinking in the west.

He hied him to the shady grove,
His prowess there he wish'd to try,
In airy circles light to move,
And dance like any other fly :

To please himself in vain he tried,
For, tired, he could no longer sing;
Then, perch'd upon a red cow's side,
He deeply drove his little sting ;

And, when she flinch'd, it pleased him well,
Nor of his fate did Mali dream :—
Angry, she lash'd her tail—he fell,
And tumbl'd headlong in the stream.

In vain he rais'd his feeble cry
For aid,—the waters bore him on ;
Those waves that drown a wounded fly
Could not have hurt a fairy's son.

Ah! now he gave himself for lost,
The rolling tide had wet him o'er;
A blade of grass the waters cross'd,
On it he leap'd, and gain'd the shore:

He crept into a cowslip-bell,
And, shielded in its golden vest,
In silent grief his thoughts would swell
On those who once had lov'd him best;

And, as the moonbeams shone so bright,
On fairy steep and lucid flood,
He felt the stillness of the night,
And wish'd he had been ever good:

He heard around the breezes sigh,
The grasshopper in shrill notes sung,
The bat in circles flitted by,
And glowworms gleam'd the dew among.

The fairies rov'd the moonlight glade,
And Mali's heart had almost broke;
He saw them dancing in the shade,
Link'd hand in hand, beneath the oak.

And, when the morning dawn'd at last,
He, sighing, left his dewy cell,
Grieving for all his mischief past—
He sought the garden known so well.

With eager eye and open beak,
And gaping throat, it towards him flew;
Prince Mali strove in vain to speak,
Trembling with grief and terror too.

Just then he saw a curious net,
That floated in a myrtle spray,
Nor knew that such grim spiders set
To catch and then devour their prey.

The bird pursued, and now was near,—
Faster and faster, Mali fled,
And, mute with terror, wild with fear,
He darted in and hid his head;

But, caught within each flimsy fold,
He strove in vain once more to rise,
For, stealing from his secret hold,
A monster came of frightful size:

Black were his horrid horns, and black
His knotted body,—crooked claws;
And, seizing Mali on his back,
Towards his dismal den he draws.

There lay the legs of many a fly.
Ah! useless now their pretty wings,—
Prince Mali thought, with many a sigh,
How he had hurt those harmless things.

Raising his wings in azure air,
He pass'd a bush—the thicket stirr'd,
Prince Mali shrunk aghast with fear,
For out there flew a speckled bird.

Ah! now he felt their bitter pain;
Shrill in his ears their murmurs rang;
He shriek'd, he struggled, buzz'd in vain,
But fell beneath the spider's fang.

Though death he felt—he could not die;
But crept unto his mother's bower:
She wiped her Mali's tearful eye;
He vow'd he'd never grieve her more.

For, when he felt how sharp the pain
That once he gave with cruel hand,
His word he kept, and did remain
The gentlest prince in Fairy Land.

LITTLE WILLIAM.

UPON a heath, some summers since,
A pleasant cottage stood ;
There little William's parents lived,
And toil'd for daily food.

They labour'd hard, yet scarce could find
Enough for nature's call ;
But a complaint was never heard—
They thankful were for all.

Cheerful and happy ev'ry hour,
They pass'd in peace the day ;
Religion shed on them her power,
To chase each care away.

The little William was their pride,
Their hope, their sole delight :
They taught him what was good by day ;
They pray'd for him at night.

But, ah ! these pious parents soon
Were call'd by death away ;
The lightning struck them, and they fell,
Upon one fatal day.

Poor William to their bodies clung,
And call'd on them in vain,
Till night came on, and he was cold,
And dripping wet with rain.

Just then a sailor pass'd that way;
Compassion touch'd his heart;
Said he, " I have but little store,
But you shall have a part."

He wip'd the weeping orphan's tears,
And took him to his cot;
And from that hour he knew no joy,
If William shar'd it not.

For many days his kindness fail'd
To raise the orphan's head;
Still fondly turn'd his sorrowing mind
Upon his parents dead.

