THE

COWSLIP,

OR

MORE CAUTIONARY STORIES,

IN VERSE.

Printed by J. Swan and Son, 76, Fleet-Street, London.

THE

COWSLIP,

OR

MORE CAUTIONARY STORIES,

IN VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THAT MUCH-ADMIRED LITTLE WORK, ENTITLED THE

DAISY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD; AND B. CROSBY, STATIONERS' COURT.

1811.

THE COWSLIP.

I.

The New Book.

A NEAT little Book, full of pictures was bought
For a good little girl, who was glad to be taught:
She read all the tales, and then said to her mother,
I'll lend this new book to my dear little brother:

He shall look at the pictures, and find O and I,
I'm sure he wont tear it, he's such a good boy.
O no, brother Henry knows better, indeed,
Although he's too young, yet, to spell or to read.

II.

The Truant.

Children, who delight to ramble,

When it is not holiday,

And o'er hedge and ditch to scramble,

All for love of truant play,

Must have tasks and lessons double,
To make up for time misspent,
And, besides this double trouble,
Must have proper punishment.

III.

Filial Love.

MISS JANE'S Mamma was very ill,

And felt such pain she could not sleep,

And Jane would quietly sit still,

Or sometimes through the curtains peep.

And often as she left the bed,
The tear of sweet affection fell,
And going from the room she said,
" I wish my dear Mamma were well."

IV.

Breakfast.

THAT I did not see Frances just now, I am glad;

For Winifred says, she look'd sullen and sad.

When I ask her the reason, I know very well,

That Frances will blush, the true reason to tell,

And I never again shall expect to hear said,
That she pouts at her milk, with a toast of white
bread;
When both are as good as can possibly be,
Though Betsy, for breakfast, perhaps may have tea.

V.

The Sash.

MAMMA had ordered Ann, the maid,
Miss Caroline to wash;
And put on, with her clean white frock,
A handsome muslin sash.

But Caroline began to cry,
  For what you cannot think :
She said, " O that's an ugly sash,"
  " I'll have my pretty pink."

Papa, who in the parlour heard
  Her make the noise and rout,
That instant went to Caroline,
  To whip her, there's no doubt.

VI.

Listen to Reason.

One afternoon, as Joseph West,
The boy who learn'd his lesson best*,
Was trying how his whip would crack,
By chance hit Headstrong on the back.

* See the Daisy, Story vi.

Enrag'd, he flew, and gave poor Joe,
With all his might, a sudden blow:
Nor would he listen to one word,
When Joe endeavour'd to be heard.

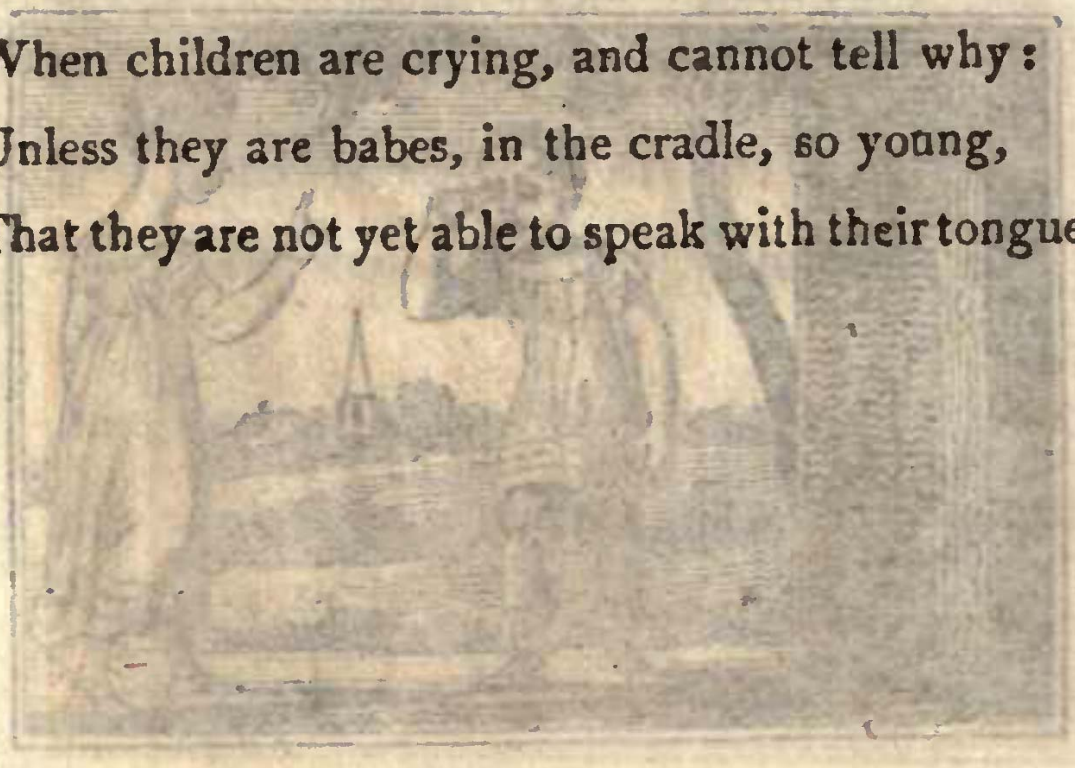
Joe, finding him resolv'd to fight,
For what was accidental quite,
Although he never fought before,
Beat Headstrong till he'd have no more.

