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Complete

FIRST EDITION



THE BOOK
OF THE
LAW

Frontispiece.
THE BOOK



"As I'm a Book of high renown." p. 1.

Pub. June 6. 1808, by I. Harris, Corner St. Pauls Church Id.

ORIGINAL POEMS;

CALCULATED TO

IMPROVE THE MIND OF YOUTH,

AND

ALLURE IT TO VIRTUE.

By ADELAIDE.

PART I.

ORNAMENTED WITH ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS, SUCCESSOR TO E. NEWBERRY, AT
THE ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY, CORNER
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1808.

**H. Bryer, Printer,
Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.**

ORIGINAL POEMS.

I.

THE BOOK.

MY pretty child, I am your friend,

And much to me you owe;

Till I to you some knowledge lend.

How little do you know!

I am a book for girls or boys

To tell them this or that;

I never din them with my noise,

Or tease them with my chat.

For when you think you have enough
Of my good company,
To put me by, I take no huff,
But pray be kind to me.
O do not turn my corners down!
Tho' little dogs have ears,
As I'm a book of high renown,
Affront me not, my dears.

My page a bosom never grieves,
Nor wounds your heart with pain;
Then do not tear my tender leaves,
Nor back my cover strain.
Altho' I'm drest in plain attire,
Yet look upon my face:
My cheerful features you'll admire;
For they are mark'd with grace.



905 HAY

LASH TOP



"I'll whip you, I'll whip you." p. 5.

The diamond has a rugged coat,
And yet its lustres shine;
The brown pear's sweet, call'd bergamot;
And sweet these words of mine.

Now shut me up, and put me by,
And rest your little brain;
And where I'm put I'll quiet lie,
Till you shall read again.



II.

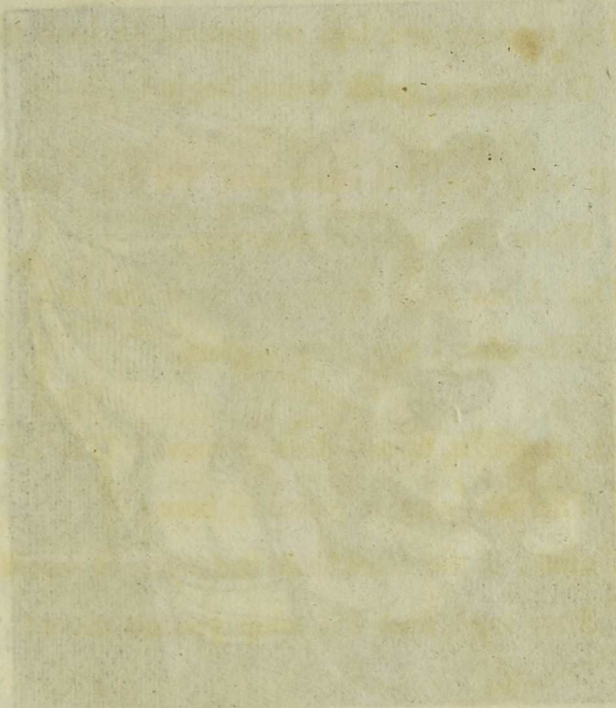
LASH TOP.

O HO! Mr. Top, if you think to lie there,
You know not the strength of my hand:
Stand up, if you please, and turn round with an air;
Arise at your master's command!

You won't ! then I take you 'twixt finger and thumb,
And twirl you about with a spin ;
The moment you lag, or pretend to look glum,
O then my quick lashes begin !

I'll whip you, I'll whisk you, I'll flog, and I'll slash,
When idle, correction expect ;
Tho' I am your master, I merit the lash,
Whene'er I my duty neglect.

In silence it turns—does it move ? 'Tis asleep ;
The whipping it patiently bore ;
I think, if the blockhead had eyes, it would weep :
Poor top ! then I'll whip you no more !



