



MAY-DAY.

THE  
YOUNGSTER'S DIARY;  
OR,  
*Youth's Remembrancer*  
OF  
NATURAL EVENTS,  
FOR  
EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.



ALNWICK:

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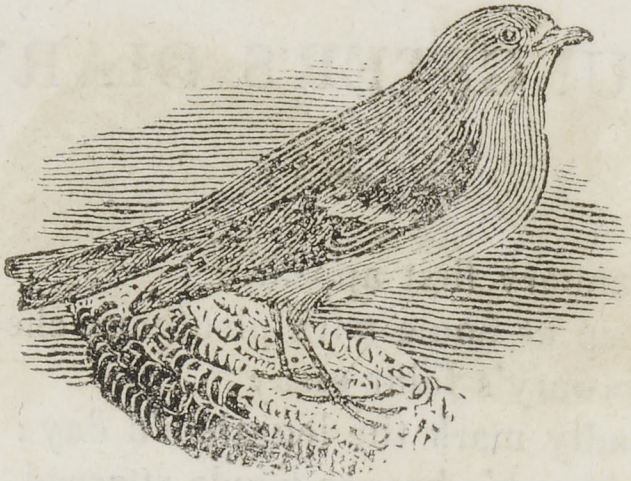
WHEATLAND: PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

BY T. B. CLARK.

# YOUNGSTER'S DIARY.



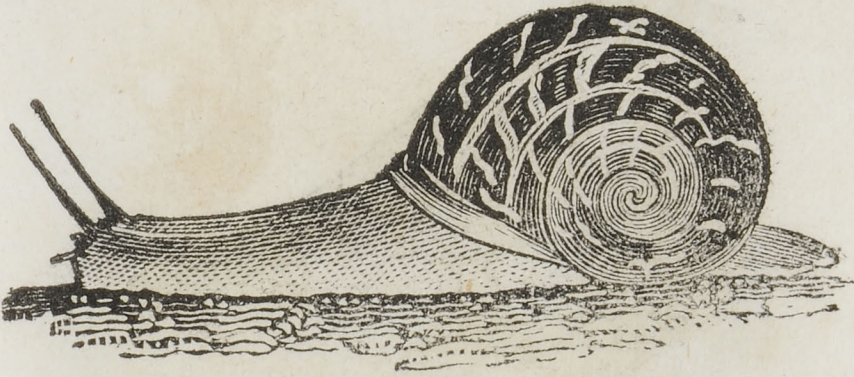
SEE January first appear,  
But keep at home with plenteous cheer.  
In February's faint essay  
We gladly mark the lengthen'd day :  
Bleak March's keener winds succeed,  
Rough as the newly-mounted steed :  
April a flattering face will wear,  
Resembling a coquettish fair :  
E'en May is often prov'd a bite,  
Warms in the day, but chills at night.  
Bright June, in gayest livery dress'd,  
Of Flora's glory is the test :  
July presides in Phœbus' smiles,  
Whose evening human care beguiles :  
Brown August sober pleasure brings,  
Maturing heat upon his wings :  
September offers to our reach  
The cluster'd grape and blushing peach :  
October's waning influence yields  
The sportsman pleasure in the fields :  
November's soaking showers require  
The changed coat and blazing fire :  
And dark December, in the end,  
Commends a book and cheerful friend.



## THE ROBIN.

From snowy plains, and icy sprays,  
 From moonless nights, and sunless days,  
 Welcome, poor bird! I'll cherish thee;  
 I love thee, for thou trustest me.  
 Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest!  
 Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast:—  
 How quick thy little heart is beating!  
 As if its brother flutterer greeting.  
 Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom;  
 No! freely flutter round my room;  
 Perch on my lute's remaining string,  
 And sweetly of sweet summer sing.  
 That note, that summer note, I know;  
 It wakes, at once, and soothes my woe,—  
 I see those woods, I see that stream,  
 I see,—ah, still prolong the dream!  
 Still, with thy song, those scenes renew,  
 Though through my tears they reach my view.

GRAHAME.



