OLD GRAND-PAPA,

AND

OTHER POEMS

FOR

THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF CHILDREN.

New-York:

Published by Samuel Wood & Sons,

No. 261 Pearl-street.

See Welch

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BALTIMORE.

Margaret G Wood from the Mother
of her little Friend James Adams

OLD GRAND-PAPA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

A GENTLEMAN a fortune made
By fair and lucky hits of trade;
From cares of business he retir'd,
When just enough he had acquir'd.

Note ----Whether Old Grand-Papa and Northern Pair are real facts, the publishers cannot tell; yet, they are so natural, interesting, and instructive, that they have concluded them well worthy the attention, not only of their juvenile readers, but even of older persons.

The point of his domestic joy
Was one dear son, his hopeful boy.
When grown, he chose himself a mate,
Was happy in the marriage state,
Though portion he had with her none :
This pair had soon a darling son,
Belov'd by Father and Mamma,
But more belov'd by Grand-Papa,
Who, in o'erflowings of his heart,
Says,—" He and they shall never part:
That in one house they all might live,
And each new day new blessings give ;
That worldly cares with him should cease,
To pass his future days in peace ;
That useless were his heaps of gold
To him, who now was growing old ;
To give his riches to his heir,
For heaven he might his soul prepare."
The son says,—Dearest father, no !"
The father says,—" It shall be so !
You're young ; for wealth you have more need ;"
And thus rosolv'd, he sign'd the deed,
Which gives his son the fine estate,
Park, house, and furniture, and plate.
Where'er he comes all hearts are glad,
And every face in smiles is clad.

Now busy went the mop and broom :
His chamber was the finest room.
His bed-quilt was of eider-down :
French lace adorn'd his cap and gown :
With down was puff'd his elbow chair;
And that was plac'd with punctual care,
Snug, close beside the parlour fire,
And when he speaks they all admire;
Upon his face are fix'd all eyes,
For none were ever half so wise.
Before a single thing is done,
For his advice they all must run:
His wants are all supplied in haste:
At meals the cook consults his taste.
This good old gentleman now view:
A happier soul you never knew.

PART II.

But, by degrees, the scene was chang'd :
The house must all be new arrang'd.
Good cheer good company will draw :
A deal of company they saw ;
And these were of the gay and young :
And some were of the highest *ton*.
The lady hinted to her spouse,

(Her face was red, she knit her brows,)
" Could not your father, pray, my dear,
When any company is here,
Go dine up stairs? I wish him off
Whene'er I hear him sneeze and cough,
And tell old stories out of date;
And then he's got so deaf of late;
Would talk forever, and so curious!
He pokes the fire so very furious!
The servants laugh; I've two dismiss'd:
I cannot bear to see him quizz'd.
When folks are got so far advanced,
Their wits are, as it were entranc'd:
They must perceive, if they had sense,
That with them we could well dispense.

In his own room were he to dine,
He could not at the change repine :
He'd have more comforts when alone,
And we'd be rid of such a drone."
The husband with his wife complies,
Although some qualms of nature rise,
And gratitude; and filial love.
His father now must dine above.—
A month or so 'tis pretty well:
The servants now neglect his bell ;
They're tir'd of dancing so up stairs ;
One footman mutters, t'other swears.
Some days he has his dinner hot ;
Some days his dinner is forgot.
His son scarce sees him once a week ;
At length his health begins to break.
His given fortune he repents :
He sees his folly and laments :
But ne'er upbraids the son and wife,
For fear it might be cause of strife.
" Some company come here to-day,
A week or two, perhaps, they'll stay,"
The lady said ; and counting heads,
" I fear we shall be short of beds.—
Sir Timothy and Lady Bloom
Must have your father's handsome room :

Old dad can sleep—I think he may—
Down at the inn, just while they stay.
But scandal then will make a rout,
And say *I've* turn'd your father out :
Besides, 'tis true, (as he's so old,)
To sleep from home he may catch cold.
Over the coach-house there's a loft :
I'll have a bed made warm and soft.
The coachman he won't mind a pin
To take his quarters at the inn.—
Behold! now in the coach-house loft,
Stretch'd on a bed not warm nor soft,
The venerable parent lies,
Aud tears of sorrow fill his eyes.

While in the house full plenty reigns,
And ev'ry joy that mirth ordains,
Their pleasures so o'erflow the brim,
Nor son nor daughter think of him.
The servants have so much to do ;
The very dogs forget him too.