THE ROSE



"Ah lovely Rose; with thee no flower can vie." p. 7.

III.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose is more admired, and oftener prized,
Than all the other flowers put together,
Its form the finest poets high have raised,
Nor are its merits merely but a feather.

Ah, lovely Rose! with thee no flower can vie,
Not even the lily fair is so presuming—
For when thy sweet leaves wither, fall, and die,
Thy scent survives, the ambient air perfuming.

The virtuous man, his task of life when done,
Altho' uncandid folks may little mind him,
Yet when he's dead, well pleased, all think upon
The shining character he left behind him.

IV.

THE PONEY.

My poney can amble, my poney can trot,

My poney can gallop so swift—

My poney looks pleased on his back when I've got,

Up some one must give me a lift.

I gracefully sit in my saddle with ease,

To manage my poney with art;

My toes I hold in, and I keep tight my knees:

I have my whole lesson by heart.

I low hold my bridle, and steady and still,

Nor wriggle, nor sidle about;

I lean myself forward, when going up hill,

And down hill, lean backward, no doubt.

THE PONEY



"Gracefully sit in my saddle with ease" p. 8.

I am very much interested in the progress of the

work of the various departments of the

University and I am glad to hear that

the work of the various departments is

going on very well and that the

work of the various departments is

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I let my curb bridle be loose on his neck,

Except he gets running away;

I then take it up, and his spirit I check;

Again comes the snaffle in play.

I pity my poney, my poney I love;

The whip I but sparingly use;

At shake of my bridle he onward will move;

Why should I my power abuse?

Or wantonly dig his poor flank with my spur,

Or mangle his sides with my whip?

Such cruelty casts on that horseman a slur,

Who merits a jade and a rip.

Tho' now I'm a boy, yet when I'm grown big,

I never will canter thro' towns,

My neck may be broke, if I'm cross'd by a pig,

I'll gallop o'er commons and downs.

Whenever my poney attempts to be shy,
And starts at a stone or a bush,
I make him turn back, put his nose to it nigh,
Then fear he'll not value a rush.

My poney's a toper, he'd fain stop to drink
At every pond he comes to,
He's only a poney; for him I must think;
No, no, my good friend, this won't do.

A drink you may take, when we're near our next stage;
Dear horse, of your health I take care—
And for your obedience my word I engage,
A pottle of oats is your fare.

The ostler sha'nt from you one grain take away;
He'll call me a troublesome fool;
But whilst you're at dinner with you will I stay,
Altho' my own dinner should cool.

THE KITE



"Grand and majestic soars my paper kite." p. 2.

V.

THE KITE.

My Kite is three feet broad, and six feet long ;
The standard strait, the bender tough and strong,
And to its milk-white breast five painted stars belong.

Grand and majestic soars my paper kite,
Thro' trackless skies it takes its lofty flight,
Nor lark nor eagle flies to such a noble height.

As in the field I stand and hold the twine,
Swift I unwind, to give it length of line,
Yet swifter it ascends, nor will to earth incline.

Like a small speck, so high I see it sail,
I hear its pinions flutter in the gale,
And, like a flock of wild geese, sweeps its flowing tail.

VI.

SLY PUSS.

A PARROT a monkey, and tortoise-shell cat,
Lived merrily all in one house;
The parrot was plump and the monkey was fat,
And puss loved a jolly carouse.

For tho' she was fed at ^{the} table each day,
This puss was a liquorish thief,
And so to ^{the} mistress the servants did say,
Their mistress was slow in belief.

For puss look'd so grave in her fur gown of silk,
She gain'd universal esteem,
Yet, O! she was fond of a sup of sweet milk!
Tho' fonder she was of sweet cream.

The cream-pot each morn on the tea-board was set;
Tho' full, still it empty was found;
This made the good lady to fume and to fret,
And scold her good servants all round.

