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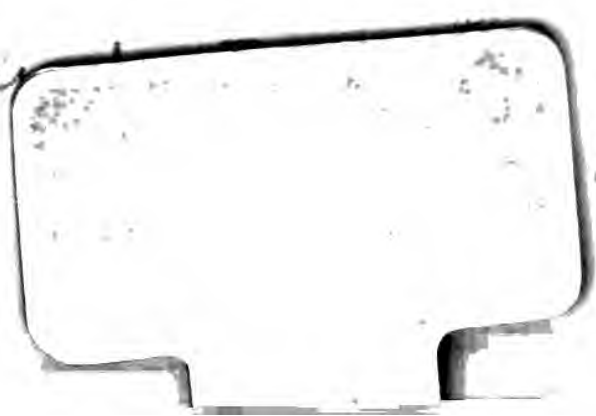
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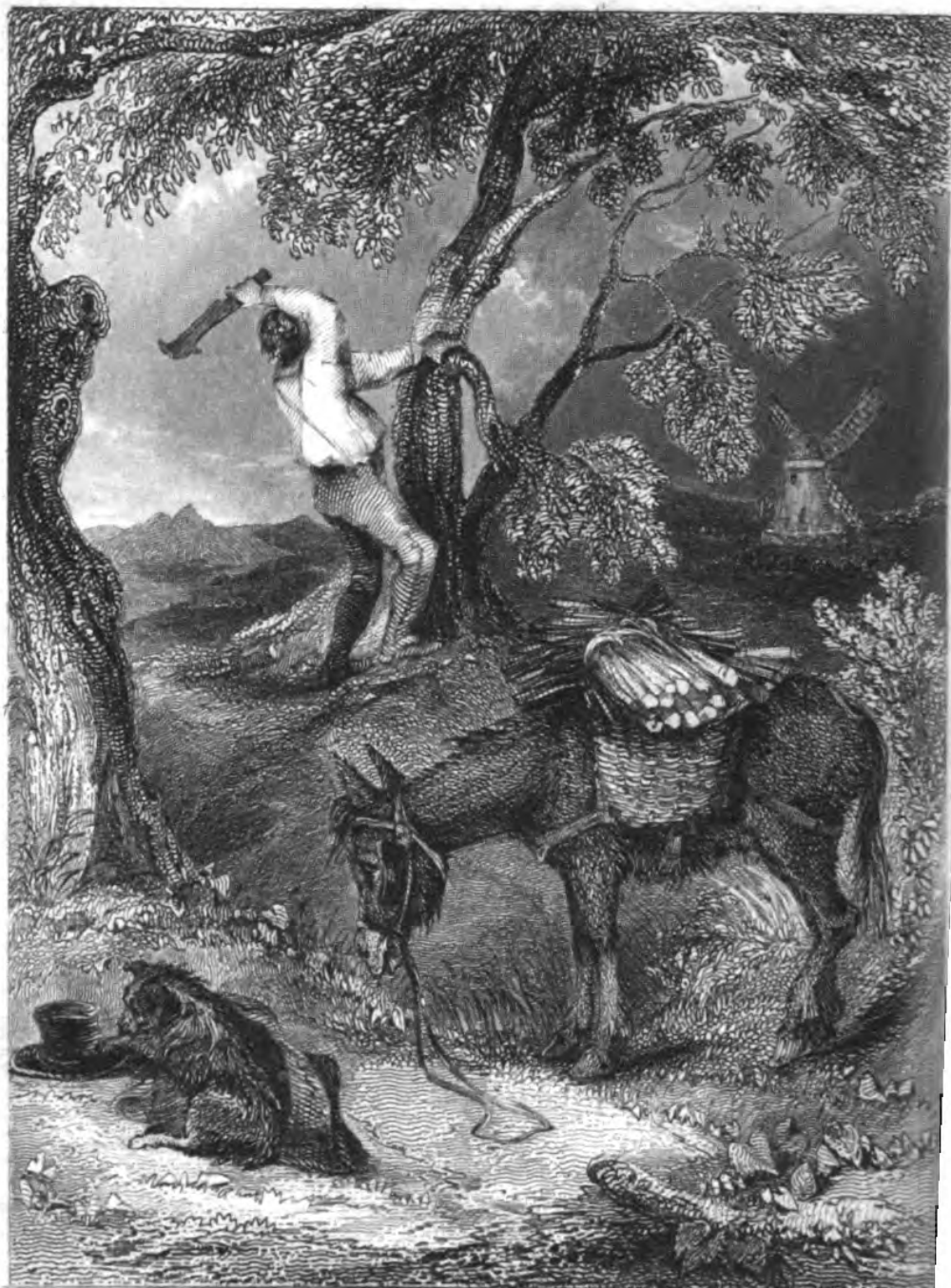
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**ORIGINAL POEMS.**







Vol. 2. pa. 323

# THE ASS.

*Darton & Harvey 1836.*

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# ORIGINAL POEMS,

FOR

INFANT MINDS.

BY SEVERAL YOUNG PERSONS.

In books, or works, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for ev'ry day  
Some good account at last.—WATTS.

VOL. II.

*A New and Revised Edition.*

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LONDON :

HARVEY AND DARTON,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

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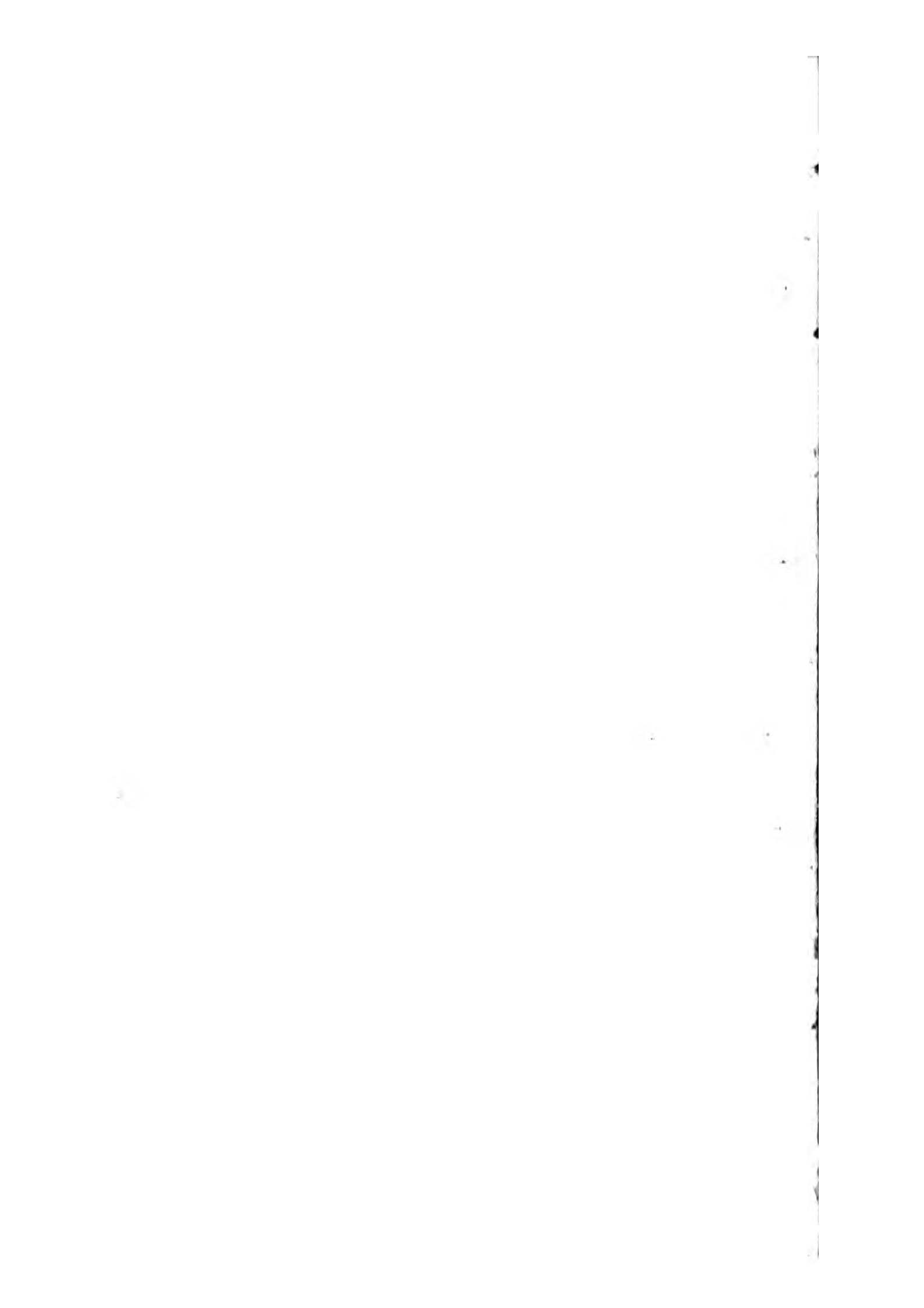
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## ORIGINAL POEMS.

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### TURNIP-TOPS.

WHILE yet the white frost sparkles over the  
ground,  
And daylight just peeps from the misty blue  
sky,  
In yonder green fields with my basket I'm found :  
Come, buy my sweet turnip-tops—turnip-tops  
buy.

Sadly cold are my fingers, all drenched with the  
dew,  
For the sun has scarce risen, the meadows to  
dry ;  
And my feet have got wet with a hole in my shoe ;  
Come haste then, and buy my sweet turnip-  
tops, buy.

While you are asleep with your bed-curtains  
drawn,  
On pillows of down, in your chambers so high,  
I trip with the first rosy beam of the morn,  
To cull the green tops :—come, my turnip-tops  
buy.

Then with the few halfpence or pence I can earn,  
A loaf for my poor mammy's breakfast I'll buy,  
And to-morrow again little Ann shall return,  
With turnip-tops, green, and fresh-gathered,  
to cry.

---

### THE VULGAR LITTLE LADY.

“ BUT, mamma, now,” said Charlotte, “ pray  
don't you believe  
That I'm better than Jenny, my nurse ?  
Only see my red shoes, and the lace on my  
sleeve ;  
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

“ I ride in my coach, and have nothing to do,  
And the country-folks stare at me so ;  
And nobody dares to control me but you,  
Because I'm a lady, you know.

“ Then servants are vulgar, and I am genteel ;  
So, really, 'tis out of the way,  
To think that I should not be better a deal,  
Than maids, and such people as they.”

“Gentility, Charlotte,” her mother replied,  
“Belongs to no station or place ;  
And nothing’s so vulgar as folly and pride,  
Though dressed in red slippers and lace.

“Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess,  
Should teach them the poor to despise ;  
For ’tis in good manners, and not in good dress,  
That the truest gentility lies.”

---

### MEDDLESOME MATTY.

OH ! how one ugly trick has spoiled  
The sweetest and the best ;  
Matilda, though a pleasant child,  
One ugly trick possessed,  
Which, like a cloud before the skies,  
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she’d lift the tea-pot lid,  
To peep at what was in it ;  
Or tilt the kettle, if you did  
But turn your back a minute.  
In vain you told her not to touch,  
Her trick of meddling grew so much.



Her grandmamma went out one day,  
And by mistake she laid  
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay  
Too near the little maid.  
“ Ah ! well,” thought she, “ I’ll try them on,  
As soon as grandmamma is gone.”

Forthwith she placed upon her nose  
The glasses large and wide ;  
And looking round, as I suppose,  
The snuff-box too she spied :  
“ Oh ! what a pretty box is this ;  
I’ll open it,” said little Miss.

“ I know that grandmamma would say,  
‘ Don’t meddle with it, dear ;’  
But then she’s far enough away,  
And no one else is near :  
Besides, what can there be amiss,  
In opening such a box as this ?”

So thumb and finger went to work  
To move the stubborn lid,  
And presently a mighty jerk  
The mighty mischief did ;  
For all at once, ah ! woful case,  
The snuff come puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,  
A dismal sight presented ;  
And as the snuff got further in,  
Sincerely she repented.  
In vain she ran about for ease :  
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,  
To wipe her tingling eyes,  
And as in twenty bits they lay,  
Her grandmamma she spies.  
“ Hey day ! and what’s the matter now ? ”  
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,  
And tingling still, and sore,  
Made many a promise to refrain  
From meddling evermore.  
And ’tis a fact, as I have heard,  
She ever since has kept her word.

---

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CON-  
FESSION OF POOR PUSS.

KIND masters and misses, whoever you be,  
Do stop for a moment and pity poor me!  
While here on my death-bed I try to relate  
My many misfortunes and miseries great.

My dear mother Tabby, I've often heard say,  
That I *have* been a very fine cat in my day;  
But the sorrows in which my whole life has been  
    passed,  
Have spoiled all my beauty, and killed me at  
    last.

