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7/10/2000

by John L. Ferguson,

Author of

GIMCRACKIANA.



GIMCRACKIANA,

OR

Fugitive Pieces

ON

MANCHESTER MEN AND MANNERS

TEN YEARS AGO.



The hallowed season and the joyful time
In which I used to greet you all with rhyme,
Is now return'd. *Oxford Sausage*

MANCHESTER :

PRINTED BY WILMOT HENRY JONES, MARKET STREET.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR, AND THOMAS RICHARDSON, DERBY.

1833.



TO

THE THIRTY SONS OF TRADE,

“ MANCHESTER MEN, ”

AND THE PUBLIC,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

GEOFFREY GIMCRACK.

THE VIGNETTE.

The Frontispiece portraying Hookers-in, and scenes familiar to all our fellow-townsmen, it would be an insult on their discernment to illustrate by words; but as the vignette on the title, may not be recognizable by some of our younger friends, it will be as well to inform them that the old building there represented, stood at the bottom of Market-street, about ten years ago, and was taken down by order of the "Improvement Committee," and the materials sold to Wm. Yates, Esq. who removed the venerable pile to a site on Stony Knolls; where it now stands in all its antiquarian beauty.

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CANNON-STREET.—THE OLD.

“ Manchester is supported, and has risen to its present consequence, entirely by its Manufactures, and the various trades and occupations which these, with the demands of a rising town, necessarily draw along with them.” * * * “ The central parts of the town consist of a great number of streets, lanes, alleys, and courts, all crowded with warehouses and shops.”—*Edinburgh Gazetteer*.

Hail, Cannon-street ! the tradesman's greatest pride,
Known to all *country buyers* far and wide :
Emporium of traffic and of gain,
Thy fame extends across the western main,
Where Yankees much esteem thy *style of work*,
In Philadelphia, Boston, and New York ;
And praises are to thee most justly due
From Pernam', Rio, and Bahia too ;
Indeed, in every part of the Brazils,
Long have been sold thy tried and valued *twills*.

Forget not Frankfort too, and Leipsic fairs,
 Where oft are sent thy cheap and varied *wares*.
 May countless vessels still outspread their sails,
 And never cease to bear thy *number'd bales* !
 May PICKFORD, BACHE, and WELCH, and HARGREAVES
 too,

Their customary round each day pursue !
 Nor yet the OLD QUAY, THOMSON, GROCERS, lack
 To gain from ev'ry house a lusty *pack* ;
 The cry of "*Any thing ?*" that usual strain,
 Be ever answer'd "*Yes,*" or "*Call again !*"
 And, oh ! may no *cold pig*, (1) unwelcome sight !
 Nor *return'd wrappers*, e'er the sense affright !

Speed on, my pen ; and flow, thou gentle verse,
 Whilst I the wonders of this town rehearse.

Now, quite prepar'd, I'll make my best essay—
 Stand forth, ye *goods*, in *superfine* array :
 I'll tax my brain to recollect your names,
 And pay all strict attention to your claims,

From DUNCUFT'S *cambrics*, long of high renown,
 To the *low cloth* of Bradford—famous town !
Nine-eighths, six quarters, Blackburn seventy-fours,
Thirds, super-supers, and all cellar'd stores ;
 Which, if you buy, a bill's expected soon,
 Say the next morning, or *i'th'* afternoon. (2)
 Now, *grey goods* mentioned, let us turn to *white*,
 Their various names and qualities indite :
Plain cambrics, lappets, and fine *hair-cord checks*,
 Fitting, indeed, to tie round emp'rors' necks ;
Stripes, jacconets, and *shawls*, a numerous train,
White quiltings, dimities, and *Indian jean*.

Now to the printers :—*fancy-minded* men,
 When shall we see such wond'rous *work* again ?
 They grasp with eagerness the rainbow's hues,
Green, pink, and *orange*, and, forsooth, *two blues* !
 With *brown* and *yellows*, and the charming sights
 Of *blue* and *scarlets*, and of *black* and *whites* !
Dark fancies too, and *neutral style* appears,
 The existing wonders of the last ten years.

Should some great house be bringing patterns out,
 Of new invention, to kick up a rout,
 Eager they seize on some high-sounding name,
 And tack it to their goods, to give them fame.
 Such—*Cobourg fancies, plaids of Waterloo,*
 And all the *Coronation* gave birth to.
 (E'en now this *Queen-taste* age, this thirty-three,
 Who knows what *shipments* by a *Barge* may be ?)
Light-work the next upon the tapis stands,
 And my best energy at once demands.
 Alas ! I feel that I but ill can state
 The num'rous beauties of the *flat-press plate,*
 Or *cylinder, or block ;* too poor my strain
 To give just praise to all your coloured train !
Stripes, sprigs, and spots, of ev'ry different hue,
Choc'late or lilac, purple, China blue ;
 Two *pinks* there are, which I will straight reveal,
 The one's called *madder, t'other cochineal.*
 So much for these :—I bid them now adieu !
 Their quaint *designs,* and all their *fancies* too,

I put aside, to sing a chosen race
 Who hold these printers in especial grace.

Dear drysalters ! who, on accustom'd round,
 Each Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, are found,
 Skipping up warehouse-steps with action smart—
 “ Good morning, sir ! pray have you had a cart ?
 Is there aught wanting for the works *to-day* ?
 Promptest attention shall our porters pay :
 Our drugs are excellent, and you well know
 That at this time they are *extremely low* ;
 The *mudders*, sir, can recommend their *fall*,
 And *Barb'ry gum*, or *garbled Senegal* ;
 Good *ashes*, *pot* or *pearl*, and *powder'd bark*,
 With *indigo*, of a peculiar mark ;
Shumach, *lime-juice*, *safflow'r*, and *cochineal*,
Ground or *rasp'd logwood*, *peachwood*, and *Brazil*,
Red or *white arsenic* ; and, as best it suits,
French, *Turkey*, *Dutch*, or *Trip'li madder roots* ;
Persian and *Turkey berries*, *fustic*, *galls*,
 We safely, sir, can praise :—in all our calls

Not one complaint we ever yet have heard,
 I do assure you, sir, upon my word.”
 Some, near akin to these, do join the march,
 With *bleaching powder, British gum, and starch* ;
Sacch’rum saturni, copperas too, I ween,
Glue, Roman vitriol, and Warwick green ;
Iron and *yellow liquor*, and *soft soap*—
 I’ve not miss’d many, I sincerely hope :
 Suffice it, these are all I recollect ;
 Farewell, ye gents ! whom I in truth respect.

Engravers next might justly ask attention,
 But their *steel-plates* are past my comprehension.

So many subjects crowd my simple song,
 That, fearful ’tis already much too long,
 Of th’other goods that to be mention’d claim,
 I must confine my notice to the name ;
 As *swansdowns*, and *bed-tickings*, and *nankeens*,
Ducks, fustians, woollen-cords, and velveteens,

Scotch muslins, shawls, green gingham, muslinets,
Fine London-printed quiltings, toilenets,
Dyed pillows, and silk handkerchiefs, and shirtings,
Dyed calicoes, and fringe and lace for curtains ;
Velvets, and every article for wedding,
 “*Umbrellas, silver watches, beds, and bedding.*” (3)
 E'en num'rous others easy 'twere to mention,
 But other matters wait for our attention.

Are there not, then, some faults which cast a shade
 On the fair characters of men in trade ?
 There are :—and towards these should I be severe,
 Pray pardon me, if somewhat too sincere ;
 Which surely cannot be esteemed offence—
 Certainly not, I think, by men of sense.
 First, then, and foremost, I uphold to view
 The practices of that commercial crew
 Term'd *hookers-in* ; (4) a poor and patient race,
 Who every morn resume their *fishing*-place.
 They *angle* all day long, with eye intent,
 Their *fish* a customer—*pay*, one per cent.

On the amount he buys : these men, indeed,
 Have studied well the nature of their creed,
 Which seems to hold that impudence alone
 For every other failing will atone :
 This their excuse, should they offence have made,
 “ Oh, it was only—in *the way of trade* !”
 Buyers complain, as well, indeed, they may,
 And fear to meet these grapplers in their way.
 Strangers, whate’er their quality or state,
 Alike are subject to this *hook-in* fate,
 And sometimes dread to walk your crowded street,
 Such importuning folks they always meet.
 Another method, more *genteel* I trow,
 Was very much in vogue some years ago :—
 Some people asked their customers to dine,
 To crack their filberts, and to drink their wine ;
 And they, being fully cramm’d wi’th’ best of food,
 Would *make a parcel*—out of gratitude.

One more disgraceful custom I’ll expose,
 Before I bring my verses to a close ;

A custom that degrades your manly fame,
 Makes you unworthy of a tradesman's name ;
 And is at once disgraceful to your sense,
 And the quintessence of impertinence.—
 I mean your daily sending forth your clerks,
 To wait, like hungry and voracious sharks,
 On all new comers to the Mosley Arms,
 Bepraise your goods, their cheapness, and their charms ;
 Request the buyers to call before they go,
 In Cannon-street, at number so and so. (5)
 Oh ! shame, good gentlemen, is this the way ?
 Are spirit, independence, gone astray ?
 Or have they been considered *export* wares,
 And shipp'd to the last continental fairs ?
 Your trade is surely not as yet so low,
 To every *country draper* you must bow.
 Oh ! spare the *good* (6) *man*, puff him not with pride,
 Lest he should quarrel with his counter's side.
 Debase not thus your stock of consequence
 Beneath the dignity of manly sense ;

Boldly assume your upright port again,
And ever act as independent men.

For me, who thus have written what I thought,
I'm one of ye ; I, too, have sold and bought ;
And much should grieve, if, from my luckless strain,
The slightest provocation should be ta'en ;
I have meant none—here conscience sets me clear :
I wish ye well, and good *spring-trade* this year. (7)



NOTES.

(1)

*And, oh ! may no cold pig, unwelcome sight,
Nor return'd wrappers e'er the sense affright !*

A technical term for goods returned, as being damaged or disapproved.

(2)

*Which, if you buy, a bill's expected soon,
Say the next morning, or i' th' afternoon*

The following anecdote may tend to elucidate this part of my subject :—
A person bought, one Tuesday, from a country manufacturer, a certain quantity of cloth, supposing he had done so on the terms of “*two and three months ;*” happening, however, to ask his creditor when he would expect a bill, the man replied, to his utter astonishment, “*Oh, any time towards to-morrow morning, or soon i' th' afternoon.*”

(3)

*Velvets, and every article for wedding,
“ Umbrellas, silver watches, beds and bedding.”*

I ask pardon of the public for here introducing this very well-known line ; as also of the gentleman in Market-street, to whom it properly belongs. The words so well suited my purpose, that I trust I shall be believed in affirming that I could not resist the desire to give them “*voice and utterance once again.*”

(4)

*First, then, and foremost, I uphold to view
The practices of that commercial crew
Term'd hookers-in ; —————*

The writer here distinctly disclaims being the author of, or in anywise connected with certain *squibs* fulminated from time to time against these

piscatores, in any of the evanescent publications of the day. The *profession* is now, however, of a very different class to what it was in the days of the renowned *Jemmy Crow*, and its members may more politely be termed *Town-trade Solicitors*, and their cousins german, once designated “riders” and “travellers,” might take that of *Country-trade Solicitors*, if it were not an act of condescension to drop their assumed title of *Commercial Gentleman*. By the bye, it would seem that the *natives* themselves are not free from the cards and invitations of their fellow-townsmen :—The author himself, one morning in the late race-week (1833), when walking in a meditative mood through Marsden-square, was brought to a full stop by a young gentleman in the *woollen-cord line*. At the moment, the author fancied himself transported to Kersal Moor, or, perhaps, to *Horsley Down* ; but, on recovering from his reverie, begged to remind his *young* friend of an old proverb, which says something about getting a wrong pig by the ear.—Should this note offend in any way, he has only to retort with designating this volume of rhymes by the same epithet he gave his goods, namely, *a pack of fustian*.

(5)

*Request the buyers to call before they go,
In Caannon-street, at number so and so.—*

I am credibly informed that a London gentleman was *honoured*, one morning, before breakfast, by no less than forty of such visitors. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. M., of the firm of Messrs. S***** & M*ss*y.

(6)

*Oh, spare the good man, puff him not with pride,
Lest he should quarrel with his counter's side.*

Not *virtuous*, but *rich*. 'Tis a tradesman's maxim, at least as regards his customers, “*Virtus post nummos.*”

(7)

I wish ye well, and good spring-trade this year.

Written in March, 1822.

CANNON-STREET.—THE NEW.

“ TWIG, the tailor cried.”---*Parody on Pray Goody.*

“ Some men to business, some to pleasure take,”
A fact most certain is, as erst POPE spake ;
But should there be some unbelieving crew,
Who deem it fitting I should *prove* it true,
Th’ ensuing lines may probably explain
That truth my humble pow’rs would now maintain.

In *Cannon-street* the *New* (mind not the *Old*,
Whose “ primest features ” ’foretime have been told,)
A merry set of thrifty tradesmen dwell,
Who answer POPE’S description very well,

Or that of GOLDSMITH, in his *Village Lay*,
 “ When toil remitting lent its turn to play.”
 Free, gen’rous souls, averse to drudg’ry’s call,
 (If men of trade have any souls at all !)
 Who most devout attention strictly pay
 To gain the *needful* for a future day ;
 Yet not indifferent to things which please,
 They lighten labour by a little ease :
 Sportive at times, in idle hours they joke,
 Not too submissive to trade’s galling yoke.
 Why should they not ? Ye rigid, ye severe,
 Condemn them not, I pray, before ye hear
 Their just defence—though ye of th’ olden school
 May sagely call it “ playing of the fool ;”
 The dull routine of business needs some rest,
 Why not enjoy it in a harmless jest,
 If *Day-book*’s posted, *Journal*, too, quite straight,
 The *Ledger* balanc’d, *bad debts* left to fate,
Sales, too, drawn out, and *dunning letters* writ,
 And *patterns* sent where they may chance to hit ,

The *Cash-book* challeng'd, as it always ought,
 And *credit* giv'n for goods that have been bought,
 The *Duns* sent forth due moneys to collect,
 And all "call'd over," nothing incorrect ?
 Say, then, ye plodders in wealth's dusty way,
 What mighty sin if they should chance to play ?
 Let mirth *one* moment shrugs and shakes survive,
 Nor vow, "such doings surely cannot thrive ;"
 Nay, if to this you cannot bend your will,
 Let them alone, so ye your pockets fill.

Now, to describe the *intellectual* treat
 So oft enjoy'd by th' dwellers in this street,
 Is somewhat difficult must be confessed,
 And its true meaning hard to be expressed ;
 No matter,—'twill be clear enough defined
 By each grown *infant's* comprehensive mind.

For instance, then, an idle day will come,
 And little else to do but twirl the thumb,—

Naught to dispel the tedium of ennui,
 Save sweet discourse on your goods' quality :
 In such an hour as this, I want no more,
 " 'Twig' " is the word resounds from door to door,
 Each man to quiz his neighbour fully bent,
 And all turn out, most *twiggingly* intent ;
 As thus—beneath your collar to affix
 Straws, quills, old pens, (1) or sundry bits of sticks.

Mark one walk forth : his carriage how demure !
 Grave as a Reverend !—his tail 's a *skewer* ;
 See then another,—pen behind his ear,
 A second on his back with flourish queer,
 He moves along, as yet unconscious why
 The merry laugh of those he passes by ;
 Behold a third, with straw, or piece of string,
 Just like old Lear, " Ay, every inch a King ! "

With many such like tricks to teaze mankind,
 Such is the bent of each capacious mind.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis pity ; pity ’tis, ’tis true,”

These *unlearn’d clerks* had fitter things to do ;
 Their vacant hours might sure be better pass’d,—
 (To turn *adviser* I shall be the last :)

I’ve said enough, for this the proof at stake,—

“ Some men to business, some to pleasure take.”

NOTE.

(1)

*As thus—beneath your collar to affix,
 Straws, quills, old pens, or sundry bits of sticks.*

My friend, Samuel P——, I am sure will excuse me when I remind him of his adroitness in the art of twigging !—Little did we anticipate, in those days, the great celebrity of the *Perryan Pen*.

PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

"We have parodies on the psalms, by Luther; Dodsley parodied the Book of Chronicles and Franklin's most beautiful story of "Abraham" is a parody on the Scripture-style: not one of these writers, however, proposed to ridicule their originals: some ingenuity in the application was all that they intended."--*D'Israeli*.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The trading herd wind slowly to their tea,
The buyers *Iun*-ward wend their weary way,
And leave the street to darkness and to me.

Now roll the bleachers' waggons from my sight,
"The market" now a solemn stillness holds,
Save where some straggler piles a dizzy height
Of "Blackburn seventies," in unnumber'd folds.

Save that some *Charley* hoarsely bawls the hour,
 Proves all the padlocks, or may chance complain
 To such as, wand'ring near his nightly bower,
 Molest his vigilant and *virtuous* reign.

Beneath their dimities the men of trade,
 Till *rainy day* upon their eye-lids peep,
 (Each in his narrow crib in comfort laid,)
 The clerk and master *innocently* sleep.

The smoky call of sooty-breathing morn,
 The servants stirring just above their head,
 The milk-*man's* whistle, or a mail-guard's horn,
 Shall soon arouse them from their feather bed :

For they no more will risk "another turn,"
 But to their former posts with haste repair,
 To greet some cousin-*German's* safe return,
 And of his orders crave the bliss—a share.

Then shall the buyers to their *hookers* yield,
 (Their bullying oft the stubborn will hath broke,)
 How jocund will they drive their duns afield,
 How *do* the cits, and call it “ only *joke*.”

Let not ambition mock that honest toil,
 Their *sterling* joys, or destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 Of “ good or bad ” men, “ doubtful or secure.”

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow’r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour ;—
 Commerce and glory mingle in the grave.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
 If on their heads no laurel, nor *green* bays,
 If to their warehouse, or the darken’d vault
 “ Cabin’d, confined ” the limits of their praise.

Perhaps in such dull spot may be conceal'd
 Some heart now pregnant with celestial fire,—
 Hands, that the rod of empire strong would wield,
 Or wake to ecstasy the living lyre.

But ledgers to their eyes, their ample page,
 Rich with the gains of trade, do now unroll ;
 Profit and loss repress their noble rage,
 And chill the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark, unfathom'd "cambric cellars" bear ;
 Full many a wit is born to live unseen,
 Save by the plodding souls that gather there.

Some second Sheridan, with dauntless breast,
 Might brave "Lord Lowther's nine-pins" (1) stout
 attacks,

Some saner Londonderry here may rest,
 Some Pitt still guiltless of his country's tax.

Th' applause of police meetings to command,
 The threats of W——m W——h to despise,
 To lend unto the poor a helping hand,
 And read their blessings in their tearful eyes,—

Their lot permits—nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues to these themes confin'd ;
 Survey the picture—they will straight be shewn
 Instilling learning to the poor child's mind.