“ The cream-pot,” says she, “ is too narrow at top,
 “ Poor puss could not get in her head ;
 “ My generous pussy would steal not a drop ;
 “ By me she’s so punctually fed.”

This lady at dinner was sitting so snug,
 Her favorites all in the room,
 She laugh’d at her monkey, her pussy would hug,
 Her parrot to prate wou’d presume.

The monkey, as usual, was full of his pranks,
 He frisk’d and he gamboll’d with glee ;
 For any thing given, he grinn’d his queer thanks,
 An excellent mimic was he.

A tankard of ale on the side-board stood by,
 A large piece of bread he took up,
 And first looking on it, so antic and sly,
 He thrust it down deep in the cup.

And when he had sopp’d it, and shook it about,
 He held it up high in his paw,
 Then eat it so droll, with his comical snout,
 And merrily wagging his jaw.

The lady she laugh'd at a wonderful rate,

And threw herself back in her chair—

“ My monkey,” she said, “ what a genius! how great,

“ To hit on a method so rare !”

“ O no,” cries the parrot, as perch'd on a screen,

“ My lady, my lady, you're wrong ;

“ For dipping in mugs, if the wit is so keen,

“ To pussy your praises belong.

“ This morning at breakfast your pussy he saw

“ (He's now at his mimicking tricks)

“ Down into the cream pot puss thrust her soft paw;

“ Her paw then so sweetly she licks.”

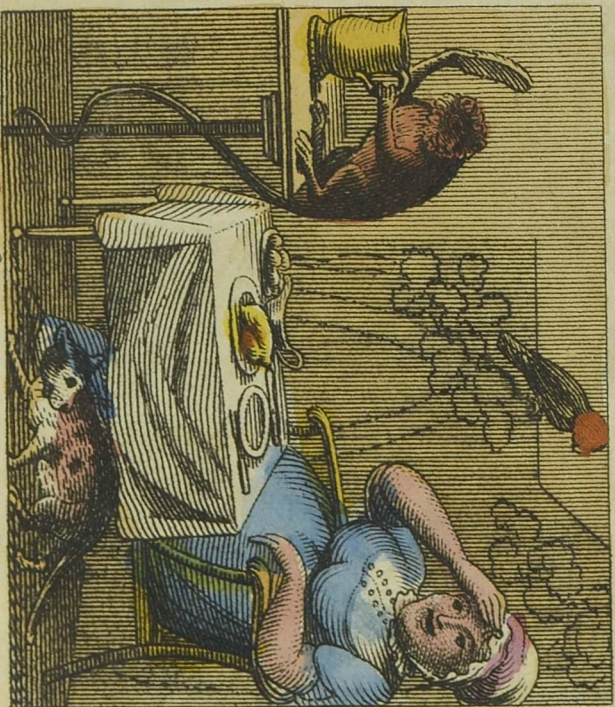
The lady then cried, “ O, you hypocrite vile!

“ So there you sit prim and demure,

“ You never shall more a kind mistress beguile ;

“ So Tom turn her out of the door.”

SLY PUSS



"The Lady she laugh'd."

THE PEG TOP



"Its shape is like a pear or water drop." p. 15.

VII.

THE PEG-TOP.

OF hardest box is made my pegging top,
Its shape is like a pear or water drop;
Round it by me a cotton lace is roll'd,
Which 'twixt two fingers by one end I hold.
From it there points a polish'd iron spike;
This at the ground with all my force I strike;
But with such pegs, I must no mischief do,
Nor split another boy's nice top in two.
As mine is spinning neatly, smooth and calm,
I stoop, and gently coax it on my palm;
Then drop it even on some certain spot:
My pegging top is my most happy lot:
For my reward, when I have done my task,
To spin my pegging top is all I ask.

VIII.

MARBLES.

With toys to let my pockets wag,

I am not such a gull ;

I have a little leather bag

Of marbles, always full.