Poor thoughtless young thing, if I recollect right,  
I was kittened in March, on a clear frosty night;  
And before I could see, or was half a week old,  
I nearly had perished, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring I got pretty well over,  
And moused in the hay-loft, or played in the  
    clover:  
Or till I was weary, which seldom occurred,  
Ran after my tail, which I took for a bird.

But ah! my poor tail, and my pretty sleek ears!  
The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears;  
How little I thought, when I licked them so clean,  
I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen!

Some time after this, when the places were healed,  
As I lay in the sun, sound asleep in the field,  
Miss Fanny crept slyly, and griping me fast,  
Declared she had caught the sweet creature at  
last.

Ah me! how I struggled, my freedom to gain,  
But, alas! all my kicking and struggles were vain,  
For she held me so tight in her pinafore tied,  
That before she got home I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;  
Wherever I went I was followed with blows:  
Some kicked me for nothing, while quietly sleep-  
ing,  
Or flogged me for daring the pantry to peep in.

And then the great dog! I shall never forget him;  
How many a time my young master would set  
him,  
And whilst I stood terrified, all of a quake,  
Cry, "Hey, cat;" and "Seize her, boy! give  
her a shake!"

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear  
Just taking a scrap that I thought they could spare,  
Oh! what have I suffered with beating and  
    banging,  
Or starved for a fortnight, or threatened with  
    hanging,

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,  
I have borne with a spirit becoming a cat :  
There was but one thing which I could not sustain,  
So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain :

One morning, laid safe in a warm little bed,  
That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,  
Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw,  
I hid, as I thought, in some trusses of straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud,  
I mewed to my kittens and purred out aloud,  
And thought with delight of the merry carousing  
We'd have, when I first took them with me a  
    mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty ?  
I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity ;  
For the very next morning, my darlings I found,  
Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and  
    drowned.

Poor darlings, I dragged them along to the stable,  
And did all to warm them a mother was able ;  
But alas ! all my licking and mewling were vain,  
And I thought I should never be happy again.

However, time gave me a little relief,  
And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief ;  
And at last I began to be gay and content,  
Till one dreadful night, I sincerely repent.

Miss Fanny was fond of a little canary,  
That tempted me more than mouse, pantry, or  
dairy ;  
So, not having eaten a morsel all day,  
I flew to the bird-cage and tore it away.

Now tell me, my friends, was the like ever heard,  
That a cat should be killed for just catching a  
bird ?

And I am sure not the slightest suspicion I had,  
But that catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed I can say, with my paw on my heart,  
I would not have acted a mischievous part ;  
But, as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,  
I thought birds and mice were on purpose for  
eating.

Be this as it may, when my supper was o'er,  
And but a few feathers were left on the floor,  
Came Fanny—and scolding, and fighting, and  
    crying,  
She gave me those bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,  
And cold clammy sweats trickle down from my  
    face :

I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side—  
She stopped, gave a sigh, and a struggle, and  
    died !



### DAY.

THE sun rises bright in the air,  
    The dews of the morning are dry,  
Men and beasts to their labours repair,  
    And the lark wings his way to the sky.  
Now, fresh from his moss-dappled shed,  
    The husbandman trudges along,  
And like the lark over his head,  
    Begins the new day with a song.

Just now, all around was so still,  
Not a bird drew his head from his wing :  
Not an echo was heard from the hill,  
Not a waterfly dipped in the spring.  
Now every thing wakes from its sleep,  
The shepherd-boy pipes to his flock,  
The common is speckled with sheep,  
And cheerfully clamours the cock.

Now, winding along on the road,  
Half hid by the hedges so gay,  
The waggon drags slow with its load,  
And its bells tinkle, tinkle away.  
The husbandman follows his plough,  
Across the brown fallow-field's slope,  
And toils in the sweat of his brow,  
Repaid by the pleasures of hope.

The city, so noisy and wide,  
Wakes up to a thousand affairs,  
While business, and pleasure, and pride  
Alike are intent upon theirs.  
The merchant with dignified look ;  
My lord and my lady so grand ;  
The school-boy, with satchel and book ;  
And the poor hackney-horse to its stand.



For the dews of the morning are flown,  
And the sun rises bright in the sky;  
Alike in the field and the town,  
Men and beasts to their labour apply.  
Now, idle no hand must remain,  
Up, up, from the bed of repose,  
For evening is coming again,  
And time must be caught as it goes.

And what is our life but a day!  
A short one that soon will be o'er!  
It presently passes away,  
And will not return any more.  
To-morrow may never arise,  
And yesterday's over and gone:  
Then catch at to-day as it flies,  
'Tis all we can reckon upon.

---

### NIGHT.

No longer the beautiful day  
Is cheerful, and pleasant, and bright,  
The shadows of evening grey,  
Are closed in the darkness of night.

---

The din of employment is o'er,  
Not a sound, not a whisper is heard ;  
The waggon-bell tinkles no more,  
And still is the song of the bird.

The landscape, once blooming and fair,  
With every gay colour inlaid ;  
The landscape, indeed, is still there,  
But all its fair colours are shade.  
The sun sinking under the hill,  
Is gone other mornings to make ;  
The bustle of business is still ;  
Only sorrow and sin are awake !

The busy hand, busy no more,  
Is sunk from its labours to rest,  
Closed tight is each window and door,  
Where once the gay passengers pressed.  
The houses of frolic and fun  
Are empty and desolate all :  
The din of the coaches is done,  
And the weary horse rests in his stall.

Just such is the season of death,  
Which comes upon each of us fast !  
The bosom can't flutter with breath,  
When life's little day-time is past.

The blood freezes cold in its vein,  
The heart sinks for ever to rest ;  
Not a fancy flits over the brain,  
Nor a sigh finds its way from the breast,

The tongue stiff and silent is grown,  
The pale lips move never again ;  
The smile and the dimple are flown,  
And the voice both of pleasure and pain.  
Clay-cold the once feverish head,  
The eye's pleasant flashing has ceased ;  
And narrow and dark is the bed  
Where comes the grave-worm to his feast !

But as, from the silence and gloom,  
Another gay morning shall rise,  
So, bursting awake from the tomb,  
We shall mount far away to the skies.  
And those who with meekness and prayer,  
In the paths of religion have trod,  
Shall worship all glorious there,  
Among the archangels of God.

---

## DEAF MARTHA.

POOR Martha is old, and her hair is turned gray,  
And her hearing has left her for many a year ;  
Ten to one if she knows what it is that you say,  
Though she puts her poor withered hand close  
to her ear.

I've seen naughty children run after her fast,  
And cry, " Martha, run, there's a bullock so  
bold ;"  
And when she was frightened, laugh at her at last,  
Because she believed the sad stories they told.

I've seen others put their mouths close to her ear,  
And make signs as if they had something to  
say ;  
And when she said, " Master, I'm deaf and can't  
hear,"  
Point at her, and mock her, and scamper away.

Ah ! wicked the children, poor Martha to tease,  
As if she had not enough else to endure ;  
They rather should try her affliction to ease,  
And soothe a disorder that nothing can cure,

One day, when those children themselves are  
grown old,  
And one may be deaf and another be lame,  
Perhaps they may find that some children as bold,  
May tease them, and mock them, and serve  
them the same.

Then, when they reflect on the days of their  
youth.  
A faithful account will their consciences keep,  
And teach them, with shame and with sorrow,  
the truth,  
That "what a man soweth, the same shall he  
reap."

---

### THE PIN.

"DEAR me! what signifies a pin;  
I'll leave it on the floor;  
My pincushion has others in,  
Mamma has plenty more:  
A miser will I never be,"  
Said little heedless Emily.

So tripping on to giddy play,  
She left the pin behind,  
For Betty's broom to whisk away,  
Or some one else to find ;  
She never gave a thought, indeed,  
To what might be to-morrow's need.

Next day a party was to ride,  
To see an air-balloon !  
And all the company beside,  
Were dressed and ready soon :  
But she, poor girl, she could not stir,  
For just a pin to finish her.

'Twas vainly now, with eye and hand,  
She did to search begin ;  
There was not one—not one, the band  
Of her pelisse to pin !  
She cut her pincushion in two,  
But not a pin had slidden through !

At last, as hunting on the floor,  
Over a crack she lay,  
The carriage rattled to the door,  
Then rattled fast away.  
Poor Emily ! she was not in,  
For want of just—a single pin.

There's hardly any thing so small,  
So trifling, or so mean,  
That we may never want at all,  
For service unforeseen :  
And those who venture wilful waste,  
May woful want expect to taste.

---

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO  
HIS MISTRESS.

HERE in this wiry prison where I sing,  
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,  
Unable once to try my useless wing,  
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky :

Day after day the selfsame things I see,  
The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house;  
Ah ! how unlike my healthy native tree,  
Rocked by the winds that whistled through  
the boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with  
flowers,  
And hangs sweet May-buds on the hedges gay;

But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,  
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

Oh! how I long to stretch my listless wings,  
And fly away as far as eye can see!  
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,  
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest,  
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges  
green:

Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,  
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,  
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?  
And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,  
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires!

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour  
Are songs of pleasure, from a heart at ease;—  
They are but wailings at my prison door,  
Incessant cries, to taste the open breeze!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand,  
Unbar that curious grate and set me free;  
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,  
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.



THE MISTRESS'S REPLY TO HER LITTLE  
BIRD.

DEAR little bird, don't make this piteous cry,  
My heart will break to hear thee thus complain;  
Gladly, dear little bird, I'd let thee fly,  
If that were likely to relieve thy pain.

Base was the boy who climbed the tree so high,  
And took thee, bare and shivering, from thy  
nest!

But no, dear little bird, it was not I,  
There's more of soft compassion in my breast.

But when I saw thee gasping wide for breath,  
Without one feather on thy callow skin,  
I begged the cruel boy to spare thy death,  
Paid for thy little life, and took thee in.

Fondly I fed thee, with the tenderest care,  
And filled thy gaping beak with nicest food,  
Gave thee new bread and butter from my share,  
And then with chickweed green thy dwelling  
strewed.

Soon downy feathers dressed thy naked wing,  
Smoothed by thy little beak with beauish care ;  
And many a summer's evening wouldst thou sing,  
And hop from perch to perch with merry air.

But if I now should loose thy prison-door,  
And let thee out into the world so wide,  
Unused to such a wondrous place before,  
Thou'dst want some friendly shelter where to  
hide.

Thy brother birds would peck thy little eyes,  
And fright the stranger from their woods away ;  
Fierce hawks would chase thee trembling through  
the skies,  
Or crouching pussy mark thee for her prey.

Sad, on the lonely blackthorn wouldst thou sit,  
Thy mournful song unpitied and unheard ;  
And when the wintry wind and driving sleet  
Came sweeping o'er, they'd kill my pretty bird.

Then do not pine, my favourite to be free,  
Plume up thy wings, and clear that sullen eye ;  
I would not take thee from thy native tree,  
But now 'twould kill thee soon, to let thee fly.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A POOR LITTLE  
MOUSE.

A POOR little mouse had once made him a nest,  
As he fancied, the warmest, and safest, and best,  
That a poor little mouse could enjoy ;  
So snug and convenient, so out of the way,  
This poor little mouse and his family lay,  
They feared neither pussy nor boy.

It was in a stove that was seldom in use,  
Where shavings and papers were scattered in  
loose,  
That this poor little mouse made his hole :  
But, alas ! master William had seen him one day,  
As in a great fright he had scampered away,  
With a piece of plum-pudding he stole.

As soon as young William (who, cruel and bad,  
No pitiful thoughts for dumb animals had)  
Descried the poor fellow's retreat,  
He crept to the shavings, and set them a-light,  
And before the poor mouse could run off in its  
fright,  
It was smothered to death in the heat !

Poor mouse ! how it died I can't bear to relate,  
Nor how all its little ones shared the same fate,  
And sunk, one by one, in the flame !  
I should not much wonder to hear, that, some  
night,  
This wicked boy's bed curtains catching a-light,  
He suffered exactly the same.

---

### THE CHATTERBOX.

FROM morning till night it was Lucy's delight,  
To chatter and talk without stopping ;  
There was not a day but she rattled away,  
Like water for ever a dropping.

No matter at all if the subjects were small,  
Or not worth the trouble of saying,  
'Twas equal to her, she would talking prefer,  
To working, or reading, or playing.

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have  
been gaps,  
If she had not been wonderful clever ;  
That her sense was so great, and so witty her pate,  
It would be forthcoming for ever.

But that's quite absurd, for, have you not heard,  
That much tongue and few brains are con-  
nected;  
That they are supposed to think least who talk  
most,  
And their wisdom is always suspected !

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her  
tongue,  
With a little good sense and exertion,  
Who knows, but she might now have been our  
delight,  
Instead of our jest and aversion ?

---

### THE SNOWDROP.

I SAW a snowdrop on the bed,  
Green taper leaves among ;  
White as the driven snow, its head  
On the slim stalk was hung.

The wintry wind came sweeping o'er  
A bitter tempest blew :  
The snowdrop faded—never more  
To glitter with the dew.