E'en time, the balm of ev'ry woe,
To him brought no relief;
What, then, could sooth his aching heart?
What chase away his grief?

A holy man, a friend to all,
Observ'd him weep one day—
" Oh! cheer, my little boy," said he;
" No longer weep, but pray!"

“ Ah ! praying will not bring them back,
Or I would pray for ever ;
But my dear parents both are dead,
And I shall see them never.”

“ Yes, my poor child, if you are good,
You'll go to them above ;
Where you will never part again,
But live in endless love.”

No longer sinking in despair,
His hopes now fix'd on high,
No more was William seen to weep--
No longer heard to sigh.

A little sailor, William now
Embarks upon the sea ;
A favourite becomes with all,
None happier now than he.

His goodness soon the captain saw ;
And William heard with joy
The order given that he should be
In future “ Cabin Boy.”

Now calmly flew the pleasant hours,
His mind was all serene,
When sudden rose the fatal storm,
Unlook'd for, unforeseen.

Shipwreck'd upon a distant shore,
Beneath the torrid zone,
Behold our hapless sailor now,
With ev'ry comfort flown.

How beat his heart with agony !
Scarce could he breathe through fear,
When he beheld a negro man
Approaching to him near.

Oh ! pray do not kill me—do not, pray ;
And at his feet he fell :
The fear that fill'd his bosom then
No language e'er could tell.

But William had not learn'd to think,
That in a sable shell,
Within that deeper-colour'd man,
A Christian's heart could dwell.

Kindly he rais'd him from the earth,
And gently dried his tears ;
By each soft pitying look he strove
To dissipate his fears ;

To his own wigwam led the way,
With gestures of delight,
Attended to his ev'ry want,
And watch'd by him all night.

Month after month pass'd slowly on ;
William now thought with grief,
How he had wrong'd the negro man,
When first he brought relief.

But now he lov'd the gen'rous man ;
And, when the hour drew nigh
That he must quit his friendly arms,
He left him with a sigh.

A vessel touch'd upon the coast ;
With gratitude so true,
William embrac'd his sable friend,
And bade a last adieu.

Oh ! who can speak his heart-felt joy,
When, turning him around,
Among the jovial merry crew,
His sailor friend he found.

To India's burning clime they hie ;
No danger e'er could part,
For Virtue strengthen'd Friendship's tie,
And bound each other's heart.

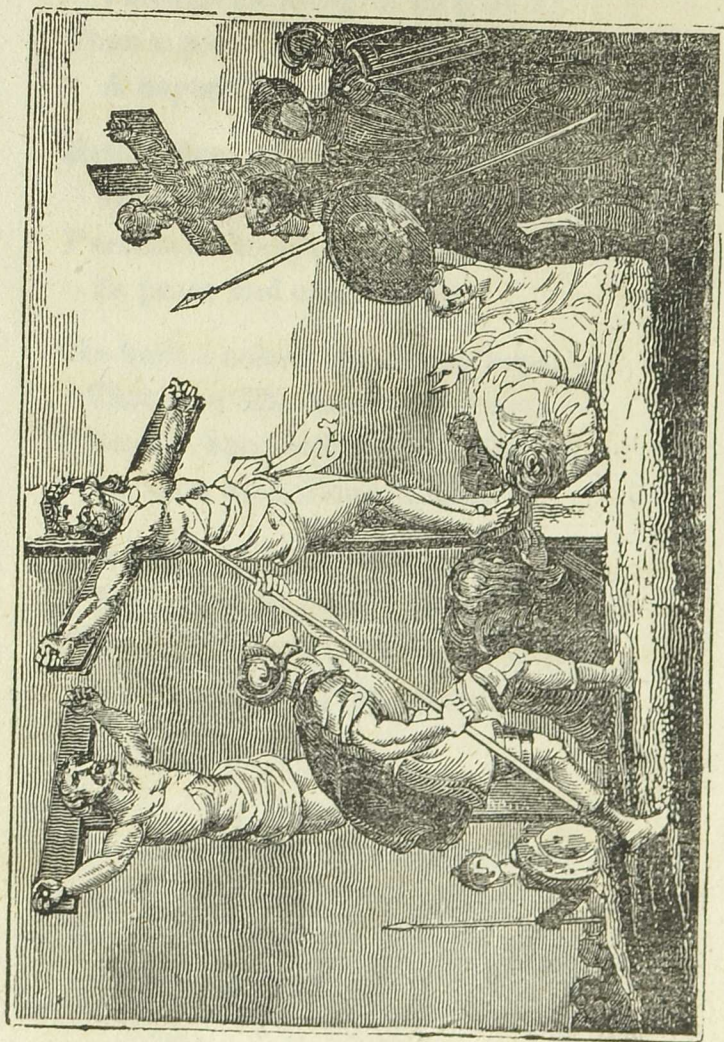
Our William, see, now grown a man,
To England returns ;
To face her foes, with gen'rous pride,
His ardent bosom burns.

