

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Youth's Coronal, by Hannah Flagg Gould

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Youth's Coronal

Author: Hannah Flagg Gould

Release date: March 1, 2004 [EBook #11432]

Most recently updated: December 25, 2020

Language: English

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE YOUTH'S CORONAL ***

E-text prepared by Amy Petri
and Project Gutenberg Distributed Proofreaders
from images provided by Internet Archive Children's Library
and the University of Florida

THE YOUTH'S CORONAL.

BY HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

AUTHOR OF "POEMS," ETC., ETC.

Whate'er the good instruction may reveal,
The head must *take*, before the heart can *feel*.
THE MORALIZER.

1851

ADDRESS

TO THE YOUTH OF MY COUNTRY.

In preparing the following pages, my aim has been, to produce a book alike entertaining and instructive;—one which, in the reading, should afford an amusement to the mind, pleasant as the spring-blossoms on the tree; and, in its influences on the heart in after life, be like the good fruits that succeed and ripen, to refresh and nourish us, when the vernal season is over and gone, and the voices of the singing-birds are lost in the distance.

Choosing an appropriate title for such a presentation, I have borrowed my idea from the words of the wise king of Israel:—"Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy

mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head," &c., and other Scripture passages of similar figurative meaning; for, though often given in a sportive way, it is my design that no moral shall be conveyed in the volume, but such as a good and judicious parent would wish a child to imbibe.

Accept, then, my young Friends, this new CORONAL of the little flowers of poesy which I have woven for you. When you shall have examined and scented it, and found no thorn to pierce—no juice or odor to poison you in its whole circle, wear it for the giver's sake; and enjoy it and profit by its healthful influences, for your own.

Gladly would I feel assured that, in some future years,—when I shall have done with earthly flowers, and you will be engaged in the busy scenes and arduous duties of mature life,—the import of these leaves may from time to time arise to your memory, in all its dewy freshness, like the fragrance which the summer-breeze wafts after us, from the lilies and violets we have passed and left far behind us, in our morning rambles. Then, if not to-day, you will be convinced that I was—as now I am,

Your true Friend,

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass., August, 1850.

CONTENTS

ADDRESS

The Sale of the Water-Lily

The Humming-Bird's Anger

The Butterfly's Dream

The Boy and the Cricket

Sudden Elevation; or The Empaled Butterfly

The Stricken Bird

The Young Sportsman

The Pebble and the Acorn

The Grasshopper and the Ant

The Rose-Bud of Autumn

Frost, the Winter-Sprite

Vivy Vain

The Lost Kite

A Summer-Morning Rumble

The Shoemaker

The Snow-Storm

The Whirlwind

The Disobedient Skater Boys

Winter and Spring

Tom Tar

The Envious Lobster

The Crocus' Soliloquy

The Bee, Clover, and Thistle

Poor Old Paul

The Sea-Eagle's Fall

The Two Thieves

Jemmy String

The Caterpillar

The Mocking Bird

The Silk-Worm's Will

Dame Biddy

Kit With the Rose

The Captive Butterfly

The Dissatisfied Angler Boy

The Stove and the Grate-Setter

Song of the Bees

The Summer is Come

The Morning-Glory

The Old Cotter and his Cow

The Speckled One

The Blind Musician

The Lamé Horse

Humility; or, The Mushroom's Soliloquy

The Lost Nestlings

The Bat's Flight By Daylight An Allegory

Idle Jack

David and Goliath

Escape of the Doves

Edward and Charles

The Mountain Minstrel

The Veteran and the Child

Captain Kidd

The Dying Storm

The Little Traveller

The Sale of the Water-Lily

And these would sometimes come, and cheer

The widow with a song,

To let her feel a neighbor near,

And wing an hour along.

A pond, supplied by hidden springs,

With lilies bordered round,

Was found among the richest things,

That blessed the widow's ground.

She had, besides, a gentle brook,

That wound the meadow through,

Which from the pond its being took,

And had its treasures too.

Her eldest orphan was a son;

For, children she had three;

She called him, though a little one,

Her hope for days to be.

And well he might be reckoned so;

If, from the tender shoot,

We know the way the branch will grow;

Or, by the flower, the fruit.

His tongue was true, his mind was bright;

His temper smooth and mild:

He was—the parent's chief delight—

A good and pleasant child.

He'd gather chips and sticks of wood

The winter fire to make;

And help his mother dress their food,

Or tend the baking cake.

In summer time he'd kindly lead

His little sisters out,

To pick wild berries on the mead,

And fish the brook for trout.

He stirred his thoughts for ways to earn

Some little gain; and hence,

Contrived the silver pond to turn.

In part, to silver pence.

He found the lilies blooming there

So spicy sweet to smell,

And to the eye so pure and fair,

He plucked them up to sell.

He could not to the market go:

He had too young a head,

The distant city's ways to know;

The route he could not tread.

But, when the coming coach-wheels rolled

To pass his humble cot,
His bunch of lilies to be sold
Was ready on the spot.
He'd stand beside the way, and hold
His treasures up to show,
That looked like yellow stars of gold
Just set in leaves of snow.
"O buy my lilies!" he would say;
"You'll find them new and sweet:
So fresh from out the pond are they,
I haven't dried my feet!"
And then he showed the dust that clung
Upon his garment's hem,
Where late the water-drops had hung,
When he had gathered them.
And while the carriage checked its pace,
To take the lilies in,
His artless orphan tongue and face
Some bright return would win.
For many a noble stranger's hand,

With open purse, was seen,

To cast a coin upon the sand,

Or on the sloping green.

And many a smiling lady threw

The child a silver piece;

And thus, as fast as lilies grew,

He saw his wealth increase.

While little more—and little more,

Was gathered by their sale,

His widowed mother's frugal store

Would never wholly fail.

For He, who made, and feeds the bird,

Her little children fed.

He knew her trust: her cry he heard;

And answered it with bread.

And thus, protected by the Power,

Who made the lily fair,

Her orphans, like the meadow flower,

Grew up in beauty there.

Her son, the good and prudent boy,

Who wisely thus began,

Was long the aged widow's joy;

And lived an honored man.

He had a ship, for which he chose

"The LILY" as a name,

To keep in memory whence he rose,

And how his fortune came.'

He had a lily carved, and set,

Her emblem, on her stem;

And she was called, by all she met,

A beauteous ocean gem.

She bore sweet spices, treasures bright;

And, on the waters wide,

Her sails as lily-leaves were white:

Her name was well applied.

Her feeling owner never spurned

The presence of the poor;

And found that all he gave returned

In blessings rich and sure.

The God who by the lily-pond

Had drawn his heart above,

In after life preserved the bond

Of grateful, holy love.

The Humming-Bird's Anger

"Small as the humming-bird is, it has great courage and violent passions. If it find a flower that has been deprived of its honey, it will pluck it off, throw it on the ground, and sometimes tear it to pieces." BUFFON.

On light little wings as the humming-birds fly,

With plumes many-hued as the bow of the sky,

Suspended in ether, they shine to the light

As jewels of nature high-finished and bright.

Their vision-like forms are so buoyant and small

They hang o'er the flowers, as too airy to fall,

Up-borne by their beautiful pinions, that seem

Like glittering vapor, or parts of a dream.

The humming-bird feeds upon honey; and so,

Of course, 'tis a sweet little creature, you know.

But sweet little creatures have sometimes, they say,

A great deal that's bitter, or sour, to betray!

And often the humming-bird's delicate breast

Is found of a very high temper possessed.

Such essence of anger within it is pent,

'Twould burst did no safety-valve give it a vent.

Displeased, it will seem a bright vial of wrath,

Uncorked by its heat, the offender to scath;

And, taking occasion to let off its ire,

'Tis startling to witness how high it will fire.

A humming-bird once o'er a trumpet-flower hung,

And darted that sharp little member, the tongue,

At once to the nectarine cell, for the sweet

She felt at the bottom most certain to meet.

But, finding some other light child of the air

To rifle its store, had already been there;

And no drop of honey for her to draw up,

Her vengeance broke forth on the destitute cup.

She flew in a passion, that heightened her power;

And cuffing, and shaking the innocent flower,

Its tender corolla in shred after shred

She hastily stripped; then she snapped off its head.

A delicate ruin, on earth as it lay,

That bright little fury went, humming, away,

With gossamer softness, and fair to the eye,

Like some living brilliant, just dropped from the sky.

And since, when that curious bird I behold

Arrayed in rich colors, and dusted with gold,

I cannot but think of the wrath and the spite

She has in reserve, though they're now out of sight.

Ye two-footed, beautiful, passionate things,

If plummy or plumeless—without, or with wings,

Beware, lest ye break, in some hazardous hour,

Your vials of wrath, hot, or bitter, or sour!

And would ye but know how at times ye do seem

Transformed to bright furies, or frights in a dream,

Go, stand at the glass—to the painter go sit,

When anger is just at the height of its fit!

The Butterfly's Dream

A tulip, just opened, had offered to hold

A butterfly gaudy and gay;

And rocked in his cradle of crimson and gold,

The careless young slumberer lay.

For the butterfly slept;—as such thoughtless ones will,

At ease, and reclining on flowers;—

If ever they study, 'tis how they may kill

The best of their mid-summer hours!

And the butterfly dreamed, as is often the case

With *indolent* lovers of change,

Who, keeping the body at ease in its place,

Give fancy permission to range.

He dreamed that he saw, what he could but despise,

The swarm from a neighboring hive;

Which, having come out for their winter supplies,

Had made the whole garden alive.

He looked with disgust, as the proud often do,

On the diligent movements of those,

Who, keeping both present and future in view,

Improve every hour as it goes.

As the brisk little alchymists passed to and fro,

With anger the butterfly swelled;

And called them mechanics—a rabble too low

To come near the station he held.

"Away from my presence!" said he, in his sleep,

"Ye humble plebeians! nor dare

Come here with your colorless winglets to sweep

The king of this brilliant parterre!"

He thought, at these words, that together they flew,

And, facing about, made a stand;

And then, to a terrible army they grew,

And fenced him on every hand.

Like hosts of huge giants, his numberless foes

Seemed spreading to measureless size:

Their wings with a mighty expansion arose,

And stretched like a veil o'er the skies.

Their eyes seemed like little volcanoes, for fire,—

Their hum, to a cannon-peal grown,—

Farina to bullets was rolled in their ire,

And, he thought, hurled at him and his throne.

He tried to cry quarter! his voice would not sound,

His head ached—his throne reeled and fell;

His enemy cheered, as he came to the ground,

And cried, "King Papilio, farewell!"

His fall chased the vision—the sleeper awoke,

The wonderful dream to expound;

The lightning's bright flash from the thunder-cloud broke,

And hail-stones were rattling around.

He'd slumbered so long, that now, over his head,

The tempest's artillery rolled;

The tulip was shattered—the whirl-blast had fled,

And borne off its crimson and gold.

'Tis said, for the fall and the pelting, combined

With suppressed ebullitions of pride.

This vain son of summer no balsam could find,

But he crept under covert and died!

The Boy and the Cricket

At length I have thee! my brisk new-comer,

Sounding thy lay to departing summer;

And I'll take thee up from thy bed of grass,

And carry thee home to a house of glass;

Where thy slender limbs, and the faded green

Of thy close-made coat, can all be seen.

For I long to know if the cricket

sings

,

Or

plays

the tune with his gauzy wings;—

To bring that shrill-toned pipe to light

Which kept me awake so long last night,

That I told the hours by the lazy clock,

Till I heard the crow of the noisy cock;

When, tossing and turning, at length I fell

In a sleep so strange, that the dream I'll tell.

Methought, on a flowery bank I lay,

By a beautiful stream; and watched the play

Of the sparkling wavelets, that fled so fast,

I could not number them as they passed.

But I marked the things which they carried by;

And a neat little skiff first caught my eye.

'Twas woven of reeds, and its sides were bound

By a tender vine, that had clasped it round;

And spreading within, had made it seem

A basket of leaves, borne down the stream.

And the skiff had neither a sail nor oar;

But a bright little boy stood up, and bore,

On his outstretched hands, a wreath so gay,

It looked like a crown for the Queen of May.

And while he was going, I heard him sing,

"O seize the garland of passing

Spring!

"

But I dared not reach, for the bank was steep;

And he bore it away, to the far off deep!

There came, then, a lady;—her eye was bright—

She was young and fair, and her bark was light;

Its mast was a living tree, that spread

Its boughs for a sail, o'er the lady's head.

And some of its fruits had just begun

To flush, on the side that was next the sun;

And some with the crimson streak were stained;

While others their size had not yet gained.

In passing she cried, "Oh! who can insure

The fruits of

Summer

to get mature?

For, fast as the waters beneath me flowing,

Beyond recall, I'm going! I'm going!"

I turned my eye, and beheld another,

That seemed as she might be Summer's mother.

She looked more grave; while her cheek was tinged

With a deeper brown; and her bark was fringed

With the tasselled heads of the wheaten sheaves

Along its sides; and the yellow leaves,

That had covered the deck concealed a throng

Of

Crickets!

—I knew by their choral song.

And at

Autumn's

feet lay the golden corn,

While her hands were raised, to invert a horn

That was filled with a sweet and mellow store,

And the purple clusters were hanging o'er.

She bade me seize on the fruit that should last

When the harvest was gone, and Autumn had past.

But, when I had paused to make the choice,

I saw no bark! and I heard no voice!

Then I looked on a sight that chilled my blood!

'Twas a mass of ice, where an old man stood

On his frozen float; while his shrivelled hand

Had clenched, as a staff by which to stand,

A whitened branch that the blast had broke

From the lifeless trunk of an aged oak.

The icicles hung from the naked limb,

And the old man's eye was sunken and dim.

But his scattering locks were silver bright,

His beard with gathering frost was white;

The tears congealed on his furrowed cheek,

His garb was thin, and the winds were bleak.

He faintly uttered, while drawing near,

"

Winter

, the death of the short-lived year,

Can yield thee nought, as I downward tend

To the boundless sea, where the Seasons end!

But I trust from others, who've gone before,
Thou'st clothed thy form, and supplied thy store
And now, what tidings am I to bear
Of thee—for I shall be questioned there?"

