The Youth's Coronal

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Title: The Youth's Coronal

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Release Date: March 3, 2004 [eBook #11432]

Language: English

Character set encoding: US-ASCII

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THE YOUTH'S CORONAL

BY HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

Author of "Poems," etc., etc.

1851

Whate'er the good instruction may reveal,
The head must _take_, before the heart can _feel_.
THE MORALIZER.

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.

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=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 plumy 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 _a 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 bevies 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 beauteous 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:

[Footnote 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 or 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.

=Jemmy String=

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 beauteous 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 Biddy=

Dame Biddy abode in a coop,
Because it so chanced that dame Biddy
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 frighted 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 Biddy, "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 scuddled.

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 slily 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 beauteous 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 Lame House=

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!

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