## THE SNAIL.

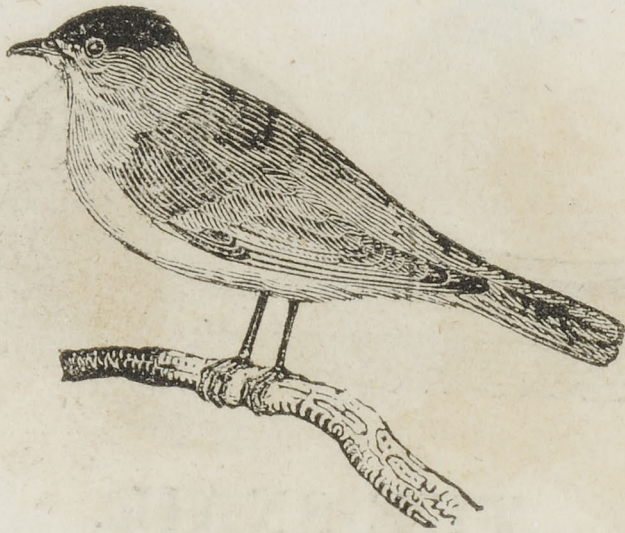
(From the French of M. Arnault.)

With friends, with family unblest'd,  
Condemn'd alone to dwell ;  
If danger's least alarm molest,  
He shrinks within his cell.

Sole tenant of his narrow walls ;  
His self-esteem profound ;  
He issues when the season calls  
To join the insects round.

Impure his track, he winds his way  
Among the shrubs and flowers ;  
The fairest his selected prey,  
He taints them or devours.

Grown old, like captive mop'd and wan,  
Forlorn at home he lies :  
Thus snail-like lives the *selfish man*,  
And like a snail he dies.



## THE YELLOWHAMMER.\*

Even in a bird the simplest notes have charms  
 For me: I even love the *Yellowhammer's* song.  
 When earliest buds begin to bulge, his note,  
 Simple, reiterated oft is heard  
 On leafless briar, or half-grown hedgerow tree;  
 Nor is he silent until autumn's leaves  
 Fall fluttering round his head of golden hue,  
 Fair plumaged bird!

\* This bird in its wild state is heard in the month of February to renew his pretty note, not unlike that of the linnet. The female lays five or six eggs in a nest built on the ground, near some bush. The Yellowhammer is often so completely tamed, that poor men and women carry them about the streets of London, perched on their fingers.



## THE RAVEN.\*

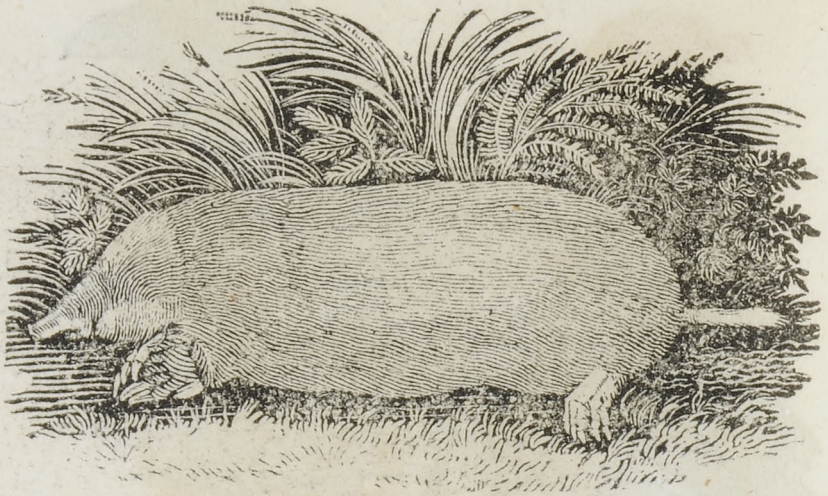
On ancient oak or elm, whose topmost boughs  
 Begin to fail, the Raven's twig-formed house  
 Is built; and, many a year, the self-same tree  
 The aged † solitary pair frequent.  
 But distant is their range; for oft at morn  
 They take their flight, and not till twilight grey  
 Their slow returning cry hoarse meets the ear.

GRAHAME.

\* This Bird, by the latter end of February, has generally laid its eggs, and begun to sit.

† Ravens are said to live to upwards of 100 years of age.