VII.

The Crying Child.

O FIE! Master Edward! I feel much surprise,
And am really asham'd of those tears and this noise,
Do you know, by your crying, how sadly you pain
Your mother, altho' you've no cause to complain?
And can you forget that, when sick, on her knee,
How she nurs'd you, and gave you sweet tamarind
tea?

A rod is the very best thing to apply,
When children are crying, and cannot tell why:
Unless they are babes, in the cradle, so young,
That they are not yet able to speak with their tongue.



VIII.

The Purloiner.

As Joe was at play,
Near the cupboard one day,
When he thought no one saw but himself,
How sorry I am,
He ate raspberry jam,
And currants that stood on the shelf.

His Mother and John
To the garden were gone,
To gather ripe pears and ripe plums;
What Joe was about,
His Mother found out,
When she look'd at his fingers and thumbs.

And when they had din'd,
Said to Joe, "you will find,
"It is better to let things alone;
"These plums and these pears,
"No naughty boy shares,
"Who meddles with fruit not his own."

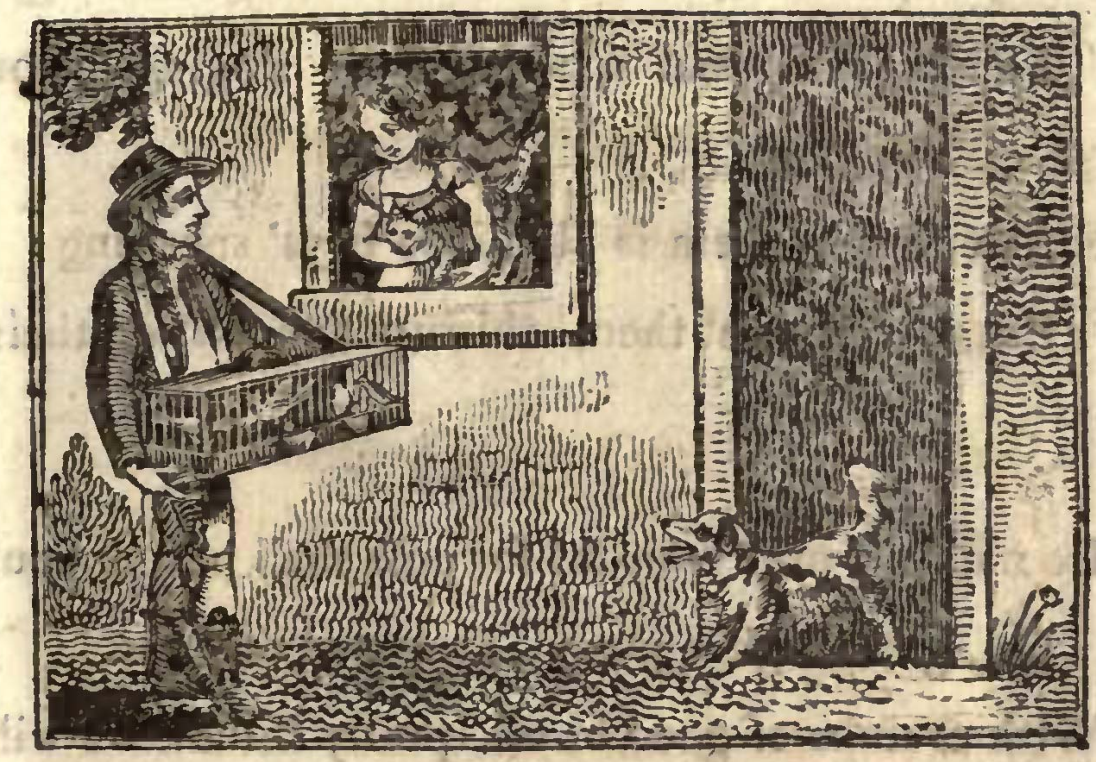
IX.