Grown rich and great, belov'd by all,
Through each degree he pass'd ;
From a poor Cabin Boy, behold
A captain he's at last.

Retir'd from sea, he sought the heath
Where his lov'd cottage rose ;
Purchas'd the spot, and pass'd his life
In peace and calm repose.

He built a school for orphan boys,
That they like him might learn,
When the heart sickens with despair,
To what kind friend to turn.

And long and happy was his life ;
And, when at last he died,
" The hour is come, when I shall join
My parents dear," he cried.



OUR SAVIOUR;

A SACRED POEM, DESCRIPTIVE OF THE
PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF HIS LIFE.

WHOSE birth, as shepherds watch'd their
flocks by night,

Did the Lord's Angel unto them recite,
Whilst heavenly hosts sang praises in their
sight ?*

OUR SAVIOUR'S.

Who, in a stable born, of parents poor,
Directed by a star, which rested o'er,
Did wise men from the east come to adore ? †

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, though a child of but a few years old,
Did with the learned doctors converse hold,
In words so wise, that, wondering, they be-
hold ? ‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Luke, c. 2. v. 7 to 18.

† Matthew, c. 2. v. 1 to 23.—Luke, c. 2. v. 1 to 18.

‡ Luke, c. ii. c. 40 to 52.

On whom, as from the waters he did move,
By John baptiz'd, descended like a dove
The *Holy Spirit*—sign of God's great love?*

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, to be tempted, was by the spirit led
Into the wilderness, and took no bread
For *forty days*, till Satan from him fled? †

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, at a marriage feast, by aid divine
(When his miraculous pow'r first forth did
shine),

Six water-pots of water turn'd to wine? ‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who from the temple drove the wicked Jews,
Which sacred place they did for profit use,
Both bought and sold therein—and Heaven
abuse? §