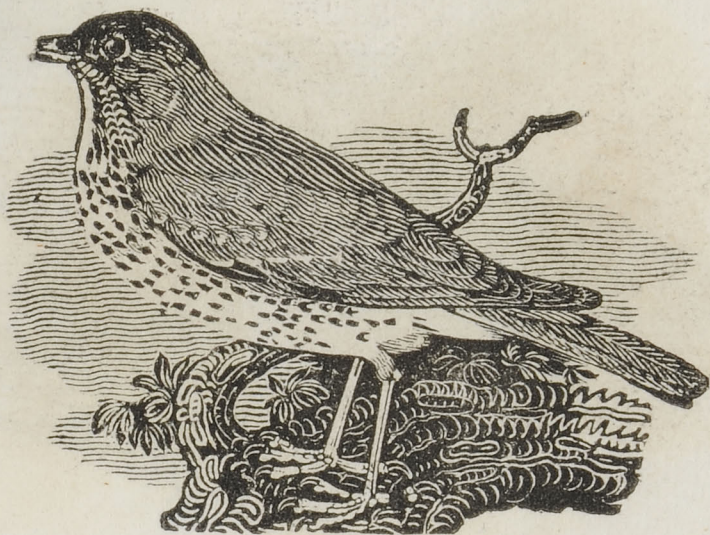


## THE MOLE. \*

Soon as the potent frost relents, the soil  
 Relax'd admits the labours of the mole ;  
 The darkling miner upward turns his heaps  
 In circles round the field ; that to the swain  
 Annoyance brings, who drives his delving plough  
 Direct. For busy labour now prepares  
 For seed-time ; and the toiling oxen roll  
 Their vacant eyes athwart the stubborn ground,  
 And bow with awkward gestures as they turn,  
 Oppress'd beneath the galling yoke.

BIDLAKE.

\* Moles commence their subterraneous operations about the same time the Ravens begin to lay eggs.



## THE THRUSH.\*

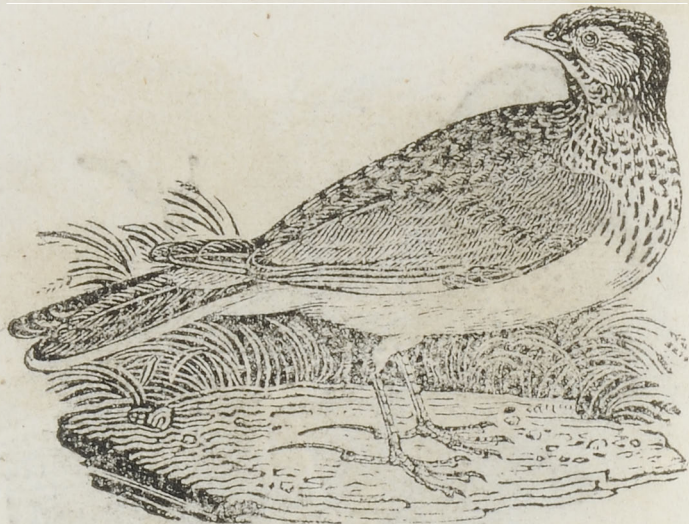
Sweet Thrush! whose wild untutor'd strain  
 Salutes the opening year;  
 Renew those melting notes again,  
 And soothe my ravish'd ear.

Though in no gaudy plumage drest,  
 With glowing colours bright;  
 Nor gold, nor scarlet, on thy breast,  
 Attracts our wond'ring sight;

Yet not the Pheasant, or the Jay,  
 Thy brothers of the grove,  
 Can boast superior worth to thee,  
 Or sooner claim our love.

M. RIDDELL.

\* The *Throstle* or *Thrush* charms us with the sweetness and variety of his lays, in March.



### THE LARK.

Sweetest warbler of the skies,  
 Soon as morning's purple dies  
 O'er the eastern mountains float,  
 Waken'd by thy merry note,  
 Thro' the fields of yellow corn,  
 That Mersey's winding banks adorn,  
 O'er green meads I gaily pass,  
 And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,  
 And warbling wild notes, die away ;  
 I love to mark thy upward flight,  
 And see thee lessen from my sight :  
 Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,  
 Sudden swift I see thee fall,  
 With wearied wing, and beating breast,  
 Near thy chirping younglings' nest.



## THE FROG. \*

Poor being! wherefore dost thou fly?  
 Why seek to shun my gazing eye,  
 And palpitate with fear?  
 Indulge a passing trav'ler's sight,  
 And leap not on in vain affright;  
 No cruel foe is here.

I would but pause a while to view  
 Thy dappled coat of many a hue;  
 Thy rapid bound survey;  
 And see how well thy limbs can glide  
 Along the sedge-crown'd streamlet's tide,  
 Then journey on my way.

\* Frogs retire to ponds and ditches during the frosts of winter, when they lie in a state of torpidity, either deeply plunged in the soft mud at the bottom of stagnant waters, or in the hollows beneath their banks, till they are awakened from their slumber by the return of the genial warmth of spring.