Going to School.

GOOD children, when they're sent to school,
Will never loiter on the way:
With them this is a constant rule,
And not to stop to stare and play.

They never speak to any one,
Who talks when he should mind his task,
For dunces frequently have on
A very black and frightful mask.

But when they've been at school all day,
Their tasks and lessons finish'd; then
Their friends will give them leave to play,
When they return from school again.



X.

The Birdcatcher.

THE cat's in the window and Shock's at the door:

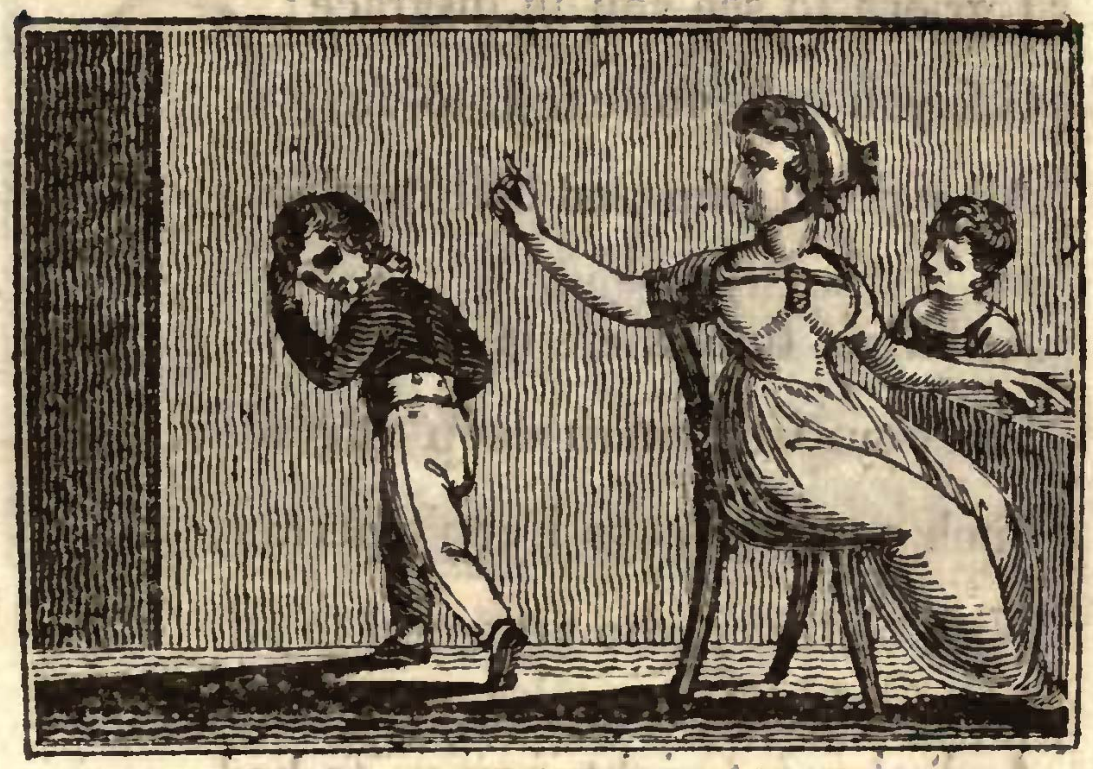
The pussy cat mews and the little dog barks;

For, see, such a sight as I ne'er saw before,

A boy with a cage full of linnets and larks!