I asked my mother, who o'er me bent,
What all this show of the Seasons meant?
She said 'twas a picture of Life, I saw;
And the useful moral myself must draw!

I woke, and found that thy song was stilled,
And the sun's bright beams my room had filled!
But I think, my Cricket, I long shall keep
In mind the dream of my morning sleep!

Fanny Spy

Lucy, Lucy, come away!

Never climb for things so high.

Don't you know, the other day,

What fell out with Fanny Spy?

Fanny spied, a loaf of cake,

Wisely set above her reach;

Yet did Fanny think to make

In its tempting side a breach.

When she thought the family

Out of sight and hearing too,

Forth a polished table she

Quickly to the closet drew.

First, she stepped upon a chair;

Then the table—then a shelf;

Thinking she securely there

Might, unnoticed, help herself.

Then she seized a heavy slice,

Leaving in the loaf a cleft

Wider than a dozen mice,

Feasted there all night, had left.

Stepping backward, Fanny slid

On the table's polished face:—

Down she came, with dish and lid,

Silver—glass—and china vase!

In, from every room they rushed,

Father—mother—servants—all,

Thinking all the closet crushed,

By the racket and the fall.

'Mid the uproar of the house,

Fanny, in her shame and fright,

Wished herself indeed a mouse,

But to run and hide from sight.

Yet was she to learn how vain,

Poor and worthless, is a wish.

Wishing could not lull her pain,

Hide her shame, nor mend a dish.

There she lay, but could not speak;

For a tooth had made a pass

Through her lip; and to her cheek

Clung a piece of shivered glass.

From her altered features gushed

Rolling tears, and streaming gore;

While, untasted still, and crushed,

Lay her cake upon the floor.

Then the doctor hurried in:

Fanny at his needle swooned,

As he held her crimson chin,

And together stitched the wound.

Now her face a scar must wear,

Ever till her dying day!

Questioned how it happened there,

What can blushing Fanny say?

Sudden Elevation; or The Empaled Butterfly

"Ho!" said the Butterfly, "here am I,

Up in the air, who used to lie

Flat on the ground, for the passers by

To treat with utter neglect!

But none will suspect that I am the same;

With a bright, new coat, and a different name;

The piece of nothingness whence I came

In me they'll never detect.

"That horrible night in the chrysalis,

Which brought me at length to a day like this,

In a form of beauty—a state of bliss,

Was little enough to give

For freedom to range from bower to bower,

To flirt with the buds, and flatter the flower,

And bask in the sunbeams hour by hour,

The envy of all that live.

"Why, this is a world of curious things,

Where those who crawl, and those that have wings,

Are ranked in the classes of beggars, and kings,

No matter how much the worth

May be on the side of those who creep,

Where the vain, the light, and the bold will sweep,

Others from notice, and proudly keep

Uppermost on the earth!

"Many a one that has loathed the sight

Of the piteous worm, will take delight

In welcoming me, as I look so bright

In my new and beautiful dress.

But some I shall pass with a scornful glance,

Some, with an elegant *nonchalance*;

And others will woo me, till I advance

To give them a slight caress."

"Ha, ha!" said the Pin, "you are just the one

Through which I'm commissioned, at once, to run

From back to breast, till, your fluttering done,

Your form may be fairly shown.

And when my point shall have reached your heart,

'T will be as a balm to the wounded part,

To think how you're to be copied by art,

And your beauty will all be known!"

The Stricken Bird

Here's the last food your poor mother can bring!

Take it, my suffering brood.

Oh! they have stricken me under the wing;

See, it is dripping with blood!

Fair was the morn, and I wished them to rise,

Enjoying its beauties with me.

The air was all fragrance—all splendor the skies,

While bright shone the earth and the sea.

Little I thought, when so freely I went,

Employing my earliest breath,

To wake them with song, it could be their intent

To pay me with arrows and death!

Fear that my nestlings would feel them forgot,

Helped me a moment to fly;

Else I had given up life on the spot,

Under my murderer's eye.

Yet, I can never brood o'er you again,

Closing you under my breast!

Its coldness would chill you; my blood would but stain

And spoil the warm down of your nest.

Ere the night-coming, your mother will lie,

All motionless, under the tree;

Where, deafened, and silent, I still shall be nigh,

While you will be moaning for me!

The Young Sportsman

Harry had a dog and gun;

And he loved to set the one,

Barking, out upon the run,

While he held the other,

Often charged so heavily,

'Twas a dangerous thing to be

With so young a wight as he

Mindless of his mother.

Earnestly she warned her child

To forego a sport so wild;

While he, turning, frowned or smiled,

And away would sidle.

For, to give him short and long,

Harry had a head so strong,

In the right or in the wrong,

It was hard to bridle.

On his gunning madly bent,

Often in his clothes a rent

Told the reckless way he went,

Over hedge and brambles.

Homeward then would Harry slouch,

With his gun and empty pouch,

Looking like a scaramouch

Coming from his rambles.

Sometimes when he scaled a wall,

Headlong there to pitch and fall,

Ratling stones, and gun and all.

Down together tumbled.

Tray would bark to tell the news

Of his master with a bruise,

Hatless, and with grated shoes,

Lying flat and humbled!

Where he saw the bushes stirred,

Harry, sure of hare or bird,

Drew,—and at a flash was heard

Noise like little thunder.

When he ran his game to find,

Disappointment 'mazed his mind;—

Finding he'd but shot the wind,

Dumb he stood with wonder!

Over muddy pool or bog,

Not so nimble as his dog,

When he walked the plank or log,

There his balance losing,

Splash! he went—a rueful plight!

If his face before was white,

'Twas like morning turned to night,

Much against his choosing.

Now, like many a hasty one,

Whether quadruped or gun,

Or a mother's wayward son

Given to disaster,

Harry's gun was rather quick;

And it had a naughty trick,—

It would snap itself, and kick

Fiercely at its master.

So, this snappish habit grew

With a power for him to rue;

Just as all bad habits do

Grow, as age increases.

When, one day, with noise and smoke,

Over-charged, the barrel broke,

Harry's hand the mischief spoke—

It was blown to pieces!

Tray came crouching round, and growled,—

Saw the gore, and whined, and howled,

While his owner groaned and scowled,

And the blood was running.

With the horrors of his state,

And with anguish desperate,

Then poor Harry owned too late,

He was *sick of gunning!*

While his mother bent to mourn

As her froward son was borne,

With his hand all burnt and torn,

Faint and pale, before her,

Harry's pain must be endured,—

And the wound—it might be cured;

But, for fingers uninsured,

There was no restorer!

The Pebble and the Acorn

"I am a Pebble! I yield to none!"

Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,

"Nor time nor season can alter me;

I am abiding, while ages flee.

The pelting hail and the drizzling rain

Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;

And the dew has tenderly sought to melt,

Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.

There's none to tell you about my birth,

For I am as old as the big, round earth.

The children of men arise, and pass

Out of the world, like blades of grass;

And many foot that on me has trod

Is gone from sight, and under the sod!

I am a Pebble! but who art

thou

,

Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,

And lay for a moment abashed and mute:

She never before had been so near

This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;

And she felt for a time at loss to know

How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown,
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another, so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I'll cover my head with dust,
And quick retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the cheerless spot where the Pebble lay.

But 'twas not long ere the soil was broke
By the jeering head of an infant oak!
As it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
"Ah, modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell;—
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!—
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,

Which proves that nothing could hide her worth!

And O, how many will tread on me,

To come and admire the beautiful tree,

Whose head is towering towards the sky,

Above such a worthless thing as I!

Useless and vain, a cumberer here,

Have I been idling from year to year.

But never, from this, shall a vaunting word

From the humbled Pebble again be heard,

Till something without me or within

Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"

The Pebble could ne'er its vow forget,

And it lies there wrapt in silence yet.

The Grasshopper and the Ant

"Ant, look at me!" a young grasshopper said,

As nimbly he sprang from his green, summer-bed,

"See how I'm going to skip over your head,

And could o'er a thousand like you!

Ant, by your motion alone, I should judge

That Nature ordained you a slave and a drudge,

For ever and ever to keep on the trudge,

And always find something to do.

"Oh! there is nothing like having our day—

Taking our pleasure and ease while we may—

Bathing ourselves in the bright, mellow ray

That comes from the warm, golden sun!

Whilst I am up in the light and the air,

You, a sad picture of labor and care,

Still have some hard, heavy burden to bear,

And work that you never get done.

"I have an exercise healthful and good,

For tuning the nerves and digesting the food—

Graceful gymnastics for stirring the blood

Without the *gross purpose of use*

Ant, let me tell you 'tis not

à la mode

To plod like a pilgrim, and carry a load,

Perverting the limbs that for grace were bestowed,

By such a plebeian abuse!

"While the whole world with provisions is filled,

Who would keep toiling and toiling, to build

And lay in a store for himself, till he's killed

With work that another might do?

Come! drop your budget, and just give a spring;

Jump on a grass-blade, and balance and swing;

Soon you'll be light as a gnat on the wing,

Gay as a grasshopper, too!"

Ant trudged along, while the grasshopper sung,

Minding her business and holding her tongue,

Until she got home her own people among;

But these were her thoughts on the road.

"What will become of that poor, idle one

When the light sports of the summer are done?

And, where is the covert to which he may run

To find a safe winter abode?

"Oh! if I only could tell him how sweet

Toil makes my rest and the morsel I eat,

While hope gives a spur to my little black feet,

He'd never pity my lot!

He'd never ask me my burden to drop,

To join in his folly—to spring, and to hop;

And thus make the ant and her labor to stop,

When time, I am certain, would not.

"When the cold frost all the herbage has nipped,

When the bare branches with ice-drops are tipped,

Where will the grasshopper then be, that skipped

So careless and lightly to-day?

Frozen to death! '

a sad picture

, ' indeed,

Of reckless indulgence and what must succeed,

That all his gymnastics can't shelter or feed,

Or quicken his pulse into play!

"I must prepare for a winter to come,

I shall be glad of a home and a crumb,

When my frail form out of doors would be numb,

And I in the snow-storm should die.

Summer is lovely, but soon will be past.

Summer has plenty not always to last.

Summer's the time for the ant to make fast

Her stores for a future supply!"

The Rose-Bud of Autumn

Come out—pretty Rose-Bud,—my lone, timid one!

Come forth from thy green leaves, and peep at the sun!

For little he does, in these dull autumn hours,

At height'ning of beauty, or laughing with flowers.

His beams, on thy tender young cheek as he plays,

Will give it a blush that no other could raise:

Thy fine silken petals they'll softly unfold,

Thy pure bosom filling with spices and gold!

I would not instruct thee in coveting wealth;

Yet beauty, we know, is the offspring of health;

And health, the fair daughter of freedom! is bright

From drinking the breezes, and feasting on light.

Then, come, little gem, from thy covert look out;

And see what the glad, golden sun is about!

His shafts, do they strike thee, new charms will impart,

Thy form making fairer, and richer, thy heart.

Occasion, sweet Bud, is for thee and for me:

This hour it may give what again ne'er shall be.

O, let not the sunshine of life pass away,

Nor touch both our eye and our heart with its ray!

Frost, the Winter-Sprite

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,

And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;

So through the valley, and over the height

I'll silently take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,

That make so much bustle and noise in vain.

But I'll be as busy as they!"

He flew up, and powdered the mountain's crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest

With diamonds and pearls;—and over the breast

Of the quivering Lake he spread

A bright coat of mail that it need not fear

The glittering point of many a spear

That he hung on its margin, far and near,

Where a rock was rearing its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,

And over each pane, like a fairy crept;

Wherever he breathed—wherever he stepped—

Most beautiful things were seen

By morning's first light!--there flowers and trees,

With beves of birds, and swarms of bright bees;—

There were cities—temples, and towers; and these,

All pictured in silvery sheen!

But one thing he did that was hardly fair—

He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there

That none had remembered for him to prepare,

"Now, just to set them a-thinking,

I'll bite their rich basket of fruit," said he,

"This burly old pitcher—I'll burst it in three!

And the glass with the water they've left for me

Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

Vivy Vain

Miss Vain was all given to dress—

Too fond of gay clothing; and so,

She'd gad about town

Just to show a new gown,

As a train-band their color to show.

Her head being empty and light,

Whene'er she obtained a new hat,

With pride in her air,

She'd go round, here and there,

For all whom she knew to see that.

Her folly was chiefly in this:

More highly she valued fine looks,

Than virtue or truth,

Or devoting her youth

To usefulness, friendship, or books.

Her passion for show was unchecked;

And therefore, it happened one day,

Arrayed in bright hues,

And with new hat and shoes,
Miss Vain walked abroad for display.
She took the most populous streets.
To cause but aversion in those,
Who saw how she prinked,
And the bystanders winked.
While the boys cried, "Halloo! there she goes!"
It chanced, that, in passing on way,
She came near a pool, and a green
With fence close and high;
And, as Vivy drew nigh,
A donkey stood near it unseen.
He put his mouth over its top,
The moment she came by his place;
And gave a loud bray
In her ear, when, away
She sprang, shrieked, and fell on her face.
She thought she was swallowed alive,
Awhile upon earth lying flat;
And the terrible sound
Seemed to furrow the ground

She embraced in her fine gown and hat.

She gathered herself up, and ran,

Yet heeded not whither or whence,

To flee from the roar,

That continued to pour

Behind her, from over the fence.

In passing a slope near the pool,

She slipped and rolled down to its brim;

The geese gave a shout,

And at length hissed her out

Of the bounds, where they'd gathered to swim.

In turning a corner, she met

Abruptly, the horns of a cow

That mooed, while the cur,

At her heels, turned from her,

And aimed at Miss Vain his "bow-wow."

Then Vivy's bright ribbons and skirt,

As she flew, flirted high on the wind;

The children at play,

Paused to see one so gay,

And all in a flutter behind.

A group of glad schoolboys came by:

Said they, "So it seems, that to-day,

Miss Vain carries marks

At which the dog barks,

And that make sober Long-Ears to bray."

And when, all bedraggled and pale,

Poor Vivy approached her own door,

She went, swift and straight

As a dart, through the gate,

Abhorring the gay gear she wore.

She sat down, and thought of the scene

With humiliation and tears:

The words, and the noise

Of the brutes and the boys

Were echoing still in her ears.