My knuckle rubb'd with chalk so white,

I keep a little bit ;

And thus I hold my marble tight,

I shoot, and surely hit.

At marbles I can seldom lose,

I give such noble plumps ;

I lose by one's, and win by two's,

This puts the boys in dumps.

Yet missing must not make me fret,

Or forth my passions draw,

Let those be vex'd who play piquette ;

I only play at taw.

MARBLES

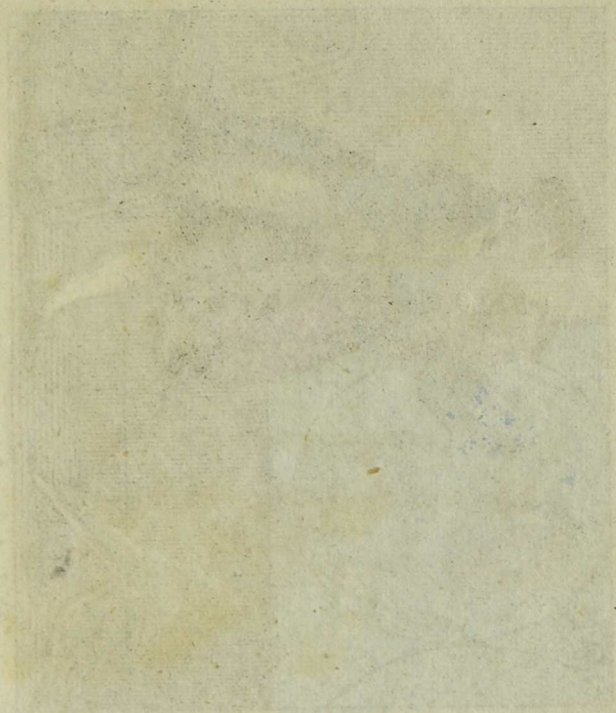


"I give such noble plumps." p. 16.

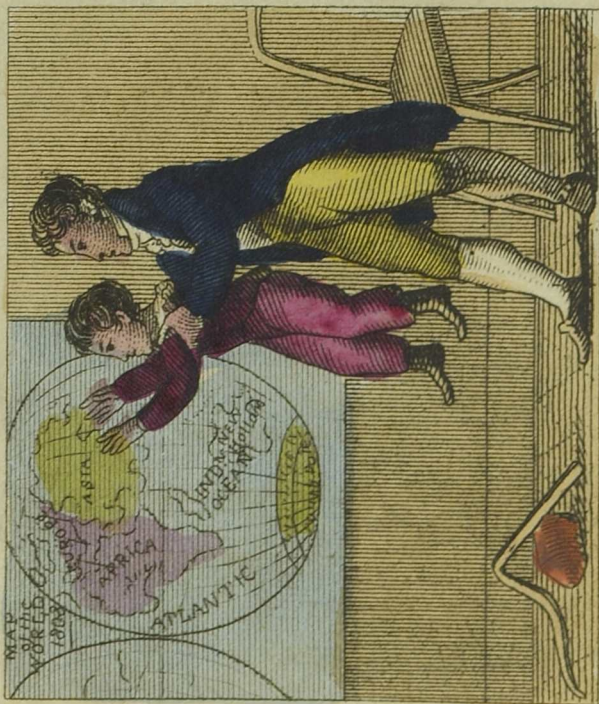


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PREJUDICE



"He lifts him to the map."

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ALLURE IT TO VIRTUE.

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PART II.

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LONDON :

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1808.

ORIGINAL POEMS;

COLLECTED BY

IMPROVE THE MIND OF YOUTH,

AND

ALLURE IT TO VIRTUE.

BY ALFRED, LORD DUNSTON.

PART II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ALFRED DUNSTON.

1841.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY ALFRED DUNSTON.

1841.

LONDON:

H. Bryer, Printer,
Bridge-Street, Blackfriars.

ORIGINAL POEMS;

IX.

PREJUDICE.