And pussy the way how to catch them is seeking,
To kill them, and spoil all their singing, poor things;
For singing to them is like little boys' speaking:
But fear makes them chirrup and flutter their wings.

Do not fear, pretty birds! for puss shall not eat you.
Go, go, naughty pussy! away out of sight.
With crumbs of good bread, pretty birds! we will treat you,
And give you fresh water, both morning and night.



XI.

Improper Words.

WHO was it that I lately heard,
Repeating an improper word!
I do not like to tell his name,
Because he is so much to blame.

Go, naughty child! and hide your face,
I grieve to see you in disgrace;
Go, you have forfeited, to-day,
All right at trap and ball to play.

At dinner time there is no place
For boys who merit deep disgrace;
Such naughty boys I can't permit,
With children who are good to sit.

And when, at night, you go to bed,
The third commandment shall be read;
For there we find how very wrong
It is to have a faulty tongue.

XII.

The Cruel Boy.

JACK PARKER was a cruel boy,
For mischief was his sole employ;
And much it griev'd his friends to find,
His thoughts so wickedly inclin'd.

He thought it clever to deceive,
And often ramble without leave;
And ev'ry animal he met,
He dearly lov'd to plague and fret.

But all such boys, unless they mend,
May come to an unhappy end;
Like Jack, who got a fractur'd skull,
Whilst bellowing at a furious bull.

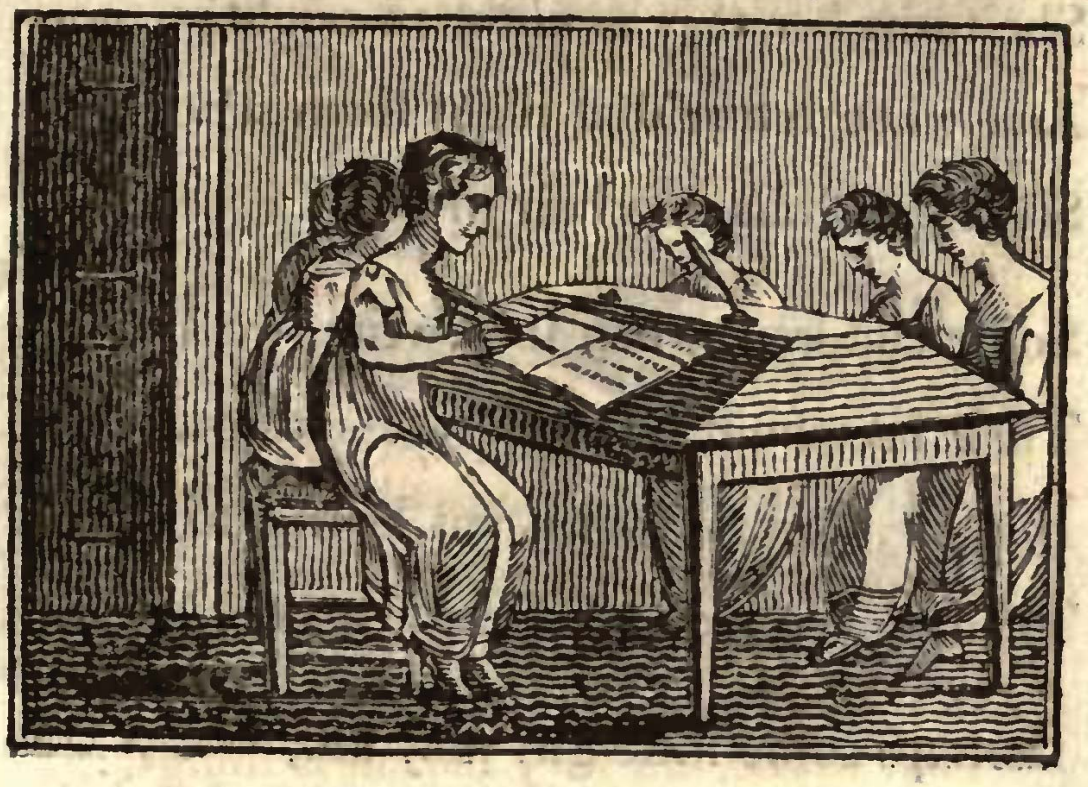
XLII.