PART III.

But thought of still he was by one,
The offspring of his thankless son.—
And six years old this child might be,
And like a cherub sweet look'd he ;
A stranger to the worldly mask ;
For Grand-Papa he'd often ask ;
On Grand-Papa his prattle ran ;
He dearly lov'd the good old man,
Who to the child was ever kind.
His Grand-Papa he needs must find ;
He watch'd the place, he rose betimes,
And to the loft the sweet boy climbs.
'Twas depth of winter, frost and snows,
The old man's bed was scant of clothes ;
And nipp'd with cold and pinch'd with pain,
With sighs he ventures to complain.
With innocent and anxious face

The child surveys the wretched place;
And grief his feeling heart bespeaks—
The tears run down his beauteous cheeks:
And to his parents quick he runs,
And with the tale their ears he stuns.
They never thought of this before,
But order'd now a blanket more,
To shield his age from winter's harm,
And keep the old man snug and warm.
The little boy with this was pleas'd,
And of his grief his heart was eas'd.
The child was prais'd for so much thought:
The bell was rung—the blanket brought—

The child the fleecy blanket feels;
His smiling face his joy reveals.
"When I'm a man," cries he, "'twill freeze—
Mamma, your scissors, if you please?"
"My scissors, child! why, how you rant!
Boy, what can you with scissors want?"
"To cut this blanket here in two.—
Papa, when I'm a man like you,
Like you I'll then be smart and gay;
Like Grand-Papa you'll then be gray,
And feeble, helpless, weak, and bald;
And then Old Daddy *you'll* be call'd.
So when to coach-loft up I send you,
As every comfort I intend you,
Just half this blanket I will keep,
To make you warm when you're asleep."
These artless words so unexpected came,
They struck their hearers like electric flame.
Pale were their cheeks, from shame and keen remorse;
Affection re-assumes its former course.
The contrite son his penitence exprest,
And took his infant angel to his breast:
Flies to his injur'd father's sad retreat,
And with repenting tears bedews his feet;

With smiles and cordials parting life recals ;
Plac'd him once more within the mansion walls.
With all those aids that affluence can give,
The generous parent many years may live.
The son's repentant spirit never sleeps ;
To keep it waking he the blanket keeps.
The child who treats his parents with neglect,
Half of the blanket may himself expect.

NORTHERN PAIR.

A NORTHERN pair, we wave the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
When first the nuptial state they tried,
With desires to please in pleasure vied.
New to the mighty charms, they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal.

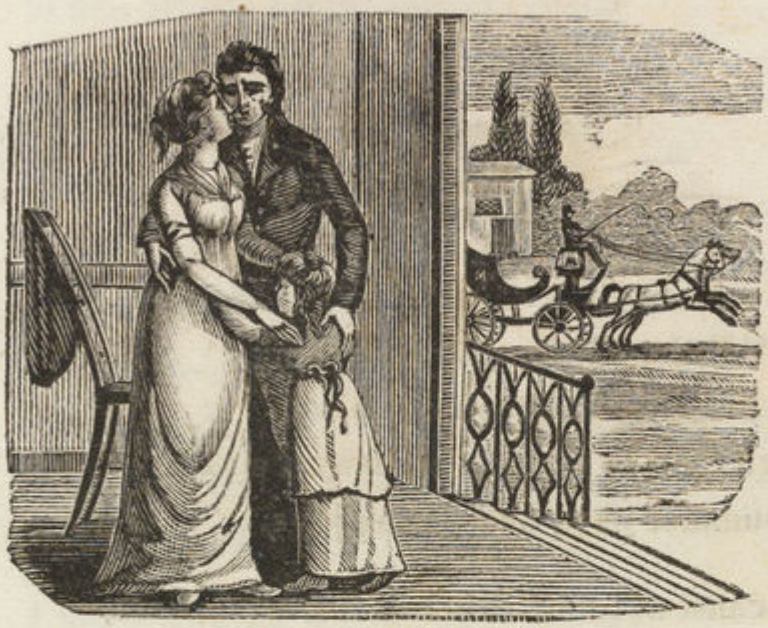
We love whate'er has power to please,
So nature's ancient law decrees ;
And thus the pair, while each had power,
To bless the fond sequester'd hour,
With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
And love in kind complacence show.