I saw a smiling infant laid  
In its fond mother's arms :  
Around its rosy cheeks there played  
A thousand dimpling charms.

A bitter pain was sent to take  
The smiling babe away ;  
How did its little bosom shake,  
As in a fit it lay !

Its beating heart was quickly stopped,  
And in the earth so cold,  
I saw the little coffin dropped.  
And covered up with mould.

Dear little children, who may read  
This mournful story through,  
Remember, death may come with speed,  
And bitter pains, for you.

---

### THE YELLOW LEAF.

I SAW a leaf come tilting down,  
From a bare withered bough ;  
The leaf was dead, the branch was brown,  
No fruit was left it now.

But much the rattling tempest blew,  
The naked boughs among ;  
And here and there came whirling through  
A leaf that loosely hung.

This leaf, they tell me, once was green,  
Washed by the showers soft :  
High on the topmost bough 'twas seen,  
And flourished up aloft.

I saw an old man totter slow,  
Wrinkled, and weak, and grey ;  
He'd hardly strength enough to go  
Ever so short a way.

His ear was deaf, his eye was dim,  
He leaned on crutches high ;  
But while I staid to pity him,  
I saw him gasp and die.

This poor old man was once as gay  
As rosy health could be ;  
And death the youngest head will lay,  
Ere long, as low as he.

---

## POMPEY'S COMPLAINT.

STRETCHED out on a dunghill, all covered with  
snow,

While round him blew many a pitiless blast,  
His breath short and painful, his pulse beating  
low,

Poor honest old Pompey lay breathing his last.

Bleak whistled the wind, and loud bellowed the  
storm,

Cold pelted upon him the half-frozen rain :  
And amid the convulsions that shattered his form,  
Thus honest old Pompey was heard to complain :

“ Full many a winter I've weathered the blast,  
And plunged for my master through brier and  
bog ;

And in my old age, when my vigour is past,  
'Tis cruel, I think, to forsake his poor dog.

“ I've guarded his dwelling by day and by night,  
Impatient the roost-robbing gipsy to spy ;  
And put the stout rogue and his party to flight,  
With only the look of my terrible eye.



“ On the heath and the mountain I’ve followed  
his flocks,  
And kept them secure whilst he slept in the  
sun ;  
Defended them safe from the bloodthirsty fox,  
And asked but a bone when my labour was  
done.

“ When he worked in the corn-field, with brawny  
hot back,  
I watched by his waistcoat beneath the tall tree ;  
And wo to the robber that dared to attack  
The charge that my master committed to me.

“ When jogging from market with bags full of  
gold,  
No moon to enliven his perilous way,  
Nor star twinkling bright through the atmosphere  
cold,  
I spied the pale robber and kept him at bay.

“ One night, when with cold overcome and op-  
prest,  
He sunk by the way-side, benumbed in the  
snow,  
I stretched my warm bosom along on his breast,  
And moaned, to let kind-hearted passengers  
know.

“ Yes, long have I served him with courage and  
zeal,  
Till my shaking old bones are grown brittle  
and dry ;  
And 'tis an unkindness I bitterly feel,  
To be turned out of doors, on a dunghill to die.

“ I crawled to the kitchen with pitiful moan,  
And showed my poor ribs that were cutting  
my skin,  
And looked at my master, and begged for a bone  
But he said I was dirty, and must not come in.

“ But 'tis the last struggle, my sorrows are o'er :  
'Tis death's clammy hand that is glazing my  
eye :  
The keen gripe of hunger shall pinch me more,  
Nor hard-hearted master be deaf to my cry.”

---

### THE POND.

THERE was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,  
About it white daisies and violets grew,  
And dark weeping willows that stoop to the  
ground,  
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it  
round

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,  
To feast on the green water-weeds that grew there :  
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,  
To discuss their affairs, in this pleasant retreat.

Now the subjects on which they were wont to  
converse,  
I'm sorry I cannot include in my verse ;  
For though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning,  
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout  
Stood watching to see the ducks pass in and out,  
Now standing tail upward, now diving below ;  
She thought of all things she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try ;  
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly :  
Though her mother had told her she must not  
go near,  
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

“ My feet, wings, and feathers, for ought that  
I see,  
As good as a duck's are for swimming,” said she :  
“ Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are  
round.

Is that any reason that I should be drowned ?

“ Why should not I swim then, as well as a  
duck ?

I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck !  
For,” said she, (spite of all that her mother had  
taught her,)

“ I'm really remarkably fond of the water.”

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,  
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were  
true ;

She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned  
herself round,

And heartily wished herself safe on the ground,

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,  
The harder she struggled the deeper she went ;  
And when every effort had vainly been tried,  
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died !

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,  
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on  
its back ;

And by their grave gestures and looks 'twas ap-  
parent,

They discoursed on the sin of not minding a  
parent.

## THE ENGLISH GIRL.

SPORTING on the village green,  
The pretty English girl is seen ;  
Or beside her cottage neat,  
Knitting on the garden-seat.

Now within her humble door,  
Sweeping clean the kitchen floor,  
While upon the wall so white,  
Hang her coppers, polished bright.

Mary never idle sits,  
She either sews, or spins, or knits ;  
Hard she labours all the week,  
With sparkling eye and rosy cheek.

And on Sunday Mary goes,  
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,  
Says her prayers (a constant rule)  
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh, how good should we be found,  
Who live on England's happy ground ;  
Where rich and poor, and wretched may  
All learn to walk in wisdom's way.

## THE SCOTCH LADDIE.

COLD blows the north wind o'er the mountains  
so bare,  
Poor Sawney benighted is travelling there ;  
His plaid cloak around him he carefully binds,  
And holds on his bonnet, that's blown by the  
winds.

Long time has he wandered his desolate way ;  
That wound him along by the banks of the Tay ;  
Now o'er this cold mountain poor Sawney must  
roam,  
Before he arrives at his dear little home.

Barefooted he follows the path he must go,  
The print of his footsteps he leaves in the snow ;  
And while the white sleet patters cold on his face,  
He thinks of his home, and he quickens his pace.

But see ! from afar he discovers a light,  
That cheerfully gleams on the darkness of night,  
And oh, what delights in his bosom arise !  
He knows 'tis his dear little home that he spies.

And now, when arrived at his father's own door,  
His fears, his fatigues, and his dangers are o'er!  
His brothers and sisters press round with delight,  
And welcome him in from the storms of the night.

For though the bleak winds of the winter may  
    blow,  
Till valleys and mountains are covered with snow;  
The storms of the north cannot chill or control  
The Highlander's feeling and generous soul.

---

#### THE WELSH LAD.

ALONG the green valley, and over the rock,  
Young Taffy has wandered to follow his flock;  
The waters that rush from the mountain he hears;  
And the wild goat at play on the summit appears.

For often they travel in frolicsome crowds  
To the mountain's high top that is lost in the  
    clouds;  
Then sporting descend to the valley again,  
Or scale the black rocks that hang over the main.

When evening returns and his labours are o'er,  
Young Taffy sits down at his own cottage-door;  
His brothers and sisters around him are seen,  
And form a gay company out on the green.

'Tis then their good father, with spectacl'd nose,  
Reads the Bible aloud ere he takes his repose ;  
While the moon rises over the neighbouring hill,  
And the birds are asleep, and all nature is still.

Now with his wild harp old Llewellyn is seen,  
And joins the gay party that sits on the green ;  
He leans in the door-way, and plays them a tune,  
And the children all dance by the light of the  
moon.

How often the rich, in a city so gay,  
Where pleasure and luxury follow their way,  
When health quite forsakes them, and cheerfulness fails,  
Might envy a lad on the mountains of Wales !

---

### THE IRISH BOY.

YOUNG Paddy is merry and happy, but poor ;  
His cabin is built in the midst of a moor ;  
No pretty green meadows about it are found,  
But bogs in the middle, and mountains around.



This wild Irish lad is content with his store,  
Enjoys his potatoes, nor wishes for more ;  
As he merrily sits, with no care on his mind,  
At the door of his cabin, and sings to the wind.

Close down at his feet lies his shaggy old dog,  
Who has plunged with his master through many  
    a bog :  
If Paddy's wild song is concluded too soon,  
Shag barks a loud chorus to finish the tune.

Poor Paddy though rude, is still grateful and  
    kind,  
But error and ignorance darken his mind.  
May the light of religion and knowledge soon  
    dawn.  
Upon the low cabin where Paddy was born !

Then let us not laugh at his bulls and his brogue,  
Nor because he's an Irishman, call him a rogue ;  
But rather with kindness and charity try,  
His mind to instruct, and his wants to supply.

And thus, while I sing of the wild Irish lad,  
The Welsh boy, and Scot, with his bonnet of plaid,  
I hope I may never be tempted to roam  
From England, dear England, my own native  
    home.

## GREEDY RICHARD.

“ I THINK I want some pies this morning,”  
Said Dick, stretching himself and yawning ;  
So down he threw his slate and books,  
And sauntered to the pastrycook’s.

And there he cast his greedy eyes  
Round on the jellies and the pies,  
So to select, with anxious care,  
The very nicest that was there.

At last the point was thus decided,  
As his opinion was divided  
’Twixt pie and jelly, being loath  
Either to leave, he took them both.

Now Richard never could be pleased  
To stop when hunger was appeased,  
But would go on to eat still more  
When he had had an ample store.

“ No, not another now,” said Dick :  
“ Dear me, I feel extremely sick :

I cannot even eat this bit ;  
I wish I had not tasted it."

Then slowly rising from his seat,  
Threw half a cheesecake in the street,  
And left the tempting pastrycook's  
With very discontented looks.

Just then a man with wooden leg  
Met Dick, and held his hat to beg :  
And while he told his mournful case,  
Looked at him with imploring face.

Dick, wishing to relieve his pain,  
His pockets searched, but searched, in vain ;  
And so at last he did declare,  
He had not left a farthing there.

The beggar turned with face of grief,  
And look of patient unbelief,  
While Richard now his folly blamed,  
And felt both sorry and ashamed.

" I wish," said he, (but wishing's vain,)  
" I had my money back again,  
And had not spent my last, to pay  
For what I only threw away.

“ Another time I’ll take advice,  
And not buy things because they’re nice ;  
But rather save my little store,  
To give poor folk, who want it more.”

---

### DIRTY JIM.

THERE was one little Jim,  
'TIs reported of him,  
And must be to his lasting disgrace,  
That he never was seen  
With hands at all clean,  
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt  
To see so much dirt,  
And often they made him quite clean ;  
But all was in vain,  
He got dirty again,  
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain  
To hear them complain,  
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey :  
His indolent mind  
No pleasure could find  
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,  
Like this little lad,  
    May love dirty ways to be sure ;  
But good boys are seen  
To be decent and clean,  
    Although they are ever so poor.

---

### THE FARM.

BRIGHT glows the east with blushing red,  
While yet upon their homely bed  
    The sleeping labourers rest ;  
And the pale moon and silver star  
Grow paler still, and wandering far,  
    Sink slowly to the west.

And see behind the sloping hill,  
The morning clouds grow brighter still,  
    And all the shades retire ;  
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,  
Breaks forth above the horizon gray,  
    And gilds the distant spire.

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,  
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,  
    The lark ascends the skies ;

And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm  
The sleeping people at the farm,  
And bid them all arise.

Then at the dairy's cool retreat,  
The busy maids and mistress meet,  
The early hour to seize :  
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,  
Where the thick cream to butter turns,  
And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house  
With well-known cry to call the cows,  
Still resting on the plain ;  
They, quickly rising, one and all,  
Obedient to the daily call,  
Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,  
Seated beside the horned cow,  
With milking stool and pail ;  
The patient cow, with dappled hide,  
Stands still, unless to lash her side  
With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge)  
Must all be fed and let at large,  
To roam about again ;

Wide open swings the great barn-door.  
And out the hungry creatures pour,  
To pick the scattered grain.

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,  
The sun-burnt labourer hastens now,  
To guide with skilful arm :  
Thus all is industry around,  
No idle hand is ever found  
Within the busy farm.

---

READING.

“ AND so you do not like to spell,  
Mary, my dear; oh, very well :  
'Tis dull and troublesome, you say,  
And you would rather be at play.

“ Then I shall go at once, and look  
For Mary's pretty story-book ;  
The hymn-book, too, with pictures gay,  
Yes, I must take them all away.

---

“ Nay, do not murmur, books are made  
For little folks that learn to read ;  
And if you do not wish to spell,  
To have no books will be as well.”

Poor Mary sighed with grief and shame,  
And soon a tear of sorrow came ;  
She promised now, with humble looks,  
To learn to read her pretty books.

---

### IDLENESS.

SOME people complain they have nothing to do,  
And time passes slowly away ;  
They saunter about, with no object in view,  
And long for the end of the day.

In vain are the trifles and toys they desire,  
For nothing they truly enjoy :  
Of trifles and toys, and amusements they tire,  
For want of some useful employ.

When people have no need to work for their bread,  
And indolent always have been,  
Perhaps it may never come into their head,  
That wasting their time is a sin.