She reasoned, and came at the cause,

Resolving that cause to remove;

And thence, her desire

Was for modest attire,

And her heart and her mind to improve.

And soon, all who knew her before

Remarked on the change and the gain

In mind, and in mien,

And in dress, that were seen

In the once flashy Miss Vivy Vain.

The Lost Kite

"My kite! my kite! I've lost my kite!

Oh! when I saw the steady flight,

With which she gained her lofty height,

How could I know, that letting go

That naughty string, would bring so low

My pretty, buoyant, darling kite,

To pass for ever out of sight?

"A purple cloud was sailing by,

With silver fringes, o'er the sky;

And then I thought, it seemed so nigh,

I'd make my kite go up and light

Upon its edge, so soft and bright;

To see how noble, high and proud

She'd look, while riding on a cloud!

"As near her shining mark she drew

I clapped my hands; the line slipped through

My silly fingers; and she flew,

Away! away! in airy play,

Right over where the water lay!

She veered and fluttered, swung and gave

A plunge, then vanished with the wave!

"I never more shall want to look

On that false cloud, or babbling brook;

Nor e'er to feel the breeze that took

My dearest joy, to thus destroy

The pastime of your happy boy.

My kite! my kite! how sad to think

She flew so high, so soon to sink!"

"Be this," the mother said, and smiled,

"A lesson to thee, simple child!

And when by fancies vain and wild,

As that which cost the kite that's lost,

The busy brain again is crossed,

Of shining vapor then beware,

Nor trust thy joys to fickle air.

"I have a darling treasure, too,

That sometimes would, by slipping through

My guardian hands, the way pursue,

From which, more tight than thou thy kite,

I hold my jewel, new and bright,

Lest he should stray without a guide,

To drown my hopes in sorrow's tide!"

A Summer-Morning Rumble

Oh! the happy Summer hours.

With their butterflies and flowers,

And the birds among the bowers

Sweetly singing;—

With the spices from the trees,

Vines, and lilies, while the bees

Come floating on the breeze,

Honey bringing!

All the East was rosy red,

When we woke and left our bed;

And to gather flowers we sped,

Gay and early.

Every clover-top was wet,

And the spider's silken net

With a thousand dew-drops set,

Pure and pearly.

With their modest eyes of blue

Were the violets peeping through

Tufts of grasses, where they grew,

Full of beauty,

At the lamb in snowy white,

O'er the meadow bounding light,

And the crow just taking flight,

Grave and sooty.

On our floral search intent,

Still away, away we went,—

Up and down the rugged bent,—

Through the wicket,—

Where the rock with water drops,—

Through the bushes and the copse,—

Where the greenwood pathway stops

In the thicket.

We heard the fountain gush,

And the singing of the thrush;

And we saw the squirrel's brush

In the hedges,

As along his back 't was thrown,

Like a glory of his own.

While the sun behind it, shone

Through its edges.

All the world appeared so fair,

And so fresh and free the air,—

Oh! it seemed that all the care

In creation

Belonged to God alone;

And that none beneath his throne,

Need to murmur or to groan

At his station.

Dear little brother Will!

He has leaped the hedge and rill,—

He has clambered up the hill,

Ere the beaming

Of the rising sun, to sweep

With its golden rays the steep,

Till he's tired, and dropped asleep,

Sweetly dreaming.

See, he threw aside his cap,

And the roses from his lap,

When his eyes were, for the nap,

Slowly closing:

Wit his sunny curls outspread,

On its fragrant mossy bed,

Now his precious infant head

Is reposing.

He is dreaming of his play—

How he rose at break of day,

And he frolicked all the way

On his ramble.

And before his fancy's eye,

He has still the butterfly

Mocking him, where not so high

He could scramble.

In his cheek the dimples dip,

And a smile is on his lip,

While his tender finger-tip

Seems as aiming

At some wild and lovely thing

That is out upon the wing,

Which he longs to catch and bring

Home for taming.

While he thus at rest is laid

In the old oak's quiet shade,

Let's cull our flowers to braid,

Or unite them

In bunches trim and neat,

That for every friend we meet,

We may have a token sweet

To delight them.

'Tis the very crowning art

Of a happy, grateful heart

To others to impart

Of its pleasure.

Thus its joys can never cease,

For it brings an inward peace,

Like an every day increase

Of a treasure.

The Shoemaker

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.

Act well your part:—there all the honor lies."

The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,

With lapstone over his knee;

Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,

A-drawing his quarters and sole together:

A happy old man was he!

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,

The worth of his time he knew.

He bristled his ends, and he kept them going;

And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,

Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed that his wax was sealing,

The closing was firm and fast.

The prick of his steel never caused a feeling

Of pain to the toe, and his skill in heeling

Was perfect, and true to the last!

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure.

With gentle and skilful hand,

He took its proportions, with looks of pleasure,

As if you were giving the costliest treasure,

Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting

A fever, or cold or cough:

For many a sole did he save from wetting,

When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,

His shoeing would keep them off

And when he had done with his making and mending,

With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,
He slid from his bench, to the grave descending,
As high as a king to rest!

The Snow-Storm

It snows! it snows! from out the sky
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace!
It snows, it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this sombre day.
As dancers in time's airy hall,
That not a moment holds them all,
While some keep up, and others fall,
The atoms shift; then, thick and swift,
They drive along to form the drift,
That weaving up, so dazzling white,
Is rising like a wall of light.
But now the wind comes, whistling loud,
To snatch and waft it, as a cloud,
Or giant phantom in a shroud.

It spreads,—it curls,—it mounts and whirls;

At length a mighty wing unfurls;

And then, away!--but where, none knows,

Or ever will.—It snows! it snows!

To-morrow will the storm be done;

Then out will come the golden sun!

And we shall, we shall see, upon the run

Before his beams, in sparkling streams,

What now a curtain o'er him seems.

And thus, with life it ever goes;—

'Tis shade and shine! It snows, it snows!

The Whirlwind

Whirlwind, Whirlwind, whither art thou hieing,

Snapping off the flowers young and fair;—

Setting all the chaff and the withered leaves a-flying,—

Tossing up the dust in the air?

"I," said the Whirlwind, "cannot stop for talking!

Give me up your cap, my little man;

And the polished stick, that you will not need for walking.

While you run to catch them, if you can!

"You, pretty maiden—none has time to tell her

I am coming, ere I shall be there.

I will twirl her zephyr—snatch her light umbrella,

Seize her hat, and snarl her glossy hair!"

On went the Whirlwind, showing many capers

One would hardly deem it meet to tell;—

Dusting Judge and Parson—flirting gown and papers,—

Discomposing matron, beau and belle.

"Whisk!" from behind came the long and sweeping feather,

Round the head of old Chanticleer:—

Plumed and plumeless biped felt gust together,

In a way they wouldn't like to hear.

Snug in his arbor sat a scholar, musing

Calmly o'er the philosophic page:

"Flap!" went the leaves of the volume he was using,

Cutting short the lecture of the sage.

"Hey!" said the bookworm, "this I think is taking

Rather too much liberty with me!

Yet I'll not resent it; being bent on making

Use of every thing I hear and see.

"Many, I know, will not their anger stifle,

When as little cause as this, they find

To let it kindle up; but minding every trifle

Is profitless as quarrels with the wind.

"Forth to his business when the Whirlwind sallies,

He is all alive to get it done;—

He on his pathway never lags nor dallies;

But is ever up, and on the run.

"Though ever whirling, never growing dizzy;

Motion gives him buoyancy and power.

All who have known him own that he is busy,

Doing much in half a fleeting hour.

"Oh! there is nothing—when our work's before us,—

Like *despatch*; for, while our time is brief,

Some sweeping blast may suddenly come o'er us,

Lose our place, and turn another leaf!

"Whirlwind, Whirlwind, though you're but a flurry,

And so odd the business you pursue;—

Though you come on, and are off, in such a hurry,

I have caught a hint; and now adieu!"

The Disobedient Skater Boys

Said William to George, "It is New-Year's day!

And now for the pond and the merriest play!

So, on with your cap; and away, away,

We'll off for a frolic and slide,

Be quick—be quick, if you would not be chid

For doing what father and mother forbid;

And under your coat let the skates be hid;

Then over the ice we'll glide."

They're up, and they're off; on their run-away feet

They fasten the skates, when, away they fleet,

Far over the pond, and beyond retreat,

Unconscious of danger near.

But lo! the ice is beginning to bend—

It cracks—it cracks—and their feet descend!

To whom can they look as a helper—a friend?

Their faces are pale with fear.

In their flight to the pond, they had caught the eye

Of a neighboring peasant, who, lingering nigh,

Aware of their danger, and hearing their cry,

Now hastens to give them aid.

As home they are brought, all dripping and cold,

To all who their piteous plight behold,

The worst of the story is plainly told—

Their parents were disobeyed!

Winter and Spring

"Adieu!" Father Winter sadly said

To the world, when about withdrawing,

With his old white wig half off his head,

And his icicle fingers thawing;—

"Adieu! I'm going to the rocks and caves,

And must leave all here behind me;

Or perhaps I shall sink in the Northern waves,

So deep that none can find me."

"Good luck! good luck, to your hoary locks!"

Said the gay young Spring, advancing;

"You may take your rest 'mid the caves and rocks,

While I o'er the earth am dancing.

"But there is not a spot where you have trod.

You hard, old clumsy fellow,—

Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,

But I must make haste to mellow.

"I then shall carpet them o'er with grass,

To look so bright and cheering,

That none will regret having let you pass

Far out of sight and hearing.

"The fountains that you locked up so tight,

When I shall give them a sunning,

Will sparkle and play in my warmth and light,

And the streams set off to running.

"I'll speak in the earth to the palsied root,

That under your reign was sleeping;

I'll teach it the way in the dark to shoot,

And draw out the vine to creeping.

"The boughs that you cased so close in ice,

It was chilling e'en to behold them,

I'll deck all over with buds so nice;

My breath can alone unfold them.

"And when all the trees are with blossoms drest,

The bird, with her song so merry,

Will come to the branches to build her nest,

With a view to the future cherry.

"The earth will show by her loveliness,

The wonders that I am doing;

While the skies look down with a smile, to bless

The way that I'm pursuing!"

Said Winter, "Then I would have you learn,

By me, my gay new-comer,

To push off too, when it comes your turn,

And yield your place to Summer!"

Tom Tar

I'll tell you now about Tom Tar,

The sailor stout and bold,

Who o'er the ocean roamed so far,

To countries new and old.

Tom was a man of thousands! he

Would ne'er complain nor frown,

Though high and low the wind and sea

Might toss him up and down.

Amid the waters dark and deep,

He had the happy art,

When all around was storm, to keep

Fair weather in his heart.

Though winds were wild, and waves were rough,

He'd always cast about,

And find within he'd calm enough

To stand the storms without.

"For nought," said Tom, "is ever gained

By sighs for what we lack;

Nor can it mend a vessel strained,

To let our temper crack.

"And sure I am, the worst of storms,

That any man should dread,

Is that which in the bosom forms,

And musters to the head."

Serene, and ever self-possessed,

His mess-mates he would cheer,

And often put their fears to rest,

When dangers gathered near.

If on the rocks the ship was cast,

And surges swept the deck,

Tom Tar was ever found the last

Who would forsake the wreck.

And when his only hat and shoes

The waters plucked from him,

Why, these, he felt, were small to lose,

Could he keep up and swim!

Then through the billows, foam, and spray,

That rose on every hand,

He'd, somehow, always find a way

Of getting safe to land.

The secret was, the fear and love

Of Heaven had filled his soul:

His trust was firm in One above,

Howe'er the seas might roll.

And Tom had sailed to many a shore,

And many a wonder seen:

The stories he could tell would more

Than fill a magazine.

He'd seen mankind in every state,

Almost, that man can know;

But envied not the rich and great,

Nor scorned the poor and low.

The monarch in his sight had stood,

Superb, in glittering vest;

The savage, too, that roams the wood,

In skins and feathers dressed.

The tribes of many an isle he knew;

And beasts, and birds, and flowers,
And fruits, of many a shape and hue,
In lands remote from ours.

He'd seen the wide-winged albatros

Her breast in ocean lave;
And bold sea-lions, playing, toss
Their heads above the wave.

He'd seen the dolphin, while his back

Went flashing to the sun,
A swarm of flying fish attack,
And swallow every one!

The porpoise and the spouting whale

Had sported in his view;
And hungry sharks pursued his sail,
As if they'd eat the crew.

And ever, when Tom Tar got home,

The children, at their play,
Were glad to have the Sailor come,
And greet them by the way.

Then, oft, some curious stone, or shell,

The laughing girls and boys

Would find, upon their aprons fell,

To put among their toys.

"These pearly shells," said he, "I found

Where gloomy waters roar:

These polished stones, so smooth and round,

Rough surges washed ashore.

"Though small to us a pebble seems,

'Tis made and marked by One,

Who gave the warmth, and lit the beams

Of yon great shining sun.

"And when these pretty shells I find,

Along the ocean strand,

Their beautiful finish brings to mind

Their Maker's perfect hand.

"When on the wildest shore I'm thrown

And far from human eye,

I think of him who made the stone,

And shell, and sea, and sky.

"For he's my Friend and I am his!

Though strong and cold the blast,

My safest guide I know he is

Where'er my lot is cast."

When Tom passed on, the children said,

"These treasures from afar

He brought us! Blessings on his head!

For he's a good Tom Tar!"

The Envious Lobster

A FABLE

A Lobster from the water came,

And saw another, just the same

In form and size; but gayly clad

In scarlet clothing; while she had

No other clothing on her back

Than her old suit of greenish black.

"So ho!" she cried, "'tis very fine!

Your dress was yesterday like mine;

And in the mud below the sea,

You lived, a crawling thing like me.

But now, because you've come ashore,

You've grown so proud, that what you wore—

Your strong old suit of bottle-green,

You think improper to be seen.

"To tell the truth, I don't see why

You should be better dressed than I.

And I should like a suit of red

As bright as yours, from feet to head.

I think I'm quite as good as you,

And might be clothed in scarlet too."

"Will you be

boiled

" her owner said,

"To be arrayed in glowing red?

Come here, my discontented miss,

And hear the scalding kettle hiss!