But when familiar, charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before ;
Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
Now this, now that, was disapprov'd ;
Some trifling fault, which love conceal'd,
Indifference every day reveal'd.
Complacence flies, neglect succeeds ;
Neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
The wish to please forsakes the breast,
The wish to rule had each possess'd.
Perpetual war, the wish to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain ;
Now hope of conquest swells the heart
No more—at length content to part.
The rural seat, the sylvan shade,
Where first the nuptial vows were paid ;
That seat attests the dire intent,
And hears the parting settlement.
This house, these fields, my Lady's own,
Sir John must ride to town alone.
The chariot waits——they bid adieu ;
But still the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe—and smokes it out—
Mysterious ! Wherefore this delay ?
The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
The father's, mother's darling she,
Lean'd, lisp'd, and prattled at their knee.
Sir John now rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
And cried with ardour in his eye,
" Come, Betsey, bid Mamma good-bye."
The lady trembling, answer'd No—
" Go kiss Papa, my Betsey, go!
Sir John, the child shall live with me."
" The child herself shall choose," said he.

Poor Betsey look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
The lady asks with doubt and fear,
" Will you not live with me, my dear ?"
Yes, half resolv'd, replied the child,
And half suppress'd her tears, and smil'd.
" Come, Betsey," cried Sir John, " you'll go,
And live with dear Papa, I know."
Yes, Betsey cried.—The lady then
Address'd the wand'ring child again.
" The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more ;
Choose then"—Her grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out, too long supprest.
The child whose tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd Papa displeas'd, unkind ;
And try'd with all her little skill,
To sooth his soft relenting will.
" Do," cry'd the lisper, " Papa, do,
Love dear Mamma—Mamma loves you."
Subdu'd, the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart belied,
The tender transport forc'd its way,
They both confess'd each other's sway ;

And, prompted by the social smart,
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.



Each kiss'd their Betsey o'er and o'er,
And Tom drove empty from the door.

ON LISTENING TO A CRICKET.

I LOVE thou little chirping thing,
TO hear thy melancholy noise ;
Though thou to fancy's ear mayst sing,
Of summer past, and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But through the winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth ;

And when my lamp's decaying beam,
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age,

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strew'd around,
The forms of memory unveil.

Recall the many coloured dreams,
  That fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
  The pictured promises of truth.

Perchance, observe the faithful light
  Send its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright
  May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
  When care, and hope, and passion sleep,
And reason with untroubled power
  Can her late vigils duly keep:

I love the night; and sooth to say,
  Before the merry birds that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
  Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

But see! pale Autumn strews her leaves,
  Her wither'd leaves o'er nature's grave,
While giant winter she perceives
  Dark rushing from his icy cave;

And in his train the sleety showers,
  That beat upon the barren earth;
Thou cricket, through these weary hours
  Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

THE VAIN GIRL.

ELIZA had a form and face,
Complete in loveliness and grace;
Elate with pleasure she surveys
The image that her glass displays;
It seems to be her only care
To decorate that form so fair.

Ah! silly girl, thy beauteous bloom,
Sickness and sorrow may consume;
Or if they spare thee, rolling years
Will bring on wrinkles and gray hairs:
And then what comfort canst thou find,
Without resources in thy mind.

Thy time is now in trifles spent
In studying dress and ornament,
Without an effort or desire,
More useful knowledge to acquire:
But thou mayst mourn when youth is past,
The precious hours thou now dost waste.

While those that strive to gain a store
Of knowledge, will, when youth is o'er,
The comfort and advantage find
Of a well cultivated mind;
That solid comfort which will last,
When beauty fades, and youth is past.

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

A MAN of kindness to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions show a brutal mind.
Remember—he who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain; but God's omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge,
But know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

ON A SINGING BIRD.

A native of the Canary Islands, confined in a very small cage.

HAPPY in my native grove,
I from spray to spray did rove,
Full of music, full of love.

Drest as fine as bird could be,
Every thing that I did see,
Every thing was mirth to me.

There had I been happy still,
With my mate to coo and bill
In the vale, or on the hill;

But the cruel tyrant man,
Tyrant since the world began,
Soon abridg'd my little span:

How shall I the wrong forget !—
Over me he threw a net,
And I am his captive yet.

To this rough and rocky shore,
Ocean I was wafted o'er,
Ne'er to see my country more.

To a narrow cage confin'd,
I, who once so gaily shin'd,
Sing to please the human kind.

I, so fond, so full of play,
I, so innocently gay,
Sing my little life away.

