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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

WITH A MEMOIR.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

SHEPARD, CLARK AND CO.

CINCINNATI: MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS AND CO.

M.DCCC.LVI.

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CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY ALLEN AND FARNHAM

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made subsequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very injudiciously arranged;—any distinctive character they may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied; and all the Poems relating to my transatlantic voyage will be found classed by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas, has been left hitherto to be traced confusedly through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course of that journey might not be

unacceptable, — together with such vestiges as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the background of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the *Phaeton* frigate, I am indebted to the *Naval Recollections* of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. “We were soon ready,” says this gentleman, “for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September (1803), and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In this situation, the *Phaeton* is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore’s *Poems*.”

During the voyage, I dined very frequently with the officers of the gun-room ; and it was not a little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman’s volume, that the cordial regard these social and open-hearted men inspired in me was not wholly unreturned, on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, Captain Scott says, “Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the *Phaeton*, under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore ;” — then, adding some kind compliments on the score of talents, etc., he concludes with a sentence which it gave me tenfold more pleasure to read, — “The gun-room mess witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow.” From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul,

Colonel Hamilton, I proceeded, in the *Driver* sloop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youthful sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall, — then a midshipman on board the *Leander*. In his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscences of that period; in perusing which, — so full of life and reality are his sketches, — I found all my own naval recollections brought freshly to my mind. The very names of the different ships, then so familiar to my ears, — the *Leander*, the *Boston*, the *Cambrian*, — transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far too much value to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious I must feel of but ill deserving the praise he lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I pretend to be at all indifferent to such kind tributes; — on the contrary, those are always the most alive to praise, who feel inwardly least confidence in the soundness of their own title to it. In the present instance, however, my vanity (for so this uneasy feeling is always called) seeks its food in a different direction. It is not as a poet I invoke the aid of Captain Hall's opinion, but as a traveller

and observer; it is not to my invention I ask him to bear testimony, but to my matter-of-fact.

“The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda,” says this gentleman, “is to be found in Moore’s Odes and Epistles, a work published many years ago. The reason why his account excels in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener’s fancy remains where it was. In Moore’s account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervour which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet’s invention.”*

How truly politic it is in a poet to connect his

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels, vol. ii. chap. vi.

verse with well known and interesting localities, — to wed his song to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which encircles them, — I have myself, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as I learn with pleasure and pride, still keep me remembered in some of those beautiful regions of the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and imperishableness to which, in itself, it boasts no claim or pretension. The following lines, in one of my Bermudian Poems,

'T was there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,

still live in memory, I am told, on those fairy shores, connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble old tree which I believe still adorns it.* One of the few treasures (of *any* kind) I possess, is a goblet formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, very kindly presented to me; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears: — “To

* A representation of this calabash, taken from a drawing of it made, on the spot, by Dr. Savage of the Royal Artillery, has been introduced in the vignette prefixed to this volume.

Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who," etc. etc.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of June, 1804, I set out from that city on a tour through part of the States. At Washington, I passed some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry; and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him — much to that formal minister's horror — when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event not to be forgotten.

At Philadelphia, the society I was chiefly made acquainted with, and to which (as the verses addressed to "Delaware's green banks"* sufficiently testify) I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States, consisted entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Demo-

* See Epistle to Mr. W. R. Spencer, p. 94. of this volume.

cratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities, of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject. All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and earnestness of the actual impressions, whether true or erroneous, under which my Epistles from the United States were written; and so strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all sceptical as to the soundness of that Liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this

fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period — at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country — could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth, in that wonderful region, of, at least, the materials of civilization, — however ultimately they may be turned to account, — this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of “Poet,” — however unworthily in that instance bestowed, — bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario,* in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

* The Commodore of the Lakes, as he is styled.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again.* It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that

* The first two sentences of the above paragraph, as well as a passage that occurs on the following page, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.

opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind ; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream — for such do events so long past appear — which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing ; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the shape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them ; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and whose tranquillity and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lent it an interest which I thus tried to avail myself of, in a Song of the Spirit of that region : — *

There, amid the island-sedge,
Just above the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit at close of day, etc. etc.

* Introduced in the Epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, p. 101. of this volume.

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which, I understand, no longer exists, was the interesting settlement of the Tuscarora Indians. With the gallant Brock,* who then commanded at Fort George, I passed the greater part of my time during the few weeks I remained at Niagara; and a visit I paid to these Indians, in company with him and his brother officers, on his going to distribute among them the customary presents and prizes, was not the least curious of the many new scenes I witnessed. These people received us in all their ancient costume. The young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat-game, and other sports, while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees; and the whole scene was as picturesque and beautiful as it was new to me. It is said that West, the American painter, when he first saw the Apollo, at Rome, exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior!" — and, however startling the association may appear, some of the graceful and agile forms which I saw that day among the Tuscaroras were such as would account for its arising in the young painter's mind.

After crossing "the fresh-water ocean" of Ontario,

* This brave and amiable officer was killed at Queenston, in Upper Canada, soon after the commencement of the war with America, in the year 1812. He was in the act of cheering on his men when he fell. The inscription on the monument raised to his memory, on Queenston Heights, does but due honour to his manly character.

I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places ; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the few pieces of poetry that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way. And here I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the truth of my descriptions of some of those scenes through which his more practised eye followed me ; — taking the liberty to omit in my extracts, as far as may be done without injury to the style or context, some of that generous surplusage of praise in which friendly criticism delights to indulge.

In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa, — “ a stream,” he adds, “ which has a classical place in every one’s imagination from Moore’s Canadian Boat Song,” Captain Hall proceeds as follows : “ While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances, presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images, drawn in this way, as it were carelessly and from every hand, he has combined with such graphic — I had almost said geographical — truth, that the effect is great even upon those who have never, with their own eyes, seen the ‘ Utawa’s tide,’ nor ‘ flown down

the Rapids,' nor heard the 'bell of St. Anne's toll its evening chime;' while the same lines give to distant regions, previously consecrated in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of the poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene." *

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days, — being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence, — and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a

* "It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian *voyageurs* never omit their offerings to the shrine of St. Anne, before engaging in any enterprise; and that, during its performance, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question, owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

day or two after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical "relic."

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him, at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way, — Priestley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat-glee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air:—



Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our *voyageurs* had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the iden-

tical air sung by the boatmen, — how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me, — may be seen by reference to a note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages.*

To the few desultory and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism, — some of it, I fear, but too well deserved, — which, both in America and in England, the publication of my “Odes and Epistles” drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period, — the great master of the art of criticism, in our day, — I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to “the

* Page 100. of this volume.

author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokehim.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, etc. conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorized by the British court; but that since then, this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honour was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

P O E M S
RELATING TO AMERICA.

VOL. II.

2

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL
OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

MY LORD,

IT is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am, my Lord,

With every feeling of attachment
and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27 Bury Street, St. James's,
April 10, 1806.



PREFACE.*

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.† How far I

* This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.

† Epistles VI. VII. and VIII.

was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "*intentata nites.*" Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal

imbitters all social intercourse ; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance ; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince ; for the limits of a preface prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are

founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together.* To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

* See the foregoing Note, p. 21.

P O E M S .

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY
MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon ! if, like Crotona's sage,*
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ :

* Pythagoras ; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. — See *Bayle*, art. *Pythag.*

When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
 We thought the rapid hours too few ;
 Our only use for knowledge then
 To gather bliss from all we knew.
 Delicious days of whim and soul!
 When, mingling lore and laugh together,
 We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
 And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
 Little I thought that all were fled,
 That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
 My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
 That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 't was time ; — in youth's sweet days,
 To cool that season's glowing rays,
 The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
 May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring ;
 But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
 The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
 And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope, —
 Oh ! she awak'd such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter heart could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more ! *

* Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of Catullus : —

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
 Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt !

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,*
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;

* A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.

Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.*
Oh? could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark! — the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells: — the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford! — ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

* These islands belong to the Portuguese.

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος —————

————— με προσφωνει ταδε·

Γινωσκε τανθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.

ÆSCHYL. *Fragment.*

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
 The storms of the morning pursued us no more ;
 And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
 Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead ;
 And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
 As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
 The pearl of the soul may be melted away ;
 How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
 We inherit from heav'n, may be quenched in the
 clay ;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
 That Pleasure no more might its purity dim ;

So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from
Him.

How blest was the thought! it appear'd as if Heaven
Had already an opening to Paradise shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."



TO THE FLYING-FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow
And plunge again to depths below.
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

IN days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, hush'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made ;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose ;
Then haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd !
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while !

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me ;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quick to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home, —
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips belov'd were lingering there.

But now, alas, — far different fate !
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

But hence that gloomy thought ! at last,
Beloved Kate, the waves are past :
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul !
Far from the shocks of Europe — far
From every wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the freedom won
For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride.

While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that war had sprinkled there.
 Thrice happy land! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose :
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land ;
 The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
 The stranger in its world of leaves,
 Which soon their barren glory yield
 To the warm shed and cultur'd field ;
 And he, who came, of all bereft,
 To whom malignant fate had left
 Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
 Finds home and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
 That Fancy long, with florid touch,
 Had painted to my sanguine eye
 Of man's new world of liberty.
 Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
 Her seal on Fancy's promise set ;
 If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
 Of that imagin'd age of gold ;—
 Alas, not yet one gleaming trace !*

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky by Inlay, would seduce us into a

Never did youth, who lov'd a face
As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill
And made by fancy lovelier still,
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
When the live model met his eyes,
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part*
Till thou hast trac'd the fabric o'er:
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestibule, 'tis wrong, 'tis sin
To doubt the godhead reigns within!
So here I pause — and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate

belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

* Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

Touches more near this home-sick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting, — in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple strain I send you here,*
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught.
'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me oft, when music seems
To bear my soul in sound along,
And turn its feelings all to song.
I thought of home, the according lays
Came full of dreams of other days ;
Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clue, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip in accents soft.
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its wild notes tell, —
Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that's set,
And all the fond heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
And now, adieu! — this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,

* A trifling attempt at a musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast;
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destin'd isle,*
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell,
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
 In which that gentle spirit drew
 From honey flowers the morning dew.



A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

“They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.”—*Anon.*

“*La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature.*” — D’ALEMBERT.

“THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
 “For a soul so warm and frue;
 “And she’s gone to the Lake of the Dismal
 Swamp, †
 “Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 “She paddles her white canoe.

* Bermuda.

† The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond’s Pond.

“And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
“And her paddle I soon shall hear;
“Long and loving our life shall be,
“And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
“When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds —
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr’d the brake,
And the copper-snake breath’d in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
“Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
“And the white canoe of my dear?”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play’d —
“Welcome,” he said, “my dear-one’s light!”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from shore ;
 Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
 To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe !



TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF
 DONEGALL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY ! where'er you roam, whatever land
 Woos the bright touches of that artist hand ;
 Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,
 Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads ; *
 Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep ;
 Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
 Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine, †

* Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

† The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

Where, many a night, the shade of Tell complains
 Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains ;
 Oh ! lay the pencil for a moment by,
 Turn from the canvas that creative eye,
 And let its splendour, like the morning ray
 Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay.

Yet, Lady, no — for song so rude as mine,
 Chase not the wonders of your art divine ;
 Still, radiant eye, upon the canvas dwell ;
 Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell ;
 And, while I sing the animated smiles
 Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
 Oh, might the song awake some bright design,
 Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
 Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
 On painting's mirror so divinely caught ;
 While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
 The faint conception kindling into grace,
 Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
 And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Say, have you ne'er, in nightly vision, stray'd .
 To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
 Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd
 For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste ? *

* M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*, " Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et poëtes plaçoient les champs élysées dans les isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct ; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that
came
Brought echoes of their own undying fame,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along:—
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where Virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land, —
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone, —
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed harbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.*

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,
 Through plaitain shades, that round, like awnings,
 twin'd

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;
 While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island shed so soft a green
 That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
 Along the margin, many a shining dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brighten'd the wave ; — in every myrtle grove
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
 Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
 And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
 Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
 Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,*
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to gaze

* This is an illusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples.

On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Then thought I, too, of thee, most sweet of all
The spirit race that come at poet's call,
Delicate Ariel! who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh.
Though weak the magic of my humble strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh, for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
Descend a moment from your starry sphere,
And, if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh cull their choicest tints, their softest light,
Weave all these spells into one dream of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Take for the task her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells.

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεινη δ' ηνεμοεσσα και ατροπος, οια θ' ἀλιπληξ,
Αιθυιης και μαλλον επιδρομος ηπερ ιπποις,
Ποντω ενεστηρικται.

CALLIMACH. *Hymn, in Del.* v. 11.

OII, what a sea of storm we've pass'd! —
 High mountain waves and foamy showers,
 And battling winds whose savage blast
 But ill agrees with one whose hours
 Have passed in old Anaereon's bowers.
 Yet think not poesy's bright charm
 Forsook me in this rude alarm: —
 When close they reef'd the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,
 We labour'd in the midnight gale,
 And ev'n our haughty main-mast bow'd,
 Even then, in that unlovely hour,
 The Muse still brought her soothing power,
 And, midst the war of waves and wind,
 In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
 Nay, when no numbers of my own
 Responded to her wakening tone,
 She open'd, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays

Those gems of classic poesy,
Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

Take one of these, to Lais sung, —
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "Suspended Animation!"

Sweet * is your kiss, my Lais dear,
But, with that kiss I feel a tear
Gush from your eyelids, such as start
When those who've dearly lov'd must part.
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And mute those arms around me twine,
Your hair adown my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,
For still, like ceaseless founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you, is to-night
Our last —— go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!

* This epigram is by Paul the Silentiary, and may be found in the *Analecta of Brunck*, vol. iii. p. 72.

The muse and I together sung,
 With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
 How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
 Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
O'er our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
 That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
 Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
 In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep.*
The fainting breeze of morning fails;
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,

* The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth; and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

And I can almost touch its sails
 As loose they flap around the mast.
 The noontide sun a splendour pours
 That lights up all these leafy shores ;
 While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
 So pictured in the waters lie,
 That each small bark, in passing, seems
 To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinnace lent to thee,*
 Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
 Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
 And touch at all its isles of light.
 Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round! — †
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That sigh around thy vesper car ;

* In Kircher's "Ecstatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuæ præparatam." — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5.

† When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — "An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

And angels dwell, so pure of form
 That each appears a living star.*
 These are the sprites, celestial queen!
 Thou sendest nightly to the bed
 Of her I love, with touch unseen
 Thy planet's brightening tints to shed;
 To lend that eye a light still clearer,
 To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
 And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
 Who could have thought the nymph would
 perch her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
 So, health and love to all your mansion!
 Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth and song, your board illumine.
 At all your feasts, remember too,
 When cups are sparkling to the brim,
 That here is one who drinks to you,
 And, oh! as warmly drink to him.

* This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dix-
 isses." — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
 Of her he loves —
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
 That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
 In this dark hour,
Than when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
 To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To pleasure's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
 Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
 In the cold deep,

Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well! — there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure ;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes — *he* can smile serene at death :
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him ;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA *ὑπαρχει*.

EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh, this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor fetter me to earth again.

Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone, —
What hours and days have I seen glide,
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
I've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly sped,
Yet sweetly too — for Love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander, —
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no — on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast;
And sure on earth but one alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea, the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine —

Go, lovely girl, that angel look
 Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
 Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
 That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
 I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
 But must not, dare not, love again.



—Tale iter omne cave.

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
 Along that wild and lonely shore,
 Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
 'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
 To be no more than simple friends,
 Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
 From ocean's rude and angry din,
 As lovers steal to bliss,
 The billows kiss the shore, and then
 Flow back into the deep again,
 As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
 In what a dangerous dream we stood —
 The silent sea before us,
 Around us, all the gloom of grove,
 That ever lent its shade to love,
 No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
 All we then look'd and thought ;
'T was more than tongue could dare reveal,
'T was ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,
 By Love and Nature taught.

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
 Before us faintly gleam'd ;
I trembling rais'd it, and when you
Had kist the shell, I kist it too —
 How sweet, how wrong it seem'd !

Oh, trust me, 't was a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
 Could tangle me or you in ;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
 Such walks may be our ruin.



You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
 And there alone should love be read ;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
 And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more ; I will not speak ;
 Although my heart to anguish thrill,

I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still.

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that sunny glance,
As if to light your steps along.

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but Love and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Hedless of all, but you alone, —
And *you*, at least, should not condemn,
If, when such eyes before me shone,
My soul forgot all eyes but them, —

I dar'd to whisper passion's vow, —
For love had ev'n of thought bereft me, —

Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'T was love, 't was passion — soul and sense —
'T was all that's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone — but only you.

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
Enough for me to win your love,
And die upon the spot, when won.



A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When blest alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.

Before I laid me down to sleep
Awhile I from the lattice gaz'd

Upon that still and moonlight deep,
 With isles like floating gardens rais'd,
 For Ariel there his sports to keep;
 While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores
 The lone night-fisher plied his oars.

I felt,— so strongly fancy's power
 Came o'er me in that witching hour,—
 As if the whole bright scenery there
 Were lighted by a Grecian sky,
 And I then breath'd the blissful air
 That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamt I, — and when Sleep
 Came o'er my sense, the dream went on;
 Nor, through her curtain dim and deep,
 Hath ever lovelier vision shone.
 I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
 Through that serene, luxurious shade,
 Where Epicurus taught the Loves
 To polish virtue's native brightness, —
 As pearls, we're told, that fondling doves
 Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.*
 'Twas one of those delicious nights
 So common in the climes of Greece,
 When day withdraws but half its lights,
 And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.

* This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. lib. vii. cap. 34.

And thou wert there, my own belov'd,
 And by thy side I fondly rov'd
 Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
 And many a bower's seductive bloom,
 Where Beauty learn'd what wisdom taught,
 And sages sigh'd and lovers thought;
 Where schoolmen cou'd no maxims stern,
 But all was form'd to soothe or move,
 To make the dullest love to learn,
 To make the coldest learn to love.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
 To lead us through enchanted ground,
 Where all that bard has ever dream'd
 Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
 Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene —
 Along the alley's deepening green
 Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
 And scented and illum'd the bowers,
 Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
 Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
 Appear those countless birds of light,
 That sparkle in the leaves at night,
 And from their wings diffuse a ray
 Along the traveller's weary way.*
 'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
 Through which the soul perchance may roam,

* In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, collescant noctibus. — *Plin.* lib. x. cap. 47.

When it has left this world behind,
 And gone to seek its heavenly home.
 And, Nea, thou wert by my side,
 Through all this heav'n-ward path my guide.

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we rang'd
 That upward path, the vision chang'd ;
 And now, methought, we stole along
 Through halls of more voluptuous glory
 Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
 Or wanton'd in Milesian story.
 And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
 Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of sighs ;
 Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,
 A mute appeal to passion breath'd.
 Some flew, with amber cups, around,
 Pouring the flowery wines of Crete ; *
 And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
 The onyx shone beneath their feet. †
 While others, waving arms of snow
 Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold, ‡
 And showing charms, as loth to show,
 Through many a thin Tarentian fold, .

* "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *ονοσ* *ανθοσμιας*, from their fragraney resembling that of the finest flowers." — *Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

† It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucret onyx." *Epig.* 50. lib. xii.

‡ Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity.

Glided among the festal throng
 Bearing rich urns of flowers along.
 Where roses lay, in languor breathing, [ing,
 And the young beegrave,* round them wreath-
 Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
 Like curls upon a rosy cheek.

Oh, Nea! why did morning break
 The spell that thus divinely bound me?
 Why did I wake? how *could* I wake
 With thee my own and heaven around me!



WELL — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to that cheek, though it bloom not for
 me!

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,†
 Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
 And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet
 Their allurements forgive and their splendour forget.

Farewell to Bermuda,‡ and long may the bloom
 Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;

* Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, lib. xiv. and “now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis),” says Pancirollus, book i. sect. i. chap. 17.

† I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

‡ The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words “still-vex'd Bermoothes,” in the *Tempest*.

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
So pictur'd in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
Thy image in the glassy stream.

Blest fate! at once my chilly grave
And nuptial bed that stream might be;
I'll wed thee in its mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light.

Oh, my belov'd! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes;
In every star thy glances burn;
Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

Nor find I in creation aught
Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
But thou art found reflected there.