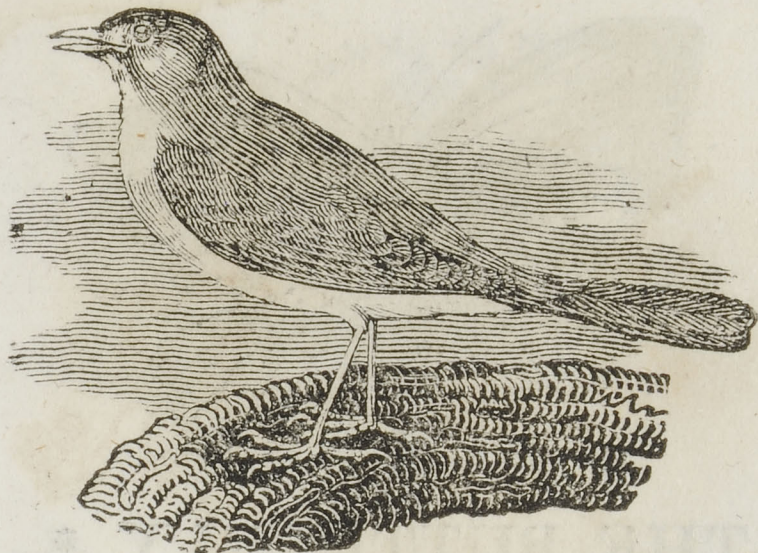


## THE FLOWERS.\*

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,  
 Fair Venus' train appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
 And wake the purple year!  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of spring;  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

GRAY

\* A great variety of flowers are in full blow in the month of April, and yield their pleasing fragrance to the delighted passenger.

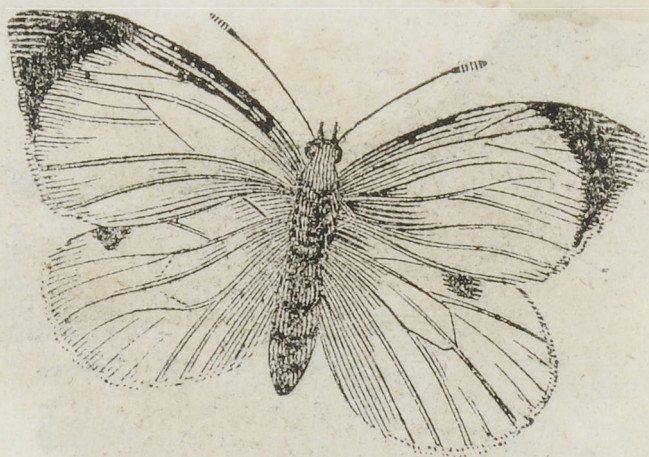


## THE NIGHTINGALE. \*

But let not chief the Nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft, when returning with her loaded bill,  
 The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
 Robb'd; to the ground the vain provision falls:  
 Her pinions ruffle; and, low drooping, scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,  
 Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings  
 Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough  
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

THOMSON.

\* Nightingales make their regular appearance in the month of April.



## THE BUTTERFLY. \*

Trusting the first warm day of spring,  
 When transient sunshine warms the sky,  
 Light on his yellow spotted wing  
 Comes forth the early *Butterfly*.  
 With wavering flight, he settles now  
 Where pilewort spreads its blossoms fair,  
 Or on the grass where daisies blow,  
 Pausing, he rests his pinions there.  
 But, insect! in a luckless hour  
 Thou from thy winter home hast come,  
 For yet is seen no luscious flower  
 With odour rich, and honied bloom.  
 And these that to the early day  
 Yet timidly their bells unfold,  
 Close with the sun's retreating ray,  
 And shut their humid eyes of gold.

\* The White or Cabbage Butterfly often appears as early as April.



## THE BEES. \*

Hark! round the hive the busy murmur rings,  
 What crowds in frolic circles ply their wings!  
 Reviving suns in glad commotion hail,  
 And drink the freshness of the vernal gale!  
 While these in spots their vacant raptures pour,  
 Those wiser haunt the new-discovered flower;  
 Each fragrant cell explore, each nectared fold,  
 Glean the new wax, and load their thighs with gold.

\* About this time, *Bees* send forth their early swarms, which contain between three and four thousand of them; they live several years swarming once and sometimes twice in the summer, so that one hive can produce several others in a few years. The hive consists of three kinds of insects, the mother or Queen Bee, the drones, and the neutral or working individuals; these do all the drudgery of the community, under exact and strict regulations. Nothing can afford greater amusement than to watch the members of this industrious community in their daily journeys from flower to flower, from which they extract their Honey and Wax.





## MAY-DAY.

The daisies peep from ev'ry field,  
 And violets sweet their odour yield;  
 The purple blossom paints the thorn,  
 And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,  
 For this is Nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,  
 Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;  
 The ox shall cease his neck to bow,  
 And Clodden yield to rest, the plough.

