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THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

BOSTON: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.
SHEPARD, CLARK AND BROWN.
M.DCCC.LVII.
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A BLACK JOB.

"No doubt the pleasure is as great,  
Of being cheated as to cheat." H compliments.

THE history of human-kind to trace  
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race  
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!  
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap! it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here's my story:
Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men.
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,
The sable is to ermine,
As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”
Or yet, a better simile to show,
As ragman’s dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
A board of grave, responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of Collectors!
Not merely male, but female duns,
Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
And what might be their aim?
To rescue Afric’s sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide’s bloody strokes,
   Their necks from iron yokes?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter’s avarice, the Driver’s knavery?
To school the heathen negroes and enlighten ’em,
   To polish up and brighten ’em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
   To wash and whiten ’em!

They look’d so ugly in their sable hides;
   So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
        However the poor elves
        Might wash themselves,
        Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
        On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
        So black they were and grim,
        In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints
        The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
        But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
        And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
        With stiff, strong saponaceous lather,
        And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!
So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
        And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
        The brooms and mops,
        The tubs and slops,
        The baths and brushes in full operation!
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!
        While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
        As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
        However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
        One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks, and collars, shirts, and frills,
Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil—dross and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enabled them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He help'd to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appall'd,
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offsprings," and "widow's mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap,
The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's
Two scrubbing-brushes,
Mr. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.
Great were the sums collected!
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confounded them! were as black as ever!

Yes! spite of all the water soured aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confounded them! were as black as ever!

In fact, in his perennial speech,
The chairman owned the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soap'd,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way,
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray!
Lull'd by his vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—
Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as every year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
    Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plagy negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
    Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
    Like daws!

However, nothing dash'd
By such repeated failures, or abash'd,
The Court still met; the Chairman and Directors,
    The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
    And all the cash Collectors;
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
    Without whose help no charlatan alive,
Or bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
    Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
    Of being pluck'd and shorn!

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
    And regular Report.
Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
    That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shattered to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho’ thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash’d in vain!

"In fact the negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still, as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—"
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
Up jump’d a little, lemon-colour’d man,
And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
"What! More subscriptions! No—no—no,—
not I!
You have had time—time—time enough to try!
They won’t come white! then why—why—why
—why—why,
More money?"

"Why!" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
"Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must!
We’ve scrubb’d the Negroes till we’ve nearly kill’d ’em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild ’em!"
TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

My dear Sir,—The following Ode was written anticipating the tone of some strictures on my writings, by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. I have not seen his book; but I know by hearsay that some of my verses are characterized as "profaneness and ribaldry"—citing, in proof, the description of a certain sow, from whose jaw a cabbage sprout—

Protruded as the dove so stanch
For peace supports an olive branch.

If the printed works of my Censor had not prepared me for any misapplication of types, I should have been surprised by this misapprehension of one of the commonest emblems. In some cases the dove unquestionably stands for the Divine Spirit; but the same bird is also a lay representative of the peace of this world, and as such, has figured time out of mind in allegorical pictures. The sense in which it was used by me is plain from the context; at least, it would be plain to any one but a fisher for faults, predisposed to carp at some things, to dab at others, and to flounder in all. But I am possibly in error. It is the female swine, perhaps, that is profaned in the eyes of the Oriental tourist. Men find strange ways of marking their intolerance; and the spirit is certainly strong enough, in Mr. W.'s works, to set up a creature as sacred, in sheer opposition to the Mussulman, with whom she is a beast of abomination. It would only be going the whole sow.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,
Thos. Hood.
ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle round him thrice;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise!"

COLERIDGE.

"It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be."

OLD BALLAD.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall;
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call;
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd,
And tho' I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features:—in a line to paint
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
Censors who sniff out moral taints,
And call the devil over his own coals—
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,
But endless flames, to scorch them like flax,—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax!
Of such a character no single trace
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face;
There wants a certain cast about the eye;
A certain lifting of the nose's tip:
A certain curling of the nether lip,
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky;
In brief it is an aspect deleterious,
A face decidedly not serious,
A face profane, that would not do at all
To make a face at Exeter Hall,—
That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,
And laud each other face to face,
Till ev'ry farthing candle ray
Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace!

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
"Within the limits of becoming mirth;"—
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.
I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turn'd by application to a libel.
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
And have a horror of regarding heaven
As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? no part I take in party fray,
With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars,
I fear no Pope—and let great Ernest play
At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!
I own I laugh at over-righteous men,
I own I shake my sides at ranters,
And treat sham Abr'am saints with wicked banters;
I even own, that there are times—but then
It's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy
On fellow souls, a Spiritual Pry—
'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs:
And, tho' no delicacy discomposes
Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot!
Why Socrates or Plato—where's the odds?—
Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,
And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot!

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is
Not a whit better than a Mantis,—
An insect, of what clime I can't determine,
That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,
By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—
Is reckon'd quite a saint amongst the vermin.
But where's the reverence, or where the nous,
ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,
    Whether as stalking-horse or hobby,
To show its pious paces to "the House?"

I honestly confess that I would hinder
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,
    That spiritual Pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,
And driv'n to church as to the parish pound.
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,
I view that grovelling idea as one
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.
On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour:
One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour—
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above,
You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I—the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowl-
edge,

    Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?
I do confess that I abhor and shrink
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—
My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive Lord
    Of this world's aristocracy.
It will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heav’n, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath;—
Juggle who will elsewhere with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—
He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to ev’ry pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope—
He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,
In your last Journey-work, perchance, you ravage,
Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say
I’m but a heedless, creedless, godless, savage;
A very Guy, deserving fire and fagots,—
A scoffers, always on the grin,
And sadly given to the mortal sin
Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots!

The humble records of my life to search,
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;
But sometimes I have “sat at good men’s feasts,”
And I have been “where bells have knoll’d to church.”

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells,
As flutter’d by the wings of Cherubim.
Meanwhile the bees are chaunting a low hymn;
And lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul Beatified, of love,—
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon:—
O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Doubters!
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people—
A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple,
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who binding up his Bible with his Ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saving bet against his sinful bias—
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie—I cheat—do any thing for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness reacts,
Accept an anecdote well bas'd on facts.
One Sunday morning—(at the day don't fret)—
In riding with a friend to Ponder's End
Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend
A certain mansion that we saw To Let.
"Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,
"You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it!
'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,
And master wanted once to buy it,—
ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—
He ax'd sure-ly a sum purdigious!
But being so particular religious,
Why, that, you see, put master on his guard!"
Church is "a little heav'n below,
I have been there and still would go,"
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue in formâ pauperis to God.

As for the rest,—intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—
An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont"—
Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want—
Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks,
Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith!)
Such, may it please you, is my humble faith;
I know, full well, you do not like my works!

I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,
The Bible in one hand,
And my own commonplace-book in the other—
But you have been to Palestine—alas!
Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!

Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very?
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive
The human heats and rancour to revive
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull
Haunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak.

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,
Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,
Far distant Catholics to rate and scold
For—doing as the Romans do at Rome?
With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit
The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,
About the graceless images to flit,
And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,
Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops—
People who hold such absolute opinions
Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,
Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same time,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider, then, before, like Hurlothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.

For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,
Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel
None of that griffinish excess of zeal,
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,
Nor for a scuffle with the idols banker
Like crazy Quixotte at the puppet's play,
If their "offence be rank," should mine be rancour?

Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop
Around a canker'd stem should twine,
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop
So roughly as to wound, nay kill the bine?

The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,
With gauds and toys extremely out of season;
The carving nothing of the very best,
The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect
One truly Catholic, one common form,
At which uncheck'd
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,
One bright and balmy morning, as I went
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,
That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—
While Nature of herself, as if to trace
The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not?
Methought, the claims of charity to urge
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,
The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge
Of a delicious slope,
Giving the eye much variegated scope!—
"Look round," it whisper'd, "on that prospect rare,
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue;
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh and fair,
But"—(how the simple legend pierc’d me thro’!)
"Priez pour les Malheureux."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey’d cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells
Where wasps instead of bees have form’d the comb.
Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer’s attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,
Fancy a peacock in a poultry yard.
Behold him in conceited circles sail,
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff;
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!
As for the humble breed retain’d by man,
He scorns the whole domestic clan—
He bows, he bridles,
He wheels, he sidles,
As last, with stately dodgings, in a corner,
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

"Look here," he cries, (to give him words,)  
"Thou feather’d clay,—thou scum of birds!"
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—
"Look here, thou vile predestin’d sinner,
Doom’d to be roasted for a dinner,
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!"
These are the rainbow colours of the skies,
That heav’n has shed upon me con amore—
A bird of Paradise?—a pretty story!
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!
Look at my crown of glory!
Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"
And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints
How sinners are despis’d by saints.
By saints!—the Hypocrites that ope heaven’s
doors,
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—
But put the wicked, naked, bareleg’d poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints!—the Bigots that in public spout,
Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,
And go like walking "Lucifers" about
Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints!—the aping Fanatics that talk
All cant and rant and rhapsodies high flown—
That bid you balk
A Sunday walk,
And shun God’s work as you should shun your
own.

The Saints!—the formalists, the extra pious,
Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,
By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,
To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl!

The Saints! the Pharisees, whose beadle stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk,
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands,
In that great Temple that’s not made with hands!
Thrice blessed rather, is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome!
To his tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For Choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
   An organ breathes in every grove;
   And the full heart's a Psalter;
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians
Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,
Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked; but
must
Religion have its own Utilitarians,
Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,
To make the road to heaven a railway trust,
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere fac-
tories?

Oh! simply open wide the Temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling, organ greet,
   With Voluntaries meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
   And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.
ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,
That occupy the House and public mind,
We always meet with some humane suggestions
Of gentle measures of a healing kind,
Instead of harsh severity and vigour,
The Saint alone his preference retains
For bills of penalties and pains,
And marks his narrow code with legal rigour!
Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,
What men of all political persuasion
Extol—and even use upon occasion—
That Christian principle, conciliation?
But possibly the men who make such fuss
With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,
Attach some other meaning to the term,
As thus:

One market morning, in my usual rambles,
Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,
Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,
I had to halt awhile, like other folks,

To let a killing butcher coax
A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.
A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,
Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak
Of well-greased hair down either cheek,
As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks
Besides those woolly-headed stubborn blocks
That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—
Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,
While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd
And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,
That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,
Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—
And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt
Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.
At last there came a pause of brutal force,
Thou cur was silent, for his jaws were full
Of tangled locks of tarry wool,
The man had whoop'd and bellow'd till dead hoarse,
The time was ripe for mild expostulation,
And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—
"Zounds!—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—
why
It really—my dear fellow—do just try
Conciliation!"

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—
At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop
Just nolens volens thro' the open shop—
If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—
Then walking to the door, and smiling grim,
He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—
"There!—I've conciliated him!"

Again—good humouredly to end our quarrel—
(Good humour should prevail!)
I'll fit you with a tale
Where to is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,
Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,
The doctors gave her over—to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to ilk,
Each morn the patient quaff'd a frothy bowl
Of asinine new milk,
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal,
Which got proportionably spare and skinny—
Meanwhile the neighbours cried "poor Mary Ann!"
She can't get over it! she never can!"
When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny
The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;
And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,
The other long-ear'd creature was a male,
Who never in his life had given a pail
Of milk, or even chalk and water.
No matter: at the usual hour of eight
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,
With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back,—
"Your servant Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—
Bad time for hasses tho'! good luck! good luck!
Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,
He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."

So runs the story,
And, in vain self-glory,
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blind-
But what the better are their pious saws
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,
Without the milk of human kindness?

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF GAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds,
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls!

* No connection with any other Ode.
Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * *?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

Ay, there's the playground! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there now, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
   Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys;"
   And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the wayne of life;
   And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To Savages at Owhyee;
   Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
   "And push us from our forms!"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
   At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
   And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
   And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
   The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
   For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indifferent—none may lack!
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black!
   And there's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish their frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at fives! and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his steed!

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?
That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ——— plays,
And see how forced our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
*Our* tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!
Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
   Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
   Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
   There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'llt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
   A sorry breaking up!

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
   My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
   To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
   A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
   And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
   With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
   And harness'd to the law!
My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
   Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
   Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the riband round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
   My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
   A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
   That wash'd my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
   A fag for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
   Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
   Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
   By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
   Exactly like Miss Brown!

The omne bene—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams!"—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign
My couch so warm and soft,
To trouble trout with hook and line,
That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointment one may fix
To greet the dawning skies,
But hang the getting up at six
For fish that will not rise!
ON THE ART-UNIONS.

That picture-raffles will conduce to nourish
Design, or cause good coloring to flourish,
Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

THE LOST HEIR.

"Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonny laddie gone?"—Old Song.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."
"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go
stick stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets
like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to
run, if I only knew which way—

A Child as is lost about London streets, and es-
pecially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle
of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you
wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!

You promised to have half an eye to him, you
know you did, you dirty deceitful young
drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was
with my own blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at
making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was better off
than all the other young boys,

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,
and a dead kitten by way of toys.

When his Father comes home, and he always
comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes
one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost;
and the beef and the inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns,
and don't be making a mob in the street;

O serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across
my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at
me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been inviggled away
up a court for the sake of his clothes by the
prigs;

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought
it myself for a shilling one day in Rag
Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father’s best pair.

His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;

But he’d got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.

He’d a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not quite so much jagg’d at the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you’ll know by that if it’s him.

Except being so well dressed, my mind would mis-give, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,

Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but I’d rather see him laid out in his coffin!

Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I’ll break every bone of ’em I come near,

Go home—you’re spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go along home with your beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,

Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Or-

gan

O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he’s got kiddynapped with them Italians;

They’ll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I’m as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sor-

row!

And shan’t have half a voice, no more I shan’t, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.

'O Billy, you’re bursting my heart in two, and my life won’t be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine,
playing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I
looks at the old three-legged chair
As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and
there a'n't no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him. if
I only know'd where to run;
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for
a month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it
would kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand
at the Old Bailey.
For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you
may search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more
pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of
St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only
as a Mother ought to speak;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only
it hasn't been washed for a week;
As for hair, tho' its red, it's the most nicest hair
when I've time to just show it the comb;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as
will only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though
a little cast he's certainly got;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is
broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world,
and very large teeth for his age;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play
Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but
O I never never shall see him no more!
O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing
him back from death's door!
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.—
It's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers!
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.
For he's my darlin of darlings, and if he don't soon come back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me old music—let me hear
The songs of days gone by!"—H. F. Chorley

O! come, all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music's dear
As verdant spots in Memory's waste!
Its name "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef;
To wit, Old Folks, to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band.
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No Bird must join our "vocal throng;"
The present age beheld at font:
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song;"
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,
You count you're nearly fifty-four!
Go, Miss Novello, sadly young!
Go, thou composing Chevalier,
And roam the county towns among,
No Newcome will be welcome here!
Our Concert aims to give at night
The music that has had its day!
So, Rooke, for us you cannot write
Till time has made you Raven gray.
Your score may charm a modern ear,
Nay, ours, when three or fourscore old,
But in this Ancient atmosphere,
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold!

Go, Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodyat, go!
Hence, Shirreff, with those native curls,
And Master Coward ought to know
This is no place for boys and girls!
No Massons here we wish to see;
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
And Mrs. B——! Oh! Mrs. B——,
Such Bishops are not reverend here!

What! Grisi, bright and beaming thus!
To sing the songs gone gray with age!
No, Grisi, no,—but come to us
And welcome, when you leave the stage!
Off, Ivanhoff!—till weak and harsh!—
Rubini, hence! with all the clan!
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache
A little shrivelled thin old man.

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please!
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch;
You’d run us out of breath with Glees,
And Catches that we could not catch.
Away, ye Leaders all, who lead
With violins, quite modern things;
To guide our Ancient band we need
Old fiddles out of leading strings!

But come, ye Songsters, overripe,
That into “childish trebles break!”
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe.
AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

That cannot sing without a shake!
Nay, come, ye Spinsters all, that spin
A slender thread of ancient voice,
Old notes that almost seem called in;
At such as you we shall rejoice!

No thund'ring Thalbergs here shall baulk,
Or ride your pet *D-cadence* o'er,
But fingers with a little chalk
Shall, moderato, keep the score!
No Broadwoods here so full of tone,
But Harpsichords assist the strain:
No Lincoln's pipes, we have our own
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Cecilians, now
Ye willy-nilly, ex-good fellows,
Who will strike up, no matter how,
With organs that survive their bellows!
And bring, O bring, your ancient styles
In which our elders loved to roam,
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
Till some good fiddle led them home!

O come, ye ancient London Cries,
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!
Come, Nurse, who droned the lullabies,
"When Music, heavenly Maid, was young!"
No matter how the critics treat,
What modern sins and faults detect,
The Copy-Book shall still repeat,
These Concerts must "Command respect!"
"Blow high, blow low."—Sea Song.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—
For Memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appeared a Patch
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belaboured out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel:
One impulse moved both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the Russian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.

Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent,
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her,
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
Till Mary getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death:—
"We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am,
a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things
I rubs;
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she
stops for coughin',
'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin' very
often,
But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing
in a passion,
'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this
fashion!"
Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean
his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue
exploding.
Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quan-
tum is unproper,
I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a
copper;
You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you,
with its puff,
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a
pinch of snuff.
Well, when the pinch is over—' Teach your grand-
mother to suck
A powder-horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you
luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands
upon her hips,
'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your
tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things
like these;
I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by
degrees.
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were canonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;
All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather:
But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other.
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin';
Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whispered—' Why, where is the powder blew?''

ODE TO M. BRUNEL.*

"Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast? a worthy pioneer!—HAMLET.

WELL!—Monsieur Brunel,
How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping,—
Never be stopping,

* [M. Brunel was the architect of the Tunnel under the Thames, at London.]
But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
An archway, underneath the Dabs, and Gudgeons,
For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons,
To cross the water in inverse proportion,
Walk under steamboats under the keel's ridge,
To keep down all extortion,
And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!
In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
To give us the "View hollow."
In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth;
Alas! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,
Came, like "a tide in the affairs of men;"
And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
Reproachful of thy wrong,
Burst out in that old song
Of Incledon's, beginning "Cease, rude Bore."—
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
Just when one seems the most successful,
To find one's self o'er head and ears
In difficulties most distressful!
Other great speculations have been nursed,
Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;
But thy concern was at the worst,
When it began to liquidate itself!
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
And languishes thy Tunnel,—so to paint,
Under a slow incurable complaint,
Bed-ridden!
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bothered—why re-pine!
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!
Yet let none think thee dazed, or crazed, or stupid;
And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid
Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!
I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
The wine does better than such water trades:
  Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;
  I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
And make thy cellar subterrane,—Thy Shades!

OVER THE WAY.

"I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very
pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden
the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty
struck me."—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ALAS! the flames of an unhappy lover
About my heart and on my vitals prey;
I've caught a fever that I can't get over,
    Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Grecian?
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,
For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,
    Over the way.

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost
As any needle in a stack of hay:
Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed
    Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Grey?
They cannot ease me of my window-tax
    Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,
And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary
    Over the way!
OVER THE WAY.

Oh! if my godmother were but a fairy,
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray
That she would change me into that canary
    Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,
A pug, a poll, a squirrel or a jay—
Blest blue-bottles! that buzz about the window
    Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,
I see her reading on, from grave to gay,
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters
    Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper
Emits two stories high, a starlike ray,
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper
    Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards,
Or ask her for a whispered ay or nay,—
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards
    Over the way?

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—
Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay,
I meet an icy end to my exploring
    Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances
She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in
    May;
Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances
    Over the way?

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;
But I'm in love—she never pities that!
    Over the way!
I go to the same church—a love-lost labour;
Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play;
She does not seem to know she has a neighbour
  Over the way!

At private theatres she never acts;
No Crown-and-Anchor balls her fancy sway;
She never visits gentlemen with tracts
  Over the way!

To billets-doux by post she shows no favour—
In short, there is no plot that I can lay
To break my window-pains to my enslaver
  Over the way!

I play the flute, she heeds not my chromatics,
No friend an introduction can purvey;
I wish a fire would break out in the attics
  Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her;
My baker feels my appetite's decay;
And as for butcher's meat—oh! she's my butcher
  Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout;
I never ring now to bring up the tray;
My stomach grumbles at my dining out
  Over the way!

I'm weary of my life; without regret
I could resign this miserable clay
To lie within that box of mignonette
  Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol-bore;
I've vowed at times to rush where trumpets bray,
Quite sick of number one—and number four
  Over the way!
Sometimes my fancy builds up castles airy,
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornée,
A horse, a cow, six fowls, a pig, and Mary,
    Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,
Standing before the altar, like a fay;
Sometimes of balls, and neighbourly invite
    Over the way!

I’ve cooed with her in dreams, like any turtle,
I’ve snatched her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and Tay;
Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle
    Over the way!

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,
Thrice raced to Gretna in a neat “po-shay,”
And showered crowns to make the horses gallop
    Over the way!

And thrice I’ve started up from dreams appalling,
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray—
There is a young man very fond of calling
    Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all kings in glory,
Whoever in her ear may say his say,
And add a tale of love to that one story
    Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—
Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—
Much rather would I be the happy man
    Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—
But what—O horror!—what do I survey!
Postilions and white favours!—all is over
    Over the way!
A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

A NEW STYLE OF BLANK VERSE.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello’s jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs tobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they’re going, whisper low, “No go!”

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—“Drat that cat!”
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly:
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it p'r'aps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy!)

Digitized by Google
“Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda’s marriage;
You’re come of course to spend the day!—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

“What! must you go? next time I hope
You’ll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

“Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you’ll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I’m not at home
In future to the Skinners!”)

EPIGRAMS.

COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY LATELY PUBLISHED.

That flesh is grass is now as clear as day,
To any but the merest purblind pup,
Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,
My Lady Bury comes and rakes it up.

THE LAST WISH.

When I resign this world so briary,
To have across the Styx my ferrying,
O, may I die without a Diary!
And be interred without a Bury-ing!

The poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turned into cash, they are laid out again!
THE DEVIL'S ALBUM.

It will seem an odd whim
   For a Spirit so grim
As the Devil to take a delight in;
   But by common renown
He has come up to town,
With an Album for people to write in!

On a handsomer book
   Mortal never did look,
Of a flame-colour silk is the binding,
   With a border, superb,
Where through flow'ret and herb,
The old Serpent goes brilliantly winding!

By gilded grotesques,
   And embossed arabesques,
The whole cover, in fact, is pervaded;
   But, alas! in a taste
That betrays they were traced
At the will of a Spirit degraded!

As for paper—the best,
   But extremely hot-pressed,
Courts the pen to luxuriate upon it,
   And against every blank
There's a note on the Bank,
As a bribe for a sketch or a sonnet.

Who will care to appear
In the Fiend's Souvenir,
Is a question to morals most vital;
   But the very first leaf,
It's the public belief,
Will be filled by a Lady of Title!
EPIGRAM.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A Mechanic his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it strikes.

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A Day after the Fair."—Old Proverb.

John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged,
For tho' he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.
He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and signs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho’
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

O Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Tho’ I have never had a wife,
I’ve lost my better half.
Alas! in vain he still assailed,
  Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
  He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
  To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
  At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
  And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else—
  He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
  Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
  The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
  But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
  His ghost-objects to walk.

NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard!—and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.—
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!
I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!—
At Number Three, I often see
A lover at the door;—
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It's very hard they come so near
And not to Number One!

Miss Bell I hear has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;—
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One!

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by,—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;—
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One!

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine
But he's intent on self,
And though he's pious will not love
His neighbour as himself,—
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days:—
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

Once only when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in
And told me not to swoon:—
Why can’t he come again without
The Phœnix and the Sun!—
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One!

I am not old! I am not plain!
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from Number Eight:—
I’m sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun—
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One!

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The Imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he’d never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It’s very hard, and so it is
To live in such a row!
And here’s a ballad singer come
To aggravate my woe;—
O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun—
There is “Nae luck about the house,”
I know, at Number One!
THE DROWNING DUCKS.

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
   Enjoyed yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
   Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water-lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

"It’s very hard," she used to moan,
   "That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
   Have never any pretty chucklings."
For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
   Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
   She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—
   The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.’s came forth like others—
   But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might as well have all died addle,
As die when they began to paddle!—

For when, as native instinct taught her,
   The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
   Like any over-loaded boat;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!
No peccant humour in a gander—
Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pander
To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em!
They went, like plummets, to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
It seemed of nature and her works!
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
Should float without the help of corks:
Great Johnson it bewildered him!
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do
But change the breed—and she tried divers
Which dived as all seemed born to do;
No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;
They floundered still!—Batch after batch went!
The little fools seemed only born
And hatched for nothing but a hatchment!
Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder!
Like fires the water "got them under!"

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and desponded;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "Duc ad me" to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 'twas darker than before!
At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
   So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
   And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,
   In such a case below the surface;
But when the eels were caught and split
   By Mrs. Bond, just think of her face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explained the case,
   Making the Dame look rather silly,
The tenants of that Eely Place
   Had found the way to Pick a dilly,
And so by under-water suction,
   Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,
   And made a shark his legatees."
  BRYAN AND PERENN.

"Oh! what is that comes gliding in,
   And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
   And painted to the waist.

VOL. II.
"It is not painted to the life,  
For where's the trowsers blue?  
O Jones, my dear!—O dear! my Jones,  
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—  
The half that you remark  
Is come to say my other half  
Is bit off by a shark!"

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,  
Yet most completely do!  
A bite in one place seems enough,  
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,  
But now a shark must share!  
But let that pass—for now to you  
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce  
Effected in the sea,  
It has divided me from you,  
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights  
To haunt, as people say!  
My ghost can't walk, for, oh! my legs  
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,  
And looking where the boat is,  
A shark just snaps away a half;  
Without 'a quarter's notice.'

"One half is here, the other half  
Is near Columbia placed;  
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole  
Atlantic for my waist."
"But now, adieu—a long adieu!  
I've solved death's awful riddle,  
And would say more, but I am doomed  
To break off in the middle!

THE FALL.

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep."

Count Fathom.

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where  
Niagara falls,  
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;  
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,  
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;  
While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave  
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;  
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;  
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!  
Oh, Heaven! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,  
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!  
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,  
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:  
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rushed in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag—in speechless pain—from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die—but anguish stunned my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrilled a cry—a cry as shrill as birds'
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
He's been a walking in his sleep, and pitched all down the stairs!"
STEAM SEA SONGS.

I steamed from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smoked through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever boiled through the salt seas.

When up the flute the sailor goes
And ventures on the pot,
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a Boulton and Watt and good Wall's-end give me;
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our chimney smack smooth
shall down smite,
And shiver each bundle of wood;
Clear the wreck, stir the fire, and stow every thing tight,
And boiling a gallop we'll scud.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.
Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys,  
    See the valve is clear of course;  
Let the paddles spin, don’t mind, boys,  
    Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft a proper draft get,  
    Oil the engines, see all clear;  
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,  
    Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer;  
Now the dreadful thunder’s roaring,  
    Peal on peal contending clash;  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
    In our eyes the paddles splash.  
One wide water all around us,  
    All above one smoke-black sky:  
Different deaths at once surround us;  
    Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The funnel’s gone! cries every tongue out,  
    The engineer’s washed off the deck;  
A leak beneath the coal-hole’s sprung out,  
    Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces;  
    Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;  
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,  
    Four feet water getting cold.