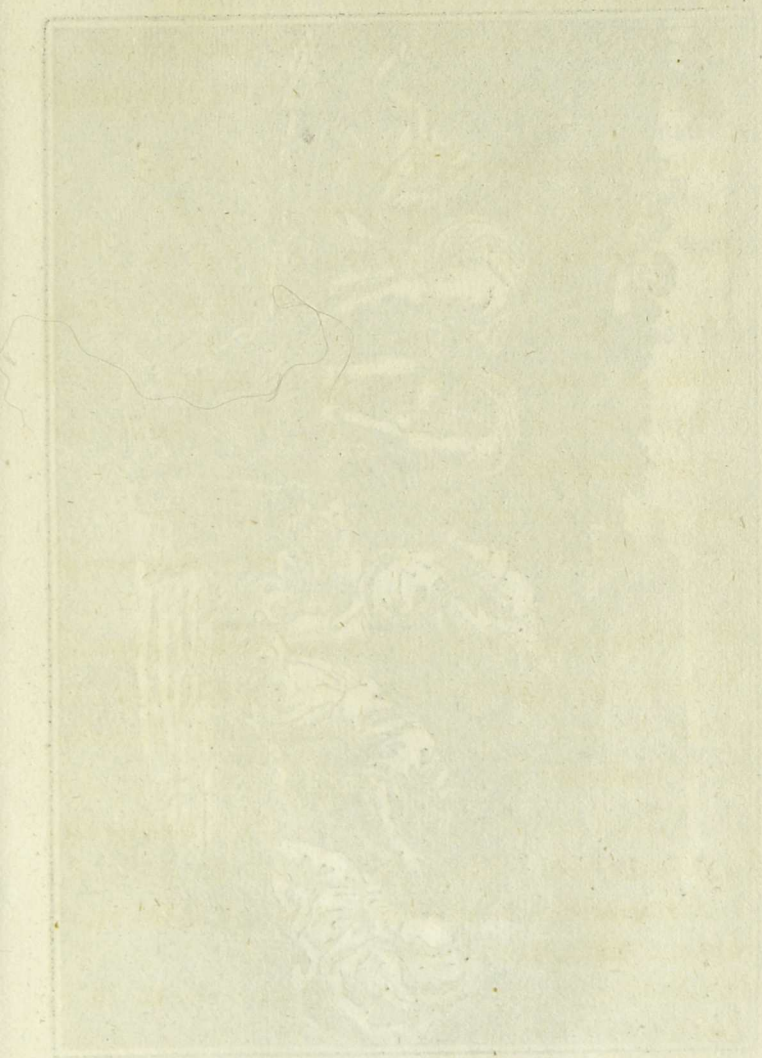
OUR SAVIOUR.

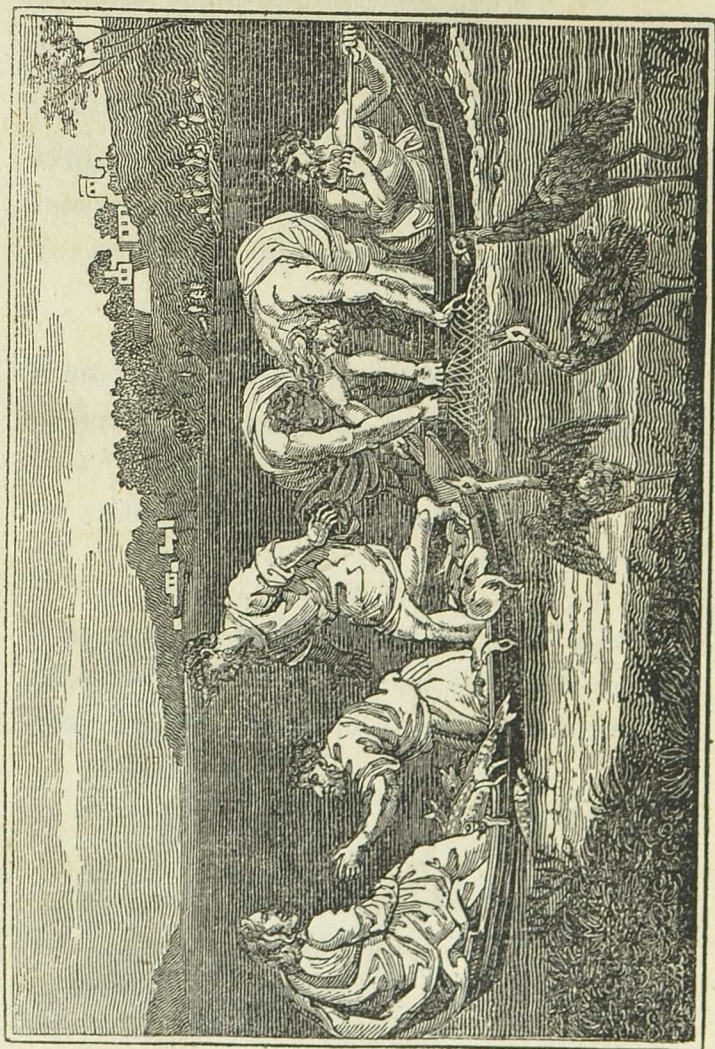
* Matthew, c. iii. v. 16, 17.—Mark, c. i. v. 10, 11.—
Luke, c. iii. v. 21, 22.—John, c. i. v. 33.