Behold the lark in ether float,  
 While rapture swells the liquid note!  
 What warbles he, with merry cheer?  
 "Let Love and Pleasure rule the year."<sup>320</sup>

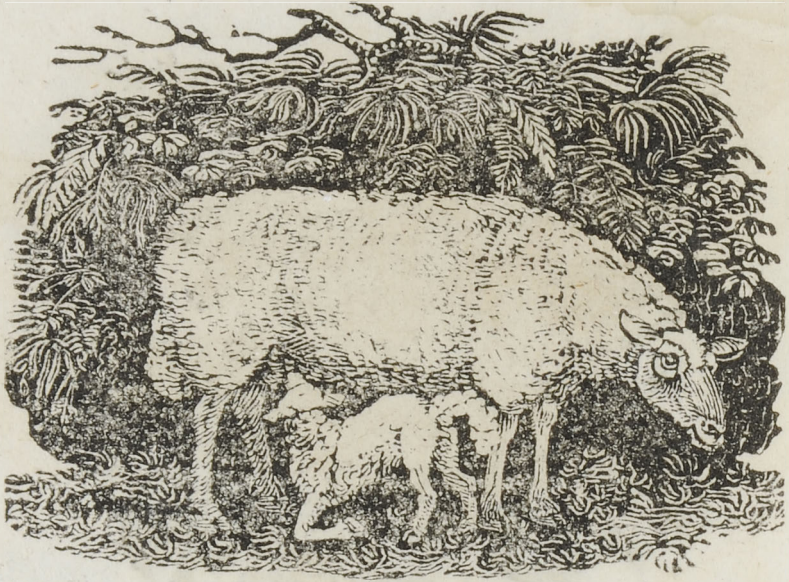
The insect tribes in myriads pour,  
 And kiss with Zephyr ev'ry flow'r;  
 Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,  
 And tell us we are foes to love?



## THE ROSE.

Queen of fragrance, lovely rose,  
Thy soft and silken leaves disclose:  
The winter's past, the tempests fly,  
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky;  
The silver dews and genial showers  
Call forth a blooming waste of flowers;  
And, lo! thy beauties now uncloze,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose!  
Yet, ah! how soon that bloom is flown!  
How soon thy blushing charms are gone!  
To-day thy crimson buds unveil,  
To-morrow scattered in the gale.  
Ah! human bliss as swiftly goes,  
And fades like thee, thou lovely rose.

C. SMITH.

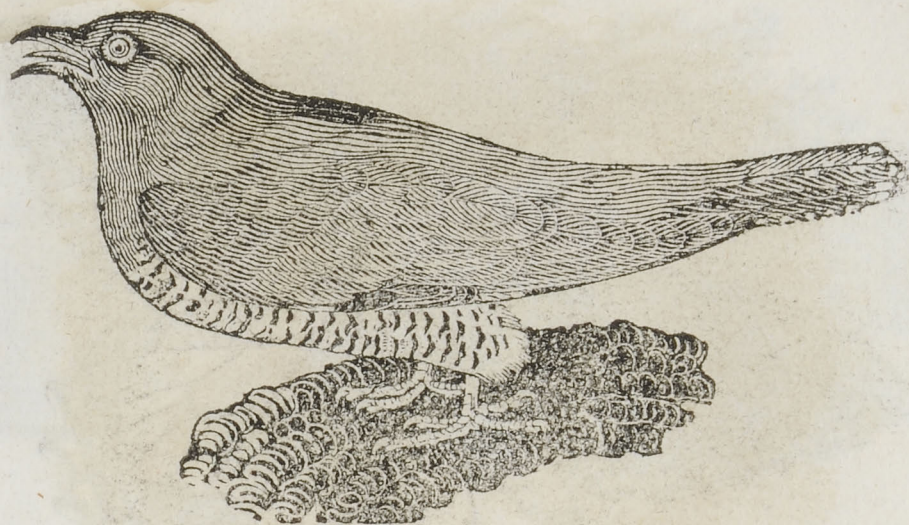


## THE SHEEP.\*

Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,  
 Who blindly turns aside with haughty hand,  
 Whom sacred instinct would securely lead,  
 By their All-perfect Master inly taught,  
 They best their food and physic can discern;  
 For He, Supreme Existence, ever near,  
 Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe  
 With what a regular consent they crop,  
 At every fourth collection to the mouth,  
 Unsavoury crow-flower; whether to awake  
 Langour of appetite with lively change,  
 Or timely to repel approaching ills,  
 Hard to determine.

DYER.

\* The rural employment of Sheep-shearing commences sometimes early in June. In many parts of the Country, the depriving sheep of their wool is conducted with much ceremony and rural dignity.



## THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,  
 Thou messenger of spring!  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
 We'd make with social wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

\* The Cuckoo's note generally ceases in this month. What becomes of the Cuckoo in winter is not known. Some imagine they lie torpid in hollow trees; but they probably migrate to warmer climates.



## THE BUTTERFLY.

Sweet child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,  
 To sip each odour, sport'st on silken wing ;  
 I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,  
 Whilst with the birds the vales of Serdi ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom ;  
 From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide ;  
 Now from the tender violet waft perfume ;  
 Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still ;  
 I kiss the bosom of the brightest Fair !  
 The charms of Adel all my senses fill ;  
 And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.



## THE SAVAGE BULL.\*

\* \* \* \* \* 'Tis pleasure to approach,  
 And, by the strong fence shielded, view secure  
 Thy terrors, Nature, in the savage *bull*.  
 Soon as he marks me, be the tyrant fierce—  
 To earth descends his head—hard breathe his lungs  
 Upon the dusty sod—a sulky leer  
 Gives double horror to the frowning curls  
 Which wrap his forehead—and ere long be heard  
 From the deep cavern of his lordly throat  
 The growl insufferable.

HURDIS.

\* The Bull holds the second place among the signs of the zodiac, a mark of respect bestowed on him by the ancient Egyptians for his usefulness in tilling the ground. He is represented, in mythologic subjects, as the usurped form under which Jupiter deceived and stole away Europa. In scriptural paintings he is the attribute of St Luke the Evangelist.

The heat of this Month often makes the Bull so very savage that he will attack the human species.



## THE THUNDER STORM.

Let coward guilt with pallid fear  
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,  
 And justly dread the vengeful fate  
 That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law  
 The threat'ning storms obey,  
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
 As in the blaze of day.

When, through creation's vast expanse,  
 The last dread thunders roll,  
 Untune the concord of the spheres,  
 And shake the rising soul ;

Unmov'd mayest thou the final storm  
 Of jarring worlds survey,  
 That ushers in the glad serene  
 Of everlasting day !



## THE GLOW-WORM.\*

The happy child to whom the world is new,  
 Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,  
 Or from the heath-flower beats the sparkling dew,  
 He sees, before his inexperienced eyes,  
 The brilliant *glow-worm* like a meteor shine  
 On the turf bank: amaz'd and pleas'd he cries,  
 'Star of the dewy grass, I make thee mine!  
 Then, ere he sleeps, collects the moisten'd flower,  
 And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,  
 And dreams that fairy lamps illumine his bower;  
 Yet with the morning shudders to behold  
 His lucid treasure, rayless as the dust.

\* The *glow-worm* may be observed in great abundance in the month of August, when the earth is almost as thickly spangled with them as the cope of heaven is with the stars. The shining light which they emit depends on a liquor placed in the lower extremity of the insect, which is more lively, shining, and of a finer green, when the animal is in motion.





## THE GROUSE.

— Their eyes so bright of late,  
 Surmounted by a brow of scarlet fringe,  
 How dull and heavy now! yet still their plumes  
 Retain their colour, red and white inmix'd,  
 With transverse bars, and spots of sable hue.  
 Most common these—yet Grouse of other kind  
 The Fowler often finds, of larger growth  
 And glossy jet, Black Game or Heath Cock term'd.  
 Nor are the Red on every heathy Moor  
 Or rocky mountain found; full many a waste,  
 Wash'd by the Southern or the Western Main,  
 Has ne'er received them, though abundant else  
 In store of footed or of feathered Game.

VINCENT'S FOWLING.

Grouse shooting commences on the 12th of August.



## THE HARVEST.

With toilsome steps when I pursue,  
 O'er breaking clods, the ploughshare's way,  
 Lord, teach my mental eye to view  
 My native dissoluble clay.

And when with seed I strew the earth,  
 To thee all praises let me give,  
 Whose hand prepar'd me for the birth,  
 Whose breath inform'd and bade me live.

When harvest comes, the yellow crop  
 Prone to the reaper's sickle yields;  
 And I beneath Death's scythe must drop,  
 And soon or late forsake these fields.

When future crops, in silent hoards,  
 Sleep for a while, to service dead;  
 Thy emblem this, Oh grave! affords  
 The path of life, which all must tread.