While o’er the ship wild waves are beating,  
    We for wives or children mourn;  
Alas! from hence there’s no retreating;  
    Alas! to them there’s no return.  
The fire is out—we’ve burst the bellows,  
    The tinder-box is swamped below;  
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,  
    For only that can serve us now!
A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.
"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—SILVERSMITH.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
    My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
    My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
    My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
    My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
    My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
    My Uncle.
Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?

My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?

My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—

My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?

My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said, "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?

My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!

My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?

Myself.
A VALENTINE.

THE WEATHER TO P. MURPHY,* ESQ., M. N. S.

These, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of Meteoric action.

Dear Murphy, to improve her charms,
Your servant humbly begs;
She thanks you for her leash of arms,
But wants a brace of legs.

Moreover, as you promise folks,
On certain days a drizzle;
She thinks, in case she cannot rain,
She should have means to mizzle.

Some lightning too may just fall due,
When woods begin to moult;
And if she cannot "fork it out,"
She'll wish to make a bolt!

POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving, from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting-fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two, succeeded in thawing out the following verses.

From seventy-two north latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite;
But first I'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

* An Almanac-maker.
Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
    My Kitty, do not think,—
Before I wrote these very lines,
    I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lovers' warmth,
    You must not be too nice;
The sheet that I am writing on
    Was once a sheet of ice!

The Polar cold is sharp enough
    To freeze with icy gloss
The genial current of the soul,
    E'en in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters waft a sigh
    From Indus to the Pole;
But here I really wish the post
    Would only "post the coal."

So chilly is the Northern blast,
    It blows me through and through;
A ton of Wallsend in a note
    Would be a billet-doux!

In such a frigid latitude
    It scarce can be a sin,
Should Passion cool a little, where
    A Fury was iced in.

I'm rather tired of endless snow,
    And long for coals again;
And would give up a Sea of Ice,
    For some of Lambton's Main.

I'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
    The sun itself I hate;
So very bright, so very cold,
    Just like a summer grate.
POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
    My chilblains to anoint;
O Kate, the needle of the north
    Has got a freezing point.

Our food is solids,—ere we put
    Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks
    And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
    So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
    When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you'll like to hear,
    The effect of Polar snows,
I've left off snuff—one pinching day—
    From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now;
    My ears both left together;
And as for dancing, I have cut
    My toes—it's cutting weather.

I've said that you should have my hand,
    Some happy day to come;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
    A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux
    Can wean me from my own;
The Girdle of the Queen of Love
    Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow
    My fancy does not bite;
I like to see a Bride—but not
    In such a deal of white.
CONVEYANCING.

Give me for home a house of brick,
The Kate I love at Kew!
A hand unchopped—a merry eye,
And not a nose, of blue!

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
To me a bridge of sighs;
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles
Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return,
In comfort to be lulled;
But if I do get back to port,
Pray let me have it mulled.

CONVEYANCING.

O, London is the place for all,
In love with loco-motion!
Still to and fro the people go
Like billows of the ocean;
Machine or man, or caravan,
Can all be bad for paying,
When great estates, or heavy weights,
Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken,
And Jarvis is not always drunk,
Tho' always overtaken;
In racing tricks he'll never mix,
His nags are in their last days,
And slow to go, altho' they show
As if they had their fast days!
Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a cab-age,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our queen Mab age;
The horses have been broken well,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have broken both their knees,
And some are broken winded.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing—
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—
For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
Till you grow faint and sicky,
Perched up behind, at last to find,
Your dinner is all dickey!

Long stages run from every yard;
But if you're wise and frugal,
You'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,
"Ye banks and braes," and other lays,
And ditties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With boring and with blasting.

Instead of journeys, people now
May go upon a Gurney,
With steam to do the horses' work,
By powers of attorney;
Tho' with a load it may explode,
And you may all be un-done!
And find you're going up to heaven,
Instead of up to London!

To speak of every kind of coach,
It is not my intention;
But there is still one vehicle
Deserves a little mention;
The world a sage has called a stage,
   With all its living lumber,
And Malthus swears it always bears
   Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
   Forever and a day hence,
For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
   You'll never want conveyance;
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
   It is no sight for laughter—
Away it goes, and leaves my nose
   To join in running after!

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A SENTIMENTALIST.

"My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!—Hamlet.

I think it was Spring—but not certain I am—
   When my passion began first to work;
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
   And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
   Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
   Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild,
   With sheer envy to witness my luck;
How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled
   As I afterwards offered some duck.
I looked and I languished, alas, to my cost,
Through three courses of dishes and meats;
Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
When it came to the trifle and sweets!

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land,
To her parents I told my designs—
And then to herself I presented my hand,
With a very fine pottle of pines!

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
And she did not object in the least;—
I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to ———, it certainly was the seaside;
For the next, the most blessed of morns,
I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may memory lose sight of that year,
But still hallow the time as it ought,
That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,
A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
Oh there's nothing is certain in life, as I cried,
When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
But the cause no physician could nab;
I'm Not a Single Man.

But something it seemed like consumption, I fear,
   It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,
    Still her strength and her appetite pined;
She lost relish for what she had relished the most,
    Even salmon she deeply declined.

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,
    While her form it grew wasted and thin;
But the last dying spark of existence went out,
    As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
    To indulge in a widower's moan,
Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
    As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
    And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
O my grief poured a flood! and the out-of-door folks,
    Were all crying—I think it was sprats!

I'm Not a Single Man.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOYLE.
"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

I,
Well, I confess, I did not guess
   A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
   Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as distant be
   As Java or Japan,—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

II.

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

III.

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"
I'm not a single man!

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

V.

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.

VOL. II.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI.
Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

VII.
Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

VIII.
My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—
I'm not a single man!

IX.
Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone—
I'm not a single man!

X.

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

XI.

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright—
I must not say that she has eyes,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

XIV.
I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;—
I might be hashed to death, or smashed,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE-LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—Hist. Eng.

No morning ever seemed so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The Postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Flung—to the door, and locked me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kissed the B in Benjamin!
'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk!

THE APPARITION.

In the dead of the night, when, from beds that are
  turfy,
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

Don't shiver and shake, said the mild Apparition,
I'm come to your bed with no evil design;
I'm the Spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Phy-
sician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanac line.

Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,
And deemed to possess a more prescient knack
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,
I saw my old mantle lugged out from the shelf,
Turned, trimmed, and brushed up, and again
brought in fashion,
I seemed to be almost reviving myself!

But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cantle—
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

But think how the people would worship and wonder,
To find you "hail fellows, well met," in your hail,
In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,
"'Fore God," they would cry, "they are both in a tale!"

LITTLE O'P.—AN AFRICAN FACT.

It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth
Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south,
And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,
Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork.
Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,
And little O'Patrick was mate of the same;
For Bristol they sailed, but by nautical scope,
They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope,
Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,
Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast;
And when he revived from a sort of a trance,
He saw a big Black with a very long lance.
Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue,
"Bash Kuku my gimmel bo gumborry bung!"
Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,
And down came a hundred as black as himself:
They brought with them guattul, and pieces of klam,
The first was like beef, and the second like lamb;  
"Don't I know," said O'P., "what the wretches  
are at?

They're intending to eat me as soon as I'm fat!"

In terror of coming to pan, split, or pot,
His rations of jarbul he suffered to rot;
He would not touch purry or doolberry-lik,
But kept himself growing as thin as a stick.

Though broiling the climate, and parching with  
drouth,

He would not let chobbery enter his mouth,
But kicked down the krug shell, tho' sweetened  
with natt,—

"I ain't to be poisoned the likes of a rat!"

At last the great Joddy got quite in a rage,
And cried, "O mi pitticum dambally nage!
The chobbery take, and put back on the shelf,
Or give me the krug shell, I'll drink it myself!
The doolberry-lik is the best to be had,
And the purry (I chewed it myself) is not bad;
The jarbul is fresh, for I saw it cut out,
And the Bok that it came from is grazing about.

My jumbo! but run off to Billery Nang,
And tell her to put on her jigger and tang,
And go with the Bloss to the man of the sea,
And say that she comes as his Wulwul from me."

Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,
With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep,
And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,
"Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow's at me!"
But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,
She came to accept him for life in her arms,
And stretched her thick lips to a broad grin of  
love,

A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,
With a soul full of dread he declined the grim  
bliss,

Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss;
At last, fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,
And Joddy began to look blacker than black;
"By Mumbo! by Jumbo!—why here is a man,
That won't be made happy do all that I can;
He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,
Let the Rham take his shangwang and chop off his head!"

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resigned, I kissed the rod."

Well! I think it is time to put up!
For it does not accord with my notions,
  Wrist, elbow, and chine,
  Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip in at each watery dimple;
  But however I wish
  To inveigle the fish,
To my gentle they will not play simple!

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish;
  It would seem that the Bream
  Must be scarce 'in the stream,
And the Chub, tho' it's chubby, be thinnish!

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
  And although at my hook
  With attention I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with a Tench on!
At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
   Have they taken advice
   Of the "Council of Nice,"
And rejected their "Diet of Worms," now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;
   For the gut I have brought,
   I had better have bought
A good rope that was used to Jack-ketching!

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then;
   I may wait till it's night,
   Without any bite,
• And at roost-time have never a Perch then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now;
   Not a Dace have I got,
   And I fear it is not
"Carpe diem," a day for the Carp now!

Oh! there is not a one pound prize
To be got in this fresh water-lottery!
   What then can I deem
   Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—Ottery!

For an Eel I have learned how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing,—
   But a fisherman feels
   Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting,
   And hungry and faint,—
SEA SONG.

Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, without Fish, to be Fasting!

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell,—
So, wet to the skin,
I'll e'en back to my Inn,
Where at least I am sure of a Bar-bell!

SEA SONG.

AFTER DIBDIN.

Pure water it plays a good part in
The swabbing the decks and all that—
And it finds its own level for sartin—
For it sartinly drinks very flat:—
For my part a drop of the creatur
I never could think was a fault,
For if Tars should swig water by natur,
The sea would have never been salt!—
Then off with it into a jorum
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum
It never was meant to be neat!—

One day when I was but half sober,—
Half measures I always disdain—
I walked into a shop that sold Soda,
And axed for some Water Champagne:—
Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,
And blow off my last limb but it's true, boys,
Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—
Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat.

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

"Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one."

Nurse.  O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
         Most lamentable day! most woeful day!
         That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
         O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
         Never was seen so black a day as this!
         O woeful day! O woeful day!

*  *  *

Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse.  Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up!
         For well you know this is a pitiful case.

Romeo and Juliet.

To-day it is my natal day,
Three 'prenticeships have passed away,
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to "Man's Estate,"
To some, a grand event;
But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no paternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Haunts, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
To pay my rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose or ass;
Then what is Man’s Estate? Alas!
Six feet by two of mould and grass
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!
Ne’er tap the wine—don’t cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make,
At which my reason spurns.
Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o’er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend
That here is Boyhood’s legal end,
And easily can comprehend
How “Manors make the Man.”
But as for me, I was not born
To quitrent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,
Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz;
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think when man is Twenty-One
What new delights are his!

What is the moral legal fact—
Of age to day, I’m free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I’m free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of due assets.

I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squint, and all,
And be my own for life.
But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still?
I'm old enough to make my will
With valid clause and codicil
Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath
In earth, or waters underneath,
And in all candour let me breathe,
I do not want to die.

Away! if this be Manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
To me it seems this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup
What horrors here are conjured up!
What things of bitter bite and sup,
Poor wretched Twenty-One's!
No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps,)
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
Death, dockets, debts, and duns!
If you must drink, oh drink "the King,"
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,
Drink Aldgate Pump—or any thing,
Before a toast like this!
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage?
Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—
No sign of May about the thorn,—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
Had Beauty not a shape?
Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
Make answer, lads of Trinity!
Who sipped with me Divinity,
And quaffed the ruby grape!

No flummery then from flowery lips,
No three times three and hip-hip-hips,
Because I'm ripe and full of pips—
I like a little green.
To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth
I would remain, and nothing loth,
A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes!
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Meux
And broach his biggest barrels—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
And dance into St. Vitus' fits,
And break your winds with carols!

But ah! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold's in a garden-pot,
And barely worth a pin.
Away then with all festive stuff!
Let Robins advertise and puff
My "Man's Estate," I'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

"Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—Scotch Songs.

On that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R. A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what's called the private view,
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,
Elbowed Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—
Stamped Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.
As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.
From number one and number two,
She searched the pictures through and through,
On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,
And squatted down to scan the shy ones.
And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,
Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
"Really an ardent love of art!"
Alas, amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last thus stammered out "How now?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?"
Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"
Said Mr. H—, with expedition,
There's no Cow in the Exhibition.
"No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,
Set off with steam and rail celerity—

"No Cow! there ain't no Cow, then the more's
the shame and pity,
Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging
Committee!
No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't
talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it
ought to be—
I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any
how,
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with
David's Cow?
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your
Coopers, and your Wards,
Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here
they are on cords!
They're only fit for window frames, and shutters,
and street doors, .
David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or
Blue Boars,—
Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or
sow—
It's really hard it ain't hung up—I could cry about
the Cow!
But I know well what it is, and why—they're
jealous of David's fame,
But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty
and a shame.
Do you think it might hang by and by, if you
cannot hang it now?
David has made a party up, to come and see his
Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example
to the learners,
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture
of Mr. Turner's ?
Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need appre-
hend a row,
If now and then you cut him down to hang up
David's Cow?
I can't think where their tastes have been, to not
have such a creature,
Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier
than Nature;
It must be hung—and shall be hung, for Mr.
H—, I vow,
I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got
the Cow!
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so
much care,
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming
up the stair.
Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand,
Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—
Or may be Bailey's Charity the favour would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's cow.
We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water-Colour place allows no oilman to appear—
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow:
I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;
His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
He hardly whipped the boys at all, or helped to nurse the babby.
And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,
Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow.—
And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—
David shan't send next year except a very little calf.
I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—OLD PROVERB.
"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."
FALCONER’S MARINE GUIDE.

I.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckoned rather bright;
I’m shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;
My skin has been admired in verse,
And called as fair as day—
If I am fair, so much the worse,
I’m going to Bombay!

II.

At school I passed with some éclat;
I learned my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D’Egville how to dance;—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I’m going to Bombay!

III.

I’ve been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—
To Brighton—not to dip.
I’ve toured the Lakes, and scoured the coast
From Scarboro’ to Torquay—
But tho’ of time I’ve made the most,
I’m going to Bombay!

IV.

By Pa and Ma I’m daily told
To marry now’s my time,
For though I'm very far from old
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

V.
My cousin writes from Hyderapot
My only chance to snatch,
And says the climate is so hot,
It's sure to light a match,—
She's married to a son of Mars,
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I'm going to Bombay!

VI.
She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats.—
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I'm going to Bombay!

VII.
She says that I shall much enjoy,—
I don't know what she means,
To take the air and buy some toy,
In my own palankeens,—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple gray—
But elephants are horses there—
I'm going to Bombay!

VIII.
Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear,
Good-bye, to Mr. M!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it's all his fault,
I'm going to Bombay!

IX.
That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,
A.I.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and sealed my fate—
I'm going to Bombay!

X.
My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets shaped by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I'm going to Bombay!

ODE

"O THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

"Sweeping our flocks and herds."—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men!—
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—
    Permit me thus to tell,
    I like your efforts well,
For routing that great nest of Hornithology!

Be not dismayed, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,
Charge on!—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their Bull-warks and their Ram-parts,

    Go on, ye wholesale drovers!
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds!
    As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,
Off with them all!—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle;
    And save the female sex
From being cowed—like Io—by the cattle!

    Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson’s with a Fear-on!

    Or, in St. Martin’s Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
    While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter’s!

    Or fancy this:—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly ’tis “Aries Taurus Virgo!”—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden!

    Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!
    At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross!

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
    Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of Oxy-Muriate!

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
"The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
"'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
    To hear this brutal Babel,
But our firesides are troubled with their bellows."

"Folks that too freely sup
    Must e'en put up
With their own troubles if they can't digest;
    But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That others' victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep your food should start and
jump us!
    We like, ourselves, a steak,
    But, Sirs, for pity's sake!
We don't want oxen at our doors to rump-us!
If we do doze—it really is too bad!
We constantly are roared awake or rung,
    Through bullocks mad [Young!]
That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let's take
The woes of those that wish to keep a Wake!
Oh think! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these "Bulls of Basan," far from mild ones;
    Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones!

Think of the Show woman, "what shows a Dwarf;"
    Seeing a red Cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forced with broom of birch to keep her off!

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
    To see in the back row
Three live sheep's heads, a porker's and an Ox's!
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come Through, to accompany the double drum!

Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
    Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses!

Great Philanthropics! pray urge these topics!
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication!

Let the old Fair have fair-play as its right,
    And to each show and sight
Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude;
    To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!
ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.

"Look out for squalls."—The Pilot.

O come, dear Barney Isaacs, come,
Punch for one night can spare his drum
As well as pipes of Pan!
Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon
As you can leave the Van;
Blind Billy, bring your violin;
Miss Crow you're great in Cherry Ripe!
And Chub, your viol must drop in
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.
Ye butchers, bring your bones:
An organ would not be amiss;
If grinding Jim has spouted his,
Lend your's, good Mister Jones.
Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny,—do
Keep sober for an hour or two,
Music's charms to help to paint.
And, Sandy Gray, if you should not
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite,
For music, and turn-out to night
In honour of Cecilia's session;
But ere you go, one moment stop,
And with all kindness let me drop
A hint to you, and your profession;
Imprimis then: Pray keep within
The bounds to which your skill was born;
Let the one-handed let alone
Trombone,
Don't—Rheumatiz! seize the violin,
Or Ashmy snatch the horn!
Don't ever to such rows give birth,
As if you had no end on earth,
Except to "wake the lyre;"
Don't "strike the harp," pray never do,
Till others long to strike it too,
Perpetual harping's apt to tire;
Oh I have heard such flat-and-sharpers,
    I've blest the head
Of good King Ned,
For scragging all those old Welsh Harpers!

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
Take a prodigious deal of wooing;
And then sit down to thrum the strain,
As if you'd never rise again—
The least Cecilia-like of things;
Remember that the Saint has wings.
I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour,
Ere she could "Pluck the Fairest Flower."
Yet without hesitation, she
Plunged next into the "Deep, Deep Sea,"
And when on the keys she does begin,
Such awful torments soon you share,
She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"
    Holding the keys of—you know where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
That urchin-like they can't help saying—
    "O dear! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, it's playing very roughly!"
Oft, in the ecstasy of pain,
I've cursed all instrumental workmen,
Wished Broadwood Thurtelled in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman—
I really once delighted spied
    "Clementi Collard in Cheapside.

Another word,—don't be surprised,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,
You have been only half-baptized,
And each name proper, or improper,
Is not the value of a copper,
Till it has had the due additions,
    Husky, Rusky,
    Ninny, Tinny
    Hummel, Bummel,
    Bowski, Wowski,
All these are very good selectables;
But none of your plain pudding-and-tames—
Folks that are called the hardest names
    Are music's most respectables.
    Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
    Look as foreign as you can,
    Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,
    Make ugly faces and begin.

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears,
And now to show they understand it!
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it.
Each scraper ripe for concertante,
Rozins the hair of Rozinante:
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June;
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he's all over concert-pitch.

A little prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at music's door,
Each instrument gives in its name;
    Then sitting in
    They all begin
To play a musical round game.
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,
    A second follows suit;
Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump,
    Puffindorf plays a flute.
This sort of musical revoke,
The grave bassoon begins to smoke
And in rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—
    Clamour, clamour,
    Hammer, hammer,

While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word,
    With all his shrilly best,
So to allow the little minion
Time to deliver his opinion,
    They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the hole,
    Beseeching,
    Preaching,
    Squealing,
    Appealing,

Now as high as he can go,
Now in language rather low,
And having done—begins once more,
Verbatim what he said before.
This twiddling twaddling sets on fire,
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles for explosion ripe,
Put out the little squeaker's pipe;
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that,
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—
    They all seem miching malico!
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch down stairs;
    And the trumpet rash,
    By a violent crash,
Seems splitting somebody's calico!
The viol too groans in deep distress,
As if he suddenly grew sick;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express,—
   Hurrying,
   Scurrying,
   Spattering,
   Clattering,
To fetch him a Doctor of Music.
This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying,
Beyond the Piano's pacifying,
   The cymbal
   Gets nimble,
   Triangle
   Must wrangle,
The band is becoming most martial of bands,
   When just in the middle,
   A quakerly fiddle,
Proposes a general shaking of hands!
   Quaking,
   Shaking,
   Quivering,
   Shivering,
Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing:
   Some like filing,—some like sawing;
At last these agitations cease,
   And they all get
   The flageolet,
To breathe "a piping time of peace."
   Ah, too deceitful charm,
   Like light'ning before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
   And Puffendorf get breath!
Again without remorse or pity,
They play "The Storming of a City,"
Miss S. herself composed and planned it—
When lo! at this renewed attack,
Up jumps a little man in black,—
"The very Devil can not stand!"
   And with that,
   Snatching hat,
A BLOW-UP.

(Not his own,)
Off is flown,
Thro’ the door,
In his black,
To come back,
Never, never, never more!

Oh Music! praises thou hast had,
From Dryden and from Pope,
For thy good notes, yet none I hope,
But I, e’er praised the bad,
Yet are not saint and sinner even?
Miss Strummel on Cecilia’s level?
One drew an angel down from heaven!
The other scared away the Devil!—

A BLOW-UP.

“Here we go up, up, up.”—The Lay of the First Minstrel.

Near Battle, Mr. Peter Baker
Was Powder-maker,
Not Alderman Flower’s flour,—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or gray, or chowder,
Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby, Crowder,—
Not vile apothecary’s pounded stuffs,
But something blacker, bloodier, and louder,
Gun-powder!

This stuff, as people know, is semper
Eadem; very hasty in its temper—
Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps,
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p’haps
Strike light.
To make it, therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,
For as all human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,
There seldom is a mill without a blow
Sometimes upon the grinders.
But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,
Mr. B.'s mill transpired so very often!
And advertised—than all Price Currents louder,
"Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,"
So frequently, it caused the neighbours' wonder,—
And certain people had the inhumanity
To lay it all to Mr. Baker's vanity,
That he might have to say—"That was my thunder!"
    One day—so goes the tale,
    Whether, with iron hoof,
    Not sparkle-proof,
    Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
    Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,
    Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
    One day this mill that had by water ground,
    Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
    With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
    Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky;
    Besides some visitors who gained thereby,
    What they had asked—permission "to go over it!"
    Of course it was a very hard and high blow,
    And somewhat differed from what's called a fly-blow.

At Cowes’ Regatta, as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start;
If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.
In fact, it was a very awful thing,—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring
    A precious rattle!
The dullest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,
Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish:
The "Best of Sons" was taken unawares,
And kicked the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:
The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish!

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Tossed it just like a haymaker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,
For, taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,
He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.
Poor Mistress Davy,
Bobbed off her bran-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Bo-peep" and "Blue-cap" at the house's top,
Screamed, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth story!
Nor yet did matters any better go
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts,—she came at last but to her wits,
By falling in the ale that John left running.
Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,
    Then coming to his mind,
    Was shocked to find,
Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's!
From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
    Hearing the awful noise,
    Out rushed a flood of boys,
Floating a man in black, without a wig;—
Some carried out one treasure, some another,—
    Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
    Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray,—
But little Tiddy carried his big brother!
    Sick of such terrors,
The Tunbridge folks resolved that truth should dwell
No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors;
Accordingly, to bring the point to pass,
They called a meeting of the broken glass,
The shattered chimney pots, and scattered tiles,
    The damage of each part,
    And packed it in a cart,
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles;
While Doctor Babblethorpe, the worthy Rector,
And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
And some few more, whose names would only vex,
Went as a deputation to the Ex
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker’s dwelling-house had pleased
Along with mill-materials to roam,
And for a time the deputies were teased,
To find the noisy gentleman at home;
At last they found him with undamaged skin,
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.
The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,
   And then unfolded,
By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban;
He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding
   Knocked down a lot without a bidding,—
How Mr. Miles, in fright, had given his mare,
   The whip she wouldn't bear,—
At Prospect House, how Dr. Oates, not Titus,
   Danced like Saint Vitus,—
And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
   Cut off his nose whilst shaving;—
When suddenly, with words that seemed like swearing,
Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gam-
mage—
 "Who is to pay us, Sir"—he argued thus,
 "For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-
   Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage?"

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
By such assailants, and completely muzzled;
Baker, however, was not dashed with ease—
But proved he practised after their own system,
   And with small ceremony soon dismissed 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas;
 "If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
   You, Sir,—and you—and you!
I'm only puffing off my own commodity!"
THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

"I'll be your second."—Liston.

In Middle Row, some years ago,
   There lived one Mr. Brown;
And many folks considered him
   The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,
   One Friday he died hard,
And left a widowed wife to mourn
   At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
   Thought mourning quite a tax;
And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,
   To manumit her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet;
   The thing thus came about:
She asked him in at home, and then
   At church he asked her out!

Assurance such as this the man
   In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phoenix he rose up
   Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
   Appeared before her view;
It came a little after one,
   But she was after two!
"Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B.!
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
To burn your widow's weeds?

"It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene;
My memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green!

"Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,
With all the leaves torn out!

"To think that on that finger joint,
Another pledge should cling;
Oh Bess! upon my very soul,
It struck like 'Knock and Ring.'

"A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn!

"Remember, oh! remember, how
The marriage 'rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be,
'Tis now—when I have none!

"And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kicked.

"A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry Ma'am,
And I'll come up again."
More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,
FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.

Oh, Mrs. Hengler!—Madame,—I beg pardon
Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden!
Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
Whose squibs are far more popular than his;
Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame;
With many a bang the public ear it courts;
And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
But take thy merits from thy own reports.
Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
Even in thy most bouncable of moments;
But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers!—
Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,
Thy Rockets raise thee,
And Serpents praise thee,
As none beside are ever praised—by hissing:

Mistress of Hydropyrics,
Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
With midnight sports,
Partaking very much of flash and fancy!
What thoughts had shaken all
In olden time at thy nocturnal revels,—
Each brimstone ball,
They would have deemed an eyeball of the Devil's!
But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright;
A modern Hubert to the royal ear,
Might whisper without fear,
"My Lord, they say there were five moons to night!"
Nor would it raise one superstitious notion
To hear the whole description fairly out:—
"One fixed—which t'other four whirled round about
With wond'rous motion."

Such are the very sights
Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,
Blue stars and white,
And blood-red light,
And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' wagons.
Thrice lucky woman! doing things that be
With other folks past benefit of parson;
For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,
Altho' night after night the public see
Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson!

Sure thou wast never born
Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,
Nor lectured night and morn
Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire
To play with fire.
O didst thou never, in those days gone by,
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy;
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
   To let off all his powder?

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,
   Did'st never in plain truth,
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
Turning the garden into powder plots?
   Or give the cook, to fright her,
Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre?
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,
   So that she could not hear
   The question he was popping?
Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy
While hoaxed Astronomers look up and stare
From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
So see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
Methinks a good connection might come from it;
Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;
   Then give him a hot treat
Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat,
He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up!