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms ;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
And their melody balm to the ear ;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
That shines through thy lips when they part,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the heart.
Oh! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year ;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe ;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
 And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
 To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
 Should not melt in the daybeam like him.
 Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
 O'er his luminous path will appear —
 Fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.



*Επιταυθα δε καθωρμισται ημιν. και οτι μεν ονομα τη νησω,
 ουκ οίδα' χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου ονομαζοιτο. — ΠΗΛΟΣΤΡΑΤ.
 Icon. 17. lib. ii.*

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
 While many a bending seagrape * drank
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar
 That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'T was noon; and every orange bud
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
 Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
 When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
 Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
 To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
 Before me from a plantain flew,

* The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

And, light along the water's brim,
 I steer'd my gentle bark by him ;
 For fancy told me, Love had sent
 This gentle bird with kind intent
 To lead my steps, where I should meet —
 I knew not what, but something sweet.

And — bless the little pilot dove !
 He had indeed been sent by Love,
 To guide me to a scene so dear
 As fate allows but seldom here ;
 One of those rare and brilliant hours,
 That, like the aloe's * lingering flowers,
 May blossom to the eye of man
 But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's opening shade
 A vista from the waters made,
 My bird repos'd his silver plume
 Upon a rich banana's bloom.
 Oh vision bright ! oh spirit fair !
 What spell, what magic rais'd her there ?
 'Twas Nea ! slumbering calm and mild,
 And bloomy as the dimpled child,
 Whose spirit in elysium keeps
 Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

* The Agave. This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be " three removes from truth ; " *τριτατος απο της αληθειας*.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace ;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
New lustre to each beauty lent, —
Itself all trembling as it went !

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lip's reflecting dew, —
Such as a night-lamp left to shine
Alone on some secluded shrine, †
May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet !
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole ; —
Oh ! ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess,
That moment's trembling happiness.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold ;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design !
The more we gaze, it charms the more ;
Come — closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd ?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
To bring the truant's lip more nigh.

Oh happy maid ! too happy boy !
The one so fond and little loath,

The other yielding slow to joy —
 Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
 And just as warm as he is chilling;
 Imagine, too, that thou art she,
 But quite as coy as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
 In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
 And thus, like her, my hand I lay
 Upon thy wreathed locks behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
 As slow to mine thy head I move;
 And thus our lips together meet,
 And thus, — and thus, — I kiss thee, love.



— λιβανοσφαικασεν, οτι απολλυμενον ενφρανει.

ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,
 My soul hath e'er forgot;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine
 Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,

Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so —
And yet, thou witching girl, — and yet,
To die were sweeter than to let
The lov'd remembrance go.

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

“THE daylight is gone — but, before we depart,
“ One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
“ The kindest, the dearest — oh! judge by the tear
“ I now shed while I name him, how kind and how
 dear.”

’Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw,
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

Oh! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,
When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,
Shoots forth from the lip, under Bacchus’s dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new —
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not
 there!

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,

The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh, — such a vision as haunted me then
I would slumber for ages to witness again.
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my Fancy, surrounded me here ;
And soon, — oh, at once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles ;
More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and
wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child),
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?
Or shines there a vista in nature or art, [heart?
Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd.

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv.

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the
 stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
The bark that's to carry these pages away,*
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,
And the roar of those gales would be music to me.
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the
 foam
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

* A ship, ready to sail for England.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly ;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky ;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer ;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near ;
I think 't is thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.

Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee —
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.



TO THE FIRE-FLY.

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
Oh then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illumine,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

TO THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

IF former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their onward race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man ;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown ;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view :
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage ;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take ;
'T is strange, how quickly we the past forget ;
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,

Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the light within,
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potomac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belle the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
"To full maturity of nerve and mind,
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.*
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,

* Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," etc. etc. — P. 569.

“ But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
“ Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
“ Around the columns of the public shrine
“ Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,
“ Nor breathe corruption from the flowering braid,
“ Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
“ No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
“ Or wrong the many, while she rights the few ;
“ But take her range through all the social frame,
“ Pure and pervading as that vital flame
“ Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
“ And thrills a hair while it expands a heart !”

Oh golden dream ! what soul that loves to scan
The bright disk rather than the dark of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still, —
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine !
Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne.

But, is it thus ? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope,
As shock not reason, while they nourish hope ?

No, no, believe me, 'tis not so — ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death ;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.

Already has the child of Gallia's school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud, —
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear ;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

And, were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride ;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much ;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill ;

The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.*

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,†

* "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales." — *Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Loix*, liv. xx. chap. 2.

† I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those

Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
 And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,*
 Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
 Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.†
 Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
 Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
 Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
 As the rank jargon of that factious race,
 Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
 Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
 Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-marts,
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,

arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

* The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

† See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
 And all the piebald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
 Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
 O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
 Away, away — I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
 Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
 Where — motley laws admitting no degree
 Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free —
 Alike the bondage and the license suit
 The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
 So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
 The ills, the vices of the land, where first
 Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst,
 Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
 And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they
 serv'd —

Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
 By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
 Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
 That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been.

Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
 The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
 That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
 By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
 Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
 Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.

Forgive me, Forbes — and should the song de-
 stroy

One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
 One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
 Which few can feel, and bless that few who can, —
 Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
 Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
 Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
 And proudly study all her lights in him.
 Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
 And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet.



TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ισως απιστα. κοιωνα ὡν πεπονηθα οὐκ εχω.
 XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiæc.* lib. v.

'TIS evening now; beneath the western star
 Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,
 And fills the ears of some consenting she
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.

The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,
 Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home ;
 Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,
 And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms.

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
 Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"*
 Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
 And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now :—†
 This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
 Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
 Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
 With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
 Though nought but woods and Jefferson they see,
 Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be.

And look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,
 The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
 Oh mighty river! oh ye banks of shade!
 Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morning made,
 While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,
 She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,

* "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld), the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." — *Weld's Travels*, letter iv.

† A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
 From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair ; —
 Say, were your towering hills, your boundless flood,
 Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
 Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
 And woman charm, and man deserve her love, —
 Oh say, was world so bright, but born to grace
 Its own half-organized, half-minded race *
 Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
 Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest ?
 Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
 Where none but demigods should dare to roam ?
 Or worse, thou wondrous world ! oh ! doubly worse,
 Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
 The motley dregs of every distant clime,
 Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
 Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
 In full malignity to rankle here ?

But hold, — observe yon little mount of pines,
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines.
 There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
 The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief †

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us.

† On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
 And elimb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame ;
 Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
 Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page ?
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage !
 Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,
 Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art,
 Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
 But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, nay, make their fate,
 Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.
 Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
 Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
 Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
 Proud to be useful, scorning to be more ;
 Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim ;
 All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,
 Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be*.
 Nor yet the patriot of one land alone, —
 For, thine's a name all nations claim their own ;
 And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,
 Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight
 falls
 On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls, —

If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great, —
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The poisonous drug of French philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes, —
If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,
There, in those walls — but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverence'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause — and now, dear Himne, we part:
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potomac here.
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise.
While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
With thee conversing, through that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
And sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA

— Τηνδε την πολιν φιλωσ

Ειπων' επαξια γαρ.

SOPHOCLE. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
 But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
 And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
 Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him
 again, [feet.
 Till the threshold of home had been prest by his

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
 And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a
 name;
 And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
 That they found in his heart something better
 than fame.

Nor did woman — oh woman! whose form and
whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;

Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too :—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny, —

That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long, —
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh, blest be the tear, and in memory oft

May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's
dream ;

Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam !

The stranger is gone — but he will not forget,

When at home he shall talk of the toils he has
known,

To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS
OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

Gia era in loco ove s' udià 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua ———.

DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
And as I view'd the hurrying paece
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that
 smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind, —
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim ;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go ;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest ;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take ; —
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine !
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now^d it hangs o'er thee !

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.

OVID. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
 Shed by day's expiring lamp,
 Through the misty ether spreads
 Every ill the white man dreads ;
 Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
 Fitful ague's shivering chill !

Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along ; —
 Christian, 't is the song of fear ;
 Wolves are round thee, night is near,
 And the wild thou dar'st to roam —
 Think, 't was once the Indian's home ! †

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

† "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4,000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped." — *Morse's American Geography.*

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep :
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,*
Lone beneath a roof of blood ;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light ;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug

* This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood ;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there !*

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting ;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires !

* " We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, etc. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." — See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*.

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.

OVID. *ex Ponto*, lib. 1. ep. 5.

THOU oft hast told me of the happy hours
 Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,
 Where, lingering yet, the ghost of ancient wit
 Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,
 And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaid,
 Haunt every stream and sing through every shade,
 There still the bard who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,—
 The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
 Those playful, sunshine holydays of thought,
 In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
 Bright without effort, resting while it shines, —
 There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern priests with ancient rakes agree ;
 How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,
 And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
 With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
 That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,
 By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
 But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,

No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Hath left that visionary light behind,
That lingering radiance of immortal mind,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where Genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering* rivers flow;
But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray,
This world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he, —
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." — Letter xxvii.

Where every ill the ancient world could brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new ;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice !

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring fancies ? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel ?
Alas ! not so — the Muse of Nature lights
Her glories round ; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests ; every wond'rous spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,*
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave.
Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd
The writing traced upon the desert's sand,
Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find
One trace of life, one stamp of human kind,

* Alluding to the fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air."

Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illum'd taste,
Which, — mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has travers'd, — oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic dross that runs
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrates her now,
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty, — can add the grace
Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair ornament that flowers above; —
If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,
So vain of error and so pledged to wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along; —
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given: —

Oh! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done ;
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
 Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of
 flowers,

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
 That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home.
 And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,
 And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their own.
 Yes, — we had nights of that communion free,
 That flow of heart, which I have known with thee
 So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and mind,
 Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.
 When shall we both renew them ? when, restor'd
 To the gay feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine ?
 Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sigh for home, — alas ! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, ὩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

EURIPIDES.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it
here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if
I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I
die!"

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but
mine!"

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.†

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
 Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
 A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

† "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers." — *Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.



TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOT many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,
And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries; —
Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,

And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf.*
There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how prond I've hung
On every tuneful accent! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Yes, — I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy
Who sings, on Sabbath-eve, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide

* "Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate." — *Pietro della Valle*, part second., lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of, — which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!

But lo, — the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,*
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake,† gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these: —

* Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination, which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence. — Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

From the land beyond the sea,
 Whither happy spirits flee;
 Where, transform'd to sacred doves,*
 Many a blessed Indian roves
 Through the air on wing, as white
 As those wond'rous stones of light,†
 Which the eye of morning counts
 On the Apalachian mounts, —
 Hither oft my flight I take
 Over Huron's lucid lake,
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
 Which, reflected, floating there,
 Looks as if it hung in air.

Then, when I have stray'd a while
 Through the Manataulin isle,‡
 Breathing all its holy bloom,
 Swift I mount me on the plume
 Of my Wakon-Bird,§ and fly
 Where, beneath a burning sky,

* "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." — *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tom. i. p. 402.

† "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." — *Mackenzie's Journal*.

‡ Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

§ "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species

O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Wrapt within the web of leaves,
Which the water-lily weaves.*
Next I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his rosy realm of spring ;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink ;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread † loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,

with the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit." — *Morse*.

* The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

† "The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow." — *Morse*.

And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird * soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,

* *Emberiza hyemalis*. — See *Imlay's Kentucky*, p. 280.

Icy columns gleam below,
 Feather'd round with falling snow,
 And an arch of glory springs,
 Sparkling as the chain of rings
 Round the neck of virgins hung,—
 Virgins,* who have wander'd young
 O'er the waters of the west
 To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
 The lonely moments of the night away;
 And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
 Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
 Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
 Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,†
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
 And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
 Coasted the dim shores of another world!

* Lafitau supposes that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians. — *Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*, etc. tom. i. p. 173.

† Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
 Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
 Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.
 Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo
 Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne;
 Che non si mutau, come mortal pelo.

DANTE, *Purgator.* cant. ii.

Yet, oh! believe me, mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new, —
I never feel a joy so pure and still,
So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say by what small fairy ties
The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead; —
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd:
When the bright future Star of England's throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,

Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire ; —
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is mix'd with happiness ; — but, ah ! no more —
Lady ! adieu — my heart has linger'd o'er
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes !



IMPROMPTU

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ———, OF MONTREAL.

'T WAS but for a moment — and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour :
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

Oh ! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say,
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of re-
vealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE
EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
 To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
 And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
 Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
 Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
 As would blanch forever her rosy light!



TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804.

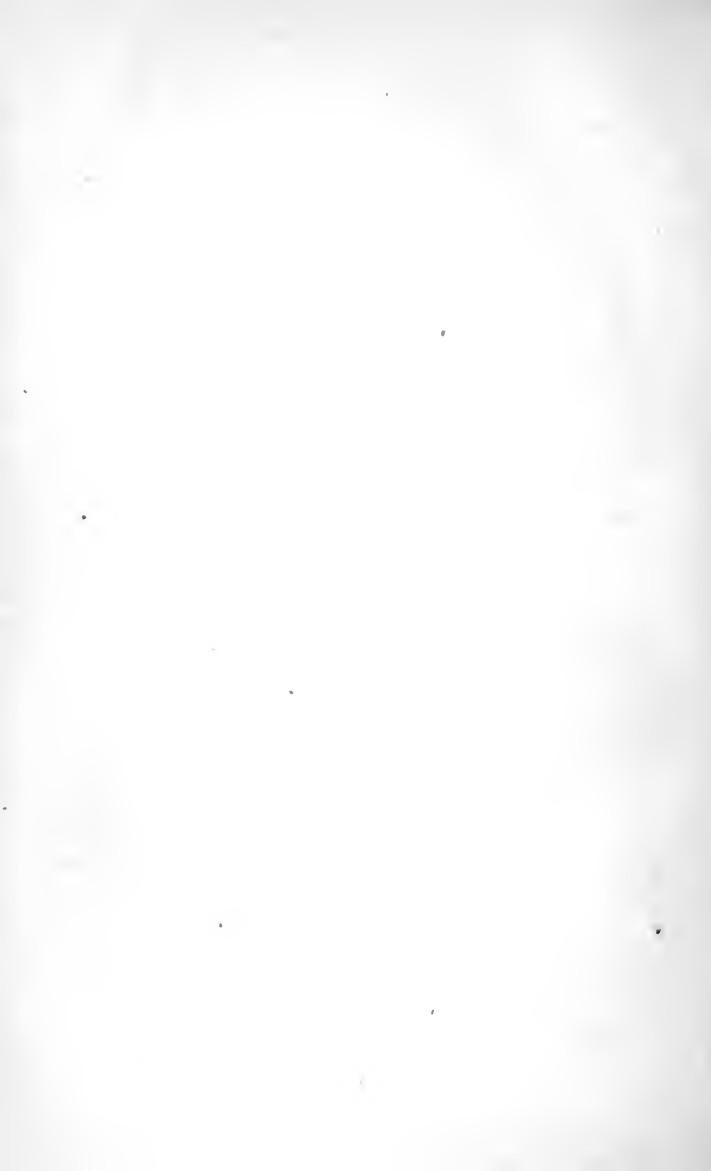
Νοστον προφασις γλυκερον.

PINDAR. *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
 The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
 For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
 To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
 And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand
 Is the last I shall tread of American land.
 Well — peace to the land! may her sons know, at
 length,
 That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
 That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
 As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our
flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to
guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to
freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure ex-
plore!
Oh think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing
wind [shrin'd;
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is in-
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my
heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part?—

But see! — the bent top-sails are ready to swell —
To the boat — I am with thee — Columbia, fare-
well!



SATIRICAL PIECES.

P R E F A C E

TO SATIRICAL PIECES, ETC.

THE three satirical Poems with which this Volume commences, were published originally without the author's name; "Corruption" and "Intolerance" in the year 1808, and "The Sceptic" in the year following. The political opinions adopted in the first of these Satires — the Poem on Corruption — were chiefly caught up, as is intimated in the original Preface, from the writings of Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, and other statesmen of that factious period, when the same sort of alliance took place between Toryism and what is now called Radicalism, which is always likely to ensue on the ejection of the Tory party from power.* In this somewhat rash effusion, it will be seen that neither of the two great English parties is handled with much respect; and I remember being taken to task, by one of the few of my Whig acquaintances that ever looked into the

* Bolingbroke himself acknowledges that "both parties were become factions, in the strict sense of the word."

poem, for the following allusion to the silencing effects of official station on certain orators:—

As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

But these attempts of mine in the stately, Juvenalian style of satire, met with but little success,— never having attained, I believe, even the honours of a second edition; and I found that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easy to wield, but, from its very lightness, perhaps, more sure to reach its mark.

It would almost seem, too, as if the same unembittered spirit, the same freedom from all real malice with which, in most instances, this sort of squib-warfare has been waged by me, was felt, in some degree, even by those who were themselves the objects of it;— so generously forgiving have I, in most instances, found them. Even the high Personage against whom the earliest and perhaps most successful of my lighter missiles were launched, could refer to and quote them, as I learn from an incident mentioned in the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*,* with a degree of good-humour and playfulness which was creditable alike to his temper and good sense. At a memorable dinner given by the Regent to Sir Walter in the year 1815, Scott, among other stories with which his royal host was much amused, told of a sentence passed by an old friend of his, the Lord Justice

* Vol. iii. p. 342.

Clerk Braxfield, attended by circumstances in which the cruelty of this waggish judge was even more conspicuous than his humour. "The Regent laughed heartily," says the biographer, "at this specimen of Braxfield's brutal humour; and 'I' faith, Walter,' said he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast? —

'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants, and the Morning Post.' "

In reference to this, and other less exalted instances, of the good-humoured spirit in which my "inocui sales" have in general been taken, I shall venture to cite here a few flattering sentences which, coming as they did from a political adversary and a stranger, touched me far more by their generosity than even by their praise. In speaking of the pension which had just been conferred upon me, and expressing, in warm terms, his approval of the grant, the editor of a leading Tory journal* thus liberally expresses himself: "We know that some will blame us for our prejudice — if it be prejudice, in favour of Mr. Moore; but we cannot help it. As he tells us himself,

'Wit a diamond brings
That cuts its bright way through'

the most obdurate political antipathies. . . . We do not believe that any one was ever hurt by libels

* The Standard, August 24, 1835.

so witty as those of Mr. Moore:— great privilege of wit, which renders it impossible even for those whose enemies wits are, to hate them !”

To return to the period of the Regency:— In the numerous attacks from the government press, which my volleys of small shot against the Court used to draw down upon me, it was constantly alleged, as an aggravation of my misdeeds, that I had been indebted to the Royal personage thus assailed by me for many kind and substantial services. Luckily, the list of the benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences. At the request of Lord Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his Royal Highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House; and when the Prince, on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the crowd — about 1,500, I believe, in number — who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion.

There occurs some allusions, indeed, in the Two-penny Post Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the Royal supper table at that fête; *

* The same *fauteuils* and *girandoles* —
 The same gold asses, pretty souls,
 That, in this rich and classic dome,
 Appear so perfectly at home;
 The same bright river, 'mong the dishes,
 But not — ah! not the same dear fishes.

and this violation — for such, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been — of the reverence due to the rites of the Hospitable Jove,* which, whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the Royal personage against whom they were aimed. Already, indeed, has the stern verdict which the voice of History cannot but pronounce upon him, been in some degree anticipated,† a sketch of the domestic events of his reign, supposed to have proceeded from the pen of one who was himself an actor in some of its most painful scenes, and

Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones; —
 So, stead of silver and of gold ones,
 (It being rather hard to raise
 Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
 Some sprats have been, by Yarmouth's wish,
 Promoted into silver fish,
 And gudgeons (so Vansittart told
 The Regent) are as good as gold.

Twopenny Post Bag, p. 206.

* Ante fores stabat Jovis Hospitis ara. OVID.

† Edinburgh Review, No. cxxxv., *George the Fourth and Queen Caroline*. — “When the Prince entered upon public life he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure; to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not to command in any quarter either respect or esteem. . . . The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade, and most repulsive form.”

who, from his professional position, commanded a near insight into the character of that exalted individual, both as husband and father. To the same high authority I must refer for an account of the mysterious "Book,"* to which allusion is more than once made in the following pages.