PART I.

“ WITH England no land can compare,

“ For every thing fine, sweet and rare,

“ So grand, and so rich, and so fair,

“ Old England, O, nothing like thee !

“ The Frenchmen, they all feed on frogs,

“ The Germans are dull stupid dogs,

“ The Dutchmen are clumsy fat hogs ;

“ Hail England ! Old England for me !

“ We'll beat them—the cowardly slaves !

“ For nobly a Briton behaves,

“ He rules both the land and the waves ;

“ O none but bold Britons are free !”

Thus Edward sang, as round the spacious hall.

He whipp'd his top—A map adorn'd the wall—

On which his father look'd, yet list'ning stood,

Then call'd the boy, but in no angry mood.

He lifts him to the map, and says, “ Look here ;

“ Tell me those countries on each hemisphere :”

" Here's Europe, father, 'twixt this sea and this ;

" How wonderfully large all Europe is !

" Yet Asia's larger, to the right it stands ;

" I scarce can cover it with both my hands—

" Then great America, take South and North,

" What sums of money all this land is worth !

" Those heaps of islands in the sea beside,

" And Africa ! how vast ! how long ! how wide !"

" But, Edward," cries the father, with a smile,

" You have not shewn me England, all the while ;

" Edward, my boy, look sharp, use well your eyes ;

" Under your little finger England lies."

Says Ned, " Ay, this is it ; but, dear, how very small ;

" I was afraid it was not here at all."

Ned listens, and his father thus replies,

" God form'd all things, you know,—he's good and wise,

" And can you think so large a world he'll make,

" Sun, moon, and stars, for little England's sake ?

" Think of the people by the map or chart,

" We do not make their hundredth thousandth part.

" If we're the only grain, they chaff and bran,

" God's work was ill bestow'd in making man ;

" Do for your own, what in your power lies,

" But other countries hate not, nor despise."

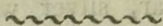
Cries Ned, " I'll love all good men that I see,

" And where they're born is all alike to me."

PART II.

" FATHER, since on the map you made me look,
 " Geography I've learn'd—I've read the book;
 " And history—I've conn'd that very well,
 " But what I've read in both, to you I'll tell;
 " Yes, now I know that on this world around,
 " Men great and good, and precious things, are found:
 " In Afric, gold, rich drugs, and fragrant gums;
 " Best wine from France, coffee from Turkey comes;
 " Dyes, cocoa, sugar, silver white and pure,
 " And bark, in which the sick can find a cure,
 " In vast America, and Caribbees,
 " Where Blacks are slaves, that Whites may drink and sneeze;
 " In Asia, diamonds, spices, finest birds, and fruits,
 " Lion and Elephant, the noblest brutes—
 " The Paradise and Eden, where the Lord
 " Placed man—where Moses God adored,
 " Where Christ was born, where our Redeemer bled,
 " Lie all in Asia, Sir, these things I've read;
 " And first in Greece sprang up the arts so fine,
 " Wie Solon too, and Plato the divine,
 " And Socrates, who drank the hemlock bowl,
 " To save his body, would not kill his soul.

“ Greece and the Swiss, their patriot heroes have,
“ In Scanderbeg, William Tell, the brave :
“ If then so fine, so good, each foreign part,
“ Altho’ I love dear England in my heart,
“ Altho’ I’d die my country to defend,
“ My prejudice to others here shall end ;
“ May other countries look on me with scorn,
“ When I despise good men, where e’er they’re born.”
“ Ned,” said his father, “ now you may go play ;
“ I’ll buy you twelve new books this very day.”



X.

HOOP.

My hoop it is round, a barrel it bound,
That was fill’d with good ale and good wine ;
I make little use of malt or grape juice,
But the hoop gives me exercise fine.
I twitch it along, so smooth th o’ a throng,
And run by it nimble and bold,
I guide it with skill, nor ever coach-wheel
By wheelwright was steadier roll’d.
Keep up, my dear Hoop ; on neither side stoop
Tho’ the course of this life is a jest.
I’ll roll steady on, the race is so won,
And at work or at play do my best.