One solitary night—true is the story,
Watching those forms that Fancy will create
Within the bright confusion of the grate,
I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!
   Oh Dei gratias!
That fiery facias
'Twas thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove;
And ever since that night,
In dark and bright,
Thy face is registered within my stove!
Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays,
May no untimely blow its doom forestall;
But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
When the last-spark of all thy sparks decays,
Then die lamented by good people all,
Like Goldsmith's Madam Blaize!

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

Rat-tat it went upon the lion's chin,
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl:
"Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,
Busy I am to any one but him.
Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—Kelly the natural, to witness whom Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles Super, in William Tell—now rightly told. Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card,—thank heaven—engages me to night!
Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glistened her eye as the impatient girl
Listened, low bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
"Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

BAILEY BALLADS.

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVOURED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatched a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffered from your stealing!
Or when my suit I first preferred,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammered out a word,
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have looked and lingered,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-fingered!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been indicted!

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you picked me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurled,
You've picked me—and you've picked a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The banss were read by Dr. Daly,
Who asked if there was any bar—
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey?"

But when you robed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with Darbies?
And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany."

But, oh,—the worst of all—your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
Oh, Mary! you've a hulking lover!

NO. II.

"Love, with a witness!"

He has shaved off his whiskers and blackened his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—
But it's him—Oh it's him!—we exchanged lovers' vows,
When I lived up in Cavendish Square

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he looked, when he came,
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told;
How he loved me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold!

When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's teapot and spoons!
WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—
I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me;
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unaltered,
I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs faltered.
I wore my bran new boots—and unrivalled their brightness,
They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness!
I called, but no one came, and my stride had a tether!
Oh thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather!

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,
He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to fear him;
I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
And stept—as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely:
And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver;
The world may think me gay,—heart and feet ache together,
Oh thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.
FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"

I.

*NEVER* go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy:

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies*;
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

III.

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion,
For wine I reeled about,
To show my meaning fully,
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snuggler,
When I kissed Jeannette,
'Twas understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing

V.
If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here's a hog to change,
How many sows are in it!

VI.
Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy, is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders, and a withy; and in the middle, there's a green of about not exceeding an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's crop very close, and does famous for bowling when the little village boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, and pigstyes, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little Methodist chapel of Ease;
And close by the churchyard, there's a stone-mason's yard, that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post; But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse, as is always there almost. There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley, perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly. There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task; But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of every thing you ask. You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask: There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside as out, for billstickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all about. That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows is seen; A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green. As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle; But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle. There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—With two pear-trees that don't bear; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief. There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby, A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby; There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks;
There's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls;
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton that's a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batts, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the Village Poor-House!

A TRUE STORY.

Whoe'er has seen upon the human face
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
May form a notion of old Colonel Case
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is, many time with folks
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say;
And showed two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
And might indeed have claimed akin to that,
Coming, as he did, of an old black stock.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
And then do penance in a yellow coat.
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
A stain of nature's staining—one of those
We call fast colours—merely, I suppose,
Because such colours never go or fly.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a penniless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deemed Wicklow was the very place that ought
To harbour one whose wick was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things, Case was not accustomed to peruse,
Careless of news;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,
Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,
Of morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly;
How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,
Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
And if he found an infant in the cradle
Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it;—
In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
And Irish ravages, day after day,
Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
That "Pompey could not sleep on Pompey's Pillar."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
That Case,—his master,—was a packing case
For Ireland!
He saw in fearful reveries arise,
Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
"Those Emmets," not so "little in his eyes"
As Doctor Watts's!
He felt himself piked, roasted,—carved and hacked,
His big black burly body seemed in fact
A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
Oh, how he wished himself beneath the sun
Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
Of Bishop Coleridge's new black beadles.

Full of this fright,
With broken peace and broken English choking,
As black as any raven and as croaking,
Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
Plumped on his knees, and clasped his sable digits,
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
"O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case.—
Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place;
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
To have him life?"—Here Pompey made a stop,
Putting an awful period to existence.

"Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
And murdered—why should I be murdered, Sirrah?"
Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow,—
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
The Colonel's saffron, and his own Japan,—
"Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright, boy?
"O Massa"—(so the explanation ran)
"Massa be killed—'cause Massa Orange Man,
And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a White Boy!"

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I saw a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
And whiles His flatterynge Vowes She drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
For She was fayre and He was Kinde;
The Sunne went down before She wist
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownynge Browe,
That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne.
She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
With Shrikes that Echo answered round—
O! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
The Momente that her Care was drownd!
TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter!"—Sale's Glee.

Is this your faith, then, Fanny!
What, to chat with every Dun!
I'm the one, then, but of many,
Not of many, but the One!

Last night you smiled on all, Ma'am,
That appeared in scarlet dress;
And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,
Looked a little like a Mess.

I thought that of the Sogers
(As the Scotch say) one might do,
And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood! your eye was busy
With that ragamuffin mob;—
Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—
Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
Captain Any-one—but I!

Deuce take it! when the regiment
You so praised, I only thought,
TO FANNY.

That you loved it in abridgment,
   But I now am better taught!

I went, as loving man goes,
   To admire thee in quadrilles;
But Fan, you dance tandangoes
   With just any fop that wills!

I went with notes before us,
   On the lay of Love to touch;
But with all the Corps in chorus,
   Oh! it is indeed too much!

You once—ere you contracted
   For the Army—seemed my own;
But now you laugh with all the Staff,
   And I may sigh alone!—

I know not how it chances,
   When my passion ever dares,
But the warmer my advances,
   Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,
   But I am a little hurt;
You're a Fan, and I must feel it,
   Fit for nothing but a Flirt!

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
   On myself alone did fall;
But alas! "Cosi Fan Tutti!"—
   It is thus, Fan, thus will all!

You have taken quite a mob in
   Of new military flames;—
They would make a fine Round Robin
   If I gave you all their names!
ON PAWNING MY WATCH. 135

STANZAS.

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

Alas! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the "Debtor's Door!"

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
The Sheriffs seek the cell:—
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell!

I look for beer, and yet I quake
With fright at every tap;
And dread a double knock, for oh!
I've not a single rap!

FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum pot-a-bile:"—Gold biles the pot.—Free Translation.

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
We're come to my Uncle's old shop;
And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop!

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
My feelings will certainly scotch;
But oh! there's a riot internal,
And Famine calls out for the Watch!

Oh! hunger's a terrible trial,
I really must have a relief,—
So here goes the plate of your dial
   To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famished as any lost seaman,
   I've fasted for many a dawn,
And now must play chess with the Demon,
   And give it a check with a pawn.

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,
   Two days with true Perceval zeal—
And now must make up at my Uncle's,
   By getting a duplicate meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
   That rifles my fob with a snatch;
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,
   And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long I have wandered a starver,
   I'm getting as keen as a hawk;
Time's long hand must take up a carver,
   His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,
   But oh! it is Poverty's crime;
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,
   I thus must be "out of my Time."

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper
   In comfort I lived between walls,
I've gone to a dance for my supper;—
   But now I must go to Three Balls!

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,
   But I have for dinner undrest;
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,
   I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock
   To fetch me a chop or a steak;
I wish that the coats of my stomach
    Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish
    My watch used to warn with a chime—
But now my repeater must furnish
    The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,
    I can’t fob it off, if you stay,
So go,—and the old Seven Dials
    Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear ’em,
    To part is a Tic Douloureux!
But Tempus has his edax rerum,
    And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
    We’re come to my Uncle’s old shop—
And Hunger won’t be a dumb-waiter,
    The Cerberus growls for a sop!

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."—
PICTURE OF ISLE OF WIGHT.

One close of day—’twas in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (called) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were hers to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study;
But 'midst their tan there stood one man,
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doffed his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he looked
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Appe-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seemed a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaffed, and joked and laughed,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often tasked their skill and asked
"What weather is't to be, man?"
No demonstration there appeared
That he was any demon.
No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seemed lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A century, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table reared,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rushed the soup, down gushed the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Rolled down—the round of beef declared
For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was "too far gone for eating!"

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went—each condiment—
Salt—pepper—all together!
Down every thing, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seemed to sever;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never;
She almost seemed about to take
A bed of down for ever!

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robbed of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing Sink and Deuces.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending;
And candles to the Virgin vowed,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending!

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervor telling,
While alps of surge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shuddered at each white swelling!

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver.
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seemed tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each Papist prayed
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary;
As stanch as rock, a true game cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Carey!

His ruddy cheek retained its streak,
No danger seemed to shrink him:
His step still bold,—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seemed
To know, could never sink him.

Relaxed at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walked to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
“You’re welcome, Charlie,” “Cowdenknowes,”
“Kenmure,” or “Campbells’ Coming.”

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
“The Devil’s in the binnacle!”

“The Saints be near,” the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
“Steady’s my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!”

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at the apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass looked,
It seemed non compass mentis.
Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
’T was past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken!

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction;
It seemed a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection!

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed
To see them so white-livered:
And walked abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shivered;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef! how it quivered!

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a set
Ne’er showed a plainer tremour;
To every brain it seemed too plain,
There stood the Infernal Schemer!

Mixed brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet’s gizzard;
Meanwhile the captain’s wandering wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
"It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!"

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
"To see the poles so falter,
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter;
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
My Christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction;
The Captain's head (for he had read)
Confessed the Needle's action,
And bowed to Him in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction!

PAIRED NOT MATCHED.

Of wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it;
For I am small,
My wife is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small
And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it;

And when I speak
My voice is weak,
But hers—she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it;

She has, in brief,
   Command in Chief,
And I'm but Aide-de-camp of it;
   For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

She gives to me
   The weakest tea,
And takes the whole Souchong of it;
   For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it;

She'll sometimes grip
   My buggy whip,
And make me feel the thong of it;
   For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

Against my life
   She'll take a knife,
Or fork, and dart the prong of it;
   For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!

I sometimes think
   I'll take to drink,
And hector when I'm strong of it;
   For I am small,
   And she is tall,
And that's the short and long of it!
THE DUEL.

O, if the bell
Would ring her knell,
I'd make a gay ding dong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall;
And that's the short and long of it!

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I'll pop it into you.
Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,

Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a ball.
ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.

My dear, do pull the bell,
And pull it well,
And send those noisy children all up stairs,
Now playing here like bears—
You George, and William, go into the grounds,
Charles, James, and Bob are there,—and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
You’re quite enough to play at hare and hounds,—
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
Your sister Margaret’s there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
At far off Ponty Pool—
I want to read, but really can’t get on—
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan!

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree
In every thing I read with thee!
The world’s too full, there is no doubt,
And wants a deal of thinning out,—
It’s plain—as plain as Harrow’s Steeple—
And I agree with some thus far,
Who say the Queen’s too popular,
That is,—she has too many people.

There are too many of all trades,
Too many bakers,
Too many every-thing-makers,
But not too many undertakers,—
Too many boys,—
Too many hobby-de-hoys,—
Too many girls, men, widows, wives and maids,—
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
And yet some Wrongheads,
With thick not long heads,
Poor metaphysicians!
Sign petitions
Capital punishment to abolish;
And in the face of censuses such vast ones
New hospitals contrive,
For keeping life alive,
Laying first stones, the dolts! instead of last ones!
Others, again, in the same contrariety,
Deem that of all Humane Society
They really deserve thanks,
Because the two banks of the Serpentine,
By their design,
Are Saving Banks.

Oh! were it given but to me to weed
The human breed,
   And root out here and there some cumbering elf,
I think I could go through it,
   And really do it
With profit to the world and to myself,—
For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
   My debtors, those I mean to say
Who cannot or who will not pay,
   And all my creditors.
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy;
But for the world's, and every one's,
I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,
   And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,
Called only by herself an "only joy."
As Mr. Irving's chapel's not too full,
   Himself alone I'd pull—
But for the peace of years that have to run,
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
   And put a period to rotation,
By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—
These are but hints what good might thus be done!
   But ah! I fear the public good
Is little by the public understood,—
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tender,
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
Proposed to throw a light upon my plan,
No doubt some busy fool would hinder
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
   That wine and bun-day,
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
Before they died by bit or sup,
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
   Just at the moment critical,
The economy political
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.
Equally 'twould be undone,
Suppose the Bishop of London,
    On that great day
    In June or May,
When all the large small family of charity,
    Brown, black, or car ro tty,
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
To sing together till they scare the walls
    Of old St. Paul's,
Sitting in red, gray, green, blue, drab, and white,
    Some say a gratifying sight,
Tho' I think sad—but that's a schism—
    To witness so much pauperism—
Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make
In this poor overcrowded world more room,
    Proposed to shake
Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
Some humane Martin in the charity Gal-way
    I fear would come and interfere,
Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
To walk back in their parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
    Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatched from goose's egg,
Foolishly think a pest, a plague,
    And in its face their doors all shut,
On hinges oiled with cajeput—
Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,
    And turning pale as linen rags
    At hoisting up of yellow flags,
While you and I are crying "Orange Boven!"
Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
    Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
When if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to import the Cholera Morbus!
A GOOD DIRECTION.

A certain gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite
An Anchorite—
Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.
A very famous Author upon Diet,
Who, better starred than Alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the nous,—
"Here, my good man,
Just tell me if you can,
Pray which is Mr Aberfeldie's house?"
The man thus stopped—perusing for a while
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin:
"Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it."
"But stop! my worthy fellow!—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it?"

"How!—why you'll see blue pillars at the door?"
THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT!

"So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir,—here is the picture!" LYDIA LANGUISH.

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was balked and valour stalked
On high heroic stilts —
Where are ye gone? —adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat,—
We've nothing now but New Police—
There's no romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learned to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that!

No Bandits lurk—no turbaned Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough,—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,
No shape,—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse,—
There's no Romance in that!

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no Romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea,
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report:
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vowed, and railed, and came home safe,—
There's no Romance in that!

The only time I had a chance
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away;
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat;
A Butcher caught the rein at length,—
There's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don!
No hearts upon the rack;
No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—
There's no Romance in that!

He is not dark, he is not tall,—
His forehead's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat;
With sandy hair and grayish eyes—
There's no Romance in that!

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long-sword hanging down;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he's not a Bard—
There's no Romance in that!

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He's deaf in either drum;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents,
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents—
There's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti—or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di piacer—All's well;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat—
And as to Music "has no choice"—
There's no Romance in that!

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades;
He writes, and sends it by the post,
He doesn't bribe the maids:
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no!
He comes with loud rat-tat,
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There's no Romance in that!
He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups.
John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat;
My lover bows, and says good night—
There's no Romance in that!

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My Aunt she quite approves,
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves;
On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There's no Romance in that!

A WATERLOO BALLAD.

To WATERLOO, with sad ado,
And many a sigh and groan,
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head,
To look for Peter Stone.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If I shall find him here?
I'm come to weep upon his corse,
My Ninety-Second dear!

"Into our town a sergeant came
With ribbons all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap—Alas!
His bow enlisted mine!
"They taught him how to turn his toes,
    And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was love and May,
    But it was love and March!

"A sorry March indeed to leave
    The friends he might have kept—
No March of Intellect it was,
    But quite a foolish step.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
    If hereabout he lies?
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
    And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel
    Appeared to deeply strike:—
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,
    And pick out which you like."

And soon she picked out Peter Stone,
    Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
    His mattress was a horse.

"O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,
    Lord, here has been a skrimmage!
What have they done to your poor breast
    That used to hold my image?"

"O Patty Head, O Patty Head,
    You're come to my last kissing;
Before I'm set in the Gazette
    As wounded, dead, and missing!

"Alas! a splinter of a shell
    Right in my stomach sticks;
French mortars don't agree so well
    With stomachs as French bricks."
"This very night a merry dance
    At Brussels was to be;—
Instead of opening a ball,
    A ball has opened me.

"Its billet every bullet has,
    And well it does fulfil it;—
I wish mine hadn't come so straight,
    But been a 'crooked billet.'

"And then there came a cuirassier
    And cut me on the chest;—
He had no pity in his heart,
    For he had steeled his breast.

"Next thing a lancer, with his lance,
    Began to thrust away;
I called for quarter, but, alas!
    It was not Quarter-day.

"He ran his spear right through my arm,
    Just here above the joint:—
O Patty dear, it was no joke,
    Although it had a point.

"With loss of blood I fainted off,
    As dead as women do—
But soon by charging over me,
    The Coldstream brought me to.

"With kicks and cuts, and balls and blows,
    I throb and ache all over;
I'm quite convinced the field of Mars
    Is not a field of clover!

"O why did I a soldier turn
    For any royal Guelph?
I might have been a butcher, and
    In business for myself!
“O why did I the bounty take
(And here he gasped for breath)
My shillingsworth of list is nailed
Upon the door of death!

“Without a coffin I shall lie
And sleep my sleep eternal:
Not ev’n a shell—my only chance
Of being made a Kernel!

“O Patty dear, our wedding bells
Will never ring at Chester!
Here I must lie in Honour’s bed,
That isn’t worth a tester!

“Farewell, my regimental mates,
With whom I used to dress!
My corps is changed, and I am now,
In quite another mess.

“Farewell, my Patty dear, I have
No dying consolations,
Except, when I am dead, you’ll go
And see th’ Illuminations.”

SHOOTING PAINS.

“‘The charge is prepared.’”—MACHEATH.

If I shoot any more I’ll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have marched the whole day
With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds, I’d better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher’s leave;
To his manor I’m sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught,
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
Not far, were his words,
I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
My appointments are modern and Mantony,
And I've brought my own man,
To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Antony!

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
As the least I could do;
But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserved!
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelaxed,
Till my patience is taxed,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"
A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly
This day's the eleventh,
It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh
Mine is not the luck,
To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
Not a thrush is so kind
As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
And so weary an elf,
I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
I have searched round and round
All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder, renowned for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
    And there still remains one
More mischief on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any license."

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
For my part getting up seems not so easy
    By half as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
    I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
    A bed of time.

To me Dan Phæbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
    The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
    To early pearl?
THE BOY AT THE NORE.

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs  
Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?  
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—  
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;  
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—  
A man that's fond precociously of stirring,  
Must be a spoon.

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—Coriolanus.

I say, little Boy at the Nore,  
Do you come from the small Isle of Man?  
Why, your history a mystery must be,—  
Come tell us as much as you can,  
Little Boy at the Nore!

You live it seems wholly on water,  
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;
But how comes it, if that is the case,
   You're eternally half seas over,—
   Little Boy at the Nore?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
   Never mind your imperfect orthography;
But give us as well as you can,
   Your watery auto-biography,
   Little Boy at the Nore!

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
   In a sort of sea negus I dwells;
Half and half 'twixt salt water and Port,
   I'm reckoned the first of the swells—
   I'm the Boy at the Nore!

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
   And watches through long days and nights;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
   To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
   I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
   So my life on salt water is sweet,—
I think I owes much of my health,
   To being well used to wet feet—
   As the Boy at the Nore.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt:
   Nay!—I liquidates more than I oughter; *
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
   In keeping the head above water,
   Is the Boy at the Nore.

   * A word caught from some American Trader in passing.
I've seen a good deal of distress,
    Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette;
They should do as I do—rise o'er all;
    Ay, a good floating capital get,
            Like the Boy at the Nore!

I'm a' ter the sailor's own heart,
    And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
    Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
            Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
    For a week to make love with my wheedles;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
    Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
            We'd have two at the Nore!

They thinks little of sizes on water,
    On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
While the river has Men of War on it—
    Yes—the Thames is oppressed with Great Hulks.
            And the Boy's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving
    Round my body, as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
    That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
            Is the Boy at the Nore!

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.

"The rain it raineth every day."

The Dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps
Like rows of small illumination lamps,
To celebrate the Jubilee of Showers!
A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
    And from the Houses' eaves
    Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like
    steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
    Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
    Like an Umbrella ripened.

Over the way a wagon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
    While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
    Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
    To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
    Ay, there they go, a dozen of outsiders,
Performing on "a Stage with real water!"
A dripping pauper crawls along the way,
    The only real willing out-of-doorer,
    And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here's a pourer!"

The scene in water colours thus I paint,
Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!
Mother of all the Family of Rainers!
    Saint of the Soakers!
Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
I wish you'd clear it up!

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unasked, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
Why spoil a Gipsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,
But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping!
Why upon snow-white tablecloths and sheets,
That do not wait, or want a second washing,
Come squashing?
Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,
As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,
No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy
Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh! how little flattered by report!
Even by those that seek the Court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.
Folks rail and swear at you in every place;
They say you are a creature of no bowel;
They say you're always washing Nature's face,
And that you then supply her,
  With nothing drier,
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!
The whole town wants you ducked, just as you duck it,
They wish you on your own mud porridge supped,
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up’ard!
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They’d spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warned! You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray drop it!

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—LIFE OF NELSON.

Hush! silence in School—not a noise!
You shall soon see there’s nothing to jeer at,
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys!
Come!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm,
The Miss Siff’kins’s school you must leer at,
You’re complained of—Sir! hold out your palm—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce!
This offence all your sins shall appear at,
You shall have a good caning at once—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
But you’re forward enough to disturb—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"
You said Master Twigg stole the plums,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs—
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do you like a cut?
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair, or his ear at,—
He's my Opt, Sir, and you are my Pess:
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

Then you had a pitched fight with young Rouse,
An offence I am always severe at!
You discredit to Cicero-House!
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

You have made too a plot in the night,
To run off from the school that you rear at!
Come, your other hand, now, Sir,—the right,
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!
Such pictures as I'm looking here at!
"Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

You have run up a bill at a shop,
That in paying you'll be a whole year at—
You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
I have sipped it—it's very good soup—
There!—“Palmam qui meruit ferat!”
T'other day when I fell o'er the form,  
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?  
Well for you that my temper's not warm—  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!  
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,  
There—take that, Sir! and that! that! and that!  
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fleshified!"—Mercutio.

I.
'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,  
When all in hungry trim,  
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup  
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II.
Said he, "Upon this dainty cod  
How bravely I shall sup,"—  
When, whiter than the tablecloth,  
A ghost came rising up!

III.
"O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—  
You know when some one went to sea,—  
Don't cry—but I am him!
IV.
"You hope some day with fond embrace
   To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
   I'm never coming back!

V.
"From Alexandria we set sail,
   With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering 'too much Sow,' we struck
   Upon the Sow and Pigs!

VI.
"The Ship we pumped till we could see
   Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
   Right in the Channel's Chops.

VII.
"Just give a look in Norey's chart,
   The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
   Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

VIII.
"Well there we are till 'hands aloft,'
   We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
   Kate's parrot too, and all.

IX.
"But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
   In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appeared to you and said,—
   Don't sup on that 'ere Cod!

X.
"You live on land, and little think
   What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 p. m.
That Cod was picking me!

XI.
"Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII.
"O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They sucked my blood like imps!

XIII.
"Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!"

XIV.
The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack!
At last up started brother Jim,
"Let's try if Jack was Jack!"

XV.
They called the Dog, they called the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI.
Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munched the Cod,—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!
A STORM AT HASTINGS.

XVII.

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that "greenest spot on memory's waste!"
With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
"Accommodation bills" kept coming down,
Gladding "the world of letters" in that town.

Each day poured in new coach-fulls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying,
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appeared a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—
All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seemed in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirred of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnished it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climbed—and rode, and won—and
walked,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balked
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down:—some even talked
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm
Stepped in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turned another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seemed to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fanned by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometimes shades in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—
Whereas the waves rolled in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master’s in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer,—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling,—but this, I’ve said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady’s flounce:—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion’s near—

Who just begins to roar: so the hoarse thunder
Growled long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it muttered to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watched the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheeked planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm:—
Meantime it steered, like Odin’s old Armadas,
Right on our coast;—a dismal, coal-black form;—
Many proud gaits were quelled—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.
So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays:—
And truly one could think without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanished—as if they knew their own attractions,—
For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions—
Only some few remained that were not cowed,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo’s,
Lest it should blow,—were pulling up the Rose:

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling
The Regent by the head:—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their calling—
Were heaving up the Hope:—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The Neptune rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows’ reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power
Had all usurped the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant’s eyes—
But then this sprinkle thickened in a trice
And rained much harder—in good solid ice.

Oh! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o’er us!
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us;—
But ev'n his music seemed composed and low,
When we were handled by this Hailstone Chorus;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets:—Lord! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles:—and now the lightning flashed
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two:—the gust too dashed
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did,—and first it smashed
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm:—Oh! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat"—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize!

By which, the cloud had passed o'erhead, but played
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had arrayed
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap like a birth, from chaos into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud:—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose,—and that we felt the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowled away,—and soon
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon,
Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze!

Meantime the hail had ceased:—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains;—
At every window, there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—
Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt:
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No greenhouse but the same mishap befell;—
Bow-windows and bell-glasses bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared!—For those who dwell
On each hill-side, you might have swam a punt
In any of their parlours;—Mrs. Snell
Was slopped out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
Had a flower-garden washed into a Kitchen.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaimed
The recent violence.—Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
Howbeit his weather eye the seaman aimed
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
There was a gale—“quite equal to bespoke.”

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Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not water then but waiter,
For then the tide is serving at the bar)
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout poured out with a fine beachy head.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launched that morn on seven-shilling trips,
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two lea shores upon the River Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly!
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a bank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And battered by the surge beyond all surgery!

However we snatched up the corpse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with her fit;
And lo! the features of the Small Unknown!
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!—
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed with Mephistopheles!

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and Nicked him in the main!

LINES

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
   And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens her juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
   And think of me!

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
   And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
To where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
   And think of me!
Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
In mono-polly-logue with tongue as free,
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
    And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
    And think of me!

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboos—may none bamboozle thee!
Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
    And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the peppered palate like a pea,
Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,
    And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
    And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
    And think of me!

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,  
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,  
Each of the lass he called his dear,  
Began to carol loud and clear.  
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,  
In the way of ancient shepherd men;  
Who thus alternate hitched in song,  
"All things by turns, and nothing long."

**HUGGINS.**

Of all the girls about our place,  
There's one beats all in form and face;  
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,  
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

**DUGGINS.**

To groves and streams I tell my flame,  
I make the cliffs repeat her name:  
When I'm inspired by gills and noggin's,  
The rocks reëcho Sally Huggins!

**HUGGINS.**

When I am walking in the grove,  
I think of Peggy as I rove.  
I'd carve her name on every tree,  
But I don't know my A, B, C.

**DUGGINS.**

Whether I walk in hill or valley,  
I think of nothing else but Sally.  
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing  
No song, except "God save the King."

**HUGGINS.**

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,  
And all confess she bears the bell,—  
Where'er she goes swains flock together,  
Like sheep that follow the bell-wether.
Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

When Peggy’s dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

I tell Sall’s lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won’t bear none but their sheep’s-eyes!

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
’Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

Where Sally goes it’s always Spring,
Her presence brightens every thing;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She’s sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day;
DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
"Marry come up!" but will not marry.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY A FOOTMAN.

THE BROKEN DISH.

What's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
But life's as frail as dishes.
Walking about their groves of trees,
  Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
  They’d both be smashed to shivers.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS’S GRAND ROUT.

Oh Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
  But stop, for there’s the bell.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
  On Wednesday, when there’s very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch’s.
Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
  Hush! there’s a carriage.
Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
  The five Miss Woods.
Oh Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—
  There come some more.
Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That’s Lord Drum’s footman, for he loves a riot.
  Oh Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
Oh Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned—
  That’s Weippert’s band.
Oh Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
  I hear the sound of coaches.
Oh Peace! oh Peace!—another carriage stops—
  It’s early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,
And now I’ve seen her up the stair,
DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

Oh Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.
Oh Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;
Oh Peace! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

Oh Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?