One of the first and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period, was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter, announcing to the world that he "had no predilections," etc. This very opportune squib was, at first, circulated privately; my friend, Mr. Perry, having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig party; and having to meet a number of them at dinner immediately after, found it no easy matter to keep my countenance while they were discussing among them the merits of the Parody. One of the party, I recollect, having quoted to me the following description of the state of both King and Regent, at that moment, —

"A straight waistcoat on *him*, and restrictions on *me*,
A more limited monarchy could not well be,"

grew rather provoked with me for not enjoying the fun of the parody as much as himself.

* "There is no doubt whatever that *The Book*, written by Mr. Perceval, and privately printed at his house, under Lord Eldon's superintendance and his own, was prepared in concert with the King, and was intended to sound the alarm against Carlton House and the Whigs." — *Ed. Review, ib.*

While thus the excitement of party feeling lent to the political trifles contained in this volume a relish and pungency not their own, an effect has been attributed to two squibs, wholly unconnected with politics — the Letters from the Dowager Countess of Cork, and from Messrs. Lackington and Co. — of which I myself had not the slightest notion till I found it thus alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. In speaking of the causes which were supposed to have contributed to the comparative failure of the Poem of "Rokeby," the biographer says, "It is fair to add that, among the London circles, at least, some sarcastic flings, in Mr. Moore's *Twopenny Post Bag*, must have had an unfavourable influence on this occasion." *

* "See, for instance," says Mr. Lockhart, "the Epistle of Lady Cork; or that of Messrs. Lackington, booksellers, to one of their dandy authors:—

'Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
 We've a scheme to suggest:— Mr. Scott, you must know,
 (Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,)¹
 Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
 Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
 And beginning with Rokeby, (the job 's sure to pay,)
 Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
 Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
 To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
 Who, by means of quick proofs — no revises — long coaches —
 May do a few villas, before Scott approaches.
 Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
 He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey.'"

¹ Paternoster Row.

Among the translations that have appeared on the Continent, of the greater part of my poetical works, there has been no attempt, as far as I can learn, to give a version of any of my satirical writings, — with the single exception of a squib contained in this volume, entitled “Little Man and Little Soul,”* of which there is a translation into German verse, by the late distinguished oriental scholar, Professor von Bohlen.† Though unskilled, myself, in German, I can yet perceive — sufficiently to marvel at it — the dexterity and ease with which the Old Ballad metre of the original is adopted and managed in the translation. As this trifle may be considered curious, not only in itself, but still more as connected with so learned a name, I shall here present it to my readers, premising that the same eminent Professor has left a version also of one of my very early *facetiae*, “The Rabbinical Origin of Woman.”

“THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.”

(Translated by Professor von Bohlen.)

Es war ein kleiner Mann
 Und der hatt'n kleinen Geist
 Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sehn wir zu, zu, zu,
 Ob uns möglich wohl wird seyn
 So ein kleines Redelein

* Alluding to a speech delivered in the year 1813 by the Right Hon. Charles Abbot (then Speaker) against Mr. Grattan's motion for a Committee on the Claims of the Catholics.

† Author of “The Ancient Indian.”

Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du, du, du,
 Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du.

Und der kleine Geist, der brach
 Aus dem Loche nun und sprach:

Ich behaupte, kleiner Mann, du bist keck, keck, keck,
 Nimm nicht übel meine Zweifel,
 Aber sage mir, zum Teufel,

Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen zweck, zweck, zweck,
 Hat die kleine kleine Red' einen zweck?

Der kleine Mann darauf
 Bliess die Backen mächtig auf,

Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sey géscheut, scheut, scheut;
 Kleiner ich und kleiner du
 Sind berufen ja dazu

Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut', Lent', Lent',
 Zu verdammen und bekehren alle Leut'.

Und sie fingen beide an
 Der kleine Geist und kleine Mann,

Paukten ab ihre Rede so klein, klein, klein:

Und die ganze Welt für wahr
 Meint, das aufgeblas'ne Paar

Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein nur seyn, seyn, seyn,
 Musst ein winziges Pfäffelein, nur seyn.

Having thus brought together, as well from the records of others, as from my own recollection, whatever incidental lights could be thrown from those sources, on some of the satirical effusions contained in these pages, I shall now reserve all such reminiscences and notices as relate to the Irish Melodies, for our next volume.

It is right my readers should here be apprised, that the plan of classing my poetical works according to the order of their first publication, is pursued no further than the Second Volume of this Collec-

tion ; * and that, therefore, the arrangement of the contents of the succeeding Volumes, though not, in a general way, departing much from this rule, is not to be depended upon as observing it.

* [The author's last edition of his works was published in ten volumes.]

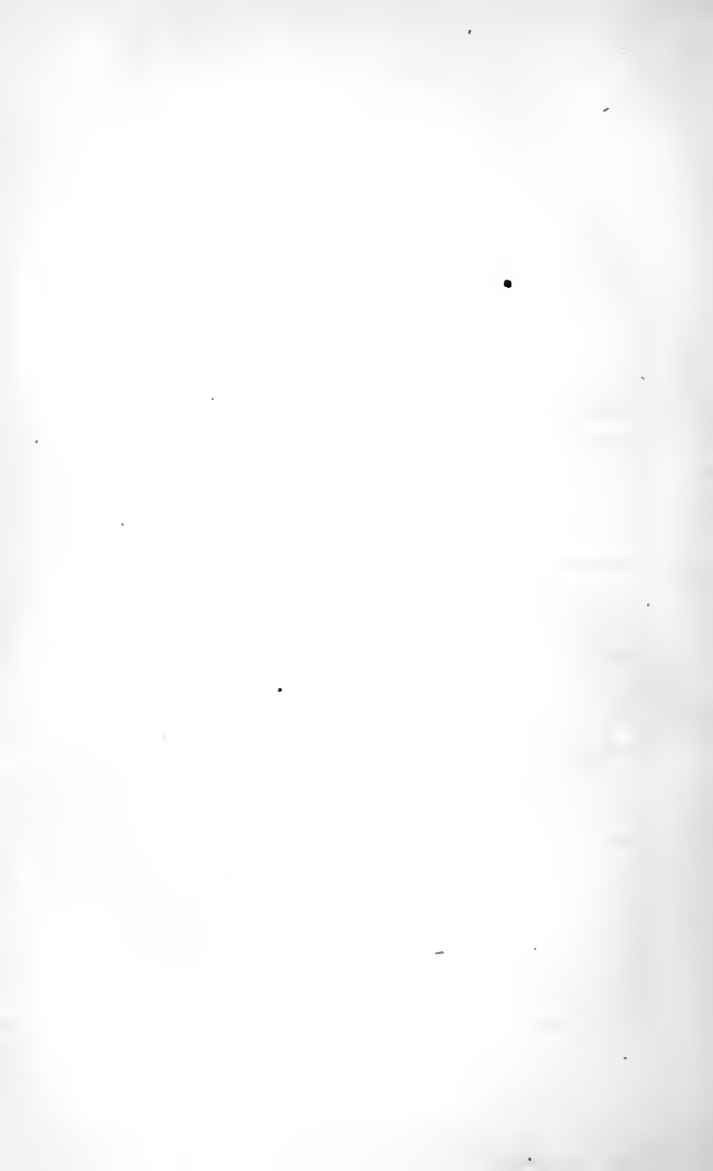
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CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE.

TWO POEMS.

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

•



PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos."

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688, in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties —

however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B — reh to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations — yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded — an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticize freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord Hawkesbury eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils

which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative, — that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm, — it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities. Like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state, — an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

“*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque.*”

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 should be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, so she may now endeavour to accomplish a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any party whatsoever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I

here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἅπανθ' ὡσπερ ἐξ αγορας εκπεπραται ταυτα' αντεισηκται
δε αντι τουτων, ἰφ' ὧν απολωλε και νενοσηκεν ἡ Ἑλλας. Ταυτα
δ' εστι τι; ζήλος, εἰ τις εἰληφε τι γελως αν ὁμολογη' συγγνωμη
τοις ελεγχομενοις' μισος, αν τουτοις τις επιτιμα' ταλλα παντα,
ὅσα εκ του δωροδοκειν ηρτηται.

DEMOSTH. *Philipp.* iii.

BOAST on, my friend — though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride : *
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John
spoke ;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives even Whitelocke's sword and Hawkesb'ry's
tongue !
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle †
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,

* Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; cæteras nationes respectui habent. — *Barclay* (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces).

† England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France." — See his *History*, vol. i.

While kings were poor, and all those schemes
unknown

Which drain the people, to enrich the throne ;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied ;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man !
But Luther's schism had too much rous'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind ;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible, to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell :
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of passive, prone obedience — then took flight
All sense of man's true dignity and right ;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain.
Oh England ! England ! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty !

How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
 Might patriot hands have rais'd the triple tower
 Of British freedom, on a rock divine
 Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
 But no — the luminous, the lofty plan,
 Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
 The curse of jarring tongues again was given
 To thwart a work which raised men nearer heaven.
 While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
 While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had
 done,
 The hour was lost, and William, with a smile,
 Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!

Hence all the ills you suffer, — hence remain
 Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,
 Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
 Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
 Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
 Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
 Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,*
 Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
 While parliaments, no more those sacred things
 Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
 Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their own.

* — fore enim tutum iter et patens
 Converso in pretium Deo.
 Aurum per medios ire satellites, etc.

Horat.

Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
 Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels.
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far ;
 And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties away, —
 Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom, —
 See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption, destines for their heart !
 But soft ! methinks I hear thee proudly say,
 " What ! shall I listen to the impious lay,
 " That dares, with Tory license, to profane
 " The bright bequests of William's glorious reign ?
 " Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
 " Whom Hawkesbury quotes and savoury Birch ad-
 mires,
 " Be slander'd thus ? shall honest Steele agree
 " With virtuous Rose to call us pure and free,
 " Yet fail to prove it ? Shall our patent pair
 " Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
 " And Pye unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
 " And Canning *take the people's sense* in vain ? "

The people ! — ah, that Freedom's form should
 stay
 Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away !

That a false smile should play around the dead,
 And flush the features when the soul hath fled !
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights *
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
 Each noble name they blasted with their breath, —
 Even then, (in mockery of that golden time,
 When the Republic rose revered, sublimé,
 And her proud sons, diffused from zone to zone,
 Gave kings to every nation but their own,)
 Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
 Insulting marks, to show how high the flood
 Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone day,
 And how it ebb'd, — forever ebb'd away !

Look but around — though yet a tyrant's sword
 Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our board,
 Though blood be better drawn, by modern quacks,
 With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe ;
 Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power,
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
 Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
 As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,

— Tutor haberi

Principis, Augustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis

Cum grege Chaldæo.

Juvenal. Sat. x. v. 92.

The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then and long after coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.

Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
 Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves ; —
 That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
 But rank corruption's heat — whose quicken'd swarm
 Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
 Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die ; —
 That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
 Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
 Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins !

Thou start'st, my friend, at picture drawn so dark —
 “Is there no light ?” thou ask'st — “no lingering
 spark

“Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there none,
 “To act a Marvell's part ?” * — alas ! not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends ; †

* Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their pay-masters. — See the *State Poems* for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

† The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have since attained in that system of government whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. “I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When *out*, 't will thrive — but taken *in*, 't will die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much lov'd country owes,
And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum —
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
And, though most base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by traitors sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.
Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
To chant old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
And ask, in purchas'd ditties, why it died?

See you smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
Would seem to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns

them here." — He alludes to that Parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament.

When eunuchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things
 As men rejected were the chosen of kings ;—
 Even *he*, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst !)
 Dared to assume the patriot's name at first —
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes ;
 Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.
 But oh, poor Ireland ! if revenge be sweet
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
 And withering insult — for the Union thrown
 Into thy bitter cup,* when that alone
 Of slavery's draught was wanting — if for this
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that dæmon's bliss ;
 For sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
 That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee ;—
 That, in these awful days, when every hour
 Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
 When proud Napoleon, like th' enchanted shield †
 Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
 With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
 And dazzles Europe into slavery, —

* “ And in the cup an *Union* shall be thrown.”

Hamlet.

† The magician's shield in Ariosto:—

E tolto per virtù dello splendore

La libertate a loro.

Cant. 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Euripides, which that great man frequently repeated:—

Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρηὶ τυραννίδος περι

καλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τ'ἀλλὰ δ'ένουσεβειν χρεων.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
 When Mind should rule, and — Fox should *not* have
 All that devoted England can oppose [died,
 To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
 Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
 Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
 Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot glance,
 Tow'rd's other shores, and woo th' embrace of
 France ; —

Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
 For the grand artisan of mischief, Pitt,
 So useless ever but in vile employ,
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy —
 Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
 Oh England! sinking England! * boast no more.

* The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William, in making all Europe take the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice." — *Letters on the French Nation.*

INTOLERANCE.

A SATIRE.

“This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.”

ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

START not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls,
Which took such freedom once with royal souls,
When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,
And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *made*.
No, no — let Duigenan search the papal chair*
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow Perceval snuff up the gale
Which wizard Duigenan's gather'd sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,

* The “*Sella Stercoraria*” of the popes. — The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's “*Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Fœminâ*” (p. 118); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland.

Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
 From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings, —
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
 As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
 As Canning vapours, or as France succeeds,
 As Hawkesb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds !

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
 When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
 So near a precipice, that men the while
 Look breathless on and shudder while they smile —
 If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
 Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in
 vain,
 While Gifford's tongue and Musgrave's pen re-
 main —
 If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
 To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
 Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they
 be,
 Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see —
 Oh ! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
 My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
 Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
 Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
 Embalm'd in hate and canonized by scorn.
 When Castlereagh, in sleep still more profound
 Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,

Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
Which even *his* practis'd hand can't bribe away.

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even though the blood-marks left by Camden*
there,—

Could'st thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot † —
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,

* Not the Camden who speaks thus of Ireland:—

“To wind up all, whether we regard the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea, with so many commodious havens, or the natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handsome, and well-complexioned, soft-skinned, and very nimble, by reason of the pliantness of their muscles, this Island is in many respects so happy, that Giraldus might very well say, ‘Nature had regarded with more favourable eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.’”

† The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining the British government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, “because,” as they say, “the devil has white ones.”

Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, — yet so devilish too ;
Who, arm'd at once with prayerbooks and with
whips,

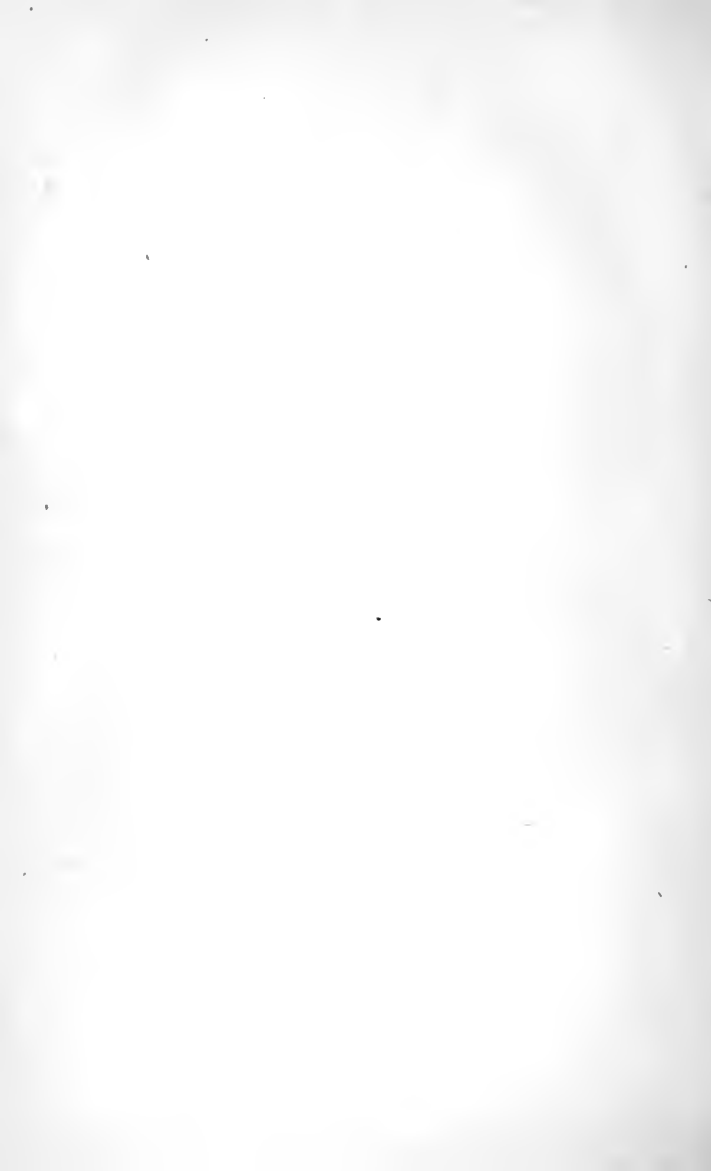
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next* !
Your Redesdales, Percevals, — great, glorious
Heaven,

If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
Yes, — rather plunge me back in Pagan night
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;
Which, grasping human hearts with double hold, —
Like Danïe's lover mixing god and gold, —
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist's passport into both ;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here !
But no — far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams ;
His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love ;

He weeps to see abused Religion twine
 Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine ;
 And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,
 Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
 That serves to swell the general harmony.*

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,
 That fill'd, oh Fox ! thy peaceful soul with light ;
 While free and spacious as that ambient air
 Which folds our planet in its circling care,
 The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
 Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
 Last of the great, farewell ! — yet *not* the last —
 Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
 Ierne still one ray of glory gives,
 And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

* “ La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or, et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différens tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix.” Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, etc. part ii. chap. vi.



THE SCEPTIC,

A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

Νομον παντων βασιλεια.

PINDAR. *ap. Herodot.* lib. iii.



PREFACE.

THE Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been no less misrepresented than the Epicurean. Pyrrho may perhaps have carried it to rather an irrational excess;—but we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher; and it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as explained by Sextus Empiricus,* are far more suited to the wants and infirmities of human reason, as well as more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems of philosophy which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics may be said to have held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians; the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Sceptics, however, without either asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; or, as St. Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manichæans, “nemo nos-

* Pyrrh. Hypoth. — The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in *La Vérité des Sciences*, by Mercenne, liv. i. chap. ii. etc.

trum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam quaeramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur.”* From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which it imposed upon them, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which professed to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were far more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics may be said to resemble, in this respect, that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. “Labore, ingenio, memoria,” he says, “supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse. — Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?” etc. etc.† — *Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic. Dissert. 4.*

* Lib. contra Epist. Manichæi quam vocant Fundamenti, Op. Paris. tom. vi.

† See Martin. Schooekius de Scepticismo, who endeavours, — weakly, I think, — to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

Between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns the great difference is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*,* while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume.† Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so essentially upon his belief, that it is but natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it should steal by degrees into that region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, surely, more consistent with the meek spirit of Christianity, than that humble scepticism which professes not to extend its distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A follower of this school may be among the readiest to admit the claims of a superintending

* Εστι δε τοιση υπορησαι βουλομενοις προυργου το διαπορησαι καλωσ. — *Metaphys.* lib. iii. cap. 1.

† Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amiably intended, puts forth a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and is a continued *petitio principii* throughout.

Intelligence upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent;—it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Sceptics of antiquity refrained carefully from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a divine and fore-knowing Power:— *Τῷ μὲν βίῳ κατακολουθοῦντες ἀδοξαστῶς γαμεν εἶναι θεοὺς καὶ σεβόμεν θεοὺς καὶ προνοεῖν αὐτοὺς γαμεν.** In short, it appears to me, that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the Schools that can safely be selected as a handmaid for Piety. He who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will but turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for, there is no parallax at the zenith;—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

* Lib. iii. cap. 1.

THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint that decks the vernal rose,
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows ;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides,
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides ;
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies :
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here ;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 't is not somewhere thought a charm, a grace ;
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem.
Ask, who is wise ? — you'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan ;
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells :
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,

Where Castlereagh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing Musgrave scarce be deem'd an ass!

“ List not to reason (Epicurus cries),
“ But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies : ” — *
Alas ! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright :

* This was the creed also of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our wholesome use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madam des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des Barreaux in the arts of poetry and gallantry, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is even such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject : —

“ Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière
Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.

Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
Ou nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux.”

Which may be thus paraphrased : —

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he been form'd a perfect whole
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.
Oh happy, had his light been strong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which shines enough to show he's wrong,
But *not* enough to lead him right.

Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
 Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips Champagne ;
 And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
 Would make even Sheridan think water sweet.

Just as the mind the erring sense believes,
 The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives ;
 And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
 Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair.
 P * * * *, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
 A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
 Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
 The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes.

Self is the medium through which Judgment's ray
 Can seldom pass without being turn'd astray.
 The smith of Ephesus * thought Dian's shrine,
 By which his craft most throve, the most divine ;
 And ev'n the *true* faith seems not half so true,
 When link'd with *one* good living as with *two*.
 Had Wolcot first been pension'd by the throne,
 Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone ;
 And Paine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
 Had laugh'd, like Wellesley, at all Rights of Man.

But 'tis not only individual minds, —
 Whole nations, too, the same delusion blinds.

* *Acts*, chap. xix. "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen."

Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
 Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds ;
 Thus, self-pleas'd still, the same dishonouring chain
 She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain ;
 While prais'd at distanee, but at home forbid,
 Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the book, —
 In force alone for Laws of Nations look.
 Let shipless Danes and whining yankees dwell
 On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
 While Cobbet's pirate code alone appears
 Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.

Woe to the Sceptie, in these party days,
 Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise !
 For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
 No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots ;
 Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don Hookham's
 rhyme,
 Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
 Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
 So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes.
 Yet who, that looks to History's damning leaf,
 Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
 On either side in lofty shame are seen,*
 While Freedom's form hangs crucified between —

* "Those two thieves," says Ralph, "between whom the nation is crucified." — *Use and Abuse of Parliaments*.

Who, Burdett, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from *both* to Honesty and thee?

If, weary of the world's bewildering maze,
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
And to the shades of tranquil learning run,
How many a doubt pursues! how oft we sigh,
When histories charm, to think that histories lie!!
That all are grave romances, at the best,
And Musgrave's* but more clumsy than the rest.
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild;
And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
Monmouth a hero, "for the good old cause!"
Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
As French or English pride the tale repeats;
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore:
Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
May cite perhaps the Park-gun's gay reports,
To prove that England triumph'd on the morn
Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn.

* This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's Collection of Ormond's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nalson's account of him, in the introduction to the second volume of his *Historic. Collect.*

In science, too — how many a system, raised
 Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
 With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
 Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide!
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes' * pen,
 Which *now*, assail'd by Locke's, expire again.
 And when, perhaps, in pride of chemie powers,
 We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
 Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
 And turns at once our alkalis to metals.
 Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
 Through fair-built theories of former days,
 Some Drummond † from the north, more ably skill'd,
 Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
 Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
 Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own.

Oh Learning, whatsoe'er thy pomp and boast,
Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd men
 most.

The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
 To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied;

* Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty.

† See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagyrites.

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays ;
What various heav'ns, — all fit for bards to sing, —
Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias * down to
King! †

While hell itself, in India nought but smoke, ‡
In Spain's a furnace, and in France — a joke.

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the simply wise !
Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves are past,
How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port § at last,
And, there, by changing skies nor lured nor awed,
Smile at the battling winds that roar abroad.

* Papias lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliastæ, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Hera's elysium. See Eusebius, Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33, and Hieronym. de Scriptor. Ecclesiast. — From all I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged.

† King, in his Morsels of Criticism, vol. i., supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

‡ The Indians call hell "the House of smoke." See Picart upon the Religion of the Banians.

§ "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut à un esprit qui aime le repos!" — *La Mothe le Vayer*.

There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes.
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a better world;
While Patience, watching on the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

Such are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, — and trusts in nought but
Heaven!

TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

BY

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

Elapsæ manibus secidêre tabellæ. OVID.

DEDICATION.

TO

STEPHEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ.

MY DEAR WOOLRICHE,

IT is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my *only* occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,* leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether

* Ariosto, canto 35.

they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear Woolriche, like an orthodox Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*; and, however trifling the tribute which I here offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and
attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the poet (if I may use so profane a simile) who “fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee,”* those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. — In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. Hatchard’s counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

* Herrick.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny-Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not, however, think it prudent to give too many Letters at first, and, accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles, which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might manage to remedy the thinness of my ranks, by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out how many living instances might be found, of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads, from taking rather too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper! — in the former, your dog-

gerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a Speech of Mr. Stephen's or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pied* — so that, in general, the very reverse of “*laudatur et alget*” is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

IN the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through ——, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of *Trifles* has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production, the Centaur, *μῶρα καὶ μωρὸν* *) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

* Pindar, *Pyth.* 2.—My friend certainly cannot add *οὐτ' ἐν ἀνδρασι γερᾶσφορον*.

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly: but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus,* who held “that God is in Africa *and not elsewhere.*” But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say

* Bishop of Casæ Nigræ, in the fourth century.

so, are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, — not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators, for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them; and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's *Amelia*, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edi-

tion, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains * in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

* A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eldon, page 189. In the line "Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "*Surtees*," instead of "Syrteis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "æstuosas." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, ETC.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES TO THE LADY
BARBARA ASHLEY.*

MY dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have
made ;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of
date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the state.
Lord Eldon first heard — and as instantly pray'd he
To " God and his King " — that a popish young lady
(For though you 've bright eyes and twelve thousand
a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks.

* This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had lately made
a present of some beautiful Ponies to the Princess.

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry he flies —
 For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
 On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
 As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right* —
 "Pretty doings are here, Sir (he angrily cries,
 While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look
 wise) —
 "Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
 "To ride over your *most* Royal Highness rough-
 shod —
 "Excuse, Sir, my tears — they're from loyalty's
 source —
 "Bad enough 't was for Troy to be sack'd by a *Horse*,
 "But for us to be ruin'd by *Ponies* still worse!"
 Quick a Council is call'd — the whole Cabinet sits —
 The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
 That if once Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
 From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
 As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
 Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The Doctor,* and he, the devout man of Leather,†
 Vansittart, now laying their Saint-heads together,
 Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
 Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations —
 Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
 Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon.

* Mr. Addington, so nicknamed.

† Alluding to a tax lately laid upon leather.

Lord Harrowby, hoping that no one imputes
 To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
 Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
 That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
 The Court would have started no sort of objection,
 As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

“If the Princess *will* keep them (says Lord Cas-
 tlereagh),
 “To make them quite harmless, the only true way
 “Is (as certain Chief Justices do with their wives)
 “To flog them within half an inch of their lives.
 “If they’ve any bad Irish blood lurking about,
 “This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it
 out.”

Should this be thought cruel, his Lordship proposes
 “The new *Veto* snaffle* to bind down their noses —
 “A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
 “Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
 “Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness
 checks
 “(Adds his Lordship humanely), or else breaks their
 necks!”

This proposal receiv’d pretty general applause
 From the Statesmen around — and the neck-breaking
 clause

* The question whether a Veto was to be allowed to the Crown in the appointment of Irish Catholic Bishops was, at this time, very generally and actively agitated.

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
 Even Eldon himself to a measure so mild.
 So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to *nem. con.*,
 And my Lord Castlereagh, having so often shone
 In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
 But, at present, adieu! — I must hurry away
 To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
 For just half an hour by the Queen's best repeater.

CHARLOTTE.



LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'MAHON TO GOULD FRANCIS LECKIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
 Into your very learned Book,*
 Wherein — as plain as man can speak,
 Whose English is half modern Greek —
 You prove that we can ne'er intrench
 Our happy isles against the French,
 Till Royalty in England's made
 A much more independent trade; —
 In short, until the House of Guelph
 Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
 And boldly sets up for itself.

* For an account of this extraordinary work of Mr. Leckie see the Edinburgh Review, vol. xx.

All, that can well be understood
 In this said Book, is vastly good ;
 And, as to what's incomprehensible,
 I dare be sworn 't is full as sensible.

But, to your work's immortal credit,
 The Prince, good Sir, the Prince has read it
 (The only Book, himself remarks,
 Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's).
 Last levee-morn he look'd it through,
 During that awful hour or two
 Of grave tonsorial preparation,
 Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
 Sends forth, announc'd by trump and drum,
 The best-wigg'd Prince in Christendom.

He thinks with you, th' imagination
 Of *partnership* in legislation
 Could only enter in the noddles
 Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
 Whose heads on *firms* are running so,
 They ev'n must have a King and Co.,
 And hence, most eloquently show forth
 On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth. *

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
 Far more royal, loyal era ;
 When England's monarch need but say,
 "Whip me those scoundrels, Castlereagh !"
 Or, "Hang me up those Papists, Eldon,"
 And 't will be done — ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
 To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm) *
 A Plan of radical Reform ;
 Compil'd and chos'n as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot.

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
 Somewhat more brief than Major Cartwright :
 Else, though the Princee be long in rigging,
 'T would take, at least, a fortnight's wiggling, —
 Two wigs to every paragraph —
 Before he well could get through half.

You 'll send it also speedily —
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
 His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk !
 And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how
 He scar'd the Chancellor just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
 Slapp'd his back and call'd him "Mufti!"

The tailors too have got commands,
 To put directly into hands

* "The truth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad as evidently to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native language, Mr. Leekie has gradually come not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner." — *Edinburgh Review*.

All sorts of Dulimans and Pouches,
 With Sashes, Turbans, and Paboutches,
 (While Yarmouth's sketching out a plan
 Of new *Moustaches à l' Ottomane*)
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To *turkify* our gracious regent!

You, therefore, have no time to waste —
 So, send your System. —

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,
 I seize a moment, just to say,
 There's some parts of the Turkish system
 So vulgar, 't were as well you miss'd 'em.
 For instance — in *Seraglio* matters —
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
 Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool!)
 With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school.
 But *here* (as in that fairy land,
 Where Love and Age went hand in hand ; *

* The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place. — “A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing,

Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
 And Grandams were worth any money,)
 Our Sultan has much riper notions —
 So, let your list of *she*-promotions
 Include those only, plump and sage,
 Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
 That is, (as near as one can fix
 From Peerage dates,) full fifty-six.

This rule's for *fav'rites* — nothing more —
 For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
 Though not decidedly *without* them,
 Need never care one curse about them.



LETTER III.

FROM GEORGE PRICE REGENT TO THE EARL OF YARMOUTH.*

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old sinner's,"
 Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners;
 His soups scientific — his fishes quite *prime* —
 His pâtés superb — and his cutlets sublime!
 In short, 't was the snug sort of dinner to stir a
 Stomachic orgasm in my Lord Ellenborough,

others at tip-cat or at cockles." — And again, "There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles," etc. etc. — See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the Marquis of Headfort.

- Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
 And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, "a *He-Cook*, of
 course! —
- "While you live — (what's there under that cover?
 pray, look) —
- "While you live — (I'll just taste it) — ne'er keep a
She-Cook.
- "'Tis a sound *Salic Law* — (a small bit of that
 toast) —
- "Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the
 roast;
- "For *Cookery's* a secret — (this turtle's uncom-
 mon) —
- "Like *Masonry*, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
 Of *my* brilliant triumph and *Hunt's* condemnation;
 A compliment, too, to his Lordship the Judge
 For his Speech to the Jury — and zounds! who
 would grudge
 Turtle soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
 To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
 We were all in high gig — Roman Punch and To-
 kay
 Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the same
 way;
 And we car'd not for Juries or Libels — no — dam-
 me! nor
 Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said — but Tom
Tyrrhitt

In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit ;
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say — sated with turtle — “ I’ll now try the beef ” —
Tommy whisper’d him (giving his Lordship a sly
hit)
“ I fear ’t will be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if YOU *try* it ! ”

And Camden was there, who, that morning, had
gone
To fit his new Marquis’s coronet on ;
And the dish set before him — oh dish well-devis’d ! —
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, “ a calf’s head
surpris’d ! ”
The *brains* were near Sh—ry, and *once* had been
fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, though we, from courtesy, still chose to call
These brains very fine, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, “ The venial delights of Crim. Con. ; ”
At which Headfort with warm reminiscences gloated,
And Ellenb’rough chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank — and you’ll own ’t was benevolent
too —

To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or
peers,

Whom we've, any time, honour'd by courting their
dears :

This museum of wittols was comical rather ;
Old Headfort gave Massey, and *I* gave your father.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge —
We were all fun and frolic, — and even the Judge
Laid aside, for the time, his Juridical fashion,
And through the whole night wasn't *once* in a pas-
sion !

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And Mac* has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor Tommy T-rr-tt at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old Tommy, kept
close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose.

* Colonel M'Mahon.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. PATRICK DUIGENAN TO THE RIGHT
HON. SIR JOHN NICHOL.

*Dublin.**

LAST week, dear Nichol, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
"These Papist dogs — hiccup — 'od rot 'em! —
"Deserve to be bespatter'd — hiccup —
"With all the dirt ev'n *you* can pick up.
"But, as the Prince (here's to him — fill —
"Hip, hip, hurra!) — is trying still
"To humbug them with kind professions,
"And, as *you* deal in *strong* expressions —
"‘*Rogue*’ — ‘*traitor*’ — hiccup — and all that —
"You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat! —
"You must indeed — hiccup — that's flat." —

Yes — "muzzled" was the word, Sir John —
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on

* This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix, p. 207.

The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
 With slaver of the times of yore! — *
 Was it for this that back I went
 As far as Lateran and Trent,
 To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
 Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again? —
 The silent victim still to sit
 Of Grattan's fire and Canning's wit,
 To hear ev'n noisy M—th—w gabble on,
 Nor mention once the Whore of Babylon!
 Oh! 'tis too much — who now will be
 The Nightman of No-Popery?
 What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
 Such learned filth will ever fish up?
 If there among our ranks be one
 To take my place, 'tis *thou*, Sir John;
 Thou, who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.
 Like me too, art a Lawyer Civil
 That wishes Papists at the devil.

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
 Should Patrick † his Port-folio send?
 Take it — 'tis thine — his learn'd Port-folio,
 With all its theologic olio

* In sending this sheet to the press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor again let loose!

† A bad name for poetry; but Duigenan is still worse. — As Prudentius says upon a very different subject —

Torquetur Apollo
 Nomine percussus.

Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman —
Of Doctrines, now believ'd by no man —
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation —
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning,)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what *we've* long prov'd, perhaps,)
That, mad as Christians us'd to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There still are Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad !.

Farewell — I send with this, dear Nichol,
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old Grattan's jacket. —
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the Enclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following
 “Unanswerable Argument against the Papists.”

* * * *

WE'RE told the ancient Roman nation
 Made use of spittle in lustration ; *
 (*Vide* Lactantium ap. Gallæum — †
i. e. you need not *read* but *see* 'em ;)
 Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising,
 Make use of spittle in baptizing ;
 Which proves them all, O'Finns, O'Fagans,
 Connors, and Toolles, all downright Pagans.
 This fact's enough ; — let no one tell us
 To free such sad, *salivous* fellows. —
 No, no — the man, baptiz'd with spittle,
 Hath no truth in him — not a tittle !

* * * *

—— Lustralibus antè salivis

Expiat.

PERS. sat. 2.

† I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee Gallæus — “Asserere non veremur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et sputi usum in peccatorum expiatione a Paganis non a Christianis *manasse*.”

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF CORK TO LADY ——.

MY dear Lady —— ! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout —
(By the by, you've seen Rokeby? — this moment
got mine —

The Mail-Coach Edition * — prodigiously fine !)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together ;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet.
(Apropos — you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend
last night,

Escort to their chairs, with his staff, so polite,
The “three maiden Miseries,” all in a fright ;
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts* !)

But, my dear Lady ——, can't you hit on some
notion,

At least for one night to set London in motion? —
As to having the Regent, *that* show is gone by —
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways ;

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the Mail-Coach
copies of Rokeby.

Which — consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of the
 two —
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
 through ;
 And a house such as mine is, with doorways so
 small, [all. —
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at
 (Apropos, though, of love-work — you've heard it,
 I hope,
 That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope, —
 What a comical pair!) — but, to stick to my Rout,
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
 Is there no Algierine, no Kamchatkan arriv'd?
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
 When — provided their wigs were but decently
 black —
 A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
 That would people one's house for one, night after
 night.
 But — whether the Ministers *paw'd* them too
 much —
 (And you know how they spoil whatsoever they
 touch)
 Or, whether Lord George (the young man about
 town)
 Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down,

One has certainly lost one's *Peninsular* rage;
 And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
 Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools!)
 As old Mrs. Vaughan's or Lord Liverpool's.

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschitstop-
 schinzoudhoff
 Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth
 off:
 So, get me a Russian — till death I'm your debtor —
 If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better.
 And — Lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl — I must leave you in
 haste —
 Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the by, have you found any friend that can con-
 strue
 That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster? *
 If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
 Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin Advertisement of a *Lusus Naturæ* in the newspapers lately.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,* IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King — our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort; Rose of Pleasure! —
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses;
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders —
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on, the admiration
Of this short-coated population —
This sew'd up race — this button'd nation —
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the Prince and Mr. Leckie in their new Oriental Plan of Reform. — See the second of these Letters. — How Abdallah's epistle to Ispahan found its way into the Twopenny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter,
 (They're Christians, and they know no better) *
 In *some* things they're a thinking nation ;
 And, on Religions Toleration,
 I own I like their notions *quite*,
 They are so Persian and so right !
 You know our Sunnites, † — hateful dogs !
 Whom every pious Shiite flogs,
 Or longs to flog ‡ — 'tis true, they pray
 To God, but in an ill-bred way ;
 With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
 Stuck in their right, canonic places. §
 'Tis true, they worship Ali's name — ||
Their heaven and *ours* are just the same —

* " C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter ; " c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

† *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided ; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia ; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendency, reproaches in this Letter.

‡ " Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme." — *D'Herbelot*.

§ " In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines ; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs," etc. etc. — *Forster's Voyage*.

|| " Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement ; au contraire, ils le reconnoissent," etc. etc. — *Chardin*.

(A Persian's Heav'n is eas'y made,
 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)
 Yet, though we've tried for centuries back —
 We can't persuade this stubborn pack,
 By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
 To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers.*
 Then, only think, the libertines!
 They wash their toes — they comb their chins,†
 With many more such deadly sins;
 And what's the worst, though last I rank it,
 Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
 (Which *must*, at bottom, be seditious;
 Since no man living would refuse
 Green slippers, but from treasonous views;
 Nor wash his toes, but with intent
 To overturn the government,) —
 Such is our mild and tolerant way,
 We only curse them twice a day
 (According to a Form that's set),
 And, far from torturing, only let
 All orthodox believers beat 'em,
 And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

* "The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."— *Mariti*.

† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.

As to the rest, they're free to do
 Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
 Provided they make nothing of it
 Tow'rd's rank or honour, power or profit;
 Which things, we nat'rally expect,
 Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
 Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
 Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.
 The same mild views of Toleration
 Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
 Whose Papists (full as giv'n to rogue,
 And only Sunnites with a brogue)
 Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
 As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
 Is for my love, my Syrian Rose —
 Take it when night begins to fall,
 And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

REMEMBEREST thou the hour we past, —
 That hour the happiest and the last?
 Oh! not so sweet the Silha thorn
 To summer bees, at break of morn,
 Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
 To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,

As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
 United live and die —
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
 Link'd by a hook and eye!*



LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. LACKINGTON AND CO. TO ————, ESQ.†

PER Post, Sir, we send your MS. — look'd it thro' —
Very sorry — but can't undertake — 't would n't do.
Clever work, Sir! — would *get up* prodigiously well —
Its only defect is — it never would sell.
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author*, we think, Sir, that's rather a fault.

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Jaftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson: — "A sort of bird, that is said to have but one wing; on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together."

† From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the Author, whose rejected manuscript was inclosed in this letter. — See the Appendix, p. 209.

Hard times, Sir, — most books are too dear to be
 read —
 Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change*
 are fled,
 Yet the *paper* we Publishers pass, in their stead,
 Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
 Not even such names as Fitzgerald's can sink it!

However, Sir — if you're for trying again,
 And at somewhat that's vendible — we are your men.

Since the Chevalier Carr* took to marrying
 lately,
 The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly —
 No job, Sir, more easy — your *Country* once plann'd,
 A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
 Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell —
 And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
 Or — supposing you've nothing *original* in you —
 Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
 You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Albinia! †
 (Mind — *not* to her *dinners* — a *second-hand* Muse
 Must n't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)

* Sir John Carr, the author of "Tours in Ireland, Holland, Sweden," etc. etc.