Will you go in, and there be boiled,

To have your dress, so old and soiled,

Exchanged for one of scarlet hue?"

"Yes," cried the Lobster, "that I'll do,

And twice as much, if needs must be,

To be as gayly clad as she."

Then, in she made a fatal dive,

And never more was seen alive!

Now, if you ever chance to know,

Of one as fond of dress and show

As that vain Lobster, and withal

As envious you'll perhaps recall
To mind her folly, and the plight
In which she reappeared to sight.

She had obtained a bright array,
But for it, thrown her life away!
Her life and death were best untold,
But for the moral they unfold!

The Crocus' Soliloquy

Down in my solitude, under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me—
Here, without light to see how I should grow,
I trust to nature to teach me.
I'll not despair, nor be idle, nor frown;
Though locked in so gloomy a dwelling!
My leaves shall shoot up, while my root's running down,
And the bud in my bosom is swelling.
Soon as the frost will get off from my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up, with my bright little head;
All will be joyful to see me!
Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
Like rays of the sun from their focus;

When I from the darkness of earth shall emerge,

All complete, as a beautiful CROCUS!

Gayly arrayed in gold, crimson, and green,

When to their view I have risen;

Will they not wonder how one so serene

Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower

A wise little lesson may borrow:—

If patient to-day through the dreariest hour,

We shall come out the brighter to-morrow!

The Bee, Clover, and Thistle

A bee from the hive one morning flew,

A tune to the daylight humming;

And away she went o'er the sparkling dew,

Where the grass was green, the violet blue,

And the gold of the sun was coming.

And what first tempted the roving Bee,

Was a head of the crimson clover.

"I've found a treasure betimes!" said she,

"And perhaps a greater I might not see,

If I travelled the field all over.

"My beautiful Clover, so round and red,

There is not a thing in twenty,

That lifts this morning so sweet a head

Above its leaves, and its earthy bed,

With so many horns of plenty!"

The flow'rets were thick which the Clover crowned,

As the plumes in the helm of Hector;

And each had a cell that was deep and round,

Yet it would not impart, as the Bee soon found,

One drop of its precious nectar.

She cast in her eye where the honey lay,

And her pipe she began to measure;

But she saw at once it was clear as day,

That it would not go down one half the way

To the place of the envied treasure.^[1]

Said she, in a pet, "One thing I know,"

As she rose, and in haste departed,

"It is not those of the
greatest show,

To whom for a favor 'tis best to go,

Or that prove most generous-hearted!"

A fleecy flock came into the field;

When one of its members followed
The scent of the clover, till between
Her nibbling teeth its head was seen,
And then in a moment swallowed.
"Ha, ha!" said the Bee, as the Clover died,
"Her fortune's smile was fickle!
And now I can get my wants supplied
By a homely flower, with a rough outside.
And even with scale and prickle!"
Then she flew to one, that, by man and beast
Was shunned for its stinging bristle;
But it injured not the Bee in the least;
And she filled her pocket, and had a feast,
From the bloom of the purple Thistle.
The generous Thistle's life was spared
In the home where the Bee first found her,
Till she grew so old she was hoary-haired,
And her snow-white locks with the silk compared,
As they shone where the sun beamed round her.

FOOTNOTES:

[1]

The clover-floret is so small and deep in its tube,
that the bee cannot reach the honey at the bottom.

Poor Old Paul

Poor old Paul! he has lost a foot;

And see him go hobbling along,

With the stump laced up in that clumsy boot,

Before the gathering throng!

And now, as he has to pass so many,

And suffer the gaze of all,

If each would only bestow a penny,

'Twere something for poor old Paul.

His cheek is wan, and his garb is thin;

His eye is sunken and dim;

He looks as if the winter had been

Making sad work with him.

While he is trying to hide the tatter,

Mark how his looks will fall!

Nobody needs to ask the matter

With poor, old, hungry Paul.

All that he has in his dingy sack

Is morsels of bread and meat,—

The leavings, to burden his aged back,

Which others refused to eat.

So now I am sure, you will all be willing

To part with a sum so small

As each will spare, who makes up a shilling

To comfort him—Poor old Paul!

The Sea-Eagle's Fall

An Eagle, on his towering wing,

Hung o'er the summer sea;

And ne'er did airy, feathered king

Look prouder there than he.

He spied the finny tribes below,

Amid the limpid brine;

And felt it now was time to know

Whereon he was to dine.

He saw a noble, shining fish

So near the surface swim,

He felt at once a hungry wish

To make a feast of him.

Then straight he took his downward course;

A sudden plunge he gave;

And, pouncing, seized, with murderous force,

His tempter in the wave.

He struck his talons firm and deep,

Within the slippery prize,

In hope his ruffian grasp to keep,

And high and dry to rise.

But ah! it was a fatal stoop,

As ever monarch made;

And, for that rash—that cruel swoop,

He soon most dearly paid!

The fish had too much gravity

To yield to this attack.

His feet the eagle could not free

From off the scaly back.

He'd seized on one too strong and great;

His mastery now was gone!

And on, by that preponderant weight,

And downward, he was drawn.

Nor found he here the element

Where he could move with grace;

And flap, and dash, his pinions went,

In ocean's wrinkled face.

They could not bring his talons out,

His forfeit life to save;

And planted thus, he writhed about

Upon his gaping grave.

He raised his head, and gave a shriek,

To bid adieu to light:

The water bubbled in his beak—

He sank from human sight!

The children of the sea came round,

The foreigner to view.

To see an airy monarch drowned,

To them was something new

Some gave a quick, astonished look,

And darted swift away;

While some his parting plumage shook,

And nibbled him for prey.

O! who that saw that bird at noon

So high and proudly soar,

Could think how awkwardly—how soon,

He'd fall to rise no more?

Though glory, majesty, and pride

Were his an hour ago,

Deprived of all, that eagle died,

For stooping once too low!

Now, have you ever known or heard

Of biped, from his sphere

Descending, like that silly bird

To buy a fish so dear?

The Two Thieves

A lady, they called her Miss Mouse,

In a slate-colored dress, like a Quaker,

Once lived in a snug little house,

Of which she herself was the maker.

There lived in another close by,

A dame, whom they called Lady Kitty;

But that she was stationed so nigh,

Miss Mouse often thought a great pity.

For she, though so soberly clad,

And never inclined to ill-speaking,

Had often a fancy to gad,

Or more than her own might be seeking.

She did not then like to be scanned,

Or questioned respecting her duty,

When some little theft she had planned,

Or seen coming home with her booty.

So modest she was, and so shy,

Although an inveterate sinner,

She'd nip out her part of the pie

Before it was brought up to dinner.

She held that 'twas folly to ask

For what her own wits would allow her;

And, making her way through the cask,

She helped herself well to the flour.

The candles she scraped to their wicks;

And, mischievous in her invention,

Would do many more naughty tricks,

Which I, as her friend, cannot mention.

Kit, too, had her living to make,

And yet, she was so above toiling,

She'd sooner attack the beef-steak,

When the cook had prepared it for broiling.

And so, near a dish of warm toast,

She often most patiently lingered,

To seize her first chance; yet, could boast

That none ever called her *light-fingered*.

But mending, or minding herself,

She thought would be quite too much labor,

And so peeped about on the shelf,

To spy out the faults of her neighbor.

For Mouse loved to promenade there,

While Kit would watch close to waylay her;

And once, in the midst of her fare,

Up bounded Miss Kitty to slay her!

But this was as luckless a jump

As ever Kit made, with the clatter

Of knife, skimmer, spoon, and a thump,

Which she got, as she threw down the platter.

While Mouse glided under a dish.

Escaping the mortal disaster,

Miss Kitty turned off to a fish,

The breakfast elect for her master.

Said she to herself, "Tis clear gain,—

This rarity, fresh from the water,

Will save my white mittens the stain—

And me from the trouble of slaughter!"

But her racket, she found to her cost,

The plot had most fatally thickened;

And all hope of mercy was lost,

As Jack's coming footstep was quickened.

He seized her, and binding her fast.

Declared he could never forgive her;

So Kitty was sentenced and cast,

With a stone at her neck, in the river!

But Mouse still continued to thieve;

And often, alone in her dwelling,

Would silently laugh in her sleeve,

At the scene in the tale I've been telling—

Till once, by a fatal mishap,

The little unfortunate rover

Perceived herself close in a trap,

And felt that her race was now over.

She knew she must leave all behind;

And thus, in the midst of her terrors,

As every thing rushed to her mind,

Began her confession of errors:—

"You'll find, on the word of a Mouse,

Whom hope has for ever forsaken,

The following things in my house,

Which I have unlawfully taken:

"A cork, that was soaked in the beer,

Which I nibbled until I was merry;

Some kernels of corn from the ear,

The skin and the stone of a cherry:—

"Some hemp-seed I took from the bird,

And found most deliriously tasted,

While safe in my covert, I heard

Its owner complain that 'twas wasted:—

"You'll find a few cucumber seeds,

Which I thought, if they could but be hollowed,

Would answer to string out for beads;

So the inside of all I have swallowed:—

"A few crumbs of biscuit and cheese,

Which I thought might a long time supply me

With luncheon—some rice and split peas,

Which seemed well prepared to keep by me:—

"A cluster of curls which I stole

At night from a young lady's toilet,

And made me a bed of it whole,

As tearing it open would spoil it;—

"And as, in a long summer day

I'd time both for reading and spelling,

I gnawed up the whole of a play,

And carried it home to my dwelling.

"I wish you'd set fire to my place;

And pray you at once to despatch me,

That none of my enemy's race,

In the form of Miss Kitty, may catch me!"

Disgrace thus will follow on vice,

Although for a while it be hidden;

When children, or kittens, or mice,

Will do what they know is forbidden.

I knew a little heedless boy,

A child that seldom cared,

If he could get his cake and toy,

How other matters fared.

He always bore upon his foot

A signal of the thing,

For which, on him his playmates put

The name of Jemmy String.

No malice in his heart was there;

He had no fault beside,

So great as that of wanting care.

To keep his shoe-strings tied.

You'd often see him on the run,

To chase the geese about,

While both his shoe-ties were undone,

With one end slipping out.

He'd tread on one, then down he'd go,

And all around would ring

With bitter cries, and sounds of woe,

That came from Jemmy String.

And oft, by such a sad mishap,

Would Jemmy catch a hurt;

The muddy pool would catch his cap,

His clothes would catch the dirt!

Then home he'd hasten through the street,

To tell about his fall;

While, on his little sloven feet,

The cause was plain to all.

For while he shook his aching hand,

Complaining of the bruise,

The strings were trailing through the sand

From both his loosened shoes.

One day, his father thought a ride

Would do his children good;

But Jemmy's shoe-strings were untied,

And on the stairs he stood.

In hastening down to take his place

Upon the carriage seat,

Poor Jemmy lost his joyous face;

Nor could he keep his feet.

The dragging string had made him trip,

And bump! bump! went his head;—
The teeth had struck and cut his lip,
And tears and blood were shed.
His aching wounds he meekly bore;
But with a swelling heart
He heard the carriage from the door,
With all but him, depart.
This grievous lesson taught him care,
And gave his mind a spring;
For he resolved no more to bear
The name of JEMMY STRING!

The Caterpillar

"Don't kill me!" Caterpillar said,
As Charles had raised his heel
Upon the humble worm to tread,
As though it could not feel.
"Don't kill me! and I'll crawl away
To hide awhile, and try
To come and look, another day,
More pleasing to your eye.
"I know I'm now among the things

Uncomely to your sight;

But by and by on splendid wings

You'll see me high and light!

"And then, perhaps, you may be glad

To watch me on the flower;

And that you spared the worm you had

To-day within your power!"

Then Caterpillar went and hid

In some secreted place,

Where none could look on what he did

To change his form and face.

And by and by, when Charles had quite

Forgotten what I've told,

A Butterfly appeared in sight,

Most beautiful to behold.

His shining wings were trimmed with gold,

And many a brilliant dye

Was laid upon their velvet fold,

To charm the gazing eye!

Then, near as prudence would allow,

To Charles's ear he drew

And said, "You may not know me, now

My form and name are new!

"But I'm the worm that once you raised

Your ready foot to kill!

For sparing me, I long have praised,

And love and praise you still.

"The lowest reptile at your feet,

When power is not abused,

May prove the fruit of mercy sweet,

By being kindly used!"

The Mocking Bird

A Mocking Bird was he,

In a bushy, blooming tree,

Imbosomed by the foliage and flower.

And there he sat and sang,

Till all around him rang,

With sounds, from out the merry mimic's bower.

The little satirist

Piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;

He then would moan, and whistle, quack, and caw;

Then, carol, drawl, and croak,

As if he'd pass a joke

On every other winged one he saw.

Together he would catch

A gay and plaintive snatch,

And mingle notes of half the feathered throng.

For well the mocker knew,

Of every thing that flew,

To imitate the manner and the song.

The other birds drew near,

And paused awhile to hear

How well he gave their voices and their airs.

And some became amused;

While some, disturbed, refused

To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

The sensitive were shocked,

To find their honors mocked

By one so pert and voluble as he;

They knew not if 't was done

In earnest or in fun;

And fluttered off in silence from the tree.

The silliest grew vain,

To think a song or strain

Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,

Was worthy to be heard

Repeated by the bird;

For of his wit they could not feel the force.

The charitable said,

"Poor fellow! if his head

Is turned, or cracked, or has no talent left;

But feels the want of powers,

And plumes itself from ours,

Why, we shall not be losers by the theft."

The haughty said, "He thus.

It seems, would mimic us,

And steal our songs, to pass them for his own!

But if he only quotes

In honor of our notes,

We then were quite as honored, let alone."

The wisest said, "If foe

Or friend, we still may know

By him, wherein our greatest failing lies.

So, let us not be moved,

Since first to be improved

By every thing, becomes the truly wise."

The Silk-Worm's Will

On a plain rush-hurdle a silk-worm lay,

When a proud young princess came that way.

The haughty child of a human king

Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,

That received with a silent gratitude

From the mulberry-leaf her simple food;

And shrunk, half scorn, and half disgust,

Away from her sister child of the dust;

Declaring she never yet could see

Why a reptile form like this should be;—

And that she was not made with nerves so firm,

As calmly to stand by a

crawling worm

!