Oh Peace! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece;
Oh Peace! so dear to poets' quills—
They're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh Peace! our greatest renovator;—
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace!—but here my Ode I'll cease;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

When I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double-knocks.
All human days have settled terms,
    Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
    They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,
    And dear friends hear my knell,
O let them give a sigh and say—
    I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID.

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I've no love-nonsense,
    And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
    Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,
    It saves you, perhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
    May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
    Although your shape was two foot taller,
And wisely you let others pinch
    Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
    From getting red by household duty,
But, doing all that it commands,
    Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms
    And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,
But let her laugh, for you have charms
    That nobody knows nothing of.
PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

"I apprehend you!"—School of Reform.

Boatman.

Shove off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off! she's under way!

Mrs. F.

She's under what?—I hope she's not! good gracious, what a spray!

Boatman.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

Mrs. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

Boatman.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim!

Mrs. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

Boatman.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

Mrs. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt!
Boatman.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

Mrs. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

Boatman.

It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

Boatman.

Ho! Brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

Mrs. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!
Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

Boatman.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

Mrs. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go down!

Boatman.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!
Steady your helm! we'll clear the Pint! lay right for yonder pink!
PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawning—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we're going further off; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks:
We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to see.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!
Boatman.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

Mrs. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!

Boatman.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

Mrs. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is planned!

Boatman.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now Ma'am, just step ashore!

Mrs. F.

What! ain't I going to be killed—and weltered in my gore?

Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing any more!

LITERARY AND LITERAL.

The March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,) In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on, A thing that, only in our proper youth,
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
A Conversazione at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all gutterals, is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Colman! Kenny! Planche! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!
O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
Hume! Wilmot Horton!
Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in
Hog's Norton!—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
Framed her society
With some variety
From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum;
Not a mere pic-nic, for the mind's repast,
But, tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,
It held its sessions in the house that last
Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
Which made of course a literary high day,—
Not that our Farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
When he heard mention of Professor Crowe,
Or Lalla-Rookh, he always was for shooting 'em!
In fact in letters he was quite a log,
    With him great Bacon
    Was literally taken,
And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog!
As to all others on the list of Fame,
Although they were discussed and mentioned daily,
He only recognized one classic name,
And thought that she had hung herself—Miss Baillie!

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer,—
(Though men that deal in water-colour cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)
    She got the bluer
The more she dipped and dabbled in the Lakes.
The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future Authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the Type-us Fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley;
And Fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L. E. L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptured see

"Love Lays and Lyrics"

By

A. P. I. G."

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,
That is,—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society;
And saving when her Pa. his pigs prohibited,
Contributed
Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
When farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
Screwing his courage to the "sticking place,"
Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat:—
A kind of murder that the law's rebuke
Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
Showing the little sympathy of big-wigs
With pig-wigs!

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak
for it,
And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for
it;
So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard
A note that notified without a card,
An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—"at the close of
The day," as Beattie has it, "when the ham—"
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to cram,—
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s
All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
They came—each "Pig-faced Lady," in that bonnet
We call a poke.
The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
At pork and poetry was chosen chairwoman;
In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
She always named the authoress of "Psyche,"—
As Mrs. Tiggey!
And now arose a question of some moment,—
What author for a lecture was the richer,
Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,
But some for Fletcher;
While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
Proposed another work,
And thought their pork
Would prove more relishing from Thomson’s Season-ing!

But, practised in Shaksperian readings daily,—
O! Miss Macaulay! Shakspeare at Hog’s Norton!—
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
Selected him that evening to snort on.
In short, to make our story not a big tale,
Just fancy her exerting
Her talents, and converting
The Winter’s Tale to something like a pig-tale!
Her sister auditory,
All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
Were very plauditory,
Of course, and clapped her at the proper places;
Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
But Happiness, alas! has blights of ill,
And Pleasure’s bubbles in the air explode;—
There is no travelling through life but still
The heart will meet with breakers on the road!

With that peculiar voice
Heard only from Hog’s Norton throats and noses,
Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
When coming to that line, where Proserpine
Lews fall her flowers from the wain of Dis;
Imagine this—
Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
Grunting this question for the club’s digestion,
“Do Dis’s Wagon go from the Ould Baale?”
ODE TO PERRY.

THE INVENTOR OF THE PATENT PERRYAN PEN.

"In this good work, Penn appears the greatest, usefulllest of God's instruments. Firm and unbending when the exigency requires it—soft and yielding when rigid inflexiblity is not a desideratum,—fluent and flowing, at need, for eloquent rapidity—slow and retentive in cases of deliberation—never spluttering or by amplification going wide of the mark—never splitting, if it can be helped, with any one, but ready to wear itself out rather in their service—all things as it were with all men,—ready to embrace the hand of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan,—heavy with the German, light with the Italian, oblique with the English, upright with the Roman, backward in coming forward with the Hebrew,—in short, for flexibility, amiability, constitutional durability, general ability, and universal utility, it would be hard to find a parallel to the great Penn."

PERRY'S CHARACTERISTICS OF A NEGLECTER.

I.

O! PATENT, Pen-inventing Perryan Perry!

Friend of the Goose and Gander,

That now unplucked of their quill-feathers wander,

Cackling, and gabbling, dabbling, making merry,

About the happy Fen,

Untroubled for one pennyworth of pen,

For which they chant thy praise all Britain through,

From Goose-Green unto Gander-Cleugh! —

II.

Friend to all Author-kind—

Whether of Poet or of Proser,—

Thou art composer unto the composer

Of pens,—yea, patent vehicles for Mind

To carry it on jaunts, or more extensive

_Perrygrinations_ through the realms of Thought;

Each plying from the Comic to the Pensive,

An Omnibus of intellectual sort! 

III.

Modern Improvements in their course we feel;

And while to iron-railroads heavy wares,
Dry goods, and human bodies, pay their fares,
Mind flies on steel,
To Penrith, Penrhyn, even to Penzance.
Nay, penetrates, perchance,
To Pennsylvania, or, without rash vaunts,
To where the Penguin haunts!

iv.
In times bygone, when each man cut his quill,
With little Perryan skill,
What horrid, awkward, bungling tools of trade
Appeared the writing implements home-made!
What Pens were sliced, hewed, hacked, and hag-gled out,
Slit or unslit, with many a various snout,
Aquiline, Roman, crooked, square, and snubby,
Stumpy and stubby;
Some capable of ladye-billets neat,
Some only fit for Ledger-keeping Clerk,
And some to grub down Peter Stubbs his mark,
Or smudge through some illegible receipt;
Others in florid caligraphic plans,
Equal to Ships, and wiggy Heads, and Swans!

v.
To try in any common inkstands, then,
With all their miscellaneous stocks,
To find a decent pen,
Was like a dip into a lucky box:
You drew,—and got one very curly,
And split like endive in some hurly-burly;
The next, unslit, and square at end, a spade;
The third, incipient pop-gun, not yet made;
The fourth a broom; the fifth of no avail,
Turned upwards, like a rabbit’s tail;
And last, not least, by way of a relief,
A stump that Master Richard, James, or John,
Had tried his candle-cookery upon,
Making “roast-beef!”
VI.

Not so thy Perryan Pens!
True to their M's and N's,
They do not with a whizzing zigzag split,
Straddle, turn up their noses, sulk, and split,
Or drop large dots,
Huge fullstop blots,
Where even semicolons were unfit.
They will not frizzle up, or, broom-like, drudge
In sable sludge—
Nay, bought at proper "Patent Perryan" shops,
They write good grammar, sense, and mind their
stops;
Compose both prose and verse, the sad or merry—
For when the Editor, whose pains compile
The grown-up Annual, or the Juvenile,
Vaunteth his articles, not women's, men's,
But lays "by the most celebrated Pens,"
What means he but thy Patent Pens, my Perry?

VII.

Pleasant they are to feel!
So firm! so flexible! composed of steel
So finely tempered—fit for tenderest Miss
To give her passion breath,
Or Kings to sign the warrant stern of death—
But their supremest merit still is this,
Write with them all your days,
Tragedy, Comedy, all kinds of plays—
(No Dramatist should ever be without 'em)—
And, just conceive the bliss,—
There is so little of the goose about 'em,
One's safe from any hiss!

VIII.

Ah! who can paint that first great awful night,
Big with a blessing or a blight,
When the poor Dramatist, all fume and fret,
Fuss, fidget, fancy, fever, funkling, fright,
Ferment, fault-fearing, faintness—more f’s yet:
Flushed, frigid, flurried, finching, fitful, flat,—
Add famished, fuddled, and fatigued, to that;
Funeral, fate-foreboding—sits in doubt,
Or rather doubt with hope, a wretched marriage.
To see his Play upon the stage come out;
No stage to him! it is Thalia’s carriage,
And he is sitting on the spikes behind it,
Striving to look as if he didn’t mind it!

IX.

Witness how Beazley vents upon his hat
His nervousness, meanwhile his fate is dealt:
He kneads, moulds, pummels it, and sits it flat,
Squeezes and twists it up, until the felt
That went a Beaver in, comes out a Rat!
Miss Mitford had mis-givings, and in fright,
Upon Rienzi’s night,
Gnawed up one long kid glove, and all her bag,
Quite to a rag.
Knowles has confessed he trembled as for life,
Afraid of his own “Wife;”
Poole told me that he felt a monstrous pail
Of water backing him, all down his spine,—
“The ice-brook’s temper”—pleasant to the chine!—
For fear that Simpson and his Co. should fail.
Did Lord Glengall not frame a mental prayer,
Wishing devoutly he was Lord knows-where?
Nay, did not Jerrold, in enormous drouth,
While doubtful of Nell Gwynne’s eventful luck,
Squeeze out and suck
More oranges with his one fevered mouth,
Than Nelly had to hawk from North to South?
Yea, Buckstone, changing colour like a mullet,
Refused, on an occasion, once, twice, thrice,
From his best friend, an ice,
Lest it should hiss in his own red-hot gullet!
Doth punning Peake not sit upon the points
Of his own jokes, and shake in all his joints,
During their trial?
'Tis past denial.
And does not Pocock, feeling, like a peacock,
All eyes upon him turn to very meacock?
And does not Planché, tremulous and blank,
Meanwhile his personages tread the boards,
Seem goaded by sharp swords,
And called upon himself to "walk the plank?"
As for the Dances, Charles and George to boot,
What have they more
Of ease and rest, for sole of either foot,
Than bear that capers on a hotted floor?

Thus pending—does not Mathews, at sad shift
For voice, croak like a frog in waters fenny?
Serle seem upon the surly seas adrift?
And Kenny think he's going to Kilkenny?
Haynes Bayley feel Old ditto, with a note
Of Cotton in his ear, a mortal grapple
About his arms, and Adam's apple,
Big as a fine Dutch codling, in his throat?
Did Rodwell, on his chimney-piece, desire
Or not to take a jump into the fire?
Did Wade feel as composed as music can?
And was not Bernard his own Nervous Man?
Lastly, don't Farley, a bewildered elf,
Quake at the Pantomime he loves to cater,
And ere its changes ring, transform himself?
A frightful mug of human delf?
A spirit-bottle—empty of "the cratur"?
A leaden-platter ready for the shelf?
A thunderstruck dumb-waiter?
XII.

To clench the fact,
Myself, once guilty, of one small rash act,
Committed at the Surrey
Quite in a hurry,
Felt all this flurry,
Corporal worry,
And spiritual scurry,
Dram-devil—attic curry!
All going well,
From prompter's bell,
Until befell

A hissing at some dull imperfect dunce—
There's no denying,
I felt in all four elements at once! [flying,
My head was swimming, while my arms were
My legs for running—all the rest was frying!

XIII.

Thrice welcome, then, for this peculiar use
Thy pens so innocent of goose!
For this shall Dramatists, when they make merry,
Discarding Port and Sherry,
Drink—"Perry!"
Perry, whose fame, pennated, is let loose
To distant lands,
Perry, admitted on all hands,
Text, running, German, Roman,
For Patent Perryans approached by no man!
And when, ah, me! far distant be the hour!
Pluto shall call thee to his gloomy bower,
Many shall be thy pensive mourners, many!
And Penury itself shall club its penny,
To raise thy monument in lofty place;
Higher than York's, or any son of War;
Whilst Time all meaner effigies shall bury,

On due pentagonal base,
Shall stand the Parian, Perryan, perriwiged Perry,
Perched on the proudest peak of Penman Mawr!
THE UNDYING ONE.

"He shall not die."—UNCLE TOBY.

I.
Of all the verses, grave or gay,
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay
At once so sweet and sour,
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christened the "Undying One."

II.
I'm very certain that she drew
A portrait, when she penned
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end:
I'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One!

III.
These twenty years he's been the same,
And may be twenty more;
But Memory's Pleasures only claim
His features for a score;
Yet in that time the change is none—
The image of th' Undying One!

IV.
They say our climate's damp and cold,
And lungs are tender things;
My uncle's much abroad and old,
But when "King Cole" he sings,
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
Declares him an Undying One.
V.
Others have died from needle-pricks,
   And very slender blows;
From accidental slips or kicks,
   Or bleedings at the nose;
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
But he is the Undying One!

VI.
A soldier once, he once endured
   A bullet in the breast—
It might have killed—but only cured
   An asthma in the chest;
He was not to be slain with gun,
For he is the Undying One.

VII.
In water once too long he dived,
   And all supposed him beat,
He seemed so cold—but he revived
   To have another heat,
Just when we thought his race was run,
And came in fresh—th' Undying One!

VIII.
To look at Meux's once he went,
   And tumbled in the vat—
And greater Jobs their lives have spent
   In lesser boils than that,—
He left the beer quite underdone,
No bier to the Undying One!

IX.
He's been from strangulation black,
   From bile, of yellow hue,
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
   From cholera morbus blue;
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
He still is the Undying One.
X.
He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
His Three per Cents. to share;
He never married in his life,
Or flirted with the fair;
The sex he made a point to shun,
For beauty an Undying One.

XI.
To judge him by the present signs,
The future by the past,
So quick he lives, so slow declines,
The Last Man won't be last,
But buried underneath a ton
Of mould by the Undying One!

XII.
Next Friday week his birthday boast,
His ninetieth year he spends,
And I shall have his health to toast
Amongst expectant friends,
And wish—it really sounds like fun—
Long life to the Undying One!

COCKLE v. CACKLE.

Those who much read advertisements and bills,
Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
Called Anti-bilious—
Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
But which we are assured, if timely taken,
May save your liver and bacon;
Whether or not they really give one ease,
I, who have never tried,
Will not decide;
But no two things in union go like these—
Viz:—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Pease.
Now Mrs. W. was getting sallow,
Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
And friends portended was preparing for
A human Pâté Périgord;
She was, indeed, so very far from well,
Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,
And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
Who very vehemently bids us "throw
Bark to the Bow-wows," hated physic so,
It seemed to share "the bitterness of death:"
Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
Senna—Steel—Assa-fœtida, and Squills—
Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
To give a course to Boluses or Pills;
No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,
For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
Would her convulsive thorax undertake,
Only one little un celestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
If she put by the pill-box in a place
For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let's say
  After they thus were stowed away,
   Some of the linen mended;
But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
When lo! her second son, like elder brother,
Marking the hue on the parental gills,
Brought a new charge of Anti-tumeric Pills,
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

"Deeper and deeper, still," of course,
The fatal colour daily grew in force;
Till daughter W. newly come from Rome,
Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
To cure Mamma, another dose brought home
Of Cockles;—not the Cockles of her heart!
These going where the others went before,
Of course she had a very pretty store;
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
The Medicine so good must be,
They brought her dose on dose, which she
Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, "night and morn-
ing."
Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitched
The pillage of each box, and quite enriched
The feed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—
A little Barber of a by-gone day,

Over the way
Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble—that is, John,
Staring in plaster, with a Brutus on,
And twenty little Bantam fowls—with crops.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
She gave the physic wings,
To find the very things
So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock and unreflecting pullet!
But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
Each pecked itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah woe betide
The Pills! each suicidal Bantam died
Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrell's shock,
Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock,
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle!
To see as stiff as stone, his un'live stock,
It really was enough to move his block.
Down on the floor he dashed, with horror big,
Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
"What!—all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop!—
Just when I'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!"

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,
With razor he began to ope each craw,
Already turning black, as black as coals;
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—
"Pisoned by goles!"
To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction;
And by short course of circumstantial labour,
He fixed the guilt upon his adverse neighbour;—
Lord! how he railed at her: declaring now,
He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory!
She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapped in a paradise of tea and cream;
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
"Here's Mr. Burrell, ma'am, with all his farm-yard!"
Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
With all the warmth that iron and a barber
Can harbour;
To dress the head and front of her offending,
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking;
In short, he made her pay him altogether,
In hard cash, very hard, for every feather,
Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking;
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,
So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
And see her poultry "going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,
As venomed dart from Indian’s hollow cane,
Are edible; and Mrs. W.’s thrift,—
    She had a thrifty vein,—
Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
Supper as usual at the hour of ten:
But ten o’clock arrived and quickly passed,
Eleven—twelve—and one o’clock at last,
Without a sign of supper even then!
At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
    Came up at a white heat—
    "Well, never I see chicken like them chicken!
My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in ’em!"
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags; but drat
Those Anti-biling Pills! there is no bile in ’em!"

THE SWEEP’S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the peep, peep, of a young sparrow."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

——— "A voice cried Sweep no more!
Macbeth hath murdered sweep."—SHAKESPEARE.

One morning ere my usual time
I rose, about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys that climb
Still linger in the street;
And as I walked, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet.
A mongrel tint he seemed to take;
Poetic simile to make,
Day through his Martin 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet.
From side to side he crossed oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
He walked upon the fret:
And while he sought the dingy job,
His labouring breast appeared to throb,
And half a hiccup half a sob.
Betrayed internal woe.
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearned, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer, with roupy throat,
He gaped—but not a crow!
I watched him, and the glimpse I snatched
Disclosed his sorry eyelids patched
With red, as if the soot had caught
That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away;
Thought I the cause he will betray—
And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go! here's a Gagging Act, if
ever there was a gagging!
But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the Deaf and Dumb,
To unlearn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to pêep,
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep
As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that say Cheep!
For my own part I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.
Well, it's all up with us! tho' I suppose we musn't cry all up.
Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup!
If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border,
Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathize with us
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus.
God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings?
I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.
For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing,
And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpartial job,
If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
Is a dustman's voice more sweet than oun, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,
Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows?
There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and
keeps calling out Bank and City;
Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of
Sweep is not just as pretty.
I can't see why the Jews should be let go about
crying Old Close thro' their hooky noses,
And Christian jaws should be ten times more hard
than the old stone laws of Moses.
Why isn't the mouths of the muffin-men compelled
to be equally shut?
Why, because Parliament members eat muffins,
but they never eat no sut.
Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we
shan't have no heart to dance,
And Jack in the Green will go in black—like
mourning for our mischance;
If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the
hard winter and pinching weather,
For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep
body and soul together.
I only wish Mr. Wilberforce or some of them that
pities the niggers,
Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look
at our miserable starving figures,
A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to
eat each other.
And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a
heart-breaking Father and Mother.
They haven't a rag of clothes to mend, if their
mothers had thread and needles,
But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like
a swarm of common black beadles.
If they'd only inquired before passing the Act and
taken a few such peeps,
I don't think that any real gentleman would have
set his face against sweeps.
Climbing's an ancient respectable art, and if His-
tory's of any vally,
The Sweep's Complaint.

Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart's afeared, don't venture up the flue.
As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I can't to be a Cryer?
There's London milk, that's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law allows,
But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than black cows?
Do we go calling about, when it's church time, like the noisy Billingsgate vermin,
And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle of a funeral sermon?
But the fish won't keep, not the mackarel won't, is the cry of the Parliament elves,
Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep themselves!

Lord help us! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more?
We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.
And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies of quality nimbly,
For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings; if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we couldn't resist the chimbley.
THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
   His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
   With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
   At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
   Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he looked marine
   All downward from the waist;
His trousers were so wide and blue,
   And quite in sailor taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,
   And drank a jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
   And ever as he quaffed,
The more he drank, the more the Ship
   Seemed pitching fore and aft!

The ship seemed pitching fore and aft,
   As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
   Head foremost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
   He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,
   Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
   Of senses all deprived!
At last he gave a look around
   To see where he arrived!
And all that he could see was green,
   Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,
   And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
   Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent
   A strange and staring lass!
One hand was in her yellow hair,
   The other held a glass;
A mermaid she must surely be
   If ever mermaid was!

Her fish-like mouth was opened wide,
   Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
   When ruffled by a gale;
Thought he "beneath that petticoat
   She hides a salmon-tail!"

She looked as siren ought to look,
   A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
   For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
   It chilled him through and through!

With either hand he stopped his ears
   Against her evil cry;
Alas, alas, for all his care,
   His doom it seemed to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head,
   It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers further in
   At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
   The words were plain and clear:
"I can't stand here the whole day long,
To hold your glass of beer!"

With opened mouth and opened eyes,
Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass!
No waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes
Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
With pouting lip before—
The small green parlour of The Ship,
And little sanded floor!

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming . . . "—Old Ballad.

Oh what shall I do for a dog?
Of sight I have not got a particle,
Globe, Standard, or Sun,
Times, Chronicle—none
Can give me a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,
But people appeared so to fear him—
I might have got pence
Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Bloodhound was not much amiss,
But instinct at last got the upper;
And tracking Bill Soames,
And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
A good one at hill and at valley;
But day after day
He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman’s tally.

A turnspit once did me good turns
At going and crossing, and stopping;
Till one day his breed
Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A Pointer once pointed my way,
But did not turn out quite so pleasant,
Each hour I’d a stop
At a Poulterer’s shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
The feature unluckily rose up;
And folks took offence
When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,
That turned out the worst one of any;
A Bull-dog’s own pup,
I got a toss up,
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,
From Aistrop the regular cadger;
But, sightless, I saw
He never would draw
A blind man so well as a badger.
A greyhound I got by a swop,
But, Lord! we soon came to divorces:
He treated my strip
Of cord like a slip,
And left me to go my own courses.

A poodle once towed me along,
But always we came to one harbour;
To keep his curls smart,
And shave his hind part,
He constantly called on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
As big as a calf fit for slaughter;
But my old cataract
So truly he backed
I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,
His worth did not value a button;
I found it no go,
A Smithfield Ducrow,
To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
A dog that my bones ache to talk on,
For picking his ways
On cold frosty days
He picked out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
But vexed me at night not a little,
When tea-time was come
She would not go home,
Her tail had once trailed a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,
And kissed a street post like a brother,
And lost every tooth.
In learning this truth—
One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,
He had one defect, and a thorough,
I never could stir,
'Od rabbit the cur!
Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog!
And led me in danger, oh crikey!
By chasing horse heels,
Between carriage wheels,
Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
And once was a favourite spaniel
With Nero, now dead,
And so I was led
Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
And sorry I was that I got him;
It came to a run,
And a man with a gun
Peppered me when he ought to have shot him.
My profits have gone to the dogs,
My trade has been such a deceiver,
I fear that my aim
Is a mere losing game,
Unless I can find a Retriever.

THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A pair of married kangaroos
(The case is oft a human one too)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
A trade to put their eldest son to:
A little brisk and busy chap,
As all the little K's just then are—
About some two months off the lap,—
They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betrayed the hardship of the puzzle—
So much the flavour of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And Kangaroos we know are quite
Dependent on their "rearing up."
The question, with its ins and outs,
Was intricate and full of doubts;
And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notion never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.
Howbeit they're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth;
Whoe'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
   It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
Debating for young hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
   And go through life (like them) uprightly.

Arms would not do at all; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry;
   And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
   Forever as a mere clod-hopper.
He was not well cut out for preaching,
   At least in any striking style:
   And as for being mercantile—
He was not formed for over-reaching.
The law—why there still fate ill-starred him,
   And plainly from the bar debared him:
A doctor—who would ever see him?
   In music he could scarce engage,
   And as for going on the stage
In tragic socks I think I see him!
He would not make a rigging-mounter;
   A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter,
   For just suppose
   A lady chose
To ask him for a yard of ferret!

A gardener digging up his beds,
The puzzled parents shook their heads.
"A tailor would not do because—"
They paused and glanced upon his paws.
Some parish post,—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?
In short, each anxious Kangaroo
Discussed the matter through and through;
By day they seemed to get no nearer,
   "Twas posing quite—
And in the night
Of course they saw their way no clearer!
At last thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows if you please—
It came—no thought was ever brighter!
In weighing every why and whether,
They jumped upon it both together—
“Let’s make the imp a short-hand writer!”

Moral.

I wish all human parents so
Would argue what their sons are fit for;
Some would-be critics that I know
Would be in trades they have more wit for.

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!
I mean of course that venerable town,
Mentioned in stories of renown,
Built formerly of mud;—
O Lud, I say, why didst thou e’er
Invent the office of a Mayor,
An office that no useful purpose crowns,
But to set Aldermen against each other,
That should be Brother unto Brother,—
Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?

But still, if one must have a Mayor
To fill the Civic chair,
O Lud, I say,
Was there no better day
To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
Dimming, alas!
The Brazier's brass,
Soiling the Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
Sopping the Furriers,
Draggling the Curriers,
And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers;
Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
And turning the Distiller
To cold without instead of warm within;—
Spoiling the bran-new beavers
Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,
Plastering the Plasterers and spotting
Mercers,
Hearty November cursers—pers
And showing Cordwainers and dapper Dra-
Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers;
Making the Grocer's company not fit
For company a bit;
Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,
Daubing incorporated Bakers,
And leading the Patten-makers,
Over their very pattens in the mud,—
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

"This is a sorry sight,"
To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—
White plumes not white—
Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
Not "Angels ever bright and fair,"
But angels ever brown and sallow,
With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
For city clouds of black and yellow—
And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
Such sable lilies
And grim daffodilies
Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud! O Lud!
ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

I may as well, while I'm inclined,
Just go through all the faults I find:
Oh Lud! then, with a better air, say June,
Could'st thou not find a better tune
To sound with trumpets, and with drums,
Than "See the Conquering Hero comes,"
When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?
Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,
That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,
And yet upon a march you strike
That treats him like—
A little French if I may martyr—
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say
Do change your day
To some time when your Show can really show;
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.
Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!
Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,
And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—
Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;
When grandeur really may be grand—
But if thy Pageant's thus obscured by land—
O Lud! it's ten times worse upon the water!
Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,
Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,
To see what she can see—and what she can't;
Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
While perched in a verandah nicely hung
Over a margin of thy own black mud,
O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
Look out and see:
Of course about the bridge you view them rally
And sally,
With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;
The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
The Goldsmiths' glorious galley,—
Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
With silken banners that the breezes fan,
In gold all glowing,
And men in scarlet rowing,
Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;
Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?

"No, I see no such thing!
I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
With two coal lighters fastened to a ring;
And, dim as ghosts,
Two little boys are jumping over posts;
And something, further off,
That's rather like the shadow of a dog,
And all beyond is fog.
If there be any thing so fine and bright,
To see it I must see by second sight.
Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!
I see no barges row,
No banners blow;
The Show is merely a gallanty-show,
Without a lamp or any candle in."