Far from the venal crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their needy wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the brisk commercial vale of life,
 They keep the noisy tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these men in mem'ry to protect,
 Some fine gilt sign-board is erected nigh,
 By FOX or BENNETT handsomely bedeck'd,
 To court the notice of the passer-by.

Their names, their trades, spelt by the *letter'd* wight,
 The place of fame and eulogy supply,
 And many an index points to left and right,
 To teach the country draper where to buy.

Whoe'er to torpid indolence a prey,
 His busy cares in trade hath oft resign'd ;
 Quitted the race of fortune for a day,
 Is left by jostling brothers *far* behind.

Thus on the game of chance the soul relies,
 Till fading nature peace and rest requires ;
 Till from the tomb are heard death's warning cries,
 To join in partnership with buried sires.

For thee, who patiently thus far hast read
 These faithful memoirs of thine humble state,
 If chance (when thou art number'd with the dead)
 Some wag like me inquire into thy fate,

Haply some hoary hooker-in may say,

“ Oft have we seen him, as the clock struck eight,

“ Bending his steps with eager haste away,

“ On new-come customers intent to wait.

“ There, at the end of yonder spacious street,

“ By time and usage nominated “ High,”

“ Some few ‘ choice spirits ’ of his kin he’d meet,

“ To pounce upon the buyers passing by.

“ Hard by yon Inn, yclep’d the ‘ Mosley Arms,’

“ To circulate his cards he’d daily rove ;

“ Now drooping, woeful man, with strange alarms,

“ And craz’d with care that goods he could not move.

“ One morn I miss’d him at the ‘ custom’d post,

“ Along the street, and near his fav’rite Inn ;

“ Another came,—I thought him surely lost,—

“ ’Twas ten o’clock, and he had never been !

“ The next, with coaches two, in sad array,
 “ Slow to the ‘ Rusholme Ground ’ I saw him borne :
 “ Go there, and read the plain, but honest lay,
 “ Grav’d on the stone above this wight forlorn.”

Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth respected, and in town well known ;
 But fortune smil’d not on his humble birth,
 Though many merchants sought him for their own.

Large was his knowledge, (2) and his soul sincere,
 But they a paltry recompence did send ;
 They gave him only eighty pounds a year,
 And never paid him till its very end.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from the silent tomb ;
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 Till he receives his solemn, final doom.

NOTES.

(1)

*Some second Sheridan, with dauntless breast,
Might brave " Lord Lowther's nine-pins " stout attacks.*

Lord Lowther, it is said, previous to the passing of the Bill to amend the representation of England, &c., returned nine members to parliament : one of these received a good set down from a member of the opposition, which created great confusion in the house. A member entering just at the moment, asked Sheridan what was the matter ; " Oh ! " said he " So and so has just knocked down one of Lord Lowther's nine-pins ; that 's all ! "

(2)

Large was his knowledge, etc.

" Of the buyers who frequent this market." See advertisements *passim*.

ONE O'CLOCK.

A FRAGMENT.

“ I had a dream, which was not all a dream.”—*Byron.*

I fell asleep, and in my sleep I dreamt—
(As greater wits than I have done before.)

I fancied that I journey'd through the North
And took up quarters in a smoky town,
Where art and industry went hand in hand :
Huge buildings were apparent to my sight,
Wherein pale thousands labour'd day and night
For filthy lucre, or for bare subsistence ;—
Not only men, but women I saw there,

And poor ragg'd children, stinted in their growth
 By early toil, and heat, bad food, and filth ;
 Denied the comforts of a cheerful home,
 And sent thus early to these hot-beds vile
 Of infamy and vice, to earn a few
 Poor paltry pence—perhaps to keep in sloth
 Hard and unfeeling parents ; or, still worse,
 To help to pay off some old drunken score.—
 I sicken'd at the sight, and turn'd away
 To look upon some less revolting scenes,
 Not daring to pursue the chain of thought
 Which linked so many dread deformities.

'Twas morning yet, and onward through the streets,
 Determin'd to shake off the last sad vision,
 I pursued my way—jostled and jostling
 Busy crowds, who seem'd to entertain
 No thoughts but for themselves : (Oh, selfish race !)
 Each phiz was stamp'd with the peculiar grace
 Of plodding project, calculating care,

Means multiplied—all looking as they had
 Deep studied in the book of interest ;
 So much their thoughts were figur'd on their fronts
 That any one most aptly might have sat
 As frontispiece to an Arithmetic !
 Each disk was like a table in itself
 Of measures, weights, avoirdupoise or troy ;
 On most was writ that two and two make four,
 Mysterious interest, simple and compound :
 Some most expressive of that sterling sense,
 Promiscuous paper, and pounds, shillings, pence !

At length I got entangled in a throng
 Which after other objects seemed intent,
 So with them I my willing paces bent
 Into a crowded room, where I beheld
 Civic authority enthron'd in state ;
 Commissioners they were of the Police—
 And what I gather'd from this sage divan
 Was, that they did hebdomadary meet

(Vulgo, each Friday night) to hold debate
 For the best interests of the common weal ;
 But this was call'd a "general meeting," and
 Conven'd, they told me, only once a month.
 There in the midst the president was sat
 Just like a consul-major of old Rome,
 Attended by two lictors 'stead of twelve :

* * * * *
 * * * * *

And there they sagely spoke of strangest things ;—
 Of soughs and sewers, *alias* common shores ;
 And scavengers ; and special constables
 Were sworn : barracks were voted to be built,
 As the authorities had much alarm :
 They spoke of lighting, watching, flagging streets ;
 Paving, and also poor's rates, and gas pipes :
 (Wit was not wanting as they dealt *retorts*)
 Of "cleansing," and the conduct of their clerks ;
 Of rate-collectors, hackney coaches, coals,

Contracts, smoky chimneys cur'd,
 Committees, common prostitutes condemn'd,
 And estimate on estimate *sans* end !
 Of more commodious rendering the roads ;
 Of sundry passages, dark, dirty lanes ;
 The river crossing by a certain bridge,
 Blackfriar's named—beneath whose ample arch
 The muddy Irwell oozed as black as Styx,
 In all the sable majesty of filth !
 Motions for meetings, passing of accounts,
 Advertisements, gasometers, gas lamps,
 Cast-iron pillars, oaken posts, stone stumps ;—
 Heard Fleming's eloquence and Whitworth's wit
 On Friday-nights, and lamp-committees' treat,
 The new Town-hall, and widening Market-street.
 In fine, they wax'd into a warm debate
 Upon the business of this busy town.—
 But lo ! as they descanted on that *lane*, (1)
 That narrow way where lately I 'd been squeez'd
 Nigh unto death—an awful stop was made,

(As when 'mongst Israelites " the plague was stayed ")
 The chair deserted—thanks returned (of course)—
 " This day's proceedings " duly advertised
 In ASTON'S *Herald*, and the *Guardian's* page,
 And WHEELER'S fam'd THIRD Book of *Chronicles* ;
 COWDROY'S *Gazette*, and HARROP'S *Volunteer*,
 And winged *Couriers* proclaim their deeds !
 The rest postponed.—But why this sudden shock :
 The hungry sinners !—it struck ONE O' CLOCK !

NOTES.

(1)

Now " Market-street," anciently a lane, or both. (" The same day there were assaults made at other places of the town, especially at the *Market-street-lane* end, but they were repulsed by Captain Ratcliffe and his company."—*Siege of Manchester*, 1642.)

(2)

The usual dinner-hour of Manchester men, is ONE, P.M. Why this particular time should always interfere with matters of whatever import is the marvel of strangers, -- but so it is ; and " whatever the hand findeth to do," or the head to plan, that *one* stroke upon the face of time postponeth all until the feast is ended.

THE RACES.

1823.

The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. *Conper.*

Oh ! for a pen from which the words would flow,
Fast as a race-horse o'er the turf could go !
And thus the simile will hold together—
My pen, just like that race-horse, bears a *feather* :
No greater *weight* it carries may be known
From these young frolics, which are all its own ;
A wild, raw colt, whose wit's now first at *stake*,
And these the *produce*, which you'll please to take :

My end mere pleasure—thus I dare to *run*,
 Happy indeed if the wish'd goal be *won*.

Oh ! what a week of pleasures to delight,
 From Monday morning unto Friday night !
 Each to his taste—some go to Salford fair,
 Whilst others to the Sunday-schools repair :
 Some, to exhort the children of the low,
 And train them in the path which they should go ;
 The other, much the contrary I wot,
 To lead them in the way which they *should not* !
 'Tis *duty* prompts us all to gen'rous deeds,
 Whilst *inclination* oftentimes misleads.

Farewell, this topic ! speed we to the *Moor*—
 Was ever barren heath so rich before ?
 Crowded with belles and beaux in best array,
 “ The very pink and fashion ” of the day ;
 Behold the loveliest ladies of our land
 In gay assemblage on the new Grand Stand.

'Thousands, from th' highest to the lowest stations,
 Of sex or age, ay, " all denominations ;"
 Blackguards and blacklegs, bullies, bears, and bores,
 Giants and dwarfs, and wild beasts too, by scores ;
 Some men quite drunk, (see empty porter butts,)

" Toss up for Banbury's," " Barcelona nuts !"
 And see the ragged rogues, muster'd in forces,
 With " card or sheet lists of the running horses ;"
 " Names, weights, and colours of the riders " shewn,
 And other matters, 'neath the rose made known.

Horses, and gigs, and carriages abound,
 And gay pedestrians cover all the ground,
 Whilst thieves, that they may rob, first breed a riot—
 A bunch of *Lavender* will keep them quiet.

But lo, the trumpet sounds ! to horse, to horse !
 Now haste, ye gentlemen, to clear the course ;
 A task which, though some folks perhaps 'twill please,
 Is not by any means perform'd with ease ;
 At length they start—" Alecto wins, no fear,
 " Although Yates *lets a Squib off* at his rear."—

“ No, he does not ; I’ll bet you, sir, a crown,”—

“ Then post the pony, put the money down.”

Now round the course again they come to view,

’Tis the last mile, “ our townsman now will do.”

“ A change—Squib’s lost the honour of the day,

“ Though down the hill he’s making famous *play* !

“ Huzza ! Huzza ! now breast to breast they run,

“ A glorious race ! dead heat ! so neither’s won !”

The stewards, though, decide the *produce stakes*

To th’ worthy member for the *Pomfret cakes* !

Next, to the booths descend the men to bet,

And deluge their insides with *heavy wet* ;

Some claim their winnings with a joyful face,

And risk more chances on the coming race ;

Others *edge off* to clear their losing debts,

And curse the luck of all their former bets.

Then, while the porter runs in strong flood-tide,

Cries such as these resound from side to side :—

“ Here ! waiter, waiter ! come, be quick as fire !

“ Bring us two quarts of Whitbread’s *stout entire*.”—

“ Three *brandy bottoms* ;”—“ Three of *gin*, too, here ;”—

“ A *squib of rum* in *half a pint of beer* !”

(Cider and brandy then were all the rage,

Unknown the bliss of this improving age ;

To thirsty souls the name be ever dear

Of JEWSBURY’S “ celebrated ginger beer ;”

And let the meed of cool-tongu’d praise be paid

To WHITLOW’S “ effervescing lemonade !”)

One day suffices—all the rest the same,

Their busy actions useless ’twere to name ;

But now the play, the *finish*, we will sing,

The choice of WILTON, and of Gen’ral BYNG.

In vain we strive, with justice, to recite

The grace and fashion of the stewards’ night :

Whether “ GOD save the King ” did raise a storm,

Or whether it was *cold* or *very warm* ;

We were not there, so much we cannot say
On this precedent of the sabbath day.
Then some to church will scarcely dare to roam,
Their parsons lecture so, they stay at home ;
Others, to cool their heads, will stay away,
And others make it (fie !) a *settling day* ;
Recruit their wearied strength, or, what is worse,
Balance the “ loss and profit ” of their purse.
In fine, this busy, stirring scene ends here,
To be renewed at Whitsuntide each year.



TUESDAY, AND THE LAST FRIDAY
IN THE MONTH.

We 're a' dunnin', &c, &c.

Parody on, We 're a' noddin'.

TUESDAY—with goods what loaded waggons groan,
From Preston, Chorley, Blackburn, Burnley, Colne !
Bolton and Bury, Middleton, Rochdale,
Pour forth their *pieces* for the weekly sale ;
Stockport and Cheadle, Ashton-under-Line,
Wigan and Oldham, famous for *black mine* !
Nor Stalybridge, nor Saddleworth now spare—
(The Yorkshire clothiers *bait* at the “ White Bear ;”)
Indeed, these country manufact'ers swarm
As if they'd take the town itself by storm.
Straight to the 'Change the greater part repair,
Most earnestly intent to vend their ware ;

Some there they meet, stir'd up with like desire,
 To sell what *raw material* they require ;
 More plainly, cotton merchants here abound,
 And naught but tradesmen now possess the ground.
 Like spiders, flies—here dealers spinners seize,
 And press them hard to purchase *Tennessees*,
Barbadoes, *Bow'ds*, *New Orleans*, or *Pernams*,
Bahias, *Bengals*, *Sea Islands*, *Maranhams*,
Fine Demeraras, *Carthagenas* too,
Paras, *Surats*—their samples, wrapp'd in blue,
 They quick display unto their customer's eye,
 “ You really can't do better, sir, than *buy* :
 “ The market's rising—there now, pull and pick—
 “ Take a few bags upon the usual *tick* ;
 “ They must be higher—cotton cannot fall,
 “ Great the demand—*arrivals* very small.”
 With many other cogent reasons utter'd,
 Some, too, 'twere better were they only mutter'd.
 To be expos'd they need not be afraid,
 For sure there's knavery in every *trade*.

In carting cotton choose a rainy day,—
 The reason's very plain—to make it *weigh* !
 Damp cellars, too, should meet with due applause,
 For *weighty* arguments support their cause.
 Should there live one to whom this scene is strange,
 Go at eleven o'clock, thenceforth *high 'Change*,
 Without “ let, stop, or hindrance,” lasts till one,
 When, business quite forsaken, all are gone.
 Soon as it strikes, believe us, as we're sinners,
 Sellers and buyers, all march to their dinners.
 Some to the “ Thatch'd House Tavern ” straight repair,
 To banquet on the viands cater'd there ;
 Others, pell mell, with rapid pace will flock,
 And lay stout seige to “ Gibraltar ” rock ;
 Some to the “ Talbot,” others to the “ Bear,”
 Will scan alternately their bills of fare :
 But *country folks* most chiefly go to fill
 JAMES HUDSON'S long room, “ Seven Stars,” Shudehill,
 Where, as if for wagers, they their meat devour,
 And only allow themselves one poor half hour ;

Scarce wait for grace : “ God bless it,” some will say,
 Others cry “ To it,” have not time to pray.
 The dinner ended, appetites allayed,
 What’s always uppermost—they think on trade ;
 Quickly return to business “ all alive,”
 To get it done, and clear away by five ,
 When to their different Inns again they roam
 Fatigued, they pay their bills, then travel home.

FRIDAY—right nam’d, most idle day of all,
 Now the dun horse is taken from the stall,
 A most unpleasant brute indeed to mount,—
 “ I call upon you for a small account.”
 “ Ah ! well—pray call again another day,
 “ I have no cash, so really *cannot* pay.
 “ Pray, sir, what is the total of my debt ?
 “ For, on my life, I have not seen it yet.
 “ However, when again you pass the door,
 “ Step in, and by that time I ’ll look it o’er.”
 The man departs, but not without a frown,
 For the *next time*—his debtor’s “ out of town.”

So far the retail ;—thus the wholesale say—

“ I call upon you for a bill to day,

“ Trusting you found our statement quite correct :—

“ Must have it paid, or int'rest shall expect :

“ Premium for cash, of course, I will allow,

“ But not one doit for damages, I vow.”

'Tis thus the *morning* usually is spent,

Then on the *afternoon* we 'll now comment.

Their calculating projects some give o'er,

And haste to play at golf on Kersall Moor :

Others, right joyful, leave their town abode,

To join the cricket-club in Oxford-road ;

Some, mounted on their “ bits of blood ” are seen,

Bound for a *spree* to Knutsford or Hoo-green ;

And some, intent to have a “ glorious *lark*”,

At Stretford, Altrincham, or Dunham Park ;

Others to HOBSON'S, CROOKALL'S, SLAGGS', a bowling,

Whilst some prefer fly fishing, or, perhaps, fowling—

(By this I mean a duck-swim,) JACKSON'S boat,

And some in pits will dibble with a float ;

In racket-courts, and other such like places,

Are to be seen their well known *Er-change* faces.

THE GENTLEMEN'S CONCERT.

In order to experience the most delicious sensations from music, we must insulate ourselves from every human body. Our ear is perhaps surrounded with a musical atmosphere, of the nature of which I can say no more than that it is probable such a one exists. But to enjoy musical pleasures in perfection, you must be, in some measure, insulated, as for electrical experiments ; and there ought to be an interval of at least a foot between you and the nearest human body. The animal heat of an extraneous body, appears to me to be destructive of musical delight.

Vie de Rossini, par M. de Stendhal.

“ Music hath charms,”—but ah, how 'tis debas'd—
Apollo bless us, and our boasted taste !
Directing gents *prestissimo* decide
To build another room both long and wide,
With *space* enough to breathe a pack of hounds,
Ma non troppo for concerts of sweet sounds :
Here, senza gusto sitting night by night,
We ne'er have known *true* “ musical delight ;”
Our thoughts of harmony quite out of joint,
Are naught but *discord, concord's counterpoint* :

The notion's nonsense that our ears are chaste,
 A mere *affettuoso* kind of taste ;
 The pleasures that we feel when STEPHENS sings
 Are fondly fancied,—there are no such things,
 Except we join *con furia* in the roar,
 Or *mezza voce*, lady-like, *encore* :
 For who can feel one *trillo* in his heart,
 Either in *primo* or *secunda* part,
 When crowded, cramm'd on all sides, near and far,
 Like *demi-semiquavers* in a *bar* ?
 If STENDHAL'S right, we've no more taste than brutes,
 For psalt'ries, sackbuts, dulcimers, or flutes,
 Not e'en of NICHOLSON !—(how very queer !)
 In *tone* as chrystal doubly *dolce* clear !
 Let STENDHAL have his whim, meanwhile we 'll please
 T' enjoy our *Salmon* and our English *Cheese* ;
 As fashion points, *ad libitum* we 'll go,
 Nor care a *crotchet* whether cramm'd or no.
 To see, be seen, to th' concert-room we steer,
 And never think of going there to hear ;

For, were there not a crush, 't would be abhorr'd,
And this recalls us to another *chord*.