The Worm.

As SALLY sat upon the ground,
A little crawling worm she found,
Among the garden dirt;
And when she saw the worm, she scream'd
And ran away, and cried,
As if she had been hurt.

Mamma, afraid some serious harm
Made Sally scream, was in alarm,
And left the parlour then;
But when the cause she came to learn,
She bade her daughter back return,
To see the worm again.

The worm they found kept writhing round,
Until it sunk beneath the ground,
And Sally learn'd, that day,
That worms are very harmless things,
With neither teeth, nor claws, nor stings,
To frighten her away.



XIV.

The Good Girl.

Miss Lydia Banks, though very young,
Will never do what's rude or wrong.
When spoken to, she always tries
To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she's taught,
She turns her toes as children ought;
And when return'd at night from school,
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we know,
Their ink about them, heedless, throw;
But she, though young, has learn'd to think
That clothes look spoil'd with spots of ink.

Perhaps some little girl may ask,
If Lydia always learns her task;
With pleasure I can answer this,
Because with truth I answer, "Yes."

XV.

Susan and Patty.

Oh! sister Susan! come, pray come,
And see how I have cut my thumb,
Cried little Patty Green:
It bleeds, it bleeds, what shall I do?
This knife has cut my finger too;
How naughty have I been!

My mother only yesterday,
I know, desir'd me not to play,
With knives so sharp and keen;
Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do?
My father will be angry too,
I dare not now be seen!

Miss Susan said, I'll tell you what
We both will do, my dearest Pat,
I'll fetch a little salt;
And tie this piece of riband round,
And when we've cover'd up the wound,
Pray tell mamma the fault.

XV.

Susan and Patty,

(CONTINUED).

I think she'll not be angry much,
If you will promise not to touch
The things she has forbid ;
Miss Patty thought her sister right,
And crept into her mother's sight,
Expecting to be chid.

But when her mother heard her say,
"Dear mother ! do forgive me, pray,
"I'll not touch knives again;

She kiss'd her darling girls, and put
A little plaster on each cut,
Which soon reliev'd the pain.

XVI.

The Dunce.

MISS BELL was almost six years old,
A shame to tell indeed!
But, when the real truth is told,
She scarce could spell or read.

She went to school and tore her book,
But never tried to learn;
Sometimes at pictures she would look,
And turn the leaves, and turn.

Her needles and her thread she lost,
And often was without;
For, though she knew how much they cost,
She left them all about.

But very much she was disgrac'd
Deservedly at school;
She wore an ugly mask, while plac'd
Upon the dunces stool.

XVII.

At Church.

At church last Sunday afternoon,
There was a naughty boy;
Who talk'd and play'd,
And noises made,
And would go home too soon,
And made pretence to cry.

His sister, whom he sadly teas'd,
Was forc'd to take him out;
And kindly said,
"My dearest Ned,
Papa will be displeas'd,
To hear of this no doubt.

"But I will promise not to tell,
This time, if you'll be good,
And sit quite still,"
Ned said, "I will;"
And Ned has since behaved as well,
As little children should.

XVIII.

The Hoyden.

MISS AGNES had two or three dolls, and a box
To hold all their bonnets, and tippets, and frocks
In a red leather threadcase, that snapp'd when it shut,
She had needles to sew with, and scissars to cut:
But Agnes lik'd better to play with rude boys,
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys;
Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom drest fit to be seen.

I saw her one morning attempting to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on her toe;
The boys who were present, and saw what was done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they call'd it fine fun.
But I took her home, and the doctor soon came,
And Agnes I fear will a long time be lame;
And from morning till night, she laments very much,
That now when she walks, she must lean on a crutch,
And she has told her dear father, a thousand times o'er,
That she never will play with rude boys any more.

XIX.

The Greedy Boy.

SAMMY SMITH would drink and eat
From morning unto night;
He fill'd his mouth so full of meat,
It was a shameful sight.

Sometimes he gave a book or toy,
For apple, cake, or plum;
And grudg'd if any other boy
Should taste a single crumb.