But sister Anne, my dear,
Although you cannot see, you still may hear?
Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,
The "Water parted from the Sea" in C,
Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;
Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,
Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.
O music from the water comes delightful!
It sounds as nowhere else it can:
You hear it first
In some rich burst,
Then faintly sighing,
Tenderly dying,
Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on;
And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and
harps,
Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps
Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.
I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
Like a very muffled double drum,
And then a something faintly shrill,
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buzz at Pentonville.

And now and then hear a pop,
As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.
I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
And, not to mention sneezing,
My cough is, more than usual, teasing;
I really fear that I have chilled my blood,
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!"

RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]

O curious reader, didst thou ne'er
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r
Seated in his great civic chair

So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey

One here!
SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant; but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chilled by the next November blast;
His blushing honours only last
One year!

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moultst till not a plume remains—
The next impending May’r distrains
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendour live
Another twelvemonth—he would give
One ear!

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering,
that could only belong to a Boney-part."—Life of Napoleon.

Time was, I always had a drop
For any tale or sigh of sorrow;
My handkerchief I used to sop
Till often I was forced to borrow;
I don’t know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying;
The doctors, p’rhaps, could tell me how—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kissed and cleaned by Charlotte;
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller’s crying;
’Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter’s savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did then!—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen:—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We’ve had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow;
Miss Zouch’s case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But Lord! so little have I felt,
I’m sure my heart is ossifying!
THE POACHER.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
That once destroyed can never be supplied.

_Goldsmith._

BILL BLOSSOM was a nice young man,
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egged him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,
And how to noose the hare;
And with a wiry terrier,
He often set a snare.

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—
Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer
From forest, park, or lawn;
And without courting lord or duke,
Used frequently to _sow._
Folks who had hares discovered snares—
His course they could not stop:
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,
He tried the keeper's nerves;
They swore he never seemed to have
Jam satis of preserves.

The Shooter went to beat, and found
No sporting worth a pin,
Unless he tried the covers made
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button;
The Speaker said he often tried
The Manors about Sutton.*

No county from his tricks was safe;
In each he tried his lucks,
And when the keepers were in Beds,
He often was at Bucks.

And when he went to Bucks, alas!
They always came to Herts;
And even Oxon used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual Hants,
Old Cheshire laid his plots:
He got entrapped by legal Berks,
And lost his life in Notts.

* [Charles Manners Sutton was for many years Speaker of the House of Commons.]
I CANNOT BEAR A GUN.

"Timidity is generally reckoned an essential attribute of the fair sex, and this absurd notion gives rise to more false starts, than a race for the Leger. Hence screams at mice, fits at spiders, faces at toads, jumps at lizards, flights from daddy longlegs, panics at wasps, sauvé qui peut at sight of a gun. Surely, when the military exercise is made a branch of education at so many ladies' academies, the use of the musket would only be a judicious step further in the march of mind. I should not despair, in a month's practice, of making the most timid British female fond of small arms."—HINTS BY A CORPORAL.

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced,
   All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine and feminine
   Are nothing else but sham.
On all their tricks I need not fix,
   I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
   "I cannot bear a gun!"

There's cousin Bell can't 'bide the smell
   Of powder—horrid stuff!
A single pop will make her drop,
   She shudders at a puff.
My Manton near, with aspen fear
   Will make her scream and run:
   "It's always so, you brute, you know
   I cannot bear a gun!"

About my flask I must not ask,
   I must not wear a belt,
I must not take a punch to make
   My pellets, card or felt;
And if I just allude to dust,
   Or speak of number one,
   "I beg you'll not—don't talk of shot,
   I cannot bear a gun!"
Percussion cap I dare not snap,
    I may not mention Hall,
Or raise my voice for Mr. Joyce,
    His wadding to recall;
At Hawker's book I must not look,
    All shooting I must shun,
Or else—"It's hard, you've no regard,
    I cannot bear a gun!"

The very dress I wear, no less
    Must suit her timid mind,
A blue or black must clothe my back,
    With swallow-tails behind;
By fustian, jean, or velveteen,
    Her nerves are overdone:
"O do not, John, put gaiters on,
    I cannot bear a gun!"

Ev'n little James she snubs, and blames
    His Lilliputian train,
Two inches each from mouth to breech,
    And charged with half a grain—
His crackers stopped, his squibbing dropped,
    He has no fiery fun,
And all thro' her "How dare you, Sir?
    I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet Major Flint,—the Devil's in't!
    May talk from morn to night,
Of springing mines, and twelves and nines,
    And volleys left and right,
Of voltigeurs and tirailleurs,
    And bullets by the ton:
She never dies of fright, or cries
    "I cannot bear a gun!"

It stirs my bile to see her smile
    At all his bang and whiz,
But if I talk of morning walk,
And shots as good as his,  
I must not name the fallen game:  
As soon as I've begun,  
She's in her pout, and crying out,  
"I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet, underneath the rose, her teeth  
Are false, to match her tongue:  
Grouse, partridge; hares, she never spares,  
Or pheasants, old or young—  
On widgeon, teal, she makes a meal,  
And yet objects to none:  
"What have I got, it's full of shot!  
I cannot bear a gun!"

At pigeon-pie she is not shy,  
Her taste it never shocks,  
Though they should be from Battersea,  
So famous for blue rocks;  
Yet when I bring the very thing  
My marksmanship has won,  
She cries "Lock up that horrid cup,  
I cannot bear a gun!"

Like fool and dunce I got her once  
A box at Drury Lane,  
And by her side I felt a pride  
I ne'er shall feel again:  
To read the bill it made her ill,  
And this excuse she spun,  
"Der Freyschütz, O, seven shots! you know,  
I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet at a hint from Major Flint,  
Her very hands she rubs,  
And quickly drest in all her best,  
Is off to Wormwood Scrubbs.  
The whole review she sits it through,  
With noise enough to stun,
And never winks, or even thinks,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

She thus may blind the Major's mind
In mock-heroic strife,
But let a bout at war break out,
And where's the soldier's wife,
To take his kit and march a bit
Beneath a broiling sun?
Or will she cry, "My dear, good-by,
I cannot bear a gun!"

If thus she dotes on army coats,
And regimental cuffs,
The yeomanry might surely be
Secure from her rebuffs;
But when I don my trappings on,
To follow Captain Dunn,
My carbine's gleam provokes a scream
"I cannot bear a gun!"

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced,
All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine and feminine
Are nothing else but sham;
On all their tricks I need not fix,
I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
"I cannot bear a gun!"
TRIMMER'S EXERCISE,

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

Here, come, Master Timothy Todd,
Before we have done you'll look grimmer;
You've been spelling some time for the rod,
And your jacket shall know I'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,
So backward you are in your Primer:
Don't kneel—you shall go on my knee,
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hindered the cook,
By melting your dumplings in the skimmer;
Instead of attending your book,—
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

To-day, too, you went to the pond,
And bathed, though you are not a swimmer;
And with parents so doting and fond—
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,
And helped yourself—yes, to a brimmer;
You couldn't walk straight in a line,
But I'll make you to know I'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,
Because he is slighter and slimmer;
Are the weak to be thumped by the stout?
But I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.

Then you have a sly pilfering trick,
Your school-fellows call you the nimmer,
I will cut to the bone if you kick!
For I'll have you to know I'm a Trimmer.
THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A FABLE.

Speaking within compass, as to fabulousness, I prefer Southcote to Northcote.

One day, or night, no matter where or when,
Sly Reynard, like a footpad, laid his pad
Right on the body of a speckled Hen,
Determined upon taking all she had;
And like a very bibber at his bottle,
Began to draw the claret from her throttle;
Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,
And with a scream as high
As she could cry,
She called for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream
Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream,
And, with a savage growl
In answer to the fowl,
He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,
And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.
Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,
    Thought, self-deceived,
    He should not be perceived,
Hiding his brush within a neighbouring broom;

But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,
    And caught in copper noose,
    And looking like a goose,
Found that his fate had "hung upon a hare;"
His tricks and turns were rendered of no use to him.
And, worst of all, he saw old surly Tray
    Coming to play
    Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,
Under his Master, a most special constable,
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury;
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,
    To the veriest fool's head
    Of the Booby and the Noddy.
Accordingly, the Stork brought in a bill
    Quite true enough to kill;
And then the Owl was called—for mark,
The Owl can witness in the dark.
To make the evidence more plain,
The Lynx connected all the chain.

In short there was no quirk or quibble
At which a legal Rat could nibble;
The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds,
As if the Jury had been packed—of hounds.
Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,
Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick;
   Accordingly our cunning Fox,
Through certain influence, obscurely channelled,
A friendly Camel got into the box,
When 'gainst his life the Jury was impanelled.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,
   If Jurors should withdraw,
They are to have no eating and no drinking,
Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,
Were locked up strictly, without bit or mummock,
Till every Beast that only had one stomach,
Bent to the Camel, who was blest with three.
To do them justice, they debated
From four till ten, while dinner waited,
When thirst and hunger got the upper,
And each inclined to mercy, and hot supper:
"Not guilty" was the word, and master Fox
Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

Moral.

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance
   But that the Solon is a sorry Solon,
Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence
Depend upon a Colon?

THE COMET.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE.

"I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of this selfsame Starling."  
Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

AMONGST professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,
The name of Herschel's very often cited:
And justly so, for he is hand and glove
With ev'ry bright intelligence above;
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars upon the house's top,
That once upon a time he got be-nighted

In his observatory thus coqueting
With Venus—or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—
A new André;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping,
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling thro' his glass
Some heavenly lass

Tripping with pails along the Milky way;
Or looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr's:
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
"My stars!"—he always puts that stress on my—
"My stars and garters!

"A comet, sure as I'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can't be Halley's though, that is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent!—how fine his fiery trail!
Zounds! 'tis a pity, though he comes unsought—
Unasked—unreckoned,—in no human thought—
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail!"

"I looked no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really entered in my head,
No more than Berenice’s Hair!’”
Thus musing, Heaven’s Grand Inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visiter
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper
Regions, with “Please your Honour, come to supper.”

“Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup
Except on that phenomenon—look up!”
“Not sup!” cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a star must be starvation,
Or ev’n to batten
On Ignes Fatui would never fatten.
His visage seemed to say,—that very odd is,—
But still his master the same tune ran on,
“I can’t come down,—go to the parlour, John,
And say I’m supping with the heavenly bodies.”

“The heavenly bodies!” echoed John, “Ahem!”
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
“’Zooks, if your Honour sups with them,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!
He thought his master’s stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,
“Go down, John, go, I have no appetite,
Say I’m engaged with a celestial stranger.”—
Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,
“Wouldn’t the stranger take a bit down stairs?”

“No,” said the master, smiling, and no wonder,
At such a blunder,
“The stranger is not quite the thing you think,
He wants no meat or drink,
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are joined together,
Behold him,—there he is, John, in the South.”
John looked up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket.
At last the fiery tadpole spies,
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
"A rare good rocket!"

"A what! A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frightened kings;
With fear of change that flaming meteor, John,
Perplexes sovereigns, throughout its range"—
"Do he?" cried John;
"Well, let him flare on,
I haven't got no sovereigns to change!

POMPEY’S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

Cowper.

'Twas twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,
But twelve o'clock at noon;
Because the sun was shining bright
And not the silver moon.
A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post;
When, lo! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost!

Now, when a female has a call
From people that are dead;
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visitors in bed.
But Pompey's spirit would not come
   Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
   And wouldn't show at night!

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
   In what is very dear.
So Phoebe screamed an awful scream
   To prove the seaman's text;
That after black appearances,
   White squalls will follow next.

"Oh, Phoebe, dear! oh, Phoebe, dear!
Don't go to scream or faint;
You think because I'm black I am
   The Devil, but I ain't!
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
   I walked while I had breath;
But that is past, and I am now
   A-walking after Death!

"No murder, though, I come to tell,
By base and bloody crime;
So Phoebe, dear, put off your fits
   To some more fitting time.
No Coroner, like a boatswain's mate,
   My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
   Why I have died so black.

"One Sunday, shortly after tea,
   My skin began to burn
As if I had in my inside
   A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
   And as I lay in bed,
They say I gathered all the wool
You see upon my head.

"His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin;—
I wish that he had called him out,
Before he called him in!
For though to physic he was bred,
And passed at Surgeon’s Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all!

"The doctor looked about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said
‘Your case looks very black.’
And first he sent me hot cayenne
And then gamboge to swallow,
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow!

"With madder and with turmeric,
He made his next attack;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying black.
At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost!

"Oh, Phœbe, dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie!
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die.
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It’s lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth."
"Alas; some happy, happy day,  
In church I hoped to stand,  
And like a muff of sable skin  
Receive your lily hand.  
But sternly with that piebald match,  
My fate untimely clashes,  
For now, like Pompe-double-i,  
I'm sleeping in my ashes!

"And now farewell! a last farewell!  
I'm wanted down below,  
And have but time enough to add  
One word before I go—  
In mourning crape and bombazine  
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—  
Don't go in black for me—for I  
Can do it for myself.

"Henceforth within my grave I rest,  
But Death who there inherits,  
Allowed my spirit leave to come,  
You seemed so out of spirits:  
But do not sigh, and do not cry,  
By grief too much engrossed,  
Nor for a ghost of colour, turn  
The colour of a ghost!

"Again, farewell, my Phœbe, dear!  
Once more a last adieu!  
For I must make myself as scarce  
As swans of sable hue."  
From black to gray, from gray to nought,  
The shape began to fade—  
And, like an egg, though not so white,  
The Ghost was newly laid!
ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

EPIGRAM.

ON A LATE CATTLE SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

Old Farmer Bull is taken sick,
Yet not with any sudden trick
   Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;
But having seen the foreign stock,
It gave his system such a shock
   He had a fit of cattle-epsy!

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL,

WHO BROUGHT ME A PROOF TO BE CORRECTED, AND
WHO FELL ASLEEP WHILE IT WAS UNDERGOING CORRECTION: BEING AN ODE FOUNDED ON FACT!

"Fallen Cherub!"—Milton's Paradise Lost.

Oh bright and blessed hour:—
The Devil's asleep!—I see his little lashes
Lying in sable o' er his sable cheek;
Closed are his wicked little window-sashes,
And tranced is Evil's power!
The world seems hushed and dreaming out-a-doors,
   Spirits but speak;
And the heart echoes, while the Devil snores.

Sleep, Baby of the damned!
Sleep, when no press of trouble standeth by!
Black wanderer amid the wandering,
   How quiet is thine eye!
Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams—
   With shades of printers crammed,
And pica, double pica, on the wing!
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
     The world about—
Dying—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
   Dete,—the Evil out!

Before sweet sleep drew down
The blinds upon thy Day & Martin eyes,
Thou did'st let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
With weary, weary sighs;
And then, outworn with demoning o'er town,
    Oblivion won thee!
Best of compositors! thou didst compose
Thy decent little wicked self, and go
A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
   In the waves of woe;
    Dropping thy lids of lead
    To sound the dead!

Heaven forgive me! I
Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one;
And in my scheming, sigh
And stagger under a gigantic thought;
"What if I run my pen into thine eye,
And put thee out?"
Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
    To change the fate of Lawyers—
Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
Make worthless sin's approaches—
To justify the bringing up addresses
To me, in hackney coaches,
From operative Sawyers!"

"To murder thee"
Methinks—"will never harm my precious head—
For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead?"
But when I look on thy serene repose,
Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,
My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep;
I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!

Sleep free from dreams
Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing-ball—
Sleep free from all
That would make shadowy, devilish slumber
darker,
Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker!

Oh! fare thee well!
Farewell, black bit of breathing sin! Farewell,
Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's Hell!
Young thing of darkness, seeming
A small, poor type of wickedness set up!
Full is thy little cup
Of misery in the waking world! So dreaming
Perchance may now undemonize thy fate
And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state!
Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high;—
Thou art upright in sleep; men sleep—and lie!
And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
For I correct my errors—while the Devil sleeps!

ANACREONTIC,

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Come, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honoured, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason:
For, hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who has leisure to cozen,
Having finished the months, like the flasks at a
feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny;
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—
Days ushered by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen!
   Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
   And been bowed to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently
   passed,
   Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury—
Still, fill to the future! and join in our chime,
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
Shout, in hopes of a kindlier dozen!
   Hip! Hip! and Hurrah

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EPGRAM.

ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

They may talk of the plugging and sweating
Of our coinage that's minted of gold,
But to me it produces no fretting
Of its shortness of weight to be told:
All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy
As to lightness can never be wrong,
But must surely be some of them heavy
For I never can carry them long.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,
ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here’s success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o’er Atlantics,
After such a sale at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works.

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any Steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No Courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds
November!

LOVE AND LUNACY.

The Moon—who does not love the silver moon,
In all her phantasies and all her phases?
Whether full-orbed in the nocturnal noon,
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,
Whilst stars are winking at the pranks of Puck:
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes;
Or new and thin, when coin is turned for luck;—
Who will not say that Dian is a Duck?

But, oh! how tender, beautiful, and sweet,
When in her silent round, serene, and clear,
By assignation loving fancies meet,
To recompense the pangs of absence drear!
So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,
But distant from the city mapped by Mogg,
Still saw his image in that silver sphere,
Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's
Was striking ten—eleven had been better;
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,
And both of the bedevilled turkey-legs,
With relishes from East, West, North, and South;
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs;
Whereas a man, whose heart is in his mouth,
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted;
The brawn—it never entered in his thought;
The grated Parmesan remained untasted;
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,
The capelings stood as merely good for nought,
The German sausage did not tempt him better,
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips, was taught
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heaven bless the man who first devised a mail!
Heaven bless that public pile which stands concealing
The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil!
Heaven bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freel-ing,
The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,
The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,
The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing!
Heaven bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,
That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.
So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,
   Where, first, the darling signature he kissed,
And then, recurring to its contents sweet
   With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,
He gulped the words to hasten to their gist;
In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound—
   When, lo! with features all at once a-twist,
He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound
To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound!

Alas! what little miffs and tiffs in love,
   A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,
Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,
   O! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,
A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,
To spit like hump-backed cats, and snarling Towzers!
   Till hearts are wrecked and foundered, and forsaken,
As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,
While heaven is blue enough for Dutchman's trowsers!

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of you"—
   Who would have thought that such a kind P. S.
Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,
   Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress
His teeth, as if about to effervesce
Like certain people when they lose at whist!
   So looked the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,
And, in a trice, the paper he had kissed
Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist!

Ah! had he been less versed in scientifics,
   More ignorant, in short, of what is what:
He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics;
   But he would seek societies, and trot
To Clubs—Mechanics' Institutes—and got
With Birkbeck—Bartley—Combe—George Robins
—Rennie,
And other lecturing men. And had he not
That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,
The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or "Penny?"

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,
Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skin,
Some hardly damped, some wetted to the skin,
Some drowned like pigs when they attempt to swim,
Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,
('Tis studied by a Prince amongst the Burmans;)
He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,
Supposing that the night was fair and clear,
Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,
Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere
Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"
Thus, reading thro' poor Ellen's fond epistle,
He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer
That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,
And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship whistle.

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of thee,"—
"Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,
But not the moon-calf she would have me be,
Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"
Herewith, at either corner of the letter
He gave a most ferocious, rending pull;—
"O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,
A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!
By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!
“The moon at full! 'twas very finely reckoned!
Why so she wrote me word upon the first—
The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—
Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!
But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst.”

Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,
Anon he blubbered like the child that's nursed,
And then he hit the table frightful raps,
And stamped till he had broken both his straps.

"The moon's at full—and I am in her thought—
No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"
Here he threw up his head, and gave a snort
Like a young horse first harnessed to a pole:
"The moon is full—ay, so is this d—d bowl!"
And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,
Globe—water—fishes—he dashed down the whole,
Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;
Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

"I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice-gerent?
No, no,—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—
And round as Norval's shield"—thus incoherent
His fancies grew as he went on to scold;
So stormy waves are into breakers rolled,
Worked up at last to mere chaotic wroth—
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontrolled
As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

"Fool that I was to let a baby face—
A full one—like a hunter's—round and red—
Ass that I am, to give her more a place
Within this heart"—and here he struck his head.
"'Sdeath, are the Almanac-compilers dead?
But no—'tis all an artifice—a trick,
Some newer face—some dandy under-bred—
Well—be it so—of all the sex I'm sick!"
Here Juno wondered why she got a kick.

"'The moon is full'—where's her infernal scrawl?
'And you are in my thought: that silver ray
Will ever your dear image thus recall'—
My image? Mine! She'd barter it away
For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray!
Three weeks, full weeks,—it is too plain—too bad—
Too gross and palpable! Oh cursed day!
My senses have not crazed—but if they had—
Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad!

"O Nature! Wherefore did you frame a lip
So fair for falsehood? Wherefore have you drest
Deceit so angel-like?" With sudden rip
He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,
And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,
As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls
Had skipped to batten on a human chest,
But no—the hand comes forth, and down it hurls
A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry
Before another outrage could be planned:
Poor Juno, who had learned to fetch and carry,
Picked up and brought it to her master's hand,
Who seized it, and the mimic feature scanned;
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,
Look how he would at it, east, west, north, south,
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

"I'll go to her;"—herewith his hat he touched,
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish;
"But no—'I'll write'”—and here a spoon he clutched,
And rammed it with such fury in the standish,
A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,
Came rushing forth—O Antics and Buffoons!
Ye never danced a caper so ran-dan-dish;
He jumped, thumped—tore—swore, more than ten
dragoons
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and panta-
loons!

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,
Without a Collinet's or Weippert's band,
His rampant arms and legs left off their pranc-
ing,
And down he sat again, with pen in hand,
Not fiddle-headed, or King's pattern grand,
But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics;
And many a sheet it spoiled before he planned
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rocked like Yankee in his chair,
Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,
And set his crest up like a cockatoo;
And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo:
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,
He penned a billet, very far from doux,
'Twas sour, severe—but think of a man's smart
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart!

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,
And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,
He stamped a grave device upon the paper,
No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,
But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,
He dropt the bitter missive in a box,
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugared treats,
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.
Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,  
Our English mails run little in the style  
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,  
_Eil_-wagens—tho' they do not "go like ile,"—  
But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—  
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,  
As Ellen hummed "The Young May Moon" the while,  
Her ear was startled by that double knock  
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock!

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,  
And down into the street it dropt, or flung,  
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,  
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;  
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,  
And through the passage like a burglar darted.  
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young—  
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,  
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price—had she but paid  
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;  
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid  
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career  
Between the lower and the upper sphere,  
Where, seated in a study bistra-brown,  
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear  
As _that_ I saw once puzzling a young clown—  
"Reading Made Easy," but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,  
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,  
At one of those establishments which stand  
In highways, byeways, squares, and village-greens;  
"'Twas called "The Grove,"—a name that always means
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
   Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
   The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
   Revealed a little dimity white bed;
Each lower one a cropped or curly head;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
   Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued:—On Sunday,
   Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price;
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday;
   Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice;
Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice);
Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading;
   Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice;
Saturday—scraps, short lessons and short feeding,
Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning,
   Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter!
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning,
   'Twas evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,
Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,
But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demollidge;"
   But as for any learning, not to flatter,
As often happens when girls leave their college, 
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance, 
And History was quite as bad a balk; 
Her French it was too small for Petty France, 
And Priscian suffered in her English talk: 
Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk; 
As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk, 
Or take a ride; but, touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars; 
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for 
Burgo,
Sidus, for Master: then, for northern stars,
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,
The ram the same that butted at her brother;
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother; 
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia;
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West-End slut—
O, Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony!
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopæia's Chair was good Mahogany,
Nicely french-polished,—such was her cosmogony

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense;
A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,
Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense;
A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,
Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives;
In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,
As well is known to oyster-operatives,
Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found
Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers;
Words giving tongue against her, like a hound
At picking out a fault—words speaking daggers.
The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,
To lash their tails, but not as horses do,
Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggles,
But like a lion's, ere he tears in two
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,
No sound—no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch!
As when Apollo, in old allegory,
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone;
In fact, since Cupid grew into a worry,
Judge if a suing lover, let alone
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

"Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,
That time is past, and ne'er can come again;
However other lights undimmed may shine,
And undiminishmg, one truth is plain,
Which I, alas! have learned,—that love can wane.
The dream is passed away, the veil is rent,
Your heart was not intended for my reign;
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant
With one poor man in it to be content.

"It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,
To wander underneath the whispering bough
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.
LOVE AND LUNACY.

Nay, fear not,—I absolve of every vow,—
Use,—use your own celestial pleasure now,
Your apogee and perigee arrange.
Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,
To me that constant disk has nothing strange—
A counterfeit is sometimes hard to change.

"O Ellen! I once little thought to write
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen;
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,
And turn like tiger hunted to its den—
How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men!
And stands abashed, discovered, and forlorn!
Had it been only cusped—but gibbous—then
It had gone down, but Faith drew back in scorn,
And would not swallow it—without a horn!

"I am in occultation,—that is plain:
My culmination's past,—that's quite as clear.
But think not I will suffer your disdain
To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.
Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here;
No murmur,—not a sigh,—shall thence exhale:
Smile on,—and for your own peculiar sphere
Choose some eccentric path,—you cannot fail,
And pray stick on a most portentous tail!

"Farewell! I hope you are in health, and gay;
For me, I never felt so well and merry—
As for the bran-new idol of the day,
Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very!
Nor e'en will ask who is the Happy Jerry;
My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep.
But let me hint that you will want a wherry,
Three weeks' spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,
Your parlours will be flooded six feet deep!

"O' Ellen! how delicious was that light
Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,
Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—
   No more of that—the lover's at an end.
Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,
Before you next pen sentiments so fond,
   Study your cycles—I would recommend
Our Airy—and let South be duly conned,
And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

"Farewell again! it is farewell forever!
   Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,
I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,
   Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,
   Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice!
For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,
   Ceylon, or Java, redolent of spice,
   Or settling, neighbour of the Cape baboon,
Or roaming o'er—The Mountains of the Moon!

"What matters where? my world no longer owns
   That dear meridian spot from which I dated
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,
   A globe all blank and barren and belated:
   What matters where my future life be fated?
With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,
   A squatter in the western woods located,
   What matters where? My bias, at the present,
Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

"Farewell! and if forever, fare thee well!
   As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:
I asked no sexton for his passing-bell,
   I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,
   However I may die, transfixed by Tartars,
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,
   By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

"Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,
   Or smothered in the sandy hot simoom,
Or crushed in Chili by earth's awful quake,
   Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,
   Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,
Or stiffened to a stock mid Alpine snows,
   Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,
Or sucked by Vampyres to a last repose,
Or self-destroyed, impatient of my woes.

"Still fare you well, however I may fare,
   A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,
Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,
   Or dashed down cataracts with dreadful roar:
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,
This hand you should have claimed in church or
   minster,
Some cannibal may gnaw"—she read no more—
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,
   Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster!

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,
   In rushed the father, panting from the shop,
In rushed the mother, without cap or tête,
   Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop;
The cook to change her apron did not stop,
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair,—
   All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,
And then they stand and smother round the chair,
Exclaiming in a chorus, "Give her air!"