## THE PARTRIDGE.\*

September comes to cheer the Fowler's heart,  
 And raise his anxious hopes; day after day  
 He marks the fruitful country change around  
 With eager eye. First from the fertile meads,  
 Divested of their widely-waving load,  
 The pregnant hay-rick rises. Gentle swains,  
 If chance should lead you to the chosen spot,  
 Where the shy partridge forms her simple nest,  
 The embryo offspring spare: and when your scythe  
 Levels the grassy valleys, should your foot  
 Approach the helpless brood, step back with care,  
 Nor our fond hopes destroy.—

VINCENT'S FOWLING.

\* Partridge shooting commences on the 1st of September. The female lays from fourteen to eighteen eggs, making her nest of dry leaves and grass upon the ground. The young birds learn to run as soon as hatched, frequently encumbered with part of the shell sticking to them.



## THE SNAKE.

Almost in every wood the snake is bred ;  
 With curling crest and with advancing head :  
 Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track ;  
 His belly spotted, burnished his back ;  
 He springs about, and leaps upon the ground,  
 And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around,  
 With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats  
 In the field, he wide destruction threatens :  
 When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride,  
 Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside ;\*  
 He views himself, with youthful beauties crown'd,  
 Elated, casts his haughty eyes around,  
 And in his handsome livery rolls along  
 Erect, and brandishing his fiery tongue.

\* Snakes slough or cast their skin in this month, and appear great beauty.



## THE SWALLOW.\*

Twittering tenant of the sky,  
 Whither, whither wilt thou fly?  
 Summer blithely frolics round;  
 Florid beauties grace the ground:  
 Rosy odours, youthful gales,  
 Still breathe from bowers and verdant vales.

Whither, whither wilt thou fly,  
 Swiftest courser of the sky?  
 Stay, O stay, till autumn's hand  
 Purple o'er my native land;  
 Mildness, beauty, joy, and love,  
 And fellow-warblers charm the grove.

\* The chimney or common Swallow generally disappears about the latter end of September. A few days before their departure, they assemble in vast flocks on house-tops, as if to deliberate on the fatiguing journey that lies before them. This is no slight undertaking, as they are generally supposed to direct their flight to Congo, Senegal, and along the whole Morocco shore.



## THE HARE.

October, hail to thy melodious morn !

Thy gale bears music on its fragrant wings :  
Hark ! to the wind the hound his rapture flings,  
And the glad huntsman sounds his cheerful horn.

The poor hare rues the day that she was born ;  
Tidings of death to her the chorus brings,  
For the vale echoes, and the forest rings,  
And fast behind the hunter-band are borne.

Onward they come : o'er every barrier fly ;  
Pour down the hill ; and skip along the plain ;  
Then up the steep again are toss'd on high ;  
Nor fear can stop, nor precipice restrain :  
For courage, vigorous health, and jollity,  
And manly strength by exercise they gain.



## THE SPORTSMAN.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game* :  
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,  
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,  
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye  
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,  
 Immediate brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.



## THE WOODMAN.\*

Part to the groves and woody hills repair,  
 And with loud labour fill the echoing air ;  
 Axes, high rais'd by brawny arms, descend  
 With mighty sway, and makes the forest bend,  
 The mountains murmur, and the nodding oaks  
 Groan with their wounds from thick redoubled  
 strokes,

The falling trees desert the neighbouring sky,  
 Where now the clouds may unmolested fly,  
 A shady harvest lies dispers'd around,  
 And lofty ruin loads the encumber'd ground.

BLAC.

\* The practice of cutting trees commences in November, when the juices have been exhausted by the summer foliage, and continues till March, when the sap or juices, re-invigorated by nature during the winter's repose, begin to re-ascend, and perform the annual function of clothing the forests with fresh foliage and verdure.





## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

See the leaves around us falling,  
 Dry and wither'd on the ground ;  
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
 In a sad and solemn sound.

“ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,  
 When, like us, he blighted fell,)  
 Hear the lecture we are reading ;  
 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming  
 On your boasted white and red ;  
 View us late in beauty blooming,  
 Number'd now among the dead.

On the tree of life eternal,  
 Man, let all thy hopes be staid ;  
 Which alone, for ever vernal,  
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”



## THE WOODCOCK.\*

With shatter'd wing revers'd and plumage fair  
 Wide scattering in the wind, headlong he falls.  
 The pliant branches to his weight give way,  
 And the hard frozen ground his fall returns.  
 See how the joyful dogs, exulting, press  
 Around the prostrate victim, nor presume  
 With lawless mouth to tear his tender skin.  
 Obedient to my voice, one lightly brings  
 The lifeless bird, and lays it at my feet.

VINCENT'S FOWLING.

\* During summer, Woodcocks inhabit the northern countries of Europe, where they breed: but no sooner does the frost set in than they wing their flight to more temperate climates. They arrive in Britain about the end of autumn, and continue till the beginning of March.