But time is a talent which none may abuse,  
    Whatever their station may be ;  
The more they command it, the less they should  
    lose,  
Nor ever make leisure a plea.

With active and useful employments combined,  
    Man ever is happy and blest :  
'Tis health to his body, and strength to his mind,  
    Which languish from indolent rest.

Although for transgression the ground was ac-  
    cursed ;  
    Yet gratefully man must allow,  
'Twas really a blessing which doomed him at first,  
    To live by the sweat of his brow.

---

## THE HORSE.

### A FABLE.

A HORSE, long used to bit and bridle,  
But always much disposed to idle,  
Had often wished that he was able  
To steal unnoticed from the stable.

He panted from his inmost soul,  
To be at nobody's control—  
Go his own pace, slower or faster,  
In short, do nothing—for his master.

But yet he ne'er had got at large,  
If Jack, who had him in his charge,  
Had not, as many have before,  
Forgot to shut the stable-door.

Dobbin, with expectations swelling,  
Now rose to quit his pleasant dwelling,  
But first peeped out with cautious fear,  
T' examine if the coast were clear.

At length he ventured from his station,  
And with extreme self-approbation,  
As if delivered from a load,  
He galloped to the public road.

And here he stood awhile debating,  
Till he was almost tired of waiting,  
Which way he'd please to bend his course,  
Now there was nobody to force.

At last, uncheck'd by bit or rein,  
He sauntered down a grassy lane,  
And neighed forth many a jocund song,  
In triumph, as he passed along.

But when dark night began t' appear,  
In vain he sought some shelter near,  
And well he knew he could not bear  
To sleep out in the open air.

The earth was damp, the grass felt raw,  
Much colder than his master's straw ;  
Yet on it he was forced to stretch,  
A poor, cold, melancholy wretch.

The night was dark, the country hilly ;  
And Dobbin felt extremely chilly ;  
Perhaps a feeling like remorse,  
Just then might sting the truant horse.

As soon as day began to dawn,  
Dobbin, with long and weary yawn,  
Arose from this his sleepless night,  
But in low spirits and bad plight.

I this, thought he, is all I get,  
A bed unwholesome, cold, and wet ;  
And thus forlorn about to roam,  
I think I'd better be at home.

'Twas long ere Dobbin could decide  
Betwixt his wishes and his pride,  
Whether to live in all this danger,  
Or go back sneaking to his manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way ;  
The thought of savoury oats and hay  
To hungry stomach, was a reason  
Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set with look profound,  
Right glad that he was homeward bound ;  
And trotting, fast as he was able,  
Soon gained once more his master's stable.

Now Dobbin, after this disaster,  
Never again forsook his master,  
Convinced he'd better let him mount,  
Than travel on his own account.

---

### THE GOOD-NATURED GIRLS.

Two good little ladies, named Mary and Ann,  
Both happily live, as good girls always can :  
And though they are not either sullen or mute,  
They seldom or never are heard to dispute.

If one wants a thing that the other can get,  
They don't begin snatching or crying for it :  
But each one is willing to give up her plea,  
And would rather have nothing than e'er disagree.

If one of them happens to have something nice,  
Directly she offers her sister a slice ;  
And never, like some greedy children I've known  
Would she go in a corner to eat it alone.

When papa or mamma has a job to be done,  
These good little girls will immediately run ;  
Nor stand to dispute which of them should go,  
But would be ashamed to behave themselves so

Whatever occurs, in their work or their play,  
They are willing to yield, and give up their own  
way :  
Then let us now try their example to mind,  
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

---

### MISCHIEF.

LET those who're fond of idle tricks,  
Of hurling stones, and throwing bricks,  
And all that sort of fun,  
Now hear a tale of idle Jim,  
That they may warning take by him,  
Nor do as he has done.

In harmless sport or healthful play,  
He did not pass his time away,  
Nor took his pleasure in it ;  
For mischief was his only joy :  
No book, or work, nor even toy,  
Could please him for a minute.

A neighbour's house he'd slyly pass,  
And throw a stone to break the glass,  
And then enjoy the joke !  
Or, if a window open stood,  
He'd throw in stones or bits of wood,  
To frighten all the folk.

If travellers passing chanced to stay,  
Of idle Jim to ask the way,  
He never told them right ;  
And then quite hardened in his sin,  
Rejoiced to see them taken in,  
And laughed with all his might.

He'd tie a string across the street,  
Just to entangle people's feet,  
And make them tumble down :  
Indeed, he was disliked so much,  
That no good boy would play with such  
A troubler of the town.

At last the neighbours, in despair,  
Would not this mischief longer bear :  
    And so—to end the tale,  
This lad, to cure him of his ways,  
Was sent to spend some dismal days,  
    Within the county jail.

---

### THE SPIDER.

“ OH, look at that great ugly spider !” said Ann,  
And screaming, she brushed it away with her fan ;  
“ ’Tis a frightful black creature, as ever can be,  
I wish that it would not come crawling on me.”

“ Indeed,” said her mother, “ I’ll venture to say,  
’Twill take care never more to come in your way ;  
For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,  
It has much more occasion than you to complain.

“ But why should you hate the poor insect, my  
    dear ?

If it *hurt* you, there’d be some excuse for your  
    fear ;

But its little black legs, as it hurried away,  
Did but tickle your arm as they went, I dare say.

“ For *them* to fear *us* we must grant to be just,  
Who in less than a moment can tread them to  
dust ;

But certainly we have no cause for alarm ;  
For, were they to try, they could do us no harm.

“ Now look ! it has got to its home ; do you see  
What a delicate web it has wove in the tree ?  
Why here, my dear Ann, is a lesson for you :  
Come learn from this spider what patience can do ;

“ And when at your business you’re tempted to  
play,  
Recollect what you see in the insect to-day,  
Or else, to your shame, it may seem to be true,  
That a poor little spider is better than you.”

---

### THE COW AND THE ASS.

BESIDE a green meadow a stream used to flow,  
So clear one might see the white pebbles below ;  
To this cooling brook the warm cattle would  
stray,

To stand in the shade on a hot summer’s day



A cow, quite oppressed by the heat of the sun,  
Came here to refresh, as she often had done ;  
And standing quite still, stooping over the stream,  
Was musing perhaps ; or, perhaps, she might  
dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable look,  
Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,  
And to nibble a few of the daisies and grass :  
“ How d’ye do ? ” said the cow : “ How d’ye do ? ”  
said the ass.

“ Take a seat, ” said the cow, gently waving her  
hand.

“ By no means, dear madam, ” said he, “ while  
you stand. ”

Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,  
“ Ma’am, your health, ” said the ass :—“ Thank  
you, sir, ” said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been  
passed,  
They laid themselves down on the herbage at  
last ;  
And waiting politely (as gentlemen must)  
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might  
speak first.

Then, with a deep sigh, she directly began,  
“ Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by  
man ?

'Tis a subject which lies with a weight on my  
mind :

We really are greatly oppressed by mankind.

“ Pray what is the reason (I see none at all)  
That I always must go when Suke chooses to  
call ?

Whatever I'm doing ('tis certainly hard)  
I'm forced to leave off to be milked in the yard.

“ I've no will of my own, but must do as they  
please,  
And give them my milk to make butter and  
cheese.

Sometimes I endeavour to kick down the pail,  
Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail.”

“ But, Ma'am,” said the ass, “ not presuming to  
teach—

Oh dear, I beg pardon—pray finish your  
speech :

Excuse my mistake,” said the complaisant swain  
“ Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again.”

“ Why, sir, I was just then about to observe,  
These hard-hearted tyrants no longer I’ll serve,  
But leave them for ever to do as they please,  
And look somewhere else for their butter and  
cheese.”

Ass waited a moment, as gentlemen can,  
And then, “ Not presuming to teach,” he be-  
gan,  
“ Permit me to say, since my thoughts you in-  
vite,  
I always saw things in a different light.

“ That you afford man an important supply,  
No ass in his senses would ever deny :  
But then, in return, ’tis but fair to allow,  
They are of *some* service to you, Mistress  
Cow.

“ ’Tis their pleasant meadow in which you re-  
pose,  
And they find a shelter from winterly snows.  
For comforts like these, we’re indebted to  
man ;  
And for him in return we should do all that we  
can.”

The cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass,  
Not pleased to be schooled in this way by an ass ;  
“ Yet,” said she to herself, “ though he’s not  
    very bright,  
I really believe that the fellow is right.”

---

### THE BLIND SAILOR.

A SAILOR with a wooden leg,  
    A little charity implores ;  
He holds his tattered hat to beg,  
    Come, let us join our little stores ;  
Poor sailor ! we ourselves might be  
As needy and as poor as he.

A thousand thanks, my lady kind,  
    A thousand blessings on your head :  
A flash of lightning struck me blind,  
    Or else I would not beg my bread.  
I pray that you may never be  
A poor blind wanderer, like me.

I watched amid the stormy blast,  
While horrid thunders rent the clouds :  
A flash of lightning split the mast,  
And danced among the bellowing shrouds ;  
That moment to the deck I fell,  
A poor unhappy spectacle.

From that tremendous, awful night,  
I've never seen the cheerful day ;  
No—not a spark of glimmering light  
Has shone across my darksome way.  
That light I valued not before,  
Shall bless these withered eyes no more.

My little dog—a faithful friend,  
Who with me crossed the stormy main,  
Doth still my weary path attend,  
And comfort me in all my pain :  
He guides me from the miry bog—  
My poor, half-famished, faithful dog !

With this companion at my side,  
I travel on my lonely way ;  
And God Almighty will provide  
A crust to feed us day by day.  
Weep not for me, my lady kind,  
Almighty God protects the blind.

## THE WORM.

No, little worm, you need not slip  
Into your hole with such a skip ;  
Drawing the gravel, as you glide,  
Over your smooth and slimy side.  
I'm not a crow, poor worm, not I,  
Peeping about your holes to spy,  
And carry you with me in the air,  
To give my young ones each a share.  
No, and I'm not a rolling stone,  
Creeking along with hollow groan ;  
Nor am I of the naughty crew,  
Who care not what poor worms go through,  
But trample on them as they lie,  
Rather than take a step awry ;  
Or keep them dangling on a hook,  
Choked in a dismal pond or brook,  
Till some poor fish comes swimming past,  
And finishes their pain at last.  
For my part, I could never bear  
Your tender flesh to hack and tear,  
Forgetting that poor worms endure  
As much as I should, to be sure,

If any giant should come and jump  
On to my back, and kill me plump,  
Or run my heart through with a scythe,  
And think it fun to see me writhe.

Oh, no, I only look about,  
To see you wriggling in and out,  
And drawing up your slimy rings,  
Instead of feet like other things ;  
So, little worm, you need not slip  
Into your hole with such a skip.



### FIRE.

WHAT is it that shoots from the mountain so  
high,  
In many a beautiful spire?  
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky?  
This beautiful something is—fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,  
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow ;  
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown ;  
For burning fire rages below.

When winter blows bleakly, and bellows the  
storm,

And frostily twinkle the stars ;

When bright burns the fire in the chimney so  
warm,

And the kettle sings shrill on the bars ;

Then, call the poor traveller in, covered with  
snow.

And warm him with charity kind :

Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow

In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire rugged metals are fitted for use ;

Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin ;

Without its assistance we could not produce

So much as a minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes ;

If only a spark should be dropt,

Whole houses, or cities, sometimes, it consumes,

Where its violence cannot be stopped.

And when the great morning of judgment shall  
rise,

How wide will its blazes be curled !

With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the  
skies,

And burn up his beautiful world.



## AIR.

WHAT is it that winds about over the world,  
Spread thin, like a covering fair?  
Into each little corner and crevice 'tis curled,  
This wonderful fluid is—air.

In summer's still evening how gently it floats,  
When not a leaf moves on the spray;  
And no sound is heard but the nightingale's  
notes,  
And merry gnats dancing away.

The village-bells glide on its bosom serene,  
And steal in sweet cadence along;  
The shepherd's soft pipe warbles over the green,  
And the cottage girls join in the song.

But oft in the winter it bellows aloud,  
And roars in the northerly blast;  
With fury drives onward the snowy blue cloud,  
And cracks the tall, tapering mast.

The sea rages wildly, and mounts to the skies,  
In billows and fringes of foam!  
And the sailor in vain turns his pitiful eyes  
Towards his dear, peaceable home.

When fire lies and smothers, or gnaws through  
the beam,

Air makes it more fiercely to glow ;  
And engines in vain in cold torrents may stream,  
If the wind should with violence blow,

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak,  
That many a tempest had known ;  
The tall mountain-pine into splinters is broke.  
And over the precipice blown.

And yet, though it rages with fury so wild,  
On solid earth, water, or fire,  
Without its assistance, the tenderest child  
Would struggle, and gasp, and expire.

Pure air, pressing into the curious clay,  
Gave life to these bodies at first ;  
And when in the bosom it ceases to play,  
We crumble again to our dust.

