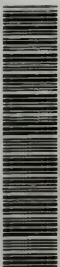
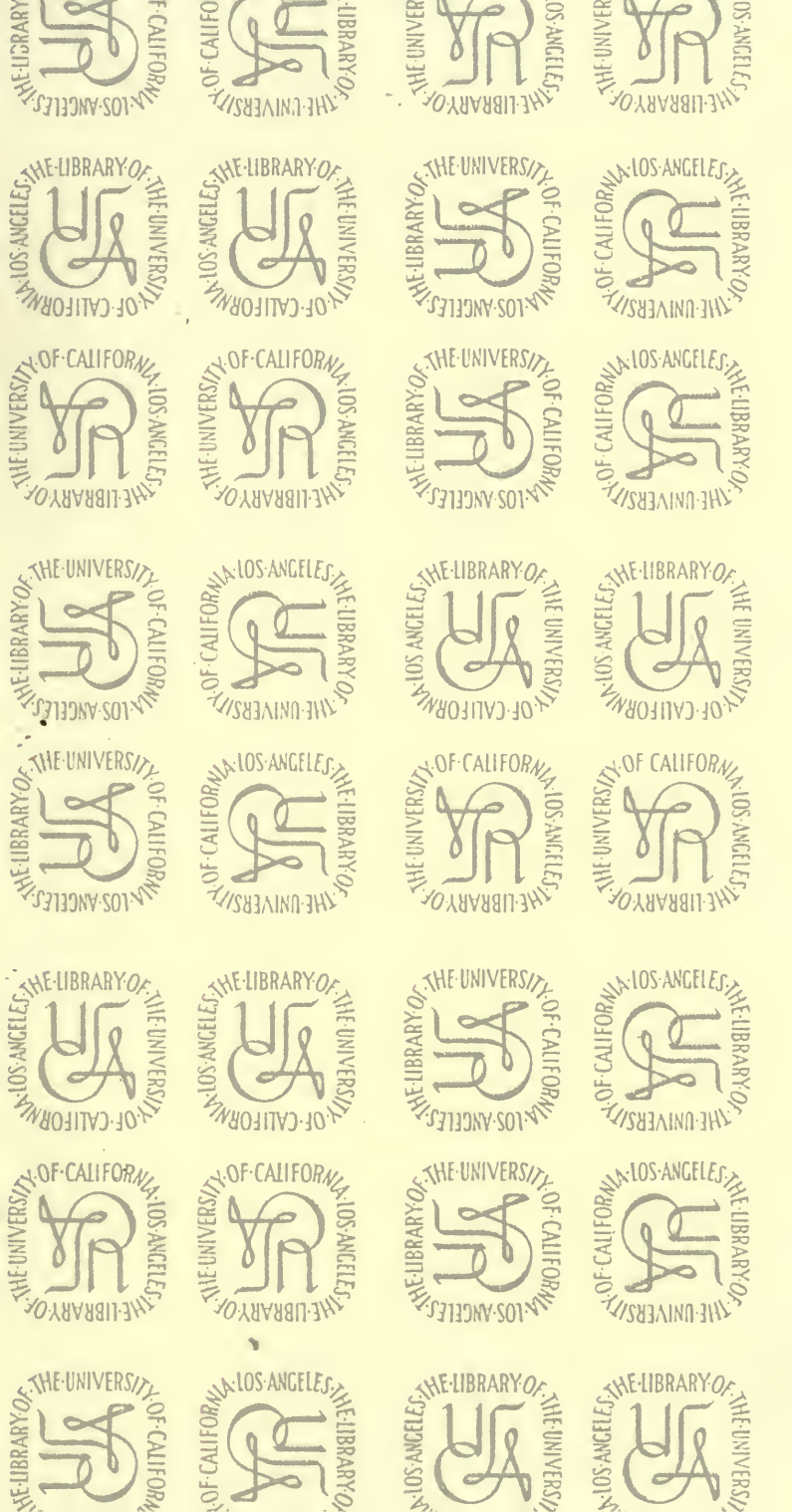


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G. H. Woodward,
Author of *Eccentric Excursions, &c.*

THE
FUGITIVE
AND OTHER
Literary Works,
IN
PROSE AND POETRY,
OF
G. M. WOODWARD,

Author of ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS, and various PRINTS
OF HUMOUR:

~~~~~  
"Laugh where we must--be candid where we can--" POPE.

~~~~~  
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1805.

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AS A

TRIBUTE TO FRIENDSHIP,

AND

AN OFFERING TO PRIVATE WORTH,

The Author Dedicates this Volume

TO

JOHN ROSE, ESQ.

OF

GRAY'S INN SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE materials which compose the following work, are selected from Productions written by the Author at different periods; many of them were published at a very early age, and are not, the Author fears, exempt from the faults of juvenile compositions; but having many years united the characters of Author and Artist, he trusts he shall be allowed some claim to the Candour of the Public and the Indulgence of Criticism,

The smaller subjects it is unnecessary to enumerate, but in justice to some of the Proprietors of the works from which the *principal* selections are taken, the following brief list is subjoined.

The Journals, Diaries, Prayers, &c. are taken from an extensive Collection with Designs by the Author, etched by Rowlandson, and published by Mr. Ackerman, at the Repository of Arts, 101, Strand.

The Father's Tale, and part of the Essays, from a work entitled "The Olio of Good Breeding," with Plates by the Author, published by Mr. Ackerman.

The Story of the Brewer—The Miser's Song, &c. from a work entitled "The Elements of Bacchus," with Designs by the Author, published by Mr. Holland, 11, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall.

Giles and his Guinea—Jack at the Play, &c. from a work entitled “Attempts at Humour,” Part the First, with Physiognomical Sketches by the Author, etched and published by Mr. P. Roberts, Middle Row, Holborn.—The Proprietors of the work have a Second Part, with Sketches, ready for the Press.

The Address to the Owl, &c. from a work entitled “This Musical Mania,” with Designs by the Author, etched and published by Mr. Roberts.

The Author’s VARIOUS CARICATURES, and PRINTS of HUMOUR, are published by Mr. Ackerman, Repository of Arts, 101, Strand; Mr. Holland, 11, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall; Mr. Fores, Corner of Sackville Street, Piccadilly; Mr. Roberts, Middle Row, Holborn; and Mr. Allen, 51, Pater-noster Row.

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*Price Five Pounds, with the Prints coloured, or Two Pounds
Ten Shillings, plain,*

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS,

IN ENGLAND AND WALES,

With One Hundred Designs by the Author.

From this work are taken the Farmer at Vauxhall—The Sonnet to the Skylark—The Itinerant Theatrical Anecdote, &c.

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THE
HOURS;
OR,
THE LIFE OF MAN.

A
PASTORAL.

IN FOUR PARTS.

INFANCY.

Exemplified in a Description of the *MORNING.*

YE dryads who haunt the clear stream and the grove,
For you shall my reed breathe the pastoral lay,
Whether courting the Muse in the raptures of love,
Or guarding my flock in the heat of the day.

Aurora advances, pale Cynthia retires,
Her crescent extinguish'd, the dawn is increas'd,
Lo, Phœbus, slow rising, rekindles his fires,
And light with its glories emblazons the east.

The thistle-down flies on the wings of the breeze,
Tranquillity reigns o'er the opening morn,
The cattle extended lie musing at ease,
And the blackbird's wild carols are heard from the thorn.

Lov'd daisy, why bow thy sweet head to the gale?
Tho' wet with the night dew, thy beauties yet live;
Again shall thy modesty spread o'er the vale,
And the sun's bright refulgence thy colours revive.

It is thus with mankind:—in his earliest state,
In her arms the fond mother her infant entwines,
While the child wrapt in sickness, and smiling at fate,
All wet with her tears, on her bosom reclines.

But transient affliction to joy soon gives place,
When the sunshine of health sheds its influence around,
Again blooming innocence dimples his face,
And angels benignant the cradle surround.

Y O U T H.

Exemplified in a Description of Noon.

TO thy shade, spreading oak, with my flock I'll repair,
 My refuge at noon from the sun's scorching beam,
 The butterfly waves his rich colours in air,
 And the hay newly mown, with sweet fragrance teems.

Now sad down the valléy, indignant and slow,
 The kine faintly move and pursue their lone way,
 The stream's glassy surface is scarce seen to flow,
 And the rose in full elegance bursts on the day.

And hark!—from the inmost recess of the grove,
 I hear Edwin's voice, 'tis his sorrowful strain;
 His notes I well know,—they are soften'd by love,
 And mournful for Hebe thus sadly complain.

“ Fly swiftly, ye moments, bring on the grey eve,
 “ For day, without Hebe, is joyless to me,
 “ In her converse so pleasing I raptures receive,
 When by moon-light we meet 'neath the sycamore tree.

“ With Gratitude’s tear I’ll her kindness repay,
“ ’Twas here, in this grove, I first told her I lov’d,
“ And ever remember’d be that happy day,
“ The day on which Hebe my passion approved.”

Proceed, blooming shepherd, you haste to your prime,
In the noon of thy life smiling Cupid embrace,
For the boy’s airy wings shall be clipp’d by old Time,
And his scythe will each youthful sensation erase.

M A N H O O D.

Exemplified in a Description of EVENING.

THE rays of bright Phœbus inverted display'd,
 Reflect their last beams on the brow of the hill,
 The lowing of cattle is heard from the glade,
 And ceas'd are the labours late heard at the mill.

O'er the breath of the pasture the beetle swift sails,
 And humming proclaims the mild evening at hand;
 The leaves are all ruffled by murmuring gales,
 And zephyrs, rich scented, their odours expand.

Now bright o'er the mountains mild Luna appears,
 Slow rising in majesty, still and serene,
 She mounts on the clouds, as all nature she cheers,
 And rivers bespangl'd reflect the bright scene.

Thus rises in wisdom the science-fraught youth,
 By virtue directed he clears error's mist,
 To him are laid open the pages of truth,
 Though envy and prejudice vainly resist.

When arriv'd at his zenith he shines on the world,
 Till death blights his laurels, and lost is his name ;
 But glories hereafter to man are unfurl'd,
 Surpassing the transient possession of fame.

Then consider that manhood draws near to thy end,
 Nor shrink at the hasty approaches of night ;
 Thou shalt mount on the clouds which to Heaven ascends,
 And explore, undisturbed, the blest regions of light,

A G E.

Exemplified in a Description of NIGHT.

THE owl from the tower at midnight descends,
 The bat, cloath'd in darkness, his prey swift pursues,
 Sweet sleep's balmy treasures o'er nations extends,
 On grief-furrow'd eye-lids her blessings she strews.

The watch dog incessant the welkin alarms,
 The raven's loud screams pierce the concave of night,
 While fancy shews Hecate preparing her charms,
 By the vapour's blue flame, or the glow-worm's pale
 light.

Now loud rolls the thunder, red lightning is seen,
 And horror o'er nature indignantly reigns ;
 But morning again shall enliven the scene,
 And Sol with his presence shall gladden the plains.

So man, as the hours, swift glides to his end,
 His morning of infancy hastens to noon ;
 How vain their pursuit, who for honors contend,
 When the bud of perfection is blasted so soon.

What avail the wish'd bays, which, erst pleas'd as he sung,
That were wont o'er the brows of his manhood to wave,
From age he must sink to the earth whence he sprung,
And the Muse be forgot in the night of the grave.

But Death's fatal arrows in darkness shall rust,
And soon shall the system of nature decay,
The globe and its temples shall moulder to dust,
And night shall be lost in the glories of day.

THE
FATHER'S TALE.

ATTEND, my child, while I relate
 A tale, to win thy artless ear ;
 May ne'er misfortune thee await,
 Nor dim thy eye-lids with a tear.

In fair Glamorgan's fertile vale
 There dwelt a happy rural pair,
 Their crops were seldom known to fail,
 Their farm and stock their chiefest care.

The modest snow-drop there was seen,
 To grace their little humble cot,
 The yellow cowslip deck'd the green,
 And violets perfum'd the spot.

One lovely girl their union crown'd,
 Of aspect sweet, and temper mild,
 The playful loves the chaplet bound,
 And nature all around them smil'd.

But who can tell the ways of fate,
 Or say, to-morrow shall be fair ;
 To-day our joys may be elate,
 The next consign'd to grief and care.

Twelve years are past since all was lost,
 And ills in dire succession rose ;
 The bud of hope, misfortune cross'd,
 And brought their evening to a close.

A fever seiz'd on Strephon's frame,
 The farm and rural cot were sold,
 The savage landlord made his claim,
 And barter'd pity's tear for gold.

Eliza daily pin'd in thought,
 None could the lovely victim save,
 The noxious breath the lily caught,
 And sunk into an early grave.

The husband struggled with disease,
 And soon regain'd his former store ;
 Fortune, repentant, fann'd the breeze,
 But ah ! Eliza was no more !

Yet still the child remain'd and grew
 In virtue, and in form as fair,
 And though she ne'er a mother knew,
 She found a tender father's care.

Thus ends my tale,—but why that look ?

Why thus enraptur'd seek my knee ;
 The rose I saw thy cheek forsook,
 Yes, blooming Emma, thou art she.

Long may'st thou live, by me caress'd ;
 Oft has thy prattle grief beguil'd,
 Thy mother dwells among the blest,
 Thy father clasps his darling child.

SPECIMENS

OF

PLEASING IN CONVERSATION.

THERE are various elegancies of manner, which might be noticed in a treatise of this nature, on a larger scale, but as my plan is limited, I shall confine myself to a few. The first and most conspicuous, is the art of pleasing in conversation, for which purpose I shall lay down such plain rules, as cannot fail rendering every person perfectly agreeable, who strictly adheres to my precepts. Independent of hems, short coughs, and significant gestures, there are numerous graces at the commencement of a conversation, that may be used to great advantage, they serve as a kind of prologue to the entertainment, such as twisting buttons, flirting fans, and above all, tremendous pinches of snuff.

IF a lady or gentleman wish to appear very learned before company they suppose totally ignorant of the subject, the art is very easily acquired by a proper mixture of *Romans*, *Gauls*, ancient *Picts*, &c. with occasional dashes of the divinity of Homer, the elegance of Virgil, and other allusions to

the classics; but be sure, whatever be the subject, let your words be well chosen, and out of the common vulgar tract, as for example:—"Sir, though the vehemence of your argument may vibrate on my tympanum, yet your mere oral assertions will never undermine the basis of my understanding; the Romans, it is well known, found the Cattieuchlani a magnanimous and warlike community, and I maintain they were the ancient Cassia: Ptolemy and Dio pronounce them the Catuellani, and not unfrequently the Catti-duduni."