HOOP



"I twiddle it along."

P. 6.

1000



TOM AT DINNER



"I'll thank you said he for some salt if you please! p.7.

XI.

TOM AT DINNER.

ONE day little Tom, in his clean pin-afore,
Was seated at table, and dinner served in;
Tho' Tom was not help'd, yet with patience he bore
Whilst every one round him was wagging a chin.

They laugh'd, eat, and drank, with a hearty good cheer,
The hot smoaking dishes look'd tempting and nice,
Still Tom was forgot, tho' his hunger severe,
Now wanted no dainties his wish to entice.

At length, to his father, with voice soft and sweet,
"I'll thank you," said he, "for some salt, if you
please,"

"Some salt!"—"Yes," said Tom, "when you give
me some meat,

"My salt I'll have ready—I dont wish to teaze."

Il present was struck with his patience and wit,
His mother caress'd him with kisses so kind,
His father then gave him the choicest tit bit:
Thus Tommy got praises and jovially dined.

XII.

JACK AT DINNER.

Jack was rugged, Jack was tough,

Jack no manners had ;

Jack unpolish'd was and rough,

No one liked the lad.

Jack was by his mother brought

To a splendid feast,

Being better fed than taught,

What an awkward guest !

Jack would pick a mutton bone,

Held with both his hands ;

When he saw his mother frown,

He'd obey commands.

From the bone one hand he took,

One hand held it still ;

Still 'twas wrong, he in her look,

Read his mother's will :

That hand then he took away,

What a sight uncouth !