## WINTER'S DAY.

When raging storms deform the air,  
 And clouds of snow descend ;  
 And the wide landscape, bright and fair,  
 No deepen'd colours blend ;

When biting frost rides on the wind,  
 Bleak from the north and east,  
 And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,  
 Prepar'd to laugh and feast ;

When poverty in vile attire,  
 Shrinks from the biting blast,  
 Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,  
 And fears it will not last ;

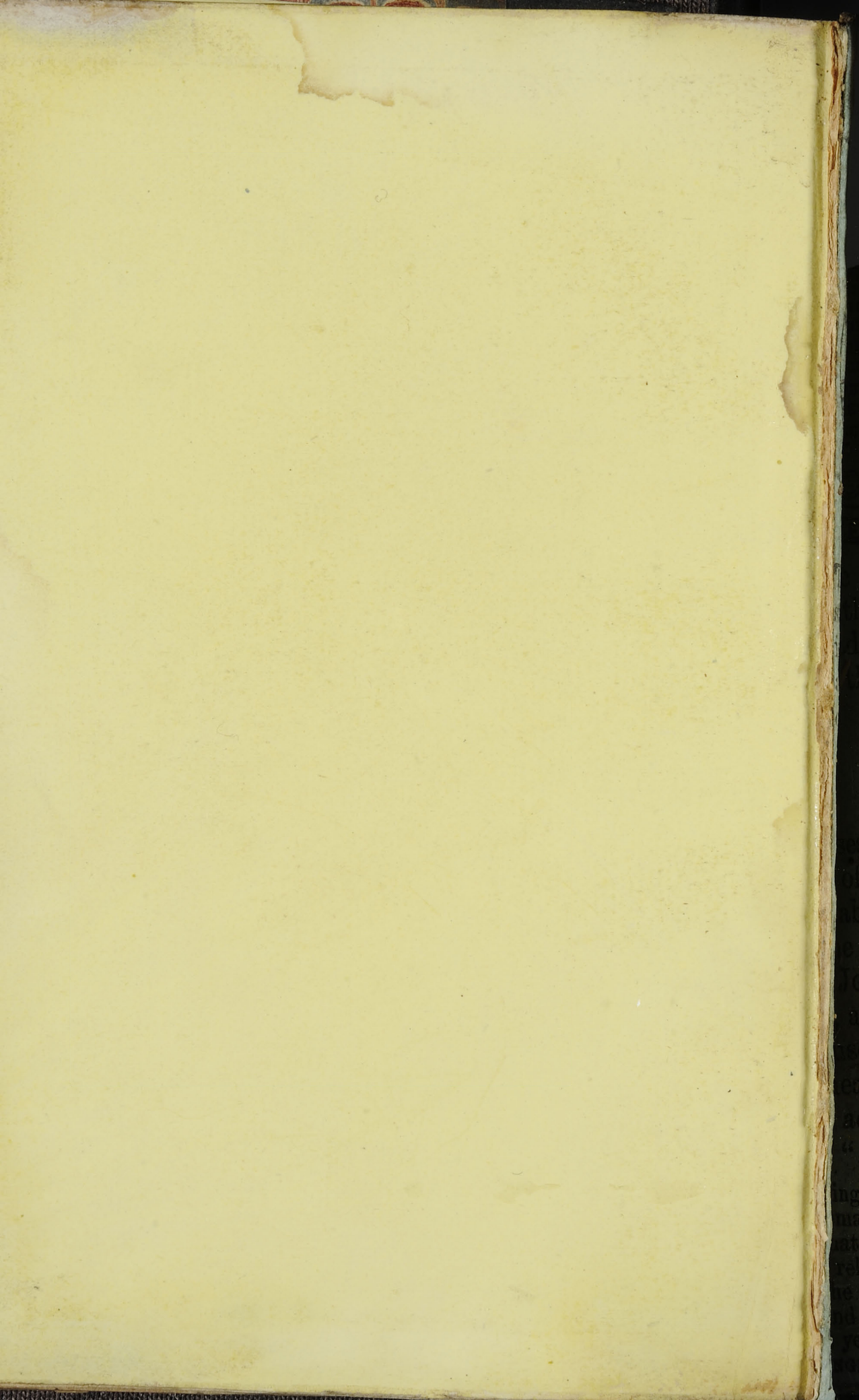
Then let your bounteous hand extend  
 Its blessings to the poor ;  
 Nor spurn the wretched, while they bend  
 All suppliant at your door.

FINIS.









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