'Tis five o'clock, and now the game begins,
Now fly the *filles-des-chambres*, with their pins,
To dress their mistresses from head to toe—
At six exact the coachman waits below.
Hark ! how the coaches rattle from the Square,
Urg'd by the drivers' love of double fare ;
GEORGE MALCOM, FORREST, AUSTIN, WILLIAM

WHITE,

COCKSHOT and HAWORTH feel the *true delight* :
In sooth to these we yield the palm sublime,
Who charge for waiting *compound triple time* !
And oh ! take heed, ye fair, in time be dress'd,
They will not wait—not e'en one *crochet rest*,
But off they go, nor *bars* can stop their pace,
Highwayman's conduct, a'nt it *thorough base* ?
But ye, who have a carriage of your own,
At these dilemmas have no cause to groan,

Whether you sport a pair of greys, or four,
 Or, caravan-like, *back* up to the door,
 In those huge sociables, with six inside,
 The height of your ambition be to ride.
 Arriv'd, some wicked wag is heard to say,—
 “ Tim Tangib’s tom-tit stands *across* the way !
 Ben Baft’s barouche full trot is bowling up :
 Auh—Boxer, Darling, back, gee-ho—gee-up ! !”
 So much, then, for these *family affairs*,
 Our muse and we must now step up the stairs,
 To *note* the natives coming in the while,
 And place them in their proper rank and style.
 The doors fly wide—defend us ! what a crush
 As *con brio* the music maniacs rush !
 What loss of French or English fronts and plaits,
 Bows, ringlets, fans, or dandies’ sov’reign hats !
 Fainting is *out*, a mere *capriccio* part—
 The ladies love a squeeze with all their heart,
 As proof of which the late *Bazaar* we take,
 They bear *oppression* for their neighbours’ sake.

The flowing of the tide now pass'd away,
 Gives ease and leisure for more close survey :
 Mark some rich dowager of fifty years,
 In solemn state *mæstoso* style appears,
 Follow'd by comely daughters, dark or fair,
Semplice they, or *graziosa* air.
 Meantime is struggling up the other aisle
 Some dashing bride in true *brillante* style ;
 High o'er their heads some tall youth's castor shines,
He, like *G. alt.* upon the *ledger-lines* ;
 And here and there an opera hat contains
 More powder and *pomade* than wit or brains ;
 Then comes some *kind mamma*, with children three,
Appogiaturas in this harmony,
 And some old cit, who, grudging *double fare*,
 Asks the last comer if the weather's fair.
 There the coquette sits cooing like a dove,
 While stiff-necked beaux make *overtures* in love,
 Or " breaks a lace " to reach her falling glove. }
 And oh ! what mirth prevails, and heartfelt glee,
 Whene'er some youth who don't subscribe they see ;

Quick the *finale* of his part below,
 The farce " Turn out " for *Marcia* he must go.
 And now what science do the dons display,
 Whene'er the " chief musicians " 'gin to play !
 Descant at large on every liquid note,
 Trill'd through the *larynx* of each singer's throat ;
 Of STEPHENS, WILSON, TRAVIS, TREE, and CHEESE,
 CAT'LANI, SALMON, CORRI, CAMPORESE,
 PATON, SINCLAIR, Jew BRAHAM, and BEGREZ,
 The tone and execution all pourtray !
 MINASI's flute to criticise begin,
 And KIESEWETTER's and MORI's violin.
Tutti, in short, they scan, till all is o'er,
 And then return, *da capo*, as before !

THEATRICAL PROSPECT FOR 1824.

Oh ! what a charming thing's a battle.
Recruiting Sergeant!

Huzza, fellow-townsmen, huzza !

The theatre's open again ;

But the company's weak I've heard say,

As they're wanting two hundred strong men : (1)

Gay Thalia in vain makes pretences,

Her charms are no longer the go ;

And Melpomene can't pay expences,

So they've turn'd the place into a *show* !

Deep tragedies will not go down,
 Such as Macbeth and Dicky the Third ;
 Oh ! fie on the taste of the town,
 Was ever the like to it heard ?
 No ! bloodier scenes we must view,
 Sterling comedy 's ruin'd outright,
 For they're going to *act* Waterloo,
 “ Walk in, sirs, and see the *grand fight* !”

Such wonders are talk'd of, they say,
 To please the young holyday folks,
 That, although it be turned into play,
 Such battles as these are no jokes :
 Nay, they advertise “ Waterloo men,”
 And should the piece have a great run,
 Dying over and over again
 Will, doubtless, be very good fun.

Old BLUCHER's to rise from the dead,
 The Life-guardsmen are all coming down
 And NAP from his cold island bed,
 While the Greys are all ready in town,
 There's the eagle and lily of France,
 DUKE BRUNSWICK, that lively eared chap,
 The *tenth* who at Brussels *did* dance,
 And ACHILLES for *taking* a NAP.

They've "Hougoumont" building behind,
 The village and fam'd "La Haye Sainte,"
 But we're up to their tricks of this kind,
 And know they're but pasteboard and paint ;
 The "Wood of Ardennes" too, they say,
 For Christmas, will look pretty green,
 And remind us of pea-sticks in May,
 Blue Prussians all creeping *between*.

Mac-ready must now *present, fire!*

Poor CONGREVE the poet's outdone,
 For his namesake's sky-rockets soar higher,
 And with impudence hiss at the sun!
Fly-waggons for stores we have heard,
 A kind carrier has lent,—but don't scoff;
 And the cannon are firmly averr'd,
 To be *wheel'd* on the stage, and *go off!*

Inconsistent it seems to me here,
 That the heroes who fought on that day.
 Their great deeds to rehearse should appear,
 Before children and nurses in play.
 Life's a farce, (1) we may say what we will,
 And its truth we must never forget;
 For the lancers may dance a quadrille,
 And the emp'ror and duke minuet.

What follows is merely surmise,
 Right or wrong will be prov'd very soon ;
 'Tis most likely brave SNAW, ere he dies,
 Will fence three or four to a tune.
Tin-plate workers, no doubt, are engag'd,
 In strong armour, to fall on the squares ;
 But they'll find, when in war they have wag'd,
 That their metal 's as sterling as theirs.

Kilted Highlanders, too, will be there,
 But the ladies need fear no alarms,
 For it is not on record that e'er
 A single one grounded his arms.
 There 'll be plenty of crackers and squibs,
 Stone-pipe water, to put them all out,
 Whilst Waterloo-blue on our ribs,
 Will be painted profusely, no doubt.

Dreadful scenes, we presume, there will be,
 And the last one called—" After the Battle,"
 When DAVIS's stud we shall see,
 And swear they seem sensible cattle.
 Hir'd beggars without arms and legs,
 Look as if they 'd the worst of the brunt,
 And each night lay aside their stout pegs,
 To countenance UNBRIDGE in front.

Here and there a man short of his head,
 To give the piece proper effect ;
 Huge heaps of the dying and dead
 Is the treat *we* may *live* to expect :
 So shocking the scenes we behold
 Will of war give us such " dreadful note,"
 That its horrors can never be told,
 But, Macbeth-like, will stick in the throat.

Huzza, fellow-townsmen, huzza !

The Thespians are come back again ;
 All ye who love work less than play
 Enlist in his majesty's train :
 Ye'll be shot at far-fam'd Waterloo,
 (For us a most glorious day,)
 Or, if spar'd, lose a leg, p'rhaps, or two,
 And be pension'd at " sixpence a day !"

NOTES.

(1)

*But the company's weak I've heard say,
 As they 're wanting two hundred strong men.*

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.—Wanted, two hundred assistant supernumeraries, who have been in the army, (those who have fought at the battle of Waterloo will be preferred,) to appear in the grand military spectacle, called the *battle of Waterloo*, which has been a considerable time in preparation at the Theatre, etc.—*Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 18, 1824.

(2)

Life's a farce, etc.

The world is a stage, and life is a farce, and he that laughs most has most profit of the performance. The worst thing is good enough to be laughed at, though it be good for nothing else ; and the best thing, though it be good for something else, is good for nothing better.—*T. L. Peacock.*

FOUNTAIN-STREET REFECTORY.

“I walked into the dining-room as philosophically as if I were entering” the Collegiate Church, “on a wet Sunday afternoon. There was gravy soup at the bottom of the table, and at the top a juvenile salmon with his tail in his mouth, like the snake grasped in the right hand of the grandfather of gods and men. * * I fancied myself for the moment seated in the Cook’s shop, at the corner of” Fountain-street.

“*Every-day People.*”---*New Monthly Magazine, June, 1824.*

Since HUDSWELL first in Manchester began
To dress a dinner on the Cockney plan,
A guttling mania hath assail’d the town,
At one o’clock, to gulp his good things down.
If near that hour I meet some well-known face,
He asks if I have din’d at *this new place* ?
Inquires not now if I am well or not—
Nay, th’ very weather is itself forgot,
That omnipresent theme when others fail,
Like salt at table, or “mine host’s” mild ale ; (1)

The truths we hear on what we knew before,
 Such as, “ ’tis cold,”—“ ’tis wet,”—are now no more ;—
 “ What is there doing in your way of late ?”—
 Or, “ What the upshot of the next debate ?”
 All, all absorb’d, like gravy in a chop,
 The only converse now, “ the new cook shop.”
 I, who survey the times, must not lose sight
 Of objects which create so much delight ;
 The public *palate* I would strive to please,
 Inclined to mental or corporeal ease ;
 Whatever novelty attracts the eye,
 Shew up the same, nor pass the slightest by :
 So in I go, in humour to pourtray,
 And ask the waiter what is cook’d to-day ?
 Here, here’s a list to make the *gourmands* stare,
 Let HUDSWELL thank me for

THE BILL OF FARE.

Scotch barley, mutton, chicken broth, or veal,
Mock turtle, gravy soup, ox-tail, or heel :

Soup-a-la-sap, kail brose, bouillé, green peas,
 From six-pence to a shilling, as you please ;
Beef-a-la-mode, soup maigre, stew'd rump steak,
 Whiche'er the whetted appetite may take.—
 Fish as in season, (some expect what 's out,)
Soles, salmon, smelts, carp, turbot, tench, or trout,
Herrings and lobsters, mack'rel, perch, or skate,
 And *Milton natives*, fresh from Billingsgate :
Cod, and his grandson, *haddock*,—*plaice* or *pike*,
 And *eels*, spitchcock'd or sous'd, just as you like ;
 With all the sauces that can whet or cloy,
Anchovy, ragoutante, or India soy :
 (Shrimp-sauce to *goose* ! for once I did detect,
 But 'twas at Southport—what can one expect,
 But meeting blunders in a place so dull,
 From natives compound of both shark and gull ?)

On solid food 'tis now high time to treat,
 And tempt the hungry (2) with fresh “butchers' meat ;”
 So first Old England's good roast beef I sing,
 Our country's boast, and once, too, of a *king*,

Whose royal stomach being well appeas'd,
 To *knight* the *loiu* most graciously was pleas'd.
 Nor must I here forget the *baron* bold,
 Good when he's hot, and none the worse when cold.
 To these prime members all the rest resign,
 Both *H. bone*, *ribs*, *rump steak*, the *round*, or *chine* ;
 Roasted or boil'd, you next must choose your root,
 The *tailors' herb*, *Swede turnips*, "*Irish fruit*."
 There's *loiu of veal* well done, with *pickled pork*,
 Or *sausages*, or *pudding* yeleft *York* :
*Fillet*s are good (of course without the bones,)
 With *kidneys* dish'd, or fricasseed *lamb-stones* :
Cutlets well brown'd, and *olives* also there,
 (Not such as OKEY swore on "*As you were*."
 The *knuckle* too, with onion-sauce well boil'd,
 And relish'd with a slice of *bacon broil'd* :
 A leg of mutton, (Welsh,) no better meat,
 With turnips, carrots, caper sauce complete,
 The *saddle*, *shoulder*, *haunch*, *neck*, *loiu*, or *breast*,
 Both *hash'd* and *harricoed* are here express'd.

Venison, in Fountain-street, is rather rare,
 No "*haunch at five*" to grace the bill of fare ;
 Which growing now too long the end we force,
 And help ye, gemmen, to a second course :—
 Of *Turkey poults*, young *chickens*, take your cram,
 With *mushroom sauce*, or prime *Westphalia ham* ; (3)
Pigeons and *plovers*, add (for rhyme) young *hares*,
Widgeons, fat *geese*, and roasted *ducks* in pairs—
Puddings and *pies*—we hate the pastry stuff,
 (*Cram* children with them till they 've had enough ;))
 Propose instead a piece of *Stilton cheese*,
 Or scrape our *Cheshire*, and be quite at ease ;
 And after all, these good things to wash down,
 There 's *Burton ale* and *BARCLAY'S double brown*.

Hark ! to the dining din !—th' impatient call
 For " Master "—" Waiter "—kitchen wench and all ;
 Naught to be had—what can the poor souls do ?
 Such clouds of locusts swarm from ONE to TWO.
 " Waiter ! a glass ;" be quick with my beef-steak ;"—
 " The gizzard, wing, boy, of a fowl I 'll take ;"

One roars for ale ;—one, like his father's daughter,
 Squeaks out to John, “ Pray bring a glass of water ;”
 Another says, “ Confound your stupid head,
 ‘ I ask'd for cheese, and you have brought me bread.”
 “ This beef is too much done,” a third now cries ;
 “ Mine is not half enough,” a fourth replies ;
 A fifth sings out, “ When did these sparlings swim ?”
 A sixth—“ Some *stout* ; pray fill it to the brim.”
 A seventh, frae north the Tweed, frae guid Auld Reekie,
 “ May be I 'll get a dish o' cocky leekie,”
 POOR THOMAS BELL cries “ Coming,” might and main,
 And little WILL sighs out his soul in vain ;
 JAMES H—DSW—L stalks around, the *blunt* collects,
 Says he 's “ oblig'd,” and pays his best respects.

Such is the daily scene, tho' small the scale,
 Th' unworthy subject of this poor told tale :
 Hard is the task on such sad stuff to write,
 But harder still if sneers our pains requite.
 Our attic salt is spilt, excuse the fare,
 If not so fine as “ BEAUJEU's *Ordinaire*.”

NOTES.

(1)

Like salt at table, or "mine host's" mild ale :

Generally recommended as "pleasant Table Beer," and oftentimes so very *small*, as to vie in strength with what is vulgarly called a "Decoction of the Brewer's Apron," and from which *im*-potent draughts we should be as careful of abstaining, as we would rein in the desire for water of a favourite horse when travelling, lest we should spoil our wind.

(2)

And tempt the hungry, etc.

We allude more especially to certain thrifty Country Manufacturers, who breakfast before they leave home, and whose inherent principle is "to get as much as they can for their money."

(3)

With mushroom sauce, or prime Westphalia ham.

See the "Prime Westphalias" hanging on the lintels of the door of MRS. EAT—ON, Confectioner.

MY CORNER CUPBOARD.

A FRAGMENT.

“Alas ! our young affections run to waste.”—*Byron.*

Some sing their “ Splendid Shillings ”—look into
That merrie and conceitede booke y’clep’d
“ The Oxford Sausage ; ”—so, we all may find,
By calm reflection, and observance just,
That we, too, have our moderate share of good.

Happy the youth, or single man, who sees,
In the dull vista of his “ furnish’d room, ”
A snug clean corner-cupboard ;—’tis a place
Claims deep respect during his single state ;
The sacred depôt of his household stuff :

That sanctuary where he bottles up
 His better *spirits* for occasions mete,
 When friends a *benefit* confer on him
 By evening call ; and where no thirsty cook,
 Or tippling landlady, should e'er intrude,
 Did they consult the moral of their lives.
 But mine (dry soul !) *will do these things*, and like
 Young Love, laughs loud at locksmiths such as I.—
 Oh ! what young man, who, like to me hath run
 His orbs of vision o'er the countless cards,
 Affixed, suspended, or turn'd upside down
 In divers windows of this wond'rous town ;
 And trac'd the hieroglyphics on them writ,
 Enough to puzzle THOMAS ASTLE's wit ; (1)
 “ Lodgings for single men, ” or, more genteel,
 “ Furnish'd apartments ” L E *double T.*—
 This hapless wight, a wand'rer like myself,
 Complying with the scrip, “ Inquire within,”
 Hath straight been usher'd into such a scene
 As I am now attempting to pourtray.

“ These are the rooms, (giving a hasty brush
 To dust which dims the lustre of the Pembroke top,)
 But something out of order as you see.”
 And furthermore—Oh ! he can fancy well,
 The worn-out carpet, and the confin’d grate ;
 The antique furniture of various kind,
 The colour of the close surrounding walls,
 On which nor paint, nor paper hath been laid
 For the long lease of nine-and-ninety years !

Happy that youth, though destin’d here to dwell,
 Who hath his closet with good things well stor’d,
 And answers “ NO !” to “ would you please to board ?”
 The glorious independence which he feels,
 The strength of nerve which vibrates not a jot,
 When loudest knocking shakes the lobby-door ;
 Or when some free *sans ceremonie* friend,
 Seizes the poker and stirs up the fire,
 With “ Well, dear GEOFFREY, what have ye to eat ?”
 Then is the hour of true delight, and forth
 From out the pocket flies the closet key.

“ You ’ve always something nice, by jingo, ‘ JOHN !
 “ Well, let me see, what have I for your grace ?—
 “ Some rein-deer tongue, or Yorkshire ham well cur’d ;
 “ A crust of Cheshire or rich Stilton cheese,
 “ Would almost walk to table of itself,
 “ So rife with myriads of the strong and *mighty*.
 “ A little jar of potted shrimps (half eaten) ;
 “ The remnant of a cold sir-loin of beef
 (“ Which has been *out to dinner* twice already) ;
 “ Some of the best of HOLMES’ Manx red herrings,
 “ Toasted or broil’d, and relish’d with a glass
 “ Of Ashbourne ‘ tear-brain ’ ale.—To wash all down,
 “ Some whiskey toddy, or fine *eau de vie*,
 “ Commix’d with sage SANGRADO’S sure specific,
 “ And two or three cigars to puff out care.”

I’d writ thus far my catalogue of cookery,
 When in that cupboard rose such clash and clatter,
 I left my chair to ascertain the matter.—
 Oh ! fellow-lodgers, judge of my dismay,
 On finding all my stock a total wreck !

Fragments of glass were strew'd upon the ground,
 Decapitated bottles lay upon the shelves ;
 The china punch-bowl I 'd been christen'd in,
 A rich heir-loom, (what business had it there ?)
 Lay crack'd and rolling on the litter'd floor,
 Like heads it oft had help'd to spin before :
 The tongue, the shrimps, the herring, and the ham,
 Had merely found existence in my brain,
 'Stead of my grosser part—but, what was worst,
 A porter-mug my landlady much priz'd
 (The bowl from which young HEBE nectar quaffs,)
 Had literally *gone to pot* ;—my Cognac too,
 Was dribbling down to the low-water mark,
 Having applied its balm to broken jars,
 So that a *squib* or two was scarcely left,
 To blow up my *low spirits*, or *go off* !
 “ What in the name of wonder is this row,
 “ Which breaks so fearfully on my design,
 “ When closeted at midnight with the muse ? ”

Out jump'd the tabby cat, bearing away
 A huge *Norwegian* rat, which doubtless had,
 Through *Mersey* and through *Irwell Navigation*,
 Made voyage of discovery this way,
 Through some old sewer ;—like to that wonderful
 Ale-bibbing snake, which CHETHAM'S Collegers
 Aver was whipped to death for drunkenness.—
 The rat, which this untimely end did meet,
 Tempted by cheese, had thought to colonize.
 Farewell ! I charge ye all to sympathize.