As such, are two pretty words, properly managed by young ladies from boarding-school.—"Pope is a charming writer, *as such*, I admire him."—"She is certainly an elegant woman, *as such* she claims attention."—"The bonnet was described to me as particularly fashionable, *as such* I purchased it."

BUT what is chiefly to be admired is, the pleasing way some people have of telling what they conceive to be a pointed story; their dispatch, taste, elocution, and wit, claim particular attention. I shall therefore present my readers with an example, in order to illustrate my precepts.

"AH! poor Ned, I shall never forget him, he was a droll feller; I'll tell you a good joke of his; you knew Ned, I dare say—a stout little man—wore his

own hair; zounds! you must recollect him, or you recollect nothing; a fine feller in his way; his wife kept the Rummer, and a pretty woman she was—but that's neither here nor there; I say, I had been to enquire after my sixteenth, I forget the number, but that's no matter; but I remember they told me it was drawn a blank the 13th day; I dare to say I look'd a little queerish, Ned saw it directly.—“How do you do?” *said he*, “Pretty well,” *said I*, “I doubt that,” *said he*, “What right have you to dispute my word,” *said I*, “I *ax* pardon,” *said he*, and was going away, but *howsomever* I did not like to quarrel with him about nothing, d'ye see; so I up and told him all about it, upon which, shaking me by the hand, in his hearty way—“Never mind it,” *said he*, “*Worse luck now, the better next time.*”—Ha! Ha! Ha!—“Gentlemen, my sarvice to you.”

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

HOVE out of Portsmouth on board the Britannia Fly—a swift sailer—an outside birth—rather drowsy the first watch or two—like to have slipp'd off the stern—cast anchor at the George—took a fresh quid and supply of grog—comforted the upper works—spoke several homeward-bound frigates on the road—and after a tolerable smooth voyage, entered the port of London, at ten minutes past five, post-meridian. Steered to Nan's lodgings and unshipp'd my cargo—Nan admired the shiners—so did the landlord—gave 'em a handful apiece—emptied a bowl of the right sort with the landlord, to the health of Lord Nelson.—All three set sail for the play—got a birth in a cabin on the larboard side—wanted to smoke a pipe, but the boatswain would not let me.—Nan, I believe, called the play Pollzaro, with Harlekin Hamlet;—but d--n me if I knew stem from stern—remember to rig out Nan like the fine folks in the cabin right-ahead—saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned—some of the land-lubbers in the cock-pit began to laugh—tipp'd 'em a little fore-castle lingo, till they sheered off.—Emptied the grog bottle—fell fast asleep—dreamt of the battle off Camperdown.—My landlord told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded sail for a hackney coach—

got on board—squally weather—rather inclined to be sea-sick—arrived at Nan's lodgings—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind change—supped with Nan, and swung in the same hammock—looked over my rhino in the morning—great deal of it to be sure!—But I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling in a little time, to the honor and glory of Old England.

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

CHASTE goddess of the silver bow ! adored Diana ! behold a supplicant at thy shrine, pure as the icicle that decks thy hallowed temple ! O lovely goddess, thou knowest thou hast given me charms superior to most of my sex ; yet let me not be too vain of my beauty, and guard, I beseech thee, from the brilliancy of my fascinating eyes, mankind in general ; for though I shun them as the locusts of the earth, yet still I am compassionate and merciful, and if it should again happen, that I am left alone with Mr. Biggs, the Rector, do thou uphold me in the moment of danger.

GRANT, I pray thee, that I may be enabled handsomely to provide for my cat Jane, and her numerous little helpless family ; also, for Flora, my lap-dog, my parrot, and four canary birds !—Increase, I beseech thee, the contents of my card purse, and grant frequent additions to my wardrobe.

OH ! enable me, by the exertions of my all-attractive accomplishments, to plant the shafts of envy in the bosom of Mrs. Lucy Perkins, who fancies herself the queen of the village, and so far humble her pride, as to make her confess my evident superiority.

I ALSO pray thee, celestial goddess, to keep my eyes from wandering, and my heart invulnerable to the snares of Cupid. Yet, after all, if it should please thee to alter my condition, send me, I beseech thee, a youth, blooming as the morning, and graceful as the Belvidere Apollo, so shall he meet in me—a virgin worthy of his love, and the union be formed, on the basis of united perfection.

PRINCE ROBERT,

(In Imitation of the Ancient Ballads.)

WHEN summer's sun did sheen most clear,
 And nature smil'd most gay,
 The woodlark warbl'd in the air,
 And farmers turn'd their hay,

The bees in swarms forsook their hive,
 Old women tink'd their pans,
 To take the troop the rustics strive,
 With cover'd eens and hands.

The trout leap'd high, in purling streams,
 To catch the gilded fly;
 The maids awoke from pleasant dreams,
 And men to work did hie.

Prince Robert cheer'd the wood-lands round,
 With merrie men and steeds,
 The bugle-horn was heard to sound,
 And die among the meads.

Young Colin heard the bugle-horn,
 His Prince he hied to meete,
 And blushing like the rosie morn,
 He did the party greet.

When thus he spake with fair deport,
 And mind secure from care,
 " You must be weary with your sporte,
 " Accept a shepherd's fare."

Prince Robert took him at his worde,
 And to his cot did haste,
 To share the pleasures of his borde,
 And shepherd's fare to taste.

The cottage was an humble pilc,
 By Colin's father rais'd ;
 The geese secure from fox's guile,
 And lambs before it graz'd.

The father by the curate plac'd
 With children was at play,
 When Colin usher'd in his guest,
 And merry men so gay.

“ Come, sit ye down,” the father cry’d,

(Sic compliments were here)

“ Partake our food, and let not pride

“ Your noble bosoms share.

“ For what are splendid court and cit,

“ But bustle, noise, and care,

“ Were I a prince my home I’d quit,

“ Contentment for to share.”

Prince Robert heard, and smote his breast,

Said he “ Thy words are true,

“ Henceforth all pomp I will detest,

“ And spend my time with you.

“ All in these pansied lawns I’ll roam,

“ With thee, kind shepherds, stray ;

“ I’ll quit my splendid house and home,

“ For ever and for aye.”

So this geud Prince his home did quit,

For ever and for aye ;

Ne more he dwelt in court or cit,

But did with shepherds straye.

THE GAY DECEIVER,

CHLOE, a maid at fifty-five,
 Was at her toilet dressing,
 Her waiting maid, with irons hot,
 Each paper'd curl was pressing.

The looking-glass her eyes engross'd,
 While Betty humm'd a ditty ;
 In fact she gaz'd so on her face,
 She really thought it pretty.

Her painted cheeks and pencil'd brows,
 She could not but approve ;
 Her thoughts on varied subjects turn'd,
 At length they dwelt on love,

“ And shall,” said she, “ a virgin's life
 “ Await these pleasing charms,
 “ And will no sighing blooming youth,
 “ Receive me to his arms.

“ Forbid it, love !”—she scarce had spoke,
 When Cupid laid a trap,
 For at the chamber door was heard,
 A soft and gentle tap.

Cry'd Betty, “ Who the deuce is that ?”

“ Ay, tell,” said Chloe, “ true,”
 When straight a tender voice reply'd,
 “ Dear Ma'am, I dye for you.”

“ What's that ?” she said, “ O Betty, say,

“ A man !—and die for me ?
 “ And can I see the youth expire ?
 “ O no ! it must not be.

“ Haste, Betty, open quick the door,”

'Tis done,—and lo, to view,
 A little man, with bundle stood,
 In sleeves and apron blue.

“ Ye gods !” cried Chloe, “ What is this ?

“ What vision do I see,
 “ Is this the man, O mighty love !
 “ The man that dies for me ?”

“ Yes, ma’am, your ladyship is right,”
 The figure straight reply’d,
 “ And hard for me—it would have been
 “ If I had never dy’d.

“ La, ma’am, you must have heard of me,
 “ Although I’m no high-flyer,
 “ I live just bye, at number one—
 “ I’m Billy Dip, the dyer.

“ ’Twas me ma’am Betty there employ’d,
 “ To dye your lutestring gown ;
 “ And I not only dye for you,
 “ But dye for half the town.”

USURER'S DIARY.

Journal for de Week.

SUNDAY. **N**O buishness to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi—he never come—took a walk in St. George's Fields—bad luck all de day.

MONDAY. At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monish—did not like his looks—called in afternoon in St. James's-street—not at home—bad luck—thought to have touched dere.

TUESDAY. Went to west end of the town—bought some old cloash—took in—gave great price for de breeches—thought I felt a guinea in de fob, left dere by mistake—only done to cheat me—nothing but a counterfeit half-penny—sold dem again to Levi—took him in, in de same manner, with profit—very good dat.

WEDNESDAY. Went to St. James's-street again—devil in the man, never at home—met Levi—scold me about de breeches—not mind dat at all—swore I

knew nothing of de matter—went to puff at auction—well paid—engaged at anoder in the evening—found out dare—obliged to sneak off—found a pair of candlesticks in my coat pocket—dropped in by accident—sold dem to Mr. Polish-plate, de silversmith—did well by dat.

THURSDAY. On 'Change—met de gentleman wid de white wig—wanted more monish—let him have it—good securities—like white wigs—carried my advertisement to de newspapers—signed Z.—pretty crooked letter dat—always sure to bring in customers.

FRIDAY. Met my good friend Mr. Smash—not seen him a long time—arrested him for de monish he owed me—went home to prepare for de sabbath.

SATURDAY. Went twice to de synagogue—repented of my shins—felt much comforted—remember to call in de morning on de man wid de white wig.

MODERN SENSIBILITY.

EXQUISITE Sensibility, how shall I address thee ! 'Tis thou that squeezest tears from the eyes of gay sixteen, and screwest up the mouths of elderly ladies ! Whether thou travellest through the mazes of six octavo volumes, or lurkest in the corner of a single duo-decimo, thee I invoke to guide me through the wilds of heart-rending labyrinths, and direct my footsteps over the brittle paths of sympathy.

MAY I exclaim with the lady to the amputated wheel-barrow,—“ Unhappy vehicle ! little didst thou think at morning dawn, when greens adorned thy bosom, gay as thy painted sides, that ere six hours elapsed—for one leg lost, thy master should desert thee—peace be with thee—and may the coming storm fall lightly on thy surface.”

EXQUISITE Sensations ! Rich with the sugar-candied-milk of sentiment.—Novel-writing is thy delight, and the *Errors of the Heart*, *Pangs of Parting*, *Tears of Tenderness*, and the *Sentimental Scruple*, reign triumphant.

EVEN antipathies have their use, in bringing forward the latent sparks of thy animating fire, cats, old cheese,

red herrings, onions, and assafœtida, have all their charms. In short, to sum up all the perfections of Modern Sensibility, take the following recipe :

START elegantly, and scream delicately (if a lady) at the appearance of a mouse or spider ; cry, if you have not your proper title given to you ; be out of humour at the smallest neglect in the etiquette of precedence ; be tremblingly alive to sentiment, even when extended to inanimate objects ; use a redundancy of action in the recital of a pathetic story ; and cases of real distress, kindly recommend to the attention of your friends,

THE
ACTRESSES PRAYER.

HEAR me, dramatic sisters, gay THALIA, and sublime MELPOMENE, be *Guardians* to your suppliant, and aid her in her profession; well you know the hair-breadth 'scapes I have encountered since my *Elapement* and *Trip to Scotland*, evading the vigilance of my *Duenna*, braving the *School for Scandal*, and venturing *Neck or Nothing*, for Tommy Trap, the Tragedian.—Oh! he was a jewel of an actor, the grand prop of a country company, the *Side-wing*, as it were, of theatrical genius, and though a *Poor Gentleman*, and frequently in the *Road to Ruin*, he was the *Pizarro* of my heart, and I was to him the very *Obi* of perfection.

BUT Tommy is no more!!—The O. P. and P. S. that marked his *exits* and *entrances*, mourn him, and if he had failings, they are lost behind the *curtain* of oblivion.

PROTECT, I beseech ye, our little community, and may our *shares* be *trebled*; divide the *candle-ends* in

equal proportion, and give additional *honesty* to our *door-keeper*, who I am apprehensive requires a large increase of that necessary article! *Prompt*, I beseech ye, the towns-people to aid my forth-coming *Benefit*, and open the hearts of the family of the Throg-Mortons, so that they may *all* appear at the Theatre, at an early hour, even down to Mrs. Dickens, the Methodist house-keeper! And lastly, I pray ye, should I ever reach the *boards* of a London Theatre, may my terms be as enormous as my *abilities* are conspicuous; and finally, my labours be crowned with the *coronet* of honor, and that I may become a convert to domestic happiness.

SONNET

TO THE

S K Y - L A R K.

HARK! from on high, what music charms my ear,
 'Tis the sweet lark, chaunting her carols wild;
 Rising sublime, I love her strains to hear,
 In notes full ton'd—or plaintive warbles mild.

Mounting the blue expanse, she sweetly sings,
 As yet the dying murmurs tremble nigh;
 But now full pois'd, again the welkin rings,
 Till like a speck she charms the up-lifted eye.

Yet short the raptures proud ambition yields,
 Her downy bosom, heaving pants for rest,
 She drops again amidst her native fields,
 And hails once more, her little mossy nest.

So the young bard, his tow'ring hopes shall find,
 Vain as the fairy dreams, that haunt the troubled mind.

GILES AND HIS GUINEA.

SAID Giles to his grandmother, chatting one day,

“ I am going to Lunnun to-morrow.”

“ Ah! lad, thee’lt repent it,” his grandmother said,

“ And leave it with sighs and with sorrow.

“ If I might advise thee, ne’er ramble to town,

“ But e’en as a pestilence shun it,

“ The rogues there will steal the teeth out of thy head

“ And laugh at thee when they have done it.”

However, friend Giles to the capital went,

Resolving to guard against plunder,

Till passing St. Paul’s in the midst of the day,

The fabric attracted his wonder.

A sharper observ’d him, and instant turn’d out,

His pockets quite bare to the lining;

Giles knew what the fellow was at, and turn’d round

Quite cool, without care or repining.

“ My lad, it won't do, I am not such a fool,
 “ To be rifled by such a poor ninny;
 “ What money I have, boy, Ise clapp'd in my mouth,
 “ And that, master Sharp, is a Guinea!”

The rogue he retir'd, and soon met a boy,
 Brought up to the thieving profession ;
 “ The guinea,” he told him, “ some scheme must remove,
 “ To get it in rightful possession.”