Indeed he ate and drank so fast,
And us'd to stuff and cram,
The name they call'd him by at last,
Was often Greedy Sam.

XX.

Disappointment.

MAMMA, shall we visit Miss Hammond to-day ?
As seated at breakfast, exclaimed little Ann ;
The morning is fine, and the sun's very bright ;
And I hope you will go, dear Mamma, if you can ;
For I've felt so much pleasure, to think of the play
I shall have at her house, all the time that we stay,
That I've scarcely been able to sleep all the night.

So earnest was Ann, in her wish to go out,
That, when she was silent, her looks seem'd to ask ;

And to coax her mamma, then she climb'd on her
knee,
And kiss'd her, and promis'd to learn all her tasks.
They went, and Miss Ann was delighted no doubt,
Till she found Mr. Hammond confin'd by the gout,
And his daughter from home, that she wanted to
see.

Now homeward returning, Ann said, with a sigh,
Mamma, how unlucky our visit to day;
I expected such pleasure to meet with Annette;
She is always so kind and good-humour'd at play,
And, I'm so dissappointed, I'm ready to cry:
Her mamma made a soothing and tender reply,
And taught her to bear what's in vain to regret.

XXI.

Drawing Teeth.

Miss Lucy Wright, though not so tall,
Was just the age of Sophy Ball;
But I have always understood,
Miss Sophy was not half so good;
For as they both had faded teeth,
Their teacher sent for Doctor Heath;
But Sophy made a dreadful rout,
And would not have hers taken out;

But Lucy Wright endured the pain,
Nor did she ever once complain,
Her teeth return'd quite sound and white,
Whilst Sophy's ach'd both day and night.

XXII.

Look at your Copy.

When Frances goes to school, to write,
I find, with great concern,
She never takes the least delight
To really strive to learn.

Some lines she makes by much too short,
And some she makes too long;
The copy's seldom where it ought,
Which makes her write quite wrong.

Such negligence I always see
With very great concern;
And think what pleasure there would be!
To see her daily learn!

XXIII.

Envy, a Fable.

A PARROT, that liv'd at a Gentleman's house,
Could chatter, and sometimes lie still as a mouse.
He was hung at the door, in a cage that was gay,
And treated with plenty one fine sunny day,
When the Cat, through mere envy, was thus heard
to say,
Pray, Sir, do you live on these excellent things,
Because you're a bird, and have feathers and wings?
If a Cat is in want of a dinner that's nice,
She must hunt in the garret or cellar for mice.

The Parrot, observing the Cat in a rage,
Said, Pray, Mrs. Puss, are you fond of a cage?
Should you like to be kept in a prison like me,
And never permitted your neighbours to see?
Depriv'd of all means of assisting yourself,
Though numberless dainties in sight on the shelf?
Should you like to be fed at the will of a master,
And die of neglect, or some cruel disaster?
You cannot believe it more happy to be,
A parrot encaged, than a cat, and quite free.
The cat was convinced that this reasoning was true,
And, ashamed of her envy, in silence withdrew.

XXIV.

The Letter.

WHEN Sarah's papa was from home a great way,
She attempted to write him a letter one day;
First ruling the paper, an excellent plan;
In all proper order Miss Sarah began.

She said "she lamented sincerely to tell,
That her dearest Mamma had been very unwell,
That the story was long, but that when he came back,
He would hear of the shocking behaviour of Jack."

Though an error or two we by chance may detect,
It was better than treating Papa with neglect;
For Sarah, when older, we know will learn better,
And write single I, with a capital letter.

XXV.

Honour.

As Dick and Bryan were at play
  At trap, it came to pass,
Dick struck the ball so far away,
  He broke a pane of glass.

Though much alarmed, they did not run,
  But walked up to the spot;
And offer'd for the damage done,
  What money they had got.

When accidents like this arise,
Dear children! this rely on,
All honest, honourable boys
Will act like Dick and Bryan.

XXVI.

Dancing.