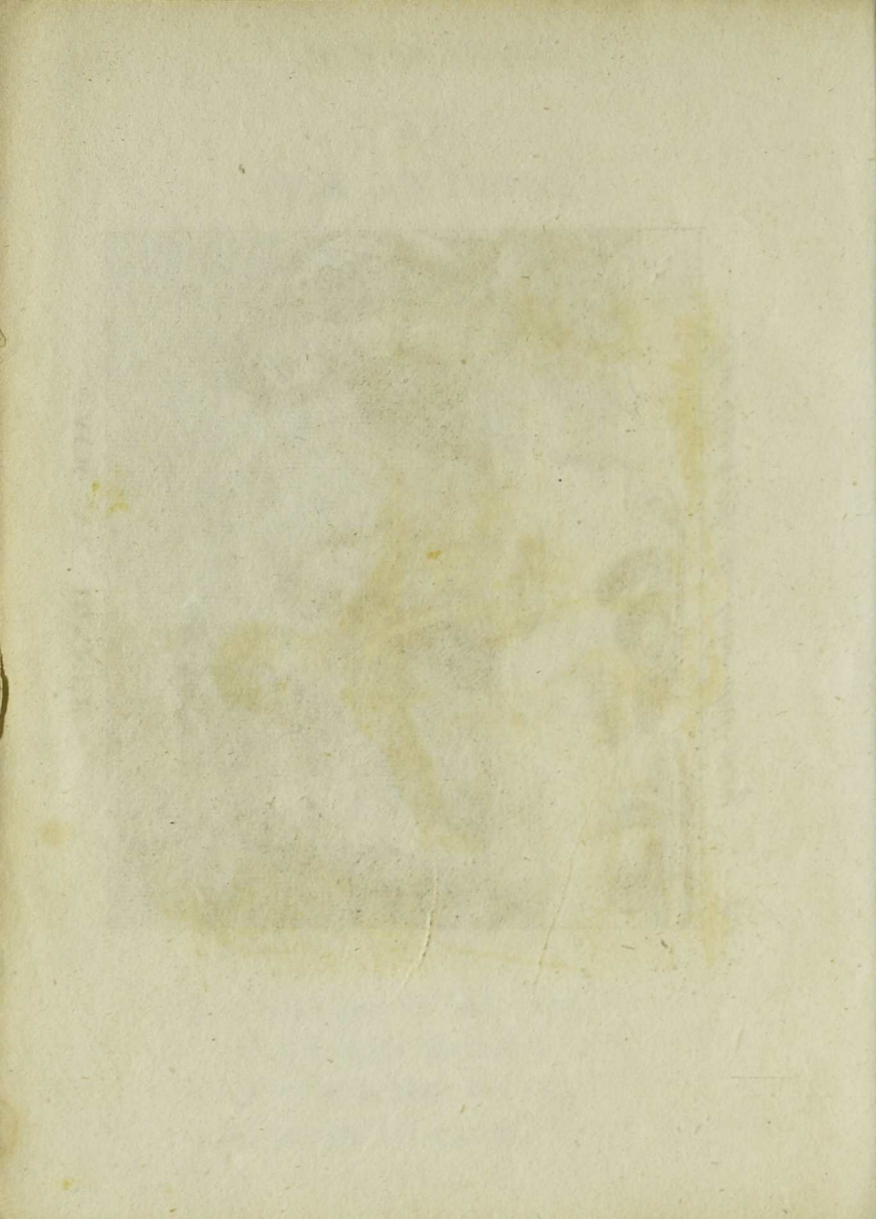
In his teeth the bone did stay,

All across his mouth.

JACK AT DINNER



"In his teeth the bone did stay." p.8.





SKIPPING



"See me here a skipping Jack." p. 9.

Every eye with wonder turn'd
On young Jack's broad face;
Mother's cheeks with blushes burn'd,
For her son's disgrace.

From good manners some are mute,
Pitying her pain;
Some now whisper, what a brute!
Some laugh out amain.

Laughing 'till their eyes run o'er,
At the ill bred toad,
Mother says that never more,
Jack shall dine abroad.

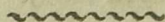


XIII.

SKIPPING.

With my skipping rope so slack,
See me here a skipping Jack,
Up and down my feet I trip,
Underneath the rope I slip.
This play foolish is enough,
Yet you cannot call it rough.
If in skipping I do wrong,
What's your famous Cotillion?
Exercise can give me health,
That is better far than wealth.

I give no offence, I hope,
Prancing with my skipping rope,
Skipping lightly on my toe;
Up and down I skipping go—
You may chuse some other play,
I will skip and skip away.
But my mother says, "Have done,"
Pretty skipping rope begone;
Much I love my play, 'tis true,
But obedience is her due.



XIV.

THE BATTLEDORE.

THE shuttlecock descending sure,
I strike aloft with battledore,
And up it flies again!
As if those clouds it did not like,
Again it falls, again I strike,
And up it mounts amain.
Higher than ever fountain rose,
The feather'd cork towards heaven goes,
To earth it soon must fall—
And so aspire celestial thoughts,
When earthly vice and tempting faults,
My rising hopes recal.

THE BATTLEDOOR



"Again it falls, again I strike." p. 10.



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LITTLE FANNY NEGATIVE

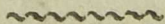


"Who says that Fever once found." p. 11.

My soul, should world and sin entice,
As down from heaven you come,
My battledore be good advice,
To strike my errors home.

And as at shuttlecock I play,
'Tis bandied to and fro,
I'm now a child, yet fortune may,
In time, with me do so.

In conscious innocence I'm bold,
I shall not sink to shame,
Let Virtue then the racket hold,
I'll long keep up the game.



XV.

LITTLE FANNY NEGATIVE.

Who says that I ever once frown'd?
Who says that my answers are simple?
Who says that my cheek isn't round?
Who says that my chin wants a dimple?
Who says in warm water I wash
My face, or my neck, or my hands?
Who says I am hasty and rash,
Or sulky when mother commands?

Who says that I listen at door ?