“ Enough,” said the boy,—“ That's the man in the frock,
 “ His cunning shall quickly be humbled,”

Then rattling some halfpence along on the stones,
 Flat down before Giles the lad tumbled.

“ O dear!—where's my money ?” the urchin roar'd out,
 “ My mammy will make me deplore it.”

The crowd gather'd round, to pick up the loose cash,
 And Giles lent a hand to restore it.

“ There, there is thy money,” said simpleton Giles,
 “ Hold it faster—nor more be a ninny.”

“ Yes, here are my halfpence, young Hopeful reply'd;
 “ But where, you old thief, is my guinea ?”

“ Good people, he put it just now in his mouth,”

“ A lie, I detest beyond measure.”

The people drew up, and with resolute gripe,

Brought forward the glittering treasure.

Then gave it the boy, who right joyful ran off,

And turning to Giles all their fury,

They pelted with mud, but he took to his heels,

And escap'd to the regions of Drury.

“ Of Lunnun,” said Giles, “ I believe what she said,

“ When my grandmother warn'd me to shun it ;

“ For zartainly thieves here in town steal your teeth,

“ And laugh at you when they have done it.

But hard is the task to describe
 Perfection ;—since Laura's my theme,
 A theme fit for swains who imbibe,
 Rich draughts from pure Helicon's stream !

Yet why should I droop and despair ?
 'Tis nature that dictates my lays,
 If I gain but the smiles of my fair,
 I envy not Ovid his bays.

Let the bards from the nations around,
 For Laura their efforts combine ;
 Though their stanzas more *lofty* may sound,
 Yet are they so *artless* as mine ?

PART II,

AMANDA calls Laura away,
 To visit her eglantine bow'rs,
 I know they are *costly* and *gay*,
 Yet they are not so *tranquil* as ours,

And wilt thou these jessamines leave,
 These walks and this rural recess ?
 And shall I not pensively grieve,
 When the thought my ideas impress ?

You say that you'll quickly return,
 But *moments* are *ages* to me ;
 How joyless the murmuring bourn,
 When its banks are deserted by thee,

The charms of our bower will fade,
 Its beauties no longer be seen,
 And each flower in sorrow display'd,
 Will droop on your *favourite* green.

By the side of some lone distant brake,
Your flocks will in sadness recline,
And their favourite vallies forsake,
Yet what are their feelings to mine ?

No more shall the morning delight,
Till Laura returns to the vale ;
But *Philomel*, *Silence*, and *Night*,
Shall witness my sorrowful tale.

PART III.

LAY down the blithe pipe and the reed,
 And cease the gay pastoral song,
 My flocks may stray over the mead,
 Since Laura has quitted their throng.

My Laura, ye lambkins, is gone,
 Yet forbear ye to bleat and complain,
 Though your Shepherdess thus you bemoan ;
 Yet Damon must with you remain.

You shall not stray over the mead,
 Though Laura has quitted your throng,
 I'll take up my pipe and my reed,
 And murmur my pastoral song.

My crook on my arm I'll recline,
 While the brook it shall mournfully glide ;
 You shall mingle your sorrows with mine,
 And I'll watch the whole day by your side.

But when she returns to her charge,
To tend her lov'd lambkins again,
All free, you shall frolic at large,
And jocund, bound over the plain.

All nature shall share in the joy,
Each youth shall attune his blithe reed,
No cares shall our pleasures annoy,
Gay mirth shall preside o'er the mead.

PART IV.

STRIKE the tabor, and breathe the blithe flute,
Let horns in full melody sound,
Awake the soft notes of the lute,
While harmony flutters around,

Ye birds your sweet carols prepare,
Proclaim the fond tale of your loves,
And warble each soul-thrilling air,
For Laura returns to your groves.

I'll bring forth her posy-wreath'd crook,
From the cell of yon mouldering rock,
And her charge with a mild lambent look,
Shall welcome her back to the flock.

I'll pluck the green myrtle and rose,
And cull each gay flower with care,
And their beauties in order dispose,
A chaplet to wreathe for my fair.

Thou bourn too rejoice, for again,
On thy banks shall fair Laura be seen,
And Flora the primrose sustain,
That dapples thy favourite green.

How bless'd, happy Damon, thy lot,
Would Hymen thy Laura empower,
To say she would ne'er leave thy grot,
Nor again quit thy jessamine bower.

SONNET

ON A

BUTTERFLY,



CHILD of the Sun! by whose creative beams,
 Thy latent form its slender bonds unstrung,
 Oft has thy race enrich'd the varied themes,
 Which bards at eve in sweetest numbers sung.

When first an insect, crawling in the dust,
 Faintly were seen those glowing spots of gold,
 Then didst thou careful to yon leaf entrust
 Thy pencil'd beauties wrapp'd in many a fold,

But now from out thy silk-wove downy bed,
 Where thy new shape awhile in embryo lay,
 On buoyant air thy painted wings are spread,
 Greeting, in splendour, the meridian day.

So feeble mortals—this frail passage o'er,
 Shall burst their earthly bonds, and disencumber'd soar.

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

“**A**H! never,” cry’d Ellen, “ my Edmund, my love,
 “ Will I swerve from the vows I have sworn ;
 “ If e’er I forget thee, first choice of my heart,
 “ May I wander neglected, forlorn.

“ No!—dear is the grove where my Edmund I met,
 “ And dear are the boughs that entwine,
 “ Where under the shade he first told me he lov’d,
 And call’d me his Ellen divine.

“ Believe me, the ivy shall flee from the oak,
 “ And the ring-dove elope from her mate,
 “ Ere I from my Edmund can ever depart,
 “ Or relinquish my share in his fate.

“ May the day turn to night, and the stars fade away,
 “ And the winds their dread messengers send,
 “ If e’er I desert thee, my dearest on earth,
 “ My guardian, protector, and friend.

Poor Edmund entranc'd by the voice of his love,
Believ'd each fond word that she said,
His eye-lids look'd red, and the brine 'gan to flow,
As he gaz'd on the beautiful maid.

“ Ah! cease thus protesting,” reply'd the fond youth,
“ Such a thought my true breast could ne'er harbour ;”
But alas! the fair Ellen, in less than a week,
Left *him* and elop'd with a barber!

THE
FARMER AT VAUXHALL.

==
FROM THE ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS.
==

AN honest west-country farmer, after an absence of several years, was called to town on urgent business, which having finished, he resolved to gratify himself with the amusements of what he termed Fox Hall. He had a confused idea of being there when he was last in London, but inebriety on the evening, and the time elapsed since his visit, had somewhat blunted his recollection; he, however, particularly remembered paying a *shilling* at the door, that being the only part of the expence he bore on the former occasion.

OF course the first altercation was at the pay-bar, *three* shillings were demanded, “three what!” replied the farmer, “three shillings, Sir,”—“three shillings! three devils! what, dost think I’m mad? I never paid but *one* shilling in the best of times; so, if thee canst not let me in for that, I’ll e’en turn back-without seeing the show.” With this determined resolution he was returning to his inn, but en-

quiring at a neighbouring alehouse the reason of the advance in the price of admission, he was informed of the wonderful improvements—new cascades—horizontal lights—Turkish pavilion—tea and coffee gratis—and a variety of other inducements, that on consideration of receiving his pennyworth for his penny, he returned back to the gardens.

EVERY-THING fully answered his expectations, and he began to think his money well laid out, but this sudden change in his principles must wholly be attributed to the brown stout he had copiously taken, at the place from whence he gained his information, which effects were considerably aided by the dazzling splendour of the variegated illuminations. His dress was far from being the most elegant in the assembly, as the most conspicuous part of it was a thick blue coat, slouched hat, and dirty boots, which occasioned many sneers from the city beaus, in the course of his perambulations, which were very little attended to on his part, being too much absorbed in the reflection of relating to his wife Molly; his London adventures; to pay any regard to their superficial observations. After hearing the various songs, staring at the lamps, crowding to view the water-fall, and enjoying the rest of the amusements, his ears were saluted with sounds much more congenial to his home-spun notions than the empty display of gorgeous machinery; in short, the hurry of the waiters, the rattling of plates, and

smoothing of table-cloths, suggested to him that something more substantial was going forward ; after a few moments' reflection he resolved as he had begun, to go through with the whole, and once in his life, to do the genteel thing ; he accordingly seated himself in a box, and called for the waiter ; being always possessed of a communicative and open disposition, it is not surprising that in a few minutes he found out the man's name was Richard, and that he had been in the capacity of a waiter about twelve months, that he was unmarried, and other similar important intelligence, for which in return he politely favoured Dicky (for so he familiarly called him) with the outlines of his own history where he was born, at what place he lived, and that he was resolved, for once by the way, to spend a little money, as well as his neighbours, hoping that Dicky would not forget to call and take a pipe, and taste his tap, if he should chance to travel through his part of the country, assuring him it would be worth his while, and that he should have a hearty welcome ; after many eulogiums on his wife Molly's brewing, he concluded with enquiring what there was in the house for supper ?

Two large wax candles being placed on the table, the bill of fare was produced, after casting his eyes over several articles, and smacking his lips as he spelt the words in rotation, he at last fixed on ham and

fowl, "because," he said, "it put him in mind of
 " whoame, for though he said it, that should not say
 " it, Molly had as pretty a method of feeding pigs and
 " poultry as any duchess in the land, let her be who
 " she would, she was so uncommonly clever. And
 " d'ye hear, Dicky, bring in some home-brew'd—none
 " of thy Lunnun tricks for me—I've seen the world,
 " lad, so bustle about, mun, and let's have some-'at to
 " begin with, for by the dickens I am nearly fa-
 " mished."

AFTER waiting a considerable time, supper was brought in, the fowl met with some degree of approbation, but the sliced ham changed his countenance to muscular expressions of the greatest surprise and astonishment! he called loudly for his friend the Waiter (whom he now believed to be little better than a rogue) and holding up a slice of ham on the prongs of his fork, he vehemently exclaimed, "What the devil dost thee call this?—why, I could eat zeven such little parings at a mouthful. D—n thee, don't play thy tricks with me, but bring me in the GAMMON."
 "The Gammon! your Honor?" replied the astonished waiter, "I do'nt rightly understand you, 'but I'll go and enquire at the bar;" On saying this, he slipped out, glad of the opportunity of making his escape, for the enraged countenance and doubled fist of the farmer, began to wear a formidable appearance; after giving him a little time to compose

himself, the man returned, and with the utmost diffidence assured his Honor, that his master would be very happy to accommodate him, but that such requests were foreign to the rules of the gardens, “ Rules !, don’t tell me of rules—I fancy thee and thy master meak it a rule to starve people, and pick their pockets into the bargain, and let me tell thee such doing is a burning sin and a sheame, and both o’thee ought to be ducked i’the mill pond.” “ I assure your honor, it is not our intention to impose on any one,—would your honor choose any thing else?”

So many honors began to soften our country hero into a tolerable good humour, and to make some amends for the loss of the gammon, he ordered an additional fowl, with a few tarts and cheese-cakes, and at the same time a bottle of the best old port, a pipe, a paper of tobacco, and a lantern ; the refusal of the latter articles, on account of smoaking not being allowed, had nearly occasioned a fresh gust of passion, but on being clearly convinced that it was not genteel, he reconciled himself to his fate. After enjoying himself about an hour and a half (by which time he had completely finished his bottle) he deemed it necessary to call for the bill ; when it appeared, the different items were truly alarming ! but what seemed most to command attention, was three shillings for wax lights !

this last charge produced the following elegant address to the waiter:—"Thou' rascal! if thee com'st
" into our country, I'll have thee hanged—don't think
" I'm in a passion!—but mind what I say, I don't
" care for thy long bill half a farthing—because why?
—" I've got money in my pocket to pay for it, (more
" than thee hast, I'll be bound); yet, at the same
" time, I canna but say that it hurts me sorely to pay
" three shillings for these two farding candles!!—but
" however thee shall get nothing by it, so bring me in
" another bottle, for here I'll sit till they are burnt
" down in their sockets, and if ever thee catchest me
" doing the genteel thing again, may I never more see
" whoame, nor my wife Molly."—He kept strictly to
his word, and for many years related his cruel treatment at *Fox-Hall*, in his own chimney corner.

JULIA'S TOMB.

SLOW through the church-yard's mazy paths I stray,
 There seek the yew-tree's melancholy gloom,
 Where spirits beckoning seem to point the way,
 The lonely walk that leads to JULIA'S TOMB.

And lo! the friendly epitaph display'd,
 Adorns the bosom of the sculptor's urn,
 Telling the shepherd and the rural maid,
 What Julia was—who never shall return.

Forgive the bard, although the effort's vain,
 Who dares to raise the sympathetic lay,
 Tho' lost with Shenstone is th' elegiac strain,
 And loose, unstrung, reclines the lyre of Gray.

Yet, when fair Virtue animates the line,
 Say, shall the Muse withhold her wonted fire?
 When cherubs drooping o'er the urn recline,
 Shall she unwilling strike the golden lyre?

Here rests a maid, who erst the village charm'd,
 From whose remains the virgin lily springs,
 Emblem of her, who Envy's power disarm'd,
 While round her turf the tender Robin sings.

Chaunt your sweet vespers thro' the ambient air,
 Ye wild companions of the tufted grove,
 Sing how your Julia once was heavenly fair,
 Form'd of compassion, tenderness, and love.

Oft' have I seen her, when a sparrow fell,
 Weep o'er the bird full many a crystal tear ;
 Then in soft strains its fate to Stella tell,
 Or deck with flowers the little funeral bier.

And shall no fostering hand one chaplet weave,
 To deck, sweet maid, thy peaceful marble shrine ?
 From Edwin's hand this cypress wreath receive,
 This, round thy tomb, thy Edwin shall entwine.

Yet what avails the Muse's plaintive song ?
 Can she to life these lov'd remains restore ?
 These mould'ring relics, to the earth belong,
 The young, the lovely Julia is no more !

Her placid eye, bright as the orient day,
 Too finely wrought for such a world as this,
 Was clos'd by 'Saints' who bore her form away,
 Serenely gliding through the realms of bliss.

By Fancy form'd, I view her from above,
 Bending from clouds, her lover to implore,
 Breathing rich fragrance of seraphic love,
 And soft pronouncing " Edwin, sigh no more."

" Look o'er Religion's wide extended page,
 " Where Faith, triumphant, shews th' up-lifted cross ;
 " Let hope of future bliss thy grief assuage,
 " Think Julia lives, nor more deplore thy loss."

THE
 CASTLE OF ERASMUS;

OR,

BERTRAND AND ELIZA.