† This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence, which is said to have passed lately between Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in 't, Sir, if you cannot *review!*

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest:—Mr. Scott, you must
know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the*
Row,*)

Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys
can beat him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long
coaches—

May do a few Villas, before Scott approaches.

Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,

He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-
Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next
week.

At present, no more—in reply to this Letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

* Paternoster Row.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL THOMAS TO ——— SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

COME to our Fête *, and bring with thee
 Thy newest, best embroidery.
 Come to our Fête, and show again
 That pea-green coat, thou pink of men,
 Which charm'd all eyes, that last survey'd it;
 When Br—mm—I's self inquir'd "who made
 it?"—
 When Cits came wond'ring, from the East,
 And thought thee Poet Pye *at least!*

Oh! come, (if haply 't is thy week
 For looking pale,) with paly cheek;
 Though more we love thy roseate days,
 When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
 Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
 Tips ev'n thy whisker-tops with red—
 Like the last tints of dying Day
 That o'er some darkling grove delay.

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander,
 (That lace, like Harry Alexander,

* This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.

Too precious to be wash'd,)— thy rings,
 Thy seals — in short, thy prettiest things !
 Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
 And yield in frogs and fringe, to none
 But the great Regent's self alone ;
 Who — by particular desire —
For that night only, means to hire
 A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire.*
 Hail, first of Actors ! † best of Regents !
 Born for each other's fond allegiance !
Both gay Lotharios — both good dressers —
 Of serious Farce *both* learn'd Professors —
Both circled round, for use or show,
 With cock's combs, wheresoe'er they go ! ‡

'Thou knows't the time, thou man of lore !
 It takes to chalk a ball-room floor —
 Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-day !
 It takes to dance that chalk away.§

* An amateur actor of much risible renown.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem *placido lumine*, videris, etc. HORAT.

The Man, upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
 Oh Tragedy's Muse ! at the hour of his birth —
 Let them say what they will, that's the Man for *my* money,
 Give others thy tears, but let *me* have thy mirth !

† The crest of Mr. C—tes, the very amusing amateur tragedian here alluded to, was a cock ; and most profusely were his liveries, harness, etc., covered with this ornament.

§ To those, who neither go to balls nor read the Morning Post, it may be necessary to mention, that the floors of Ball-rooms, in

The Ball-room opens — far and nigh
 Comets and suns beneath us lie ;
 O'er snow-white moons and stars we walk,
 And the floor seems one sky of chalk !
 But soon shall fade that bright deceit,
 When many a maid, with busy feet
 That sparkle in the lustre's ray,
 O'er the white path shall bound and play
 Like Nymphs along the Milky Way : —
 With every step a star hath fled,
 And suns grow dim beneath their tread !
 So passeth life — (thus Scott would write,
 And spinsters read him with delight,) —
 Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
 Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone ! *

But, hang this long digressive flight ! —
 I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
 What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
 Who say the Prince neglects the arts —
 Neglects the arts ? — no, Str—hl—g, † no ;
 Thy Cupids answer “ ’t is not so ; ”

general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
 Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Scott may well say to the Colonel, (and, indeed, to much better wags than the Colonel,) *ῥαον μωμεισθαι η μμεισθαι.*

† A foreign artist much patronized by the Prince Regent.

And every floor, that night, shall tell
 How quick thou daubest, and how well.
 Shine as thou may'st in French vermilion,
 Thou'rt *best*, beneath a French cotillion;
 And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
 With *flying colours* in a Waltz.
 Nor need'st thou mourn the transient date
 To thy best works assign'd by fate.
 While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
 Their hour of glory past and gone
 With "Molly put the kettle on!"*

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
 Of paper left — so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
 The former Fête's *fac-simile*; †
 The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
 All trick'd up in such odd costumes,
 (These, Porter, ‡ are thy glorious works!)
 You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
 Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,
 Had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

* The name of a popular country-dance.

† "Carleton House will exhibit a complete *fac simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies," etc. etc. — *Morning Post*.

‡ Mr. Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left the furnishing of the rooms of Carleton House.

And each to make the olio pleasant
 Had sent a State-Room as a present.
 The same *fauteuils* and girandoles —
 The same gold Asses,* pretty souls!
 That, in this rich and classic dome,
 Appear so perfectly at home;
 The same bright river 'mong the dishes,
 But *not* — ah! not the same dear fishes: —
 Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones —
 So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
 (It being rather hard to raise
 Fish of that *specie* now-a-days)
 Some sprats have been, by Yarmouth's wish,
 Promoted into *Silver* Fish,
 And Gudgeons (so Vansittart told
 The Regent) are as good as *Gold!*

So, prithee, come — our Fête will be
 But half a Fête if wanting thee.

* The salt-cellars on the Prince's *own* table were in the form of an Ass with panniers.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. PAGE 188.

AMONG the papers, enclosed in Dr. Duigenan's Letter, was found an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England, (or, according to others, of Germany,) who, at an early age, disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome, she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him tenderly of the time, when they were together at Athens — when, as she says,

— “by Ilissus' stream
“We whispering walk'd along, and learn'd to speak
“The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek ;—

“ Ah, then how little did we think or hope,
 “ Dearest of men, that I should e'er be Pope ! *
 “ That I, the humble Joan, whose house-wife art
 “ Seem'd just enough to keep thy house and heart,
 “ (And those, alas, at sixes and at sevens,)
 “ Should soon keep all the keys of all the heavens ! ”

Still less (she continues to say) could they have fore-
 seen, that such a catastrophe as had happened in
 Council would befall them — that she

“ Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
 “ And let a *little Pope* pop out before 'em —
 “ Pope *Innocent!* alas, the only one
 “ That name could e'er be justly fix'd upon.”

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of
 her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures
 to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever : —

“ But oh, more dear, more precious ten times over —
 “ Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover !
 “ I made *thee* Cardinal — thou mad'st *me* — ah !
 “ Thou mad'st the Papa of the world Mamma ! ”

* Spanheim attributes the unanimity, with which Joan was
 elected, to that innate and irresistible charm, by which her sex,
 though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals —
 “ Non vi aliquâ, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso deside-
 rio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, latentes in hâc quan-
 quam ! ”

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject:—

Romanus (eheu posteri negabit!)
Emancipatus FÆMINÆ
 Fert vallum!



LETTER VII. PAGE 199.

THE Manuscript, found enclosed in the Booksellers' Letter, turns out to be a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "The Book,"* of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. Lackington and Co. This rejected Drama,

* There was, in like manner, a mysterious Book, in the 16th century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the learned of that time. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that anybody had ever seen it; and Grotius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Liber de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis.)—Our more modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and, if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "à tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—*Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber* in Carleton House—Enter the Prince Regent solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims:—

Away—Away—

Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book,
I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy damned *ink* in Eldon's brows—
I see thy *foolscap* on my Hertford's Spouse—
Vansittart's head recalls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank leaves* stare from Rd—r—'s face!
While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*),
I find, ah wretched elf!

Thy *List* of dire *Errata* in myself.

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)

Oh Roman Punch! oh potent Curaçoa!
Oh Mareschino! Mareschino oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Book-worm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiv-

* The same chamber, doubtless, that was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with *fleurs de lys*.

ing on the ground some scribbled fragments of paper, which he instantly collects, and “by the light of two magnificent candelabras” discovers the following unconnected words, “*Wife neglected*” — “*the Book*” — “*Wrong Measures*” — “*the Queen*” — “*Mr. Lambert*” — “*the Regent.*”

Ha! treason in my house! — Curst words, that
wither

My princely soul, (*shaking the papers violently,*) what

Demon brought you hither? [look —

“My Wife;” — “the Book” too! — stay — a nearer

(*holding the fragments closer to the candelabras*)

Alas! too plain, B, double O, K, Book —

Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched, in different directions, for the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Cumberland, etc. etc. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarm'd; the Duke with his stays only half-lac'd, and the Chancellor with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, “to maintain the becoming splendour of his office.”* The Regent produces the appalling frag-

* “To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendour.” (*A loud laugh*) — Lord CASTLEREAGH'S *Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.*

But ah! the Evidence — (*weeps again*) I mourn'd
to see —

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee:
And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's tongue;
While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame.
When lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending brisker,
Now sings *one*, now lights the *other* whisker.
Ah! where was then the Sylphid, that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?
Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke,
The watchman cried "Past One," and — I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the Regent (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to see if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held — all the Servants, etc., are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the Regent for a Dress (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine *clinquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two

Brothers * — but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they “exeunt severally” to Prison:—

Go to your prisons — though the air of Spring
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
 Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
 And all your portion of the glorious day
 May be some solitary beam that falls,
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls —
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
 Yet go — for thoughts as blessed as the air
 Of Spring or Summer flowers await you there;
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew;
 Pure self-esteem — the smiles that light within —
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
 With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
 And spread, till all Mankind are in its sphere;
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
 And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty!

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Work-shop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board — Their task evi-

* Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.

dently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc. that lie about — They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of “Derry Down.”

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your
 knees,
 For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
 While I sing of our Princee (and a fig for his railers)
 The Shop-board’s delight! the Mæcenas of Tailors!
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
 While *His* short cut to fame is — the cut of his
 coat;
 Philip’s Son thought the World was too small for
 his Soul,
 But our Regent’s finds room in a lac’d button-hole.
 Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe’s Kings — those, at least,
 who go loose —
 Not a King of them all’s such a friend to the Goose.
 So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
 Still the fattest and best fitted Prince about town!
 Derry down, etc.

During the “Derry down” of this last verse, a Messenger from the Secretary of State’s Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious

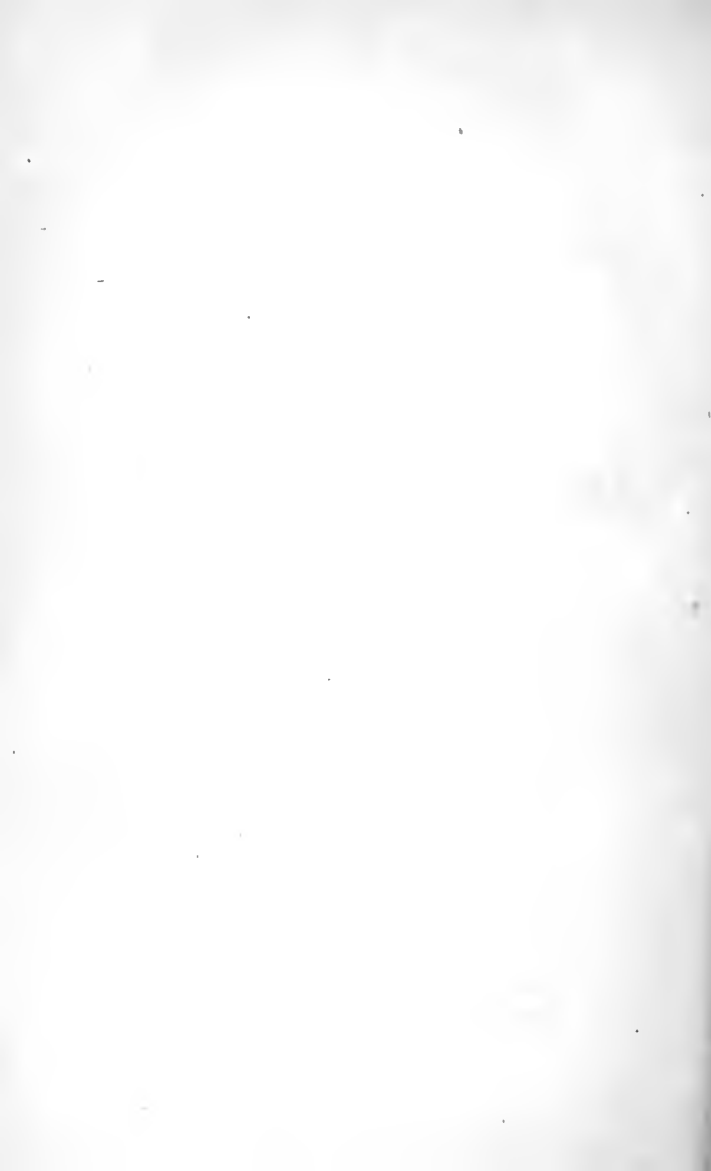
fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The Plot now hastens rapidly in its development — the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'Mahon upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition.

Honour'd Colonel — my Wife, who's the Queen of
 all slatterns,
 Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.
 She sent the wrong Measures too — shamefully
 wrong —
 They're the same us'd for poor Mr. Lambert, when
 young;
 But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the
 Regent —
 So, hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery — the Regent resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

ΣΧΟΛΙΑΖΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΣΧΟΛΙΑ.



SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

“It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it.”—LORD CASTLE-REAGH'S *Speech upon Colonel McMahon's Appointment, April 14, 1812.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep — at length I said,
“I'll think of Viscount Castlereagh,
“And of his speeches — that's the way.”
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dreamt — so dread a dream !
Fuseli has no such theme ;
Lewis never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid !

Methought the Prince, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate ;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians ;
Here tradesmen's bills, — official papers,
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapours —

There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves;
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanc'd, oh jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
"To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the Regent's well-dress'd head,
As if *determin'd* to be read.
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay ev'n Death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections" —
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "*et Tu Brute?*"

Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd — and pray'd, with lifted hand,
“Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
“Though paper overwhelms the land,
“Let it not crush the Sovereign too!”



PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.*

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with Perceval's leave, I may throw my chains
by;

And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
But Yarmouth and I thought perhaps 't would be
better

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided —
(That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,

* Letter from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, Feb. 13, 1812.

With all due appearance of thought and digestion) —
 For, though Hertford House had long settled the
 question,

I thought it but decent, between me and you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
 Our affairs were all looking, when Father went
 mad ;*

A strait-waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
 I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
 To choose my own Minister — just as they muzzle
 A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
 By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
 Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.†
 So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch
 in,
 The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patch-
 ing ;
 For tools of this kind, like Martinus's scone,‡
 Would lose all their beauty, if purified once ;

* "I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by Parliament." — *Prince's Letter*.

† "My sense of duty to our Royal father solely decided that choice." — *Ibid*.

‡ The antique shield of Martinus Scriblers, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old scone.

And think — only think — if our Father should find,
 Upon graciously coming again to his mind,*
 That improvement had spoil'd any favourite ad-
 viser —

That Rose was grown honest, or Westmoreland
 wiser —

That R—d—r was, ev'n by one twinkle, the
 brighter —

Or Liverpool's speeches but half a pound lighter —
 What a shock to his old royal heart it would be !
 No ! — far were such dreams of improvement from
 me :

And it pleased me to find, at the House, where, you
 know, †

There's such good mutton cutlets, and strong cur-
 aça, ‡

That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
 And my Yarmouth's red whiskers grew redder for
 joy.

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,
 By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
 I *might* have withheld these political noodles
 From knocking their heads against hot Yankee
 Doodles ;

* "I waved any personal gratification, in order that his Majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative," etc. — *Prince's Letter*.

† "And I have the satisfaction of knowing that such was the opinion of persons for whose judgment," etc. etc. — *Ibid*.

‡ The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have sooth'd her with hope — but you know
I did not.

And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes — but the Doctors and I,
Are the last that can think the King *ever* will die.*

A new era's arriv'd † — though you'd hardly be-
lieve it —

And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which ev'n Waithman at-
tends) —

New saddles, new helmets, and — why not *new*
friends?

* * * *
* * * *

I repeat it, “New Friends” — for I cannot describe
The delight I am in with this Perceval tribe.
Such capering! — Such vapouring! — Such rigour!
— Such vigour!

North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a
figure,

* “I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be permitted to despair of our royal father's recovery.” — *Prince's Letter*.

† “A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction,” etc. — *Ibid.*

That soon they will bring the whole world round
 our ears,
 And leave us no friends — but Old Nick and Algiers.

When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my
 chains,
 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains.
 It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
 But think how we find our Allies in new breeches!
 We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
 But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
 To put the last lingering few who remain,
 Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
 Then how Wellington fights! and how squabbles
 his brother!

For Papists the one, and *with* Papists the other;
One crushing Napoleon by taking a City,
 While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic Committee.
 Oh deeds of renown! — shall I boggle or flinch,
 With such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch.
 No — let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
 We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still;
 And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections,*
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections

* "I have no predilections to indulge, — no resentments to gratify." — *Prince's Letter*.

But even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid,
 While I've Camden and Eldon to fly to for shade;
 Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
 While there's Westmoreland near him to weaken
 the charm.

As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
 Sure joining with Hertford and Yarmouth will do it!
 Between R—d—r and Wharton let Sheridan sit,
 And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit:
 And against all the pure public feeling that glows
 Even in Whitbread himself we've a Host in George
 Rose!

So, in short, if they wish to have Places, they may,
 And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,*
 Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to
 lose)

By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news;
 And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
 Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P. S. A copy of this is to Perceval going — †
 Good Lord, how St. Stephen's will ring with his
 crowing!

* "You are authorized to communicate these sentiments to Lord Grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord Grenville."—*Prince's Letter*.

† "I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval."—*Prince's Letter*.

ANACREONTIC TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan,
 Best of Plumists (if you can
 With your art so far presume)
 Make for me a Prince's Plume —
 Feathers soft and feathers rare,
 Such as suits a Prince to wear.

First, thou downiest of men,
 Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
 Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
 As by Juno's side might stand,
 If there were no cocks at hand.
 Seek her feathers, soft as down,
 Fit to shine on Prince's crown ;
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !
 Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.*

Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck me next an old Cuckoo ;
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates.
 Pluck him well — be sure you do —
 Who would n't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a Royal crest ?

* See Prior's poem, entitled "The Dove."

Bravo, Plumist! — now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl —
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,*
 Foe to all that's fair and bright.
 Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen
 Books,† that shun the search of men;
 Books, that, far from every eye,
 In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie,)
 Stick them in between the two,
 Proud Pea-hen and Old Cuckoo.
 Now you have the triple feather,
 Bind the kindred stems together
 With a silken tie, whose hue
 Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
 Sullied now — alas, how much!
 Only fit for Yarmouth's touch.

There — enough — thy task is done;
 Present, worthy George's Son;
 Now, beneath, in letters neat,
 Write "I SERVE," and all's complete.

* Perceval.

† In allusion to "the Book" which created such a sensation at that period.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A
POLITICIAN.*Wednesday.*

THROUGH Manchester Square took a canter just
now —

Met the *old yellow chariot*,* and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 't was loyal and civil,
But got such a look — oh 't was black as the devil!
How unlucky! — *incog.* he was trav'ling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out.

Mem. — when next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there *is* nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder —
What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
The Prince was as cheerful, as if, all his life,
He had never been troubled with Friends or a Wife —
“ Fine weather,” says he — to which I, who must
prate,
Answered, “ Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of late.”
He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,

* The *incog.* vehicle of the Prince.

That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off,
 And then, Lord, how Geramb * would triumphantly
 scoff!

Mem. — to buy for son Dicky some unguent or lotion
 To nourish his whiskers — sure road to promotion! †

Saturday.

Last night a Concert — vastly gay —
 Given by Lady Castlereagh.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has “two strings always to his bow.” ‡

In choosing songs, the Regent nam'd
 “*Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,*” —
 While gentle Hertford begg'd and pray'd
 For “*Young I am, and sore afraid.*”

* Baron Geramb, the rival of his R. H. in whiskers.

† England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. “I remember,” says Tavernier, “to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose mustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension.”

‡ A rhetorical figure used by Lord Castlereagh, in one of his speeches.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day? — “ Oh ! worse and worse —
 “ Mac * is the Prince’s Privy Purse ! ” —
 The Prince’s *Purse* ! no, no, you fool,
 You mean the Prince’s *Ridicule*.



KING CRACK † AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR A NEW
 MINISTRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible Kings;
 (At least, so his Courtiers would swear to you
 gladly,)
 But Crack now and then would do het’rodox things,
 And, at last, took to worshipping *Images* sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been plac’d
 In his father’s old *Cabinet*, pleas’d him so much,

* Colonel Maemahon.

† One of those antediluvian Princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though — such
 was his taste! — [touch.

They were monstrous to look at, and rotten to

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack! —

But his People, disdainng to worship such things,
 Cried aloud, one and all, “Come, your Godships
 must pack —

“You’ll not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *Kings*.”

Then, trampling these images under their feet,

They sent Crack a petition, beginning “Great
 Cæsar!