† Matthew, c. iv. v. 1 to 11.—Mark, c. i. v. 12, 13.—
Luke, c. iv. v. 1 to 13.

‡ John, c. ii. v. 1 to 11.

§ John, c. ii. v. 13 to 16.





Who, when he taught the wicked Nazarite
Those truths in which all good men should de-
light,

Did save his life by a miraculous flight? *

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, when the fishermen no fish could take,
Though they had toiled all night, those words
just spake,

At which their nets were fill'd till they did
break? †

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, when a man was on his death-bed lain,
Call'd him to life, and eas'd him of his pain,
And, by his *word*, made many whole again? ‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Luke, c. iv. v. 16 to 31.

† Matthew, c. iv. v. 18 to 22.—Mark, c. i. v. 17 to 20.
—Luke, c. v. v. 1 to 10.

‡ Luke, c. v. v. 12 to 26; c. vii. v. 1 to 9; c. viii. v. 27 to 39; c. xiii. v. 10 to 21; c. xvii. v. 12 to 19.—John, c. v. v. 1 to 9; c. ix. v. 1 to 31.—Matthew, c. iv. v. 23 to 25; c. viii. v. 14 to 17; c. ix. v. 27 to 31; c. xi. v. 35; c. xii. v. 22 to 37; c. xv. v. 21 to 28; c. xvii. v. 14 to 25; c. xx. v. 29 to 34.—Mark, c. i. v. 31 to 34; c. ii. v. 3 to 13; c. v. v. 25 to 43; c. vi. v. 56; c. vii. v. 24 to 26; c. viii. v. 22 to 26; c. iv. v. 18 to 27; c. x. v. 46.

Who caus'd the *dumb* to speak, the *blind* to see?
 Who cleans'd the *lepers* of their leprosy,
 Healing the sick and lame of each degree?

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who from a mount, as journeying one day,
 A sermon preach'd to teach us wisdom's way,
 And, by the Lord's Pray'r, taught us how to
 pray ?*

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who met the widow's son upon the bier,
 And, his afflicted mother weeping near,
 Gave life for death, which fill'd all round with
 fear ?†

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who in the wilderness *five thousand* fed,
 With *five* small fishes and *two* loaves of bread,
 And yet *twelve* baskets left of *fragments* had ?‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Matthew, c. v. vi. and vii.—Luke, c. vi. v. 20 to 49 ;
 c. xi. v. 1 to 4 ; c. xii. v. 1 to 59.

† Luke, c. vii. v. 11 to 17.

‡ Matthew, c. xiv. v. 13 to 21 ; c. xv. v. 32 to end.—
 Mark, c. vi. v. 32 to 34 ; c. viii. v. 1 to 10.—Luke, c. ix.
 v. 10 to 17.—John, c. vi. v. 1 to 14.

Who walk'd upon the sea, when billows rag'd,
To his disciples, round whom peril wag'd,
Rebuk'd the waters, and they were assuag'd? *

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, though the *grave* upon the man did close,
Did from the jaws of death the body loose,
Cried—"Lazarus come forth"—and he arose? †

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, when to him were little children brought,
Bless'd them, and e'en his own disciples taught,
That they must be like them, whom Heaven
sought? ‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

For whom, when to Jerusalem he went,
Were loud *hosannas* unto heaven sent,
And boughs and garments spread, in honour
meant? ||

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Matthew, c. viii. v. 23, 24; c. xiv. v. 24 to 33.—
Mark, c. iv. v. 37 to 41; c. vi. v. 47 to 56.—John, c. vi.
v. 15 to 21.

† John, c. xi. v. 1 to 54; c. xii. v. 17.

‡ Matthew, c. xix. v. 13 to 15.—Mark, c. x. v. 13 to
16.—Luke, c. xviii. v. 15 to 17.

|| Matthew, c. xxi. v. 1 to 9.—Mark, c. xi. v. 1 to 9.—
Luke, c. xix. v. 29 to 38.—John, c. xii. v. 12 to 16.