==
 A LEGENDARY TALE,
 ==

THE pipe was mute in the vallies, and the hills were no longer responsive to the vocal reed.—Three years had elapsed since the young and generous Bertrand was assassinated by Caled, near the Castle of Erasmus; his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honors were mingled with the dust of his fathers.

“ O when shall my sufferings end, and this grief-worn frame return to its kindred clay ! ! ”—It was the voice of the amiable Eliza, offering her evening orisons at the shrine of her beloved Bertrand.

SILENCE held her wide domain throughout the fertile plains, save where the distant watch-dog marked the rural hamlet—Cynthia had gained the summit of her azure throne, and smiled in lucid majesty o'er

the blue expanse—all nature aided the solemnity!—A vista of aged oaks led to a cluster of spreading firs, discovering a marble sepulchre, adorned with military trophies. The beautiful Eliza, amiable in sorrows, and patient in affliction, graced the awful scene :—She was kneeling in a posture of adoration and prayer, her sable garments drooped in melancholy folds, the tear of affliction stood in her languid eye, and the cypress groves reiterated the sighs of a broken heart.

IN the midst of her orisons, Clifford (by whose command the assassination of Bertrand was perpetrated) appeared before her; rage instantly kindled on her cheeks, and reproaches burst from her lips. “Darest thou, perfidious and profane, approach this hallowed spot?” “Chide not, too lovely fair one”, replied the repentant Clifford, “it was love for thee that led me on to madness!—I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Bertrand—I considered life, without thee, as an ocean opposed to incessant tempest; but with thee, all that heaven could bestow, or I could wish—I vainly thought one bar alone remained between me and my fancied joys; in a rash moment I employed the cursed Caled to execute my fell design, —he obeyed, took his reward, and fled; since which time, peace has been banished from the breast of Clifford, and soon must the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes.”

“AND dost thou talk of love, abhorred assassin?—
 “thou, who hast laid low the image of perfection?—
 “Begone!—nor dare insult my Bertrand’s peaceful
 “shade.” Eliza again prostrated herself before the
 shrine, and Clifford, dejected, returned through the
 avenue to the castle.

ALWIN, surnamed the Good, who then filled the
 throne, hearing of the sorrows of Eliza, resolved to
 undertake the cause of injured innocence, by offering
 a considerable reward to the champion who would
 meet Clifford in single combat.

THE time of the approaching tournaments arrived,
 appointed for the cause of Eliza. The circus was
 crowded with spectators: the king was seated beneath
 a canopy, emblazoned with the riches of the East, and
 the constant fair one was placed at his right hand;
 every eye was centered on one object—the injured
 Eliza! Clifford appeared in the lists, and the trumpet
 was thrice sounded; a stranger instantly appeared, and
 accepted the challenge; his helmet of massy gold
 covered his face, it was studded with diamonds, and
 the nodding milk-white plumes shook defiance to his
 foe! his armour of exquisite workmanship darted a
 splendid radiance throughout the circus, and the blood-
 red cross on his breast, displayed a knight, zealous in
 the Christian cause; the dignity and grace of his ap-
 pearance charmed every beholder. Clifford, inwardly

trembling, approached, the martial trumpets were again flourished, and the champions engaged; for some time the victory was doubtful, at length the powerful arm of the stranger laid the lofty Clifford in the dust, and the circus re-echoed with repeated acclamations; his wound was mortal, and the crowd gathered round him, even the injured Eliza sympathized in the tears shed by the dying penitent.

WHILE all were attentive to the departing Clifford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's habit, pressed forward, and throwing open his garment thus addressed aloud the vanquished champion:—"Thou man of sorrows!—Behold in this disguise, the person of Caled, once thy vassal, at whose command I undertook the murder of the gallant Bertrand, if thou has enough of life to hear the event, attend and learn:" The eyes of Clifford were nearly set in night, but agitated by a thousand emotions, seemed to express a desire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded: "Urged by your entreaties, and the hopes of reward, I approached the wood where Bertrand was wrapped in pious meditation. Though bribed to murder, and bent on the horrid purpose, I relented, and discovered my intent to the noble youth, whom I pressed to depart. I have since heard he rendered himself famous on the plains of Palestine, by inlisting in the holy war. You insisted on my privately burying his remains in the grove leading to the

“ Castle of Erasmus. This I told you was performed, I received my reward, and fled ; disguised in a pilgrim’s habit, I followed Bertrand to Jerusalem ; but my search was vain, for soon I heard that Bertrand was no more : Flushed with success, he joined the Croises; led by the gallant lion-hearted Richard, and fell before the walls of Cyprus.”

HOPE, horror, and despair, alternately reigned in the bosom of Eliza, during the narrative, at the conclusion of which, she fell apparently lifeless, near the feet of the victor, who throwing off his helmet, caught the fair one in his arms, and thus addressed her : “ Thou paragon of excellence ! ’Tis Bertrand calls thee back to life and love.” At the well-known voice Eliza awakened from her trance, and after wildly gazing on his animated countenance, at length articulated, “ It is my long lost Bertrand !” Clifford lived but a few moments after the discovery ; he received the pardon of the injur’d pair, and closed his eyes in peace. Bertrand turned to the astonished Caled, and embraced him as a friend ; every eye sparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happiness of Bertrand and Eliza. And it is recorded in the annals of the Castle, that Virtue shall meet her reward, and Vice be humbled at her feet.

AFTER paying the funeral rites to the remains of the unfortunate Clifford, the nuptials were consummated

in the utmost magnificence at Alwin's palace. Eliza, by degrees, recovered her native bloom, and the roses again revelled on her cheek. Bertrand again displayed his trophies in the hall of the Castle, and again assumed the hero.

THE pipe once more gladdened the vallies, and the hills were rendered vocal by the responsive notes of the reed. Peace spread her airy wings athwart the plains, and the vaulted roofs reverberated the sound of the harp in the ancient CASTLE OF ERASMUS.

SONNET

TO

A PIG CAUGHT IN A GATE.



SQUEAK on, sweet pig, and rend the ambient air,
 To me thy looks are moving and sublime ;
 I like thy wild and deep impressive stare,
 While on the gate thy slender leg beats time.

That clown I pity, who to music's charms,
 (Lost to thy notes) indignant stops his ears,
 Lifts in the air his coarse unwieldy arms,
 And homeward grumbling to his cottage steers.

Him nor Falsetto, nor rich cadence moves,
 Tho' heav'd so charming from thy dulcet throat,
 To him are irksome what thy Colin loves,
 The small shrill squeak, and lengthen'd nasal note.

To mem'ry dear, thy notes shall long remain,
 So breathe, sweet pig, yet still a louder strain.

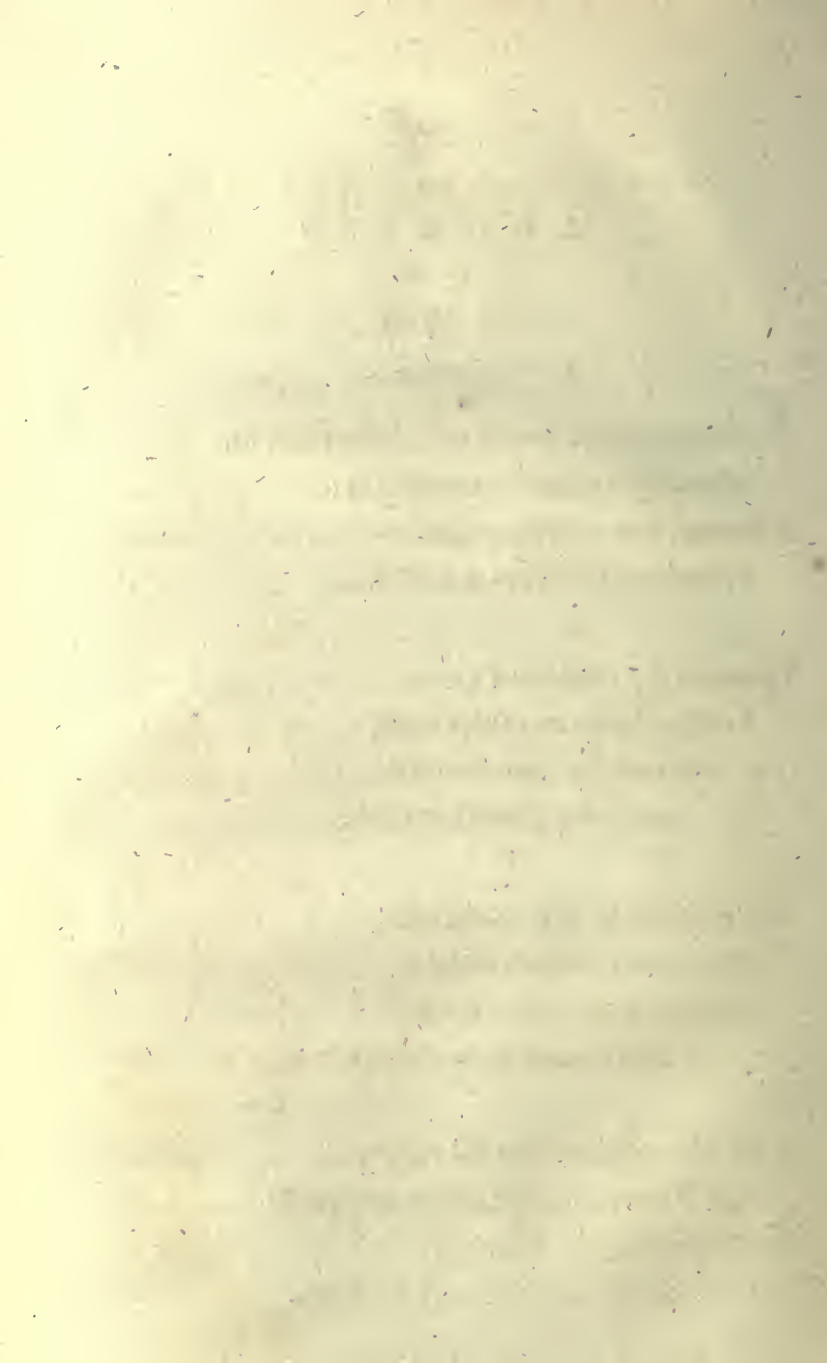
AN
 ADDRESS
 TO THE
 OWL.

I GREET thee, sweet songstress of night,
 'Midst ivy I hear thee complain ;
 I fear not hob-goblin or sprite—
 At midnight I list to thy strain.

I gaze on thy tea-saucer eyes,
 Admire the twist of thy beak,
 Thy wig; and thy aspect so wise,
 Thy bosom and pinions so sleek.

Let loungers to play-houses fly,
 Storace and Braham to hear,
 I pity their taste—with a sigh,
 Too-whoot !—has more charms to my ear.

E'en Billington's notes I'll resign,
 And Mara's, though critics may scowl,
 Sublimer effusions be mine,
 Give me the sweet notes of the OWL.



FAMILIAR VERSES,

FROM THE

GHOST

OF

WILLY SHAKESPEARE

TO

SAMMY IRELAND.

“—————O Woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen,—see what I see!”

HAMLET, Act. III. Scene I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Verses were originally published at the period when the public mind was strongly impressed in favor of the authenticity of the Shakesperian MSS. and some time before the detection of that ingenious though daring Forgery. The lines acquired a considerable share of approbation, and as the subject has been revived by the recent publication of Mr. W. H. IRELAND'S Confessions, the Author reprints them here, in the hope that they will not prove entirely devoid of interest.

FAMILIAR VERSES

FROM THE

GHOST OF WILLY SHAKESPEARE TO SAMMY IRELAND.

AH, Sammy! Sammy! why call forth a ghost?
 Rather of Critics summon up an host!
 They, luckless wights! indite for daily bread,
 But you disturb the ashes of the dead!
 Peaceful I lay in Stratford's hallow'd fane,
 And but for thee might yet enshrin'd remain.
 "Blest were the man," I said; "who spar'd the stones,
 "But curs't be he who dar'd to move my bones."*
 'Tis true, my bones lie unmolested there,
 Yet still my spirit's drag'd to open air.
 Rich in your prize, of praise you take your fill;
 But Spectres yet may speak, and speak I will.

Oft have I conjur'd from the vasty deep,
 Myriads of spirits at one magic sweep!
 And shalt thou dare with weak unnervate arm,
 To bind *Will Shakespeare* with a *cobweb charm*?
 His genius unconfin'd with fancy plays,
 Where Avon's stream through fertile meadows strays;

* Shakespeare's Epitaph in Stratford church, Warwickshire.

Laughs with the loves, the flittering sun-beam rides,
 And through the boundless paths of Nature glides ;
 Not lock'd in *trunks*, in *ancient dirtie* scrolls,
 Long shreds of parchment, deeds, and *mustie* rolls.
 Receipts for candles, bills, and notes of hand,
 Some that you may ; but more, not understand.
 Samples of hair, love songs, and sonnets *meete*,
 Together met by *chaunce* in Norfolk-street,
 Where, fruitful as the vine, the tiny elves
 Produce young Manuscripts for Sammy's shelves ;
 Dramas in embrio leave their lurking holes,
 And little *Vortigerns* start forth in shoals.

To work, ye Lawyers, ransack all your deeds,
 The bait is swallowed, and the public bleeds.
 Freely the cash comes down ; lead boldly on :
 The Book complete—Four Guineas !—presto—gone !
 More papers found !!!—a Neighbour here hard by,
 An Antiquarian wight of curious eye,
 Deep skill'd in pedigrees, well known to Fame,
 Has found some writings in a hand the same.
 The very dots, the stops,—the self same SHAK
 That soon must lay each quibbler on his back.
 None shall their sanction to the truth refuse,
 For if they'll not believe, they must be *Jews*.

Long fam'd for finding SAMMY art thou known,
 With steady perseverance all thy own :

E'en *Hogarth** could not 'scape thy prying eye ;
 Lo! at thy beck, new beauties we descry !
 Tobacco-prints, and legendary tales,
 Engrav'd on porter-pots, with crooked nails.
 Impressions scarce, long hidden from the light,
 And graphic wonders, bursting on the sight.

When late to Stratford you incog came down,
 Peeping for relics through each lane in town,
 I guess'd that something fresh was in the wind,
 And thus to Davy Garrick spoke my mind—
 " Since you call'd forth the wond'ring Nobles round
 " To view my Jubilee on Fairy ground ;
 " To chaunt my praises in harmonious strain,
 " And strut in Pageants through a shower of rain :
 " Ne'er has mine eye in Warwick's country scann'd
 " So learn'd a wight as *Sammy Ireland*."