“We’re willing to worship; but only entreat

“That you’ll find us some *decenter* Godheads than
 these are.”

“I’ll try,” says King Crack — so they furnish’d him
 models

Of better shap’d Gods, but he sent them all back;
 Some were chisell’d too fine, some had heads ’stead
 of noddles,

In short, they were all *much* too godlike for Crack.

So he took to his darling old Idols again,

And, just mending their legs and new bronzing
 their faces,

In open defiance of Gods and of man,

Set the monsters up grinning once more in their
 places.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
 And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!



EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS
 ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

SAID his Highness to Ned,* with that grim face of his,
 "Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic Neddy?"
 "Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his pliz,
 "You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience,
 already!"

* Edward Byrne, the head of the Delegates of the Irish Catholics.

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers —
Or, (if sweeter that abode,)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud.
Hither come and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those, who rule us,
Those, who rule and (some say) fool us —
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities!*

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an orange lily —
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish Gifford can supply; —

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. v. 138. — Plutarch, too, tells us that Household Gods were then, as they are now, "much given to War and penal Statutes." — *εριννωδεις και ποινημους δαιμονας*.

Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eldon's wig.

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
To crown the head of Liverpool.
'T will console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity !)
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our Castlereagh to crown,
Bring me from the County Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green —
(Such as Headfort brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day) — *
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads *of every hue* ; —
And as, Goddess! — *entre nous* —
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little *torture*, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, thou first of Syrens,
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough — away, away —
Had I leisure, I could say

* Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock which are distributed by the Servants of Carleton House every Patrick's Day.

How the *oldest rose* that grows
 Must be pluck'd to deck Old Rose —
 How the Doctor's * brow should smile
 Crown'd with wreaths of eanomile.
 But time presses — to thy taste
 I leave the rest, so prithee, haste !



EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE
 NIGHT OF LORD YARMOUTH'S FÊTE.

“I WANT the Court Guide,” said my lady, “to look
 “If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30. or 20.”—
 “We've lost the *Court Guide*, Ma'am, but here's
 the Red Book,
 “Where you'll find, I dare say, Seymour *Places*
 in plenty !”

* The *sobriquet* given to Lord Sidmouth.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE PRINCE REGENT.*

† COME, Yarmouth, my boy, never trouble your
 brains,
 About what your old crony,
 The Emperor Boney,
 Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains ;

‡ Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries :
 Should there come famine,
 Still plenty to cram in [naries.
 You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stan-

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may ;
 § For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
 And then people get fat,
 And infirm, and — all that,

* This and the following are extracted from a Work, which may, some time or other, meet the eye of the Public — entitled “Odes of Horace, done into English by several Persons of Fashion.”

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
 Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria
 Divisus objecto, remittas
 Quærere.
 Nec trepides in usum
 Poscentis ævi pauca.
 Fugit retro
 Levis juvenas et decor.

* And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits;

† Thy whiskers, too, Yarmouth! — alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn [to Grey.
(What a heart-breaking change for thy whiskers!)

‡ Then why, my Lord Warden, oh! why should you
fidget
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "you," forsooth, "*have the pen in your
hand!*"

Think, think how much better
Than scribbling a letter,
(Which both you and I
Should avoid by the by,)

§ How much pleasanter 't is to sit under the bust
Of old Charley,|| my friend here, and drink like
a new one

Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie.

Neque uno Luna *rubens* nitet
Vultu.

Quid æternis *minorem*
Consiliis animum fatigas?
Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temere.

Charles Fox.

While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me, just
 As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns at Don
 Juan.

* To crown us, Lord Warden,
 In Cumberland's garden
 Grows plenty of *monk's hood* in venomous sprigs :
 While Otto of Roses
 Refreshing all noses
 Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and wigs.

† What youth of the Household will cool our Noyau
 In that streamlet delicious,
 That down 'midst the dishes,
 All full of gold fishes,
 Romantic doth flow? —
 ‡ Or who will repair
 Unto Manchester Square,
 And see if the gentle *Marchesa* be there?
 Go — bid her haste hither,
 § And let her bring with her

Rosâ

Canos odorati capillos,
 Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo
 Potamus uncti.

Quis puer ocius

Restinguet ardentis Falerni
 Pocula *prætereunte lympa*?
 Quis eliciet domo
 Lyden?

Eburna, dic age, cum lyra (qu. *liar-a*)
 Maturesc.

The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going —
 * Oh ! let her come, with her dark tresses flowing,
 All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
 In the manner of — Ackermann's Dresses for May !



HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELDON.

† THE man who keeps a conscience pure,
 (If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
 Through toil and danger walks secure,
 Looks big and black, and never wincees.

‡ No want has he of sword or dagger,
 Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb ;
 Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
 He doesn't care one single damn.

Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
 Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,

Incomtam Lacænæ
 More comam religata nodo.
 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravaida sagittis,
 Fusce, pharetra.
 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
 Sive facturus per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
 Lambit Hydaspes.

The Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these im-

'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne Alley.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big —

aged dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quæ loca *fabulosus lambit* Hydaspes" thus — The *fabling* Spaniard licks the French;" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to *Spanish* Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even commonly civil to *Irish* ones), he altered the passage as it stands at present.

Namque me silvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

I cannot help calling the reader's attention to the peculiar ingenuity with which these lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist, (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "*ultra terminum*" to mean vacation-time; and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "*curis expeditis*," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "*causis expeditis*,") and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most delectable specimens of paraphrase in our language.

I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me, even without my wig.

* Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
Goes not to Mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee.

† Oh! place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;

‡ Of Church and State I'll warble still,
Though ev'n Dick Martin's self should grumble;
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and Jill,

§ So lovingly upon a hill —
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget.

I must here remark, that the said Dick Martin being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

§ There cannot be imagined a more happy illustration of the

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

— Nova monstra creavit.

OVID. *Metamorph.* l. i. v. 487.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major Canac,
 With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,
 And such helmets, God bless us! as never deek'd any
 Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni —
 "Let's see," said the Regent (like Titus, perplex'd
 With the duties of empire,) "whom *shall* I dress
 next?"

He looks in the glass — but perfection is there,
 Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair; *

inseparability of Church and State, and their (what is called)
 "standing and falling together," than this ancient apologue of
 Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the State in this in-
 genious little Allegory.

Jack fell down,
 And broke his *Crown*,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

* That model of Princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used, accordingly, to burn off his beard — "timore tonsoris," says Lampridius. (*Hist. August. Scriptor.*) The dissolute Ælius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See Jul. Capitolin.) — Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified contempt for his Wife. — See his insulting answer to her in Spartianus.

Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he traces —
 For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,
 The *falsier* they are, the more firm in their places.
 His coat he next views — but the coat who could
 doubt?

For his Yarmouth's own Frenchified hand cut it
 out;

Every pucker and seam were made matters of state,
 And a Grand Household Council was held on each
 plait.

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his
 brother,
 Great Cumberland's Duke, with some kickshaw or
 other?

And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes
 For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes.
 Ah! no — here his ardour would meet with delays,
 For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new
 Stays,

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
 'T would be devilish hard work to *unpack* him again.

So, what's to be done? — there's the Ministers,
 bless 'em! —

As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress* 'em?
 "An excellent thought! — call the tailors — be
 nimble —

"Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and Hertford her
 thimble;

“While Yarmouth shall give us, in spite of all quizzers,
 “The last Paris cut with his true Gallie scissors.”

So saying, he calls Castlereagh, and the rest
 Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and be drest.
 While Yarmouth, with snip-like and brisk expedition,
 Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath’lic Petition
 In long tailors’ measures, (the Prince crying “Well-
 done!”)
 And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor Eldon.



CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A LADY AND
 GENTLEMAN,

UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) “HAVING
 LAW * ON ONE’S SIDE.”

The Gentleman’s Proposal.

“Legge aurea,
 S’ei piace, ei lice.”

Come, fly to these arms, nor let beauties so bloomy
 To one frigid owner be tied;
 Your prudes may revile, and your old ones look
 gloomy,
 But, dearest, we’ve *Law* on our side.

* In allusion to Lord Ellenborough.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers congenial,
 Whom no dull decorums divide; [venial,
 Their error how sweet, and their raptures how
 When once they've got Law on their side.

'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been
 done, too:

Then why should it now be decried?
 If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son
 too?

For so argues Law on our side.

And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty
 By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
 They can *but* bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty,
 As long as we've Law on our side.

The Lady's Answer.

HOLD, hold, my good Sir, go a little more slowly;
 For, grant me so faithless a bride,
 Such sinners as we, are a little too *lowly*,
 To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining
 o'er 'em

The People should look for their guide,
 Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick
 down decorum—

You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mischief grown
hoary,

Whose heart, though it long ago died
To the *pleasures* of vice, is alive to its *glory*—
You still would have Law on your side.

But for *you*, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles ;
By *my* advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles
Who have *such* a *Law* on their side.



OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST. STEPHEN,
INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR
IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1812.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed nation !
Excuse the materials — though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could be
had ;

And, if *echo* the charm of such houses should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set ;
And consid'ring they all were but clerks t'other day,
It is truly surprising how well they can play.

Our Manager,* (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
 And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries first,
 But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better thing,
 Chang'd his note of a sudden, to *God save the King*;)
 Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
 Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
 Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
 Your devoted and long-winded proser till death.

You remember last season, when things went per-
 verse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
 One Mr. Vansittart, a good sort of person,
 Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
 In "Raising the Wind," and "the Devil to Pay."†
 We expect too — at least we've been plotting and
 planning —

To get that great actor from Liverpool, Canning;
 And, as at the Circus there's nothing attracts
 Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
 If the Manager should, with the help of Sir Pop-
 ham,

Get up new *diversions*, and Canning should stop 'em,
 Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
 "Grand fight — second time — with additional capers."

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or sad,
 There is plenty of each in this House to be had.

* Lord Castlereagh.

† He had recently been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
 For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he ;
 And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
 Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
 His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
 And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them yet.

So much for the actors ; — for secret machinery,
 Traps and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
 Yarmouth and Cum are the best we can find,
 To transact all that trickery business behind.
 The former's employ'd too to teach us French jigs,
 Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,
 A few *Seats in the House*, not as yet sold away,
 May be had of the Manager, Pat Castlereagh.



THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni. — TACITUS.

HERE'S a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen and
 Ladies,
 They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is ;
 (Except it be *Cabinet-making* ; — no doubt,
 In that delicate service they're rather worn out ;
 Though their owner, bright youth ! if he'd had his
 own will,
 Would have bungled away with them joyously still.)

You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd* — and
alack !

What tool is there job after job will not hack ?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like Ellenb'rough's, none of the
best ;

But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon
trying, [buying ;
Wer't but for their *brass*, they are well worth the
They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
screens,

And are, some of them, excellent *turning* machines.

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancellor*)
Heavy concern to both purchaser *and* seller.
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis,
'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.*
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou
shapest ;
'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a Papist ;
Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will fall ;
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at random,)
A heavy *drag-chain* for some Lawyer's old *Tandem*.
Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, Sir —
Once, twice, — going, going, — thrice, gone! — it is
yours, Sir.

To pay ready money you sha'n't be distrest,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

* An allusion to Lord Eldon's lachrymose tendencies.

Come, where's the next Tool? — Oh! 'tis here in a
trice —

This implement, Ge'mmen, at first was a *Vice* ;
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get ;)
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*,
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself in.
Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on,
We'll the sooner get rid of it — going — quite gone.
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly knock'd
down,

Might at last cost their owner — how much? why, a
Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had handsel or
Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor —
Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross ;
Yet, dull as it is, 't will be found to *shave close*,
And like *other* close shavers, some courage to gather,
This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather*.*
You shall have it for nothing — then, marvel with
me

At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to
judge it)
Is placed by ill luck at the top of *the Budget!*

* “Of the taxes proposed by Mr. Vansittart, that principally
opposed in Parliament was the additional duty on leather.”
Ann. Register.

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of "There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid."

DEDICATED TO THE RT. HON. CHARLES ABBOT.

Arcades ambo

Et cant-are pares.

1813.

THERE was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
 And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
 "Whether it's within our reach
 "To make up a little Speech,
 "Just between little you and little I, I, I,
 "Just between little you and little I!" —

Then said his little Soul,
 Peeping from her little hole,
 "I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
 "But, if it's not uncivil,
 "Pray tell me what the devil
 "Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
 "Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man look'd big,
 With th' assistance of his wig,
 And he call'd his little Soul to order, order, order,

Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in
 To goal, like Thomas Croggan,
 (As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward
 her, ward her,
 As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.

The little Man then spoke,
 "Little soul, it is no joke,
 "For as sure as Jacky Fuller loves a sup, sup,
 sup,
 "I will tell the Prince and People
 "What I think of Church and Steeple,
 "And my little patent plan to prop them up, up,
 up,
 "And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,
 Little Man and little Soul
 Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle,
 tittle,
 And the world all declare
 That this priggish little pair
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little,
 little,
 Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

Suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos cape fatorum comites. VIRGIL.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
And the Marshal *must* have them — pray, why
should we not, [him,
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,
Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
And, though they've been helping the French for
years past,
We may thus make them useful to England at last.
Castlereagh in our sieges might save some disgraces,
Being us'd to the *taking* and *keeping* of *places*;
And Volunteer Canning, still ready for joining,
Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
Old Headfort at *horn-works* again might be tried,
And the Chief Justice makes a *bold charge* at his
side:
While Vansittart could victual the troops *upon tick*,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great Regent himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the
shelf:

Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to
 pass,
 Yet who could resist, if he bore down *en masse*?
 And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might
 prove,
 Like our Spanish confed'rates, "unable to move,"*
 Yet there's *one* thing in war of advantage unbounded,
 Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded*.

In my next I shall sing of their arms and equip-
 ment; [ment!
 At present no more, but — good luck to the ship-



HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
 Favete linguis: carmina non prius
 Audita Musarum sacerdos
 Virginibus puerisque canto.
 Regum timeudorum in proprios greges,
 Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

1813.

I HATE thee, oh Mob, as my Lady hates delf;
 To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps and thy
 hisses,
 Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
 And, like Godwin, write books for young masters
 and misses.

* The character given to the Spanish soldier, in Sir John Murray's memorable despatch.

Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart
 merry,
 Even monarchs themselves are not free from mis-
 hap :
 Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before
 Jerry,
 Poor Jerry himself has to quake before Nap.



HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LIB. I.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, adparatus ;
 Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ ;
 Mitte sectari, Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DIN-
 NER FOR THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE ROSE.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all knick-knackeries,
 Fricassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gim-crackeries —
 Six by the Horse-Guards! — old Georgy is late —
 But come — lay the table cloth — zounds! — do not
 wait,
 Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying,
 At which of his places Old Rose is delaying!

The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be ad-
 mired. The Translator has added a long, erudite, and flowery
 note upon *Roses*, of which I can merely give a specimen at pres-

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM
THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DIN-
NER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been fore'd to resign,
That he never wore breeches, till turn'd out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from
mine.

ent. In the first place, he ransacks the *Rosarium Politicum* of the Persian poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some *Political* Roses, to match the gentleman in the text—but in vain: he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "*Melitensi rosâ fartum*," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of *Irish* Bed of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favours us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond, and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "*Rosa munda*" mean "a Rose with clean hands" it may be found applicable to the Right Honourable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "*Rosa aurea*," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "*old Rose*," he winds up with the pathetic lamentation of the Poet "*consennisse Rosas*." The whole note indeed shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smil'd,

While in battle he shone forth so terribly grand,
That the emblem they grav'd on his seal, was a child
With a thunderbolt plac'd in its innocent hand.

Oh Wellington, long as such Ministers wield

Your magnificent arm, the same emblem will do ;
For while *they*'re in the Council and *you* in the Field,
We've the *babies* in *them*, and the *thunder* in *you* !

POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.



POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. PERCEVAL.

IN the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-drop descend ;
We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father, and friend.

Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him,
when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier state,
Had known what he was — and, content to be *good*,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be *great*.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away ;
His children might still have been bless'd with his
love, [his sway.
And England would ne'er have been cursed with

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

IN order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "FUM, *The Chinese Bird of Royalty*," is a principal ornament,

I am, Sir, yours, etc.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

ONE day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, FUM,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, HUM,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?)
Where FUM had just come to pay HUM a short
visit. —

Near akin are these Birds, though they differ in
nation

(The breed of the HUMS is as old as creation);
Both, full-craw'd Legitimates — both, birds of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord CASTLE-
REAGH.

While FUM deals in Mandarins, Bonzes, Bohea,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, HUM, are sacred to thee!

So congenial their tastes, that, when FUM first did
light on

The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the
dome

Were so like what he left, "Gad," says FUM, "I'm
at home." —

And when, turning, he saw Bishop L——GE, "Zooks,
it is,"

Quoth the Bird, "Yes — I know him — a Bonze, by
his phyzz —

"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low

"Can be none but our round-about godhead, fat Fo!"

It chanced at this moment, th' Episcopal Prig

Was imploring the PRINCE to dispense with his wig,*

Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head,

And some TOBIT-like marks of his patronage shed,

Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idolatrous eye,

That, while FUM cried "Oh Fo!" all the court cried

"Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression; — these Birds of a feather

Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State matters together;

(The PRINCE just in bed, or about to depart for't,

His legs full of gout, and his arms full of HERTFORD,)

"I say, HUM," says FUM — FUM, of course, spoke

Chinese,

* In consequence of an old promise, that he should be allowed to wear his own hair, whenever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by his Royal Highness.

But, bless you, that's nothing — at Brighton one sees
Foreign lingoos and Bishops *translated* with ease —

“I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty now?

“Is it *up*? is it *prime*? is it *spooney* — or how?”

(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's degree
Under BARRYMORE, YARMOUTH, and young Master

L——E)

“As for us in Pekin” — here, a dev'l of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that long Man-
darin,

Castlereagh (whom FUM calls the *Confusius* of
Prose),

Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's repose
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's nose.

(*Nota bene* — his Lordship and LIVERPOOL come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother HUM,
CASTLEREAGH a HUM-bug — LIVERPOOL a HUM-
drum.)

The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd CASTLEREAGH,
Saddled HUM in a hurry, and, whip, spur, away,
Through the regions of air, like a Snip on his hobby,
Ne'er paused, till he lighted in St. Stephen's lobby.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

Principibus placuisse viris! — HORAT.

YES, grief will have way — but the fast falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its
close: —

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave; —
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to feed at his
grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died — friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and
sorrow: —

How baliffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
 “ From the finest and best of all other men’s
 powers ; —

“ Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
 “ And could call up its sunshine, or bring down
 its showers ; —

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
 “ Play’d round every subject, and shone as it
 play’d ; —

“ Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
 “ Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ; —

“ Whose eloquence — bright’ning whatever it tried,
 “ Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave, —
 “ Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
 “ As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !”

Yes — such was the man, and so wretched his fate ; —
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the
 Great,
 And expect ’t will return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;*
 Oh, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !

* Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there was found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them. — *History of Poland*.

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN*

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.†

"Ahi, mio BEN!"—METASTASIO.‡

WHAT! BEN, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is *this* the new *go*?—kick a man when he's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him
then—

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—
CHARLEY SHOCK is electrified—BELCHER spits
flame—

And MOLYNEUX—ay, even BLACKY§ cries "shame!"

Time was, when JOHN BULL little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side:
When he found (such his humour' in fighting and
eating)

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating.
But this comes, Master BEN, of your curst foreign
notions, [lotions;

Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace and
Your Noyaus, Curaçoas, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of *Blue Ruin* || is worth the whole lot!)

* A nickname given, at this time, to the Prince Regent.

† Written soon after Bonaparte's transportation to St. Helena.

‡ Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well-known, keeps the most learned company going.

§ Names and nicknames of celebrated pugilists at that time.

|| Gin.

Your great and small *crosses* — (my eyes, what a brood!

A *cross*-buttock from *me* would do some of them good!)

Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,

Of pure English *claret* is left in your *corpus* ;

And (as JIM says) the only one trick, good or bad, Of the Fancy you're up to, is *fibbing*, my lad.

Hence it comes,—BOXIANA, disgrace to thy page!—

Having floor'd, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age, Having conquer'd the *prime one*, that *mill'd* us all round,

You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground! Ay — just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any —

Kick'd him, and jaw'd him, and *lag'd** him to Botany!