NOTE.

(1)

See ASTLE on the " Origin and progress of Writing. "

A MORNING IN THE
MANCHESTER SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY,
EXCHANGE-STREET.

LADY EMILY.---Read one's acquaintance---delightful ! What romances, novels, satires, and mock heroics, present themselves to my imagination ! Our young men are flimsy essays ; old ones, political pamphlets ; coquettes, fugitive pieces ; and fashionable beauties, a compilation of advertised perfumery, essence of pearl, milk of roses, and Olympian dew.--Lord, I should now and then, though, turn over an acquaintance with a sort of fear and trembling.---*The Heiress.*

* * * The charm of reading ; that enchanting pleasure ; that innocent voluptuousness ; that atmosphere in which the half-fledged faculties delight to try their little wings, and soar into a region that grosser spirits know not.---*Harriet Lee.*

To the still village and the noisiest town,
There's one thing common I would now note down ;
At the gay sea-port, or the dashing wells,
The learn'd resort of *exquisites* and *belles*,
The morning lounge of would-be-thought *vertû*,
In silken stockings, slightly shaded blue ;
The libraries or reading-rooms I sing,
Where " half-fledg'd wits delight to try the wing ;"

From the long gallery, with book-lin'd wall,
 To three feet square within the barber's stall ;
 Where lovers meet, for one short hour content,
 To talk much nonsense—nick-named sentiment ;
 Where gay coquettes fly buzzing round the room,
 Chas'd by some thing in dress most like a groom ;
 Where some old spinster seeks in vain for beaux,
 In spite of all she reads, or all she knows ;
 Where *literati* gather side by side,
 Both male and female PLATOS, (dont deride)
 The last Scotch novel or fresh play review,
 And yawn mechanical for something new.
 Of scenes like these might soon be brought a host,
 From town, from country, and all round the coast,—
 But my poor Pegasus, no cause to roam,
 Shall amble gently somewhat nearer home ;
 Or if to fly to loftier heights he dares,
 He shall—and take a single *flight of stairs* ;
 There seated, on the scene devoutly look,
 As maids at church on lovers or their book.

The business of the morn, commenc'd at ten,
 Now yields description for my feeble pen ;
 But, oft before this hour, a clam'rous crew,
 Devoted amateurs of all that's *blue*,
 With frequent knocks the fast-clos'd door assail,
 Piërian drinkers in such swarms prevail ;
 At length 'tis open'd, voice with voice confounds,
 And Babel discord once again resounds.
 Indulgence here most heartfelt would I ask,
 Such medleys to pourtray, no easy task ;
 But speed my *goose-quill*, strike a flourish here,
 And note the learned without sense of fear.
 'Tis Christmas holydays, and, free from rule,
 Come crowds of love-sick girls return'd from school ;
 Mamma's permission to have what they please,
 They ask for *Abelard* and *Heloise*,
Thaddeus of Warsaw, or *the Scottish Chiefs*,
 And deeply sympathize with *Werter's* griefs ;
 There's husband-hunting *Celia's* happy lot,
Man as he is, and Man as he is not,

And *Dangerous Errors* may be found in turn,—
 So to avoid them, strive to *Live and Learn* :
Caleb's Deceiv'd too, when he sought a wife,
No Fiction is A Tale of Real Life,
 (*I says, says I, Such Things Are* nothing new,
My mistress prov'd a jilt, my friend untrue),
Rash Vows and Fatal make whole circles nod,
 Form naught but *Gossips' Stories, Is'nt it Odd?*
 The *Constant Lover*, the *Deserted Bride*,
 The *Wife and Mistress* are seen side by side ;
My Uncle Thomas and *Maid Marian*,
The Nuus, The Bachelor and Married Man ;
Tom Jones, The Novice of St. Dominick,
Old Manor Houses haunted by *Old Nick* :
Wild Irish Boys and Girls were given to life
 By Lady Morgan, “ ere she grew a wife ;” (1)
Nobility run Mad—their usual way,
Religious Courtship and *The Wedding Day* :
 There's *Mountain Letters* for their lofty style,
Joe Andrews, Pamela, all free from guile ;

The Rose of Raby, Bristol Heiress' Purse,
The Rival Mothers, Emma and her Nurse,
Old and New Stories, Tales without an end,
Petrarch and Laura, and Myself and Friend.
 Books such as these oft constitute the stuff,
 The hidden mysteries of a lady's muff ;
 No *Rambles Farther*, other things rehearse,
 Or put the catalogue at once in verse.—
 Enter some sturdy urchin out of breath,
 For *Haunted Caverns*, and for *Caves of Death*,
Bravoes of Venice and *Otranto's Knight*,
 And *Radcliffe Horrors* their young brains to fright,
 Till crowding closer round the ev'ning fire,
 To rest they hardly venture to retire.—
 There's still another class—a younger fry,
 With silly mothers stand in favour high ;
 Creatures devoid of taste for mental food,
 Send here for *Picture Books* to please their brood,
 And these with toys are tumbled o'er and o'er,
 In wild confusion on the Nursery floor ;

'Tis well a wise committee's vote can stay
 These doting parents in their thoughtless way,
 Else *Ormerod's Cheshire*, and the plates to *Cooke*,
 Would soon assume a monstrous dingy look ;
Dibdin's Decameron, and *Dibdin's Tour*,
 Would haste to ruin, it is very sure ;
 Witness the *Sports and Pastimes of the East*,
 By thousand butter'd thumbs and fingers greas'd,
 And *Forbes' Memoirs* rich with many a plate,
 Conn'd o'er by readers rising three feet eight ;
 Its flowers, its fruits, its birds of plumage bright,
 Tigers, snakes, lizards, touched without affright.
Lavater's work on *Physiognomy*,
 Finds many a zealous female devotee,
 Who turns his leaves to every section's end
 To trace the semblance of some dear *dear* friend,
 And having found one which resembles near
 The form and features of this *one* so dear,
 She reads the text with quick and beaming eye,
 His virtues, vices, temper to descry ;

Should these, alas ! her fancy fond misfit,
 She shuts the book, for ——“ ’tis not like one bit.”
 Another scene now claims attentive thought,
 With such odd compounds ’tis so amply fraught ;
 A gabbling noise is heard upon the stairs,
 Blue stockings enter, neatly link’d *in pairs*,—
 Before the fire take off their thin kid shoes
 To warm their frozen toes, or dry their blues ;
 Each taking then a comfortable seat,
 The mantling blood ascending from the feet,
 Straight to the head directs its circling course,
 Warms the chill nerves and generates discourse ;
 Now forth they break, (assist me Muses nine !
 Inspire my soul to sing the theme divine !)—
 Scanning a catalogue one now begins,
 “ My dear Letitia, give me, love, two pins—
 “ *High-ways and Bye-ways, Tales pick’d up in France*—
 “ Last night I went to MRS. SPRIGHTLY’S dance—
 “ The *Flood of Thessaly* is quite divine—
 “ The cakes were musty, and how poor the wine !
 “ MISS CAREFUL tore her Esterhazy frock—
 “ What are the *Memoirs of this Captain Rock* ?

“ Who is the author ? ” “ *Not* himself, ’tis said,—

“ Oh, no, my dear, ’tis THOMAS MOORE instead ; ”—

“ Oh, la !—it must be good,—I ’ll have the book,

“ P’rhaps ’tis like *Hafed* in his *Lalla Rookh* ;—

“ Is *Captain Rock* at home ? ”—“ No, he’s gone out ”—

“ I will not go to MRS. RIOT’S rout—

“ Where shall I seek *Moore’s Odes*, or *Angels’ Love* ? ”—

“ One’s at your feet, the other high *above*.”

“ Here’s *Fletcher’s Trial*, *Court of Common Sense*—

“ I bought some gloves at LLOYD’S for fifteen pence ;

“ And as I paced along the well-fill’d Square,

“ You cannot think how gentlemen did stare—

“ Well, my dear JANE, I know not what to take,—

“ Here’s *Herbert’s Helga*, and *James Hogg’s Queen’s*

Wake ;

“ Have you read either ?—Really, I must go :

“ Ask for *Don Juan*, love, but ‘ whisper low ; ’

“ PRISCILLA PRUDISH says ’tis very good,

“ That she’s a *judge* is fully understood.”

Still a few more who daily here retire,

To warm their fingers o’er the blazing fire,—

The Magi of the place, the true wise men,
 Once seen and heard are ever known again ;
 A few who think that if they cease to call,
 The whole establishment to earth would fall.
 And so it is—for who will dare defy
 The heavy arguments of County Guy ?
 Or who pretend the judgment to forego
 Of ever-prosing—" Well, you know, you know !"

The scores of scrip-scrap sent here day by day,
 First read, then answer'd, and then thrown away ;
 Oh, could I see the various notes so terse,
 What matter I should find to swell my verse ;
 How prove that " English undefiled " prevails,—
 " Pray send me any of the Scottish *Tails* ;" (2)
 Make strange quotations from each shape and size,
 And mark how *tastes for literature* arise !
 But haste I to conclude, there's no more space,
 For little Peg to run a longer race ;
 Therefore I check him, as the morning's gone,
 Miss A. pulls out her watch, and lo !—'tis ONE ! (3)

NOTES.

(1)

By Lady Morgan, etc.

Her ladyship being then Miss Owenson—

“As pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife.”—*Byron*.

(2)

Pray send me any of the Scottish Tails.

It is but justice to state how I got hold of this specimen of orthography. I picked up from the floor a small serap of paper containing the above line, at first I conjectured that it was meant for the butcher, the lady who wrote it being desirous of making savoury soup from one of the tails of those tender beeves called ‘Scots ;’ but on finding another slip, on which was written “Rob Roy,” I immediately noticed the error. There was no name attached to the note.

(3)

Miss A. pulls out her watch, and lo!—’tis ONE.

Hiddery, diddery doek,
 The mouse ran up the clock :
 The clock struek ONE,
 The mouse was gone,
 Hiddery, diddery dock !

Nursery Song.

A SUBURBAN SORTIE.

Almost every man now-a-days, whose circumstances allow him to keep a gig and horse, or one of those double seated conveniences, which might be well named a Customer's Cab, has an establishment in the country; a part of this our earth differing very materially from the "flood and fell" of SIR WALTER, inasmuch as it is intersected by Macadamized roads, with flagged causeways, lined by iron railings of "many a rare device," and lighted by gas lamps. Now, I am one of those who prefer the unsophisticated state of nature, despite of all that REPTON and GOODWIN may have said and drawn to the contrary, (1) and have therefore made a humble attempt, in the following lines, to ridicule, in a slight degree, the present rage for erecting those tradesmen's *dormitories*, (seldom seen by their owners in the day)

Which puff about high roads, so grand, so small,
With wings and what not, portico and all,
And poor drench'd pillars, which it seems a sin
Not to mat up at night-time, or take in.

The Choice--Liberal. No. IV.

TIR'D of the noise of waggons, coaches, carts,
Police debates, or Meetings on Fine Arts;
Of Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb,
And rival Journals which are yet to come;
Of Gas Projectors sick in heart and soul,
The *Bore-reali* from the Northern Pole;
Of widening streets, the Town Hall, and what not,
Police Commissioners, ay, all the lot!

Louis defunct,—*restaurateur* of kings,
 Sadler's balloon, and all such flighty things :
 On with my camblet cloak to find fresh talk,
 Like COWPER in " a Winter Morning's Walk :"
 And leave the smoky town some time to range,
 A mile or two from that *trade mill* the Change !
 Bent to survey those pleasant snug retreats,
 Term'd *country boxes, villas, gemmen's seats,*
Terrace or mount, strange places, hill and dale,
 And charming *cottages* (2) to swell the tale.
 There's Yew-tree, Woodbine, Birch, are old in name,
 And why not Crab-tree have an equal fame ?
 Their aspects, suitable to every taste,
 Pray box the compass, north, south, east and west :
 Some, like their lords, two-fac'd, look tow'rd's the hills,
 And " views embrace " of silk and cotton mills !—
 According to their means, or great or small,
 And " Vulgar Fractions " live at Cabbage Hall ! *
 The rise of these proceed I to explain,
 And then return *aux maisons de Champagne.*

“ When wealth accumulates ” and joys increase,
 From trading war to “ piping times of peace,
 When town-bred merchants, far unlike Macduff,
 Surprise the world by crying, “ Hold ! enough ! ”
 In fortune’s chase, with zeal no longer fir’d,
 Incline to live sequester’d, or retir’d,
 To *end* their days in quiet now *begin*,
 To ease their conscience of a load of sin,
 To taste at length the sweetest joys of life,
 And share them with that boon, a “ faithful wife
 “ And tender mother, ”—(as ’tis often said
 By loving husbands on their *ribs* just dead ;)
 Praiseworthy dame ! who shar’d his bed and board,
 When they were but indifferently stor’d ;
 To such due honours should be justly given,
 For without her the good man ne ’er had thriven ;
 At least, the proverb tells us, “ if in life,
 “ A man would thrive, he needs must ask his wife : ”
 Withhold not then her moiety of praise,
 She lent a hand to help his early days,
 Perform’d with tender love her marriage vow,
 When *he* did *her* with worldly goods endow ;

Did honour, love him, cherish and *obey*,
 Much more, perhaps, than finer dames can say ;
 A virtuous woman, worth a jewell'd crown,
 And the best *manager* throughout the town :
 But here I wander from my proper strain,
 And, like fam'd Whittington, must " turn again."

Conceive a Cit, who riches can command,
 Purchase a house with a few roods of land ;
 Enough to keep a cow, a horse, or so,
 Sometimes to pasture and sometimes to mow ;
 Gods ! how one laughs to hear these *land lads* say,
 " 'Tis shocking weather !—we can't make our hay !"
 Then shake their heads—alas ! poor anxious souls,
 Three statute acres, one rood, thirty poles !
 Whilst pleasure-ground or kitchen-garden grows
 Food for the house, or bouquets for the nose ;
 That is, the vegetable part I mean,
 Peas, parsley, turnips, spinach, kidney-bean ;
 With these *potatoes* I must not recite,
 If you seek why ? ask *vegetable* WRIGHT !

A gig or coach-house, and a stable fair,
 For one Bucephalus, mayhap a pair,
 As it may chance to suit his purse, or meet
 The style and splendour of his country seat.

One loves to deal in mortar, brick and stone,
 And if he wants a house, straight builds his own ;
 With architectivè taste, oh ! wondrous man !
 Consults VITRUVIUS, and begins to plan ;
 Studies the ancients for true beauty's line,
 And lays it down at CLOACINA's shrine ;
 Of names, and orders, columns, and what not,
 Constructs a medley, and 'tis—heaven knows what !
 Then, to be sure, the hall must have some wood,—
 He plants and transplants for the public good ;
 Poplar 's the tree ! starts up like men in trade,
 And round his nondescript soon forms a shade.
 “ Last scene of all which ends this strange ” account,
 Though on a *flat* he calls it *Pleasant Mount* ; (3)
 One mile from town—he talks of his estate,
 Thinks, at his years, 'tis time to *rusticate* ;

Admires the *distance* for his country box,
 As he can learn the rise and fall of stocks ;
 Soon be familiar with the latest news—
 His wife and family attend the pews
 Within the church, where he was early led,
 Baptis'd, confirm'd, and, worst of all—was wed ;
 And where, when dead, he hopes to rest his bones,
 Beneath “ *Hic jacet,* ” cherub-corner'd stones.

Now mark with what delight, and pleasant air,
 Some men survey their hard-earn'd *pied aux terres* ;
 And when, perchance, they bring some ancient friend,
 In country life a day or two to spend,
 Methinks I hear the fond enthusiast say,
 “ Follow me, Sir ; myself will lead the way.”
 Onward he goes, but only o'er the road,
 To take a *distant* view of his abode ;
 Then turning round with proud exulting face,
 “ Now you behold my mansion, Prospect Place !”
 Some few square feet of ground, with custom'd trees,
 Young poplars, flutter in the healthful breeze ;

A grass-plot smooth, which JOHN each fortnight mows,
 Corner'd with posts for hanging out wet clothes ;
 Fine gravel'd walks well roll'd, and border'd neat
 With daisies, sea-pinks, privet, box, complete.
 Here to the left, where meet right-angled walls,
 Some stones are heap'd, which " Miss " a grotto calls,
 Pil'd high with pebbles sent for from afar,
 Stalactites, sea-shells, Peak or Matlock spar :
 While " little Master " hath his joys no less,
 With dibble digs and sets his name in cress ;
 Divides his time in delving, or the guard
 Of some score rabbits in the stable yard !
 The husband strutting with his darling wife,
 Hails sweet retirement from the toils of life ;
 Talks of his *land* ! the *lawn* ! his horse and cow,
 Th' expected farrow of his Chinese sow ;
 The garden stuff, the hay, the fatted calf,
 And self-complaisant breaks into a laugh :
 Then spousey kind his farming views to cheer
 Talks of preserves and wines she's made this year,

Of hens and chickens, turkeys, ducks, recounts
 And states the profits of the milk accounts !
 The very opposite I must confess,
 To what 's term'd "*Agricultural Distress.*"
 Thus far hypothesis ;—I leave to view,
 Whether my fancies are unjust or true,
 A little longer I proceed to write,
 Some sad misnomers of the town to cite.
 As round our suburbs you may chance to go,
 Consider well each Terrace, Place, and Row,
 Nor be surpris'd or squeamishly too nice,
 If some dull dirty street's call'd Paradise ! (4)
 Along the level Oxford-road you'll view
 Th' exalted Terrace, Exmouth, Waterloo ;
 As through the breezy fields you sometimes rove,
 Without a single tree you 'll find "*The Grove ;*"
 Nor wonder if you ever hap to pass
 A place call'd "*Green Bank*" where there is no grass !
 Nor yet be tempted people's taste to chide,
 If you find "*Woodlands*" by the river side,

Unless it happens that your optics see
 Some joiner's saw-pit, timber-merchant's quay :
 Large houses now to *cottages* they change—
 To well-known *Cheetham* too the *ways* are *strange*,
 And if the country further be explor'd,
 A bridge you'll find at what's call'd Broughton Ford :
 Instead of touching on Mount Ararat,
 There NOAH'S ark is resting on the Flat ;
 The Priory, in days of old design'd
 For monks and friars, a married man you'll find ;—
 And roughest rabble like foul fiends from hell
 In *Angel-meadow* and *Saint George's* dwell ;
 Close to the dusty road you oft may trace
 Sweet Fairy-land or sweeter Fairfield-place ;
 And true it is, find nothing else you will
 But crabs and turnips upon Strawberry-hill,
 Nor partridges you'll see, nor hares, nor grouse,
 On Shooter's-hill, or larks at ACKER'S house.
 But here 's enough, and truly it is time,
 To make an end of this my *pastoral* rhyme.