Who says, through a key-hole I peep ?

Who says, I've been harsh to the poor ?

Or found after sunrise asleep ?

Who says that I creep like a snail,

Whenever on business I go ?

Who says, I sit picking my nail,

Whenever I've something to do ?

Who says, I can't finish my task ?

Who says, though of money I'm scant,

That meanly a present I'd ask

Of granny, or uncle, or aunt ?

Who says, when I've any thing good,

I ever refuse to give share ?

Who says that I'm forward or rude,

Or romp like a kid or a bear ?

Who says that I hop as I walk ?

Who says that I jump down the stairs ?

Who says that in sermon I talk,

Or wickedly mutter my prayers ?

Who says, though I should do amiss,

I'd seek by a lie to get free ?

Whoe'er says a word of all this,

I'm sure knows but little of me ?

XVI.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

My love, you know not what you ask ;

In verse to write adieu,

Believe me, is no easy task,

Yet what you wish I'll do.

Here seated in this lone retreat,

Where happier can I be?

Though whilst I write, my heart doth beat,

To bid farewell to thee.

As time flies on, my Julia dear,

How alter'd you will grow !

Improv'd you'll be from year to year,

I scarcely shall you know.

O that my child, each future day,

New beauties may disclose ;

In mind and person she'll display

Th' attractions of the rose.

My Julia, you have often said,

That friends are truly lov'd,

Much more when they are gone or dead :

This truth has oft been prov'd.

Then tell me, when I'm far away,

Shall I be brought to mind ?

I've often said, and still I say,

No truer friend you'll find

We censure those whose good we prize,
Yet look with fond regard,
Observe their faults with tearful eyes;
Amendment's our reward.
I've oft reprov'd, yet well you know,
That stranger's flattering look;
Esteem's the source whence precepts flow,
And friends alone rebuke.

By study still your mind improve;
'Tis all within your pow'r,
So shall you gain respect and love,
Nor feel a heavy hour.

We sometimes hear young people boast,
With aptness they are blest;
But oft remembrance quits her post,
By Ignorance possess.

Contempt's unjust, if shewn to all
Who ne'er knew education;
But they who slight fair Learning's call,
Deserve our reprobation:
Ne'er can we censure those with truth,
Whom fortune hath refus'd;
But we must blame the spendthrift youth,
Who have their wealth abus'd.

Improve your parts, be to them just,
But yet keep this in mind,
Both taste and knowledge will disgust,
Unless you're to them blind :
When men in classic fields step forth,
Bright Learning's arms to wield ;
In silence veil your modest worth ;
Be diffidence your shield.

Society may teach you ease,
The speech correct and true ;
The polish'd grace, the art to please,
And shew your form to view ;
But solitude alone bestows
The real mental charms,
The giddy world, alas ! ne'er knows
What 'tis to court her arms.

Sometimes, then, of your own accord,
Take up the learned page
Of hist'ry, wit, or sacred word ;
Let each your mind engage :
The first creates sound solid thought,
The next enlivens speech ;
And last, the path to tread we're taught
Whreby we heav'n may reach.

Experience hath not led you far ;
Ourselves we cannot see ;
But did you know how blest you are,
No happier could you be :
A mother, gentle, kind, and mild,
Of such there are but few ;
No mother ever lov'd a child
As well as she loves you.

Most sacred is a mother's care ;
Obey and love her law ;
Nor let thy face mock sadness wear,
And call it proper awe.
Thy breast so pure, unstain'd thy mind,
For ever cheerful be ;
Nor e'er presume to frown unkind,
On her who smiles on thee.

You're reading this, and where am I ?
I sail to India's shore ;
My wife and sweetest Julia sigh,
" We ne'er shall see him more !"
O think not thus my treasures twain,
My prayers I leave with you ;
Though now we part, we'll meet again ;
Adieu, my love, adieu !

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.



"Tho now we part we'll meet again." p.16.