Thus to pine and flutter here,
Thus to grieve from year to year,
This is usage too severe :

Gentle shepherds of the plain,
Who so fondly hear my strain,
Help me to be free again:

'Tis a blessing to be free,
Fair Belinda, pity me,
Pity that which sings for thee :

But if cruel, you deny
That your captive bird should fly,
Here detain'd so wrongfully,

Full of anguish, full of wo,
I must with my music go
To the cypress groves below.

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream
  Where is thy substance found,
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
  Of earth's capricious round?

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and show,
  Are nought but gilded snares,
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
  Thick set with thorny cares.

The busy town, the crowded street,
  Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd, retreat
  To breathe and think again.

Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms
  Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves;
  'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
  Unerring points the way,
Where happiness forever shines
  With unpolluted ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
  Beyond the starry skies;
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
  In endless prospect rise.

THE CONSTANT SAILOR.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade ;
He mounts the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime:
Charms with the magic of the moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of a stormy main:
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave,
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join;
Still, still, he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, gently hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to sooth his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow tide:

But lo! at last he comes with crowded sail,
Lo! o'er the cliff, what eager figures bend,
And hark! what murmuring whispers swell the gale,
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she! 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furl'd,
Soon thro' the milk-white foam he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

SENSIBILITY.

CELESTIAL spring ! to nature's favourite giv'n,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flowers of heaven;
From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's wo;
The silent drop that calms our own distress ;
The gush of rapture at a friend's success :
Thine the soft showers down beauty's breast that
steal,
To sooth the heart-wounds they can never heal :
Thine too the tears of ecstacy that roll,
When genius whispers to the list'ning soul ;
And thine the hallowed flood that drowns the eye,
When warm Religion lifts the thought on high.

AN ELEGY.

THE pomp aud splendour of the present life,
The joys of riches, and the charms of power,
Although the fruits of endless noise and strife,
Are but the transient blessings of an hour.

All human joys are subject to decay,
This life is like a tender fading flower,
Which blooms in beauty but to droop away,
Beauty, the transient blessings of an hour.

The pleasing scenes we now behold with joy,
To entertain, e'er long, will lose their power;
Our greatest pleasures, soon, too soon will cloy,
They're but the transient blessings of an hour.

The many charms enliv'ning summer yields,
Crown'd with the verdure of his fruitful store,
The fragrant flowers, the sweetly pleasing fields,
Are all the transient blessing of an hour.

For now dull winter comes with haggard mien,
His air is fierce, his countenance is sour;
'Tis thus the pleasures which we here obtain,
Are but transient blessings of an hour.

A HYMN ON MORNING.

By a Young Female.

THE morning dawns ; the rising sun
  Strews blushes o'er the sky ;
Men to their several callings run,
  To their's all creatures hie.

The lark with her enliv'ning note,
  Soars upward, as she sings ;
The warbling goldfinch swells his throat,
  And spreads his gaudy wings.

The gen'rous cow her treasure yields,
  The milk-maid's pail to fill ;
The lab'ring horse stalks to the fields,
  The fruitful earth to till.

Now clearly every sense appears
  To man's delighted eyes ;
The lofty grove its summit rears,
  The downs in prospect rise.

In every landscape there is seen
  Divine creative power ;
Else what could clothe the meads with green,
  Or form the od'rous flower ?

View well yon rising tufted hill,
  This vale with cowslips crown'd,
This gently murm'ring silver'd rill,
  Which scatters blessings round!

Since then we see all these confess,
  A God's almighty power,
Let us with zeal, his praise express,
  And gratefully adore.

A HYMN ON NIGHT.

By a Young Female.

The day declines ; the sinking sun
  Hastes down the redd'ning skies ;
The hills receive his last shot ray,
  Then hide him from our eyes.

The bleating sheep with pleasure move,
  The hurdled folds to fill ;
The cattle now to quench their thirst,
  Haste to the neighb'ring rill.

But, hark ! the curfew's awful sound
  Shuts up the fleeting day ;
The honest labourer quits his work,
  And homeward plods his way.

The bird of night now ventures forth ;
  And fearless flies along ;
The nightingale now tunes her note,
  And warbles out her song.

And now still night her empire spreads
  In silence far and near ;
No sound is heard, except the breeze,
  That lulls the list'ning ear.

The sparkling stars in order rise,
  And spread the vast profound ;
The moon next shows her silver face,
  And lightens all around.