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,
   Another rams a phial up her nose;
A third crooks all her finger-joints together,
   A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump
   A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,
As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—
She must be fetched with water like a pump!
No wonder that thus drenched, and wrenched, and galled,
As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter
Her senses had the sense to be recalled,
"I'm better—that will do—indeed I'm better,"
She cried to each importunate besetter;
Meanwhile, escaping from the stir and smother,
The prudent parent seized the lover's letter.
(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother)
And read it thro' from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipped a word—
For young Lorenzo of all youths was one
So wise, so good, so moral she averred,
So clever, quite above the common run—
She made him sit by her, and called him son;
No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,
So flattered her maternal feelings—none!
For mothers always think young men are pearls,
Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,
The servants most reluctantly withdrew,
But list'ning on the stairs contrived to linger;
For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,
At last the features of her parent knew,
And, summoning her breath and vocal powers,
"O, mother!" she exclaimed—"O, is it true—
Our dear Lorenzo"—the dear name drew showers—
"Ours," cried the mother, "pray don't call him ours!

"I never liked him, never, in my days!"
["O yes—you did"]—said Ellen with a sob,]
"There always was a something in his ways—
["So sweet—so kind," said Ellen, with a throb.]
"His very face was what I call a snob,
And, spite of West-end coats and p—taloons,
He had a sort of air of the swell";
I'm sure when he has come of afternoons
To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoons!"

"The spoons!" cried Ellen, almost with a scream,
"O cruel—false as cruel—and unjust!
He that once stood so high in your esteem!"
"He!" cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,
"I like him?—yes—as anybody must
An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil:
Didn't he bring you Bonaparte's bust?
Lord! when he calls I hardly can be civil—
My favourite was always Mr. Neville.

"Lorenzo?—I should like, of earthly things,
To see him hanging forty cubits high;
Doesn't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings?
Nay, in this very letter, bid you try
To make yourself particular, and tie
A tail on—a prodigious tail!—O, daughter!
And don't he ask you down his area—fie!
And recommend to cut your being shorter,
With brickbats round your neck in ponds of water?"

Alas! to think how readers thus may vary
A writer's sense!—What mortal would have thought
Lorenzo's hint about Professors Airy
And Pond to such a likeness could be brought!
Who would have dreamt the simple way he taught
To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,
Could furnish forth an image so distraught,
As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,
Tailed—like a fat Cape sheep, or a raccoon?

And yet, what'er absurdity the brains
May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it;
Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains
To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it;
No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it
To jingle bell-like on his empty head,
No mental mud—but some will knead and
knuckle it,
And fancy they are making fancy-bread;—
No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.
No Hahnemann could give decillionth drops,
If any man could not be got to swallow 'em;
But folly never comes to such full stops.
As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps
Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,
The Father seized upon her malaprops—
"My girl down areas—of a night! 'Ods nails!
I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails!

"I will!—as sure as I was christened John!
A girl—well-born—and bred,—and schooled at
Ditton—
Accomplished—handsome—with a tail stuck on!
And chucked—Zounds!—chucked in horse-
ponds like a kitten;
I wish I had been by when that was written!"—
And doubling to a fist each ample hand,
The empty air he boxed with, a-la-Bitton,
As if in training for a fight, long planned,
With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land!

"I'll pond—I'll tail him!"—in a voice of thun-
der
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss.
"I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!"
But while so menacing this-that-and-'others,
His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus:
"Men are not women—fathers can't be mothers,—
Females are females"—and a few such others.
LOVE AND LUNACY.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,
She hustled him outside the chamber-door,
Looking, it must be owned, a little silly;
And then she did as the Carinthian boor
Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's poor:

_Id est_, she shut him in the outer space,
With just as much apology—no more—
As Boreas would present in such a case,
For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now, the secrets of the sex thus kept,
What passed in that important tête-à-tête
'Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except
Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—
So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late,
In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugared snacks,
In such a very waspish stinging state—
But now at the Old Dragon, stretched on racks,
Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks;

Because that new fast four-inside—the Comet,
Instead of keeping its appointed time,
Had deviated some few minutes from it,
A thing with all astronomers a crime,
And he had studied in that lore sublime;
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter
For pouring upon passion's unslaked lime
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,
Mixed stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart:
Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,
And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"
Which never had a more impatient man on,
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start
Like lightning greased,—or, as at Ballyshannon
Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon!"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,
    His mind had been in vacillating motion,
Dodge-dodging like a flustered crab on land,
    That cannot ask its way, and has no notion,
If right or left leads to the German Ocean—
Hatred and Love by turns enjoyed monopolies,
    Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,
Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,
He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

"O, for a horse," or rather four,—"with wings!"
    For so he put the wish into the plural—
No relish he retained for country things,
    He could not join felicity with rural,
His thoughts were all with London and the mural,
Where architects—not paupers—heap and pile stones;
    Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,
How fast they could macadamize the milestones
Which passed as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived
    In Nature one artistical fine stroke;
For instance, how that purple hill relieved
    The beggar woman in the gipsy-poke,
And how the red cow carried off her cloak;
Or how the aged-horse, so gaunt and gray,
    Threw off a noble mass of beach and oak!
Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,
Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray!

Such things have no delight for worried men,
    That travel full of care and anxious smart;
Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,
Let every neck be put into its noose,
Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,
And see how they will draw!—Four screws let loose
Would make a difference—or I'm a goose!

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,
Or how the barley prospered or decayed;
In short, no items of the farming trade,
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile;
Nor did he answer to the servant-maid,
That always asked at every other mile,
"Where do we change, Sir?" with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,
Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,
Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,
Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig;
Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,
Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,
Called one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,
And one, a first-rate prosér—and a Tory;
So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,
Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,
Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,
And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,
The theme his cracked attention could not rivet;
Though leaning forward to the man of whips,
He seemed to give an ear,—but did not give it,
For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips,)
Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."
If any thought e'er flitted in his head
Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,
It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,
And every buckle on their backs a jockey:
When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,
He never watched the wheel, and longed to lock it;
He liked the bolters that set off so cocky:
Nor did it shake a single nerve, or shock it,
Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey
Finished an hour and a quarter under time,
Without a case for surgeon or attorney,
Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,
And now, descending from his seat sublime,
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,
Called England's heart—but which, as seen of nights,
Has rather more the appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,
Thro' cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,
With fruit, knives, pencils—all dirt cheap of course,
Coachmen, and hawkers of the Globe and "Currier;"
Away!—the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,
When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,
With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,
She strides along with one of her three beaux,
To get well placed at "Ashley's"—now Ducrow's.

"I wonder if her moon is full to-night!"
He muttered, jealous as a Spanish Don,
When, lo!—to aggravate that inward spite,
In glancing at a board he spied thereon
A playbill for dramatic folks to con,
In letters such as those may read, who run,
"King John"—O yes,—I recollect King John!
'My Lord, they say five moons'—five moons!—well done!
I wonder Ellen was content with one!

"Five moons—all full!—and all at once in heav'n!
She should have lived in that prolific reign!"
Here he arrived in front of number seven,
Th' abode of all his joy and all his pain;
A sudden tremour shot through every vein,
He wished he'd come up by the heavy wagon,
And felt an impulse to turn back again,
O, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon!
Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seemed so parched with drouth,—
The very knocker filled his soul with dread,
As if it had a living lion's mouth,
With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,
In which he had engaged to put his head.
The bell-pull turned his courage into vapour,
As though 'twould cause a shower-bath to shed its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—
He looked askance, and did not like the scraper.

"What business have I here? (he thought) a dunce,
A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,
Instead of putting out its wick at once;
She's gone—it's very evident I've lost her,—
And to the wanton wind I should have tossed her—
Pish! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,
To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,
Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,
Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.
"Yes—here I leave her," and as thus he spoke,
He plied the knocker with such needless force,
It almost split the panel of sound oak;
And then he went as wildly through a course
Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce
Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle,
Whilst up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,
And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,
To recognize the author of such scandal.

Who, presto! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,
Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,
With other noise than his whose "very foot
Had music in't as he came up the stair:"
And then with no more manners than a bear,
His hat upon his head, no matter how,
No modest tap his presence to declare,
He bolted in a room, without a bow,
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow!

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search,—
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,
"The Cheapest House in Town" of Todd and Sturch,
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,
And then that house of prayer, the parish church,
Some roofs, and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,
She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream;
As if her own beloved full moon still orb'd her,
Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,
With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—
Yet when Lorenzo touched her on the shoulder,
She started up with an abortive scream,
As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,
Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

"Lorenzo!"—"Ellen!"—then came "Sir!" and
"Madam!"
They tried to speak, but hammered at each word,
As if it were a flint for great Mac Adam;
Such broken English never else was heard,
For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirred,
A chilly tremour thrilled them through and through,
Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,
They shook like jellies made without a due
And proper share of common joiner's glue.

"Ellen! I'm come—to bid you—fare—farewell,"
They thus began to fight their verbal duel;
"Since some more hap—hap—happy man must
dwell"
"Alas—Loren—Lorenzo!—cru—cru—cruel!"
For so they split their words like grits for gruel.
At last the Lover, as he long had planned,
Drew out that once inestimable jewel,
Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scanned,
And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

"There—take it, Madam—take it back I crave,
The face of one—but I must now forget her,
Bestow it on whatever hapless slave
Your art has last enticed into your fetter—
And there are your epistles—there! each letter!
I wish no record of your vow's infractions,
Send them to South—or Children—you had
better—
They will be novelties—rare benefactions
To shine in Philosophical Transactions!

"Take them—pray take them—I resign them
quite!"
And there's the glove you gave me: leave to
And there's the handkerchief, so pure and white,
    Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill—
But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel
A Juliet's faith, that time could only harden!
    Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal!
I should have led you,—by your leave and pardon—
To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden!

"And here's the birthday ring—nor man nor devil
    Should once have torn it from my living hand,
Perchance 'twill look as well on Mr. Neville;
    And that—and that is all—and now I stand
Absolved of each dismembered tie and band—
    And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle
Shall reap our lives; in this, or foreign land
Some other may be found for truth to stickle
    Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle!"

And there he ceased: as truly it was time,
    For of the various themes that left his mouth,
One half surpassed her intellectual climb:
    She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth
About that "Children of a larger growth,"
    Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s;
Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,
Except the south the weathercock expresses,
    Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift
    She gathered from the simple outward fact,
That her own lap contained each slighted gift;
    Though quite unconscious of his cause to act
So like Othello, with his face unblacked;
    "Alas!" she sobbed, "your cruel course I see,
These faded charms no longer can attract;
    Your fancy palms, and you would wander free,
And lay your own apostasy on me!
"I, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to you!
O, all ye holy gospels that incline
The soul to truth, bear witness I am true!
By all that lives, of earthly or divine—
So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—
I false!—the world shall change its course as soon!
True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—
True as the dial to the sun at noon,
True as the tide to 'yonder blessed moon!'
"

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,
Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,
Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,
    And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops
For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops;—
Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,
    And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,
Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds venetian,
To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

"The Moon!" he cried, and an electric spasm
    Seemed all at once his features to distort,
And fixed his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm—
    His faculties benumbed and all amost—
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock—
    "Speak!—Ellen!—is your sight indeed so short!
The Moon!—Brute! savage that I am, and block!
The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)
Why that's the new Illuminated Clock!"

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

Those Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells!
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has passed away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay;
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

LINES

TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we've absent friends,
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
With Memory's glass—at such a pass
Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,
But if you sigh and sob 'em,
And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock, you'll have a stock,
And death will oft unthrob 'em,—
A country chick is good to pick—
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard-trees of course you'll lease,
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
A friend (you know) before a foe—
Remember me at Cobham!
You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
And friends of course to mob 'em,
Should you be short of such a sort,
Remember me at Cobham!

LINES

ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DOUGLAS DOVE.

And is it thus ye welcome Peace!
From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores?
O cease, exploding Cannons, cease!
Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

Not so the quiet Queen should come;
But like a Nurse to still our Fears,
With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,
And Wool or Cotton in her Ears!

She asks for no triumphal Arch;
No Steeples for their ropy Tongues;
Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,
Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no noise of mobbing Throats
To tell that She is drawing nigh:
Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,
When War has closed his bloodshot Eye?

Returning to Domestic Loves,
When War has ceased with all its Ills,
Captains should come like sucking Doves,
With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,
Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,
And Soldiers marching all about,
   To let Us know that Peace is come.

O mild should be the Signs and meek,
   Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim!
Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,
   And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas!
   With Scars received on foreign Grounds;
Shall we consume in coloured Glass
   The Oil that should be poured in Wounds?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,
   Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail?
Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes?
   Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?

THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—Pope.

O HEAVY day! O day of woe!
   To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrowed—why
   Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
   Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up,
   For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell
   And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
   To litters, not to letters?
O, why are pigs made scholars of?
   It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings,
   Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
   But public fame's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
   And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
   My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett doesn't want me blue,
   But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate
   My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
   And not of Doctor Lardner!

He does not care about my brain
   The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
   Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
   A farewell must be taken,
Good-bye to the poetic Hogg!
   The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,
   My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
   A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then
   My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved
   Will be chopped up with onions!
Then over head and ears in brine
   They'll souse me like a salmon,
My mathematics turned to brawn,
   My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
   Now I'm put up to fatten:
My Greek it will all go to grease;
   The Dogs will have my Latin!

Farewell to Oxford!—and to Bliss!
   To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,—
I now must be content with chats,
   Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to "Town!" farewell to "Gown!"
   I've quite outgrown the latter,—
Instead of Trencher-cap my head
   Will soon be in a platter!

O why did I at Brazen-Nose
   Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
   A pig that's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself;
   But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man,
   In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead,
   And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, let my schoolmaster
   Have one of my two flitches:

'Twas he who taught my letters so
   I ne'er mistook or missed 'em,
Simply by ringing at the nose,
   According to Bell's system.
TO A BAD RIDER.

I.
Why, Mr. Rider, why
Your nag so ill indorse, man?
To make observers cry,
You're mounted, but no horseman?

II.
With elbows out so far,
This thought you can't debar me—
Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
You're surely of the army!

III.
I hope to turn M. P.
You have not any notion,
So awkward you would be
At "seconding a motion!"

MY SON AND HEIR.

I.
My mother bids me bind my heir,
But not the trade where I should bind;
To place a boy—the how and where—
It is the plague of parent-kind!

II.
She does not hint the slightest plan,
Nor what indentures to indorse;
Whether to bind him to a man,
Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.
III.
What line to choose of likely rise,
To something in the Stocks at last,—
"Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries,
I find I cannot bind so fast!

IV.
A Statesman James can never be;
A Tailor?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
Is always cutting his concern.

V.
A Seedsman?—I'd not have him so;
A Grocer's plum might disappoint;
A Butcher?—no, not that—although
I hear "the times are out of joint!"

VI.
Too many of all trades there be,
Like Peddlers, each has such a pack;
A merchant selling coals?—we see
The buyer send to cellar back.

VII.
A Hardware dealer?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII.
A Soldier?—there he has not nerves,
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf:
A Baker?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

IX.
Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort;
A joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X.
A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

XI.
A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies!

XII.
A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;
A Publican no father sure,
Would be the author of his being!

XIII.
A Paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal he does not eat.

XIV.
A Currier?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living!

XV.
Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!
XVI.
A Broker watching fall and rise
Of stock?—I'd rather deal in stone:—
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

XVII.
A Cooper?—neither I nor Jem
Have any taste or turn for that,—
A Fish retailer?—but with him,
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII.
A Painter?—long he would not live,
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade, Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught.

XIX.
A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade."

XX.
Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

XXI.
But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
O could I make my boy—a girl!
THE POET'S FATE.

What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate;—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

Said Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful
one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely
eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified;"—"Ah, brute, be
quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

II.

"O, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever
heard,
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at
your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change
I've made;
To live, and die, the wife of one, a widower by
trade!"

III.

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare,
in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

IV.
"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men,—I mean—I'll be the best alive!
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
"I thank ye, Sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the Ball.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.
Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there's my aunt, I know her by her waist,
    So long and thin,
    And so pinched in,
Just in the pinside taste.
O! what are men?—Beings so small,
    That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!
And what is life? and all its ages—
    There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
    Brentford! and Kew!
    And Tooting, too!
And O! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
    Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high-cross!
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
    —Fourteen hands high.
What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
    A tidy kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
    Stone planks.
O me! hence could I read an admonition
    To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and
    ball!
A VALENTINE.

O cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers: and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopped before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave;
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, soul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh!

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?
And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
    In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what if I should creep
    Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
    And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
    This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
    Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
    Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
    And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—"Tis done—'tis o'er—
    My hand is destined for another deed.
But one last word wrung from its aching core,
    And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION.

The following Poem—is from the pen of Doctor Kirkenden!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real Homo-genius, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—boils over! and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see the Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it
Surely, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
Not t'insist, (as might be shown,)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape;
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But rational,—for so we call
The only Cooking Animal!
The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans.
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge;
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding
Are still distinguished as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
Look at the polished nations, hight
The civilized—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions;
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water-cresses,
And till they learned to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions;
Thus foiling clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?
Or serve a dish of fricassee,
To clodpoles in a coat of frize?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo

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Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised,) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary;
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans;) 
But Bunyan erred to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have worked her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horned Apis from his temple?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own church-wardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
The Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice;"—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest.
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now called O. Y. E.† men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.  † [Owhyee.]
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But, the naked truth is, stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allowed polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be backed like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle.
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veiled her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reformed the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turned the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I.
I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.
Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

III.
The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."
THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"

Hudibras.

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."
And then she gave him a siren's blow
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter.
Poor wretch! how little he dreamed
That Peter should be salt-Peter.

And away with her prize to the
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought.
But she hop'd like a Kangaroo.

One plunge, and then the vision
Whilst they galloped across
At last, on the bank he wak'd
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and here
But his hair all began to twinkle
For when he looked where she had been
She had no more feet than she.

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin
In the dabling brine did shine.
At last she opened her pearl
Like an oyster, and thus she said

"You crumpt my father, wym
And my sister you sold to him
So here remain for a fisher's wife
For lost you are, and lost.

And away she went, with a
And a splash of her signal
In a moment he lost the vision
That shone on her splendour

The sun went down with a
And the sky grew claret
And the tumbling billow
Each over the other
Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
   With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water hillocks all seemed to him,
   Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
   Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
   On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
   Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreased—his moments of life
   Seemed measured, like Time’s, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
   In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
   There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
   The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o’er,
   And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
   As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt in every part,
   The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
   And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
   Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
   And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
   Of the nightshade she had drunk!
Had there been but a smuggler
One tub, or keg, to be seen
It might have given his spirit
Or an anker where Hope

But there was not a box or
To raft him from that sad
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a
Nor a smack upon Neptune

At last, his lingering hopes
He saw a sail and a mast
And called “Ahoy!”—but
And so the vessel went

And with saucy wing that
The wild bird about him
With a shrilly scream, that
“Why, thou art a sea-g

And lo! the tide was over
O! his heart began to
And slowly to pulse:—in
The wave was up to him

He was deafened amidst
And the salt spray blazed
And washed away the
That grief had cause

But just as his body was
And the surges above
He was saved from the
Of Deal—(but built

The skipper gave him
And chafed his shiv
And the Angel returned
With the spirit of
THE LADY AT SEA.

Cables entangling her,
Ship spars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her;
Blocks over-dangling her;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder-clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't ingulp her;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,
Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation:—
All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates, and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhoons,
And horrible siphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer—
With inward uneasiness;
The cook, known by greasiness,
The violets bespotted,
Her bed—in a cupboard;
Things of strange christening,
Snatched in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights,
And mention of dead lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—
And buoys in the water
To fear all exhort her;
Her friend no Leander;
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet;
The breeze still a-stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence;
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Sirens a dirgeing her,
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vides
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"
THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Sheheraade immediately began the following story.

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumoured he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within harms length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a bit—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they faltered,
And let him live unhanged—and still unaltered.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honoured and unsheared,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail:
Being a sign of age—some gray appeared,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet not so poetic as when time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Moroccho shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doomed, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come out of it,
Or else he was not praying to his Profit.

Beer will grow mothery, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
Boyled up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins,
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his parental rage, and thus addrest:
"O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

But not her words, or even her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be poked—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and looked black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopped from many an elf
Were stuck at his head-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen butts a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to inclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous case, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doomed to have a winding-sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-filled
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rilled
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was stilled,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smothered by the Moor
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turned comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all looked downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Pushed through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Combed by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised
Her *aquiline* nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
   So pale it seemed near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
   Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
   To listen to the air—and through the night
There comes these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

**THE WATER PERI'S SONG.**

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
   The child that she wet-nursed is lapped in the wave;
The *Mussulman* coming to fish in this water,
   Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
   This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
   Is her epitaph, *elegy*, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
   My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
   And sleeps in the water that washes her face.
A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

I.
'Twas in the reign of Lewis, called the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befell I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

II.
Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it,—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their host,"

III.
Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one grôan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorned a bed,
He seemed not quite—but only rather dead.

IV.
All night the widowed Baroness contrived
To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,
There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it passed, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!
V

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet royal;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismissed the visitation.

VI

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace “the late”—
It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckoned
Against her hope, which was but for a second.

VII

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then, was one of Time’s propitious touches;
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropped them—for the present.

VIII

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Looked like their lady—any thing but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, through choking turkeys’
throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

IX

O what a hubbub for the house of woe!
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.

X.
The Monarch came: O! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to D—ing!

XI.
For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattels to indorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclined
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch’s suite.

XII.
He saw at once and entered in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talked together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of eyes:
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

XIII.
At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began “nidle noddin;”
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

XIV.
The old Chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof;
It tasked the Baroness’s best endeavour,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,  
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,  
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

XV.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;  
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,  
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparsely;  
However, there were beds enough for all;  
But living bodies occupied so many,  
She could not let the dead one take up any!

XVI.

The act was, certainly, not over decent:  
Some small respect, e'en after death, she owed him,  
Considering his death had been so recent;  
However, by command, her servants stowed him,  
(I am ashamed to think how he was slubbered,)  
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,  
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;  
Just like a kind accommodating host,  
Taking all inconvenience on himself;  
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,  
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,  
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,  
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,  
About the hungry middle of the night;  
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,  
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,  
Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
   Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little force.

XX.
He put one hand in, and began to grope;
   The place was very deep, and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
   He felt a something cold,—in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoyed, he laughed, and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

XXI.
Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
   Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
   As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
   But only to abstract a little collop.

XXII.
But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
   His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
   As haunch of venison never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellowed,
   "murther!"

XXIII.
Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
   The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawled enough to waken up a town;
   Some thought that they were murdered, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"
XXIV.
A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
   Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seemed so dark and perilous a job;
   The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

XXV.
A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
   Well lighted and well watched, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
   A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

XXVI.
No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanced, and ready to resist;
   In fact, the Baron doffed the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

XXVII.
A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
   That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carved him kindly into life:
   How soon it changed the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

XXVIII.
There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
   Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
A TRUE STORY.

Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

XXIX.
The Baron lived—'twas nothing but a trance:
The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut served only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath:—
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little chop intended for a steak!

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But let its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the rack,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seemed a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possessed a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warmed it on the hob,
Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never killed him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
And what was worse than all, it had
Just like a puppet on a string;
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding acheres still to acheres!

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
Its paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By drawers, altho' he tried a chest.
At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rushed,
While eyes and mouth together gushed;
At last arrived our hero’s turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat prepared to learn
How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touched a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seemed wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
“Bone of his bone,” he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!
The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numbed his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, “Let’s finish, if you please.”
“How, finish! why it’s out!”—“Oh! no—
I’m none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so;  
My tooth is in my head no doubt, 
But as you say you pulled it out, 
Of course it's there—between your nippers.”
“Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth 
To get a fee? no wretch, I scorn it.”
But Hunks still asked to see the tooth, 
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.
His end obtained, he took his leave, 
A secret chuckle in his sleeve; 
The joke was worthy to produce one, 
To think, by favour of his wit, 
How well a dentist had been bit 
By one old stump, and that a loose one!

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth 
Is still the frailest thing on earth: 
Alas! how often when a joke 
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough, 
There comes some unexpected stroke, 
And hangs a weeper on the cuff! 
Hunks had not whistled half a mile, 
When, planted right against a stile, 
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney, 
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born, 
That helped to reap our miser's corn, 
But had not helped to reap his money, 
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly; 
His whistle all at once was quelled, 
And when he saw how Michael held 
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright, 
Would soon have paid the bill at sight, 
But misers (let observers watch it) 
Will never part with their delight 
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it. 
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows
And aimed a cut at Hunk's nose;
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the severed nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay:
And there stood Hunk, no sight for laughter!
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunk ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug decocter;
Thus Hunk was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot,—
"What! Hunk again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunk, "You cannot.

The doctor looked and saw the case
Plain as the nose not on his face.
"O! hum—ha—vess—I understand."
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seemed above controlling,
He bellowed like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked this scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seemed quite to turn him topsy turvy;
He uttered prayers, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all reverses!
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid, and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deemed and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
"Well, this is 'paying through the nose.'"

THE MONKEY-MARTYR

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will;
so I turned about the cage to get to the door."  

STERNE

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewildered journals—
Turn state-physicians,
One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression’s flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.

He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

To sever chains vexatious:
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop ’em
Till they had cleared a road to Freedom’s shrine,—
Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop ’em.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes

It came into his brains

To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,

Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown

Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;

To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And pattern-makers easing Freedom’s clogs—
The whole thing seemed
So fine, he deemed

The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!
Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seemed designed
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confined,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile!

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For like the Jews
Wild beasts refuse,
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastile,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprisoned in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot,
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged;
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderer, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.
Pug’s wrath waxed hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
and there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator’s share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature’s Free List thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw;
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endan-
ger—
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(thy cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero bolted him!
CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had grinders,
Still there turned up no organ finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary nesses
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they matter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science:
For of all learned themes whatever
That schools and colleges deliver,
There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analyzing their own nodules,
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;

For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs joined with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion,
No great man died but this they did do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending,
"The head and front of his offending,"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was mastered by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses 'tied tail to tail;
Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopropy—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.
These facts being found and set in order
By grave M. D.'s beyond the Border,
To make them for some few months eternal,
Were entered monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows.
How Music suffers, par exemple,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation:
Whether shillelahs in reality
May deaden Individuality:
Or tongues and poker be creative
Of alterations in the Amative:
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclined to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore headifying.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."

ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
   And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
   Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
   Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
   And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
   Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as further our back-searching glances prevail,
   Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
   On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
   That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.
Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game?

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight:
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?
Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my stroke,
And extended my arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a beau that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the gentrylest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the biffin of what I was then!

I am withered and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A BUTCHER.

Who'er has gone thro' London Street,
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! his suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And his thin!
His Shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare,
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry
Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit, without a \textit{Co.}
The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he of his brute bodies all a-row;
Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is,
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The butcher is already half a Bull.
"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE."

**RUN!**—run for St Clement's engine!  
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,  
And the pledges are frying and singing—  
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!  
Now where can the turncock be drinking?  
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—  
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking  
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;  
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!  
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,  
When the water don't start for a run!  
See! there they come racing and tearing,  
All the street with loud voices is filled;  
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearin'  
At a man they've run over and killed!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,  
And twinkle like stars in the sky;  
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,  
But I never saw water so shy!  
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,  
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!  
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,  
They have gone—that they have—to the gas.

Only look at the poor little P——'s  
On the roof—is there any thing sadder?  
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,  
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!  
But if any one's hot in their feet,  
And in very great haste to be saved,  
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,  
That M'Adam has lately unpaved!