The chair, the kitchen, room where I was born,
 All from old Times mysterious veil were torn.
 I often thought, so steady were his pains,
 And from his work †, so certain were his gains,
 He'd never give his deep researches up,
 Until he found my spoon and christening cup ;
 Some curious remnants of my mother's spinning,
 My little shoes, and all the child-bed linen.

* Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth.

† Ireland's Warwickshire Avon.

So have I seen a Jackdaw in a yard,
 With head askaunt some chosen spot regard,
 Where deep enearthed, some dainty morsels lay,
 Wisely laid there against a rainy day.
 When hunger pinches, to the ground he hies,
 Now cheerful hops, and then elated flies ;
 But not contented, with his well known store,
 He whets his bill, and greedy pecks for more.

But turn we now again to Norfolk-street,
 Where Authors sage, and Commentators meet ;
 To that fam'd spot where Dramatists repair,
 And Antiquarians darken all the air.
 There sombre *Kemble* struts with solemn pace,
 Then takes the chair with academic grace ;
 Pronounces all are genuine, true, and rare,
 While none to contradict his judgment dare,
 Who shall presume his judgment to disown,
 Who makes my choicest dramas half his own ?
 Who Mohawk like unfeeling cuts and lops,
 Till Shakespeare's plays appear like modern crops !
 Then from the press comes forth *editions* new,
 And JOHN'S *additions* meet the public view.

Next mounts sublime upon the critic throne,
 A trusty blade, and true, yclep'd *Malone*.
 He scorns complying sentiments to sham,
 And boldly states the whole a downright flam.

Tho' some declare he never saw a line,
 And 'gainst his judgment all their strength combine ;
 Others attempt his doubting course to steer,
 And Mister *Stevens* marches in the rear.
Burke, Sammy aids, and *Sheridan* the same ;
 The latter, right or wrong, is not to blame :
 For well he knows " *all's grist that comes to mill,*"
 And Vortigern can't fail the house to fill.
Boydell looks grave, and wisely holds his peace ;
 For true, or false, they can't his fame decrease.

Now, Sammy, you of course would wish to know,
 The *Ghost's* opinion, farther light to throw ;
 For *Shakespeare's* sanction must have lasting weight,
 And fix for ever thy depending fate,
 Give thee entire the Antiquarian rule,
 Or spurn thee forth, indignant from thy stool.

Then know, my friend, to ease thy troubled mind,
 Thy Willy's Ghost would fain to thee be kind.
 I'll wave my judgment of the writings found,
 Said to be mine, so long in darkness bound.
 I'll not pretend the mystic veil to draw ;
 Pronounce them forg'd, or pass them into law.
 To speak the truth, I give it on my word,
 For years long pass'd my Muse has felt the sword.
 Such hacking slashing-cutting, here and there
 Some parts press'd down, and others puff'd to air,

That I make oath, and swear it on the spot,
I scarce know what is mine, and what is not.

If true, thy envied fame will quickly spread,
And Britain's honors wave around thy head.
If *forg'd*, be prudent, vigilant, and wise,
Keep thy own counsel, and each threat despise,
But hold—"Methinks I scent the morning air,
Abrupt we part,—nor can I more declare,
Lo! in the East, the glowing tints I see!
Sammy, adieu!"—FAREWELL—REMEMBER ME.

AGREEABLE DEVIATIONS

FROM

THE TRUTH.

IN a former treatise, I laid down a few rules for the desirable art of pleasing in conversation. I shall now resume the subject under the title of Agreeable Deviations from the Truth.

These little flights of fancy have their beauties in polite conversation, and should not be overlooked. By the vulgar they are commonly termed Lies; but for the accommodation of delicate ears, I have been induced to substitute a more refined title.

We meet with various characters, who, from a constant habit of reciting a story, originally formed in their own imaginations, actually believe the whole to be real:—What a happy pitch of true pleasure is this to arrive at,—what inward serenity must they enjoy, while wading through hair breadth scrapes, miraculous sights, and wonderful adventures! I shall endeavour to give a specimen of this peculiar grace in the art of rendering conversation agreeable.

SPECIMEN OF AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

“ I remember the circumstance, as well as if it happened but yesterday, and it is now fourteen years since

“ I was first shipwreck’d in the Bay of Biscay. The
 “ wind box’d about to all parts of the compass, and
 “ the night was as black as my hat; I seiz’d the
 “ remains of the long boat, and floated fourteen days
 “ without sustenance. On the fifteenth, the back fin
 “ of a monstrous whale, drove me bump on shore on
 “ the highest part of the rock of Gibraltar; and I
 “ alighted in the garrison exactly at ten minutes be-
 “ fore two o’clock, P. M. to the great surprise of
 “ every soldier on duty. I was taken up as a spy,
 “ and confined in the State Prison; but as good
 “ luck would have it, I made my escape, by remov-
 “ ing an iron bar four foot square, and descended
 “ from the battlements to the sea-beach, two hun-
 “ dred and fifty-eight yards perpendicular, by means
 “ of a small rope. I left Gibraltar in a fishing smack,
 “ and was soon after taken prisoner by an Algerine
 “ Pirate, and set on shore on a desert coast in Africa,
 “ there I was attacked by two prodigious lions, one in
 “ front, and the other in the rear. With a reso-
 “ lute spring I actually leaped from between them
 “ thirty yards, and the animals killed each other on
 “ the spot, by the mere force of the blow, on meet-
 “ ing together in contact!—These are not a quarter
 “ of my adventures. But the best of all is, here I
 “ am, notwithstanding my wonderful difficulties, safe
 “ and sound in OLD ENGLAND!”

THE
AGE OF FOLLY,

A
POEM.

Methinks I view the joyous crowd advance,
Entwine the wreath and lead up Fashion's dance ;
She airy goddess joins the mad career,
And Folly consecrates the giddy year.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE "Age of Folly" was first published several years since anonymously, and passed through the ordeal of Criticism without censure.

Alterations and omissions have been made, as some Characters have faded from the public recollection, and others have been removed by the hand of death, from the attacks of Satire.

THE

AGE OF FOLLY.



I SING nor knights, nor heroes clad in arms,
 What time the moon unveil'd her lucid charms,
 Nor captive damsels rob'd in vestal white,
 Nor rocking tower with attendant sprite!
 No! nor the battlement with ivy crown'd,
 The meteor's glare, nor dread sepulchral sound.

THESE hacknied themes, the sportive Muse disdains,
 And wakes to FOLLY her unvarnish'd strains.
 FOLLY incessant changing to the view
 The pleasing object that all ranks pursue!
 Hail! wond'rous age! by various titles known,
 By pride puff'd up, with vanity o'ergrown.
 Incessant vaunting in high sounding lay,
 The world gets wiser each succeeding day,
 Tho' all can see, without prophetic lore,
 That FOLLY triumphs, as in days of yore,
 Gains hourly votries, at her motly shrine,
 Who crowd her fane, and hail the nymph divine.

Methinks I view the joyous crowd advance,
 Entwine the wreath, and lead up fashion's dance.
 She, airy Goddess, joins the mad career,
 And FOLLY consecrates the giddy year.
 Still hard's the task to catch each flitting beam,
 That sportive plays o'er FOLLY's rapid stream.
 Fain would I sing the TRUNK* and varied ills,
 That flow'd from taking Antiquarian Pills.
 At first small doses, with great ease went down,
 But larger boluses half choak'd the town.
 Rever'd old lumber, cramm'd with varied store
 Of Ireland's deeds, and legendary lore.
 Small trunks give way; avaunt, ye pigmy elves,
 And skulk, neglected, on your narrow shelves;
 Boast not your outsides, nor your linings neat,
 All trunks must yield to that of Norfolk-Street,
 Where sire and son display'd its rich contents,
 And tun'd their pipes to marvellous events!
 FOLLY, enraptur'd, heard the pleasing sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings far around.
 Round Henry's waist, she bound her magic zone,
 And broad Assurance hail'd the child her own.
 Then about nothing what a-much ado,
 In proving what was false and what was true.
 'Twas then Malone, † with dread gigantic stride,
 His critic arrow to his bow applied.

* Alluding to the fabrication of the Shakespearian MSS.

† Malone's Enquiry.

And aim'd the shaft at trembling FOLLY's heart,
Till Chalmers * rose, and *wisely* took her part.

But not alone to literature confin'd,
FOLLY pervades the mass of human kind ;
Alike she fosters all her numerous train,
From Hyde-park Corner down to Lukener's Lane ;
Together link'd, the merry group appears,
And patient *Candour* thus each foible hears.

Lo ! yonder Peer, unable to decide,
Whether to walk, to sleep, to chat, or ride,
His aged eye on vacancy is bent,
And shivering footmen wait the great event ;
At length he mounts his splendid vis-a-vis,
And twice five minutes seems in perfect glee ;
But soon by dull satiety sore gall'd,
The scene to change, the little pony's call'd ;
Away he scampers, up and down the streets,
And smiles and nods to every nymph he meets ;
But nymph, nor poney,—no, nor vis-a-vis,
Can kill that tedious dæmon Ennui,
Till night draws on, and *Parisot* invites,
By graceful steps to opera delights ;
There fix'd in pit, he takes his willing stand,
The eye-glass shaking in his trembling hand.
Smirking applause as *Hillesberg* draws nigh,
While his star sparkles with each amorous sigh.

* Chalmers's Vindication.

When all these pleasing visions are no more,
 And Drury's nymphs their patron lost deplore,
 Ere thy gay spirit to its rest is led,
 Some worn-out Venus shall make smooth thy bed ;
 With blooming flow'rets braid thy silver hair,
 And smiling make thee her peculiar care ;
 Sylphs shall with bergamot perfume the room,
 And limping Cupids light thee to the tomb.

But now my Muse pursues her daring flight,
 Where Faro's host in riot drown the night ;
 Are these the beauties of fair Albion's isle,
 On whom the sportive loves were wont to smile ?
 Where is the modest blush ?—the tender sigh ?
 The lips vermilion ?—and the azure eye ?
 Where fled the native roses of the cheek ?
 The dimpled smile, and heaven-born temper meek ?
 Wild gusts of passion rend the vaulted dome,
 And Furies' spirits through the mansion roam ;
 The haggard cheek, and pale unhallow'd brow,
 Sickness proclaim, and order disavow,
 Countess meets Countess with redoubled charge,
 And Ruin, Rage, and Av'rice stalk at large.

One 'midst the rest pre-eminently great,
 Squat, round, and fat, appears the Queen of Fate.
 Just three feet square, with feathers six feet high,
 On the pil'd stakes she casts a wishful eye,

And scarce the turn of Fortune's wheel is told,
Ere her plump fingers scramble all the gold.

But FOLLY cloth'd in varied forms appears,
And Inconsistency her standard rears.
Sad times, I ween, when Bishops learn to box
In spite of Paul's Epistle—orthodox,
Who writes that he who holds th' important trust,
Should riots shun, be diligent and just ;
No striker, wrangler he—nor given to wine,
Nor after heaps of filthy lucre pine.
But we'll suppose the Bishop oft' had read,
“ Fight the good fight,”—and you have nought to dread ;
So finding that his limbs were strong and stout,
His Rev'rence fairly fought the battle out.

The scene to change, and give to satire play,
Suppose to Wesminster we bend our way,
To that fam'd Hall by princely Rufus rais'd,
Where Rancour's torch has oft with fury blaz'd,
Where wooden angels from the roof look down,
And seem to gaze on passing wig and gown ;
O might the Muse in law but give advice,
She fain would settle quarrels in a trice ;
Though vain the hope, accept in humble strain,
A simple anecdote, in language plain.

An aged lawyer, fann'd by Fortune's breeze,
 Had bid adieu to bench, to bar, and fees,
 And dealt out knowledge from his ample store,
 By ounces now, whence pounds were drawn before ;
 When once a dame, who meant a knave to sue,
 Came to the sage, and ask'd him what to do ;
 He thus reply'd,—“ Believe me, when I say,
 “ Should e'er a villain take my coat away,
 “ And would not quietly the loss repair,
 “ Rather than sue him, on my word I swear,
 “ I'd rest content, nor e'er my *Coat* pursue,
 “ Lest *claiming* that, I lost my *Breeches* too !”

Again the Muse to literature returns,
 Surveys the field, and with fresh ardour burns.
 Hail ! *Lady Authors*—ye, who Novels write,
 And ye who Plays in summer months indite ;
 Ye who compose in sweet romantic strain,
 Whole reams of manuscript for Mister Lane,
 Who bounds of probability o'er-leap,
 And conjure dæmons from the vasty deep.
 How smoothly flows the mild instructive page,
 When shades and spectres ev'ry thought engage ;
 When daggers, death, and inquisitions dire,
 Fill the wild brain with energetic fire ;
 Then does it please the Poet's eye to see,
 Some deep-read Miss, in horrid mystery,
 Trim her pale lamp, and fearful look around,
 Starting with terror at each fancied sound ;

But still resolv'd the ghostly race to run,
 She reads and trembles, till the bell tolls *One*?

Avaunt, ye shapes, that Grub-street story owns,
 Y'clept Raw-Head, and mighty Bloody-Bones ;
 No more Tom Hickathrift shall claim the bays,
 Nor Giant-killing Johnny look for praise ;
 For if to stretch the eyes like saucers wide,
 To freeze the blood, and o'er the passions stride,
 To cause the hair, like quills, to stand an end,
 And horrid thoughts with horrid actions blend ;
 If such be merit—Candour's self must own,
 The Monk of Lewis, conscious stands alone,
 Unless we bring, to fill a second place,
 The Tales of Radcliff wrapt in mystic grace.
 Say, who is that, that slyly skulks away,
 And seems to dread the face of open day ?
 Perhaps some statesman, conscious of his crimes,
 With terror shunning truths of future times.
 But hold,—nor let us run our bark aground—
 Surely no follies in the state are found !

O P—t, sublime, to highest honors rais'd,
 By *Outs* be-spatter'd, and by *Ins* be-prais'd.
 Thee I address, nor deem the Poet wrong,
 Who bids thy num'rous virtues live in song.
 May guardian angels of the charm finance,
 Thy power increase, and ev'ry wish enhance ;

May city merchants, pleas'd, thy influence own,
 And guineas show'r to aid each coming loan.
 The Muse inspired feels prophetic flame,
 And wafts to ages P—'s triumphant name !!