---

### EARTH.

WHAT is it that's covered so richly with green,  
And gives to the forest its birth ?  
A thousand plants bloom on its bosom serene.  
Whose bosom ?—the bosom of earth.

Hidden deep in its bowels the emerald shines,  
The ruby and amethyst blue ;  
And silver and gold glitter bright in the mines  
Of Mexico rich, and Peru.

Large quarries of granite and marble are spread  
In its wonderful bosom, like bones :  
Chalk, gravel, and coals ; salt, sulphur, and lead ;  
And thousands of beautiful stones.

Beasts, savage and tame, of all colours and forms,  
Either stalk in its deserts, or creep ;  
White bears sit and growl to the northerly storms,  
And shaggy goats bound from the steep.

The oak and the snowdrop, and cedar and rose,  
Alike on its surface are seen ;  
The tall fir of Norway, surrounded with snows,  
And the mountain-ash, scarlet and green.

Fine grass and rich mosses creep over its hills,  
Flowers breathe their perfumes to the gale :  
Tall water-weeds dip in its murmuring rills,  
And harvests wave bright in the vale.

And when this poor body is cold and decayed,  
And this warm throbbing heart is at rest,  
My head upon thee, mother Earth, shall be laid,  
To find a long home in thy breast.

## WATER.

WHAT is it that glitters in changeable green,  
Or dances in billows so bright?  
Ships, skimming along on its surface are seen,—  
'Tis water—that beautiful sight!

Sea-weeds wind about in its cavities wet,  
The pearl-oyster quietly sleeps;  
A thousand fair shells, yellow, amber, and jet;  
And coral, grows red in its deeps.

Whales lash the white foam in their frolicsome  
wrath,  
While hoarsely the winter-wind roars;  
And shoals of green mackerel stretch from the  
north,  
And wander along by our shores.

When tempests awaken its waves from their sleep,  
Like giants in fury they rise;  
The ships now appear to be lost in the deep,  
And now, carried up to the skies.

It gushes out clear from the sides of the hill ;  
Among the smooth pebbles it strays ;  
Creeps low in the valley, or roars through the  
mill,  
And wanders in many a maze.

The traveller that crosses the desert so wide,  
Hot, weary, and stifled with dust,  
Longs often to stoop at some rivulet's side,  
To quench in its waters his thirst.

The stately white swan glides along on its breast,  
Nor ruffles its surface serene ;  
And the duckling unfledged waddles out of its  
nest,  
To dabble in ditch-water green.

The clouds, blown about in the chilly blue sky,  
Vast cisterns, of water contain :  
Like snowy white feathers in winter they fly,  
In summer, stream gently in rain.

When sunbeams so bright on the falling drops  
shine  
The rainbow enlivens the shower,  
And glows in the heavens, a beautiful sign,  
That water shall drown us no more.

## TIT FOR TAT.

TIT for tat is a very bad word,  
 As frequently people apply it;  
 It means, as I've usually heard,  
 They intend to revenge themselves by it.  
 Some places there are where 'tis proper and pat,  
 And there I permit them to say, 'tit for tat.'

Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,  
 Or gallops with master or man,  
 Don't lash him so fast on the road,  
 You see, he does all that he can:  
 How long has he served you? do recollect that,  
 And treat him with kindness, tis but 'tit for tat.'

Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail  
 And trudges home morning and night,  
 Till Dolly appears with her pail.  
 To milk out the fluid so white:  
 Don't kick the poor creature, and beat her, and  
     that;  
 To be kind to poor Brindle is but 'tit for tat.'

Gray donkey, the sturdy old ass,  
That jogs with his pannier so wide,  
And wants but a mouthful of grass,  
Or perhaps a green thistle beside ;  
Be merciful, master, he can't carry that :  
Poor donkey, they surely forget 'tit for tat.'

There's honest old Tray in the yard,  
What courage and zeal has he shown !  
'Twould certainly be very hard,  
Not to throw the poor fellow a bone.  
He carries your basket, and fetches your hat ;  
I'm sure that to starve him, is not 'tit for tat.

Poor Puss, that runs mewling about,  
Her white bosom sweeping the ground,  
The mother abused and kicked out,  
And her innocent little ones drowned :  
For all this she catches the mischievous rat :  
Then be kind to poor Pussy, tis but 'tit for tat.'

Whatever shows kindness to us,  
With kindness we ought to repay !  
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,  
And every thing else in its way :  
In cases like these it is proper and pat,  
To make use of the maxim, and say, 'tit for tat.'

## JANE AND ELIZA.

THERE were two little girls, neither handsome nor  
plain ;

One's name was Eliza the other's was Jane :

They were both of one height, as I've heard  
people say.

They were both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas fancied by some, who but slightly had  
seen them,

There was not a pin to be chosen between them ;

But no one for long in this notion persisted,

So great a distinction there really existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,  
While fretting and fuming, while sulky or teasing ;

And therefore in company artfully tried—

Not to *break* her bad habits, but only to *hide*.

So, when she was out, with much labour and pain,

She contrived to look almost as pleasant as Jane ;

But then you might see, that in forcing a smile,

Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.



And in spite of her care, it would sometimes befall,  
That some cross event happened to ruin it all ;  
And because it might chance that her share was  
the worst,  
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dis-  
persed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,  
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,  
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing.  
But her face always showed what her bosom was  
feeling.

At home or abroad there was peace in her smile,  
A cheerful good nature that needed no guile.  
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain  
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

---

### ELIZA AND JANE.

CHEER up, my young friends, I have better news  
now,  
Eliza has driven the scowl from her brow ;  
For finding her labours so little could win,  
She turned from without to the evils within.

'Twas a great deal of trouble at first, I confess,  
Her temper would rise, and was hard to repress ;  
But being a girl of some sense and discerning,  
She would not be stopped by the trouble of  
turning.

Ten times in a day—or perhaps in an hour,  
Would passion or fretfulness struggle for power ;  
But deaf to the whispers of weakness or pride,  
For victory ten times the harder she tried.

Sometimes she would kneel in her chamber, and  
pray,  
That God in his mercy would take them away ;  
And he, who pleased with a penitent's cry,  
Bowed down in compassion, and helped her to  
try.

Now, at home or abroad, there is peace in her  
smile,  
A cheerful good nature that needeth no guile ;  
And Eliza no longer is heard to complain,  
That she is not beloved like her play-fellow  
Jane.

---

## THE BABY.

SAFE, sleeping on its mother's breast,  
The smiling babe appears ;  
Now, sweetly sinking into rest,  
Now, washed in sudden tears.  
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,  
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care,  
The little thing must die ;  
Its chubby hands too feeble are  
One service to supply ;  
And not a tittle does it know  
What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass  
When scarcely born a day ;  
The foal beside its mother ass  
Trots frolicsome away ;  
And not a creature, tame or wild.  
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the dolly, gaily drest,  
And stroke its flaxen hair,  
Or ring the coral at its waist,  
With silver bells so fair,  
Is all the little creature can,  
That is so soon to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,  
And lighten up the skies,  
Before its tender limbs can grow  
To any thing of size ;  
And all the while the mother's eye  
Must every little want supply.

Then surely, when each little limb  
Shall grow to healthy size,  
And youth and manhood strengthen him  
For toil and enterprise,  
His mother's kindness is a debt,  
He never, never will forget.

---

## THE POOR OLD MAN.

AH! who is it totters along,  
And leans on the top of his stick!  
His wrinkles are many and long,  
And his beard is grown silver and thick.  
No vigour enlivens his frame,  
No cheerfulness beams in his eye,  
His limbs are enfeebled and lame,  
And he seems as if going to die,

They tell me he once was as gay  
As I in my merriest mood;  
That briskly he carolled away,  
With spirits that nothing subdued.  
That he clambered high over the rocks,  
To search where the sea-bird had been;  
And followed his venturesome flocks,  
Up and down on the mountains so green.

But now what a change there appears!  
How altered his figure and face!  
Bent low with a number of years  
How feeble and slow is his pace

He thought, a few winters ago,  
Old age was a great while to come ;  
And it seems but as yesterday, now,  
That he frolicked in vigour and bloom.

He thought it was time enough yet,  
For death and the grave to prepare,  
And seemed all his life to forget  
How fast time would carry him there.  
He sported in spirits and ease,  
And thought it too soon to repent,  
Till all in a hurry, he sees  
The bright opportunity spent.

Now, weak with disorder and years,  
And tottering into the dust,  
Oh ! he would give rivers of tears,  
To have minded religion at first.  
He spends his few sorrowful days  
In wishing his life could return ;  
But, alas ! he has wasted the blaze,  
And now it no longer will burn.

## THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

A DUCK, who had got such a habit of stuffing,  
That all the day long she was panting and puffing,  
And by every creature who did her great crop see,  
Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy ;

One day, after eating a plentiful dinner,  
With full twice as much as there should have  
    been in her,  
While up to her forehead still greedily roking,  
Was greatly alarmed by the symptoms of choking.

Now there was an old fellow, much famed for  
    discerning,  
(A drake, who had taking a liking for learning)  
And high in repute with his feathery friends,  
Was call'd Dr. Drake : for this Doctor she sends.

In a hole of the dunghill was Dr. Drake's shop,  
Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop ;  
Small pebbles, and two or three different gravels,  
With certain famed plants he had found in his  
    travels.

So taking a handful of suitable things,  
And brushing his topple and pluming his wings,  
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order,  
He went to prescribe for the lady's disorder.

“ Dear sir,” said the duck, with a delicate quack,  
Just turning a little way round on her back,  
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard,  
“ My case, Dr. Drake, is exceedingly hard.

“ I feel so distended with wind, and opprest,  
So squeamish and faint, such a load at my chest ;  
And, day after day, I assure you it *is* hard,  
To suffer with patience these pains in my gizzard.”

“ Give me leave,” said the doctor, with medical  
look,  
As her cold flabby paw in his fingers he took ;  
“ By the feel of your pulse, your complaint, I've  
been thinking,  
Must surely be owing to eating and drinking.”

“ Oh ! no, sir, believe me,” the lady replied,  
(Alarmed for her stomach as well as her pride,)  
“ I'm sure it arises from nothing I eat,  
But I rather suspect I got wet in my feet.



“ I’ve only been raking a bit in the gutter,  
Where cook had been pouring some cold melted  
    butter,  
And a slice of green cabbage, and scraps of cold  
    meat :  
Just a trifle or two, that I thought I could eat.”

The Doctor was just to his business proceeding,  
By gentle emetics, a blister and bleeding,  
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side,  
Gave a terrible quack, and a struggle, and died !

Her remains were interred in a neighbouring  
    swamp,  
By her friends, with a great deal of funeral pomp ;  
But I’ve heard, this inscription her tombstone  
    was put on,  
“ Here lies Mrs. Duck, the notorious glutton ;”  
And all the young ducklings are brought by their  
    friends,  
There to learn the disgrace in which gluttony  
    ends.

---

## THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S COMPLAINT.

I'M a helpless cripple child,  
Gentle Christians, pity me ;  
Once in rosy health I smiled,  
Blithe and gay as you can be,  
And upon the village green,  
First in every sport was seen.

Now, alas ! I'm weak and low,  
Cannot either work or play ;  
Tottering on my crutches, slow,  
Thus I drag my weary way ;  
Now no longer dance and sing,  
Gaily, in the merry ring.

Many sleepless nights I live,  
Turning on my weary bed ;  
Softest pillows cannot give  
Slumber to my aching head ;  
Constant anguish makes it fly  
From my heavy, wakeful eye.

And when morning beams return,  
Still no comfort beams for me ;  
Still my limbs with fever burn,  
Painful still my crippled knee,  
And another tedious day  
Passes slow and sad away.

From my chamber-window high,  
Lifted to my easy chair,  
I the village-green can spy,  
Once *I* used to frolic there,  
March, or beat my new-bought drum ;  
Happy times ! no more to come.

There I see my fellows gay,  
Sporting on the daisied turf,  
And, amidst their cheerful play,  
Stopped by many a merry laugh ;  
But the sight I scarce can bear,  
Leaning in my easy chair.

Let not then the scoffing eye  
Laugh, my twisted leg to see ;  
Gentle Christians passing by,  
Stop awhile and pity me,  
And for you I'll breathe a prayer,  
Leaning in my easy chair.

## POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

DOWN in this ditch poor Donkey lies,  
Who jogged with many a load ;  
And till the day death closed his eyes,  
Browsed up and down this road.

No shelter had he for his head,  
Whatever winds might blow ;  
A neighbouring common was his bed,  
Though dressed in sheets of snow.

In this green ditch he often strayed,  
To nip the dainty grass ;  
And friendly invitations brayed,  
To some more hungry ass.

Each market-day he jogged along  
Beneath the gardener's load,  
And snored out many a donkey's song,  
To friends upon the road.

A tuft of grass, a thistle green,  
Or cabbage-leaf so sweet,  
Were all the dainties he was seen  
For twenty years to eat.