With mute forbearance the silk-worm took

The taunting words and the spurning look.

Alike a stranger to self and pride,

She'd no disquiet from aught beside;

And lived of a meekness and peace possest

Which these debar from the human breast.

She only wished, for the harsh abuse,

To find some way to become of use

To the haughty daughter of lordly man;

And thus did she lay her noble plan

To teach her wisdom, and make it plain

That the humble worm was not made in vain;—

A plan so generous, deep and high,

That to carry it out, she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!

I'll spin and weave me a winding-sheet,

To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,

And hide my form from her wounded sight.

In secret then, till my end draws nigh,

I will toil for her; and when I die,

I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon

To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,

To be reeled, and wove to a shining lace,

And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!

And when she can calmly draw her breath

Through the very threads that have caused my death;

"When she finds at length, she has nerves so firm,

As to wear the shroud of a

crawling worm

,

May she bear in mind that she walks with pride

In the winding-sheet where the silk-worm died!"

Dame Bidy

Dame Bidy abode in a coop,

Because it so chanced that dame Bidy

Had round her a family group

Of chicks, young, and helpless, and giddy.

And when she had freedom to roam,

She fancied the life of a ranger;

And led off her brood, far from home,

To fall into mischief or danger.

She'd trail through the grass to be mown,

And call all her children to follow;

And scratch up the seeds that were sown,

Then, lie in their places and wallow.

She'd go where the corn in the hill,

Its first little blade had been shooting,

And try, by the strength of her bill,

To learn if the kernel was rooting.

And when she went out on a walk

Of pleasure, through thicket and brambles,

The covetous eye of a Hawk

Delighted in marking her rambles.

"I spy," to himself he would say,

"A prize of which I'll be the winner!"

So down would he pounce on his prey,

And bear off a chicken for dinner.

The poor frightened matron, that heard

The cry of her youngling in dying,

Would scream at the merciless bird,

That high with his booty was flying.

But shrieks could not ease her distress,

Nor grief her lost darling recover.

She now had a chicken the less,

For acting the part of a rover.

And there lay the feathers, all torn.

And flying one way and another,

That still her dear child might have worn,

Had she been more wise as a mother.

Her owner then thought he must teach

Dame Biddy a little subjection;

And cooped her up, out of the reach

Of hawking, with time for reflection.

And, throwing a net o'er a pile

Of brush-wood that near her was lying,

He hoped to its meshes to wile

The fowler, that o'er her was flying.

For Hawk, not forgetting his fare,

And having a taste to renew it,

Sailed round near the coop, high in air,

With cruel intention, to view it.

The owner then said, "Master Hawk,

If you love my chickens so dearly,

Come down to my yard for a walk,

That you may address them more nearly."

But, "No," thought the sharp-taloned foe

Of Bidy, "my circuit is higher!

If I to his premises go.

"Twill be when I see he's not nigh her."

The Farmer strewd barley, and toled

The chickens the brush to run under,

And left them, while Hawk growing bold,

Thus tempted, came near for his plunder.

As closer and closer he drew,

With appetite stronger and stronger,

He found he'd but one thing to do,

And plunged, to defer it no longer.

But now he had come to a pause,

At once in the net-work entangled,

While through it his head and his claws

In hopeless vacuity dangled.

The chicks saw him hang overhead,

Where they for their barley had huddled;

And all in a flutter they fled,

And soon through the coop holes had scudded.

The Farmer came out to his snare,

He saw the bold captive was in it;

And said, "If this play be unfair,

Remember, I did not begin it!"

He then put a cork on his beak,

The airy assassin disarming,

Unspurred him, and rendered him weak,

By blunting each talent for harming.

And into the coop he was thrown:

The chickens hid under their mother,

For he, by his feathers was known

As he, who had murdered their brother

Dame Biddy, beholding his plight,

Determined to show him no quarter,

In action gave vent to her spite;

As motherly tenderness taught her.

She shouted, and blustered; and then

Attacked the poor captive unfriended;

And you, (who have witnessed a hen

In anger,) may guess how it ended.

She made him a touching address,

If pecking and scratching could do it;

Till sinking in silent distress,

He perished before she got through it.

We would not, however, convey

A thought like approving the fury,

That gave, in this summary way,

Punition without judge or jury.

Whenever 'tis given, it tends

To lessen the angry bestower.

The

fowl

that inflicts it descends—

But the *featherless biped*, still lower.

Kit With the Rose

A Rose-tree stood in the parlor,

When Kit came frolicking by;

So, up went her feet on the window-seat,

To a rose that had caught her eye.

She gave it a cuff, and it trembled

Beneath her ominous paw;

And while it shook, with a threatening look,

She coveted what she saw.

Thought she, "What a beautiful toss-ball!

If I could but give it a snap,

Now all are out, nor thinking about

Their rose, or the least mishap!"

She twisted the stem, and she twirled it;

And seizing the flower it bore,

With the timely aid of her teeth, she made

A leap to the parlor-floor.

Then over the carpet she tossed it,

All fresh in its morning bloom,

Till, shattered and rent, its leaves were sent

To every side of the room.

At length, with her sport grown weary,

She laid herself down to sun,

Inclining to doze, forgetting the rose,

And the mischief she'd silyly done.

By and by her young mistress entered,

And uttered a piteous cry,

When she saw the fate of what had so late

Delighted her watchful eye.

But, where was the one who had spoiled it

Concealing his guilty face?

She had not a clue, whereby to pursue

The rogue to his lurking-place!

Thought Kit, "I'll keep still till it's over;

And none will suspect it was I."

For the puss awoke, when her mistress spoke;

And she well understood the cry.

But, mewing at length for her dinner,

Kit's mouth confessed the whole truth:

It opened so wide that her mistress espied

A rose-leaf pierced by her tooth!

Then, banished was Kit from the parlor,

All covered with shame! And those

Inclined, like her, in secret to err,

Should remember Kit with the Rose.

The Captive Butterfly

Good morning, pretty Butterfly!

How have you passed the night?

I hope you're gay and glad as I

To see the morning light.

But, little silent one, methinks

You're in a sober mood.

I wonder if you'd like to drink,

And what you take for food.

I shut you in my crystal cup,

To let your winglets rest.

And now I want to hold you up,

To see your velvet vest.

I want to count your tiny toes.

To find your breathing-place,

And touch the downy horn that grows

Each side your pretty face.

I'd like to see just how you're made,

With streaks and spots and rings;

And wish you'd show me how you played

Your shining, rainbow wings.

"'T was not," the little prisoner said,

"For want of food or drink,

That, while you slumbered on your bed,

I could not sleep a wink.

"My wings are pained for want of flight,

My lungs, for want of air.

In bitterness I've passed the night,

And meet the morning's glare.

"When looking through my prison wall,

So close, and yet so clear,

I see there's freedom there for all,

While I'm a captive here.

"I've stood upon my feeble feet

Until they're full of pain.

I know that liberty is sweet,

Which I cannot regain.

"Do I deserve a fate like this,

Who've ever acted well,

Since first I left the chrysalis,

And fluttered from my shell?

"I've never injured fruit, or flower,

Or man, or bird, or beast;

And such a one should have the power

Of going free, at least.

"And now, if you will let me quit

My prison-house, the cup,

I'll show you how I sport and flit,

And make my wings go up!"

The lid was raised; the prisoner said,

"Behold my airy play!"

Then quickly on the wing he fled

Away, away, away!

From flower to flower he gayly flew,

To cool his aching feet,

And slake his thirst with morning dew,

Where liberty was sweet!

The Dissatisfied Angler Boy

I'm sorry they let me go down to the brook;

I'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook;

And wish I had staid at home with my book!

I'm sure 'twas no pleasure to see

That poor little harmless, suffering thing

Silently writhe at the end of the string,

Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing

In torture,—and all for me!

'Twas a beautiful speckled and glossy trout;

And when from the water I drew him out,

On the grassy bank as he floundered about,

It made me shivering cold,

To think I had caused so much needless pain;

And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain:

O never, as long as I live, again

May I such a sight behold!

But, what would I give, once more to see

The brisk little swimmer alive and free,

And darting about as he used to be,

Unhurt, in his native brook!

'Tis strange that people can love to play,

By taking innocent lives away!

I wish I had stayed at home to-day

With sister, and read my book.

The Stove and the Grate-Setter

Old Winter is coming, to play off his tricks—

To make your ears tingle—your fingers to numb!

So I, with my trowel, new mortar and bricks,

To guard you against him, already am come.

An ounce of prevention in time, I have found,

Is worth pounds of remedy taken too late!

And proof that the sense of my maxim is sound,

Will shine where I fasten stove, furnace or grate.

The Summer leaves now whirling fast from the trees,

By Autumn's chill blast are tossed yellow and sere;

And soon, with the breath of his nostrils to freeze

Each thing he can puff at, will Winter be here!

But hardly he'll dare to steal in at the door,

Your elbows to bite with his keen cutting air,

And give you an ague, where I've been before,

To set the defence I to-day can prepare.

And when he comes blustering on from the north,

To give you blue faces, and shakes by the chin,

You'll find what the craft of the mason was worth,

As you from abroad to your parlor step in!

For all will around be so pleasant and warm,—

Your hearth bright and cheering—your coal in a glow;

You'll not heed the winds whistling up the rough storm

To sift o'er your dwellings its clouds full of snow!

You'll then think of me;—how I handled to-day

The cold stone and iron—the brick and the lime:

And all, but the surer foundation to lay

For comfort to give in the drear winter time.

I lay you, against this old Winter, a charm.

To make him, at least, keep himself out of doors!

'Twould melt—should he enter—his hard hand and arm.

When loud for admission he threatens and roars.

If gratitude then should come, warming your
heart

,

As peaceful you sit by your warm *fireside*;

Perhaps it may teach you some good to impart

To those, where the gifts you enjoy are denied.

For He in whose favor all blessedness is;

And out of whose kingdom no treasure is sure,

Was poor when on earth;—and the poor still are his:

His charge to his friends is "*Remember the poor.*"

Nor would his disciple be higher than He,

Who once on the dwellings of men, for his bread,

In lowliness wrought! but contentedly, we

Will work by the light that our Master has shed.

Song of the Bees

We watch for the light of the morn to break,

And color the eastern sky

With its blended hues of saffron and lake;

Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!

For our winter's honey is all to make,

And our bread for a long supply!"

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell—

To the field, the meadow, and bower:

In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,—

To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,—

To search the balm in its odorous cell,

The mint, and rosemary flower.

We suck the bloom of the eglantine,—

Of the pointed thistle and brier;

And follow the track of the wandering vine,

Whether it trail on the earth, supine,

Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,

And reach for a state still higher.

As each, on the good of the others bent,

Is busy, and cares for all,

We hope for an evening with hearts content,—

That Winter may find us without lament

For a Summer that's gone, with its hours misspent,

And a harvest that's past recall!

The Summer is Come

CHILDHOOD'S RURAL SONG.

The Summer is come

With the insect's hum,

And the birds that merrily sing.

And sweet are the hours,

And the fruits and flowers,

That Summer has come to bring.

All nature is glad,
And the earth is clad
In her brightest and best array:

So, we with delight
Will our songs unite,
Our tribute of joy to pay.

The swallow is out,
And she sails about
In air, for the careless fly:

Then she takes a sip
With her horny lip
As she skims where the waters lie.

And the lamb bounds light
In his fleece of white,
But he doesn't know what to think,

In the streamlet clear,
Where he sees appear
His face as he stoops to drink.

For, never before
Has he gambolled o'er
The summer-dressed, flowery earth;

And he skips in play,

As he fain would say

"'Tis a season of feast and mirth."

And we have to-day

Been rambling away

To gather the flowers most fair,

Which we sat beneath

An old oak to wreath

While fanned by the balmy air.

Now the sun goes down

Like a golden crown

That's sliding behind a hill;

So we dance the while

To his farewell smile;

And well dance as the dews distil.

Then, we'll dance to-night

While the fire-fly's light

Is sparkling among the grass;

And we'll step our tune

To the silver moon,

As over the green we pass.

O, Summer is sweet!

But her joys are fleet;

We catch them but on the wing:

Yet never the less

Would our hearts confess

The blessings she comes to bring.

The Morning-Glory

Come here and sit thee down by me!

I've read a tale, I'll tell to thee;

And precious will the moral be,

Though simple is the story.

It is about a brilliant flower,

With beauty scarce possessed of power

Its opening to survive an hour—

An airy Morning-Glory.

'Tis common parlance names it thus;

But 'twas a gay convolvulus:

Yet we'll not stop to here discuss

Its species or its genus.

We'll just suppose a blooming vine

With many leaf and bud to shine,

And curling tendrils thrown to twine

And form a bower, between us.

And we'll suppose a happy boy,

With face lit up by hope and joy,

Who thinks that nothing shall destroy

His vine, his pride and pleasure,

Is standing near, with kindling eye,

As if its very look would pry

The cup apart, therein to spy

The growing floral treasure.

And now the petal, twisted tight,

Above the calyx peers to sight

With apex tipped with purple, bright

As if the rainbow dyed it.

While on the air it vacillates,

Its owner's bosom palpitates

To see it open, as he waits

Impatient close beside it.

Another rising sun has thrown

Its beams upon the vine, and shown

The splendid Morning-Glory blown,

As if some little fairy,

When early from his couch he went,

On some ethereal journey bent,

Had there inverted left his tent

Of purple, high and airy.

And many a fair and shining flower

As bright as this adorned the bower,

Displayed like jewels in an hour,

Where'er the vine was clinging.

As each corolla lost its twist,

The zephyr fanned, the sunbeam kissed

The little vase of amethyst;

And round it birds were singing.

And now the little boy comes out

To see his vine. He gives a shout,

And sings and laughs, and jumps about

Like one two-thirds demented.

His little playmates, one, two, three,

Come round the beautiful vine to see,

And each cries, "Give a flower to me,

And I'll go off contented."

But "No," the selfish owner cried,

And pushed his comrades all aside,

While walking round his bower with pride,

"Not one of you shall sever

A floweret from the stem so gay;

I own them, not to give away!

I'll come to see them every day;

And keep them mine for ever!"

So, when at noon from school he came,

To see his vine was first his aim:

But oh! his feelings who can name,

As mute he stood and eyed it?