While thus I view these pleasing scenes,
  Which strike my ravished sight,
O may I not forgetful be,
  Of Him who made the night.

When every object I behold,
  Now strives which most shall show
Its great Creator's wond'rous skill,
  Around, above, below.

Join thou, my soul ! with nature's band,
  To chant his mighty power ;
Let heaven and earth, angels and men,
  In chorus, Him adore.

THE SEASONS.

Spring.

Four seasons in the year; the first is Spring,
When sweet birds build their nests, and sweetly
sing;
When yellow crocus, and the snow-drop fair,
Peep from their beds to taste the vernal air.
If birds chant forth their thanks of praise to
Heaven,
Should I not praise, to whom so much is given?
Sweet birds, delicious flowers, all I see,
Excite my grateful thanks, O Lord! to thee!

Summer.

THE heart is glad, the garden gay,
Blithe summer comes in sweet array ;
The butterfly, that beauteous thing,
Flutters round on painted wing :
The humming bee, that merry wag,
Flies, sips, and fills his honey-bag :
The sun his beams with lustre shoots,
To ripen corn, and plants, and fruits ;
Fainting beneath his burning ray,
The juicy fruits our thirst allay.—
God's smallest work, a purpose shows ;
Through all his works his bounty flows.

Autumn.

AUTUMN supplies our craving wants;
Rich fruits are ripe, and corn, and plants:
The yellow field of corn is reap'd;
At harvest time the barn is heap'd.
I'll never hoard to raise the price:
Keep me, O Lord! from such a vice.

Winter.

WHEN Winter comes, in drifting snow,
Then near the fire we frequent go :
And though it comes in frost and hail,
Yet never shall my courage fail :
If winter come, and blow a storm,
Then my good coat shall keep me warm ;
And when it comes in drizzling sleet,
Then dry I'll keep my head and feet.
Though pleasure may my feet entice,
To take a slide upon the ice;
Yet, when the cruel tempests howl,
Scaring man, and beast, and fowl,
Oh, let me pity all the poor,
Who then can find no open door ;
Or who have neither clothes nor food :
Then let me try to do them good.
For pity is a fleeting shade,
If we do not then add our aid :
For something we can safely spare ;
For we've enough, and they shall share.

WINTER REFLECTIONS.

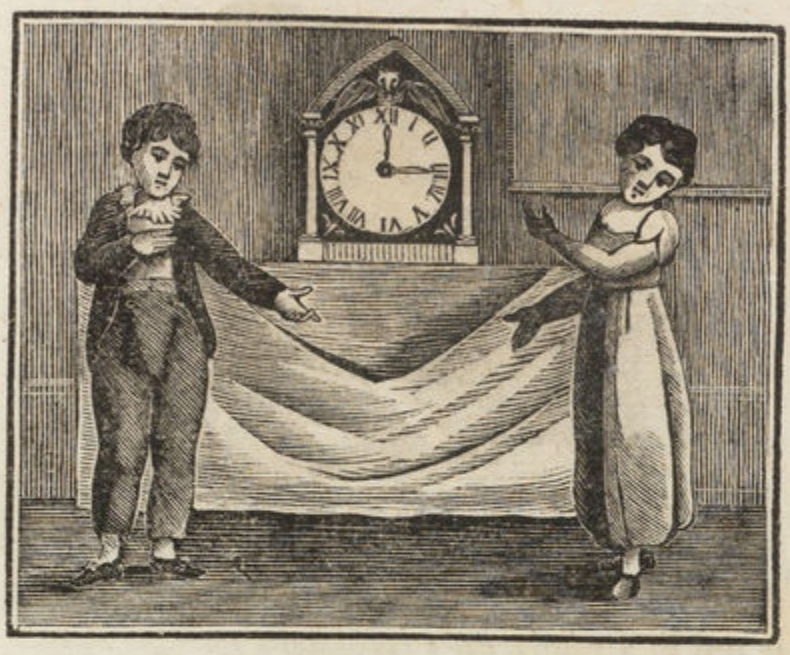
THE ground is covered deep with snow,
And the winds cold and piercing blow ;
But we have fire and raiment warm,
And are safe shelter'd from the storm :
So many comforts we enjoy,
That the sharp seasons scarce annoy.
Think on the suff'rings of the poor,
Who all its rigour must endure :
Those who with competence are blest,
Should surely feel for the distrest ;
And glow with gratitude to Heaven,
That has to us more blessings given.
Observe that beggar, weak and old,
Pinch'd with hunger and with cold ;
The tatter'd garb which wraps his form,
Cannot defend him from the storm ;