Far be the thought irreverent to pass
 That mighty Thane, and true y'clep'd D—s,
 Before such worth, I feel I can't tell how,
 And, fill'd with admiration, make my bow.
 How sweet the wine at Wim-----n gangs down,
 When news of consequence arrives from town ;
 There P—t presides, and order guides the whole,
 " The feast of reason and the flow of soul ;"
 Nor shall the *booted* Gre—e be forgot,
 Whose coolness to the Don defiance shot ;
 Nor patient Malm—y, and his *peaceful* train,
 Who *went to Paris—and came back again*??

What pleasures buz around a crowded Court,
 Where Wit, Politeness, and the Loves resort,
 Where sparkling eyes with richest diamonds vie,
 And youthful Nobles heave the tender sigh !
 Where bags, and swords, and epaulets combine,
 And full-drest Cupids—silken bands entwine ;
 Peers, priests, and soldiers, eloquence dispense,
 And sweetest perfumes charm the ravish'd sense ;
 But what avails it P—E, to you or me,
 When all this splendid pageantry we see,

When all our odes and madrigals are spun,
 You get some sack, indeed, but I get none !

No longer bards in flowing robes array'd,
 Their brows with wreaths, and locks with chaplets braid ;
 No princess now presents the laurel'd crown,
 Nor throned sages look with rapture down ;
 No more the harp with dulcet notes inspires,
 No longer vestals strike their golden lyres ;
 But sad reverse !—fell ills invade the wight
 Who dares in these degenerate days to write.
 The brown-bobb'd critic, deck'd in blue-dy'd hose,
 With pen in hand, and spectacles on nose,
 Each month reviews some offspring of the day,
 A quire of poesy, or a modern play.

A modern play ! exclaims some well-bred fair,
 Surely no faults can ever centre there ;
 All must the Author's charming influence feel,
 So light, so elegant, and so genteel ;
 I grant the whole assertion just and true,
 And give to genius every merit due.
 Yet some there are so niggardly of praise,
 That dare bring forward Bards of former days,
 That talk with rapture of an Anna's reign,
 And boast their Congreve in heroic strain,
 Preferring stale, abolish'd, worn-out themes,
 To jokes from Reynolds, rich in bold extremes.

To Morton's Muse close tripping at his heels,
 And all the sentiment an Inchbald feels ;
 To Holcroft's wildness—Hoare's correct design,
 And fine-drawn Cumberland's instructive line.

Can there be men so void of sense and taste,
 On Congreve's wit, a moment's time to waste,
 When droll O'Keefe, and Cobb, in merry strain,
 With mirth and pleasure animate each vein ;
 Say, what is Farquhar's or a Vanburgh's name,
 All must give place to modern claims to fame.

Lo ! Holman comes, of praise to take his share,
 In double rank of Dramatist and Play'r ;
 A Public's plaudits prove that he can write
 And please, while Operas * shall yield delight ;
 While sweetly smooth the sanction'd couplet runs,
 The haily-gailies, jigs, and dreary-duns ;
 Nor yet unskill'd in pantomimic lore,
 He knows the use of curtain, trap, and door,
 Can catch applause from sophas in a nick,
 Nor scarce can Reynolds shew a better trick.
 In acting great ! like Kemble's, all his own,
 He strives to fill the Roscian chair alone !
 When Romeo's plaints the tender rows delight,
 He shews his teeth, as purest ivory white,
 Soft flow the accents from his silver tongue,
 Till nymphs, by hundreds, sigh with nerves unstrung :

* *Abroad and at Home, a Comic Opera.*

Each love-sick sempstress hails the youth divine,
 And boarding-schools pronounce him monstrous fine!

More of the trade, though minor, claim a niche
 In FOLLY'S fane, her altar to enrich;
 But what are they to Managers august,
 Who gaz'd with rapture on her hallow'd bust.
 To action rous'd by raging thirst of gain,
 Rais'd the proud edifice of Drury-lane,
 Whose tow'ring roof drowns voices in a trice;
 And strutting heroes look as small as mice;
 E'en graceful Siddons, of majestic mein,
 Appears the moving puppet of the scene.
 Still oft' we find, when mighty ills abound,
 That potent remedies with care are found.
 Thus Drury-lane and Covent-garden hight,
 Know how to value that fam'd motley sprite
 Call'd Harlequin—Hence Magic Fires* arise,
 And Fantocinies† charm the gazing eyes;
 Cartwheels and candlesticks full houses draw,
 Plain Sense is banish'd—Pantomime is law!

Tho' myriads still without the court await,
 FOLLY commands, and CANDOUR shuts the gate.

* The Magic Fire; or, Harlequin Captive.

† A Fantoccini introduced in a Pantomime, called Harlequin and Oberon; or, A Trip to Gretna.

Fantastic Goddess, at whose shrine we bend,
O deign the Muse's efforts to commend ;
And should they chance a transient smile to raise,
Be thine the merit, and be thine the praise.

CONVERSATION AT TABLE.

UNDER the above title I shall conclude my Instructions on the Polite Art of Pleasing in Conversation :

WHEN you invite company to dine with you, be sure to get some set phrases to the following effect :—
 “ Come, Sir, you don’t eat,”—“ I am afraid you have
 “ proclaimed a fast to-day,”—“ You see your din-
 “ ner,”—“ Enough is as good as a Feast, &c. &c.”

I WOULD also recommend flattering Eulogiums on your children and relatives, as for example :—The lady of the house exclaims, “ O my angelic Tommy, “ perhaps, Me’m, you have not seen my son Tommy, “ —the finest child in the universe ! I assure you, “ Me’m, he is a charming creature, and exquisitely “ beautiful.” A little contradiction from the husband will, in this place, be highly necessary.—“ You may “ say what you please, my dear, but he will never be “ the genius that Henry is,—Ah ! that boy’s a pro-

“ digy ! I verily believe he knows every thing, from
 “ the Gulph of Mexico to the Adriatic Sea !!!—
 “ Surely, my dear,” the lady will reply, (if she has
 any spirit) “ You certainly must advance all this by
 “ way of downright contradiction ; Henry is certainly
 “ very clever, but in point of brilliant abilities, you
 “ cannot place him on a par even with his youngest
 “ sister Juliana Ariadne Maria Matilda.”—Let these
 little bickerings end in an open quarrel, and your
 guests will feel themselves highly interested.

THESE wonderful encomiums, lavished indiscrimi-
 nately, remind me of an anecdote I once met with in
 the North of England :

“ A GENTLEMAN and his youngest son, a boy about
 “ eight years of age, were invited to dine at the house
 “ of a friend ; an enormous slice of pudding, to which
 “ the young gentleman had been helped, seemed to
 “ engross the whole of his faculties. The father took
 “ this opportunity of observing to the host of the man-
 “ sion, what a prodigy his boy was likely to turn out.
 “ ‘ Do you know, Sir, he has been all this morning
 “ exploring the works of Nature in your flower gar-
 “ den—not a butterfly escaped his particular notice ;
 “ depend upon it, Sir, that boy will make his way
 “ through the world.’ ‘ As to making his way through
 “ the WORLD,’ replied the old gentleman at the head
 “ of the table, very gravely, ‘ I have nothing to say to

“ it, but this I am sure of—He is in a fair road of making his way through the PUDDING!”

CORRECTING your servants before company is another excellent plan for increasing the pleasures of an agreeable society.

BEFORE the cloth is removed, address your servant as follows:—“ So, Sir ! you are a pretty fellow to deliver a message ; you executed your trust in a very faithful and diligent manner ! I say, Sir, what do you mean by it ? Ah ! you may well look confused ! Now, you villain, you are laughing ! I saw it, and it is in vain to make any excuse.—What have you to say in your own defence, you ungrateful scoundrel ? Don’t dare to utter a syllable ! if you do, you shall turn out at a minute’s warning. Don’t think I am in a passion. Pray, my good friends, excuse me, but it is really more than a man of my *mild and peaceful* disposition can bear.” The lady in this place should immediately take up the quarrel : “ Indeed, my dear, we have a deal to put up with ; no one can judge, but those who have had the experience. People had better be coal-heavers, than doomed to keep a set of idle servants.” Let this be the signal for withdrawing, with a thousand apologies ; and in the course of three or four minutes, contrive to make as much noise as possible, among

the maids in the kitchen, so loud, and marked with such symptoms of housewifery, that the whole neighbourhood may be convinced of your superior talents in domestic government.

INVITATION TO LAURA.



YOUNG Laura the witty, the sprightly and gay,
 More fair than the nymphs of Idalia's grove ;
 In the Moon's silver beams, let us frolic and play,
 And Luna be sacred to Friendship and Love.

The nymphs and the swains are all met on the green,
 Thien come, my dear girl, in thy charms best array'd ;
 A gloom clouds each brow till my Laura is seen,
 Where she steps, joy and gladness are ever display'd.

Nor let thy bright tresses by Art be confin'd,
 For Nature surpasses weak mortals' vain care ;
 Let thy ringlets flow open, all free as thy mind,
 And sport in the zephyrs that float in the air.

And now while fleet clouds intercept the bright gleam,
 Consent, lovely Laura, my partner to be ;
 We will dance on the banks of the moon-tinted stream,
 Or round the huge trunk of this broad spreading tree.

Then throw your shades stronger o'er this happy plain,
Chaste Dian, meek goddess of yon lucid sphere ;
For Philomel raises her warbling strain,
Proclaiming in song that my Laura draws near.

In mystical figure commence the blithe dance,
Let us trip in the shade of this broad spreading tree ;
My Laura's vivacity pleasures enhance,
For a smile from my fair is a heaven to me !

Sure all is illusion, a fancy wrought dream,
The Gods stoop enraptur'd from bowers above ;
Thy shade *stately oak*, and thou moon tinted stream,
Shall ever be sacred to *Friendship* and *Love*.

TIMID LOVE.

THE TWO FIRST STANZAS FROM METASTASIO.



“ GENTLE Zephyr as you fly,
 “ Should you meet my favorite fair,
 “ Tell her you’re a tender sigh,
 “ But do not say whose sigh you are,
 “ Limpid stream, if e’er you glide,
 “ Where my Delia loves to dwell,
 “ Say that tears have swell’d your tide,
 “ But say not from whose eyes they fell.”

Turtle Dove thy moaning cease,
 Fly to tell my tender flame ;
 Say you’re the messenger of peace,
 But say not from whose grot you came.

Resting near her favorite grove,
 Close your airy silver wings ;
 Tell her Lubin sings of love,
 But tell her not whose charms he sings.

Fluttering o'er her verdant bed,
Swift convey my fond despair;
Tell her all that Lubin said,
But do not yet awake my fair.

Whisper soft that in my grot
To love I die a willing slave;
Then let my Delia seek the spot,
And shed a tear upon my grave.

JACK AT THE PLAY.

JACK Oakham was a seaman good,
 As ever stood to gun ;
 And when on shore was always first,
 To join a bit of fun.

One night near Plymouth-Dock he stroll'd,
 A play-bill caught his eye,
 By which the TEMPEST was announc'd,
 In letters three feet high.

Jack tho' he'd never seen a play,
 To join the folks was willing ;
 So straight he mounted up aloft,
 For which he paid a shilling.

The curtain rose—the play commenc'd,
 With thunder, lightning, rain,
 The vessel with a horrid crash,
 Was instant rent in twain.

That moment all the gall'ry props,
 Gave way in sullen fit ;
 And shower'd down the motley crew,
 Right headlong to the pit.

Says Jack, " If this be play, my lads,
 " By Jove, I'll instant strike it ;
 " It may be fun for ought I know,
 " But d—n me if I like it."

Next year in London Jack arriv'd,
 To make a few weeks' stay,
 And stroll'd to Drury's lofty walls—
 The TEMPEST was the play.

But sliely in the pit he got,
 Rememb'ring former folly,
 And far remov'd from Danger's shore,
 Determin'd to be jolly.

Soon as the well-known scene began,
 And lightnings rent the skies ;
 He twisted round with cunning leer,
 And upwards turn'd his eyes.

" Hold hard aloft, you jolly dogs,
 " I like these jovial parties ;
 " Mind what you're at, you shilling swabs,
 " For here you come, my hearties."

DAMON TO CORON.



MY gentle lamb, with placid eye
 Surveys the up-lifted knife,
 His heaving breast emits a sigh,
 The sigh that yields his life.

Stay, cruel Coron, wave the deed,
 Attend his plaintive cry.
 Can Damon bear to see him bleed !
 To view his Sandy die ?

I nurs'd him ere his panting sides
 Receiv'd their woolly store,
 I wash'd him where yon river glides,
 And brought him safe on shore.

'Twas there Cleora prais'd his fleece,
 His neck with ribbands bound ;
 Each look was love, each action peace,
 And Sandy wanton'd round.

May Pity, while this tale you hear,
 Her influence extend,
 From Coron's eye enforce the tear,
 And innocence befriend.

“The whitest of my flock I’ll bring,

“If you’ll my Sandy raise,

“The Wood-Nymphs shall your mercy sing,

“And Pan shall tune your praise.”

SIR TOBY BUMPER, the RESURRECTION MAN,
and the BREWER.

SIR Toby Bumper is a worthy member of society, and a good companion ; he tells many laughable stories, but perhaps the following is one of the most whimsical :

WHEN Sir Toby was a young man, a friend of his, who resided in Staffordshire, and followed the profession of a Surgeon, wrote to him at his house in London, to procure a subject for dissection, as he was much in want of one. The Surgeon meant it merely as a joke, but Sir Toby, instead of considering the affair in its true light, literally applied to the men who make a livelihood of such kind of traffic, commonly called Resurrection Men ; after he had settled about the price, which was to be two guineas, one of the men informed him, that he had a pretty subject in his eye, a brewer by trade, and as fine a muscular man as you'd meet in a thousand ; but the worst of it was, at that time he was living, though, from the nature of his disorder, in all probability he could not exist above a fortnight longer.