And as for sport—the sober soul  
Was such a steady Jack,  
He only now and then would roll  
Heels upward on his back.

But all his sport and dainties too,  
And labours now are o'er,  
Last night so bleak a tempest blew  
He could withstand no more.

He felt his feeble limbs grow cold,  
His blood was freezing slow,  
And presently you might behold  
Him dead upon the snow.

Poor Donkey! travellers passing by,  
Thy cold remains shall view;  
And 'twould be well, if all who die,  
To duty were as true.

---

## THE ORPHAN.

MY father and mother are dead,  
No friend or relation I have ;  
And now the cold earth is their bed,  
And daisies grow over their grave.

I cast my eyes into the tomb,  
The sight made me bitterly cry ;  
I said, " And is this the dark room,  
Where my father and mother must lie ?"

I cast my eyes round me again,  
In hopes some protector to see ;  
Alas ! but the search was in vain,  
For none had compassion on me.

I cast my eyes up to the sky,  
I groaned, though I said not a word ;  
Yet God was not deaf to my cry,  
The friend of the Fatherless heard.

For since I have trusted his care,  
And learned on his word to depend,  
He has kept me from every snare,  
And been my best Father and Friend,

## RISING IN THE MORNING.

THRICE welcome to my opening eyes,  
The morning beam which bids me rise  
    To all the joys of youth ;  
For thy protection whilst I slept,  
O Lord, my humble thanks accept,  
    And bless my lips with truth.

Like cheerful birds, as I begin  
This day, O keep my soul from sin,  
    And all things shall be well.  
Thou givest health, and clothes, and food,  
Preserve me innocence and good,  
    Till evening curfew-bell.\*

---

\* Curfew Bell was ordered by William the Norman to be rung at eight o'clock at night, at the sound of which all fire and light were to be extinguished. The word Curfew, comes from the French *couvre-feu*, cover fire.

## GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed;  
Soft pillow, O receive my head,  
And thanks, my parents kind,  
For comforts you for me provide;  
Your precepts still shall be my guide,  
Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours mispent this day I rue,  
My good things done, how very few!  
Forgive my faults, O Lord;  
This night, if in thy grace I rest,  
To-morrow may I rise refreshed,  
To keep thy holy word.

---

## FRANCES KEEPS HER PROMISE.

MY FANNY, I have news to tell,  
Your diligence quite pleases me;  
You've worked so neatly, read so well,  
With cousin Jane you may take tea.

---



But pray remember this, my love,  
Although to stay you should incline,  
And none but you should think to move,  
I wish you to return at nine.

With many thanks the attentive child  
Assured mamma she would obey :  
Whom tenderly she kissed, and smiled,  
And with the maid then went away.

Arrived, the little girl was shown  
To where she met the merry band ;  
And when her coming was made known,  
All greet her with a welcome bland.

They dance, they play, and sweetly sing,  
In every sport each one partakes ;  
And now the servants sweetmeats bring,  
With wine and jellies, fruit and cakes.

Then comes papa, who says, " My dears,  
The magic-lantern if you'd see,  
And that which on the wall appears,  
Leave off your play, and follow me."

While Frances too enjoyed the sight,  
Where moving figures all combine  
To raise her wonder and delight,  
She hears, alas ! the clock strike nine.

- “ Miss Fanny’s maid for her is come.”—  
“ Oh dear, how soon !” the children cry ;  
They press, but Fanny will go home,  
And bids her little friends good bye.
- “ See, dear mamma, I have not stayed :”  
“ Good girl, indeed,” mamma replies,  
“ I knew you’d do as you had said,  
And now you’ll find you’ve won a prize. ?
- “ So come, my love, and see the man  
Whom I desired at nine to call.”  
Down stairs young Frances quickly ran,  
And found him waiting in the hall.
- “ Here, Miss, are pretty birds to buy,  
A parrot or macaw so gay ;  
A speckled dove with scarlet eye :  
A linnet, or a chattering jay.
- “ Would you a Java sparrow love ?”  
“ No, no, I thank you,” said the child :  
“ I’ll have a beauteous cooing dove,  
So harmless, innocent, and mild.”
- “ Your choice, my Fanny, I commend,  
Few birds can with the dove compare ;  
But, lest it pine without a friend,  
I give you leave to choose a pair.”

## MY OLD SHOES.

YOU'RE now too old for me to wear, poor shoes,  
And yet I will not sell you to the Jews ;  
Yon wandering little boy must barefoot go,  
Through mud and rain, and nipping frost and  
    snow ;  
And as he walks along the road or street,  
The flint is sharp, and cuts his tender feet.  
My shoes, though old, might save him many a  
    pain ;  
And should I sell them, what might be my gain ?  
A sixpence, that would buy some foolish toy :  
No, take these shoes, poor shivering barefoot  
    boy.

---

## TO GEORGE, PULLING BUDS.

DON'T pull that bud, it yet may grow  
    As fine a flower as this !  
Had this been pulled a month ago,  
    We should its beauties miss.  
You are yourself a bud, my blooming boy,  
Weigh well the consequence, ere you destroy,  
Lest for a present paltry sport, you kill a future  
    joy.

## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A CHARMING present comes from town,  
A baby-house so neat ;  
With kitchen, parlour, dining-room,  
And chambers all complete.

A gift to Emma and to Rose,  
From grandpapa it came ;  
The little Rosa smiled delight,  
And Emma did the same.

They eagerly examined all :  
The furniture was gay ;  
And in the rooms they placed their dolls  
When dressed in fine array.

At night, their little family  
Must tenderly be fed ;  
And then, when dollies were undressed,  
They all were put to bed.

Thus Rose and Emma passed each hour  
Devoted to their play ;  
And long were cheerful, happy, kind—  
Nor cross disputes had they.

Till Rose in baby-honse would change  
The chairs which were below:  
“ This carpet they will better suit ;  
I think I’ll have it so.”


“ No, no, indeed,” her sister said,  
“ I’m older, Rose than you ;  
And I’m the mistress, you the maid,  
And what I bid must do.”

The quarrel grew to such a height,  
Mamma she heard the noise.  
And coming in, beheld the floor  
All strewed with broken toys.

“ Oh, fie, my Emma ! fie my Rose !  
Say, what is this about ?  
Remember, this is New-year’s day,  
And both are going out.”

Now Betty calls the little girls  
To come up stairs and dress ;  
They still dispute, with muttered taunts,  
And anger they express.

But just prepared to leave their room,  
Persisting yet in strife,  
Rose sickening fell on Betty’s lap,  
As if devoid of life.



Mamma appeared at Betty's call—

John for the doctor goes ;  
And some disease of dangerous kind,  
Its symptoms soon disclose.

“ But though I stay my Emma, you  
May go and spend the day.”

“ Oh no, mamma,” replied the child,  
“ I must with Rosa stay.

“ Beside my sister's bed I'll sit,  
And watch her with such care ;  
No pleasure can I e'er enjoy,  
Till she my pleasure share.

“ How silly now seems our dispute ;—  
Not one of us she knows !  
How pale she looks, how hard she breathes !  
Alas ! my pretty Rose !”

---

### THE CRUEL THORN.

A BIT of wool sticks here upon this thorn :  
Ah, cruel thorn, to tear it from the sheep !  
And yet, perhaps, with pain its fleece was worn,  
Its coat so thick, a hot and cumbrous heap.

The wool a little bird takes in his bill,  
And with it up to yonder tree he flies ;  
A nest he's building there with matchless skill,  
Compact and close, that well the cold defies.

To line that nest, the wool so soft and warm,  
Preserves the eggs which hold its tender  
young ;  
And when they're hatched, that wool will keep  
from harm,  
The callow brood, until they're fledged and  
strong.

Thus birds find use for what the sheep can  
spare :  
In this, my dear, a wholesome moral spy,  
And when the poor shall crave, thy plenty  
share :  
Let thy abundance thus their wants supply.

---

## THE LINNET'S NEST.

My linnet's nest, Miss, will you buy?  
They're nearly fledged.—Ah! no not I;  
I'll not encourage wicked boys  
To rob a parent of its joys:  
Those tender joys, to feed its young,  
And see them grow up brisk and strong.

With care the helpless brood to nourish,  
And see them plume, and perch, and flourish,  
To hear them chirp, to hear them sing,  
Teach them to try the little wing,  
And view them chanting on the tree,  
The charming song of liberty,

'Twould make me grieve to see them mope  
Within a cage devoid of hope,  
And all the joys that freedom owns:  
The prisoner's melodies are moans.  
I love their song, yet give to me  
The cheerful note that sings, "I'm free."

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## THE ITALIAN GREYHOUND.

LIGHTLY as the rose-leaves fall,  
By the zephyr scattered round,  
Let thy feet, when thee I call,  
Patting softly touch the ground.

Happy I to think thou'rt mine!  
Gentle greyhound come apace:  
Beauty's form in every line.  
Every attitude is grace,

Speaking eyes thou hast—why shrink?  
'Neath my hand why tremble so?  
Beauteous greyhound, dost thou think  
Harm from me?—Believe me, no.

Cruel dogs and savage men  
Hunt a wretched hare for miles;  
Guiltless greyhound, here lie then,  
Course thy mistress for her smiles.

---

## THE USE OF SIGHT.

“WHAT, Charles returned!” papa exclaimed!

“How short your walk has been!  
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?  
Come, tell me what you’ve seen.”

“So tedious, stupid, dull a walk,”  
Said Charles, “I’ll go no more;  
First stopping here, then lagging there,  
O’er this and that to pore.

“I crossed the fields near Woodland House,  
And just went up the hill:  
Then by the river-side came down,  
Near Mr. Fairplay’s mill.”

Now Tom and Julia both ran in:  
“Oh, dear papa,” said they,  
“The sweetest walk we both have had,  
Oh, what a pleasant day!

“Near Woodland House we crossed the fields,  
And by the mill we came.”

“ Indeed !” exclaim’d papa, “ how’s this ?  
Your brother took the same ;

“ But very dull he found the walk.  
What have you there ? let’s see—  
Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,  
As new to you as me.”

“ First look, papa, at this small branch,  
Which on a tall oak grew,  
And by its slimy berries white,  
The mistletoe we knew.

“ A bird all green ran up a tree,  
A woodpecker we call,  
Who with his strong bill wounds the bark,  
To feed on insects small.

“ And many lapwings cried pewit ;  
And one among the rest  
Pretended lameness, to decoy  
Us from her lowly nest.

“ Young starlings, martins, swallows, all  
Such lively flocks, and gay ;  
A heron, too, which caught a fish,  
And with it flew away.

“ This bird we found, a kingfisher,  
    Though dead, his plumes how bright !  
Do have him stuffed, my dear papa,  
    ’Twill be a charming sight.

“ When reached the heath, how wide the space,  
    The air how fresh and sweet !  
We plucked these flowers and different heaths,  
    The fairest we could meet.

“ The distant prospect we admired,  
    The mountain fair and blue ;  
A mansion here, a cottage there :  
    See, here’s the sketch we drew.

“ A splendid sight we next beheld,  
    The glorious setting sun,  
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold ;  
    His daily race was done.”

“ True taste with knowledge,” said papa,  
    “ By observation’s gained ;  
You’ve both used well the gift of sight,  
    And thus reward obtained.

“ My Julia in this desk will find  
    A drawing-box quite new :  
And Thomas now this telescope,  
    I think, is quite your due.

“ And toys, or still more useful gifts  
For Charles, too, shall be bought,  
When he can see the works of God,  
And prize them as he ought.”

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### THE MORNINGS' TASK.

“ SIT to your books,” the father said,  
“ Nor play nor trifle, laugh nor talk ;  
“ And when at noon you've spelt and read,  
I'll take you all a pleasant walk.”  
He left the room the boys sat still,  
Each gravely bent upon his task ;  
Except the youngest, little Will,  
Who yet of this and that would ask.

“ I've lost my ball,” the prattler cried,  
“ Has either of you seen my ball ?”  
“ Pray mind your book,” young Charles replied,  
“ Your noisy talk disturbs us all.  
Remember now what we were told,  
The time, I warn you, Will, draws near.”  
“ And what care I ?” said Will so bold,  
“ I shall be ready, never fear.”

He spun his top, he smacked his whip,  
At marbles also he would play,  
And round the room he chose to skip,  
And thus his moments slipt away.  
But at the window what comes in !  
A dazzling painted butterfly !  
“ A prize ! a prize which I must win ! ”  
Young William loud is heard to cry.

Quick on the table up he leaps,  
Then on the chairs and sofa springs :  
Now here, now there, he softly creeps,  
And now his books and hat he flings.  
The brilliant insect fluttered round,  
And out again it gaily flew !  
Then through the window, with a bound,  
Will jumped, and said, “ I’ll soon have you.”

From flower to flower the boy it led,  
While he pursued the pretty thing :  
Away it sprang from bed to bed,  
Now sipping dew, now on the wing.  
And to the fields it took its flight,  
He thought the prize was worth the chase :  
O’er hedge and ditch with all his might,  
He followed still the pleasing race.