Who did the Passover commemorate,
Which his Apostles with him sat and ate,
When wicked Judas fix'd his master's fate?*

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who cried—"Oh, God! thy will, not mine,
be done,"

Whilst drops of sweat, like blood, did from him
run,†

And, to redeem mankind, death would not
shun?

OUR SAVIOUR.

Whom did the Jews with swords and staves
essay

To apprehend, and captive lead away,

Whom Judas did e'en with a *kiss* betray?‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Matthew, c. xxvi. v. [20 to 49.—Mark, c. xiv. v. 18 to 47.—Luke, c. xxii. v. 1 to 48.—John, c. xiii. v. 1 to 26; c. xviii. v. 1 to 5.

† Matthew, c. xxvi. v. 36 to 46.—Mark, c. xiv. v. 32 to 42.—Luke, c. xxii. v. 39 to 46.—John, c. xviii. v. 1.

‡ Matthew, c. xxvi. v. 47 to 57.—Mark, c. xiv. v. 43 to 53.—Luke, c. xxii. v. 47 to 54.—John, c. xviii. v. 3 to 13.

Whom did the Jews both judge and vilify,
 Scourge, crown with thorns, enrobe in mockery,
 Buffet and spit upon, condemn, deny?*

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who meekly bore the *Cross* on which he died,
 Between two malefactors crucified,
 While, cruelly, a soldier pierc'd his side?†

OUR SAVIOUR.

Who, from a tomb, where never man was
 lain,
 Though by the Jews 'twas seal'd and watch'd
 in vain,

Rose, *on the third day*, from the dead again?‡

OUR SAVIOUR.

* Matthew, c. xxvi. v. 59 to 68; c. xxvii. v. 11 to 31.—
 Mark, c. xiv. v. 53 to 65; c. xv. v. 1 to 20.—Luke, c. xii.
 v. 63 to 71; c. xiii. v. 1 to 24.—John, c. xviii. v. 19 to
 40; c. xix. v. 1 to 16.

† Matthew, c. xxvii. v. 32 to 56.—Mark, c. xv. v. 21
 to 41.—Luke, c. xiii. v. 29 to 49.—John, c. xix. v. 17
 to 37.

‡ Matthew, c. xxvii. v. 37 to 66; v. xxviii. v. 1 to 15.
 —Mark, c. xv. v. 42 to 47; c. xvi. v. 1 to 13.—Luke,
 c. xxiii. v. 50 to 56; c. xxiv. v. 1 to 48.—John, c. xix.
 v. 38 to 42; c. xx. v. 1 to 36.

Who, when to his Apostles he had given
The pow'r to teach the Truth to all men living,
Was caught up to be glorified in Heaven ? *

OUR SAVIOUR.

THE VISIT TO EXETER CHANGE.

WITH his father one day little Frederick went
out,

Through London's wide city to range,
And, as they were talking and looking about,
Young Freddy saw EXETER CHANGE.

“ Pray what place is that, dear Papa, where
so fine

Are paintings of lions so gay ? ”

“ Oh ! you mean,” said his father, “ that large
splendid sign,

The *Menagerie*, over the way.

* Matthew, c. xxviii. v. 16 to 20.—Mark, c. xvi. v. 14
to 20.—Luke, c. xxiv. v. 49 to 53.

“ That building, my dear, for years has been
fam’d

For wild beasts and birds out of number ;
There lions, and tigers, and bears have been
tam’d,

And thousands have gaz’d, full of wonder.”

“ Oh ! how I should like, then, to see them,”
said Fred ;

“ Pray, will you indulge me so far ?”

“ Yes, indeed,” said his father,” at night, when
they’re fed,

“ I will show you what creatures they are.”

So, that night with his father young Fre-
derick went,

Right glad to see this exhibition ;
And his heart leapt with joy, and his eye beam’d
content,

As the money he paid for admission.

He saw the male Elephant, ten feet in height,
With his beautiful ivory tusk,
Who is docile and playful, though five tons in
weight,

And for supper the bell rings at dusk.