NOTES.

(1)

See REPTON on *Ornamental Gardening*, and GOODWIN'S new work on *Rural Structures, etc.*

(2)

*Terrace or mount, strange places, hill and dale,
And charming cottages to swell the tale.*

According to the *Fashionable Vocabulary*, "Cottage Ornée,"—*i.e.* a Cottage with a double Coach-house.

(*)

*According to their means, or great or small,
And "Vulgar Fractions" live at Cabbage Hall !*

Vulgar Fractions,—generally perplexing to young Arithmeticians at school ; and frequently so to children of a larger growth, in the shape of some *stubborn* "Tailor, good Lord."—*Old Saying.*

(3)

*"Last scene of all which ends this strange" account,
Though on a flat, he calls it Pleasant Mount.*

There are about as many Mount Pleasants as the hills of Rome—one most suiting to my purpose may be seen stretching towards Green Heys, at the further end of Boundary-street.

(4)

*Nor be surpris'd or squeamishly too nice,
If some dull dirty street's call'd Paradise !*

Paradise and Green Bank may be discovered true to the letter, at the further part of Back Salford ; and Fairfield Place is situate in the most dusty part of Oxford Road, opposite the Clarendon Inn. By the way, the levelling of this road, by raising the bridge somewhat near three feet, is highly commendable, and will save both man and beast much labour. I have heard of one gentleman, who lives about two miles from town in that direction, expressing great anxiety lest a favourite horse should be killed by over-exertion, to wit, a daily labour of eight miles, performed at four different journeys, and at a rate which corpulent men seldom exceed.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1824,

OR

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

The greatest pleasure of life is Love.

Sir Wm. Temple.

But until all graces come into one woman, not one won an shall come into my grace.

Much Ado about Nothing.

'Tis known to all, that in sly Cupid's school
The eldest scholar is the greatest fool :
But wherefore laugh ? for all men take their turn
To fume, to fret, to sigh, to chafe, to burn ;
And though our grand-dames be as cold as snow,
We, their descendants, feel the self-same glow
Which spread alike through ages long bye gone,
Down to this hour, from *anno mundi* one.
When ADAM took unto himself a wife,
And nam'd her EVE, " the mother of all life,"—
The law of Nature ;—so it is but just,
We too should wed, simply because we must :

A woman's reason, which enough will seem,
 Considering she herself is half the theme.
 Then why mince matters in my young career ?
 I scorn deceit, and seek to be sincere ;
 Though plain my words, I'll act the manly part,
 Address the *head*, not trifle with the heart ;
 And though a *valentine* I now indite,
 Joining the common herd of those who write
 Sweet love-sick sonnets, crowding host on host,
 Writ with crow-quills on gilt-edged vellum post ;
 With lovely linnings both of belles and beaux,
 In sky-blue coats and crimson-colour'd clothes,
 Bouquets of roses, heart's-ease, true love's knot,
 Love lies-a-bleeding and forget-me-not !
 With all the jargon of a hundred years,
 Pierc'd hearts, bows, arrows, altars, flames, and tears,
 A wood-bin'd cottage, Cupid at the door,
 Or else his Godship in a coach-and-four ;
 A church interior, parson, and the clerk,
 The " kindled torch, " to light them in the dark !

A sleeping nymph, who airy visions sees,
 Of long futurity, of blissful ease ;
 With rhymes :—“ The rose is red, the violet’s blue,
 (Ah me !)—The pink is sweet, and so are you.”
 Then comes :—“ If you love me as I love you,
 Nothing but (*cruel*) death shall part us two.”
 Oh ! *dome-stic* love, to wretched mortals given,
 Man gaining thee can have no wish but heaven ;
 But I forsake this custom’d canting strain,
 And, like my sheet of paper, which is plain,
 Describe my wants as they may chance to rise,
 And state them candidly without disguise ;
 My meaning honest, fearless of a frown,
 I’ll dedicate to all the belles in town ;
 Print to save post, (fine thought, upon my life !)
 And advertise for that blest boon, a wife ;
 It suits the season, for ’tis “ pairing time,”—
 Excuse my impudence, and eke my rhyme.
 Chief, she possess that potent spell, a *mind*,
 Leaving the charms of person far behind ;

Not sentimental, nor too much of wit,
 As this in woman may perchance misfit ;
 Of polish'd manners, and affections warm,
 No slave to follow fashion's varying form ;
 Quite at her ease at theatre or ball,
 And still at home within the servants' hall ;
 Of judgment good, and cultivated taste,
 Pious withal, and consequently chaste,
 A " pleasant neighbour," and a prudent dame,
 Her husband's confidante, his pride, and fame !
 With such a one to grace my own fireside,
 Swift down the stream of life I'd gladly glide,
 Laugh loud, ye worldlings, let who will deride. }
 I do not prize the pocket's paltry pelf,
 But her alone, " a world within herself :"
 All that she should be—nay, she might be cast
 From LEMUEL's lesson, Proverbs, chapter last.
 So much for th' mind and manners of the maid,
 Almost too good to yoke herself with trade ;
 For I alas ! pursue that walk in life,
 And for my station seek a fitting wife !

But, ah ! ye'll say I want a monstrous deal,
Hold high your heads, and turn upon your heel.—
Still there are some who *may* not be averse
To fill the station which I now rehearse—
Can go to market like an ancient belle,
And in th' old adage, “ turn a penny well ;”
Unlike most misses, think it no disgrace
To bargain with the butcher face to face,
Nor blush to hear, when she may chance to call,
Green-grocers' gossip at a fish-wife's stall ;
Consistent with her rank to suit her dress,
Striving to make more wealth instead of less ;
And when my avocations force to roam,
With holy kiss to greet my coming home !
And if by chance our servants should be ill,
Deign for a time their duties to fulfil ;
Can scour the boiler, mash the malt and brew it,
Or make a dumpling of fine fresh beef-suet ;
Can cook a chop, a cutlet, or rump-steak,
Pudding or pie can either boil or bake ;

Wash, dress the children, comb their pretty hair,
 And "early join their little hands in prayer,"
 Teach them their lessons, "all that sort of thing,"
 And give them opening medicine in spring ;
 A splendid dinner for a prince provide,
 And like a princess at its head preside !
 But hark ! I fancy females' shrilly laugh,
 And hear them cry, "La, bless me, what a calf !
 "To think of finding underneath the sun
 "So poor a creature ! (Laugh again.) What fun !
 "The dolt, indeed ! He thinks himself a king ;
 "Doubtless some '*little, dirty, nasty thing.*'"
 Ladies, repent ! and do not be severe,
 Think on your privilege, 'tis now leap year ;
 Decide not harshly on my modest suit,
 But from your minds all prejudice up-root ;
 Let candidates a correspondence try,
 (*Such as are fit*) none others need apply.
 Letters addressed, *post paid* :-—the muse departs :
 FROM GEOFFREY GIMCRACK, Bachelor of Hearts.

THE LAMENT AND PETITION OF BIJOU,
MY LITTLE LAP DOG.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HIS WORSHIP, THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL,
AND THEIR HONOURS THE CORPORATION.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be ;
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree. *Goldsmith.*

These are the mad dogs, which have made men mad
By their contagion.— *Childe Harold, altered.*

Returning late last night from toil and care,
Before the fire I plac'd my elbow chair ;
Upon the rug my little dog was sat,
With whom I enter'd into friendly chat,—
A way we have, like social friend or brother,
In our discourse to understand each other :
His pretty eyes and nose suffus'd with tears,
As may be seen in dogs advanc'd in years ;
Adown his cheeks the gushing current ran,
When he the tenor of his tale began.

“ As trotting down Shaw’s-brow the other day,
 “ A gang of gaping starers stopp’d the way ;
 “ Rous’d from a reverie I staid there too,
 “ A printed handbill on the wall to view :
 “ A civil gent. who stood amidst the crowd,
 “ *Pro bono publico* did read aloud
 “ An ‘ order ’ from the magistrates and mayor,
 “ Which well indeed might make the good folks stare.
 “ A plot—a murder ! (‘ Whose afraid of frogs ? ’)
 “ Death and destruction ’gainst all us poor dogs ;
 “ A mandate stern,—to die or be confin’d :—
 “ ‘ Kennel ’ ’s the word, ye puppies be resign’d.
 “ I prick’d my ears, and curving close my tail,
 “ I soon ‘ stole off,’ alas ! to weep and wail.
 “ ’Tis fit and proper that the public health
 “ Should be protected in the common wealth ;
 “ But, oh ! all castes, of whatsoe’er distinction
 “ Of name or worth, are sentenc’d to extinction.
 “ Alike dread vengeance is to all decreed,
 “ To worthless mongrel or King Charles’s breed,

“ Old English mastiff, terrier, Talbot hound,
“ Beagle and bull-dog, all in fetters bound ;
“ Pointer and poodle (those like lions shav'd,)
“ And us poor lap-dogs, prettily behav'd.
“ Fox, stag, and greyhound, all the hunting race,
“ Harriers and spaniels, setters in disgrace ;
“ Cock-dogs and curs obey the orders grim,
“ No more rat-hunting, nor admir'd duck-swim !
“ No more shall greyhounds course with nimble feet,
“ Nor we be puffing, panting through the street ;
“ E'en the poor turnspit shares the general ire,
“ Kick'd from his station at the kitchen fire !
“ And oh ! what noble names of great renown,
“ This dire decree is likely to bring down ;
“ No merit now our quality or fame,
“ ‘ The glory and the nothing of a Name !’
“ Neroes and Nelsons, Pompeys, Cæsars too,
“ Majors and Captains they at once subdue ;
“ Princes and Dukes must feel the galling smart,
“ And Hector from Andromache must part.

“ Tartars in hordes are banished from the field,
 “ E’en gods and goddesses to man must yield :
 “ Of Mars and Neptune they blow out the brains,
 “ And charming Cupid, ruthless hang in chains !
 “ Diana, Juno, Venus are *confin’d*,
 “ Their offspring drown’d (oh, horrid thought !) when
 blind !
 “ Plebeians the same fate must undergo,
 “ Bill, Bob, and Boatswain, Belcher, Crib, and Beau ;
 “ And Towzer, Toby, Tinker, Tray, and Toss,
 “ Of liberty, alas ! must feel the loss :
 “ Don, Dash, and Pincher, Rolla, Spanker, Fly,
 “ Carlo, and Wolf, ‘tied up,’ they wonder why ;—
 “ So far the *sons* of bitches ; let me see
 “ How this restraint will with the dames agree ;
 “ Fidèle, Fan, Flora, Chloe, Moll, and Nell,
 “ In their *confinement* ‘likely to do well ;’
 “ From the imperial Juno’s wooden cot,
 “ To the straw-yards of Gipsej, Sal, and Spot :—
 “ Most noble Felix, we are not *all* mad,
 “ Creation’s lords themselves are quite as bad.

“ To think of tying up with chain and tether,
 “ The canine race in such cold frosty weather :
 “ When Sirius with the sun his influence blends,
 “ And heat refulgent on our heads decends,
 “ Then we’ll submit, nor utter one complaint,
 “ But anxious strive t’avoid the foul attaint—
 “ Your lives and property we will protect,
 “ ’Tis all in reason you can e’er expect ;
 “ No more at midnight will we whine and growl,
 “ Nor serenade ye with a long death-howl ;
 “ Content i’th’ kitchen with the cat to sit,
 “ Nor ’gainst the posts indecencies commit ;
 “ Only recal your rigorous measures now,
 “ And your petitioners will cry bow-wow.”

My little dog, his *tale* of sorrow o’er,
 Wagging its namesake, lay down on the floor ;
 I sooth’d his woe, and patting his poor head,
 Took up the candle, and adjourn’d to bed.

SOUTHPORT ALIAS NORTH MEOLS.

The beach is plain, open, and level, and at this time is much used for sea bathing. * * * * The coast, as it retires inland, consists of a chain of barren sand-hills, which are now, and were probably then (Elizabeth's reign) used as a rabbit-warren.—*King of the Peak.*

What ! none aspire ?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.
They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind ;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.... *Young.*

As “ part and parcel ” of our native land
Might be esteem'd that far-famed desert strand,
Southport yelep'd—to which our gentle fair
At stated seasons of the year repair ;
And busy burghers court a little ease,
From wonted toil, t' inhale the wholesome breeze ;
So much of native manners here we trace,
Meet at each step some friend's familiar face ! (1)

That we do think it were not wrong if we
 Did name it—Manchester epitome.

In the hot months when cits incline to roam,
 Grown quite uneasy, think of quitting home,
 No sooner thought, than quickly they decide,
 To throw their books, *pro tempore*, aside ;
 A sacrifice requiring all their force,
 And straight to Southport steer their steady course.
 Observe, we speak as suiting to the theme,
 Though steering on the land most odd may seem :
 But while the *Pilot* runs there thrice a week,
 On such anomalies we need not speak ;
 And true it is, on board the Wigan boat
 Their wives and families are soon afloat ;
 Along the smooth canal they sluggish *sail*,
 Without one stitch of canvas 'fore the gale ;
 The hardy cockswain at the helm you view,
 Sternly “ resolved to steer the vessel true,”
 Though lock and turn-bridge often cross his way
 And in his “ north-west voyage ” cause delay ;

If not a "steamer," yet of *two horse power*,
 Its passage speedy—just three knots an hour,
 From morn to eve ; all dread of danger past,
 At Scarisbrick bridge they safe arrive at last,
 Where, like to claiming customs on the coast,
 The hulk is boarded by a clamorous host
 Of boys and jarvies, lords of caravans,
 Carts, coaches, jaunting-cars, and shandry-dans.
 Like *hookers-in* soliciting pell mell
 To drive to BARLOW's or to CLARE's hotel.

Thus far the journey.—How shall we pourtray
 The end of travelling forty miles per day ?
 The sweet approach, say how shall we report,
 To this " most fashionable gay resort ?" (2)
 Uneven pavement shaking out one's breath,
 Dismal and rough as BUNYAN's *Vale of Death*,
 And strangers for a time express surprise
 When naught but sand-hills meet their wond'ring eyes ;
 Anon the church the carriage *heaves in sight*,
 The Hesketh Arms, and *Playhouse* to the right ;

At further end of what is term'd "the town,"
 The castellated towers of H. HOLT frown.
 On what, or whom ? the thrifty sons of trade
 Who hold abode in Wellington-parade,
 And here, just by, on Coronation Walk,
 An odd divan of "new arrivals" talk,
 Curious to know your quality or name,
 What your profession and from whence you came,
 Nay, absolutely stare at all they meet,
 New faces pass and old ones faintly greet ;
 Though strange to all, still there 's a busy few
 Will ask "How's trade?" and "Pray what have you
 new?"

The night pass'd o'er, at morn behold a band
 Of lovely damsels troop along the sand,
 Yclad in flannel dress of blue or red,
 And oil-case cap, as covering for the head ;
 With joy they hasten to the blue marine,
 And patient wait their turn for a machine ;

And, *it is said*, those they prefer to call
 Of “handsome JOHN,” and eke “sweet WILLIAM”
 Ball!

Like to the NAIADS, as we read at school,
 They quick descend, and trouble well the pool;
 Heedless of being seen by vulgar men,
 They dash and splash, and splash and dash again;
 And though these feats the grinning beaux discern,
 They scorn to show a symptom of concern.
 No further we pursue this luscious strain,
 Lest we at least by some be deemed profane;
 Though true it is, as almost all agree,
 The men in sailing-boats are worse than we—
 These navigators bold are most to blame
 Who tack, and re-tack, without sense of shame;
 “Keep within compass” not their maxim here,
 The ladies’ eyes the stars by which they steer!
 Yet, why condemn these *innocent* delights?
 Who could help sailing by such floating lights?
 Or while such fair *Marine* (3) hold their stations,
 Who’d think of taking *lunar observations*?

Now, as retires the health-conducting wave,
 The beaux depart to breakfast or to shave :
 Meanwhile these sea-nymphs, or the glowing fair,
 Haste to the toilet to arrange their hair ;
Après déjeuner, early yet the day,
 Only appear in simple *négligé*,
 And as it is the custom'd " turn of tide, "
 Engage the ponies for a morning ride,
 (Alas ! poor brutes, they 're almost ridden to death,)
 Or ramble up the sand-hills, out of breath,
 And then run down without the least alarm,
 Or walk to Churchtown, or to find " Lost Farm ;"
 Some to *old Harry Rimmer's* pleased will go,
 And to his fiddle point the pliant toe ;
 Some look for shells, which here are very rare,
 And gain th' advantage of the sea-side air.
 The morning gone, they hasten home to dress
 For early dinner (*militaire* the mess ;)
 Prepared at two at cottage or hotel,
 Made known to all by ringing of a bell,

With whetted appetites, by man and maid
 The welcome summons gladly is obey'd.
 On this corporeal feast we will not treat,
 But leave them for an hour or two to eat—
 Pass onward, and decline the task to tell,
 The joy of taking wine with every belle ;
 Or while old topers pass the bottle round,
 Or some preferring billiards are found,
 Straight to MISS WHITELEY'S *magasin* repair,
 And chatter scandal with a host of fair,
 To lounge or read, to raffle or to view
 The shells and kickshaws, (more polite *bijoux*,)
 And while below the young ones lisp soft love,
 Old dads are poring over news above ;
 Sometimes a few choice spirits here we find,
 Nobly dispos'd to please the public mind ;—
 Raising subscriptions for a pony race,
 A sailing match, or treacle dip the face ;
 Running in sacks—a crown for him who'll try
 To steer a soap-tail'd pig into his sty ;

An awkward helm all freely must confess
 To prove the natives' nautical address.
 Many have witness'd this superior sport,
 And seen the porker piloted to port ! (4)

But, lo ! the evening comes, and now begin
 The sports and pastimes of the world within,
 All from these out-door games must now desist,
 As the old folks retire for rubs at whist,
 While youth and beauty, dress'd in flounce and frill,
 Haste to the ball, as they prefer quadrille ;
 Some to the play, which should not be despised,
 Where th' *School for Scandal* is most scandaliz'd ;
 With scenes like these, diurnally they close,
 At length out-wearied, cheerful seek repose.

Each day with like pursuits is occupied,
 Thus to pourtray them I have humbly tried,
 And hasten now to lay the pencil down,
 And, *via* Lytham, to return to town ;

But such a rage for *Meols* the ladies take,
 That Blackpool, Lytham, *toute-le-monde* forsake,
 For such a name hath this said sandy spot,
 That both, alas ! are now well nigh forgot,
 And naught is left a stanza to inspire,
 Save ELLEN GILLET and her red attire,
 Her hat, her lappets, oh ! the jolly dame,
 She ranks the first and best of bathing fame !
 Farewell, farewell ! ye healthy sea-girt lands
 Of star-hills, sea-gulls, sea-shells, shrimps and sands ;
 Thanks for our renovated health we pour :
 May muscles, cockles, crowd upon your shore ;
 Turbot and cod, and perriwinkle be
 Procur'd in plenty from the Irish sea ;
 To every cottage and to every Inn
 May strangers swarm, and all be *taken in* ;—
 Thus adding yearly to your wealth's increase,
 And to your hearths—true happiness and peace.