Digitized by Google
There is some one—I see a dark shape  
At that window, the hottest of all,—  
My good woman, why don't you escape?  
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:  
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it  
For once in a way to your hurt?  
When your husband is paying a visit  
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her chaney!  
Her basons, and teapots, and all  
The most brittle of her goods—or any,  
But they all break in breaking their fall:  
Such things are not surely the best  
From a two-story window to throw—  
She might save a good iron-bound chest,  
For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!  
How it shone thro' the window and door;  
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,  
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!  
There! there! what a volley of flame,  
And then suddenly all is obscured!—  
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—  
But I hope the poor man is insured!

THE WIDOW.

One widow at a grave will sob  
A little while, and weep, and sigh!  
If two should meet on such a job,  
They'll have a gossip by and by.  
If three should come together—why,  
Three widows are good company!  
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss:" —
For she had lately buried then
A man the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discovered first
Whenever men "are at the worst."
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did not weep:
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."
Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It looked so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!
Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seemed to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A duster ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were locked that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that with the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.
But why did Widow Cross take pains,
To call upon the "dear remains,"—
Remains that could not tell a jot,
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompassed in an angel's frame."

He looked quite sad and quite deprived,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He looked so lone, and so unwived,
That soon the Widow Cross contrived
To fall in love with even that band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopped, and sopped, and sopped again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe;
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watched the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So fared it with that couple's weeping,
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—
Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for a while,
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosy cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
But with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripped up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great ship owner, for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters!
Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talked and reckoned
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him her:
He liked her cash, he liked her
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, “You’ll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!”

ODE TO THE CAMELOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom’s birthplace—and a den!
Great anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair galloped, whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O’er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seemest prepared in any case,
Tho’ they had lost the race,
To win it by a neck!
That lengthy neck—how like a crane’s it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a-birdnesting amongst the rooks?
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant’s!
Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou mightst tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance, of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton, to thine
In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlooked,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cooked,
And then made free of negro corporations!
Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers,
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park!
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the insides of Africa's Interior!

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!
Admired by noble, and by royal tongues!
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;—
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they'll wear him out!—
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuffed with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!
ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMEOPATHIST.

Well, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making even the weak more weak,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists anything but comic;
Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
"To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or, well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
"A sum of more to that which had too much?"
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to any thing that's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?
Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a tonic on the old Scotch fiddle?
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of “varges!”

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig’s plain,
A soldier pillow’d on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cocked-hat adorns his head,
In short, a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
    To cure a horrid gaping wound,
    Made by a ball that weighed a pound,
If he well peppered it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
    Within a rope,
    Might friends not hope
To cure him with a string?
Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
    Restore him?
Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
    Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright’s hounds,
    Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not “the last taste in life” of bark,
    Stop his bow-wow-ing?
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
    He took “a hair
Of the dog that bit him?”
Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owing those symptoms queer—
Some feel in a Sic Transit o'er the ocean,
Can any thing in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dosed
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,
Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head!—
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism.
Perchance, on thy system, I have given
A pang, superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
"She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow!"

Doctor forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;

Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!
To be approached and touched with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Even as the Priesthood of the ONE divine!

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diplomased name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuff-box, powdered wig, and
block,
Invents his dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,
To strike upon the Homeopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen.

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms
deep,
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,
To help the interest of quack-king Burkes;
Aid not in murdering ever 'low's mites,—
A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

One day—no matter for the month or year,
   A Calais packet, just come over,
And safely moored within the pier,
   Began to land her passengers at Dover;
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
   And during which,
Through roll and pitch,
The Ocean-King had sickophants enough!

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
   Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels
Away the passengers all went, but one,
   A female, who from some mysterious check,
Still lingered on the steamer's deck,
As if she did not care for land a tittle,
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
   Or nervously afraid to put
   Her foot
Into an Isle described as "tight and little."

In vain commissioner and touter,
   Porter and waiter thronged about her;
Boring, as such officials only bore—
   In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and truck,
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
She couldn't, no she wouldn't go on shore.
"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,
"The wessel must be cleared.
You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
It's quite agin the orders so to do—
And all the passengers is gone but you."
Says she, "I cannot go ashore and won't!"

"You ought to!"
"But I can't!"
"You must!"
"I shan't!"

At last, attracted by the racket
'Twixt gown and jacket,
The captain came himself, and cap in hand,
Begged very civilly to understand
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

"Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,
That made the accents quiver,
"I've got some foreign silks about me pinned,
In short so many things, all contraband,
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
In such a searching wind!"

UP THE RHINE.

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men
You’ll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You’ll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you’ll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You’ll count seven Mountains, and see Roland’s Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you’ll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti,—and still
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!

You’ll stop at Coblence, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket! — take care of your pocket!
A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their forte,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run;
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
TO * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still,
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung;
While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely, this is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flowed towards Her I love best—
That it flowed towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own;
And the fancy such sweetness possessed,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes,)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your-High-and-Well-Born" addressed
daily—
Tho' Judge Park in his wig;
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a cracksman, if tried at the Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—
How Antiquity blazons and hallows
Both the man and the crime
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthralled by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman
Will recall with delight
The wild Keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human!

Now it chanced on a day,
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our Tourists declare so amazing!

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the goût of a thief,
As a more modern Chief
[der!]
Looked on London, and cried "What a plun-
THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peas-
ants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,
He perceived a full score
Of the rustics or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried,
To the Warders outside—
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like Feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humble.

"Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord Supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows;
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

"Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!
Of our carp and sour-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

"Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplexed,
We are frightened and vexed,
Till the strings of our heart are all twisted;
We are ruined and curst,
By the fiercest and worst
Of all Robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heaven and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscalled!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"Not your honour we mean, but a Griffin.

"For our herds and our flocks,
He lays wait in the rocks;
And jumps forth without giving us warning;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!"
Then the High-and-Well-Born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
"Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?
Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and their dams—
If I hate any meat it is mutton!"

"Nay, your Worship," said then
The most bald of old men,
"For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil;
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel."

"Feast on what?" cried the Knight,
Whilst his eye glistened bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
"Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, "to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year,
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin!"

"Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!"
Roared the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter:
"A young maid to his dish!
Why what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High Born, and a Ritter!

"Now by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,
If we can but once meet
With the Monster's retreat,  
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!"  

Quite content with this vow,  
With a scrape and a bow,  
The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,  
Where they tipped so deep,  
That each clown in his sleep  
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!  

Thus engaged, the bold Knight  
Soon prepared for the fight  
With the wily and scaly marauder;  
But ere battle began,  
Like a good Christian man,  
First he put all his household in order.  

"Double bolted and barred  
Let each gate have a guard"—  
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden;)  
"And be sure, without fault,  
No one enters the vault  
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.  

"In the dark Oubliette,  
Let yon Merchant forget  
That he e'er had a bark richly laden—  
And that desperate youth,  
Our own rival forsooth  
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew  
With the vice and the screw,  
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;  
And deliver our word  
To yon sullen caged Bird,  
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"  

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,  
As a Champion should be,
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,
On his War-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek,
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villainous tavern,
Sets the dogs on the snuff,
For they scented well enough,
The foul Monster coiled up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared Peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto;"
But before he can reach
Any further in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle
From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin,
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.
Then the Knight softly goes,
On the tips of his toes,
To the greedy and slumbering Savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
 Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'Twas too easy by half!"
Said the Knight, with a laugh;
"But as nobody witnessed the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's ock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chop'd off the head
Of the Monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;
And, with Hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogged proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcasse was fetched in a wagon;
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knights feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the Vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'Twas a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!
And the Vassals' hoarse throats
Still reëchoed the notes—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenished the flagon;
And the Vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done—
But as if every mouth had a gag on,
Tho' the Vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of "Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
But, thro' pillage so oft,
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where's the wonder at last
If the Peasants quite altered their motto?—
And with one loud accord
Cried out "Would to the Lord
That the Dragon had vanquished Sir Otto!"

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

Who'er has crossed the Mosel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for illumination!

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wiseless husbandry but yields
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready made;
And close beside the chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,
Smartened with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.
To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:
Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with their matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—
Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle.
However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouched for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
Yet doomed to lonely life,
Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—
Without remembrances by words or deeds,—
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,
Of course with a wax-candle.
Sick, single-handed with a world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with two tapers—
And prayed as she had never prayed before,
To be a bona fide wife once more.
"Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make—
Others set up one light, but here's a pair!"

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Her prayer, it seemed, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckoned,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;
A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer,
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so sharp that every one was cut.
Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—
When just in all the middle of their jollity—
With bumpers filled to Hostess and to Host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walked the long-lost Spouse!

. What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First looked like a boar that's hunted;
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The twofold bride sobbed out, with tears hysterical,
"Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—by half!"

Moral.
Ye Coblentz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy,  
For fear of bigamy,  
Only light up one taper at a time.

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.  

(FROM THE GERMAN.)  

"Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen."

O GRETEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,  
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,  
O hear me, my mild little Dove,  
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,  
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;  
Your picture is always going the rounds,  
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;  
My looks, they are quartered with you;  
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,  
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,  
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,  
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"  
Then I think you say, "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,  
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;  
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,  
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "O rus!"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parched, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milkmaid blithe;
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!—
My grass is of that sort—alas,
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
   By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbines sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
   With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
   The turtle made at Cuff’s.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles!—mine are strewed!
   My rose blooms on a gown!—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
   That marks the Bell and Crown:

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gayly sing
   Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
   My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
   And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdyists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
   Are all my “tuneful throng.”
Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams
   And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
   Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O’er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
   Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
   And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
   Sweetly—here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
   The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mocked,
On every hand the sense is shocked
   With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
   An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
   Wherein the zephyr wins!
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more:
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er;
   And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
   No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks,
   Who brokers—not with bees.
Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "O rus!"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
That endless meal of brick!

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought—
Is now all overcast!

Ay—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest,—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold king Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such eclat!
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow!
And none engage at Turney's now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But knights without a morn.
No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick!
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great Saladin,
But only grow the small!

Our Cressy's too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had,
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans:
Their hauberks—jerkins—buffs'
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs?

The curtal-axe is out of date!
The good old cross-bow bends—to Fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
       Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear—the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,
       Oh, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
       Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing handcuffs with our fists,
       A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt! it is a thing unknown—
       Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
       For warding steel’s appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance!"

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
       And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
       Alas, the Casque is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
       To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
       To labour through his case!

Farewell then ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant-squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften,—
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

THE GREEN MAN.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars in Mrs. Brown’s first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The lady reckoned him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers,—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still, on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Though there are many such,)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact, to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly did tipple.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance’s ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with plates,
His drinking always was bound up with cuts!

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about.
Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
’Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before—
Like Baxter, who so “went beyond his last”—
One bottle more, and then one bottle more,
Till oh! the red-wine Ruby-con was passed!
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he wound his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o'er all are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when its getting up—
An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves,
And Simpson just was ready to go through it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jumped—and who alive would fail to do it?
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!

In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye,
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorbed in a deep study,—

But verdant and not brown,—
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

"All claret marks,"—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
"Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown.
—So he tied up his head,
As with raging tooth, and took to bed:
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
   To match his customary tea,
   Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
   Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to cry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,"
   From Watchmen in a boxing match.

   So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
   A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;
Appearance,—"fiddle-sticks!" should not deter
   From going to the bed,
   And looking at the head;
La! Mister S——, he need not care for her!
   A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night
   And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japanned—she meant to say trepanned!
Hereat she plucked the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
"Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!"
Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a "surgent."

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicombe, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against Hic Jacet,
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined cheek,—
Poked, stroked, pinched, kneaded it—hemmed—
shook his head—
 Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seemed, in Greek,)
Then asked—"twas Christmas—"Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass,
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat?"
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered "No."
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds.
Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow.
Even those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
   As "rashes growing green"—
   "Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!"
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet fever answered, or the Rose—
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without
Growing in going, like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzzed about.

"Green faces!" so they all began to comment—
"Yes—opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,
   But that's a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green, that's vanished in a moment.
   Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind—
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
   Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green, nor yet green geese!"
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
   Of such a case had never heard,
   From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;
   "Or Greenland!" cried the whalers.
All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill.
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;
   He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought—
And still it came to nought,
When up rushed Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
   "Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!"
   It's B, Ma'am, Twenty-four,
MORE HULLAHBALOO.

As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,
And says there's nothing but a simple case,
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!"

MORE HULLAHBALOO.

Loud as from numbers without number. MILTON.
You may do it extempore, for it's nothing but roaring. QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which every other century surpasses,
Is one,—just now the rage,—
Called "Singing for all classes"—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name Quintilians,
That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June.
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokel,
Public or private man,
To call out a Militia,—only Vocal
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border,
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,
And tend to British happiness and glory,
  Maybe no, and maybe yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
  Where Business retreats,
To shun the daily bustle and the noise
  The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance
  Find past endurance—
In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
  The other day, a ragged wight
Began to sing with all his might,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The place was lonely; not a creature stirred
Except some little dingy bird;
Or vagrant cur that snuffed along
Indifferent to the Son of Song;
No truant errand-boy, or Doctor's lad,
No idle Filch or lounging cad,
  No pots encumbered with diurnal beer,
No printer's devil with an author's proof,
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
  Lingered the tattered Melodist to hear—
Who yet, confound him! bawled as loud
As if he had to charm a London crowd,
  Singing beside the public way,
Accompanied—instead of violin,
Flute, or piano, chiming in—
  By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,
A van with iron bars to play staccato,
  Or engine obligato—
In short, without one instrument vehicular
(Not even a truck, to be particular.)
There stood the rogue and roared,
  Unasked and unencored,
Enough to split the organs called auricular!
Heard in that quiet place,
Devoted to a still and studious race,
   The noise was quite appalling!
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
   Appropriate to his calling,
His voice had all Lablache's body in it;
But oh! the scientific tone it lacked,
   And was, in fact,
Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling!

'Twas said, indeed, for want of vocal nous,
   The stage had banished him when he tempted it,
For tho' his voice completely filled the house,
   It also emptied it.
However, there he stood
Vociferous—a ragged don!
And with his iron pipes laid on
   A row to all the neighbourhood.

In vain were sashes closed
   And doors against the persevering Stentor,
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
   Th' intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlour, study, and sanctorum;
Where clients and attorneys, rogues, and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
   How it did bore 'em!

Louder, and louder still,
The fellow sang with horrible good-will,
Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewildered making many a flaw
   In deeds of law
They had to draw;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts
    To large amounts,
    Or casting up annuities—
Stunned by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No invoice stood a chance, of course!

The Actuary peshawed and “pished,”
And knit his calculating brows, and wished
The singer “a bad life”—a mental murther!
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
    Wished the musician further,
    Poles distant—and no wonder!
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
The lady could not keep her temper calm,
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—
The Fiddler in the very same position
    As Hogarth’s chafed musician
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
    (Like all impatient elves
    That spite themselves)
Ground his own Grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
    Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,
    And iron throat,
Heedless of present honour and posterity,
Sang like a Poet singing for prosperity,
    In penniless reliance—
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
    Never set Time
More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From Number One to Twenty-four
The nuisance bellowed, till, all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—
"Peace, monster, peace!
Where is the New Police!
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there's a dear good man—do, go away."
Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d—n,
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
Leaving the subject of her discontent.
To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten;
Who, throwing up the sash,
With accents rash,
Thus hailed the most vociferous of men:
"Come, come, I say old fellor, stop your chant:
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!
So just pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps—"
Says he, "I shant!"

Down went the sash
As if devoted to "eternal smash,"
(Another illustration
Of acted imprecation,)
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
The independent voice, so loud and strong,
And clanging like a gong,
Roared out again the everlasting song,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The thing was hard to stand!
The Music-master could not stand it—
But rushing forth with fiddlestick in hand,
As savage as a bandit,
Made up directly to the tattered man,
And thus in broken sentences began,
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that, to guess his subject from his faces,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes—
"Com—com—I say!
You go away!
Into two parts my head you split—
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
When I do play—
You have no bis’ness in a place so still!
Can you not come another day?"
Says he—"I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!
You must not come at all!
You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
You have not one off leg—
You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
You are not cripple in your back or bones—
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones"—
Says he—"It aint!"

"I say you ought to labour!
You are in a young case,
You have not sixty years upon your face,
To come and beg your neighbour,
And discompose his music with a noise
More worse than twenty boys—
ODE TO MR. GRAHAM.

THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"
Wordsworth—on a Lark!

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurled
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
   The Eagle's left behind!—

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
   The steeple's and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
   The Dollond, if you please!

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
   That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
   For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear
   Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
   The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
   Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
   Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
   To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
   For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof.
Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—
Well—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs!—

Oh! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay, then—let's even empty out
Another brace of bags!

Now for a glass of bright Champagne
Above the clouds!—Come, let us drain
A bumper as we go!—
But hold!—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
To brain your friends below.

Think! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese!—
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be Dukes
Of Gloster such as these!—

Oh! what is glory?—what is fame?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
'Tis nothing but a hum!—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come!—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
To organs ages hence!—
Ah me! how distance touches all;
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence.
"The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!—
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing!—

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got—
Now—do you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up!—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts—and I
Not moralize at two miles high—
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's low or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
ODE TO MR. GRAHAM.

The sandy burden's lost in air—
   Our lading—where is't flown?

Now—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
   The "Warren" on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,
   To me 'tis very small!

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
   To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,
   And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couched upon a cloud,
   Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
   Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham! how I blame
The bastard blush—the petty shame
   That used to fret me quite—
The little sores I covered then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
   The world is out of sight!

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen, diminished clan
   So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London Lion's small pin's head
   So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorned my lays:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damned small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth!
An inch of cloth on trust!

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out—the *Golden Ball*!
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
The free creative mind!
Well! the Adults' School's in the air!
The greatest men are lessoned there
   As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
   How humbled they would be!

"Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em,
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
'T would much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
   As they can think of us!

Of us? are we gone out of sight?
Lessened! diminished! vanished quite!
   Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
   Graham! we're going down!

Ah me! I've touched a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
   Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
   Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
   Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
   We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
   Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last segar!

ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

"Let us take to the road!"—BEGGAR'S OPERA.

M'ADAM, hail!
Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!
Oh universal Leveller! all hail!
To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,
The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going—
To thee—how much for thy commodious plan,
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!
The Bristol mail,
Gliding o'er ways hitherto deemed invincible,
When carrying Patriots now shall never fail
Those of the most "unshaken public principle."
Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!
Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!
Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,
Thou scatterest flints and favours far and wide,
From palaces to cots;—
Dispenser of coagulated good!
Distributor of granite and of food!
Long may thy fame its even path march on
E'en when thy sons are dead!
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone
To those who ask for bread!

Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth
Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

Past the Old Horticultural Society—
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and
James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—
A little Hell of lace!
And past the Athenaeum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.
Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the road
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode
So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,
Let down their tucked shirt-sleeves, and with a sigh
Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat—
Preventing though the rattling in the street,
Yet kicking up a row
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—
Thou hast smoothed, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!
And to the stony bowers
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,
By caravan or coach—
Hast strewed the way with flints as soft as flowers.
Who shall dispute thy name!
Insculpt in stone in every street,
We soon shall greet
Thy trodden down, yet all unconquered fame!
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare;—
And with a patient care
Chipping thy immortality all day!
Demosthenes, of old—that rare old man—
Prophetically followed, Mac! thy plan:
For he, we know,
(History says so,)
Put pebbles in his mouth when he would speak
The smoothest Greek!

It is "impossible, and cannot be,"
But that thy genius hath,
Besides the turnpike, many another path
Trod, to arrive at popularity.

O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,
Nor ridden a roadster only; mighty Mac!
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that winged hack,
Thou hast observed the highways in the sky!
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,
And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say?
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep
The noiseless tenor of their way? (see Gray.)
What line of road should poets take to bring
Themselves unto those waters, loved the first!—
Those waters which can wet a man to sing!
Which, like thy fame, "from granite basins burst,
Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst?"
That thou'rt a prosor, even thy birthplace might
Vouchsafe;—and Mr. Cadell may, God wot,
Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot—
Cadell's a wayward wight!
Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,
And I can throw, I think, a little light
Upon some works thou hast written for the town—
And published, like a Lilliput Unknown!
"Highways and Byeways," is thy book, no doubt,
(One whole edition's out,
And next, for it is fair
That Fame,
Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em:

"Some Passages from the life of Adam Blair"—
(Blair is a Scottish name,)
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable labourer
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 'twill be
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
That of the monument, which men shall rear
Over thy most inestimable bone,
Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—
Of a right ancient line thou comest—through
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
Until we see thy sire before our eyes—
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!
But he, our great Mac Parent, erred, and ne'er
Have our walks since been fair!
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,

Forever varying, through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even!
In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven!
He hath redeemed the Adams, and contrived—
(How are Time's wonders hived!)
In pity to mankind and to befriend 'em—
(Time is above all praise)
That he, who first did make our evil ways,
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!
A FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO MRS. FRY.

"Sermons in stones."—As you like it.
"Out! out! damned spot!"—Macbeth.

I like you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity—professing
Love, and good works—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young fry's booksellers, Friend Barton!

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that wear, the sober suit
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain,

The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain,
They're moral standards, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your colours, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is saddened down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple's given to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil Presence! You and I know, then
How all the party colours will begin,
To part—the Fustite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the Foxite shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and dun
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies Scripture, and bids women shun
All gaudy furnishing—olive doth pour
Oil into wounds: and drab and slate supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, Fry forever!

No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word! But I must ask you why
You keep your school in Newgate, Mrs. Fry?
Too well I know the price our mother Eve
   Paid for her schooling: but must all her daugh-
   ters
Commit a petty larceny, and thief—
   Pay down a crime for “entrance” to your
   “quarters?”
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
   Over your pupils at their bread and waters!
Oh, tho’ it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)—
Keep your school out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it’s spoiled!
   Set up your mounted sign without the gate—
   And there inform the mind before ’tis soiled!
   ’Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labours foiled,
   Take it inclining towards a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The upright pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
   The evil spirit from the heart it preys in—
To bring sobriety to life again,
   Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin—
To wash Black Betty when her black’s ingrain—
   To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry’s habits to deprive her;
To tame the wild-fowl ways of Jenny Diver!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
   Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make long Sal sew up the endless breach
   She made in manners—to write heaven’s own
law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to
   preach,
In cells, that are not memory’s—to draw
The moral thread, thro’ the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!
In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin.
When virtue's ravelled out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet Pandæans play;
I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye;
I like your carriage and your silken gray,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the Porch! hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue’s crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that “flooring Charleys” is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar’n’t ours—
That heaven’s straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles’s, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low’rs
Even like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
   And make them Quakers, if you will.—’Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans pleats;
   That they had hats with brims—that they were drest
In garbs without lappels—than shame the streets
   With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round; real cheque to Vice!

In brief—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
   Not in the way from which ’twill not depart—
But out—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are closed against the smart,
Even let him wear the single-breasted coat,
   For that ensureth singleness of heart,—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!
ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE,

M. P. FOR GALWAY.*

"Martin, in this, has proved himself a very good Man!"—

Boxiana.

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender Bill!

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Piebald and dapple gray,

Chestnut and bay—

No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens, [horns!]
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,

And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ—

Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!

* The author of the act of Parliament for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
Bullocks don’t wear
_Oxide_ of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summoned oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the _courser_ of the two—
   Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hands against the sparrows nest, to _grab_ it—
He shall not harm the _MARTINS_ and the _Swifts!_

Ah! when Dean Swift was _quick_, how he enhanced
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!
But now he’s dead, the charger is mischanced—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced—
   Remember Cato!
_Swift_ was the horse’s champion—not the King’s
   Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He’ll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wonted rowelling and whip’s abuse—
   Look at the ancients’ _Muse_!
   Look at their _Carmen_!

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes—
   That can’t bear gashes
_Thro’_ any horse’s side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane—
For there’s a nag the crows have picked for victual,
   Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
_Gods_! is there no _Horse-spital_!
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
   _Sure_ Mr. Whittle
   Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his _pane_!
ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—Moore.

THOU Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity, nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a handwriting on a wall—
A popular nonentity,
Still called the same—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight—
A nothing shined upon—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"

Constable's literary John-a-nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—and not witch.
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!

Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks?

Thou—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong tong paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A novel Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of Magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.

A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption;

Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver-platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?
Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
   Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy and can't make head or tail of it;
   (Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
   Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
   That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
   But still keeps disemboguing
   (Not disemboguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
   Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
   Anonymous LL. D.!

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
   Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
   I should be very loth to see thee hang!
I hope thou hast an alibi well planned,
   An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
   Tho' thou hast newly turned thy private bolt on
   The curiosity of all invaders—
   I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the Holy Land,
   Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinned to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding;
   I liked its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
   I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
   In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
   Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
   It was to hear thee touch the famous string
Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
   Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
   That slew the Gauger;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
   That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doomed thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
   He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A miniature Stone Henge, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;
And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old Blue Beggar,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fired the Beacon—
But that's a tender subject now to speak on!

I like long-armed Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashioned him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)
Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le Roy!"
Ay, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di
Vernon, of course, shall often live again—
Whilst there's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?
There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand!

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pulled up with such a bloody bridal!
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family (not silver) branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the Devil—or the Great Unknown—
Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!
I like St. Leonard's Lily—drenched with dew!
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.
I like the battle lost and won;
The hurly-burly's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike canters!
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,
With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word—
How he would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaimed dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou mightst have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R. A.'s,
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!
P'rhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
P'rhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!
ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:
It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried—
And thy fair deeds are scattered far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckoned—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned serjeants in the Forty-Second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckoned?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckoned worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole!

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
Forever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Th' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Enveloped in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuffed,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

What in this masking age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?
What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast, he hide's from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen—he won't show where;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another has a mangel-wurzel nose—
Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpllet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show, she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and died!

O since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch Inch, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen
Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!
ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE,

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. *

"—Arma Virumque cano!"—Virgil.

Mr. Dymoke! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)
Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold?—
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung
down?

Are you—who that day rode so mailed and ad-
mired,
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you
hired,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

What's become of the cup? Great tin-plate
worker? say?
Cup and ball is a game which some people
deem fun!
Oh! three golden balls haven't lured you to play
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!
The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would
say!

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,
And a cow, and a pig, and a barn-door, and
all;—

* See Note at the end of the volume.
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,
And plenty—tho' absent from Westminster
Hall!

And of course you turn every accoutrement now
To its separate use, that your wants may be well
met;—
You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and
grow
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion,
less bright
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster
task;—
And you bake your own bread in your tin; and,
Sir Knight,
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the
casque!

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,
And drenched the King's Bench—if the glove
had been touched!

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly preten-
Had snatched your "best doe,"—he'd have
flooded the floor;—
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his
gore!

Oh, you and your horse! what a couple was there!
The man and his backer—to win a great fight!
Though the trumpet was loud—you'd an undist-
turbed air!
And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray sans
affright!
Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall;—
For though his departure was at the front door,
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your mail—
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,
For, though he retreated, he never turned tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger!—the best!
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—
Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,
What a Horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof!—
What a tail-piece for Bewick!—or piebald for Poole,
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well; hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest!"

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ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR. *

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

Twelfth Night.

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannelled ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired—(for Young would call it so)—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really washed at last
From each white cheek the red half moon!
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the Private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be,
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole—
Or any other clown or fool!