A majestic large Lion attracted his eyes,
With more of a similar kind,
Which have scarcely been equall'd for beauty
or size,
And they greatly astonish'd his mind.

In the same den, a Tigress, which came from
Bengal,
With a Lion lives strongly attach'd,
Which the keeper declar'd were consider'd,
by all,
Quite impossible e'er to be match'd.

Then he show'd him Hyenas and Lynxes, a few,
And a Cat which from Bangalore came,
A beautiful Panther, and Porcupines, too,
With Monkeys and Apes that were tame.

And Eagles, and Vultures, and Ostriches, too,
And Kangaroos, Bisons, and Bears,
And Lamas or Camels, convey'd from Peru,
And a Zebra that gave himself airs.

Then in the next room, more surprising than all,
The Serpent, or Boa Constrictor,
From Java : a creature that's not very small,
And that frightful looks e'en in a picture.

“ And it made me,” said Fred., “ rather qualmish to feel,

When the keeper unfolded to me,
That six fowls with the feathers ’twould eat at
a meal,

And then scarcely would satisfied be.”

Fred. ended his visit to *Exeter Change*

By attending to see them all fed,
And, much pleas’d with Papa that he ’d had
such a range,

He went home and hasten’d to bed.

END OF VOL. II.

THE
BRITISH STAGE IN MINIATURE;
CONSISTING OF

Scenes, Characters, Stage Fronts, Stage Drops, and Foot Pieces, with the Play adapted to the same, each neatly done up in a Case.

	Small Size.				Middle Size.				Largest Size.			
	Plain.		Col.		Plain.		Col.		Plain.		Col.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Aladdin	4	6	7	9	8	9	16	0	11	9	21	6
Blood-Red Knight	3	6	5	9	6	6	11	0	9	10	17	8
Blue Beard	4	0	6	9								
Cataract of the Ganges	6	3	11	3	9	2	16	6	13	10	24	6
Cherry and Fair Star	5	0	8	9	9	6	17	0	13	3	24	6
Devil and Dr. Faustus	4	0	6	9								
Edward the Black Prince	5	10	10	6	-	-	-	-	12	9	23	10
Exile	5	9	10	0	8	8	15	6	11	3	20	6
Forty Thieves	4	3	7	3	7	6	13	0	11	3	20	6
Gilderoy	3	6	5	9	6	8	11	6	9	4	16	8
Guy Mannering	3	8	6	0	6	8	11	6	10	9	19	6
Hamlet	4	6	7	9	6	9	11	6	10	4	20	8
Life in London	5	9	10	3	9	9	17	6				
Life in Paris	4	3	7	3								
Lodoiska	3	6	5	9	6	0	10	0	8	9	15	6
Macbeth	4	6	8	0	-	-	-	-	12	7	23	2
Maid and the Magpie	3	0	4	9	5	6	9	0	8	3	13	6
Magna Charta	4	10	8	6	2	12	6		11	6	21	0
Mary, the Maid of the Inn	3	4	4	6	6	4	10	8	9	8	17	4
Miller and his Men	4	3	7	3	7	2	12	6	10	4	18	8
Montrose	4	2	7	0	7	8	13	6	12	6	23	0
Pizarro	3	6	5	9	6	8	11	6	9	8	18	4
Richard the Third	4	6	7	9	8	2	13	0	13	0	24	2
Rob Roy	4	2	7	0	-	-	-	-	10	11	19	10
Romeo and Juliet	5	0	8	9	-	-	-	-	12	9	23	6
Tekeli	3	8	6	0	6	3	10	6	9	0	16	0
Temple of Death	3	0	4	9								
Thalaba the Destroyer	4	2	7	0	7	6	13	0	11	6	21	0
Timour the Tartar	4	4	7	6	6	6	11	0	9	9	17	6
Vision of the Sun	5	9	10	3	9	8	17	6	14	5	26	10
Zoroaster	5	3	9	3	9	6	17	0	15	9	29	6

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