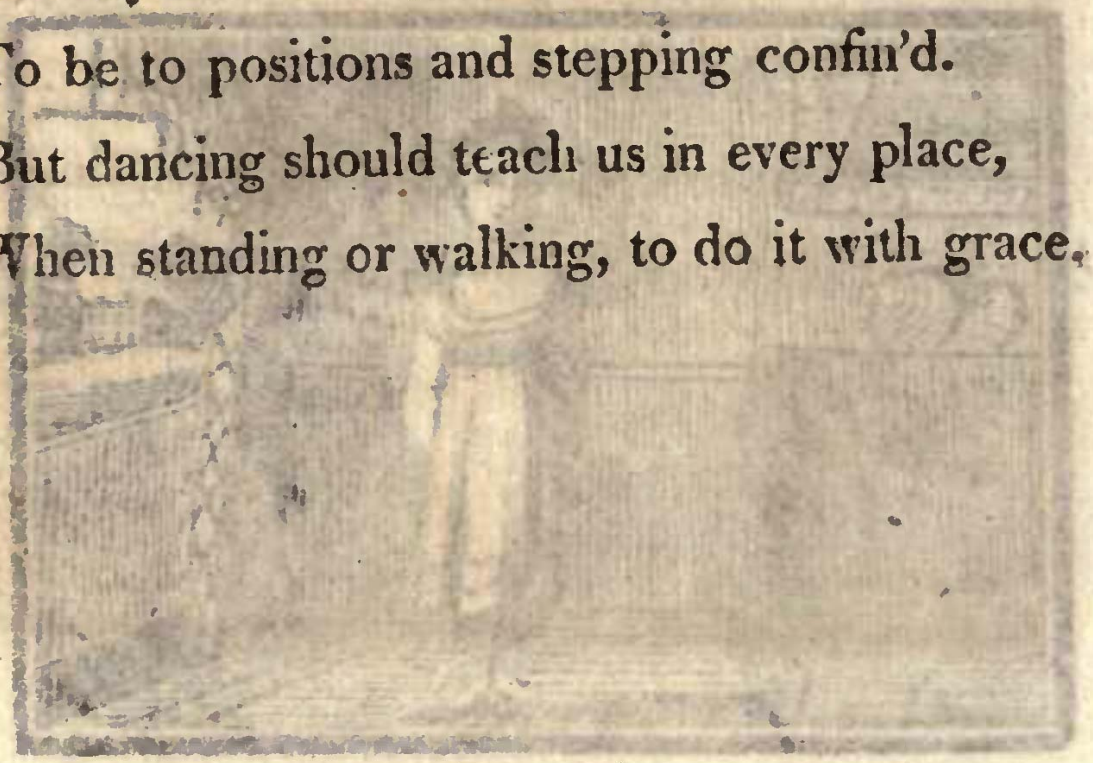
O dear! I must wear my red slippers to day,

And where are my gloves, and my parasol, pray?

I'm always delighted when Friday is come,

For I like dancing better than staying at home.

But my mother says dancing was never design'd,
To be to positions and stepping confin'd.
But dancing should teach us in every place,
When standing or walking, to do it with grace.



