



### The Young Destructive.

I hate to be a boy! I do!  
 The pile of books—I hate them too!  
 I'll tear them all in tatters!  
 Grammar, good-bye—those boys are fools,  
 Who keep a book so full of rules,  
 And all such tedious matters.

Geography—brimful of names  
 One can't pronounce—now to disdain!  
 Such nonsense, I've a notion;  
 Old Atlas! see! how I'll tear you,  
 Across from China to Peru,  
 And down the Atlantic Ocean.

Arithmetic! you awful book!  
 I will not give a parting look,  
 As I your leaves destroy:  
 There—you!—and you! go strew the floor!  
 I'll never study any more—  
 I hate to be a boy!

Here's one book more—pray what are you?  
 Now I will tear your pages too,  
 So grave and melancholy—  
 This book! my mother gave me this!  
 Dear mother! I seem to feel her kiss;  
 This is my Bible holy!

My Bible! no! I cannot bear  
 Those dear and blessed leaves to tear;  
 My Bible! oh, my mother,  
 Oh, what a naughty boy I've been,  
 I have been guilty of great sin,  
 I'll not commit another.

My mother dear—she brought me all  
 These old school-books—could I recall  
 What I've so madly done;  
 She made the covers all so neat,  
 And looked so loving and so sweet  
 Upon her little son.

Why does she wish that I should burn  
 With strong desire and wish to learn?  
 'Tis surely for my good.  
 She knew 'twould make me like a man,  
 To have me study, think, and plan—  
 And I suppose it would.

They were my friends, these old school-books,  
 And I with angry, hateful looks,  
 Did spurn them from my heart,  
 They were to teach me what is right,  
 To give me knowledge and true light,  
 And wisdom pure impart.