THE Brewer, however, disappointed both parties, and recovered. Two years had elapsed, and Sir Toby thought no more of the business, when one morning, about three o'clock, he was alarmed by a violent knocking at the door; equipped in his night-gown and slippers, he went to enquire the occasion, when a fellow entered with a large sack, and threw it down in the passage, with the salutation of "There he is!"—"I've got him!"—"Got who?" exclaimed the Baronet.—"Why, the Brewer, to be sure, Master."—"D—n the Brewer!" said Sir Toby, "What am I to do with him at this late hour!"—"Have you got ever a hamper in the house, Master?"—"Why yes, I believe you may find one in the cellar." A hamper was procured, and the brewer was deposited, bent nearly double by the pressure. "Now, Master," said the fellow, "a bargain's a bargain—pay me two guineas, and I'll carry him to the inn." The money was paid, and the man marched off with his load. The poor Brewer was directed to the Surgeon in Staffordshire, and sent the next day to his place of residence. Sir Toby had not time to advise his friend of his new visitor, and it happened on his arrival that the Surgeon was out. The servants naturally supposing the hamper contained wine, or something equally pleasant to the palate, made bold to cut the cord, in order to satisfy their curiosity, when up sprang the Brewer, who from his pressed situation, received elasticity sufficient to throw himself upright

in the hamper; the room was immediately deserted with the greatest precipitation:—a general alarm was given, and the town was up in arms. The servants were certain there was a man in the basket, but whether alive or dead, they could not positively say. One country fellow, however, thought of an expedient to reduce the matter to a certainty. He first peeped through the key-hole, and was convinced he saw a man sitting in the hamper; he then, through a small opening of the door, presented a loaded blunderbuss, and discharged the contents in so effectual a manner, that Sir Toby's subject was totally spoiled, and unfit to make the conspicuous figure intended in the Staffordshire Museum!

THE
GREEN LADY;

A
MARVELLOUS TRUE STORY,

IN RHYME:

SERIOUSLY RECOMMENDED TO BE READ THROUGH THE MEDIUM

OF

GREEN SPECTACLES.

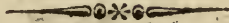
“ ————— A few green lamps,
“ That feebly lifted up their sickly heads,
“ Look’d faintly thro’ the shade, and made it seem
“ More dismal by such light!”

Vide ROWE’S Ambitious Step-Mother.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Stanzas have not before met the public eye.—The author wishes merely to state that he is not indebted to Mother Bunch, or Mother Goose, for the formation of his plot; and, notwithstanding some few improbabilities may have crept in, he flatters himself it will not, on that account, prove less acceptable to the numerous admirers of Ghosts, Goblins, Sprites, Spectres, Witches, Wizards, Fairies, Hobgoblins, &c. &c.

THE
GREEN LADY.



COME listen all who take delight
In stories strange and true—
Who love to hear the midnight bell,
And fancy candles blue!

Ye little children straight draw near,
With hair right bolt on end,
Your teeth shall chatter at my tale—
Then one and all attend.

In auncient times there liv'd a wight,
No Lord or Baron bold,
He little store of silver had,
And less had he of gold.

This humble swain he married was,
His wife bore children twain,
And scarce a twelve-month had elaps'd
Ere she lay-in again.

The third a little female prov'd,
 All pretty for to see;
 But how to bring these children up,
 It griev'd him piteously.

One day he walk'd in doleful plight,
 With sad and downcast mien,
 At length he met an equipage,
 The whole of which was *green*?

The horses *green*, the servants *green*?
 They made a rattling din—
Green was the colour of the coach—
 The Lady *green* within!

Now as this Lady she drew near,
 She cast a *verdant* smile,
 A smile that might the spring revive,
 And winter's wrath beguile.

The coach it stopp'd—she call'd the swain,
 And bad him nothing fear,
 "Here, take this purse of gold," she said,
 "And with it buy good cheer.

"Go home, and tell your loving wife,
 "Make all things neat and clean,
 "To-morrow be the christening day,
 "And I will there be seen.

" I know your wants before you speak,
 " I know you've children three,
 " And as the third I shall adopt,
 " Her sponsor I will be."

This said, she wav'd her *grassy* hand,
 And vanish'd from the sight,
 Which made him doubtful of his head,
 If all within was right.

But still the purse substantial proofs
 Did to his mind convey,
 Which he into his pocket put,
 And homeward hied his way.

His spouse, not like some modern dames,
 With taunts the tale receiv'd,
 But when he said the thing was so,
 She instantly believ'd.

The time arriv'd, all things prepar'd,
 The parson bless'd the feast,
 And as the sparkling bowl went round,
 The merriment increas'd.

The little babe was trimly brought,
 Bedeck'd with neatest care,
 But ah ! the priest could not proceed—
 No god-mamma was there.

Long time the christening was delay'd,
 At length the bell toll'd ONE!
 A certain sign, time out of mind,
 Some witchcraft was begun.

The candles glimmer'd in the wicks,
 While horror reign'd profound,
 The lightning flash'd across the room,
 And thunder roll'd around.

The visions of the guests were *green*,
 And *green* the Lady rose!
 Which brought the promis'd christening,
 All to its destin'd close.

When thus she spake "The Baby's mine,
 "FLORANTHE is her name,
 "And her you must not see again,
 "Till rais'd to wealth and fame."

This said, with hands as *green* as *grass*,
 She seiz'd the infant prey,
 And in a flame of *copp'ras* cast,
 She bore the child away.

The Bard must now a s̄anction claim,
 To skip twelve years, or more,
 He would not do so, on his word,
 But Bards did so of yore.

In Poets' art a maxim stands,
 The Muse may conquer time,
 The child we'll say is full sixteen,
 Or more, for sake of rhyme.

This Lady *green* a castle had,
 Y'clep'd the *Mysterie*—
 For magic charms, and midnight spells,
 Long fam'd in *Historie*.

There oft the maid she left alone,
 On secret purpose bent;
 Nor ever oñce to her divulg'd
 Her horrible intent!

This castle had an hundred rooms,
 Uprais'd by mystics strange;
 Of which exactly ninety-nine
 -*Floranthe* had the range.

But if the last remaining room
 She ventur'd to explore,
 The daring bold experiment
 She sadly should deplore.

One fatal day she rov'd about
 The castle's magic ground;
 New beauties to her eyes appear'd,
 And music breath'd around.

She gaz'd upon the massy gold
 That deck'd each lofty room,
 Yet dar'd not to approach the last,
 Or penetrate its gloom.

But ah, what Fair can shun the fate
 The destinies decree!
 A softer strain from out that room
 Increas'd the mysterie!

Loud laughs and merry gibes were heard—
 On which—I dread to say—
 Floranthe softly breath'd and stept,
 And onward bent her way.

Till, luckless hour! she reach'd the door,
 The key-hole met her eye,
 But ah! I tremble to relate,
 What there she did espy.

Forgive me, then, good people all,
 If I the whole reveal;
 I'm sure you would the Bard condemn,
 Should he the truth conceal.

Then listen all—for there she saw,
 (Oh! horrid to relate!)
 She saw!—ah! say, What did she see,
 That hasten'd on her fate?

She saw the glaring Dæmons round,
 In height of midnight revel,
 And there she saw her god-mamma,
 A dauncing with the DEVIL !!!

But soon, alas ! she dearly paid
 For peeping without leave,
 Which in the sequel you shall hear,
 And will, no doubt, believe.

A thousand Furies ghastly rose,
 And seiz'd the trembling fair,
 Their torches grimly flam'd around,
 And sing'd her flowing hair.

Long time she struggled to get free,
 But struggling was in vain,
 The lady, with a scorpion whip,
 Soon join'd the hostile train.

Entangled round with hissing snakes,
 She made resistance weak,
 And oft' with pitious mournful air,
 In vain essay'd to speak.

“ Tell me, thou wretch,” the Lady said,
 “ What hast thou here espy'd ?”
 When trembling like the Aspen leaf,
 Floranthe thus reply'd :

“ I *nothing* saw?—I *nothing* heard?

“ And *nothing* will I say ;

“ And *nothing* will I ever tell,

“ Until my *dying* day?”

At this the Lady struck her dumb,
 And in a whirlwind's breath,
 She cast her forth from out the walls,
 All on a lonely heath.

Now as a Prince perchance rode bye,
 He saw this child of woe !
 (But first I'd have you to premise
 It happen'd long ago.)

This Prince he deeply fell in love,
 Although the maid was dumb ;
 That griev'd him not, for in a wife
 'Tis pleasing unto some.

The marriage rites were soon perform'd,
 He lik'd her manners mild,
 And in a twelvemonth, more or less,
 The Princess prov'd with-child.

Twelve chosen nurses all night long,
 The cradle watch'd with care,
 But in the morn, alas ! they found
 No little baby there !

Another child the same fate shar'd,
 Bore off at close of night,
 At which the Prince wax'd sternly wrath,
 As well indeed he might.

He swore the nurses and his wife,
 Should straight resign their breath,
 And for the crime of witchcraft dire,
 Sent out the whole to death.

And now on scaffold high they stood,
 The sharpen'd axe prepar'd,
 When rattling round the spacious yard,
 A clatt'ring din was heard.

The Lady all in green drew near,
 "Stay, stay your hands," she cry'd,
 "For in my coach of green behold
 "The babies by my side."

The coach it stopp'd, and up she tripp'd,
 To where Floranthe stood,
 And thus address'd the fainting fair,
 In somewhat milder mood.

"What were the words to me you said?
 "This is your *dying day* ;
 "The spell of dumbness I'll remove,
 "Therefore, make no delay."

A sudden thought came o'er her mind,
 That broke the magic spell,
 Said she "*Whate'er I saw or heard,*
 "*To no one will I tell.*"

Exulting, loud the Lady cry'd,
 " My friends, we all are free !
 " The dread enchantment is no more—
 " We live to Liberty !

" Then to the Castle let us hie,
 " And nought but smiles be seen,
 " While thus with joy I cast away
 " My hated veil of green !"

The robes of green were instant chang'd
 To dazzling white and gold ;
 And now she stood a Lady fair,
 Most beauteous to behold.

That moment with a horrid crash,
 And flashes deadly green ;
 The Castle vanished into air,
 And never more was seen.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Shatford,

At a Temporary Theatre, at Winslow, Bucks, June 10th, 1788.



BUOY'D by success, o'er unknown seas we glide,
 With sails unfurl'd we boldly stem the tide ;
 Our little bark, with ammunition stor'd,
 The crew in health, and ev'ry hand on board ;
 Your smiles auspicious brought our vessel o'er,
 Mây friendly plaudits welcome us on shore !

The Drama long by partial laws controul'd,
 In Theatres select her stories told,
 Without a LICENCE droop'd her trembling wing,
 And at the voice of Justice ceas'd to sing.

But now while Radnor sordid av'rice quells,
 And Reason clouds of prejudice dispels,
 Guarded by him, again th' exulting Muse,
 Shall thro' the world her moral themes diffuse.

As when the rays of Sol with atoms teem,
 And sportive Myriads throng the genial beam ;
 So may the Drama's light true merit raise,
 And we, though humble, play amidst the blaze.

For you, whose hearts with tender pity glow,
 The Tragic Muse shall picture all her woe.
 Monimia's grief shall cause the flowing tear,
 And sighs await on young Ophelia's bier.
 While for the jocund sons of dimpled Mirth,
 Our Shakespeare smil'd, and gave a Falstaff birth,

In these our modern days, fresh subjects rise,
 And Fashion's foibles Satire's page supplies.
 Ladies start greyhounds, and present the gun,
 Some in Hyde-Park, their six grey ponies run.
 Wise reformation shews the knave the stocks,
 Men digest stones, and Nobles learn to box !

No more the knight his falchion wields in air,
 And gains at Tournament his destin'd fair,
 By dint of *fist* he charms the anxious row,
 And wins his princess by a *knock-down blow* !

When good Queen Bess, the British sceptre sway'd,
 Grave and sedate was each old English maid :
 The darts of Cupid firmly they withstood,
 And died with pleasure for their country's good.

Far different thoughts the modern fair employs,
 She sighs for trifles, and sheds tears for toys.
 Peace flies her bosom when a birth-night's o'er,
 When ball-room sighs, and Faro, are no more,

Dear winter past, thro' solemn woods she roves,
Dull winding paths, and melancholy groves.
Sighs thro' the summer in some lone retreat,
Till Fashion bids her all her joys repeat.

But hold—from looks so generous and kind,
May we not hope exceptions here to find.
Severity depart the Muse's school,
Our aim's to follow POPE's unerring rule:

“ Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
“ And catch the manners living as they rise.”

VERSES

*Written in a Moss-House, or Hermitage, at Winslow,
Bucks.*

==
To ALEXIS.
==

WHEN at ease in this peaceful retreat,
To sweet contemplation you bend,
May the moss round the fancy-deck'd seat,
Alexis remind of his friend.

If Damon rejoices, then you
Shall also blithe gladness display,
The sun from the moss suck the dew,
And pleasure preside o'er the day.

If absent, may sympathy here,
With friendship soft influence find,
And the moss drop a crystaline tear,
When sorrows envelop his mind.

But when he revisits this spot,
An asylum again shall be found,
His pipe shall be heard from the grot,
And Alexis shall dwell on the sound.

TOM LONG SMITH, THE DOCTOR.

HODGE, a poor honest country lout,
 Not over-stock'd with learning,
 Chanc'd on a summer's eve to meet
 The Vicar, home returning.

“ Ah! Master Hodge,” the Vicar said,

“ What, still as wise as ever ?

“ The people in the village say,

“ That you are wond'rous clever.”

“ Why Master Parson, as to that,

“ I beg you'll right conceive me,

“ I donna brag, but still I know

“ A thing or two, believe me.”

“ I'll try your skill,” the Vicar said,

“ For learning what digestion,

“ Which soon you'll prove, if right or wrong,

“ By solving me a question.

“ Noah, of old, three babies had,

“ Or grown-up children rather,

“ Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,

“ Now, who was Japhet's father ?”

"Ad zook!" cry'd Hodge, and scratch'd his head,
 "That does my wits belabour,
 "But homeward howsome'er I'll run,
 "And ax old Giles, my neighbour."

To Giles he went, and put the case,
 With circumspect intention;

"Thou fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear
 "To thy dull comprehension,

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
 "Or Cattle-doctor, rather,
 "Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are call'd,
 "Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Ad rat it," honest Hodge replies,
 "Right well I know your lingo:
 "Who's Harry's father?—stop, here goes,
 "Why, Tom Long Smith, by jingo."

Away he ran, to meet the Priest,
 With all his might and main,
 Who with good humour instant put
 The question once again.

"Noah, of old, three babies had,
 "Or grown-up children rather,
 "Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
 "Now, who was Japhet's father?"

“ I have it now,” Hodge, grinning, cries,
“ I’ll answer, like a Proctor,
“ Who’s Japhet’s father?—now I know,
“ Why, Tom Long Smith, the Doctor.”

MAN OF FASHION'S JOURNAL.