NOTES.

(1)

“ Meet at each step some friend’s familiar face :”

Campbell.

(2)

*The sweet approach, say how shall we report,
To this most fashionable gay resort ?*

See WHEELER’S *Chronicle* for its occasional panegyric on this place and Lytham.

(3)

*Or while such fair Marinæ held their stations,
Who’d think of taking lunar observations ?*

MARINA, a surname of VENUS ; would not ANADYOMENE be better ?

(4)

*Many have witness’d this superior sport,
And seen the porker piloted to port !*

Some of these pastimes, I imagine, are not to be found in STRUTT, such as the elegant amusement termed “ treacle-dipping,” which, I believe, found its way here from some place in the neighbourhood of Bolton. For those to whom it may not be familiar, I add a short description. A large dish

is placed on an exalted station, and into it is poured a quantity of treacle, till about three or four inches in depth ; a few shillings or sixpences are then thrown in. *Needy adventurers* then essay to dive into this silver mine and bring up the metal with their teeth, upon which their faces are wiped with feathers, thus forming altogether a *delicious* spectacle. I would remind my readers of a certain spirited gentleman who was a great patron of these sports, particularly the one of *moulting* feathers.

In the last case, the tail of the poor animal is shaved, and well rubbed with soft soap, so as to render it difficult of detention. Probably the arts and mysteries of these sports are so well known, that our notes may be unnecessary ; suffice it, such are the intellectual entertainments provided for the recreation of idle tradesmen at Southport ! They would, we think be more in their place at a village wake, or even at Little London fair.

HENRY HASE.

The old song of 'ABRAHAM NEWLAND' (1) is in the memory of most people ; therefore I do not see why Mr. HENRY HASE should not have equal share in our kindest sympathies, for, as a facetious writer in the London Magazine observes, " If ever there were love at first sight, it is on beholding a £20 Bank of England note, newly issued in its virgin purity."

Arise, oh muse ! attune thy lays,
Hide not thy bashful face ;
But boldly sing aloud the praise
Of famous Henry Hase.

Let nobles boast their pedigree,
Their ancient name and race ;
Whilst I with greater pleasure see
The name of Henry Hase.

It far resounds from shore to shore,
 Around the world's wide space ;
And none can be admired more,
 Or lov'd,—than Henry Hase.

What, though his fame on *paper* rests,
 It can be no disgrace,
Since Queens would press him to their breasts,
 And sigh for Henry Hase.

The Minister, in pride and state,
 Who gives for votes a place,
Brings to his views both small and great,
 By aid of Henry Hase.

The Vicar with good living lin'd,
 Preaches with pompous grace ;
And only gives up *tithes in kind*,
 In change for Henry Hase.

The Doctor who goes o'er his rounds
 With consequential pace,
 Soon in his carriage proudly bounds,
 When known to Henry Hase.

The Lawyer who pores o'er, d'ye see,
 A long and puzzling case,
 Gets out of his perplexity
 When *fèe'd* by Henry Hase.

The Merchant sends his cargoes out,
 A dangerous track to trace ;
 But quickly feels reliev'd from doubt,
 Insur'd by Henry Hase.

The Player, who can "strut and fret
 His hour" with true grimace,
 Will own that he has never met
Prompter like Henry Hase.

The Gambler, who doth time beguile
 With knave, queen, king, and ace,
 Feels less delight in reading Hoyle
 Than studying Henry Hase.

The Jockey, who flogs o'er the course
 In hopes to win the race,
 Feels naught *persuade* with greater force,
 Than spur of Henry Hase.

The promises that great men give,
 And swear not to retrace,
 Must yield to "Promise" we receive
 "To pay" from Henry Hase.

Music, though 'tis by all ador'd,
 In treble, tenor, bass,
 Can never yield so sweet a *chord*,
 As *notes* of Henry Hase.

Maids, Wives, and Widows, all desire
 This charmer to embrace ;
And own their gentle breasts inspir'd,
 With love for Henry Hase.

Henry ! I, too, have lov'd thee long,
 But seldom seen thy face ;
But still my passion is as strong
 As ever, Henry Hase.

Deign, then, to hear me once for all,
 And to my views give place ;
Always attend me at my call
 To bless me, Henry Hase.

NOTE—1.

For the benefit of the younger portion of the present generation, the original Song, as written by CHARLES DIBDIN, is here inserted. It is done with another purpose also, namely, that of increasing the bulk of this little volume ; the author finding, on a careful review and a more matured judgment of his early productions, that many of them are now totally unfit for re-publication. He would, at the same time, acknowledge the foregoing *aisy* verses, as an Irishman would say, together with “ The Loves of the Colours,” as the productions of his brother, ARCHER WARD GIMCHACK ; and would desire, that whatever praise or blame be bestowed upon the volume at large, it may, individually, be *a-ward-ed* to the proper parent.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

There ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,
 Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
 As one that is wrote upon every bank note,
 And you all must know Abraham Newland !
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Notified Abraham Newland !
 I've heard people say, “ sham Abraham ” (2) you may ;
 But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland,
 For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not where ever you land,
 Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak,
 That's the language of Abraham Newland ;
 Oh, Abraham Newland !
 Wonderful Abraham Newland !
 Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be d - n'd,
 If you hav'nt an Abraham Newland !
 The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
 But lawyers know well she can view land :
 But, Lord, what of that ! she'll blink like a bat,
 At the sight of an Abraham Newland ;

Oh, Abraham Newland !

Magical Abraham Newland !

Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see through a mill stone,
She can't see thro' Abraham Newland !

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls ! here like mushrooms they strew land ;
Tho' loud as they drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attacked by stout Abraham Newland :

Oh, Abraham Newland !

Invincible Abraham Newland !

No argument's found in the world half so sound,
As the logic of Abraham Newland !

If a maid of three score, or a dozen years more,
For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,
I'm vastly afraid she would not die a maid,
If acquainted with Abraham Newland :

Oh, Abraham Newland !

Deluding Abraham Newland !

Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,
Thro' the friendship of Abraham Newland !

Thus for Abraham's smiles we're all practising wiles,
And cheating and chattering through land,
Till Death he pops in,
With his comical grin,
And a night-cap for Abraham Newland !

Oh, Abraham Newland !

The bell tolls for Abraham Newland !

For when death he comes by, you know life's all my eye,
And then GOOD BYE to Abraham Newland !

(2)

*I've heard people say, "sham Abraham" you may ;
But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland.*

"To sham Abraham" is a well known cant expression, which has reference to the practises of a large class of vagabonds and cheats, who were once common in this country. An Abraham-man was an impostor, who personated a "Tom of Bedlam :"—an unhappy being who was turned out of a Lunatic Hospital to subsist upon casual alms ; incurable, but harmless without a home, but still maintained by public sympathy. This class of persons was so numerous, at a period when there was very insufficient provision for the cure or mitigation of the greatest of human calamities, that the charity of the kind-hearted inhabitants of the small towns and villages was largely taxed for their support : and the appeal thus made to the feelings, by a poor creature fantastically clothed in tawdry rags and singing snatches of old songs, was so irresistible, that it became a profitable trade to imitate such an unfortunate being. In DICKER'S "English Villanies," written two centuries ago, there are many curious particulars of the habits of this class of impostors ; these details in great part agree with the rich description which SHAKESPEARE has given, in his "Lear," (Act 2, Scene 3.) of a pretended 'Poor Tom,' who has put on

"The basest and most poorest shape
That every penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to breast."—

See D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Vol. 3.

VIRGINIA TOBACCO.

AN OLD STORY VERSIFIED.

Two maiden dames of sixty-two

Together long had dwelt ;

Neither, alas ! of love so true,

The bitter pangs had felt.

But age comes on they say, apace,

To warn us of our death,

And wrinkles mar the fairest face,

At last it stops our breath.

One of these dames, tormented sore
 With that curst pang, tooth-ache,
 Was at a loss for such a bore
 What remedy to take :

“ I ’ve heard,” thought she, “ this ill to cure,
 A pipe is good, they say ;
 Well then, tobacco I ’ll endure,
 And smoke the pain away.”

The pipe was lit, the tooth soon well,
 And she retir’d to rest—
 When thus the other ancient belle
 Her spinster mate addressed :—

“ Let me request a favour, pray ”—
 “ I ’ll do it if I can”——
 “ Oh ! well then, love, smoke every day,
You smell so like a man !”

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

A man had a horse, as of old it is said,
Which once took the freedom to toss o'er its head
His wife, when endeav'ring his spirit to check,
And in doing so, broke her most beautiful neck.
For a twelve month he mourn'd as good husbands
 should do,
Lamented her sore—(if the story be true ;)
But reasons there are his affection to doubt,
As all will agree when the tale is made out.
Mr. Truelove, a neighbour, who plagued with his dame
Had heard of this nag's woman-slaughtering fame,
His parts and his paces, of all had heard tell,
And “ had carried a lady” he knew “ very well :

So straight to his master he went in a trice ;
And begg'd him to fix on his horse-flesh a price ;
“ For, whatever it is I'm determin'd to buy,
And as for his virtue, I don't need to try ;
As he'll answer my purpose I know to a T,
So quickly decide what the sum is to be—”
But the owner soon stopp'd him and said 'tis not well,
For though I don't ride him, I don't mean to sell.
“ Indeed !” said the other, “ not *use*, and still *keep* ?
Why, sure to your int'rest you must be asleep,
And really I think you the oddest of men ;”
“ Not so,” replied he, “ *I may marry again !*”

THE LOVES OF THE COLOURS ;

Mr. *Green* look'd quite *blue* after courting Miss *Brown*,
Who discharg'd him because he chagrin'd her ;
So he went to Miss *White* in a neighbouring town,
Determin'd to love and esteem her.

Miss *Brown* now grown jealous, turn'd pale with pure
spite,
Fully bent for revenge on her rival ;
And Miss *White* she turn'd *scarlet* and faint with affright,
And seem'd well nigh past all revival.

Mr. *Green* was a maker of paper, well known,
And possess'd of a neighbouring mill stream ;
By whose side he would often walk sad and alone,
Whilst to every one's eyes he would ill seem.

One evening, when walking disconsolate home
 With Miss *White*, who that moment had join'd him,
 Miss *Brown* cross'd his path with a horrible groan,
 Then turning, stepp'd softly behind him.

Full soon on Miss *White* she commenc'd her attack,
 Who as quickly turn'd round to have fought her ;
 And their faces were painted both *red*, *blue* and *black*,
 Till headlong they fell in the water.

All to *rags* were they torn—gave a terrible scream,
 Holding fast of each other so taper ;
 While their remnants were wash'd adown the mill-stream,
 And were made into *WHITEY-BROWN-PAPER*.

MORAL.

Of this sad “green eyed monster” all maidens beware,
 Who inhabit this match-making town,
 When at night with cap-paper your curling your hair,
 O remember Miss *White* and Miss *Brown*,

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

STITCHED IN HIS WINDING-SHEET, AND COLD-PRESSED
IN BOARDS,



THE BODY, WASTE, OR REFUSE

OF

GEOFFREY GIMCRACK,

OF MANCHESTER,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, BOOKBINDER,
AND PRINTER.

DISEASE MADE MANY SMALL STOPS

(, ;)

IN HIS CAREER, AND THE (☞) OF

DEATH

PUT A PERIOD TO HIS EARLY PAGE OF EXISTENCE ON

THE XXIII DAY OF AUGUST,

MDCCCXXIV.

His qualities were as various as his callings,
and each had given a particular tone to his thoughts and actions.

AS A BOOKSELLER,

though conversant in an eminent degree with *literature*,
yet his knowledge of
“*Divinity, Medicine, the Arts and Sciences, Auctores Classici,*” &c. &c.
was merely *titular*,
but he had higher attainments in
Poetry, Plays, Works on the Drama, Facetiæ, or books of
Wit, Drollery, or Imagination.

THE CATALOGUE

of his virtues is not ‘*extensive,*’ but the few which he possessed were *select*,
and on inspection would be found to be
complete and perfect.

His vices were more numerous—but judge not harshly,
‘*gentle reader,*’
for whom is there that has not some *inferior works* in his *collection*?

However,

he loved virtue,
and it obtained from him a note of admiration[!]
as much in the *duodecimo* as in the largest *folio*,
in the peasant as in the peer.

AS A STATIONER AND BOOKBINDER,

his *works* were of very different *colours*, sometimes dark and sometimes light,
yet they all bore a peculiar *glare* and *polish*.

Though never an agriculturist,
 yet he could occasionally put his hand to the *plough* ;
 he could *sew* also.

He was never *clasped* in the *bands* of matrimony,
 consequently was *unique*,
 and denied the pleasure of *folding* one small *copy* of himself to his breast,
 of *forwarding* it in this world,
 or of *finishing* it for that which is to come.

Just,
 as well as affectionate,
 he would have *beaten* his own child,
 had he deserved it.

THE JOURNAL OF HIS LIFE
 was never blotted by the *entry* of a mean action,
 nor was he ever a *tool* to any one.

Poor fellow !
 yet did he 'not escape calumny,'
 for he had many enemies, who frequently *took him to pieces* ;
 these he always regarded as light as a *wafer*,
 and was wont to laugh and say,
 'they might go to *pot*,'
 convinced that they looked at his *outside* only :
 but his *inside*, or heart, was good and kind,
 nor was he *cross-grained*,

for before he died he forgave them,
 trusting they would forget their malice when he was
 (in the parenthesis of a coffin,)
 under the cold *marble*.

It is supposed that he did not travel much,
 though his favourite residence was in the West of England,
 as appears from many of his *letters* and papers being stamped
 ‘ Bath.’

His exterior was not handsome,
 not being ornamented with much *gold* or *brass* ;
 his dress perfectly consistent with his calling, namely,
half-calf and *sheep*.

AS A PRINTER;

must be mentioned his descent from an

Old English

family.

In this capacity he was most known as a ‘ man of *letters*,’
 being well acquainted with the

Press,

ROMAN, ITALIAN, EGYPTIAN,

and

German Characters,

His *Compositions* in these languages are numerous,
 yet strange to say, he never was an Author.
 There were many other things in his career equally paradoxical,
 for instance,
 though he was never in the Navy, yet was he a *pressman* ;
 and without the aid of magic did he ' pull the devil by the tail.'

He never cut

a



for he was poor,

therefore always content with a *pocket addition*.

In his greatest riches he never was possessed of a *diamond* or a *pearl*.

STRANGER,

such were the various qualities of the person who sleeps in the grave below ;

there let his remains rest until that great day when he shall

come out in a new form,

in the joyful hope of receiving a *royal* and *imperial crown*,

Super-royal,

because it fadeth not away.

READER,

" As gazing on this *letter'd* stone,"

Thou see'st my fate—regard not less thine own ;

If on my virtues thou should'st sometimes think,

Or on my vices (though as *black* as *ink*)

May one call forth a note of admiration !

The other to thy soul interrogation ?

Remind thee for one moment at the most
 Of that long sleep, to which thou soon must *post*.
 Yes! thy *reflections* may be grave as Sturm's,
 For men like books are eaten here by worms!
 Ay! to such reptiles I am serv'd for meat,
 Who spread for table-cloth my winding-sheet:
 Each day on me they sumptuously dine,
 Quaffing my blood (to them the richest wine!)—
 Then should this *sheet* in future days be found
 By some old Sexton, digging up this ground,
 The relic to a Stationer convey—
 " 'Tis *antiquarian*" he will quickly say,
 And prize it for a brother chip long dead,
 Last of his alphabet the letter Z.
 The rest now thrown completely into *pie*,
 And friends and relatives in vain may sigh,
 The *Ready Reckoner* Death's all soon must be,
 From old fourseore to *spelling* A. B. C.
 My years just like these lines are six and twenty,
 Go passenger! ere this you've had quite plenty.

A
SELECTION OF ARTICLES
FROM THE
Common-place Book
OF
GEOFFREY GIMCRACK, GENT.

He had a Common-place Book too, filled with many a curious
scrap, apparently of no import to any one but himself,—

Wine and Walnuts.

THE MANCHESTER TRAVELLER.

“How are you off for Soap.?”
Common Saying.

The following anecdote, which will probably be recognized by some of our readers, rests upon undoubted authority: indeed the gentleman to whom it refers was in the habit of repeating it to his friends, apparently with great pleasure.

The late Mr. ——, who died a partner in one of the largest firms in this town, and extremely rich, came to Manchester in the poorest circumstances; but was fortunate enough to obtain the situation of porter to the house in question, in which capacity it was his duty to clean boots or shoes, or perform any other drudgery required of him. Still in this humble occupation, there

was something out of the common way perceptible in the character of the man ; and he gradually attracted the notice of his employers, but without any improvement in his situation.

It happened, after a lapse of some years, that the principal traveller of the house was taken ill at Birmingham, and, it was necessary to send some confidential person in order to take charge of his papers and effects. There was a difference between the manner in which the business of great mercantile houses was conducted at that time and at the present. The firm had no clerk they could spare ; the principals could not leave ; and they were at their wits' ends for a person in whom they could confide, to go to Birmingham, and then proceed on the remainder of the sick traveller's route. At length one of the partners, who had frequently remarked the extraordinary shrewdness of —, and well knowing his fidelity, suggested the idea of sending him on the duty. He was accordingly called in and asked whether he thought himself qualified to take the place of the sick

traveller. “Why, sir,” says he, “I ought to ask you whether *you* think me qualified.” The sagacity and modesty of this answer immediately secured their favourable opinion. In short, he was sent to Birmingham.

On arriving at the Inn at Birmingham he produced his credentials, and received the property belonging to the firm in the hands of the sick gentleman; and as the landlord and waiters knew that he represented a house of so much importance, he was treated with the utmost attention and respect. On being asked what he would take for breakfast next morning, not to shew that he was ignorant of such matters, he replied, “Why, what ha ye got?” They mentioned tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, ham, eggs, &c. Not having before heard of such a thing as chocolate, he ordered some of that. Accordingly, when he awoke at his usual hour in the morning, four o’clock, and finding in his room handsome china basins, decanters of water, and Castile or mottled soap, he thought these were his breakfast, and the soap the chocolate. He set too, therefore, munched

the soap, drank some water, but not relishing his Castilian banquet, yet unwilling to be suspected of not relishing the chocolate, what he could not eat he put in his pocket!

Sallying out to seek his customers, and not finding them up at that early hour in the morning, he formed no good opinion of their industry or stability. At last, he found one who was at breakfast, and the tradesman learning what situation —— filled, he was invited to take coffee. “Why,” says —— “I have had a sort of a breakfast already, thank ye.” He was, however, prevailed upon to take a cup or two of coffee, which, not agreeing with his previous *dejeune* of chocolate, disordered his stomach and completely discomposed the master and mistress.