For not a flower could he behold,

While each corolla, inward rolled,

Appeared as shrivelled, dead, and old

As if a fire had dried it.

"Alas!" the selfish owner said,

"My Glories----oh! they all are dead!

And all my little friends have fled

Aggrieved! for I've abused them.

They'll keep away, and but deride

My sorrow, when they hear my pride

Is gone;—that quick the pleasures died

Which rudely I refused them!"

The Old Cotter and his Cow

My good old Cow,

I scarce know how

Again we've wintered over;

With my scant fare,

And thine so spare—

No dainty dish, nor clover!

We both were old,

And keen the cold;

While poorly housed we found us;

And by the blast

That, whistling, passed,

The snows were sifted round us.

While, many a day.

Few locks of hay

Were most thy crib presented,

A patient Cow,

And kind wast thou,

And with thy mite contented.

But though the storms

Have chilled our forms,

And we've been pinched together,

The dark, blue day

Is passed away;

We've reached the warm spring weather!

The bounteous earth

Is shooting forth

Her grass and flowers so gayly;

Thou now canst feed

Along the mead,

While food is growing daily.

The soft, sweet breeze

Through budding trees

Now fans my brow so hoary:

And these old eyes

Find new supplies

Of light from nature's glory.

Though poor my cot,

And low my lot,

With thee, my richest treasure,

I take my cup,

And looking up,

Bless Him who gives my measure.

The Speckled One

Poor speckled one! none else will deign

To waft thy name around;

So, let me take it on my strain,

To give it air and sound.

Yes—air and sound, low child of earth!

For these are oft the things

That give a name its greatest worth,

Its gorgeous plumes and wings.

But do not shun me thus, and hop

Affrighted from my way!

Dismiss thy terrors—turn and stop;

And hear what I may say.

Meek, harmless thing, afraid of man?

This truly should not be.

Then calmly pause, and let me scan

My Maker's work in thee.

For both of us to Him belong;

We're fellow-creatures here;

And power should not be armed with wrong,

Nor weakness filled with fear.

I know it is thy humble lot

To burrow in a hole—

To have a form I envy not,

And that without a soul.

In motion, attitude and limb

I see thee void of grace;

And that a look supremely grim,

Reigns o'er thy solemn face.

But thou for this art not to blame;

Nor should it make us load

With obloquy, and scorn, and shame

The honest name of TOAD.

For, though so low on nature's scale—

In presence so uncouth,

Thou ne'er hast told an evil tale,

Of falsehood, or of truth.

Thy thoughts are ne'er on malice bent—

Nor hands to mischief prone;

Nor yet thy heart to discontent;

Though spurned, and poor and lone.

No coveting nor envy burns

In thy bright golden eye,

That calm and innocently turns

On all below the sky.

Thy cautious tongue and sober lip

No words of folly pass,

Nor, are they found to taste and sip

The madness of the glass.

Thy frugal meal is often drawn

From earth, and wood, and stone;

And when thy means by these are gone,

Thou seem'st to live on none.

I hear that in an earthen jar

Sealed close, shut up alive,

From food, drink, air, sun, moon and star,

Thou'lt live and even thrive:—

And that no moan, or murmuring sound

Will issue from the lid

Of thy dark dwelling under ground,

When it is deeply hid.

Thou hast, as 'twere, a secret shelf,

Whereon is a supply
Of nourishment, within thyself,
Concealed from mortal eye.
Methinks this self-sustaining art
'Twere well for us to know,
To keep us up in flesh and heart,
When outer means grow low.
Could we contain our riches thus,
On such mysterious shelves,
Why, none could rob or beggar us;
Unless we lost ourselves!
But ah! my Toadie, there's the rub,
With every human breast—
To live as in the cynic's tub,
And yet be self-possessed!
For, how to let no boast get round
Beyond our tub, to show
That we in head and heart are sound,
Is one great thing to know.
And yet, the prison-staves and hoop

To let no murmur through,
However hard we find the coop,
Is greater still to do.
Then go, thou sage, resigned and calm,
Amid thy low estate;
And to thy burrow bear the palm
For victory over fate.

We conquer, when we meekly bear
The lot we cannot shape;
And hug to death the ills and care
From which there's no escape.

The Blind Musician

"Ah! who comes here?" old Raymond cried,
As lone he sat by the highway-side,
Where Frisk jumped up at his knee in play;
And his white locks went to the air astray;—
While his worn-out hat lay on the ground,
And his light violin gave forth no sound—
"Ah! who comes here with voice so kind
To the ear of a poor old man who's blind?"
'Twas a gladsome troop of bright young boys,
With hearts all full of their play-day joys,

As their baskets were of nuts and cake,

And fruits, a pic-nic treat to make.

For they were out for the fields and flowers—

For the grassy lane, and the woodland bowers;

And the course they took first led them by

Where the lone one sat with a sightless eye.

They saw he'd a worn and hungry look;

And each from his basket promptly took

A part of its precious pic-nic store,

And tried the others to get before,

As on with their ready gifts they ran,

To reach them forth to the poor old man;

And said, "Good Sir, take this and eat

While resting thus on your mossy seat."

"Heaven bless you, little children dear!"

Old Raymond cried, with a starting tear,

As they took their cup to the fountain's brink,

And brought him back some clear, cool drink.

And Frisk looked up with a grateful eye,

As to him they dropped some crust of pie:

For he, good dog, was his master's guide,

By a cord to the ring of his collar tied.

"And now, would you like to hear me play,"

Said the traveller, "ere you go your way?"

O, I did not think that aught so soon

Could have put my poor old heart in tune.

But you have touched it at the spring,

And it seems as if it could dance and sing.

Your kindness makes my spirit light,

Till I hardly feel that I've lost my sight!"

He took up his violin and bow,

And made his voice to their music flow;

And the children, listening sat around

As if by a spell to the circle bound.

While thus they were fastened to the spot,

And their first pursuit almost forgot,

They felt they could ask no pleasure more,

And their picnic frolic at once gave o'er.

And there they staid till the sun went down,

When they led the old Raymond safe to town;

While Frisk went sporting all the way,

To speak his thanks by his joyous play.

They found him a room with a table spread,

And a pillow to rest his hoary head.

Then feeling their time and pence well-spent,

They all went back to their homes content.

The Lamé Horse

O, I cannot bring to mind

When I've had a look so kind,

Gentle lady, as thine eye

Gives me, while I'm limping by!

Then, thy little boy appears

To regard me but with tears.

Think'st thou he would like to know

What has brought my state so low?

When not half so old as he,

I was bounding, light and free,

By my happy mother's side,

Ere my mouth the bit had tried,

Or my head had felt the rein

Drawn, my spirits to restrain.

But I'm now so worn and old,

Half my sorrows can't be told.

When my services began,

How I loved my master, man!

I was pampered and caressed,—

Housed, and fed upon the best.

Many looked with hearts elate

At my graceful form and gait,—

At my smooth and glossy hair

Combed and brushed with daily care.

Studded trappings then I wore,

And with pride my master bore,—

Glad his kindness to repay

In my free, but silent way.

Then was found no nimble steed

That could equal me in speed,

So untiring, and so fleet

Were these now, old, aching feet.

But my troubles soon drew nigh:

Less of kindness marked his eye,

When my strength began to fail;

And he put me off at sale.

Constant changes were my fate,

Far too grievous to relate.

Yet I've been, to say the least,

Through them all a patient beast.

Older—weaker—still I grew:

Kind attentions all withdrew!

Little food, and less repose;

Harder burdens—heavier blows,—

These became my hapless lot,

Till I sunk upon the spot!

This maimed limb beneath me bent

With the pain it underwent.

Now I'm useless, old, and poor,

They have made my sentence sure;

And to-morrow is the day,

Set for me to limp away,

To some far, sequestered place,

There at once to end my race.

I stood by, and heard their plot—

Soon my woes shall be forgot!

Gentle lady, when I'm dead

By the blow upon my head,

Proving thus, the truest friend,

Him who brings me to my end;

Wilt thou bid them dig a grave

For their faithful, patient slave;

Then, my mournful story trace,

Asking mercy for my race?

Humility; or, The Mushroom's Soliloquy

O, what, and whence am I, 'mid damps and dust,

And darkness, into sudden being thrust?

What was I yesterday? and what will be,

Perchance, to-morrow, seen or heard of me?

Poor—lone—unfriended—ignorant—forlorn,

To bear the new, full glory of the morn,—

Beneath the garden wall I stand aside,

With all before me beauty, show, and pride.

Ah! why did Nature shoot me thus to light,

A thing unfit for use—unfit for sight;

Less like her work than like a piece of Art,

Whirled out and trimmed—exact in every part?

Unlike the graceful shrub, and flexible vine,

No fruit—no branch—nor leaf, nor bud, is mine.

No singing bird, nor butterfly, nor bee

Will come to cheer, caress, or flatter me.

No beauteous flower adorns my humble head,

No spicy odors on the air I shed;

But here I'm stationed, in my sombre suit,
With only top and stem—I've scarce a root!
Untaught of my beginning or my end,
I know not whence I sprung, or where I tend:
Yet I will wait, and trust; nor dare presume
To question Justice—I, a frail Mushroom!

The Lost Nestlings

"Have you seen my darling nestlings?"

A mother-robin cried,

"I cannot, cannot find them,

Though I've sought them far and wide.

"I left them well this morning,

When I went to seek their food;

But I found, upon returning,

I'd a nest without a brood.

"O have you nought to tell me,

That will ease my aching breast,

About my tender offspring

That I left within the nest?

"I have called them in the bushes,

And the rolling stream beside;

Yet they come not at my bidding;—

I'm afraid they all have died!"

"I can tell you all about them;"

Said a little wanton boy

"For 'twas I that had the pleasure

Your nestlings to destroy.

"But I didn't think their mother

Her little ones would miss;

Or ever come to hail me

With a wailing sound, like this.

"I didn't know your bosom

Was formed to suffer woe,

And to mourn your murdered children,

Or I had not grieved you so.

"I am sorry that I've taken

The lives I can't restore;

And this regret shall teach me

To do the like no more.

"I ever shall remember

The wailing sound I've heard!

No more I'll kill a nestling,

To pain a mother-bird!"

The Bat's Flight By Daylight An Allegory

A Bat one morn from his covert flew,

To show the world what a Bat could do,

By soaring off on a lofty flight,

In the open day, by the sun's clear light!

He quite forgot that he had for wings

But a pair of monstrous, plumeless things;

That, more than half like a fish's fin,

With a warp of bone, and a woof of skin,

Were only fit in the dark to fly,

In view of a bat's or an owlet's eye.

He sallied forth from his hidden hole,

And passed the door of his neighbor, Mole,

Who shrugged, and said, "Of the two so blind

The wisest, surely, stays behind!"

But he could not cope with the glare of day:

He lost his sight, and he missed his way;—

He wheeled on his flapping wings, till, "bump!"

His head went, hard on the farm-yard pump.

Then, stunned and posed, as he met the ground,

A stir and a shout in the yard went round;

For its tenants thought they had one come there,

That seemed not of water, earth, or air.

The Hen, "Cut, cut, cut-dah-cut!" cried,

For all to cut at the thing she spied;

While the taunting Duck said, "Quack, quack, quack!"

As her muddy mouth to the pool went back,

For something denser than sound, to show

Her sage disgust, at the quack to throw.

The old Turk strutted, and gobbled aloud,

Till he gathered around him a babbling crowd;

When each proud neck in the whole doomed group

Was poked with a condescending stoop,

And a pointed beak, at the prostrate Bat,

Which they eyed askance, as to ask, "What's
that
?"

But none could tell; and the poults moved off,

In their
select circle
to leer and scoff.

The Goslings skulked; but their wise mamma,

She hissed, and screamed, till the Lambs cried, "Ba-a!"

When up from his straw sprang the gaping Calf,

With a gawky leap and a clammy laugh.

He stared—retreated—and off he went,

The wondrous news in his voice to vent,—

That he had discovered a
monster
there—

A
bird four-footed, and clothed with hair
!

And had dashed his heel at the sight so odd,

It looked, he thought, like a
heathen god
!

The scuddling Chicks cried, "Peep, peep, peep!

For Boss looks high, but not very deep!

It is not a fowl! 'tis the worst of things,—

low, mean beast, with the use of wings,

So noiseless round on the air to skim,

You know not when you are safe from him."

There stood by, some of the bristly tribe,

Who felt so touched by the peeper's gibe,

Their backs were up; for they thought, at least,

It aimed at them the
low, mean beast:

And they challenged Chick to her tiny face,

In their sharp, high notes, and their awful base.

Then old Chanticleer to his mount withdrew,

And gave from his rostrum a loud halloo.

He blew his clarion strong and shrill,

Till he turned all eyes to his height, the hill;

When he noised it round with his loudest crow,

That 't was none of the

plumed

ones brought so low.

And, "Bow-wow-wow!" went the sentry Cur;

But he soon strolled off in a grave demur,

When he saw on the wonder,

hair

, like his,

Two ears

, and a kind of

doubtful phiz;

And he deemed it prudent to pause, and hark

In silence, for fear that the sight might

bark

!

At last came Puss, with a cautious pat

To feel the pulse of the quivering Bat,

That had not, under her tender paw,

A limb to move, nor a breath to draw!

Then she called her kit for a mother's gift,

And stilled its mew with the racy lift.

When Mole of the awful death was told,

"Alas!" cried she, "he had grown too bold—

Too vain and proud! Had he only kept,

Like the

prudent Mole

, in his nest, and slept.

Or worked underground, where none could see,

He might have still been alive, like me!"

While thus, so early the poor Bat died,

A cry, that it was but the fall of pride,

And signs of mirth, or of scorn, were all

He had from those who beheld his fall.

They each could triumph, and each condemn;

But no kind pity was shown by them.

And now, should we, as a mirror, place

This story out for the world to face,

How many, think you, would there perceive

Likeness to children of Adam and Eve?

Idle Jack

See mischievous and idle Jack!

How fast he flies, nor dares look back!

He seized Horatio's pretty cart,

And broke and threw it part from part;

The body here, and there the wheels;

And now, by taking to his heels,

He makes the Scripture proverb true,—

The wicked flee when none pursue.

.