QUEER dreams---thought Suzette inconstant, and fifty other meagrim, owing to Sir Richard's d---n'd claret---always drink too much of it---rose at one---curs'd head ach---tried patent coffee---rather better---cast my eye over the news-papers---my friend Sir Richard paragraphed---smiled at the joke---very good point---myself in the next column---not so well pleased---sheer envy by the gods!---general election.---Mem.---Canvass as soon as possible---do not like duns---cursed troublesome---dressed by half past three---clever fellow that Tom; five to one better than my last valet---took an hour's ride---a good horse, my last purchase; remember to sell him again, nothing like variety---sent Tom home with the horses---called on Suzette---did not seem quite so fond---thought of dream---fancied I saw a man's hat in the room, very much like Sir Richard's---mere imagination---strolled through St. James's Street---past caricature shop---saw myself, knew it directly---very like---laughed it off.---Sir Richard there also---very fair that---ate two jellies, and purchased some pines---met Bob Careless---rather seedy---obliged to speak to him---very old friend---promised to call on him.---*Re-*

member to *forget* the appointment.---Dined at six with Sir Richard---thought I saw Suzette go out, not certain---said several good things, forgot 'em all---in high spirits---quizz'd a parson---drank three bottles, and lounged to the Theatre---not quite clear about the play---Comedy or Tragedy, forgot which---saw the last act---Kemble toll-loll---not quite certain whether it was Kemble or not.---Mrs. Siddons monstrous fine---got into a hack—set down in St. James's Street---dipped a little with the boys at hazard---confounded bad luck, lost all my money, and forgot to call on Suzette.

WOMAN OF FASHION'S JOURNAL.



DREAMT of the Captain---certainly a fine man---counted my card money---lost considerably---never play again with the Dowager---breakfasted at two---my new maid too handsome---remember to part with her---sent cards of compliments to the two Miss Crochets and Lady Dunder---my lap-dog Sophy very unwell---apprehensive the poor animal is cross'd in love---a sad thing, I know by experience---the man from Vickery's called with my new wig---very becoming, but somehow it has not the elegant air of that purchased by Miss Twig, in St. James's Street---could not dress myself to my satisfaction---Jenny abominably awkward, shall certainly part with her---my head continually running on the Captain---buy no more rouge in the city, might as well use brick-dust---never can settle these feathers 'to my liking--" Can I "e'er cease to love thee? ah! no, my love, no!"---a charming air that---remember to get my piano-forte put in order against the next evening concert---read two chapters in the new novel of *Innocent Adultery*---and part of the *Monk*---Mr. Lewis is a delightful writer, so chaste and so moral!---remember to enquire for the *Tales of Wonder*?---lounged at the Musical

Library---bespoke new dress---ate some ice in Bond-street---don't like Lady Mazey's new chariot---dined at seven at Lady Rackett's---the Captain there---more than usually agreeable---went to the opera---the captain of the party---house prodigiously crowded---my ci-divant husband in the opposite box with a lady---rather mal apropos; but no matter, telle chose sont---looked into Lady Squander's rout---positively a mob---very right in engaging Townshend---remember to bespeak him for my next concert---sat down to cards---in great luck---won a cool hundred of my Lord Lackwit, and fifty of the Baron---returned home at five in the morning---indulged in half an hour's reflection---resolved on reformation, and to erase my name from the PICK-NICK Society.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

STRIKE loud the martial instruments of war,
 And breathe the dulcet flute's melodious sound,
 Each, in their turn, shall meet the ravish'd ear
 Of him who sheds a tributary tear,
 For genius past, which never shall return.
 Behold where Ariel clasps the Poet's urn,
 And calls beneath the splendid ev'ning star,
 Faries and Genii to the hallow'd ground.

And lo! his varied characters appear,
 While as the chequer'd groupe draws near,
 Dark groves of Cypress hail the mournful bands,
 E'en Falstaff, son of Mirth and Glee,
 Forgets his jests and midnight revelry,
 And pensive o'er the shrine dejected stands.

Sleep on, sweet Bard, where Avon's silver streams,
 Her fertile banks in softest murmurs lave,
 Passing thy relics, while the glittering beam
 Of chaste-ey'd Cynthia tints the rippling wave.

The Guardian Angel of thy sacred dust,
To check the tow'ring and the haughty vain,
Speaks in a sigh, while bending o'er thy bust,
" We ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

Yet milder passions subject to thy will,
In calm obedience wait around thy tomb,
Bidding each anxious care-worn thought be still,
And gently soothing cheers the circling gloom :

While Fancy, owning all thy magic powers,
Thy grave adorns with never-fading flowers.

THE MISER'S SONG.

BROTHER Misers, attend, while I maxims lay down,
That shall raise you progressive to stingy renown ;
Remember my words, and be prudent from thence,
Leave the *Pounds* to themselves, but take *care* of the
Pence.

A farthing a day does a little appear,
Yet shillings full seven it makes in the year,
With some money over, which candles produce,
From which save the snuffings, for all turns to use.

Should chance in your way drop a pin in the street,
The glittering stranger with reverence greet ;
Stick it fast in your sleeve, for 'tis useful to know,
That pins sell again at a farthing a row.

But how shall my verse the black dust-heap display,
Where rags and old remnants are thrown ev'ry day ;
Rich treasures for misers by carelessness thrown,
That will money produce in each alley thro' town.

Let mirth and true merit be shunn'd by our tribe,
Extravagant maxims, from such you'll imbibe,
You must learn how to *SAVE* what your labours produce,
And study new methods to put it to use.

And lastly, should Poverty knock at your door,
Let your hearts be lock'd up, as you lock up your store,
Say the times are so hard you're unable to live,
And tho' coffers run over—have nothing to give.

ANACREONTIC.



HERE, boy, bring the goblet—fill up to the brim,
 Gay Bacchus, thy clusters entwine ;
 Then bind round my brows thy rich chaplet so trim,
 And pleasure transcendant is mine.

O'er me be thy banner of tendrils unfurl'd,
 Thy tun with the grape-juice be stor'd ;
 I'll laugh at the whims, and the cares of the world,
 Thy presence enlivens my board.

For life is nought else but a phantom at best,
 A dream that soon passes away ;
 Our wit and our wisdom, are merely a jest,
 Our bodies a compound of clay.

That death is a dream too, the grey-beards maintain,
 When clay must return to a clod,
 Then drop on my grave none but tears of Champagne,
 And the vine shall rise out of the sod.

CELIA'S SONG

TO HER HEART.



AH! Say, my fond heart, did you never beat high,
 When Henry approach'd with a smile?
 And did you not frequently heave a deep sigh,
 When his converse the time would beguile?

When the hours flew swift, and the curfew had rung,
 Did you ever once wish him away?
 Or chid the raptures that flow'd from his tongue?
 Ah! say, little flutterer, say!

Did flattery never enchanting appear?
 Nay, form'd it not part of thy bliss?
 When lovers have sigh'd, did you deem them sincere?
 I fear the reply will be "Yes."

But did I e'er careless or torpid appear,
 At the tale of misfortune or woe?
 Or did I e'er check Sensibility's tear?
 Ah! no, little flutterer, no!

Should Henry solicit to make me his bride,
 And declare not without me to live;
 Ah! say, should I all his professions deride,
 Ah! teach me what answer to give.

If I slighted the vows of the eloquent youth,
Say, would you not deem me remiss?
And prove that for Falsehood I forfeited Truth?
Oh! yes, little flutterer, yes.

A SPORTING

ANECDOTE.



THE late Duke of R— had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the same stable, was remarkably fond of leaping from the back of one horse to another, and thereby teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. “If he is so fond of riding,” replied his Grace, “we’ll endeavour to give him “enough of it,” and accordingly provided a complete jockey dress for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jackoo, in his uniform, was strapped to the back of one of the fleetest horses in the stud. The view hallow being given, away they went, through thick and thin; the horse carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a Farm-House, enquired of a countryman, “Whether he had seen the fox?” “Aye, zure,” said the man, “he be gone over yon fallow field, by the whoame “close,” “And was there any one up with the

“ hounds ? ” “ Aye, zure,” said John, “ there be a
 “ little mon in a yellow jacket, just gone by, *riding*
 “ as though the devil be in un.—I hope, from my
 “ heart, the young *gentleman* mayn’t meet with a
 “ fall, for he rides most *monstratious* bould ! ! ”

The experiment, however, had the desired effect,
 for Jackoo could not endure the sight of a stable ever
 afterwards.

AN ITINERANT

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A FEW of the wandering children of Thespis, having procured a barn, for a temporary exhibition, announced the Tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," for representation, and an audience, much more numerous than was expected, attended. The *blooming* Hero of the Drama, was represented by the manager himself, who had long passed by his fiftieth year, and in appearance much more resembled the starved Apothecary, than the youthful Romeo! Yet, on this night, in his own opinion—he did wonders! His spouse (whose shape somewhat resembled a butter firkin) was the lovely Juliet, who having sighed, whined, and sobbed, through the principal scenes of the character, the charitable Musè, in pity for the audience, had graciously condescended to lodge her in the tomb of her ancestors. A large blanket was the substitute for the ancient monument of the Capulets, behind which, the lovely form of the heroine was intended to be discovered, as a melancholy example crossed love, to the surround-

ing village-damsels, equipped in red cloaks and patens!—Unfortunately, the lady behind the blanket had forgot her cue, and wisely considering the loss of time, in any shape whatever, extremely reprehensible, entered into a scheme of amusement, till the time drew near for the discovery. Romeo knew nothing of this, and great was the expectation, when he lifted the iron crow, and threatened destruction to the defenceless covering; at length the tattered rags gave way, and displayed to the astonished audience, but more particularly to the son of Montague, his beloved Juliet, seated on the knee of one of the meanest of his father's household!

A LAW ANECDOTE.



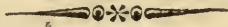
AT a trial in a country town for sheep-stealing, the first witness called was the owner of the property, which he had discovered in Smithfield Market. He was a very good kind of man, but unfortunately his head was rather too thick for retaining, or rather comprehending, the usual rules of Law Etiquette.—On the first question being asked him by the Judge, he raised his eyes, and opening his mouth, seemed fixed to the spot with amazement; at length he stammered out,—“What d’ye say?”—on the matter being explained to him, and that he should address the Judge by the title of “My Lord,” he endeavoured to recollect himself, and being called on to mention his name, he boldly replied, “Thomas Blunt,”—“Well, Mr. Blunt, where was you at the time you discovered your sheep?” (it must be observed, the Judge was rather hard of hearing) “At Smithfield, your Honor—my Lord, I mean—I ax pardon.” “At Smithfield, very well; and what did you do then?” “I went to handle ’em, my Lord.”—“Handlum!—Where’s Handlum?—Where do you say you went?”—“I went to handle ’em, your

“Worship.”—“To Handlum!—What have we to do with Handlum!—I tell you, fellow, keep at Smithfield, where you began your story;—stay at the place where you found your property, till further orders. When we want you at Handlum, we’ll call for you.”

THE mistake was, however, cleared up, by one of the counsel informing his Lordship, that the man’s meaning was, that he “*handled the sheep,*” in order to ascertain their value, by which means he made the discovery. This explanation set the matter in its proper light, and every thing went on in a tolerable smooth channel to the conclusion.

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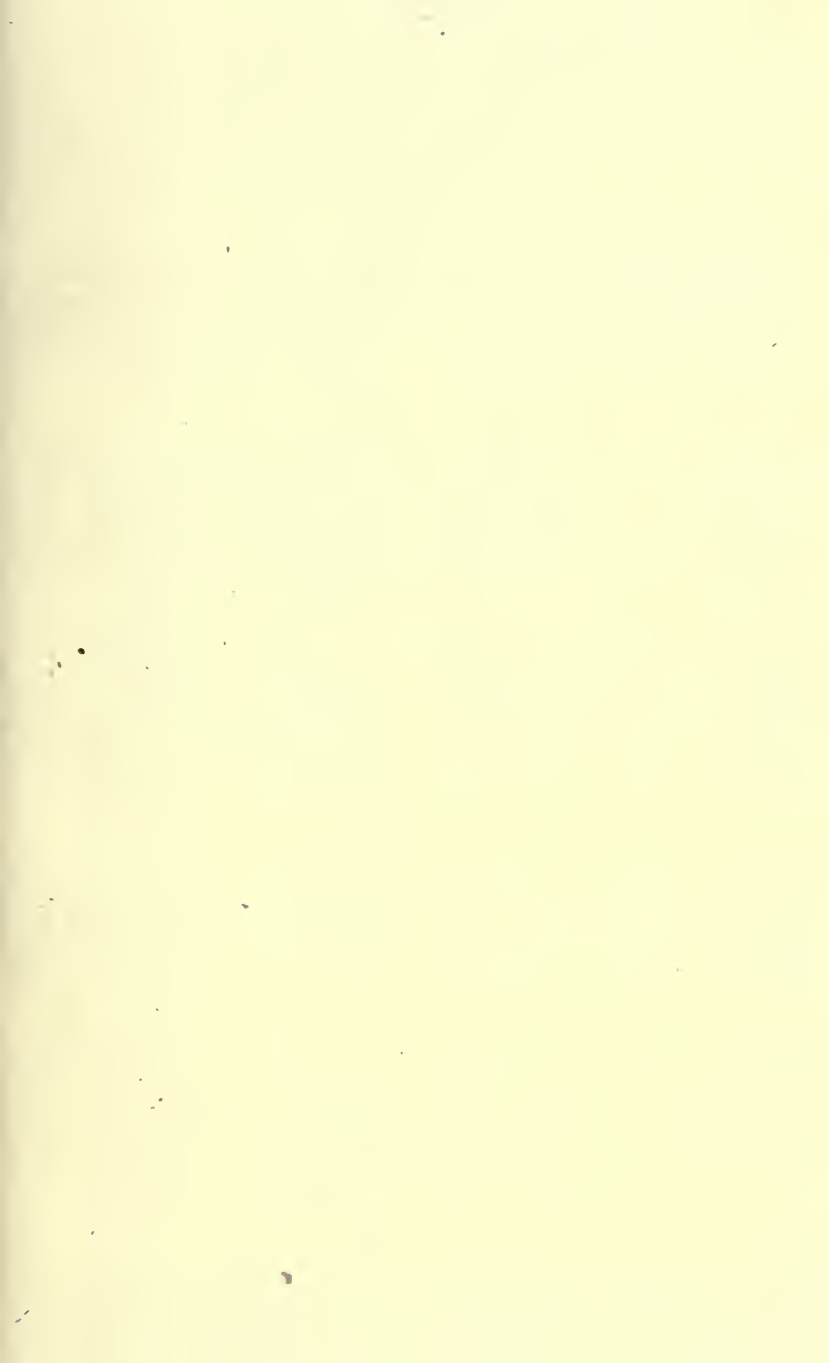
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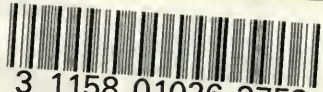
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