Forlorn, unshelter'd, he must roam,
Devoid of comfort, friend, or home.
Can we, who in such plenty live,
Refuse some small relief to give ?
No ; rather far let us deny
Ourselves some useless luxury,
Than slight the miseries of the poor,
And spurn the suppliant from our door.
O ! never, like the proud, may we
Turn with disdain from poverty.
Or view with an indifferent eye
A fellow creature's misery :
Never, while we have power to grant,
Withhold relief from those that want.
Then, while we succour the distrest,
We shall ourselves be render'd blest ;
For a good conscience will impart
Delightful feelings to the heart ;
And gracious Heaven will sure approve
The works of sympathy and love.

TO MY WATCH.

LITTLE monitor, by thee,
Let me learn what I should be:
Learn the round of life to fill,
Useful and progressive still.
Thou canst gentle hints impart
How to regulate the heart:
When I wind thee up at night,
Mark each fault, and set thee right,
Let me search my bosom too,
And my daily thoughts review;
Mark the movements of my mind,
Nor be easy, when I find
Latent errors rise to view,
Till all be regular and true.

TIME.



JUST sixty seconds in a minute;
One hour hath sixty minutes in it:
And, be your hours or dull or bright,
You've twenty-four in day and night:
And if more knowledge you would seek,
You've just seven days in every week.
Four weeks are in a month, 'tis clear;
And full twelve months make up one year.
God grant that acts of good my year may fill,
And not one second spent in doing ill.

CONTENT.

'Tis not in pleasure's giddy round ;
'Tis not in mirth CONTENT is found ;
It is not in a monarch's treasures ;
It is not in a sultan's pleasures ;
It is not in a sumptuous board ;
It is not in a miser's hoard ;
It is not in the sparkling bowl ;
(For 'tis not wine that sooths the soul.)
She sits not at preferment's gate ;
She waits not on a prince's state ;
But in the cot of rosy health,
Careless of luxury and wealth ;
Or by some flow'ry river's side,
Or in some wood or even-tide,
Content, and all her blissful train reside,
If virtue rule the heart.———

In holy, humble, virtuous hearts alone,
Does sweet Content erect her quiet throne.
And such can say,
My peaceful bosom knows no guilty fears,
No whining sorrow, or ambitious cares;
But in the road of homely meekness drest,
With thee CONTENT, I now am surely blest;
Thee, whom the scepter'd monarch pants to gain,
And laurel'd honour strives to win in vain;
Thee, whom the scornful proud have never known;
Thee, whom the rich can seldom call their own;
Thee, I possess, and while possess'd of thee,
Far happier am than even kings can be.
Though Heaven afflict, I'll not complain—
The noblest comforts still remain:
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through this vale.
Amidst these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils.
And shall I murmur at my God,
When secret love directs his nod?
His hand shall smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day;
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,
Through all his art we view;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

HOW sacred and how innocent
A country life appears!
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoyed himself;
'Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for self.

But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys;
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to trust my joys.

THE PEASANT.

CONTENTED with my happy lot,
Though by the rich and great forgot,
I dwell within an humble cot.

Soon as the sun adorns the sky,
For daily labours I must hie,
And earn my food by industry.

From labour health and comfort flow,
And the pure airs that round me blow,
A hearty appetite bestow.

Better than those who can afford,
To sit at a luxurious board,
With many costly dainties stor'd.

And when my labour ends at night,
I sink in slumbers, soft and light,
'Till waken'd by the sun beams' light.

Thousands of the proud and great,
And many with a large estate,
Might envy me my humble state.

THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

ALTHOUGH the Fire consumes with heat,
It cheers us with its light;
And when the Fire and Water meet,
For victory they fight.

The Air refreshes, puffs, and blows;
The Earth is dull and staid;
These elements all things compose,
That ever yet were made.

Of what, how formed, or whence they came,
By man was never known;
Such knowledge of this wond'rous frame,
Belongs to God alone.

VAIN DEPENDENCE.

VAIN his dependence who depends on wealth,
On future fame or happiness below;
E'en thus the sordid miser heaps his pelf,
For future uses which he ne'er can know.

'Till age advance, and on him lays his hand,
Threats his strong base, and shakes his manly frame;
'Gainst his repeated strokes no longer stand,
But glides away in life's decreasing stream.

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