To catch it he was much perplexed,  
The insect now he sees no more ;  
While standing thus confounded, vexed,  
He hears the village clock strike four.  
Towards home he hastens at the sound,  
All shame, surprise, and fear, and doubt ;  
Nor sisters, brothers, could be found :  
He asks, and hears they're all gone out.

With sorrow struck, when this was told,  
He wept, and down in sadness sat :  
Now o'er the stones a carriage rolled,  
And at the door came—rat, tat, tat.  
Then from the coach the girls and boys  
Stepped out, all smiling, pleased, and gay,  
And books, and dolls, and pretty toys,  
Bats, ninepins, hoops, and kites had they.

“ Ah, William !” then the father said,  
“ Come hither, child ; but wherefore cry ?  
Why droop your face, why hang your head ?  
Where is the pretty butterfly ?  
I kept my promise, home I came,  
According to my first intent ;  
You broke your word, and yours the shame,  
And we, without you shopping went.”

## THE OAK.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,  
Excels all trees that in the forest grow ;  
From acorn small that trunk, those branches rise,  
To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold what shelter in its ample shade,  
From noon-tide sun, or from the drenching  
rain !  
And of its timber stanch vast ships are made,  
To bear rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

---

## CARELESS MATILDA.

AGAIN, Matilda, is your work undone ?  
Your scissors where are they ? your thimble  
gone ?  
Your needles, pins and thread and tapes all  
lost ;  
Your housewife here, and there your work-bag  
tossed.



Fie, fie, my child! indeed this will not do,  
Your hair uncombed, your frock in tatters  
too ;

I'm now resolv'd no more delays to grant,  
To learn of her I'll send you to your aunt.

In vain Matilda wept, entreated prayed,  
In vain a promise of amendment made.



Arrived at Austere Hall, Matilda sighed,  
By Lady Rigid when severely eyed :  
“ You read and write, and work well, as I'm  
told,  
Are gentle, kind, good-natured, and not bold ;  
But very careless, negligent and wild—  
You'll leave me, as I hope, a different child.”

The little girl next morn a favour asks :  
“ I wish to take a walk.”—“ Go learn your  
tasks,”

Replies her aunt, “ nor fruitlessly repine :  
Your room you leave not till you're called to  
dine.”

As there Matilda sat, o'erwhelmed with shame,  
A dame appeared, Disorder was her name :  
Her hair and dress neglected—soiled her face,  
Her mien unseemly, and devoid of grace.

“ Here child,” said she, “ my mistress sends you  
this,  
A bag of silks—a flower not worked amiss—  
A polyanthus bright, and wondrous gay,  
You’ll copy it by noon, she bade me say.”  
Disorder grinned, and shuffling walked away.

Entangled were the silks of every hue,  
Confused and mixed were shades of pink, green,  
blue ;  
She took a thread, compared it with the flower  
“ To finish this is not within my power.  
Well-sorted silks had Lady Rigid sent,  
I might have worked, if such was her intent.”  
She sighed, and melted into sobs and tears :  
She hears a step, and at the door appears  
A pretty maiden, clean, well-dressed, and neat,  
Her voice was soft, her looks sedate, yet sweet,  
“ My name is Order : do not cry, my love :  
Attend to me, and thus you may improve.”  
She took the silks, and drew out shade by shade ;  
In separate skeins, and each with care she laid :  
Then smiling kindly, left the little maid.

Matilda now resumes her sweet employ,  
And sees the flower complete—how great her  
joy !

She leaves the room—"I've done my task," she  
cries ;  
The lady looked, and scarce believed her eyes ;  
Yet soon her harshness changed to glad surprise.  
"Why, this is well, a very pretty flower,  
Worked so exact, and done within the hour !  
And now amuse yourself, and walk, or play."  
Thus passed Matilda this much dreaded day.  
At all her tasks, Disorder would attend,  
At all her tasks, still Order stood her friend.  
With tears and sighs her studies oft began,  
These into smiles were changed by Order's plan.  
No longer Lady Rigid seemed severe :  
The negligent alone her eye need fear.

And now the day, the wished for day is come,  
When young Matilda may revisit home.  
"You quit me, child, but oft to mind recall  
The time you spent with me at Austere Hall.  
And now, my dear, I'll give you one of these  
To be your maid—take with you which you  
please.  
What! from Disorder do you frightened start?"  
Matilda clasped sweet Order to her heart,  
And said, "From thee, best friend, I'll never  
part."

## THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

'Tis surely time for me to rise,  
Though yet the dawn is grey ;  
Sweet sleep, O quit my closing eyes,  
For I must now away :—  
Each young bird twitters on the spray.

It is not for the dewy mead  
I leave my soft repose,  
Where daisies nod, and lambkins feed ;  
But where the mushroom grows :  
And that my widowed mother knows.

I'll rove the wide heath far and near,  
Of mushrooms fine in quest ;  
But you remain, kind mother, here,  
Lie still, and take your rest,  
Although with poverty oppressed.

No toad-stool in my basket found ;  
My mushrooms when I sell,  
I'll buy some bread ; our labours crowned,  
Then let our neighbours tell,  
That you and I live wondrous well

## BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES.

THE Dog will come when he is called,  
The Cat will walk away ;  
The Monkey's cheek is very bald ;  
The Goat is fond of play.  
The Parrot is a prate-apace,  
Yet knows not what he says :  
The noble Horse will win the race,  
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,  
The Squirrel loves a nut,  
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,  
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.  
The Lark sings high up in the air,  
The Linnet in the tree ;  
The Swan he has a bosom fair,  
And who so proud as he ?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud  
Because his tail has eyes.  
The Lion roars so very loud,  
He'd fill you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,  
Or, rather, raven grey,  
The Camel's bunch is on his back,  
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,  
The Elephant is wise,  
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,  
The false Hyena cries.  
The Hen guards well her little chicks,  
The Cow—her hoof is slit :  
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,  
The Lapwing cries pewit.

The little Wren is very small,  
The Humming-bird is less ;  
The Lady-bird is least of all,  
And beautiful in dress.  
The Pelican, she loves her young,  
The Stork, its parent loves ;  
The Woodcock's bill is very long,  
And innocent are Doves.

The streaked Tiger's fond of blood,  
The Pigeon feeds on peas,  
The Duck will gobble in the mud,  
The Mice will eat your cheese.

A Lobster's black, when boiled he's red ;  
The harmless Lamb must bleed :  
The Cod-fish has a clumsy head,  
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,  
The little Worm may thank ;  
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,  
The Weasel's long and lank.

The Buck gives us a venison dish,  
When hunted for the spoil :  
The Shark eats up the little fish,  
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines, the darkest night,  
With lantern in its tail :  
The Turtle is the cit's delight,  
And wears a coat of mail.

In Germany they hunt the Boar,  
The Bee brings honey home,  
The Ant lays up a winter store,  
The Bear loves honey-comb,

The Eagle has a crooked beak,  
The Plaice has orange spots ;  
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak :  
The Ostrich walks and trots.

---

The child that does not these things know  
Might well be called a dunce ;  
But I in knowledge quick will grow,  
As youth can come but once.

---

### THE VINE.

'Twas holiday time, and young Harry was gay,  
Though bleak the wide landscape around ;  
Twas Christmas, and homeward he tripped it  
away,  
For hard was the frost-bitten ground.

He ran through the garden, the pleasure-grounds  
too,  
The walks and dark alleys he traced ;  
Admired the cypress, the tall privet and yew,  
And holly with red berries graced :

The laurel and bay, and such fine evergreens,  
In verdure and beauty arose ;  
He stopped at a tree, and he cried out, " What  
means  
This leafless old tree among those ?



“ Dig it up, pull it down—not a leaf on its spray,  
No shelter is here for the birds !”  
But his father replied, “ I hear what you say ;  
Next autumn, remember your words.”

And now, as was promised, that autumn was  
come,

Young Harry left school for a week ;  
And ripe was the nectarine, ripe was the plum,  
And peach too with down on its cheek.

When straight to the garden our school-boy  
repaired,

Where fruit hung all tempting and fine,  
“ What tree,” he exclaimed, “ can at all be com-  
pared,  
Papa, with this beautiful vine ?

“ What bunches ! what clusters ! the sight is a  
treat !

So charming I never did see :  
The sight is delicious ; the flavour how sweet !  
Oh, papa, how precious a tree !”

“ This tree,” said papa, “ is the one you despised,  
Which then looked so withered and bare ;  
But you see, by exterior few things can be  
prized :

Of hasty decisions beware.

“ Remember, my child, not to judge by the eye,  
Of those who in form do not shine ;  
And now gain a lesson, of use by and by,  
From your fault in spurning the vine.”

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### THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

IN a dark little crack, half a yard from the ground,  
An honest old spider resided ;  
So pleasant, and snug , and convenient 'twas found  
That his friends came to see it for many miles  
round ;  
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares and fatigues, and distresses of life,  
This spider was thoroughly tired ;  
So, leaving those scenes of distraction and strife  
(His children all settled) he came with his wife,  
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume  
'Twould be easy for him to provide her ;  
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,  
Where came, every morning, a maid and a broom  
Those pitiless foes to a spider !

For when (as sometimes it would chance to befall)  
The moment his web was completed,  
Brush—came the great broom down the side of  
the wall,  
And, perhaps, carried with it web, spider, and all,  
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day, when their cupboard was empty and  
dry,  
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner)  
Said to him, “ Dear, go to the cobweb and try  
If you can’t find the leg or the wing of a fly,  
As a bit of a relish for dinner.”

Directly he went, his long search to resume,  
(For nothing he ever denied her,)  
Alas! little guessing his terrible doom,  
Just then came the gentleman into the room,  
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor insect, in search of his pelf,  
In the cobweb continued to linger,  
The gentleman reached a long cane from the  
shelf,  
(For certain good reasons, best known to him-  
self,  
Preferring his stick to his finger :)

Then presently poking him down to the floor,  
Nor stopping at all to consider,  
With one horrid crash the whole business was o'er,  
The poor little spider was heard of no more,  
To the lasting distress of his widow !

---

### THE POPPY.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed  
A scarlet poppy grew,  
And up it held its staring head,  
And thrust it full in view.

Yet no attention did it win,  
By all these efforts made,  
And less unwelcome had it been  
In some retired shade.

Although within its scarlet breast,  
No sweet perfume was found,  
It seemed to think itself the best  
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,  
And take great care indeed,  
Lest I appear as pert and vain  
As does this gaudy weed.

## THE VIOLET.

DOWN in a green and shady bed,  
A modest violet grew,  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its colours bright and fair ;  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed ;  
And there diffused a sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see :  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

---

**THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.**

How pleasant it is, at the end of the day,  
No follies to have to repent ;  
But reflect on the past, and be able to say,  
My time has been properly spent !

When I've finished my business with patience  
and care,  
And been good, and obliging, and kind,  
I lie on my pillow, and sleep away there,  
With a happy and peaceable mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confest  
That I careless and idle have been,  
I lie down as usual, and go to my rest,  
But feel discontented within.

Then, as I dislike all the trouble I've had,  
In future I'll try to prevent it ;  
For I never am naughty without being sad,  
Or good—without being content ed.

## CONTENTED JOHN.

ONE honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,  
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer :  
For all such vain wishes to him were prevented,  
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the  
food,

John never was found in a murmuring mood ;  
For this he was constantly heard to declare,  
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully  
bear.

“ For why should I grumble and murmur ?” he  
said,

“ If I cannot get meat, I’ll be thankful for bread ;  
And though fretting may make my calamities  
deeper,  
It never can cause bread and cheese to be  
cheaper.”

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,  
He wished himself better, but did not complain,  
Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,  
But said, that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill,  
Why, John was good-natured and sociable still ;  
For he said that revenging the injury done,  
Would be making two rogues, where there need  
be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was  
humble,  
Passed through this sad world without even a  
grumble :  
And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater  
and richer,  
Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and  
ditcher.

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### THE GAUDY FLOWER.

WHY does my Anna toss her head,  
And look so scornfully around,  
As if she scarcely deigned to tread  
Upon the daisy-dappled ground ?

Does fancied beauty fire thine eye,  
The brilliant tint, the satin skin ?  
Does the loved glass, in passing by  
Reflect a graceful form and thin ?



Alas ! that form, and brilliant fire,  
Will never win beholder's love ;  
It may, indeed, make fools admire,  
But ne'er the wise and good can move.

So grows the tulip, gay and bold,  
The broadest sunshine its delight.  
Like rubies, or like burnished gold,  
Displays its petals, glossy bright.

But who the gaudy floweret crops,  
As if to court a sweet perfume ?  
Admired it blows, neglected drops,  
And sinks unheeded to its doom.

The virtues of the heart may move  
Affections of a genial kind ;  
While beauty fails to stir our love.  
And wins the eye, but not the mind.