* The celebrated clown, who took leave of the Stage in 1823, at Drury Lane Theatre.
Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
   Go, Byway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
   But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
   His gray hair scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
   Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to Balaam Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
   Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
   To muse on death at Ponder's End—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—every body's Jo!
   Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
   Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust,)
And talk as he did when he missed
The kissing-crust that he had kissed!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
   Thy winking, reeling, drunken eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said,)
   Thy oven-mouth, that swallowed pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth!
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
   Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuffed
   With wails and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley’s Foote—for why?
’Twas often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair—
For “great wits jump”—and so did they!
Lord! how they leaped in lamp-light air!
Capered—and bounced—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I’ve seen spring thro’ an Almanack!

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisked in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecey hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter—Spring!

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad—Thy going seemed to beat
A muffled drum for Fun’s retreat!

And, may be—’tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London,
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other
A Joe!—“sic transit gloria Munden!”
A third departure some insist on—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient “Dozey” to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o’er her eggs!
Let Farly weep—for Magic’s man
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban!

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho’ they walked behind thy bier.
ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI.

For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters—if in heaven or here!
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
There's Quick, might just as well be dead!

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamp-light of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best—
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

For who like thee could ever stride
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Tho' Joseph Junior acts not ill,
"There's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go,
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors*!
ADDRESS TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Dost thou not suspect my years?"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Oh! Mr. Urban! never must thou lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!
And what a page attends thee! Long may I
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
Livest in monthly immortality!

How sweet!—as Byron of his infant said—
"Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
And not a name of any name to catch!
To meet thy Criticism walking home,
Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"

Rich is thy page in soporific things—
Composing compositions—lulling men—
Faded old posies of unburied rings—
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—
Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived—
Deaths of good people that have really died—
Parishioners—hatched—husbanded—and wived,
Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query—the remote response—
The march of serious minds, extremely slow—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
Famous for nothing many years ago!

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
"Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee—there is no end,
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets!

Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,
The churches cannot yet be quite run out!
Some parishes must yet have been passed by—
There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
Heavy and lively, though but seldom red.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn!
Still live! Still prose! continue still to tell us
Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!
AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

"Archer. How many are there, Scrub? Scrub. Five and forty, Sir."—BRAUX STRATAGEM.
"For shame—let the linen alone!"
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MR. SCRUB—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Copartners and dealers, in linen’s propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below—
From your new Surrey Geysers all foaming and hot—
That soft “simmer’s sang” so endeared to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam, without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub—
And lend me your ear—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese—
But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,
Which the sun has sucked up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the Laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still gray,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Looked down on the foam with a forehead more

**pearly**—

Her head is involved in an aerial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so she thought—but that slippery hope
Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she—whose support—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damped once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revelled in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!
Lo, then, the poor Laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinched, going down in life’s vale,
With no fagot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
There once she watched heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gazed o’er her bleach-field so fairly engrossed,
Till the lines wandered idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinned,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it looked like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt’s on a shrub—
You’ve ruined her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You’ve ruined her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her copper!
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can’t lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recall, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub

Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub?
Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit your head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the Wash at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drouth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summed in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite entered her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that frothed as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—
LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE FROM BRIDGET JONES

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE.

It's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Their Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals—for upsetting of the Sudds
When the world wagged well enuff—and Wom- men washed your old dirty duds,
I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steem Indians, that's Flat—
But I warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem—but that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it—that's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you, you know that's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses—howsoever you bewitch 'em,
'Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,
TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY. 413

Tho' I cant see what prospects and washing has with one another to do—
It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher could take a Birdshigh view!
But Thats your look out—I've not much to do with that—But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lilliwhit as Ever crosst the Line,
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you can—and Ill say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you to speak—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well, there's a pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!
Till Their friends comes and owns them, like drown'ded corpses in a vault,
But may hap you havint Larned to spel—and that ant your fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larned—
For if it warnt for Washing—and whare Bills is concerned
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Womman's Headication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no need for Company's to puff steem about!
To be sure its very well, when Their ant enuff wind
For blowing up Boats with—but not to hurt human kind
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's
loaded with hot water,
Thof a X Sherrif might know Better, than make
things for slaughter,
As if War warn't Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding
hot balls—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced
Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steem
rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap—and eating other Peple's
grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your PatentTea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their
Beau-He!
They must 'drink Hunt wash (the only wash God
nose there will be!)
And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes
for their Goods,
When you and your Steem has ruined (G—d for-
give mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their
youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four
Sooth!
But if so be they They leave their Lines what are
they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like
That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work—for that's all Be-
spoke—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the
confined Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost
of em—aye, and evn them of middling de-
grees—
Why Lauk help you Babby Linen ant Bread and
Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers—like Mr.
Marshes and Mr. Chamberses—and that's
what we must!
God nose you ought to have more Concern for our
Sects,
When you nose you have sucked us and hanged
round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Be-
sides washing—
You ant, blame you! like Men to go a slushing and
sloshing
In mop caps, and pattins, adoin of Females La-
bers
And prettily jeared At you great Horse God Meril
things, ant you now by your next door' nay-
bors—
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt
up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp,
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round
and round,
They'll scrunch your Bones some day—I'll be
bound,
And no more nor be a gudgement—for it cant
come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing—
nor not fit It should,
For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of the
Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a
naked Hottinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your
Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some
good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we
nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's
Backs—
And let your neighbors oxin an Asses alone—
And every Thing thats hern—and give every one
their Hone!

Well, its God for us Al, and every Washer
Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off
the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis you Let wommen abe
And pull of Your Pattins—and leave the washing
to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some
Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs, and their
ant nun at all,
And Cris mass cum—and never a Clooth to lay in
Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to
do good in his Harm-Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is
sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash)
but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yellor as oght to be
Blew,
With a vast more like That—and all along of
Steem,
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses, and youl have to make It
Good,
And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,
For men mought Get their Bread a great many
ways
Without taking ourn—aye, and Moor to your Prays
You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Muck-
Adam's milky ways—that's what you might,
ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint—or drive Crabrolays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping, I must say—and a very hard pillow at most,)
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen,) and roe peple up and down Hungerford staires,
Or if You Was even to Turn Dust Men a dry sifting Dirt!
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,
Bridget Jones.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY. *

"By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!"
Love's Labours Lost.

Parry, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run!

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,
Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still missed the proper track
For homeward Indiamen that lack
A bracing by the way?

* The Arctic Navigator

VOL. II.
Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut thro' the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to *
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!
That track revealed to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them couleur de rose,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—
All bright—and yet all gloom!

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole." 
Eloisa to Abelard.
And babble of Cook's track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,
    To plant a British Jack!

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,
    Can value toils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Heela range,
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,
    And alpine lumps of brine!

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
    The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow'Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
    Upon its forehead keep.

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
    About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
    That, haply, crossed thy line!

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
    Safe cellared in the snow—
Reciting many a gallant story,
Of British kings and British glory,
    To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
    Thro' all the tedious year—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That combed out crystals from her hair,
    Wooing a seal-skin Dear!
So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
   With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that's like a plum
   In marble, cold and blue!

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—
   They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
   That used to steal thy nails!

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
   Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnished with a dozen furs,
   Think of thine icy dome!

Think of the children born to blubber!
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
   Inside!—to hold a meal
For months—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
   A fillet of salt veal!—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
   Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of Sperm—not rectified!
   And pails of water-ice!

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
   Those blessed alternations—
To-day to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
   With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half year's filling
   In P. N.'s pious Row—
When asked to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Thro' something we have worn our pens on
   For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is—
   Or straight, or crooked bent—
If very thick or very thin—
Made of what wood—and if akin
   To those there be in Kent.

'There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's
   Gall,
Have talked of poles—yet, after all,
   What has the public learned?
And Hunt's account must still defer—
He sought the poll at Westminster—
   And is not yet returned!

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is played in snow-storms near the Pole,
   And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
   Exist upon the seals!

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,
Talks of his own bechristened Straits,
   And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
   And pants to cross the mer!
O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drowned world was lost,
The surflux waves were locked in frost,
And turned to Icy Seas!

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

Tell us, is Winter champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
Say, what are Chilly Iows?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts gets ossified
From eating bread of bones?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor—
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodist must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of seal?

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learned"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burned,
Or Letters must defer
With people that have never conned
TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE.

An A, B, C, but live beyond
The Sound of Lancaster!

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earned a downier state—
With all thy hardy peers—
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast passed,
However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that Brest Harbour, Woman's breast,
And tempt the Fates no more.

ADDRESS TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE,

THE GREAT LESSEE!

"Do you know, you villain, that I am at this moment the greatest man living?"  

Oh! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!  
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan  
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!  
Macready's master! Westminster's high Dace!  
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,  
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls!)  
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!  
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!  
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of Actors!  
Kicker of rebel-preface-malefactors!  
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!  
At once Great Learlington and Winston-Maker!
Dramatic Bolter of plain Bunns and Cakes!
In silken hose the most reformed of Rakes!
Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
Thy splendid course, as pattern-worker, rehearse!

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—
Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play!
When fair Thalia held a merry reign,
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane!
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,
The "Entertainment not for Man but Horse."
Yet these, though happy, were but subject times,
And no man cares for bottom-steps that climbs—
Far from my wish it is to stifle down
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown!
Thou now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
Dibdin was Premier—and a golden age
For a short time enriched the subject stage.
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-
plenty:
Ours but one Bench could boast, whilst thou hadst twenty;
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery-door.
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
Repentant, like thy neighbour Magdalens!
Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
Practised, the most bewitching in Wych Street.
Rochester there in dirty ways again
Revelled—and lived once more in Drury Lane:
But thou, R. W.! kept'st thy moral ways,
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
A lamplight Irving to the butcher boys
That soiled the benches and that made a noise:
TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.

Rebuking—Half a Robert, Half a Charles—
The well-billed Man that called for promised
Carles;
"Sir!—Have you yet to know! Hush—hear me
out!
A man—pray silence!—may be down with gout,
Or want—or Sir—aw!—listen!—may be fated,
Being in debt, to be incarcerated!
You—in the back!—can scarcely hear a line!
Down from those benches—butchers—they are
mine!"

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature!—
Crowned was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre!
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
And Renters clucked around thee in a brood.
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean!
Of many a lady and of many a Quean!
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
Hook's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out!
Oh, worthy of the house! the King's commission!
Isn't thy condition "a most blessed condition?"
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all,
The very lofty and the very small—
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
Keest a Williams for thy veriest stick—
Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
Without the danger of newspaper comments—
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,
And callest to them, to a moment—"Go!"
Teacheest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—
(To prove, no doubt, the endless free list ended,
And all, except the public press, suspended,) 
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kissed 
The pearly whiteness of a Stephens' wrist—
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane! 
"By Heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well! 
Fear not, though forty Glass-blowers should rebel—
Show them how thou hast long befriended them,
And teach Dubois their treason to condemn! 
Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse! 
Be long, be slow, be any thing but terse—
Kiss to the gallery the hand that's gloved—
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,
Ask the two shilling Gods for leave to dun
With words the cheaper Deities in the One!
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,
Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;
Say, those are mine—"In parliament, or out!"
Swing cats—for in thy house there's surely space—
O Beasley, for such pastime, planned the place!
Do any thing!—Thy fame, thy fortune, nourish!
Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent, and flourish!
Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
Walk backward with wax-lights before the King—
Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
Hope's favourite child! ethereal Elliston!
ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGT0N,
ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.*

"It was Maria!—
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid—
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and
walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—"
See the whole Story, in Sterne and the Newspapers.

Thou art come back again to the stage,
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-coloured Hayne,
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
(Not my Foote—I speak by correction)
As the snow on some mountain at night,
Or the snow that has long on thy neck abone.
The pit is in raptures to see thee,
The boxes impatient to greet thee,
The galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering feet,
Far away from all peace and pea-green!
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast strolled,
If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not!

*See note at the end of the volume.
Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
   Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipped his string,
   And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
   He wished thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he couldn’t do more,
   And a Christian could hardly do less!

Ah, me! for thy small plaintive pipe,
   I fear we must look at thine eye—
I would it were my task to wipe
   That hazel orb thoroughly dry!
Oh sure ’tis a barbarous deed
   To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
   Was a creature more killing than kind!

The man that could tread on a worm
   Were a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
   That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
   To make up a Quaker—but he
’Tis that spurned thee could scarce be a Friend,
   Tho’ he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee!

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown!
   The friends of the midsummer hour!
But those friends now in anguish atone,
   And mourn o’er thy desolate bower.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
   Yea, utterly out of his bias;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
   Is counting his Ave Marias!

Ah, where wert thou driven away,
   To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witnessed thy weeping in play,
   But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn—
Thou' none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park!

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silvered the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "Whiteheaded Bob"—
He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone!

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.*


"I rule the roost, as Milton says!"—CAME QUOTEM.

Oh! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes—
Or boiling eggs— timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression

* See note at the end of the volume.
On music and poetical expression—
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Callipee!"
   How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,
   (Observatories,)
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However cook's synonymous with Kater! *
   Alas! still let me say,
   How few could lay
The carving-knife beside the tuning-fork,
Like the proverbial Jack ready for any work!

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
   How it would look!
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
   Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnished brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
   The hair—"done Wiggy's way!"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
   As if thou wert just come
   From editing some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music—Epping luxuries of sound,
   As Milton says, "in many a bout
   Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Whilst all thy tame stuffed leopards listened round!

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen and our vocal ranges,

* Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!
And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn
He for the nicest public taste doth dish
up
The good things from that Pan of music, Bishop!
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit
Receptacles for wit?
Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minced brains into a Tart?
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devoured, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's Eaten Grammar!
Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talked Montaigne,
That merry Gasson—humourist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope—
Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon—or
Hume on "Twice three make four,"
Or Lovelass upon Wills—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topica, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuffed with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and
Spits!

Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mixed Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest Cooke we ever read—
They were—what Sandwiches should be—half bred!"

There famed M'Adam from his manual toil
Relaxed—and freely owned he took thy hints
On "making Broth with Flints"—
There Parry came, and showed thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the Skulery,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A Delphic "Oracle," if laid on Delf—
There, once a month, came Campbell and dis-
cussed
His own—and thy own—"Magazine of Taste"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced
Thy sly advice to Poachers of Black Folks,
That "do not break their yolks,"
Which huffed him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy Patties—thou wert hand-and-glove with
Moore,
Who called thee "Kitchen Addison"—for why?
Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
"Teaching us how to live and how to die!"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on

His sine Quay non—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
‘Gainst cattle days and death—
Answered by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager
For fighting on soup meagre—
“And yet (as thou would’st add,) the French have seen
A Marshall Tureen!”

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced
With Dolland—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
’Twas there M’Dermot first inclined to Taste—
There Colburn learned the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analyzed a gravy,
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, ’tis said
Came there—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon’s
Crony—and Graham, lofty on balloons—
There Croly stalked with holy humour heated,
Who wrote a light horse play, which Yates com-
pleted—

And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honoured thee, and came
With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle—
The Dibdins—Tom, Charles, Frognall—came with
tuns
Of poor old books, old puns!
And even Irving spared a night from fame—
And talked—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round Tewah-diddle.*

* The Doctor’s composition for a night-sap.
Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!
So let them:—thou thyself art still a Host!
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!
Mrs. Glasé, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,
Matthews in Quot’em—Moore’s fire-worshipping
Gheber—
Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engrossed!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!

Thou art, sans question,
The Corporation’s love—its Doctor Darling!
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the bed
Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying
“Illustrations of Lying!”

Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by that terrible night Mare,
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!
Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day’s share,
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain’s ration!

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt’s breast—
(His honour seemed to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given
Thee public thanks for thy important service?
Alas! not even
The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the worshipful the Common Council,
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)
Thou should’st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,
Richly engrossed on vellum:—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A Citizen, where sauce can make a Burgess!
AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND
JOHN IRELAND, D.D.

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.  W.M.H. EDWARD BENTINCK, M.A.
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.  JAMES WEBBER, B.D.
HOWEL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.  WILLIAM SHORT, D.D.
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.  JAM'S TOURNAY, D.D.
LORD HENRY FITZROY, M.A.  ANDREW BELL, D.D.
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.  GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."

OH, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
    Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-backed Adapter
    Of England's dead, in her Stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
    Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
    Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

OH, reverend showmen, rank and file,
    Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
    And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead,
    Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
Setting a price on each great head,
    To make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
    In ample sleeves and ample back
A pursy and well-ordered throng,
    Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb—

(485)
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Fee faw fum!
And drink from skulls as Byron did!

The profitable Abbey is
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit's founded on a rock.
Death, Dean, and Doctors, in each nave
Bony investments have inurned!
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which "no money is returned!"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learned bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
Two-shilling* fare upon the stones.—
Ye have that talisman of Wealth,
Which puddling chemists sought of old,
Till ruined out of hope and health;—
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserved, a "funeral meat,"
And Dryden, deviled, after grace,
A relish;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison!

O say, of all this famous age,
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye numbered Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?

* Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in
authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to
the English People to know, that while butchers' meat is rising,
tombs are falling.
OF WESTMINSTER.

Lord Byron was not doomed to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don’t ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap?

Southey’s reversion have ye got?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell bartered, ere he’s cold,
All interest in his “bone repose?”

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
Priestly Politos—rare, I ween;
But should ye not outside the Den
Paint up what in it may be seen?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasped in the many folds it died in—
A Butler stuffed from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o’er a Dry-den!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th’ original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o’ Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet’s Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You’ll catch the gapers one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
“All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!”
(But when the people are inside,
   Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
   A race around each coffin lid.—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,
   That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
   And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
   Be not by country grumblers finked!—
Walk in, and see th’ illustrious dumb!
   The Cheapest House for the defunct!"
Write up, ’twill breed some just reflection,
   And every rude surmise ’twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connection
   (In large)—with any other shop!

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,
   With samples of your shows in Wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
   To answer queries with his axe.—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
   Since the last broke by some mishap,
You’ve all a bit of General Monk,
   From the respect you bore his Cap!
ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.*

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor I miss!
Had Doctor Watts walked now-a-days
He would have written this!

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow lacketh legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

Street-Handels are disorganized,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent scraper at the door
Is scarce allowed to stand!

* Who had made himself notorious by his active prosecution of beggars and vagabonds.
The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
Mayn’t beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His battered tattered hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seemed no arm in that!

Oh! it was such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory’s own trophy, like St. Paul,
Hung round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but guard our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed ’gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to “run them through.”

Doubtless thou art what Hamlet meant
To wretches the last friend:
What ills can mortals have, they can’t
“With a bare Bodkin” end?
SONNETS.

I.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

Time was, I sat upon a lofty stool,
At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen
Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,
To write in Bell and Co.'s commercial school;
In Warrnford Court, a shady nook and cool,
The favourite retreat of merchant men;
Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,
And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.
Now double entry—now a flowery trope—
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—
Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—
Pope—
Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—
Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of
Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax!

II.

TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

Hail! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop!
Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,
Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop
Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—
Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
To King and Country showing thy devotion,
SONNETS.

By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;
Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg.—
Methinks,—thou Naval History in one Vol.—
A virtue shines, e’en in that timber leg,
For unlike others that desert their Poll,
Thou walkest ever with thy “Constant Peg!”

III.

ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I wish I livd a Thowsen year Ago
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Osleres crib the Coles and Giv
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

IV.

TO A SCOTCH GIRL, WASHING LINEN AFTER
HER COUNTRY FASHION.

Well done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth:
Thou mak’st a washing picture well deserving
The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving:
Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,
Dashing about the water of the Firth,
To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,
And never from thy dance of duty swerving
As there were nothing else than dirt on earth!
Yet what is thy reward? Nay, do not start!
I do not mean to give thee a new damper,
But while thou fillest this industrious part
Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,
Deserving better character—thou art
What Bodkin would but call—"a common tram-
per."

V.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of wood-
cocks,
And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
I'm fond of capercailzies in their glory,—
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types:
All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
With due and fit provision to enable
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.
VI.

BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view!
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West;
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

VII.

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—DICTIONARY.

I had a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,
Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;
Although he sometimes kicked and shied aslant.
I had a Chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,
With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
Because 'twas only used for one employment,
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight:
A son called Frolic, who was never still:
Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright!
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,
And Pleasure fell a splitter on Paine's Hill!
VIII.

Along the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding’s neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;
Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
And changing Learning’s pains for Pleasure’s toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray;
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

IX.

Written in a Workhouse.

Oh, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:
The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,
While I, untasked, except with Cowper’s Task,
In blessed literary leisure bask,
And lose the workhouse, saving in the works
Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;
Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;
The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,
The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—
Unlearned toil, unlettered labours hence!
But, hark! I hear the master on the stair,
And Thomson’s Castle, that of Indolence,
Must be to me a castle in the air.
X.

A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—Byron.

Methought—for Fancy is the strangest gadder
When sleep all homely mundaneties hath riven—
Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,
With heartfelt hope of getting up to heaven:
Some bell, I knew not whence, was sounding seven
When I set foot upon that long one-pair;
And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven
Nor yet of landing-place became aware;
Step after step in endless flight seemed there;
But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,
To gain that blessed haven from all care,
Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,
When, lo! I wakened on a sadder stair—
Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill!

XI.

TO VAUXHALL.

"The English Garden."—Mason.

The cold transparent ham is on my fork—
It hardly rains—and hark the bell!—ding-dingle—
Away! Three thousand feet at gravel work,
Mocking a Vauxhall shower!—Married and Single
Crush—rush;—Soaked Silks with wet white Satin mingle.
Hengler! Madame! round whom all bright sparks lurk,
Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle
To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)
All Noses are upturned!—Whish—ish!—On high
The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—
Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—
And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—
Wheels whiz—smack crackers—serpents twist—
and then
Back to the cold transparent ham again!

XII.

The sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet;—
A cry of fire! resounds from door to door;
And westward still the thronging people pour;—
The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,
And quick unlocks the fountains of the street;
While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,
Thunder along to luckless Number Four,
Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.
And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,
The Globe, the Sun, the Phœnix, and what not,
With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,
On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—
And scorching loaves,—as if there were no shorter
And cheaper way of making toast-and-water!
NOTES

TO THE ODES AND ADDRESSES.

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE.

Mr. Martin was originally a gentleman of fortune, and was elected to represent the County of Galway in the first Parliament after the union of Great Britain and Ireland. He distinguished himself by his exertions for the passage of a bill to prevent cruelty to animals, and finally obtained an act of Parliament, which is known by his name. Whilst he continued in London, he was indefatigable in bringing before the magistrates cases in which it might be put into execution. He represented Galway in six Parliaments, but lost his election in 1826. He died at Boulogne, in France, in 1834, at the age of eighty years.

ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE, THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

In the *London Magazine* for August, 1821, there is an account of the Coronation of George IV., in a "Letter from a Gentleman in Town to a Lady in the Country," of which the following is an extract.

"At the end of this course the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine piebald charger, (an ill colour,) and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-coloured, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand, the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray, but the Herald distinctly said, 'Wait till I have read the challenge,' and read it accordingly, the Champion husbanding his valour for a few minutes:
"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.'

"At the conclusion of this awful challenge, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed; and at the foot of the royal platform, it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and methinks with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse, but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages."

In Hall's Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. there is a passage, quoted by the writer in the London Magazine, describing the appearance in that ceremony of "Sir Robert Dimmoke, champion to the kynge by tenour of his enheritaunce." The office seems to have remained in the Dimmoke family till the time of George IV. At the Coronations of William IV. and Victoria, the Great Banquet, in the course of which it was usual for the Champion to appear, was omitted.

The following verses originally appeared in the London Magazine of September, 1821, p. 236.
THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

Otium cum Dignitate.

Here! bring me my breeches, my armour is over;
Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons;
Double-milled kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,
Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons!

Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,
This show-dupuis weight of glory must fall;
I think on my life that again I shall never
Take my head in a sauce-pan to Westminster Hall.

Oh, why was my family born to be martial?
’Tis a mercy this grand show-off-fight-day is up!
I do not think Cato was much over-partial
To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymoke, I’ll sit in my lodgings,
And the gauntlet resign for “neat gentleman’s doe;”
If I ride I will ride, and no longer be dodging
My horse’s own tall ‘twixt Duke, Marquis & Co.

No more at my horsemanship folks shall make merry,
For I’ll ship man and horse, and “show off” not on shore;
No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry;
They feathered my skull, but I’ll feather my ear.

So, Thomas, take Cato and put on his halter,
And give him some beans, since I now am at peace,
If a Champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,
And he’ll let you out Marmions at sovereigns apiece.

The ladies admired the plebaid nag vastly,
And clapped his old sober-sides into the street;
Here’s a cheque upon Child, so, my man, go to Astley,
Pay the charge of a charger, and take a receipt.

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

Grimaldi, the celebrated clown, took his final leave of the public at Drury Lane, in July, 1828. He was born in 1779, and died in 1837.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

Sir William Edward Parry, a captain in the British navy, was born at Bath, December 19, 1790. He entered the navy in 1808, and distinguished himself in the block-
ade of Brest, and in the Baltic during the war with Denmark. In 1811, he was sent to the Greenland seas for the protection of the British whale fishermen, and penetrated as far as the 76th degree of north latitude. In 1818, he commanded The Alexander, the second discovery ship in Captain Ross's northwest expedition. In 1819, he began a series of expeditions of discovery in the polar regions, which, under his command, were conducted with admirable skill. A complete account of these was published in 1833, under the title of "Four Voyages to the North Pole." The ode in the text was written on the occasion of Parry's third voyage.

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON.

In December, 1824, an action was brought by the celebrated actress, Miss Foote, against Mr. Hayne, a gentleman of fortune, for a breach of promise of marriage. The Attorney-General stated that Miss Foote, while performing at the Cheltenham theatre, became acquainted with Colonel Berkeley, who, under a promise of marriage, seduced her, and she lived under his protection for five years. Two children were born; after the birth of the last, Miss Foote, finding that Colonel Berkeley did not fulfil his promise, resolved that the connection should cease. This was in June, 1824. Subsequently, she became engaged to Mr. Hayne. Colonel Berkeley, on learning of this engagement, communicated to Mr. Hayne the history of his connection with Miss Foote. Upon this, with Miss Foote's consent, Mr. Hayne withdrew from his engagement to marry her. He, afterwards, however, renewed his suit, and again was accepted. His second engagement he refused to fulfil. Upon which Miss Foote brought an action against him for breach of promise, and obtained three thousand pounds damages. Miss Foote married April 7, 1831, the Earl of Harrington, who died in 1851.

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M. D.

The London Magazine for October, 1821, contains a review of Dr. Kitchener's Cook's Oracle, evidently written by Hood; and in the November number of the same journal is the following ode.
ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire,
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!

Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary Sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose,)
How have I feasted on thy page!

"When like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn,"

Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapped my teah-diddle * on my head.

Who is there cannot tell
Thou 'ead'st a life of living well?

"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er?"

In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first, and Mrs. Fry the second;
And twice a Job—for in thy feverish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts, as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.

Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,

But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.

What living soul or sinner
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaides to dwell,

Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
Forever in his ear

The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game

Of other men's. Yea, it shall keep all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen-feathers.

Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified forever,

By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly!

Yea, till the world is done
To a turn, and Time puts out the Sun,

"The doctor's composition for a night-cap."
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But as for thy more fleshy frame,
Oh, Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual.
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah, me! my soul is touched with sorrow
To think how flesh must pass away;
So mutton that is warm to-day
Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow!
Farewell; I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity was instituted in 1813. Mr. Bodkin, for many years its secretary, was very active in prosecution of beggars and vagabonds, and was, in consequence, severely lampooned by the press of London.

END OF VOL. II.