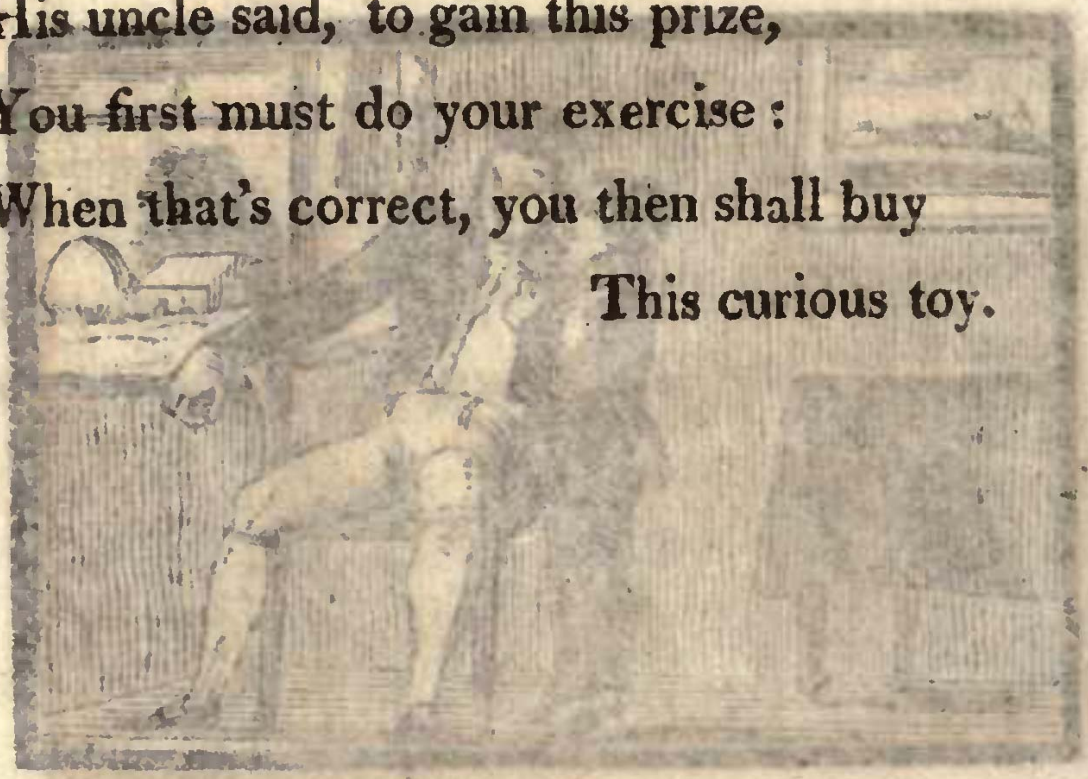
XXVII.

The Sensitive Figure.

DEAR UNCLE! whisper'd William Brown,
Pray will you give me half-a-crown,
I've seen a very curious toy,
I want to buy.

Charles Mansfield laid it on his hand,
And seemingly, at his command
It mov'd, as though his voice were known,
And tumbled down.

His uncle said, to gain this prize,
You first must do your exercise:
When that's correct, you then shall buy
This curious toy.



XXVIII.

The Daisy.

Papa, said Eugene, is a daisy a book?
  I thought it was only a flower;
Just now I ran down in the meadow, and look,
  I have found one all wet with a shower.

A book would be spoil'd you know, left in the rain;
  And could not be read for the dirt?
But a daisy all day in the wet may remain,
  Without in the least being hurt.

You are right, said papa, with a smile, but you'll
find
The Daisy a book, my boy, too,
Containing short tales for the juvenile mind,
And adapted for children like you.

And call'd as it is, by so humble a name,
This hint indirectly conveys;
Like the flowret it spreads, unambitious of fame,
Nor intrudes upon critical gaze.

XXIX.

Quarrelsome Children.

THE currants were ripe, and the gooseberries red,
And very few strawberries left on their bed :
Sweet blossom, and buds were beginning to shoot,
And some were decaying and changing to fruit.

When Charlotte and George in the garden were seen,
To walk hand in hand where the gravel was clean,
How pleasing to see them good humoured and merry !
Their cheeks had the bloom of the rose or the cherry.

When a butterfly roving, that George chanc'd to see,
Made these happy children at length disagree;
For he, quite delighted, did all in his power
To catch it when perch'd on a beautiful flower;
And Charlotte his sister was angry at that,
And stopp'd little George, and ran off with his hat.

Quarrelsome Children,

(CONTINUED).

To their mother at last in the parlour they ran,

And noisily speaking together began.

" George shan't catch the butterfly I'm sure of that."

" I will catch the butterfly ; give me my hat !"

Such quarrelsome children, the mother replied,

I find is much better all day to divide:

Go, stand in that corner, and George do you stand

In another, and each hold a rod in your hand.

Though both had been naughty, 'tis proper to say,
They did not their mother's commands disobey:
They went to the corners, and own'd, before long,
For brother and sister to quarrel is wrong.

XXX.

The Hymn.

To thee, Almighty God! I raise
My heart and voice in prayer and praise;
I ask of thee, in humble prayer,
That thou wilt keep me in thy care.

I beg for grace, that I may shun,
All thou forbiddest to be done;
And ever doing what is right,
Be blest in thy protecting sight.

Almighty Lord! O let me prove
My adoration and my love,
By walking in thy holy way,
For ever more, O Lord! I pray.

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