Oh! Jack's a worthless, wicked boy,

Who seems but evil to enjoy.

He often racks his naughty brain

Inventing ways of giving pain.

He loves to torture butterflies—

To dust the kitten's tender eyes—

To break the cricket's slender limb;

And pain to them is sport to him.

He sometimes to your garden comes,

To crush the flowers and steal the plums—

The melons tries with thievish gripe,

To find the one that's nearest ripe—

His pocket fills with grapes or pears,

No matter how their owner fares;

When, by its lawless, robber track,

You trace the foot of idle Jack.

Whenever Jack is sent to school,

He, playing truant, plays the fool:

Or else he goes, with sloven looks

And hands unclean, to spoil the books—

To spill the ink, or make a noise,

Disturbing good and studious boys;

Till all who find what Jack's about

Within the school, must wish him out.

If ever Jack at church appears,

He knows not, cares not, what he hears.

While others to the word attend,

He has a pencil-point to mend—

An apple, or his nails to pare,

Or cracks a nut in time of prayer,

Till many wish that Jack would come,

A better boy, or stay at home.

In short, he shows, beyond a doubt,

That, if he does not turn about,

And mend his morals and his ways,

He yet must come to evil days;

And of a life of wasted time—

Of idleness, and vice, and crime,

To meet, perhaps, a felon's end,

With neither man, nor God his friend.

David and Goliath

Young David was a ruddy lad

With silken, sunny locks,

The youngest son that Jesse had:

He kept his father's flocks.

Goliath was a Philistine,

A giant, huge and high;

He lifted, like a towering pine,

His head towards the sky.

He was the foe of Israel's race.

A mighty warrior, too;

And on he strode from place to place,

And many a man he slew.

So Saul, the king of Israel then,

Proclaimed it to and fro,

That most he'd favor of his men

The one, who'd kill the foe.

Yet all, who saw this foe draw near,

Would feel their courage fail;

For not an arrow, sword, or spear,

Could pierce the giant's mail.

But Jesse's son conceived a way,

That would deliverance bring;

Whereby he might Goliath slay,

And thus relieve the king.

Then quick he laid his shepherd's crook

Upon a grassy bank;

And off he waded in the brook

From which the lambkins drank.

He culled and fitted to his sling

Five pebbles, smooth and round;

And one of these he meant should bring

The giant to the ground.

"I've killed a lion and a bear,"

Said he, "and now I'll slay

The Philistine, and by the hair

I'll bring his head away!"

Then onward to the battle-field

The youthful hero sped;

He knew Goliath by his shield,

And by his towering head.

But when, with only sling and staff,

The giant saw him come,

In triumph he began to laugh;

Yet David struck him dumb.

He fell! 'twas David's puny hand

That caused his overthrow!

Though long the terror of the land,

A pebble laid him low.

The blood from out his forehead gushed.

He rolled, and writhed, and roared:

The little hero on him rushed,

And drew his ponderous sword.

Before its owner's dying eye

He held the gleaming point

Upon his throbbing neck to try;

Then severed cord and joint.

He took the head, and carried it

And laid it down by Saul;

And showed him where the pebble hit

That caused the giant's fall.

The lad, who had Goliath slain

With pebbles and a sling,

Was raised in after years to reign

As Israel's second king!

'Twas not the courage, skill, or might

Which David had, alone,

That helped him Israel's foe to fight

And conquer, with a stone.

But, when the shepherd stripling went

The giant thus to kill,

God used him as an instrument

His purpose to fulfil!

Escape of the Doves

Come back, pretty Doves! O, come back from the tree.

You bright little fugitive things!

We could not have thought you so ready and free

In using your beautiful wings.

We didn't suppose, when we lifted the lid,

To see if you knew how to fly,

You'd all flutter off in a moment, and bid

The basket for ever good-by!

Come down, and we'll feast you on insects and seeds;—

You sha'nt have occasion to roam—

We'll give you all things that a bird ever needs,

To make it contented at home.

Then come, pretty Doves! O, return for our sakes,

And don't keep away from us thus;

Or, when your old slumbering master awakes,

'Twill be a sad moment for us!

"We can't!" said the birds, "and the basket may stand

A long time in waiting; for now

You find out too late, that a bird in the hand

Is worth, at least, two on the bough.

"And we, from our height, looking down on you there,

By experience taught to be sage,—

Find, one pair of wings that are free in the air

Are worth two or three in the cage!

"But when our old master awakes, and shall find

The work you have just been about,

We hope, by the freedom we love, he'll be kind,

And spare you for letting us out.

"We thank you for all the fine stories you tell,

And all the good things you would give;

But think, since we're out, we shall do very well

Where nature designed us to live.

"Whene'er you may think of the swift little wings

On which from your reach we have flown,

No doubt, you'll beware, and not meddle with things,

In future, that are not your own."

Edward and Charles

The brothers went out with the father to ride,

Where they looked for the flowers, that, along the way-side,

So lately were blooming and fair;

But their delicate heads by the frost had been nipped;

Their stalks by the blast were all twisted and stripped;

And nothing but ruin was there.

"Oh! how the rude autumn has spoiled the green hills!"

Exclaimed little Charles, "and has choked the bright rills

With leaves that are faded and dead!

The few on the trees are fast losing their hold.

And leaving the branches so naked and cold.

That the beautiful birds have all fled."

"I know," replied Edward, "the country has lost

A great many charms by the touch of the frost,

Which used to appear to the eye;

But then, it has opened the chestnut-burr too,

The walnut released from the case where it grew;

And now our *Thanksgiving* is nigh!

"Oh! what do you think we shall do on that day?"

"I guess," answered Charles, "we shall all go away

To Grandpa's; and there find enough

Of turkeys, plum-puddings, and pies by the dozens,

For Grandpa' and Grandma', aunts, uncles and cousins;

And at night we'll all play blind-man's-buff.

"Perhaps we'll get Grandpa' to tell us some stories

About the old times, with their

Whigs

and their

Tories

;

And what sort of men they could be;

When some spread their tables without any cloth,

With basins and spoons, and the fuming bean-broth,

Which they took for their coffee and tea.

"They'd queer kind of sights, I have heard Grandma' say,

About in their streets; for, if not every day,

At least it was nothing uncommon,
To see them pile on the poor back of one horse
A saddle and
pillion
; and what was still worse,

Up mounted a man and a woman!

"The lady held on by the driver; and so,
Away about town at full trot would they go;
Or perhaps to a great country marriage,—
To Thanksgiving-supper—to husking, or ball;
Or quilting; for thus did they take nearly all
Their rides, on an *animal* carriage!

"I know not what
huskings
and
quiltings
maybe;

But Grandma' will tell; and perhaps let us see
Some things she has long laid away:—
That stiff damask gown, with its sharp-pointed waist,
The hoop, the craped, cushion, and buckles of paste,
Which they wore in her grandparent's day.

"She says they had buttons as large as our dollars,
To wear on their coats with their square, standing collars;

And then, there's a droll sort of hat,

Which Mary once fixed me one like, out of paper,

And said she believed 'twas called

three-cornered scraper

;

Perhaps, too, she'll let us see that.

"Oh! a glorious time we shall have! If they knew

At the south, what it is, I guess they'd have one too;

But I have heard somebody say,

That, there, they call all the New England folks

Bumpkins,

Because we eat puddings, and pies made of pumpkins,

And have our good Thanksgiving-day."

"I think, brother Charles," returned Edward "at least,

That they might go to church, if they don't like the feast;

For to me it is much the best part,

To hear the sweet anthems of praise, that we give

To Him, on whose bounty we constantly live:—

It is feasting the ear and the heart.

"From Him, who has brought us another year round,

Who gives every blessing, wherewith we are crowned,

Their gratitude who can withhold?

And now how I wish I could know all the poor

Their Thanksgiving-stores had already secure,

Their fuel, and clothes for the cold!"

"I'm glad," said their father, "to hear such a wish;

But wishes alone, can fill nobody's dish,

Or clothe them, or build them a fire.

And now I will give you the money, my sons,

Which I promised, you know, for your drum and your guns,

To spend in the way you desire."

The brothers went home, thinking o'er by the way,

For how many comforts this money might pay,

In something for clothing or food:

At length they resolved, if their mother would spend it,

For what she thought best, they would get her to send it

Where she thought it would do the most good.

The Mountain Minstrel

On our mountain of Savoy,

In the shadow of a rock,

Once I sat, a shepherd-boy,

Watching o'er my father's flock.

We'd a happy cottage-home,

Peaceful as the sparrow's nest,

Where, at evening, we could come

From our roamings to our rest.

I'd a minstrel's voice and ear:

I could whistle, pipe and sing,

While I roving, seemed to hear

Music stir in every thing.

But misfortune, like a blast.

Swift upon my father rushed;

From our dwelling we were cast—

At a stroke our peace was crushed.

All we had was seized for debt:

In the sudden overthrow,

Even my fond, fleecy pet,

My white cosset, too, must go.

Then I wandered, sad and lone,

Where I'd once a flock to feed;

All the treasure now my own

Was my simple pipe of reed.

But a noble, pitying friend,

Who had seen me sadly stray,

Made me to his lute attend;

And he taught me how to play.

Then his lute to me he gave;

And abroad he bade me roam,

Till the earnings I could save

Would redeem our cottage-home.

Glad, his counsel straight I took—

I received his gift with joy;

All my former ways forsook,

And became a minstrel-boy.

With my mountain airs to sing,

Forward then I roamed afar,

Sweeping still the tuneful string—

Having hope my leading star.

In the hamlets where I've gone,

Groups would gather—music-bound:

In the cities I have drawn

List'ners till my hopes were crowned.

Ever saving as I earned,

I of one dear object dreamed;

To my mountain then returned,

And our cottage-home redeemed.

Time has wiped away our tears;

Here we dwell together blest;

All our sorrows, doubts and fears

I have played and sung to rest.

Here my aged parents live

Free from want, and toil, and cares;

All the bliss that earth can give

Deem they in this home of theirs.

Life's night-shades fast o'er them creep;

All their wrongs have been forgiven—

They have but to fall asleep

In their cot, to wake in heaven.

Gentle friend, dost thou inquire

What's the lineage whence I came?

Jesse is my shepherd sire—

David-Jesse is my name!

The Veteran and the Child

"Come, grandfather, show how you carried your gun

To the field, where America's freedom was won,

Or bore your old sword, which you say was new then,

When you rose to command, and led forward your men;

And tell how you felt with the balls whizzing by,

Where the wounded fell round you, to bleed and to die!"

The prattler had stirred, in the veteran's breast,

The embers of fire that had long been at rest.

The blood of his youth rushed anew through his veins;

The soldier returned to his weary campaigns;

His perilous battles at once fighting o'er,

While the soul of nineteen lit the eye of four-score.

"I carried my musket, as one that must be

But loosed from the hold of the dead, or the free!

And fearless I lifted my good, trusty sword,

In the hand of a mortal, the strength of the Lord!

In battle, my vital flame freely I felt

Should go, but the chains of my country to melt!

"I sprinkled my blood upon Lexington's sod,

And Charlestown's green height to the war-drum I trod.

From the fort, on the Hudson, our guns I depressed,

The proud coming sail of the foe to arrest.

I stood at Stillwater, the Lakes and White Plains,

And offered for freedom to empty my veins!

"Dost now ask me, child, since thou hear'st here I've been,

Why my brow is so furrowed, my locks white and thin—

Why this faded eye cannot go by the line,

Trace out little beauties, and sparkle like thine;

Or why so unstable this tremulous knee,

Who bore 'sixty years since,' such perils for thee?

"What! sobbing so quick? are the tears going to start?

Come! lean thy young head on thy grandfather's heart!

It has not much longer to glow with the joy

I feel thus to clasp thee, so noble a boy!

But when in earth's bosom it long has been cold,

A man, thou'lt recall, what, a babe, thou art told."

Captain Kidd

There's many a one who oft has heard

The name of Robert Kidd,

Who cannot tell, perhaps, a word

Of him, or what he did.

So, though I never saw the man,

And lived not in his day;

I'll tell you how his guilt began—

To what it paved the way.

'Twas in New York Kidd had his home;

And there he left his wife

And children, when he went to roam,

And lead a seaman's life.

Now Robert had as firm a hand,

A heart as stern and brave,

As ever met in one on land,

Or on the briny wave.

'Twas in the third king William's time,

When many a pirate bold

Committed on the seas the crime

Of shedding blood for gold.

So Captain Kidd was singled out

As one devoid of fears,

To take a ship and cruise about

Against the Bucaniers.

The ship was armed with many a gun,

And manned with many a man,

Across the southern seas to run

To foil the pirate's plan.

But when she long, from isle to isle,

Without success had sailed,

And made no capture all the while,

Her master's patience failed.

The prizes he so oft had sought,

He found he sought in vain;

And soon a wicked, bloody thought,

Came into Robert's brain!

His mind he opened to his men;

And found his guilty crew

Agreed with him, that they, from then,

Would all turn pirates too!

He threw his Bible in the deep,

Defied its Author's will;

And, with his conscience put to sleep,

Began to rob and kill.

And now the desperado reigned,

A tyrant on the waves;

While they whose blood his hands had stained,

Went down to watery graves.

No merchant ship could near him go,

Which he would not annoy;

For Kidd was passing to and fro,

And seeking to destroy.

He seized the vessel, plunged the knife

Within the seamen's breast:

And by a cruel waste of life,

His evil gains possessed.

He then would make the nearest isle.

And go at night by stealth,

To hide within the earth awhile

His last ill-gotten wealth.

Thus, many a shining wedge of gold

This modern Achan hid;

And many a frightful tale was told

About the pirate, Kidd.

But Justice does not slumber long;

If slow, she's ever sure.

There's none too artful, quick, or strong

For her to make secure!

To Boston, with a brazen face,

The pirate boldly went,

Where he was seized; and in disgrace

And chains, to England sent.

The captain and his crew were there,

A solemn, fearful sight;

Resigning life high up in air,

E'en at the gibbet's height!

For many a year their bodies hung

Along the river side;

As beacons, showing old and young

How they had lived and died.

The wealth they hid was never found.

Though often sought of men.

'Tis where they placed it in the ground,

Till they should come again!

The earth has seemed by Heaven constrained.