This gentleman, though perfectly illiterate, was for many years the first traveller of the firm to which we have alluded, one of the largest in Manchester, eventually became a partner, and died in possession of great

wealth. Among the other anecdotes told of him, one is too curious to be omitted. He announced to all his friends that he expected a present of an Elephant from India, and he caused a suitable building to be erected for its reception. But time passed away and no Elephant made its appearance. Two of his friend calling on him one day, enquired if he had any tidings of his Elephant, and was answered in the negative. They then requested a sight of his correspondent's letter, and could scarcely restrain their laughter when they discovered that what —— had construed into a "present of an *Elephant*," was simply an "*Equivalent*" promised for some previous interchanges of good will. He might as well have expected a fossil Elephant from the Icy Sea.

THE MANCHESTER MERCHANT.

Nothing, in my opinion, betrays the hardness of man's heart more glaringly than in exulting over the misfortunes of others; and when a man does so, should a wreck overtake him, he is rendered incapable of holding himself up in future, and becomes miserable from disappointed pride.

The following is an instance of friendly feeling towards a fallen merchant, which happened about twelve years ago, and which does honour to the goodness of heart of a firm not far from the bottom of C—— street. The many instances of generosity and liberality, both public and private, of that firm are worthy of imitation

by persons who would wish their memory to live after their ashes are mouldering in the grave. It happened at the time I am speaking of that a mercantile house in Manchester failed to a large amount, something like £70,000. Amongst the creditors of that house the writer of this article was interested, and he attended the meeting. One of the firm to whom I have alluded was appointed chairman. On the opening of the business, the chairman stated that he had come with a full determination of punishing, as far as the law would allow him, the conduct of which the unfortunate house had been guilty. His reason for such a determination was, *as he then conceived*, because the house had dealt with his firm in away most unjustifiable and even dishonest as tradesmen, and his complaint was this. On the *Thursday* the house in question had purchased from them about £1,200 of goods, which were delivered; and on the *Monday* following the purchasers suspended payment. The chairman naturally concluded that the house must have known its situation at the time they made the purchase; and therefore, on principle and for the pro-

tection of transactions in future, in case of a known insolvency, he would not spare persons guilty of such deception, and what, as he then thought, amounted to a fraud. The course recommended by the chairman was, that the responsible and active partner of the unfortunate house should be called before the meeting, and be examined, touching the reasons of the house being in its present situation; and especially as to contracting the debt at the time in question. Accordingly, the unfortunate gentleman was called in to submit to his examination. He began by stating, that they had been engaged in shipping goods to Gibraltar and Malta, and their effects were there when the plague broke out, which was then raging at both places. This awful visitation put a stop to all commercial transactions, and that he himself had escaped from it, and only a few days before landed from Malta. He then began to describe the horrors of the scene daily pictured their before his eyes—no inhabitant could leave his dwelling, store, or counting-house upon any account; that their houses were surrounded with sentinels, and that they could

have no provisions, except what were handed into their habitations ; and that if any of them should venture abroad, he was immediately shot. In the midst of his description of the misery and wretchedness of the place, the memory of the scene completely overpowered him, and he would have fallen prostrate before the meeting, had he not been prevented by the chairman and the other gentlemen who surrounded him. The consequence of this awful visitation was, that the effects of their house were totally unsaleable,—and, in fact, not worth half their value ; and when he found that they must suspend their payments, he hastened home that he might bring their affairs to a close. In the mean time, the house in Manchester had conducted their business and made purchases ; and amongst the rest, that at the house of the chairman. After this explanation, and perceiving the effects which the description had wrought upon the mind and nerves of the narrator, the chairman immediately exclaimed that his opinions were entirely changed ; that instead of carrying into effect any hostile or vindictive feelings towards the insolvent before

the meeting, or his house, he would assist in extricating them from their difficulties ; and going up to the unfortunate merchant, after the latter had in some degree regained his composure, shook him by the hand, and addressed him to this effect : “ I hope I shall be the last man in the world who would willingly oppress a brother tradesman ; and from what I have seen, I believe what you have stated to be true : and therefore, for myself and our house, I will take whatever composition or arrangement you are prepared to offer, and whatever may be its amount, I will not only accept it, but recommend every person connected with the estate to do the same.” An offer was accordingly made, and every gentleman then present, except one, (and there were fifteen or twenty) agreed to take the composition offered.

CLOCK ALLEY, MANCHESTER.

As this little place, or alley, took its name from rather a singular circumstance, not generally known to our readers, a brief account of it may not be uninteresting.

Though it is now only remarkable for its general neglect, filthy appearance, and the depressing poverty of most of its inhabitants, it was, fifty or sixty years ago, as remarkable for a tenantry of an opposite description, though then consisting of the same classes as at present, of weavers, mechanics, &c. indeed, many of the present old tenants were born in the houses they now occupy; at which period the rents of their little tenements were

only five pounds per annum, and subject to no imposts of any kind, either in taxes or other parochial assessments—but now, *tempora mutantur!* the same houses (though despoiled of their little gardens appended to each) from the general change in the value of property, and the unfeeling cupidity of the landlord, have been advanced to £14 or £15 per annum, and are liable to all the parochial rates and taxes!!!

If the wages of the mechanic, &c. were then low, all the necessaries of life, as well as rents, bore the same low ratio in proportion, so that an industrious working man, if prudent in his conduct, could then live, enjoy most of the comforts, and even some of the elegancies of life—nay, *the very name of the place is a proof of this*, as it had its origin from the circumstance that almost every inhabitant in the alley was then in possession of one of those useful, though now considered rather old-fashioned, appendages in a house, an EIGHT DAY'S CLOCK, which being at that time rather an expensive as well as elegant ornament, occupied a very conspicuous

place in the lower or principal apartment of the house, (which was not let off then as it is now into various dwellings)—hence the name of Clock Alley; and even still, this article of furniture will be found in the houses of a few of the older and more respectable inhabitants, who yet retain their predilection for what they consider a sort of *heir-loom* in the family, which passed probably to them from their father, if not their father's father, and such is the creditable feeling which still prevails among many of the older inhabitants of this place.—

ON THE
WANT OF TASTE FOR LITERATURE
IN MANCHESTER.

“ How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !
For this the selfish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry.”

When we look at the population, the opulence, the public spirit, the commercial greatness, of Manchester, it is matter of surprise that a town possessing so many claims to admiration, should in one important feature be inferior to many other places of far less consequence, —we mean in regard to a taste for polite literature. While trade, in all its branches, is carried on with a degree of assiduity and enterprise, perhaps without parallel, intellectual recreations are comparatively neg-

lected, and literary studies out of the question. Not that this is the *universal* character of the inhabitants of Manchester ; it is not : this town can boast of many eminent names which would adorn any age or country ; but the foregoing remarks are too applicable to the great body of the people. The all-absorbing feeling of the bulk of the inhabitants, is a desire to acquire wealth ; and every thing is deemed worthless in their estimation, that has not the accomplishment of this object for its end. Now, this insatiable passion for gain cannot co-exist with a love of literature or the fine arts ; it must either preclude a taste for the refined pleasures of the mind,—or a taste for the latter will destroy, or at least greatly impair, the more grovelling and sordid propensities of our nature. Money is a very useful article, it must be confessed, in this nether world of ours, but it may be obtained, as well as other things, at too dear a rate ; and, if in the acquisition of it, we sacrifice the enjoyments arising from a love of the beauties of nature, or from the contemplation of the

works of genius and art ; or if we exclude from our breasts those generous sympathies which link us, as it were, with beings of a superior order, we debase and degrade the faculties implanted in us, and deprive ourselves of some of the purest sources of human gratification.

A mere money getter is one of the most despicable characters in existence ; he is incapable of performing or appreciating a noble action ; his whole soul is engrossed by mercenary calculations ; in short he is a walking personification of pounds, shillings, and pence. Let us not, however, be supposed to undervalue a due attention to the concerns of business ; it is the duty of every merchant and tradesman not to neglect these primary matters ; but what we complain of is, that it is too much the prevailing habit to occupy the mind incessantly with commercial objects, to the entire neglect of intellectual cultivation. The "lust of gold" has been described as "the last corruption of degenerate man,"

and we must confess that this is too much the prevailing sin of Manchester. Cotton is the perpetual topic of conversation ; the state of trade an object of hourly enquiry ; but as to anything passing in the world of letters, people would as soon think of asking what is passing in the moon.

Yet, there is no want of facilities for literary occupations ; on the contrary, few towns can boast institutions which offer nobler advantages to the reading part of the community ; what is wanted is the disposition generally to profit by them ; too many hours are devoted to business, too few to leisure. A thorough Manchester man sees more beauty in rows of red brick than he would in in groves and “alleys green ;” he hears more music in the everlasting motion of the loom than he would in the songs of the lark or the nightingale. For him philosophy has no attraction, poetry no enchantment ; mountains, rocks, vales, and streams excite not his delight or admiration ; genius shrinks at his approach.—

The only news he asks, or wants to know,
Has but one aim, to learn how markets go !
His warehouse, ever the criterion still,
By which to call the tidings, good, or ill.
A five per cent upon his stock in hand,
Tho' purchas'd 'midst the tears of a whole land ;
The price of shipwreck'd fleets, or ravag'd isles,
Of blasted harvests ;—he receives with smiles.—
Bailey's " What is Life."



OLLA PODRIDA OF FINE THOUGHTS.

HAND.

That loveliest hand which nature
Fashioned to gather roses, or to hold
Bunches of bursting grapes.

Julian.

MORN.

The East grew pale
With morning, and then flushing (like some bride
Whose ear expects yet fears each distant tread
To seek her chamber when the feast is done)
Threw out its fiery colours, and became
Crimson and burning red.

Cornwall's Flood of Thessaly.

DANCING GIRLS

The dancing girls, that bending here and there,
 With asking beauty lay along the air.

Chaucer, modernized.

CELT'S PARADISE.

And its small flowers were always fair,
 And soft to the touch as summer air,—
 Their only business was to live,
 And to the breeze their perfumes give,
 And in return the breezes crept,
 Into their bosoms while they slept,
 And left them all the sweets they found,
 In their flight the world around.

John Banim.

FIRST VOICE OF SPRING.

“Hark! hark to the cuckoo! its magical call,
 Awakens the wild flowers that slept in the dells;
 The snow-drop, the primrose, the hyacinth, all
 Attune at this summons their silvery bells.
 Hush!—ting-a-ring-ting, dont you hear how they ring?
 They are pealing a fairy-like welcome to spring.”

Midsummer Medley.

RESURRECTION.

The graves shall open,
And the cold populace of buried nations
Stalk to the general doom.

Mirandola.

EXPERIENCE.

That chill touchstone, whose
Sad proof reduces all things from their hues.

Byron.

A MOTHER LOSING HER CHILDREN.

Let not her
The mother of the lovely, sit and mourn
In her unpeopled home, a broken stem
O'er its fall'n roses dying.

Mrs. Hemans.

HONOUR.

Roland.—Ay, he *will* do't Siffredi.
Put honour on one side, and love o'the other,
With all his smiles and all his blandishments,
He will take honour's hand, and tread one step,
Though his heart burst at the second.

Cornelius Neale.

DISCONTENT.

From discontent grows treason,
And on the stalk of treason, death.

Marlow.

DESCRIPTION OF A BRAVO.

He sent a shaggy, tatter'd staring slave,
That when he speaks, draws out his grisly beard,
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear ;
Whose face has been a grind-stone for men's swords :
His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite off :
Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and looks
Like one who is employed in catzerie
And cross-biting ; such a rogue
As is the husband to a thousand whores ;
And I by him must send three hundred crowns."

Marlow's Jew of Malta.

DEATH.

Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

Thos. Hood.

AN AGE OF PEACE.

"Like strength reposing on his own right arm."

THE HORRIBLE.

I met Murder on the way,
 He had a mask like Castlereagh,—
 Very smooth he look'd, yet grim ;
 Seven blood hounds follow'd him ;
 All were fat ; and well they might
 Be in admirable plight,
 For one by one, and two by two,
 He toss'd them human hearts to chew,
 Which from his wide cloak he drew.

Shelley's Mask of Anarchy.

The crow on the land went wading
 In the blood of the slain that day.

Blackwood's Mag. June, 1833.

NATURAL DEATH.

O thou soft natural Death ! thou art joint twin
 To sweetest slumber ! no rough bearded comet
 Stares on thy mild departure : the dull owl
 Beats not against thy casement : the hoarse wolf
 Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
 Whilst horror waits on princes.

Webster's " White Devil."

THE CRUSADES.

How many women of right noble spirits
 Have sent their warriors to these holy wars,
 Sent them to glory ! Widows old, perhaps,
 The son on whom they leant, their only son ;
 New married brides their bridegrooms, and young
 maids

The youth who scarce had told his tale of love.
 They've sent them forth, and duly, night and morn,
 Ay, every vacant minute of the day,
 They're up in heaven for them, and th' absent
 warrior

Finds the effect of those so often prayers,
 In droppings of sweet comfort on his soul.
 Illapses of celestial confidence,
 And fortitude and faith. Oh, how the maiden
 Shall welcome home her own ! What a proud feeling
 Shall swell and strain her breast almost to bursting,
 When she shall hail her chosen one with laurels,
 When she shall glue her arms around his neck,
 And rain her eager kisses on his eyes !

Cornelius Neale.

MEMORY.

Oh ! speak no more !
 For more than this I know and have recorded
 Within the red leaved table of my heart.

Heywood.

CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses, Cupid paid ;
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows ;
 His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
 Loses them too, then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
 With these the chrystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin ;
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O, Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

Lyly.

ASTONISHMENT.

Fear and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.

Heywood.

ARABIC INSCRIPTION ON THE FOUNTAIN, IN THE
COURT OF LIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA IN GRANADA.

“The fair princess that walks in this garden, covered with pearls, augments its beauty so much, that thou may’st doubt whether it be a fountain that flows, or the tears of her admirers.

Ency. Brit.

MUTABILITY.

The earth goeth on the earth, glistening in gold ;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold ;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers ;
The earth says to the earth—“All shall be ours !”

TYRANTS.

Swim safest in a crimson flood.

Marlow.

EXPRESSION.

That mysterious light the Soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.

Moore.

WOMAN.

The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of woman is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is formed.

If such is the tie between women and men,
 The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
 For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
 And he makes a deplorable ape of himself.

Yet if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
 Every husband remembers th'original plan,
 And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
 Why, he leaves her behind him as long as he can.
Tom Moore.

RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

It is a common observation that Husband and Wife frequently resemble one another, and many ingenious theorists, attempting to solve the problem by attributing it to sympathy, contemplation of one another's features,

congeniality of habits and modes of life, &c. have fallen into a very common error of substituting the cause for the effect. This mutual likeness is the occasion not the result of marriage. Every man like Narcissus becomes enamoured of himself, only choosing a substance instead of a shadow. His love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism. When he sees himself in the mirror of a female face he exclaims, "How intelligent, how amiable, how interesting! how admirably adapted for a wife!" and forthwith makes his proposal to the personage so expressly and rationally calculated to keep him in countenance. Take self-love from love and very little remains: it is taking the flame from Hymen's torch and leaving the smoke.

Ugly Women. New Mon. Mag. Vol. 7.

MORAL OF OTHELLO.

The chief weight of Mr. Rymer's critical vengeance is wreaked on *Othello*. After a slight sketch of the plot, he proceeds at once to speak of the *moral*, which he seems to regard as of the first importance in tragedy.

Retrospective Review.

“ Whatever rubs or difficulty may stick on the bark, the moral use of this fable is very instructive. First, this may be a caution to all maidens of quality, how without their parents’ consent, they run away with black-a-moors. Secondly, this may be a warning to all good wives, that they look well to their linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical.

Rymer’s Criticisms on Shakespeare.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH.

A friend of mine, who travelled into Spain, related to me an extraordinary epitaph on the King of Spain’s Precentor, which he had seen himself at Saragossa.

“ Here lies John Cabeça, Precentor to my Lord the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, ‘ Cease ye calves ! and let me hear John Cabeça, Precentor to my Lord the King. ’ ”

Segraisiana.

NAPOLEON ON THE NATIONAL DEBT &C.

“ If ” said he “ I were at the head of affairs in England, I would devise some means to pay off the National Debt. I would appropriate to that purpose the whole of the church livings, except a tenth, (always excepting those whose incomes were moderate) in a manner that the salary of the highest amongst the clergy should not exceed £800 or £1000 a year. What business have those priests with such enormous incomes ? They should follow the directions of Jesus Christ, who ordered that as pastors to the people, they should set an example of moderation, humanity, virtue and poverty, instead of wallowing in riches, luxury and sloth.”

O'Meara, Vol. 1, p. 354, 2nd Edition.

This remark reminds us of the celebrated financier in London, who wrote a pamphlet, entitled something like “ A safe, speedy and effectual plan to pay off the the National Debt,” but not being able to pay his own, became Bankrupt in less than a month after publication. G. G.



THE MANCHESTER MULBERRY MARKET.

Being a glance at the Silk Trade of that town in the year 1833.
IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM JOHN TO HIS LATE PARTNER MARK, AT DERBY.

“ *Read Mark, and inwardly digest.*”

Fellow silkworm ! it is with the most sincere hope
As a throwster I ask “ pray, how are you for soap ? ”
At the same time informing you, I might be better
As you’ll plainly discern ere the close of the letter ;—
Ah Mark ! ’twas no *red letter-day* when I left,
The silk warps of Derby for Manchester weft,
And took part of the building at th’ head of this page,
For the rattling rooms in the Mill call’d *Mor-lége* : (1)

Could we foresee our fate I had been with you yet,
 'Stead of standing *WHEREAS* in the London Gazette!
 But Derby, dear Derby's *desabre* (2) to me,
 And its "men and its manners" no more must I see,
 From the centre, All Saints, and around my bold hearty
 To each country village and Mr. Peet's party,
 Like poor exil'd Selkirk I'm out of their reach,
 And they no longer hear my "sweet music of speech"!
 From *Miss-Fortune* I'm chang'd, and *Miss-Ann-Thorpe*
 am *grown*,

Chagrin'd "I must finish my journey alone."—
 But avaunt! to reproach 'gainst misfortune and fate, (3)
 Now burst forth my Muse! from thy *chrysalis* state,
 Spin *filatures fine* from thy embryo *cocoon*,
 And soar to the skies in thy own silk balloon!
 Look down from thy height over Persia, Bengal,
 And from *small* Spital-fields to the *great* China Wall.
 Let our largest of branches appear but small scions,
 From our Macclesfield Mice to the lev'rets of Lyons!
 So vast, so extensive thy views must now be,
 Of the wide-spreading prospects of silk-trade and tea.

Then for France ! Poulett Thomson and Bowring
for ever !

Be crown'd with success ev'ry free trade endeavour !

Reciprocity-system indeed has no fears,

As the French will soon find by their embassy Thiers !

