

## MORAL EMBLEMS I

Poem: I

See how the children in the print  
Bound on the book to see what's in 't!  
O, like these pretty babes, may you  
Seize and APPLY this volume too!  
And while your eye upon the cuts  
With harmless ardour opes and shuts,  
Reader, may your immortal mind  
To their sage lessons not be blind.

Poem: II

Reader, your soul upraise to see,  
In yon fair cut designed by me,  
The pauper by the highwyside  
Vainly soliciting from pride.  
Mark how the Beau with easy air  
Contemns the anxious rustic's prayer,  
And, casting a disdainful eye,  
Goes gaily gallivanting by.  
He from the poor averts his head . . .  
He will regret it when he's dead.

Poem: III--A PEAK IN DARIEN

Broad-gazing on untrodden lands,  
See where adventurous Cortez stands;  
While in the heavens above his head  
The Eagle seeks its daily bread.  
How aptly fact to fact replies:  
Heroes and eagles, hills and skies.  
Ye who contemn the fatted slave  
Look on this emblem, and be brave.

Poem: IV

See in the print how, moved by whim,  
Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim,  
Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat,  
To noose that individual's hat.  
The sacred Ibis in the distance  
Joys to observe his bold resistance.

Poem: V

Mark, printed on the opposing page,  
The unfortunate effects of rage.  
A man (who might be you or me)  
Hurls another into the sea.  
Poor soul, his unreflecting act  
His future joys will much contract,  
And he will spoil his evening toddy  
By dwelling on that mangled body.

## MORAL EMBLEMS II

Poem: I

With storms a-weather, rocks a-lee,  
The dancing skiff puts forth to sea.  
The lone dissenter in the blast  
Recoils before the sight aghast.  
But she, although the heavens be black,  
Holds on upon the starboard tack,  
For why? although to-day she sink,  
Still safe she sails in printer's ink,  
And though to-day the seamen drown,  
My cut shall hand their memory down.

Poem: II

The careful angler chose his nook  
At morning by the liliated brook,  
And all the noon his rod he plied  
By that romantic riverside.  
Soon as the evening hours decline  
Tranquilly he'll return to dine,  
And, breathing forth a pious wish,  
Will cram his belly full of fish.

Poem: III

The Abbot for a walk went out,  
A wealthy cleric, very stout,  
And Robin has that Abbot stuck  
As the red hunter spears the buck.  
The djavel or the javelin  
Has, you observe, gone bravely in,  
And you may hear that weapon whack  
Bang through the middle of his back.  
HENCE WE MAY LEARN THAT ABBOTS SHOULD  
NEVER GO WALKING IN A WOOD.



Poem: IV

The frozen peaks he once explored,  
But now he's dead and by the board.  
How better far at home to have stayed  
Attended by the parlour maid,  
And warmed his knees before the fire  
Until the hour when folks retire!  
SO, IF YOU WOULD BE SPARED TO FRIENDS,  
DO NOTHING BUT FOR BUSINESS ENDS.

Poem: V

Industrious pirate! see him sweep

The lonely bosom of the deep,

And daily the horizon scan

From Hatteras or Matapan.

Be sure, before that pirate's old,

He will have made a pot of gold,

And will retire from all his labours

And be respected by his neighbours.

YOU ALSO SCAN YOUR LIFE'S HORIZON

FOR ALL THAT YOU CAN CLAP YOUR EYES ON.