The treasures to withhold

That price of blood has none obtained,

Or used the pirate's gold!

The Dying Storm

I am feeble, pale and weary,

And my wings are nearly furled.

I have caused a scene so dreary,

I am glad to quit the world.

While with bitterness I'm thinking

On the evil I have done,

To my caverns deep I'm sinking

From the coming of the sun.

Oh! the heart of man will sicken

In that pure and holy light,

When he feels the hopes I've stricken

With an everlasting blight!

For, so wildly in my madness

Have I poured abroad my wrath,

I've been changing joy to sadness;

And with ruins strewed my path.

Earth has shuddered at my motion:—

She my power in silence owns;

While the troubled, roaring ocean

O'er my deeds of horror moans.

I have sunk the dearest treasure—

I've destroyed the fairest form:

Sadly have I filled my measure;

And I'm now a dying Storm!

Yet, to man among the living,

With my final gasp and sigh,

I, a solemn caution giving,

Fain would serve him while I die.

Not like me, shall he, descending

Swift to death, from being cease.

He's a spirit!--fleetly tending

To eternal pain or peace!

The Little Traveller

I am the tiniest child of earth!

But still, I would like to be known to fame;

Though next to nothing I had my birth,

And lowest of all in my lowly name.

Yet, if so humble my native place,

This I can say, in family pride—

That I'm of the world's most numerous race,

And made by the Maker of all beside.

Although I'm so poor, I naught to lose;

Still I'm so little I can't be lost!

I journey about, wherever I choose,

And those who carry me bear the cost.

The most forgiving of earthly things,

I often cling to my deadly foe;

And, spite of the cruellest flirts and flings,

Arise by the force that has cast me low.

When beauty has trodden me under foot,

I've quietly risen, her face to seek,—

Embraced her forehead, and calmly put

Myself to rest in her dimpled cheek.

I've ridden to war on the soldier's plume;

But startled and sprung, at the wild affray,—

The sights of horror—of fire and fume;

And fled on the wings of the wind away.

I've visited courts, and been ushered in

By the proudest guest of the stately scene;

I've touched his majesty's bosom-pin,

And the nuptial ring of his lofty queen.

At the royal board, in the grand parade,

I've oft been one familiar and free:

The fairest lady has smiled, and laid

Her delicate, gloveless hand on me.

Philosopher, poet, the learned, the sage,

Never declines a call from me;

And all, of every rank and age.

Admit me into their *coteri*.

I visit the lions of every where,

If human, or brute, and can testify

To what they do, to what they wear,

To wonders none ever beheld but I!

And now, reviewing the things I've done,

Forgetting my name, my rank and birth,

I begin to think I am number ONE,

Of the great and manifold things of earth.

I've still much more, I yet might tell,

Which modesty bids me here withhold;

For fear with my travels I seem to swell,

Or grow, for an ATOM OF DUST, too bold!

THE END

BY SUSAN PINDAR. Now ready, a New Edition.

FIRESIDE FAIRIES; OR, CHRISTMAS AT AUNT ELSIE'S.

Beautifully illustrated, with Original Designs. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cts., gilt ed. \$1.

Contents.

The Two Voices, or the Shadow and the Shadowless. The Minute Fairies. I Have and O Had I. The Hump and Long Nose. The Lily Fairy and the Silver Beam. The Wonderful Watch. The Red and White Rose Trees. The Diamond Fountain. The Magical Key.

Though this is a small book, it is, mechanically, exceedingly beautiful, being illustrated with spirited woodcuts from Original Designs. But that is its least merit. It is one of the most entertaining, and decidedly one of the best juveniles that have issued from the prolific press of this city. We speak advisedly. It is long since we found time to read through a juvenile book, so near Christmas, when the name of this class of volumes is legion; but this charmed us so much that we were unwilling to lay it down after once commencing it. The first story,—"The Two Voices, or the Shadow and the Shadowless,"—is a sweet thing, as is also the one entitled, "The

Diamond Fountain." Indeed, the whole number, and there are ten, will be read with avidity. Their moral is as pure as their style is enchanting.—*Com. Adv.*

D. Appleton & Co. have just ready,

A NEW UNIFORM SERIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AMEREL.
COMPRISING

I. CHRISTMAS STORIES, for Good Children. Illustrated. 16mo.

II. WINTER HOLIDAYS. A Story for Children. Illustrated. 16mo.

III. THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS. A Story for Children. Illus. 16mo.

IV. GEORGE'S ADVENTURES IN THE COUNTRY. Illus. 16mo.

V. THE CHILD'S STORY BOOK. A Holiday Gift. Illus. 16mo.

VI. THE LITTLE GIFT-BOOK. For Good Boys and Girls. Illus. 16mo.

NEW ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES.

AUNT FANNY'S STORY BOOK. Illustrated. 16mo. \$ 50

THE CHILD'S PRESENT. Illustrated. 16mo.

HOWITT'S PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK. Illustrated with 100 plates. 75 cts.; gilt 1 00

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Illustrated. 4to., 25 cts.; cloth 50

STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. By R.M. Evans. With 23 illustrations. 16mo. 75

ROBINSON CRUSOE. Pictorial Edition. 300 plates. 8vo. 1 50

THE CARAVAN; A COLLECTION OF TALES AND STORIES FROM THE GERMAN. Translated by G.P. Quackenboss. Illustrated by Orr. 16mo.

INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD. By Mrs. Colman. Illustrated 50

HOME RECREATIONS, comprising Travels and Adventures, &c. Colored Illustrations. 16mo. 87

FIRESIDE FAIRIES. A New Story Book. My Miss Susan Pindar. Finely Illustrated. 16mo.

STORY OF LITTLE JOHN. Trans, from the French. Illus. 62

LIVES AND ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. 16mo. 75

UNCLE JOHN'S PANORAMIC PICTURE BOOKS. Six kinds, 25 cts. each; half-cloth 50

HOLIDAY HOUSE. Tales, by Catherine Sinclair. Illustrated 75

PUSS IN BOOTS. Finely illus. by O. Speckter. 50c.; ex. glt. 75

TALES AND STORIES for Boys and Girls. By Mary Howitt 75

AMERICAN HISTORICAL TALES for Youth. 16mo. 75

LIBRARY FOR MY YOUNG COUNTRYMEN.

ADVENTURES of Captain John Smith. By the Author of Uncle Philip 38

ADVENTURES of Daniel Boon. By do. 38

DAWNINGS of Genius. By Anne Pratt. 38

LIFE and Adventures of Henry Hudson. By the Author of Uncle Philip. 38

LIFE and Adventures of Herman Cortez. By do. 38

PHILIP RANDOLPH. A Tale of Virginia. By Mary Gertrude. 38

ROWAN'S History of the French Revolution. 2 vols. 75

SOUTHEY'S Life of Cromwell. 38

TALES FOR THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CHILDREN.

ALICE FRANKLIN. By Mary Howitt. 38
LOVE AND MONEY. By do. 38
HOPE ON, HOPE EVER! Do. 38
LITTLE COIN, MUCH CARE. By do. 38
MY OWN STORY. By do. 38
MY UNCLE, THE CLOCKMAKER. By do. 38
NO SENSE LIKE COMMON SENSE. By do. 38
SOWING AND REAPING. Do. 38
STRIVE AND THRIVE. By do. 38
THE TWO APPRENTICES. By do. 38
WHICH IS THE WISER? Do. 38
WHO SHALL BE GREATEST? By do. 38
WORK AND WAGES. By do. 38
CROFTON BOYS, The. By Harriet Martineau. 38
DANGERS OF DINING OUT By Mrs. Ellis. 38
FIRST IMPRESSIONS. By do. 38
MINISTER'S FAMILY. By do. 38
SOMMERVILLE HALL. By do. 38
DOMESTIC TALES. By Hannah More. 2 vols.... 75
EARLY FRIENDSHIP. By Mrs. Copley. 38
FARMER'S DAUGHTER, The By Mrs. Cameron. 38
LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE MIND. Many plates. 45
MASTERMAN READY. By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols. 2
PEASANT AND THE PRINCE. By H. Martineau. 38
POPLAR GROVE. By Mrs. Copley. 38
SETTLERS IN CANADA. By Capt. Marryatt. 2 vols. 75
TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING. By T.S. Arthur. 38
TWIN SISTERS, The. By Mrs. Sandham. 38
YOUNG STUDENT. By Madame Guizot. 3 vols. 1 12

SECOND SERIES.

CHANCES AND CHANGES. By Charles Burdett. 38
NEVER TOO LATE. By do. 38
GOLDMAKERS VILLAGE. By R. Zschokke. 38
OCEAN WORK, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By J.H. Wright. 38
THE MISSION; or, Scenes in Africa By Capt. Marryatt. 2 vols. 75
STORY OF A GENIUS

TEXT BOOKS

FOR LEARNING THE FRENCH, GERMAN ITALIAN AND SPANISH LANGUAGES.

I. FRENCH.

COLLOT'S Dramatic French Reader. 12mo. \$1.
DE FIVA'S Elementary French Reader. 12mo. 50 cts.
DE FIVA'S Classic French Reader for Advanced Students. 12mo. \$1.
OLLENDORFF'S Elementary French Grammar. By Greene. 16mo. 38 cts. with Key, 50 cts.
OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning French. Edited by J.L. Jewett 12mo. \$1.

KEY to ditto. 75 cts.

ROWAN'S Modern French Reader. 12mo. 75 cts.

SURRENNE'S French Pronouncing Dictionary. 12mo. \$1 50.

VALUE'S New and Easy System of Learning French. 12mo. (*In Press.*)

NEW and COMPLETE FRENCH and ENGLISH DICTIONARY. 1 vol. 8vo To match Adler's German Lexicon. (*In Press.*)

II. GERMAN.

ADLER'S Progressive German Reader. 12mo. \$1.

GERMAN and English, and English and German Dictionary, compiled from the best authorities. 1 vol. large 8vo. \$5.

EICHORN'S New Practical German Grammar. 12mo. \$1.

OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning German. Edited by G.J. Adler 12mo. \$1 50.

III. ITALIAN.

FORESTT'S Italian Reader. 12mo. \$1.

OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning Italian. Edited by F. Forestt 12mo. \$1 50.

KEY to ditto 75 cts.

IV. SPANISH.

OLLENDORFF'S New Method of Learning Spanish. By M. Velasquez and T Simonne 12mo. \$1 50.

KEY to ditto, 75 cts.

PALENZUELA'S new Grammar on the Ollendorff System, for Spaniards to Learn English. (*In Press.*)

VELASQUEZ'S New Spanish Reader. With Lexicon. 12mo. \$1 25.

VELASQUEZ'S New Spanish Phrase Book; or Conversations in English and Spanish. 18mo. 38 cts.

VELASQUEZ'S and SLOANE'S New Spanish and English, and English and Spanish Dictionary. Large 8vo. To match "Adler's German Lexicon." (*In Press.*)

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS.

I. GREEK AND LATIN.

ARNOLD'S First and Second Latin Book and Practical Grammar. 12mo.... 8.75

ARNOLD'S Latin Prose Composition. 12mo.... 1.00

ARNOLD'S Cornelius Nepos. With Notes. 12mo.... 1.00

ARNOLD'S First Greek Book....62

ARNOLD'S Greek Prose Composition. 12mo.....75

ARNOLD'S Greek Reading Book. Edited by Spencer. 12mo.... 1.50

BEZA'S Latin Testament. 12mo.....63

BOISE'S Exercises in Greek Prose Composition. 12mo.....75

CAESAR'S Commentaries. Notes by Spencer. 12mo.... 1.00

CICERO'S Select Orations. Notes by Johnson. 12mo.

CICERO De Senectute and De Amicitia. Notes by Johnson. 12mo. (*In Press.*)

CICERO De Officiis. Notes by Thatcher. 12mo.

HORACE, with Notes by Lincoln. 12mo. (*In Press.*)

LIVY, with Notes by Lincoln. 12mo ... 1.00

SALLUST, with Notes by Butler. 12mo. (*In Press.*)

TACITUS'S Histories. Notes by Tyler. 12mo.... 1.25

---- Germania and Agricola. Notes by Tyler. 12mo.....62

II. HEBREW.

WESENIUS'S Hebrew Grammar. Edited by Rodiger. Translated from the best German edition,

III. ENGLISH.

ARNOLD'S Lectures on Modern History. 12mo.... 1.25

BOJESON and Arnold's Manual of Greek and Roman Antiquities. 12mo ... 1.00

CROSBY'S First Lessons in Geometry. 12mo.....38

CHARE'S Treatise on Algebra. 12mo.... 1.00

EVERETT'S System of English Versification. 12mo.

GRAHAM'S English Synonymes. Edited by Professor Reed, of Pa. University. 12mo....

GUIZOT'S History of Civilization. Notes by Professor Henry, of N.Y. University. 12mo.... 1.00

HOWS' Shaksper. Reader. 12mo.... 1.25

JAGER'S Class Book of Zoology. 18mo.....42

KEIGHTLEY'S Mythology Greece and Rome. 18mo.

MAGNALL'S Histor. Questions. With American additions. 12mo. 1.00

MARKHAM'S School History of England. Edited by Eliza Robins, author of "Popular Lessons."
12mo.....75

MANDEVILLE'S Series of School Readers:

--- Part I.....10

--- Part II.... 16

--- Part III.....28

--- Part IV.....38

--- Course of Reading for Common Schools and Lower Academies. 12mo.....75

--- Elements of Reading and Oratory. 8vo.... 1 00

PUTZ and ARNOLD'S Manual of Ancient Geography and History. 12mo.... 1.00

REID'S Dictionary of the English Language, with Derivations, &c. 12mo.... 1.00

SEWELL'S First History of Rome. 16mo.....60

TAYLOR'S Manual of Modern and Ancient History. Edited by Professor Henry. 8vo., cloth or
sheep.... 1.60

TAYLOR'S Ancient History. Separate.26

TAYLOR'S Modern ditto....

WRIGHT'S Primary Lessons; or Child's First Book....12

In Press.

GREEN'S (Professor) Manual of the Geography and History of the Middle Ages. 12mo.
BURNHAM'S New Mental and Written Arithmetic.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE YOUTH'S CORONAL ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright

law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR

BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable

donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.