### NEGLIGENT MARY.

AH, Mary ! what, do you for dolly not care ?  
And is she thus left on the floor ?  
Forsaken, and covered with dust, I declare ;  
With you I must trust her no more.

I thought you were pleased, as you took her so  
gladly,

When on your birth-day she came home ;  
Did I ever suppose you would use her so sadly,  
And strew her clothes over the room ?

With her bonnet of straw you once were de-  
lighted,

And trimmed it so pretty with pink ;  
But now it is crumpled, and dolly is slighted :  
Her nurse quite forgets her, I think.

Suppose now—for Mary is *dolly* to me,  
Whom I love to see tidy and fair—  
Suppose I should leave you, as dolly I see,  
In tatters, and comfortless there.

But dolly feels nothing, as you do, my dear,  
Nor cares for her negligent nurse :  
And if I were as careless as you are, I fear,  
Your lot, and my fault, would be worse.

And therefore it is, my Mary, I strive  
To check every fault that I see :  
Mary's doll is but waxen—mamma's is alive,  
And of far more importance than she.

## DECEMBER NIGHT.

DARK and dismal is the night,  
    Beating rain and wind so high :  
Close the window-shutters tight,  
    And the cheerful fire draw nigh,

Hear the blasts in dreadful chorus,  
    Roaring through the naked trees,  
Just like thunder bursting o'er us ;  
    Now they murmur, now they cease.

Think how many on the wild  
    Wander in this dreadful weather ;  
Some poor mother with her child,  
    Scarce can keep her rags together.

Or a wretched family,  
    'Neath some mud-wall ruined shed  
Shrugging close together, lie  
    On the earth—their only bed.

While we sit within so warm,  
    Sheltered, comfortable, safe,

Think how many 'bide the storm,  
Who no home nor shelter have.

Glad, these sorrows could we lighten,  
We, who suffer no such woe ;  
Let, at least, contentment brighten  
Every tranquil hour we know.



### POVERTY.

I SAW an old cottage of clay,  
And only of mud was the floor ;  
It was all falling into decay  
And the snow drifted in at the door.

Yet there a poor family dwelt,  
In a hovel so dismal and rude ;  
And though gnawing hunger they felt.  
They had not a morsel of food.

The children were crying for bread,  
And to their poor mother they'd run ;  
“ Oh, give us some breakfast,” they said,  
Alas! their poor mother had none.

She viewed them with looks of despair :  
She said (and I'm sure it was true)  
" 'Tis not for myself that I care,  
But, my poor little children, for you."

Oh, then, let the wealthy and gay,  
But see such a hovel as this,  
That in a poor cottage of clay,  
They may learn what true misery is.

And what I may have to bestow,  
I never will squander away,  
While many poor people, I know,  
Around me are wretched as they.

---

### THE VILLAGE GREEN.

ON the cheerful village green,  
Skirted round with houses small,  
All the boys and girls are seen,  
Playing there with hoop and ball.  
Now they frolic hand in hand,  
Making many a merry chain ;  
Then they form a warlike band,  
Marching o'er the level plain.

Now ascends the worsted ball,  
High it rises in the air,  
Or against the cottage wall,  
Up and down it bounces there.

Then the hoop, with even pace,  
Runs before the merry crowd;  
Joy is seen in every face,  
Joy is heard in clamours loud.

Rich array, and mansions proud,  
Gilded toys and costly fare,  
Would not make the little crowd  
Half so happy as they are.

Then, contented with my state,  
Let me envy not the great,  
Since true pleasure may be seen,  
On a cheerful Village Green.

## RUIN AND SUCCESS.

PART I.—*The Race-Horse.*

“INDEED!” said my lord to the steward, “how  
droll!

The mare and the she-ass, you say,  
This morning have each had a beautiful foal:  
Two capital gifts in one day.

“I’ve promised the first to my neighbour, the  
’squire,  
The other bestow as you will.”  
The steward, fulfilling his lordship’s desire,  
Gave Jack to poor Joe near the mill.

With care and expense the fine colt was brought  
up,  
So elegant, sleek, and so slim:  
What joy! when he started and won a prize  
cup;  
Then no horse was equal to him.

Expense was increased : he was exercised, trained :  
At first, many matches he won ;  
But once losing more than he ever had gained,  
His master, the 'squire was undone

PART II.—*The Ass.*

THE other present, poor Jack Ass,  
A different training had ;  
And thus with him it came to pass,  
His lot was very bad.

No groom had he ; nor oats, nor hay  
Were offered to his taste ;  
And hot or cold, through night and day,  
He wandered on the waste.

His master's sons, three ragged boys,  
At once upon him rode ;  
And as they had no other toys,  
They teased him with a goad.

Although this usage was unkind,  
He never did them wrong ;  
He ate his thistles, never pined,  
And grew up stout and strong.



Poor Joe cut faggots in the wood,  
And carried them to sell ;  
But for the ass to bear the load,  
He thought might be as well.

To dig his garden he would stay,  
And send to town his son ;  
Thus gained more money every day  
Than he before had done.

His garden now had beans and peas,  
Potatoes sweet and big :  
He bought a hen, and ducks, and geese :  
At length he bought a pig.

And off the waste, with money earned,  
He bought a piece of land :  
And this same Joe—a farmer turned—  
Had always cash in hand.

Yet not unmindful of poor Jack,  
That helped him so to rise,  
Provides him now a plenteous rack,  
And stable, where he lies.

“Thou art,” says he, “poor beast, grown old,  
Thy toilsome days are o’er ;  
Nor hunger shalt thou feel, nor cold,  
And thou shalt work no more.

“With grateful care I grant to thee  
This comfortable shed ;  
When I had none, thou gain’dst for me  
My hard-earned daily bread.”

---

### DEW AND HAIL.

YOUNG Tommy most things well discerned ;  
He read and understood,  
His memory was good ;  
He taught his little sister what he learned.

Said he, “’Tis morn, but by and by,  
These dews that wet our feet,  
The sun will by its heat  
Draw up in clouds, to hang around the sky.

At eve, when he withdraws his powers,  
Those dews then gently fall,  
At night refreshing all,  
The tender grass, the plants, and blooming  
flowers.

Those small white stones, that kill the grub and  
snail,

Are frozen water-drops, these we call hail :  
The large ones, that descend in mighty force,  
A vast way come, and gather in their course :  
Passing through regions cold, of ice and snow,  
They still congeal and large and larger grow :  
So large, that one has weighed near half a pound.  
Some are like stars, some oblong, most are round,  
Some hang on trees, like icicles or spars :  
Those come with thunder that are shaped like  
stars.

Some have killed birds, broke windows, slates,  
and tiles,

And scattered devastation round for miles.  
The Lord, though merciful, is yet severe ;  
And whilst we love him, let us also fear.

---

## CRUST AND CRUMB.

I CAN'T eat all my bread indeed ;  
Mamma yet says I must :  
This piece of crumb I do not need ;  
But I have ate the crust.

We never should throw bread away,  
It is a sin to waste ;  
Yon poor boy's glances seem to say,  
" I wish I had a taste."

Step hither, and you shall have some ;  
Come here, my little man ;  
You think there's crust, 'tis only crumb :  
But eat it if you can.

He eats with such delightful glee,  
His eyes are brimmed with joy !  
How very hungry he must be,  
Unhappy little boy.

The day of hunger and distress,  
As yet I never knew ;  
And for the plenty I possess,  
O Lord ! my thanks are due.

And now I feel another's grief,  
And now myself I know ;  
Whene'er my heart would give relief,  
My hand shall not be slow.

---

### THE TRUANT.

AH ! why did I, unthinking youth,  
From school a truant stray ;  
To parents why not tell the truth,  
And then for pardon pray ?

My parents both are good and kind,  
Though master is severe :  
With weeping I am almost blind,  
Oh ! I shall perish here.

The night comes on, the air is sharp,  
And now it blows a storm ;  
The pinching wind my skin doth warp,  
My features soft deform.

As in the stream my face I viewed,  
That face to me was new ;  
The buffetings of breezes rude  
Have changed it black and blue.

My clothes are by the brambles torn,  
My legs are wounded sore ;  
My friends to see my limbs would mourn :  
These limbs all stained with gore.

I in some well or ditch may fall,  
And there, when I am found,  
Strangers will pity me and all  
Will say, " The boy is drowned."

This place is lonely, wild, and drear !  
Nor stay the night I durst :  
I'll lay me down and perish here,  
With hunger and with thirst.

I see a light ! a light 'tis plain !  
A Jack o'Lantern ? no :  
It comes from yonder cottage pane,  
And to that cot I'll go.

No beggar-boy, alas ! am I :  
Oh give me shelter, pray ;  
Or else with hunger I shall die,  
For I have lost my way.

Or on some straw, or on the floor,  
This night, oh ! let me lie ;  
Or else the cold I must endure,  
Beneath this bitter sky.

And let me wash my face and feet ;  
Then give a little food ;  
The plainest fare will be a treat,  
Dear woman, kind and good.

To-morrow morning take me home ;  
You'll hearty thanks receive :  
My father's rich, though wild I roam :  
My tale you may believe.

If you should have a child distressed,  
My griefs with pity see ;  
With such a friend may he be blessed,  
As you shall pity me.

THE END.



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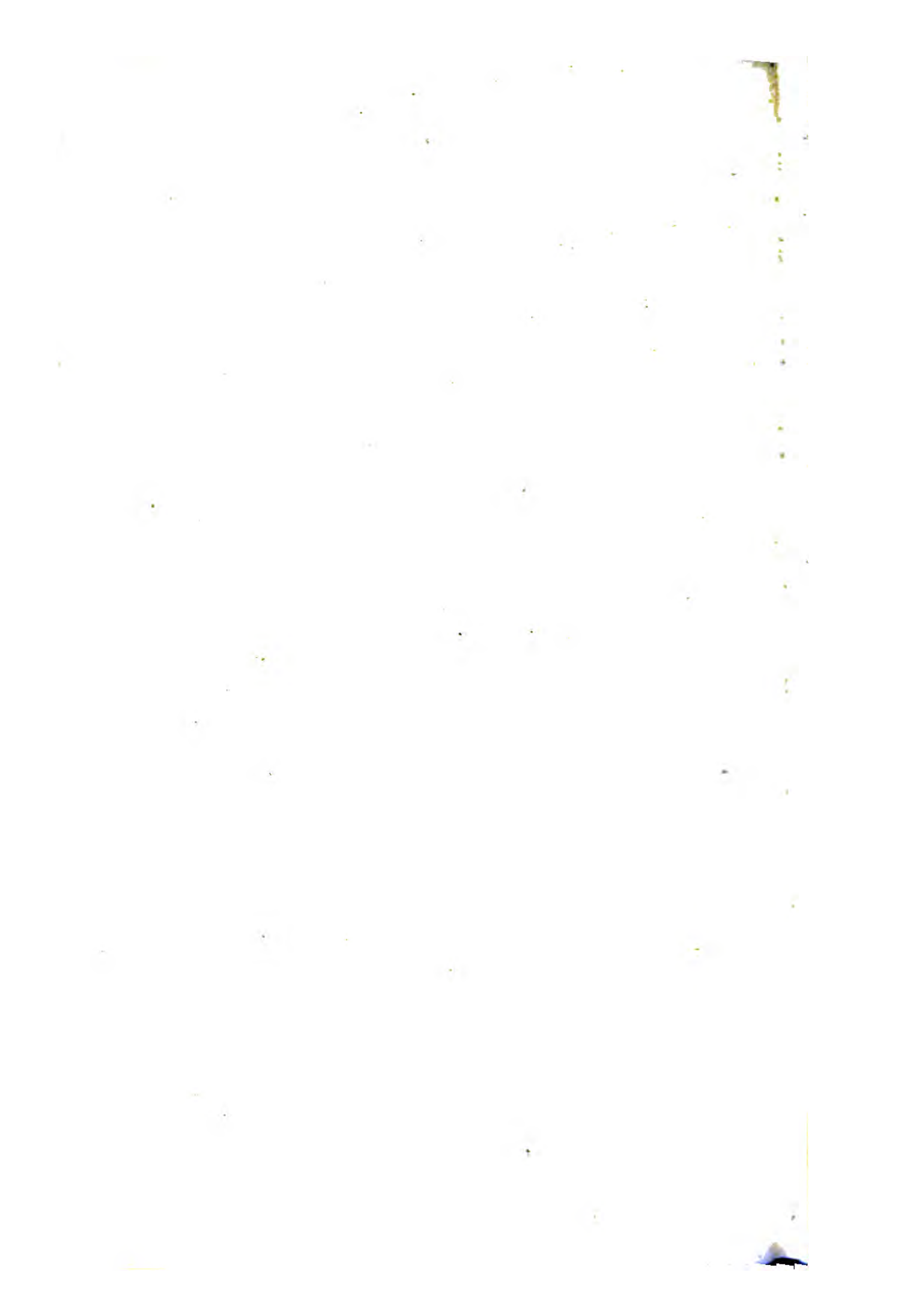
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