Silks are rising they tell me, this "September sale,"—

I hope 'twont produce such a blast or a gale,

As I think will be blowing, ere long, rough and loud,

'Mongst the dealers in Cotton, and many be *bow'd*

As they were in the year "twenty-five" which they say

Was the *Pay-Nick* of thousands ! the Devil to pay !

Let us hope that it will not be all my eye Molly (4)

With *Radnagores, Hurripaules* eke *Commercolly,*

Gonoteas, White Novies, Bolognas, Bergams,

Fossambrones, Organzines and *Italian Trams,*

May your *doles* not be *doleful* ner put you in sweats

From your white China-books to your black-book bad
debts ;

And whilst our "*fuz lords*" on legs tottering and bow-
ing,

May your *swifts* and your *spindles* be kept "*all-a-going.*"

From the Company's silks and those once yclep'd "privi"
 I wish you a harvest of rich Hook and Snivey ;
 Only make your full *weight* in all your out-goings,
 If you *soft-soap* the raw slips, and sugar-lead sewings.

But farewell to *your* town and its wonderful Ram
 Only rivall'd in ours by the Railway or Tram ;
 Come and see us, I'll shew you what silk worms it
 yields,

Enough to o'erswarm what with you's call'd "The
 Fields,"

For the London Coves pay to the "Provinces" calls,
 As they did Manufacturers, East of St Paul's,
 And our trade is so odd, sure the devil is in it,
 That we almost can count on each man to a minute ;
 And 'tis pleasant to see all the *gros-de-nap* swell
 Wait his Majesty's Mail at the Royal Hotel,
 Or the *Bruce* or the *Magnet*, which seems to each soul
 As the only sharp needle which finds the true pole ;
 Sometimes they come down by the *Peveril of Peak*
 Like the Love-Birds at *Labrey's* in pairs, jowl by cheek ;

Or step down with an air of accustom'd reliance,
On a welcome from all as they quit the Defiance.—

Could you see the folks walk with the stride of a giant,
Just like their own *broad* silks, so *supple* and pliant,
When they hear the guard's horn or your own "Derby
Dilly" (6)

Ta-ra-ra! ta-ra-ra! dash along Piccadilly;
As nearer and nearer the vehicle verges,
Roll the waves and the billows of *Broadsilks and Serges*;
That from out the Mail windows the passengers stare,
As about to alight in *Bartholomew Fair*;
And it is so indeed, when friend RICHARDSON'S down
With HAMBIDGE, CRABB, DAVIS, JOE GREGSON and
BROWN;

(The last does the natives the shade to a T,
Whilst my cousin *cheap-sides* them for R and for B;)
Then CASTREE, JOHN RIDGWAY, SMITHS, WALKERS
and THOMAS,
Look as smooth as Palm HOYLE and as placid as LOMAS;

And blithe are the smiles of that mirth and good-cheer's
son,

The last of the firm HARROP, TAYLOR AND PEARSON :
In the bar of the Royal while some are sat prosing,
And others o'er papers are nearly half dozing,
These to chat with their customers much rather choose,
And to *ask* about markets, than con o'er the news,
For they care not for tempests or rumours of wars,
Unmov'd if they move but Bandanas and Bars,
The world to its centre by earthquakes be shaken,
So *their* house remains firm, (its acceptances taken)
Nor heed they one tittle which way the wind blows,
So they clear their NECK-KERCHIEFS, their PERSIANS
and GROS.

I had almost forgotten between you and I
That in Ravens we rival, the fan'd "Badnall's dye"
And my friend RICHARD OLIVER's putting to bed,
And to blush the renown'd Applegath's Madder Red,
For we dye our own CORAHS and let it be hinted,
Tho' we can't *dress* them well, yet we beat "London
Printed".

Then for Mills and Machinery, how my heart's burning
 To shew you a sample of ROYLE's spindle turning ;
 Four thousand five hundred a minute are reckon'd,
 And you know they can calculate this to a second.
 But my subject I fear is fast running to *waste*,
 It grows "*sticky and harsh*," so I needs must make
 haste

To return to the *Broad Cloths* the pinks of the city
 Who weekly come down our sad silkmen to pity ;
 And who have, as I've frequently heard many say,
 Goods at prices they please, nay have all their own way ;
 But *I* do'nt believe it, for why should the sellers
 Make so much of these Cockneys, "them 'ere Lunnun
 fellers"

Inviting them oft in a free way to dine,
May give to their purples a shade of the *wine*,
 And though cloths in the country look *grass green* or
 pea,

When arriv'd in the City look more like green *tea* !
 But a truce to these hints for I would not intrude
 Or be thought by one party the slightest way rude.—

Then the evenings, oh crikey ! your namesake, Saint
Mark

Ne'er met with such spirits, not e'en in the dark,
As shine in the White Bear, the Albion Bar,
Jem Richards', Bob Wilson's and Yates's the Star,
Where song, mirth, and laughter, with humour abound,
And jests like your *swifts* are sent merrily round ;
But I cannot now stay, but if ever you're there
We'll dub you a Knight of the Albion and Bear !

A few stanzas more ere my theme I give over,
On that wonderful coach which they call the Red
Rover,

For "Take off a wheel," as said Richard to Robin,
You'll never be spilt "PATENT SAFETY" you Bobbin !
For it is not a month since as going down hill,
The coach *parted company* with a fore-wheel,
And still *held on her course* and though going quite
fast

Ne'er found out the loss till the trundler pass'd (7)
Nay I've heard, but pray keep it between I and you,
Next season they're meaning to try it with two !!

They return by this Coach, do these sons of the trade,
 So I've nicknam'd each kid as a Red Roving blade ;
 As the clock of th' Infirmary strikes eight they go,
 You may fancy the *coves* in the picture below !
 My *pen* and *my picture* are "*Knibby and Endy*"
 So to you and your bairns' bairns good luck may God
 send ye.

TO MARK BOOTH,
 WARDWICK MILL,
 DERBY.



NOTES.

(1)

Morlege is derived from *Moor*, low ; *Lodge*, a house ; with which it perfectly agrees — *Hutton*.

(2)

Desabre.

The word Derby is derived from *desabre* unsheltered ; and in sober truth never had a country a more fitting appellation. — *Cavalier, preface, p. 8.*

But “the breeze of the mountain is soothing and sweet,
Warm breathing of love and the friends we shall meet,
And the rocks of the desert so rough where we roam
Seem soft, soft, as silk on the dear path of home.”

Dr. Leyden.

(3)

See the words “Misfortune” and “Destiny” clearly explained in a small Pocket Dictionary, entitled a “Code of Common Sense” published by the author of this volume.

(4)

I beg pardon of Mrs. Elizabeth, but as I think it probable that the speculation in Cotton, will be “all my eye and Betty,” I have adopted “Mrs. Molly,” as doubtless Betty will be much engaged.

(5)

See the Love Birds at the Tea Shop, the sign of the Grasshopper in Market-street.

(6)

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne ! glides
The Derby Dilly carrying six insides.

Cotton.

(7)

See the Manchester and Provincial papers for the account of this undoubted fact, or inquire at the offices of Weatherald and Webster, Swan Coach Office, Market-sreet, Manchester.

THE RAM OF DERBY.

The old song of the Ram of Darby is nearly forgotten, but as we have alluded to it in the epistle to our friend Mark, we subjoin as perfect a copy as we can gather from the oral chronicle of our great grand-mother.

As I was going to Darby,
All on a market day,
I met the finest ram Sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.

The wool upon his back Sir,
Reach'd up unto the sky,
The eagles built their nests there,
For I heard the young ones cry.
Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth Sir,
For I never was taught to lie,
And if you'll go to Darby Sir,
You may see it as well as I.

The wool upon his belly
It drag'd upon the ground,
It was sold at Darby town sir
For forty thousand pounds.
Indeed Sir, its a truth &c.

The space between the horns Sir,
Was far as man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit
But no one in it preach'd.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The teeth that were in his mouth Sir,
Were like a regiment of men,
And the tongue that hung between Sir,
Would have din'd em twice & again

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

This ram jump'd o'er a wall Sir,
His tail caught on a briar,
It reach'd from Darby town, Sir
All into Leicestershire.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

And of this tail so long Sir,
The length you know full well,
They made a goodly rope Sir,
To toll the market bell.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

This ram had four legs to walk upon,
This ram had four legs to stand,
And every time he shifted them,
He cover'd an aere of land.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

All the maids in Darby
Came begging for his horns

To take them to the coopers
To make them milking gawns

Indeed Sir it's a truth &c.

The little boys of Darby
They came to beg his eyes,
To roll about the streets Sir,
They being of foot ball's size.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The butcher that kill'd this ram Sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And all the people of Darby,
Were carried away in the flood.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The tanner who tann'd his hide Sir,
I'm sure he'll never be poor,
When he hang'd it out to dry Sir,
It covered all Swinseoc moor.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The jaws that were in his head Sir,
They were so fine and thin,
They were sold to a Methodist parson
For a pulpit to preach in.

Indeed Sir, it's a truth Sir,
For I never was taught to lie,
And if you go to Darby Sir,
You may eat a bit of the pie.

MATRIMONIAL CONSOLATIONS.

TO MY "COOL AND DELIBERATE," YET WARM AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,
VANBEEST MOODY, Esq. of Stockport,
THIS CONCLUDING TRIFLE, TYPICAL OF OUR ALTERED CONDITION IN SOCIETY,
IS IN ALL GOOD HUMOUR ADDRESSED BY HIS OLD CHUM AND COMPANION,
GEOFFREY.

Whence come you good man?
From "*Tideswell, God bless ye!*"
Derbyshire Saying.
"They had been friends in youth."
Rogers.

Dear Van! you'll excuse me I know it,
Or surely the devil is in't,
And forgive as a friend, a poor poet
For daring to put you in print.
But the truth is, that "thick coming fancies"
Are shooting athwart my poor-brain,
Of this life and its various mischances
Which yield us poor mortals such pain.

Since the moment we first were acquainted,
 (Your heart will respond my dear boy)
 Not a shade or a doubt has e'er tainted
 Our friendship in sorrow or joy ;
 "We were friends" and are still to this minute,
 And will be to th' end of the world,
 Or at least as long as we stay in it,
 Ere into Eternity hurl'd.

But a truce to these moral reflections,
 Though I've something most sad to impart,
 On the weakness of worldly affections
 Which so often embarrass the heart.
 I advertis'd Van, for a wife
 Ten years since, to you 'twas well known,
 And the lady who offer'd for life
 Was a Miss "Mary Ann Dean of Colne."

By the "Favourite" coach then I flew
 On the wings of expectance and love,
 But in sooth Van between I and you
 I found her more magpie than dove ;
 We embrac'd, for my *honour* you know
 And "three thousand" were not to be spurn'd ;
 For a pigeon I shot at a crow,
 Still our love through the honey-moon burn'd.

"'Twas then with amazement I found
 That a stranger was placed by my side," *
 Through the house did her chatter resound,
 Till therein I no more could abide !
 I left her to look out for you
 To pass e'en one single hour's quiet,
 But when I went home she look'd *blue*,
 And read me an Act they call "R10R."

* See Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogine.

For the first time I now found in life

Of its wheel I had lost the main spoke,
And in seeking that "blest boon a wife"

A "fine thought" it might be but no joke;
For my liberty's gone to the dogs,

I ne'er know when we dine or we sup,
They at night stone the kitchen in clogs,
And my coffee-mill grind ere I'm up.

Then the children—have mercy good heaven!

And grant me with Malthus to cope,
Said Miss *Dean* has just brought me eleven,
The last of the *Chapter* I hope.

Her principles too, "teaching prayer"

Are *sound, fundamental* good lord!

And in "dressing and combing their hair"

She verily hath her reward.

All graces *may* come to one woman,
 But a short stay they'll make you will see,
 For the goddess like ev'ry thing human,
 Each moment more grace-*less* will be ;
 Oh ! Venus ! pray where are the charms,
 Thou gav'st 'neath my dimity's space ?
 Mrs Gimcrack has *two* in her arms,
 And Hymen puts three in her place.—

I toss to and fro in my dreams
 Like a drunkard or something more wild,
 Soon rous'd by dear Mary Ann's screams,
 " You brute you will o'erlay the child !"
 Then I rise in the dead of the night,
 The bed-clothes and pillow to smooth,
 But my wife bids me fetch her a light
 And the syrup poor Sophy to soothe.

Do not fancy my sorrows o'erdrawn

Or my pencil o'erdipt in dark paint,

Nor entitle my griefs with a yawn

“ Young's Night Thoughts, Book First,—The
Complaint ;”

Though your fountains as yet are quite dry,

A season full soon shall you know,

When what's thought at this time *all my eye*,

In various brisk channels will flow.

Such the *damps* that attend matrimony,

Ah me! that I once more were free,

Contented I'd give any money

To resume my degree of “H. B. ;”

But 'tis useless to be melancholy,

What's done Van, we cannot undo,

So I've thought of a plan to be jolly

As life's fleeting moments are few.

You must know then my rib's gone to Lytham,
 As the young ones have got hooping cough,—
 So I wish'd ev'ry blessing go with 'em
 And cheer'd the "encumbrances" off;
 As we parted, says wise Mary Ann—
 "Should friends in my absence just pop,
 "Be as steady, my love, as you can,
 "And remember to *stick to the shop*."

My *emotions* I scarce could conceal,
 But I promised as well as I could;
 As in Gilpin, when "round went the wheel"
 I whistled sweet "Moll in the Wood;"
 My apprentice by previous design,
 Had rigg'd up a tight jury-mast,
 So as soon as I tipp'd him the sign,
 The *besom* was nail'd to it fast.

Then ride over from Stockport my hearty,
 On Saturday next it must be,
 And we'll just have a snug dinner-party
 At the time my wife's shrimping and tea.
Remember now, not to *forget*,
 For once leave the desk, and power-loom,
 Clear the "fuz" with a drop of good wet,
 And a welcome you'll find at the *broom*.

There'll be Stanley and Swinburne and Kirk
 John Conrad, and all the old crew,
 And as sure as the Signior's a Turk
 We'll have a right reg'lar set-to;
 Each man shall then take to his "pottle,"
 As at Christmas, eighteen-twenty-nine,
 Like the glass to the neck of the bottle
 "By jingo!" we'll stick to the wine.—

Our friend "Doctor" shall rule the punch-bowl,

HAMPSON'S *rough-cut* to puff away phthisic,
We'll hail him "a merry old soul"

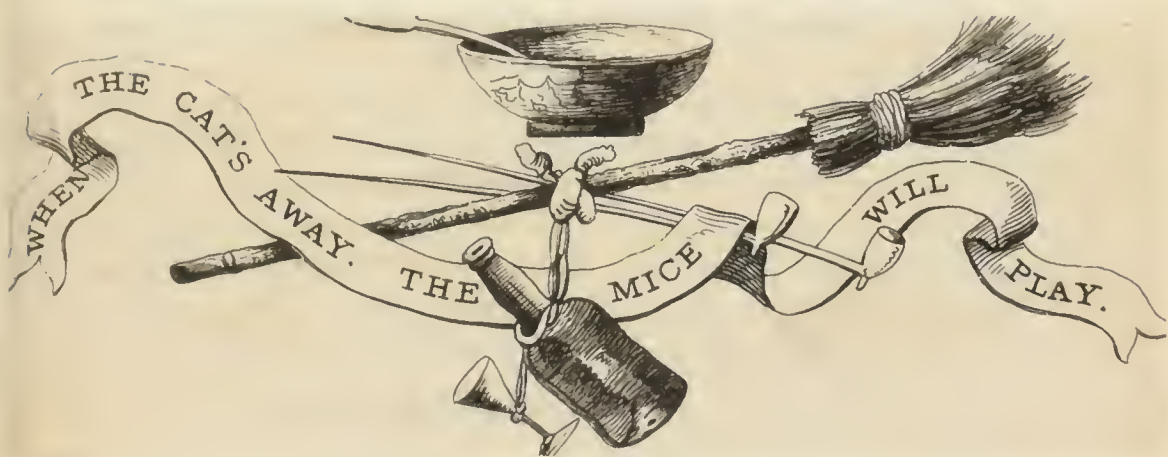
And to th' dogs throw his phials and physic.

I enclose you a card with my mark,

So make up your mind to be mellow,

George Pilkington's priest, Clarkson clerk,

And the Anthem a "hearty good fellow."



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THIS WORK.

1.—THE FRONTISPIECE,

Was designed, engraved, and presented to the author of this work, by his esteemed friend MR. JOHN POTTS, of New Mills, Derbyshire. Instructions were given to the Copper-plate-writer, to have this acknowledgement engraved upon the plate, which certainly would have been the most fit and proper place. It is a matter of regret that this order was not attended to, but it is hoped that these few lines will make some small amends for the oversight.

In the foreground we have Momus throwing aside his mask and domino, in allusion to the author's now publicly appearing before his friends, instead of being under the shelter of an anonymous signature in the corner of a newspaper. On the right and left is depicted the upper end of Market-street, including a view of the shop of a contemporary I. G., part of the Talbot Inn and Coach Office, and one of the "gentle craft"

"Be praising goods, their cheapness, and their charms, &c. &c.

2.—VIGNETTE ON THE TITLE PAGE.

View of part of Market-street-lane; old houses formerly in the possession of the late Mr Fothergill.—See notice on the page following dedication.

3.—SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE;

May countless vessels still outspread their sails
And never cease to fetch thy numbered bales.

4.—TAIL PIECE TO "THE RACES."

View of the Irwell Brewery, on the opposite side of the river to Hunt's Bank, and frequently reminding the tired and losing pedestrians, that their run upon the barrel is for a time *distanced*.

5.—ALLEGORICAL DESIGN BY MR. JOHN FOTHERGILL.

Britannia protecting the interests of Commerce &c. &c.

6.—EGYPTIAN BUILDINGS.

Well named *Egyptian* by my successor Benjamin, as task hard enough I found it, as my friend S. P. Q. R. would say, to "Make Brick," (*See Exod, Cap, 5, 15 v.*) I had all the sours, B, being a confectioner has all the sweets and instead of mine being a place of sale for food for the mind, the public are supplied in the most *friendly* manner possible with every "luxury" from a Pomfret Cake to a Parmesan Cheese on the one side, and with the finest Mocha and Soluble Cocoa on the other; besides "Cinnamon and Nutmeg, Pepper and Cloves."

7.—VIEW IN MARKET STREET.

The Red Rover *en route* for London, giving the *go by* to the celebrated *crack Posters* of W. H. JOYNS.

8.—TAIL PIECE TO THE VOLUME

Not Burdon's materials for thinking, but "Materials" for Drinking away *burdens*.

This Day is Published, in Foolscap 12mo. Price 3s.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A

CODE OF COMMON SENSE

OR

PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY,

ORIGINAL, DERIVATIVE,
ORTHOGRAPHICAL, ETYMOLOGICAL, PROVERBIAL,
PHRASEOLOGICAL AND SYNONYMOUS.

W. H. JONES, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