Oh, shade of the *Cheesemonger*! † you, who, alas, *Doubled up*, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass, On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes, When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes, Look down upon BEN — see him, *dunghill* all o'er, Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!

Out, cowardly *spooney*! — again and again, By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN.

To *show the white feather* is many men's doom, But, what of *one feather*?—BEN shows a *whole Plume*.

* Transported.

† A Life Guardsman, one of the *Fancy*, who distinguished himself, and was killed in the memorable *set-to* at Waterloo.



THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.

CASTIGLIONE.



THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

THE success, far exceeding my hopes and deserts, with which Lalla Rookh was immediately crowned, relieved me at once from the anxious feeling of responsibility under which that enterprise had been commenced, and which continued for some time to haunt me amidst all the enchantments of my task. I was therefore in the true holyday mood, when a dear friend, with whose name is associated some of the brightest and pleasantest hours of my past life *, kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris. This proposal I, of course, most gladly accepted; and, in the autumn of the year 1817, found myself, for the first time, in that gay capital.

As the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty was still of too recent a date for any amalgamation to have yet taken place between the new and ancient order of things, all the most prominent features of both *régimes* were just then brought, in their fullest relief, into juxtaposition; and, accordingly, the re-

* Mr. Rogers.

sult was such as to suggest to an unconcerned spectator quite as abundant matter for ridicule as for grave political consideration. It would be difficult, indeed, to convey to those who had not themselves seen the Paris of that period, any clear notion of the anomalous aspect, both social and political, which it then presented. It was as if, in the days succeeding the Deluge, a small coterie of antediluvians had been suddenly evoked from out of the deep to take the command of a new and freshly starting world.

To me, the abundant amusement and interest which such a scene could not but afford was a good deal heightened by my having, in my youthful days, been made acquainted with some of those personages who were now most interested in the future success of the Legitimate cause. The Comte D'Artois, or Monsieur, I had met in the year 1802-3, at Donington Park, the seat of the Earl of Moira, under whose princely roof I used often and long, in those days, to find a most hospitable home. A small party of distinguished French emigrants were already staying on a visit in the house when Monsieur and his suite arrived; and among those were the present King of France and his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais.

Some doubt and uneasiness had, I remember, been felt by the two latter brothers, as to the reception they were likely to encounter from the new guest; and as, in those times, a cropped and unpowdered head was regarded generally as a symbol

of Jacobinism, the Comte Beaujolais, who, like many other young men, wore his hair in this fashion, thought it, on the present occasion, most prudent, in order to avoid all risk of offence, not only to put powder in his hair, but also to provide himself with an artificial queue. This measure of precaution, however, led to a slight incident after dinner, which, though not very royal or dignified, was at least creditable to the social good-humour of the future Charles X. On the departure of the ladies from the dining-room, we had hardly seated ourselves in the old-fashioned style, round the fire, when Monsieur, who had happened to place himself next to Beaujolais, caught a glimpse of the ascetic tail,—which, having been rather carelessly put on, had a good deal straggled out of its place. With a sort of scream of jocular pleasure, as if delighted at the discovery, Monsieur seized the stray appendage, and, bringing it round into full view, to the great amusement of the whole company, popped it into poor grinning Beaujolais' mouth.

On one of the evenings of this short visit of Monsieur, I remember Curran arriving unexpectedly, on his way to London; and, having come too late for dinner, he joined our party in the evening. As the foreign portion of the company was then quite new to him, I was able to be useful, by informing him of the names, rank, and other particulars of the party he found assembled, from Monsieur himself down to the old Due de Lorge and the Baron de Rolle.

When I had gone through the whole list, "Ah, poor fellows!" he exclaimed, with a mixture of fun and pathos in his look, truly Irish, "Poor fellows, *all* dismounted cavalry!"

On the last evening of Monsieur's stay, I was made to sing for him, among other songs, "Farewell Bessy!" one of my earliest attempts at musical composition. As soon as I had finished, he paid me the compliment of reading aloud the words as written under the music; and most royal havoc did he make, as to this day I remember, of whatever little sense or metre they could boast.

Among my earlier poetic writings, more than one grateful memorial may be found of the happy days I passed in this hospitable mansion —

Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

But neither verse nor prose could do any justice to the sort of impression I still retain of those long-vanished days. The library at Donington was extensive and valuable; and through the privilege kindly granted to me of retiring thither for study, even when the family were absent, I frequently passed whole weeks alone in that fine library, indulging in all the first airy castle-building of authorship. The various projects, indeed, of future works that used then to pass in fruitless succession through my mind, can be compared only to the waves as described by the poet, —

“And one no sooner touch'd the shore, and died,
Than a new follower rose.”

With that library is also connected another of my earlier poems, — the verses addressed to the Duke of Montpensier on his portrait of the Lady Adelaide Forbes; for it was there that this truly noble lady, then in the first dawn of her beauty, used to sit for that picture; while, in another part of the library, the Duke of Orleans, — engaged generally at that time with a volume of Clarendon, — was by such studies unconsciously preparing himself for the high and arduous destiny, which not only the Good Genius of France, but his own sagacious and intrepid spirit, had marked out for him.

I need hardly say how totally different were all the circumstances under which Monsieur himself and some of his followers were again seen by me in the year 1817; — the same actors, indeed, but with an entirely new change of scenery and decorations. Among the variety of aspects presented by this change, the ridiculous certainly predominated; nor could a satirist who, like Philoctetes, was smitten with a fancy for shooting at geese,* ask any better supply of such game than the high places, in France, at that period, both lay and ecclesiastical, afforded. As I was not versed, however, sufficiently in French politics to venture to meddle with them, even in sport, I found a more ready conductor of laughter — for which

* “Pinnigero, non armigero in corpore tela exercentur:” — the words put by Accius in the mouth of Philoctetes.

I was then much in the mood — in those groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout Paris, and of all whose various forms of cockneyism and nonsense I endeavoured, in the personages of the Fudge Family, to collect the concentrated essence. The result, as usual, fell very far short of what I had myself preconceived and intended. But, making its appearance at such a crisis, the work brought with it that best seasoning of all such *jeux-d'esprit*, the *à-propos* of the moment; and, accordingly, in the race of successive editions, Lalla Rookh was, for some time, kept pace with by Miss Biddy Fudge.

PREFACE.

IN what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. FUDGE'S Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose *Secret Services* in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord CASTLEREAGH, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, THOMAS REYNOLDS, Esq., he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that *Delatorian Cohort*, which Lord SIDMOUTH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. FUDGE, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages. But much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to *him*, Lord SIDMOUTH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of *discoveries* are now most anxiously directed.

I regret much that I have been obliged to omit Mr. BOB FUDGE'S Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, etc., etc.; — but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might

give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. KING wrote a treatise to prove that BENTLEY “was not the author of his own book,” and a similar absurdity has been asserted of *me*, in almost all the best informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post Bag — such as it is — having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favourite author, (he will excuse the pun)

Εγώ δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἀρας
Εδησαμην μετωπω.

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245 Piccadilly, I shall have the honour of assuring them, *in propriâ personâ*, that I am — his, or her,

Very obedient

And very humble Servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

April 17, 1818.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———, OF CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,

The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating

His English resolve not to give a *sou* more,
I sit down to write you a line — only think! —

A letter from France, with French pens and French
ink,

How delightful! though, would you believe it, my
dear?

I have seen nothing yet *very* wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;
And *but* for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might *just* as well be at Clonkilty with you!
In vain, at DESSEIN'S, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, STERNE, and fall reading "The
Monk;"

In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
 And remember the crust and the wallet — alas!
 No monks can be had now for love or for money,
 (All owing, Pa says, to that infidel BOXER;) —
 And, though *one* little Neddy we saw in our drive
 Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa *had* a touch
 Of romance on the pier, which affected me much.
 At the sight of that spot, where our darling DIXHUIT
 Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet,*
 (Modell'd out so exactly, and — God bless the mark!
 'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so *Grand a Monarque*),
 He exclaim'd, “ Oh, mon Roi!” and, with tear-drop-
 ping eye,
 Stood to gaze on the spot — while some Jacobin,
 nigh,
 Mutter'd out with a shrug (what an insolent thing!)
 “ Ma foi, he be right — 'tis de Englishman's King;
 And dat *gros pied de cochon* — begar, me vil say
 Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn'd toder way.”
 There's the pillar, too — Lord! I had nearly forgot —
 What a charming idea! — rais'd close to the spot;
 The mode being now, (as you've heard, I suppose,)
 To build tombs over legs,† and raise pillars to toes.

* To commemorate the landing of Louis le Desiré from England, the impression of his foot is marked out on the pier at Calais, and a pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the spot.

† Ci-git la jambe de, etc. etc.

Whose names — think, how quick ! he already knows
 pat,
A' la braise, petits pâtés, and — what d'ye call that
 They inflict on potatoes ? — oh ! *maitre d'hôtel* —
 I assure you, dear DOLLY, he knows them as well
 As if nothing else all his life he had eat,
 Though a bit of them BOBBY has never touch'd yet ;
 But just knows the names of French dishes and
 cooks,
 As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.

As to Pa, what d'ye think ? — mind, it's all *entre nous*,
 But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you —
 Why, he's writing a book — what ! a tale ? a romance ?
 No, ye Gods, would it were ! — but his Travels in
 France ;
 At the special desire (he let out t'other day)
 Of his great friend and patron, my Lord CASTLE-
 REAGH,
 Who said, “ My dear FUDGE ” — I forget th'
 exact words,
 And, it's strange, no one ever remembers my Lord's ;
 But 'twas something to say that, as all must allow
 A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
 To expound to the world the new — thingummie —
 science, [ance,
 Found out by the — what's-its-name — Holy Alli-
 And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
 Their freedom a joke (which it *is*, you know, DOLLY),

“There’s none,” said his Lordship, “if *I* may be
judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as FUDGE !”

The matter’s soon settled — Pa flies to *the Row*
(The *first* stage your tourists now usually go),
Settles all for his quarto — advertisements, praises —
Starts post from the door, with his tablets — French
phrases — [has
“SCOTT’S VISIT,” of course — in short, ev’ry thing *he*
An author can want, except words and ideas : —
And, lo ! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is PHIL. FUDGE at the front of a Quarto, my dear !

But, bless me, my paper’s near out, so I’d better
Draw fast to a close : — this exceeding long letter
You owe to a *déjeûner à la fourchette*,
Which BOBBY *would* have, and is hard at it yet. —
What’s next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young CONNOR : — they say he’s so like BONAPARTE,
His nose and his chin — which Papa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all
heads
That resemble old NAP’s, and who knows but their
honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor CONNOR’S ?

Au reste (as we say), the young lad’s well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff ;

A third cousin of ours, by the way — poor as Job
 (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma),
 And for charity made private tutor to BOB; —
Entre nous, too, a Papist — how lib'ral of Pa!

This is all, dear, — forgive me for breaking off thus,
 But BOB's *déjeûner*'s done, and Papa's in a fuss.

B. F.

How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
 Just to run in and rummage some milliner's shop;
 And my *début* in Paris, I blush to think on it,
 Must now, DOLL, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
 But Paris, dear Paris! — oh, *there* will be joy,
 And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le
 ROI!*



LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT
 CASTLEREAGH.

Paris.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss
 To date to you a line from this
 "Demoraliz'd" metropolis;
 Where, by plebians low and scurvy,
 The throne was turn'd quite topsy turvy,

* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.

And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
 "Stood prostrate" at the people's feet;
 Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
 The *level* of obedience *slopes*
 Upward and downward, as the *stream*
 Of *hydra* faction *kicks the beam!* *
 Where the poor Palace changes masters
 Quicker than a snake its skin,
 And LOUIS is roll'd out on castors,
 While BONEY's borne on shoulders in: —
 But where, in every change, no doubt,
 One special good your Lordship traces, —
 That 'tis the *Kings* alone turn out,
 The *Ministers* still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount CASTLEREAGH,
 I've thought of thee upon the way,
 As in my *job* (what place could be
 More apt to wake a thought of thee?) —
 Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
 Upon my dicky, (as is fitting
 For him who writes a *Tour*, that he
 May more of men and manners see,)
 I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
 Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!

* This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original. Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. Thus the eloquent Counsellor B——, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said, "He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," etc. etc.

Reflecting how thy fame has grown
 And spread, beyond man's usual share,
 At home, abroad, till thou art known,
 Like Major SEMPLE, everywhere!
 And marv'ling with what pow'rs of breath
 Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
 Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
 Next speech'd to Sovereigns' ears, — and when
 All Sovereigns else were doz'd, at last
 Speech'd down the Sovereign * of Belfast.
 Oh! mid the praises and the trophies
 Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
 Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
 There's *one* thou should'st be chiefly pleas'd
 at —
 That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
 And CASTLEREAGH's the thing now sneez'd at!

But hold, my pen! — a truce to praising —
 Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
 The theme's temptations are amazing;
 But time and ink run short, and now,
 (As *thou* wouldst say, my guide and teacher
 In these gay metaphoric fringes,

* The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast, before whom his Lordship (with the "studium immane loquendi" attributed by Ovid to that chattering and rapacious class of birds, the pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory orations, on his return from the Continent. It was at one of these Irish dinners that his gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health of "The best cavalry officer in Europe — the Regent!"

I must *embark* into the *feature*

On which this letter chiefly *hinges*; —

My Book, the Book that is to prove —

And *will*, (so help ye Sprites above,

That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,

Watching the labours of the FUDGES !)

Will prove that all the world, at present,

Is in a state extremely pleasant ;

That Europe — thanks to royal swords

And bay'nets, and the Duke commanding —

Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,

Passeth all human understanding :

That France prefers her go-cart King

To such a coward seamp as BONEY ;

Though round, with each a leading-string,

There standeth many a Royal crony,

For fear the chubby, tottering thing

Should fall, if left there *loney-poney*; —

That England, too, the more her debts,

The more she spends, the richer gets ;

And that the Irish, grateful nation !

Remember when by *thee* reign'd over,

And bless thee for their flagellation,

As HELOISA did her lover ! — †

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch

Upon the side-board, snug reposes :

* Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's Speeches—
 "And now, Sir, I must embark into the feature on which this
 question chiefly hinges."

† See her Letters.

While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
 And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
 That, as for some few million souls,
 Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
 If half were strangled — Spaniards, Poles,
 And Frenchmen — 't would n't make much odds,
 So Europe's goodly Royal ones
 Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
 So FERDINAND embroiders gaily,
 And LOUIS eats his *salmi*,† daily;
 So time is left to Emperor SANDY
 To be *half* Cæsar and *half* Dandy;
 And GEORGE the REGENT (who'd forget
 That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
 Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
 For dragons after Chinese models,
 And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
 Might come and nine times knock their nod-
 dles! —
 All this my Quarto'll prove — much more
 Than Quarto ever proved before: —
 In reas'ning with the *Post* I'll vie,
 My facts the *Courier* shall supply,

* It would be an edifying thing to write a history of the private amusements of sovereigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabanus, the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-carrying of Aretas, to the petticoat embroidering of Ferdinand, and the patience-play of the Prince Regent!

Οψα τε, οία εδουσι διοτρεφεες βασιλῆες.

HOMER, *Odys.* 3.

My jokes VANSITTART, PEELE my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
On BIDDY's back or BOBBY's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
Who longs to be a small place-holder,
Is — though *I* say 't, that shouldn't say —
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it — *only* one —
To show its spirit, and I've done.

“*Jul. thirty-first.* — Went, after snack,

“To the Cathedral of St. Denny;

“Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,

“And — gave the old Concierge a penny.

“(*Mem.* — Must see *Rheims*, much fam'd, 'tis said,

“For making Kings and gingerbread.)

“Was shown the tomb where lay, so stately,

“A little Bourbon, buried lately,

“Thrice high and puissant, we were told,

“Though only twenty-four hours old! *

“Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins:

“Ye Burdetts, tremble in your skins!

“If Royalty, but aged a day,

“Can boast such high and puissant sway,

“What impious hand its pow'r would fix,

“Full fledg'd and wigg'd † at fifty-six!”

* So described on the coffin: “très-haute et puissante Princesse, âgée d'un jour.”

† There is a fulness and breadth in this portrait of Royalty,

The argument's quite new, you see,
 And proves exactly Q. E. D.
 So now, with duty to the REGENT,
 I am, dear Lord,

Your most obedient,

Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.

Neat lodgings — rather dear for me ;
 But BIDDY said she thought 't would look
 Genteeler thus to date my Book ;
 And BIDDY'S right — besides, it curries
 Some favour with our friends at MURRAY'S,
 Who scorn what any man can say,
 That dates from Rue St. Honoré ! *



LETTER III.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

OH Dick! you may talk of your writing and reading,
 Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like
 feeding ;
 And *this* is the place for it, DICKY, you dog,
 Of all places on earth — the head-quarters of Prog!

which reminds us of what Pliny says, in speaking of Trajan's great qualities: — “nonne longè *loteque* Principem ostentant?”

* See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816, where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having written his book “in a back street of the French capital.”

Talk of England—her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is

A humbug, a flam, to the Carte * at old VÉRY's;
 And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
 A Jury of Tasters, † with woodcocks before 'em?
 Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliaments, fresh every
 year;

But those friends of *short Commons* would never do
 here;

And, let ROMILY speak as he will on the question,
 No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion!

By the by, DICK, *I* fatten—but *n'importe* for that,
 'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always get fat.
 There's the REGENT, there's LOUIS—and BONEY
 tried too,

But, tho' somewhat imperial in paunch, 't wouldn't
 do:— [wed,
 He improv'd, indeed, much in this point, when he
 But he ne'er grew right royally fat *in the head*.

DICK, DICK, what a place is this Paris!—but
 stay—

As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a
 Day,

* The Bill of Fare.—Véry, a well-known Restaurateur.

† Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to assemble at the Hotel of M. Grimod de la Reynière, and of which this modern Archestratus has given an account in his Almanach des Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 78.

As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of *Cocaigne*,*
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for
rain,

And the skaiters in winter show off on *cream-ice* ;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields ;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint ! †
I rise — put on neck-cloth — stiff, tight, as can be —
For a lad who *goes into the world*, DICK, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know — there's
no doubt of it —

Almost as tight as *some lads* who *go out of it*.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold
up
"The mirror to nature" — so bright you could sup

* The fairy-land of cookery and *gourmandise* ; "Pais, où le ciel offre les viandes toutes cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alouettes tombent toutes roties. Du latin, coquere." — *Duchat*.

† The process by which the liver of the unfortunate goose is enlarged, in order to produce that richest of all dainties, the *foie gras*, of which such renowned *pâtés* are made at Strasbourg and Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastronomique* :—
"On déplume l'estomac des oies ; on attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets d'une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu. La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles, une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie," etc. p. 206.

Off the leather like china ; with coat, too, that draws
 On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause !—
 With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
 And stays — devil's in them — too tight for a feeder,
 I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
 Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette*.
 There, DICK, what a breakfast !— oh, not like your
 ghost
 Of a breakfast in England, your crust tea and toast ; *

* Is Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for *tea* renders him liable to a charge of *atheism*? Such, at least, is the opinion cited in *Christian. Falster. Amœnitat. Philolog.*—“*Atheum interpretabatur hominen ad herbâ The aversum.*” He would not, I think, have been so irreverent to this beverage of scholars, if he had read *Peter Petit's* Poem in praise of Tea, addressed to the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraphe which *Pechlinus* wrote for an altar he meant to dedicate to this herb—or the Anacreontics of *Peter Francius*, in which he calls Tea

Θεαν, θεην, θεαιναν.

The following passage from one of these Anacreontics will, I have no doubt, be gratifying to all true Theists.

Θεοις, θεων τε πατρι,
 Εν χρυσειοις σκυφοισι
 Διθοι το νεκταρ 'Ηβη.
 Σε μοι διακονουντο
 Σκυφοις εν μυρρινοισι,
 Τω καλλιει πρεπουσαι
 Καλαις χερεσσι κουραι.

Which may be thus translated:—

Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
 High in heav'n her pectar hold,
 And to Jove's immortal throng
 Pour the tide in cups of gold—

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves
about,

Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One's *paté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's erudite outlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidneys — imagine, DICK — done with
champagne!

Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute — or, may-
hap,

Chambertin,* which you know's the pet tippie of
NAP,

And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stieckler,
Much scruples to taste, but *I'm* not so partie'lar. —
Your coffee comes next, by prescription: and then,
DICK,'s

The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't
I'd swallow ev'n WATKINS', for sake of the end on't,)
A neat glass of *parfait-amour* which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet † tipp'd over one's lips.

This repast being ended, and *paid for* — (how odd!
Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so
queer in't!) —

I'll not envy heaven's Princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
KATE the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohea!

* The favourite wine of Napoleon.

† *Velours en bouteille*.

The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
 And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
 We lounge up the Boulevards, where — oh, DICK,
 the phyzzes,
 The turn-outs, we meet — what a nation of quizzes !
 Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
 With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1. ;
 A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and — noble old soul !
 A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole ;
 Just such as our PRINCE, who nor reason nor fun
 dreads,
 Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.*
 Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
 (Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by) ;
 And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
 In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
 There goes a French Dandy — ah, DICK ! unlike
 some ones
 We've seen about WHITE'S — the Mounseers are but
 rum ones ;
 Such hats! — fit for monkies — I'd back Mrs. DRAPER
 To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper :
 And coats — how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
 They'd club for old BRUMMEL, from Calais, to dress
 'em !

* It was said by Wicquefort, more than a hundred years ago,
 “Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les
 autres Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble.” — What would he say
 now ?

The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
 That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-
 lopping nation,
 To leave there behind them a snug little place
 For the head to drop into, on decapitation.
 In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs —
 What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk
 breeches,
 Old dustmen with swinging great opera-hats,
 And shoeblocks reclining by statues in niches,
 There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards — but hearken! — yes — as
 I'm a sinner,
 The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner:
 So *no* more at present — short time for adorning —
 My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
 Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS'* larder, my boy!
 And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
 Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear BOB!" I'd
 not budge —
 Not a step, DICK, as sure as my name is

R. FUDGE.

* A celebrated restaurateur.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

"RETURN!" — no, never, while the withering hand
 Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
 While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
 Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
 I am proscrib'd, and — like the spot left bare
 In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
 Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there —
 On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
 The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
 No! — let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
 See nought but food for factions and harangues;
 Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
 And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
 † Still let your * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Still hope and suffer, all who can! — but I,
 Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

"They used to leave a yard square of the wall of the house unplastered, on which they write, in large letters, either the fore-mentioned verse of the Psalmist, ('If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,' etc.) or the words — 'The memory of the desolation.'" — *Leo of Modena*.

† I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

But whither? — everywhere the scourge pursues —
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face.
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are serv'd up victims to the vile and few ;
While England, everywhere — the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow —
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

Oh, England! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest
one ;

Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous sway,
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way ; —
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets ;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounc'd, but he doth banquet on thy shame ;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside ;
That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast ; —
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield ; —
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,

Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
 Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
 Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
 That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
 O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
 And fan her into dreams of promis'd good,
 Of hope, of freedom — but to drain her blood!
 If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss [this,
 That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than
 That 't was an Irish head, an Irish heart,
 Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
 That, as the centaur * gave th' infected vest
 In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
 We sent thee CASTLEREAGH: — as heaps of dead
 Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
 So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,
 Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,
 Her worst infections all condens'd in him!

* * * * *

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
 Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
 That shall behold them rise, erect and free
 As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
 When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
 To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
 Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;

Membra et Herculeos toros

Urit lues Nesses. . . .

Ille, ille victor vincitur.

SENEC. *Hercul. Œt.*

Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth ;
 Nor drunken Victory, with a NERO's mirth,
 Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans ; —
 But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
 Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given —
 Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven !

When will this be ? — or, oh ! is it, in truth,
 But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
 In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
 'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things !
 And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
 Be all resigned ? — and are *they* only right,
 Who say this world of thinking souls was made
 To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd
 In scales that, ever since the world begun,
 Have counted millions but as dust to one ?
 Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
 The rights, the freedom to which man was born ?

Who * * * * *
 * * * * *

Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
 Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour ;
 Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
 And take the thundering of his brass for Jove's !
 If *this* be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
 Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
 Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
 Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there ! —
 Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
 Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight

For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
 Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
 The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
 Who, bolder even than He of Sparta's land,
 Against whole millions, panting to be free,
 Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny.
 Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
 Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
 Welcome * * * * *

And, 'stead of ARISTIDES — woe the day
 Such names should mingle! — welcome Castlereagh!

Here break[†] we off, at this unhallow'd name,*
 Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
 My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,

Thoughts that * * * * *
 * * * * * [far

Thoughts that — could patience hold — 't were wiser
 To leave still hid and burning where they are.

* The late Lord C. of Ireland had a curious theory about names; he held that every man with *three* names was a jacobin. His instances in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran, etc. etc. and, in England, he produced as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett Jones, etc. etc.

The Romans called a thief “homo trium literarum.”

Tun' trium literarum homo

Me vituperas? Fur.¹

PLAUTUS, *Aulular.* Act ii. Scene 4.

¹ *Dissaldeus* supposes this word to be *glossema*:—that is, he thinks “Fur” has made his escape from the margin into the text.

LETTER V.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WHAT a time since I wrote! — I'm a sad, naughty
girl —

For, though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl; —

Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum

Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.

But, Lord, such a place! and then, DOLLY, my
dresses,

My gowns, so divine! — there's no language ex-
presses,

Except just *two* words "superbe," "magnifique,"

The trimmings of that which I had home last week.

It is call'd — I forget — *à la* — something which
sounded

Like *alicampane* — but, in truth, I'm confounded

And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's

(BOB'S) cookery language, and Madame LE RO'S :

What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,

Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,

One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,

And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by
rote,

I can scarce tell the diff'rence, at least as to phrase,

Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*. —

But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la Fran-
çaise*,

With my bonnet — so beautiful! — high up and
 poking,
 Like things that are put to keep chimnies from
 smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkies, and sights —
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing trans-
 acting

But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?
 Imprimis, the Opera — mercy, my ears!

Brother BOBBY's remark, t'other night, was a true
 one; —

“This *must* be the music,” said he, “of the *spears*,

“For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run
 through one!”

Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make
 out

'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
 That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
 Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State. —
 What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!

What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would soon be let
 loose of it,

If, when of age, every man in the realm

Had a voice like old LAÏS,* and chose to make use
 of it!

* The oldest, most celebrated, and most noisy of the singers at
 the French Opera.

No — never was known in this riotous sphere
 Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
 So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
 Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
 For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
 And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing — *ah parlez-moi, DOLLY, de ça* —
 There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
 Such beauty — such grace — oh ye sylphs of ro-
 mance!

Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if *she* has
 One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance,
 Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet FANNY BIAS!
 FANNY BIAS in FLORA — dear creature! — you'd
 swear

When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
 That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
 And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
 And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHE dishevels

Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,
 Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
 That hold her and hug her, and keep her from
 heaven?

Then, the music — so softly its cadences die,
 So divinely — oh, DOLLY! between you and I,
 It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
 To make love to me then — *you've* a soul, and can
 judge [FUDGE!
 What a crisis 'twould be for your friend BIDDY

The next place (which BOBBY has near lost his heart in)

They call it the Play-house — I think — of St. Martin ; *

Quite charming — and *very* religious — what folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear DOLLY,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly ; †
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here DANIEL, in pantomime, ‡ bids bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the
Prophet,

In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it ; —

* The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which was built when the Opera House in the Palais Royal was burned down, in 1781. — A few days after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a week, and in which several persons perished, the Parisian *élégantes* displayed flame-coloured dresses, “couleur de feu d'Opéra!” — *Dulaure, Curiosités de Paris.*

† “The Old Testament,” says the theatrical Critic in the Gazette de France, “is a mine of gold for the managers of our small play-houses. A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la Gaïeté every evening to see the Passage of the Red Sea.”

In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-drames at Vienna, we find “The Voice of God, by M. Schwartz.”

‡ A piece very popular last year, called “Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions.” The following scene will give an idea of the daring sublimity of these scriptural pantomimes. “*Scene 20. — La fournaise devient un berceau de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu ‘Jehovah’ au centre d’un cercle de rayons brillans, qui annonce la présence de l’Éternel.*”

Here BÉGRAND,* who shines in this scriptural path,
 As the lovely SUSANNA, without ev'n a relic
 Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath

In a manner that, BOB says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*
 But in short, dear, 't-would take me a month to recite
 All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
 And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
 Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon,† a place where—I doubt
 If its charms I can paint—there are cars, that set
 out

From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air, [where.
 And rattle you down DOLL—you hardly know
 These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
 This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether

You'll venture down *with* him—you smile—'tis
 a match;

In an instant you're seated, and down both together

Go thund'ring, as if you went ^{post} to old scratch! ‡
 Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
 On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,

* Madame Bégrand, a finely formed woman, who acts in
 "Susanna and the Elders,"—"L'Amour et la Folie," etc. etc.

† The Promenades Aériennes, or French Mountains.—See
 a description of this singular and fantastic place of amusement
 in a pamphlet truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel. Médecin,
 Docteur de la Faculté de Paris," etc. etc.

‡ According to Dr. Cotterel the cars go at the rate of forty-
 eight miles an hour.

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and
fright, —

That there came up — imagine, dear DOLL, if you
can —

A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so
oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between ABELARD and old BLUCHER!
Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncovering his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
“Ah! my dear — if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course”— though I scarce under-
stood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set — and though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY, coming
together, —

Yet, spite of the danger, we dar'd it again.
And oh! as I gaz'd on the features and air

Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair

Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens * we saunter'd
about,

Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at
each cracker,

And, when 't was all o'er, the dear man saw us
out

With the air I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me — this Stranger — it may be mere
folly —

But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?

Why, bless you, no less than the great King of
Prussia,

Who's here now incog.† — he, who made such a
fuss, you

Remember, in London, with BLUCHER and PLA-
TOFF,

When SAL was near kissing old BLUCHER'S cravat
off!

Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he us'd under BONEY.)

* In the Café attached to these gardens there are to be (as Doctor Cottarel informs us) "douze nègres, très-alertes, qui con-
trasteront par l'ébène de leur peau avec le teint de lis et de
roses de nos belles. Les glaces et les sorbets, servis par une
main bien noire, fera davantage ressortir l'albâtre des bras
arrondis de celles-ci." — P. 22.

† His majesty, who was at Paris under the travelling name
of Count Ruppin, is known to have gone down the Beaujon very
frequently.

Which suits with our friend, for BOB saw him, he
swore,

Looking sharp to the silver receiv'd at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be
seen)

Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Us'd three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declar'd that such grief
Should — unless 't would to utter despairing its
folly push —

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as BOB says, "like shot through a
holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu ; — only think, DOLLY, think
If this *should* be the King — I have scarce slept a
wink

With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count RUPPIN, to drive away
vapours,

Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss BIDDY
FUDGE.

Nota Bene. — Papa's almost certain 'tis he —
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and could see,
In the way he went poisoning and manag'd to tower
So erect in the car, the true *Balance of Power*.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER TIM FUDGE, ESQ.
BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th receiv'd just now —

Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!

'Tis truly pleasing to see how

We, FUDGES, stand by one another.

But never fear — I know my chap,

And he knows *me* too — *verbum sap.*

My Lord and I are kindred spirits,

Like in our ways as two young ferrets;

Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,

To twist into all sorts of places; —

Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,

Fond of blood and *burrow*-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,

Call'd "Down with Kings, or, Who'd have
thought it?"

Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone, —

Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought it.

And, though some few seditious tricks

I play'd in 95 and 6,

As you remind me in your letter,

His Lordship likes me all the better; —

We proselytes, that come with news full,

Are, as he says, so vastly useful!

REYNOLDS and I— (you know TOM REYNOLDS—

Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—

Lucky the dog that first unkennels

Traitors and Luddites now-a-days ;

Or who can help to *bag* a few,

When SIDMOUTH wants a death or two ;)

REYNOLDS and I, and some few more,

All men, like us, of *information*,

Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,

As *under-saviours* of the nation — *

Have form'd a Club this season, where

His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,

And gives us many a bright oration

In praise of our sublime vocation ;

Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,

Who, though in fable typified as

A royal Ass, by grace divine

And right of ears, most asinine,

Was yet no more, in fact historical,

Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant ;

And these, his *ears*, but allegorical,

Meaning Informers, kept at high rent — †

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.

† This interpretation of the fable of Midas's ears seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann:—“Hâc allegoriâ significatum, Midam, utpote tyrannum, subauscultatores dimittere solitum, per quos, quæcunque per omnem regionem vel fierent, vel dicerentur, cognosceret, nimirum illis utens aurium vice.”

Gem'men, who touched the Treasury glisteners,
Like us, for being trusty listeners ;

And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal MIDAS's Green Bag meant.

“And wherefore,” said this best of Peers,

“Should not the REGENT too have ears,*

“To reach as far, as long and wide as

“Those of his model, good King MIDAS?”

This speech was thought extremely good,

And (rare for him) was understood —

Instant we drank “The REGENT's Ears,”

With three times three illustrious cheers,

Which made the room resound like thunder —

“The REGENT's Ears, and may he ne'er

“From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear

“Old paltry *wigs* to keep them under!” †

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,

Made us as merry all as grigs.

* Brossette, in a note on this line of Boileau,

“Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Ane,”

tells us, that “M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi.” I trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.

† It was not under wigs, but tiaras, that King Midas endeavoured to conceal these appendages: —

Tempora purpureis tentat velare tiaris.

OVID.

The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King Midas, Mr. Liston, and the Prince Regent together.

In short (I'll thank you not to mention
 These things again), we got on gaily ;
 And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
 Our little Club increases daily.
 CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
 Who don't as yet full salary touch,
 Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
 Houses and lands, like TOM and I,
 Of course do 'nt rank with us, *salvators*, *
 But merely serve the Club as waiters.
 Like Knights, too, we've our *collar* days,
 (For us, I own, an awkward phrase,)
 When, in our new costume adorn'd, —
 The REGENT's buff-and-blue coats *turn'd* —
 We have the honour to give dinners
 To the chief Rats in upper stations † ;
 Your W——XS, V——NS, — half fledg'd sinners,
 Who shame us by their imitations ;
 Who turn, 't is true — but what of that ?
 Give me the useful *peaching* Rat ;
 Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
 Whose wooden heads are all they've brought ;
 Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
 But too faint-hearted to betray,
 Are, after all their twists and bends,
 But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.

* Mr. Fudge and his friends ought to go by this name — as the man who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called *Salvator Rosa*.

† This intimacy between the Rats and Informers is just as it should be — “*verè dulce sodalitiùm.*”

No, no, we nobler vermin are
 A *genus* useful as we're rare ;
 'Midst all the things miraculous
 Of which your natural histories brag,
 The rarest must be Rats like us,
 Who *let the cat out of the bag*.
 Yet still these 'Tyros in the cause
 Deserve, I own, no small applause ;
 And they're by us receiv'd and treated
 With all due honours — only seated
 In th' inverse scale of their reward,
 The merely *promis'd* next my Lord ;
 Small pensions then, and so on, down,
 Rat after rat, they graduate
 Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
 To Chanc'lorship and Marquisate.
 This serves to nurse the ratting spirit ;
 The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure ;
 My Lord, you know, 's an amateur * —
 Takes every part with perfect ease,
 Though to the Base by nature suited ;
 And, form'd for all, as best may please,
 For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
 Turns from his victims to his glees,
 And has them both well *executed*. †

* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated music-master, in glee-singing.

† How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would

HERTFORD, who, tho' no Rat himself,
 Delights in all such liberal arts,
 Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
 And superintends the *Corni* parts.
 While CANNING,* who'd be *first* by choice,
 Consents to take an *under* voice ;
 And GRAVES, † who well that signal knows,
 Watches the *Volti Subitos*. ‡

In short, as I've already hinted,
 We take, of late, prodigiously ;
 But as our Club is somewhat stinted
 For *Gentlemen*, like TOM and me,
 We'll take it kind if you'll provide
 A few *Squireens* § from 't other side ;—
 Some of those loyal, cunning elves
 (We often tell the tale with laughter),

have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!

* This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:—

Says Clarinda, “ though tears it may cost,
 It is time we should part, my dear Sue ;
 For *your* character's totally lost,
 And *I* have not sufficient for *two* ! ”

† The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Bed-chamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.

‡ *Turn instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.

§ The Irish diminutive of *Squire*.

Who us'd to hide the pikes themselves,
 Then hang the fools who found them after.
 I doubt not you could find us, too,
 Some Orange Parsons that might do;
 Among the rest, we've heard of one,
 The Reverend — something — HAMILTON,
 Who stuff'd a figure of himself
 (Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
 To bring some Papists to the shelf,
 That couldn't otherwise be got at —
 If *he*'ll but join the Association,
 We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
 This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
 I've gone into this long detail,
 Because I saw your nerves were shaken
 With anxious fears lest I should fail
 In this new, *loyal*, course I've taken.
 But, bless your heart! you need not doubt —
 We, FUDGES, know what we're about.
 Look round, and say if you can see
 A much more thriving family.
 There's JACK, the Doctor — night and day
 Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
 You'd swear that all the rich and gay
 Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
 And while they think, the precious ninnies,
 He's counting o'er their pulse so steady,
 The rogue but counts how many guineas
 He's fobb'd, for that day's work, already.

I'll ne'er forget th' old maid's alarm,
 When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
 Said, as he dropp'd her shrivell'd arm,
 "Damn'd bad this morning — only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
 So gen'rous are, when they call *him* in,
 That he might now retire upon
 The rheumatisms of three old women.
 Then, whatsoe'er your ailments are,
 He can so learnedly explain ye 'em —
 Your cold, of course, is a *catarrh*,
 Your headache is a *hemi-cranium*: —
 His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
 The grace with which, most mild of men,
 He begs them to put out their tongues,
 Then bids them — put them in again:
 In short, there's nothing now like JACK! —
 Take all your doctors great and small,
 Of present times and ages back,
 Dear Doctor FUDGE is worth them all.

So much for physic — then, in law too,
 Counsellor TIM, to thee we bow;
 Not one of us gives more eclat to
 Th' immortal name of FUDGE than thou.
 Not to expatiate on the art
 With which you play'd the patriot's part,
 Till something good and snug should offer; —
 Like one, who, by the way he acts

Th' *enlight'ning* part of candle-snuffer,
 The manager's keen eye attracts,
 And is promoted thence by him
 To strut in robes, like thee, my TIM! —
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
 Thy well fee'd zeal in every case,
 Or wrong or right — but ten times warmer
 (As suits thy calling) in the former —
 Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
 In puzzling all that's clear and right,
 Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
 Improves so with a wig and band on,
 That all thy pride's to waylay Truth,
 And leave her not a leg to stand on.
 Thy patent, prime, morality, —
 Thy cases, cited from the Bible —
 Thy candour, when it falls to thee
 To help in trouncing for a libel; —
 “God knows, I, from my soul, profess
 “To hate all bigots and benighters!
 “God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,
 “The sacred Freedom of the Press,
 “My only aim's to — crush the writers.”
 These are the virtues, TIM, that draw
 The briefs into thy bag so fast;
 And these, oh TIM — if Law be Law —
 Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length —
 But 't was my wish to prove to thee

How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.

And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present —
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of SIDMOUTH and of CASTLEREAGH,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be — FUDGES!

Good-bye — my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for Yours sincerely.



LETTER VII.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

BEFORE we sketch the Present — let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe's strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at length; —
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, *for once*, the cause of Right; —
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice — liberty — repose,

And hop'd the fall of *one* great vulture's nest
 Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
 All then was bright with promise ; — Kings began
 To own a sympathy with suffering Man,
 And Man was grateful ; Patriots of the South
 Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
 And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
 Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there !

Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
 When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
 Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd
 on, —

Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone ;
 That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
 The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid ;
 And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
 Would blush, and deviate into right at last ?
 But no — the hearts, that nursed a hope so fair,
 Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare ;
 Had yet to know, of all earth's ravening things,
 The only *quite* untameable are Kings !
 Scarcely had they met when, to its nature true,
 The instinct of their race broke out anew ;
 Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
 And " Rapine ! rapine ! " was the cry again.
 How quick they carv'd their victims, and how well,
 Let Saxony, let injur'd Genoa tell ; —
 Let all the human stock that, day by day,
 Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away, —

The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
 Were split to fractions,* barter'd, sold, or given
 To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
 And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more.
 How safe the faith of Kings let France decide ; —
 Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried ; —
 Her Press enthrall'd — her Reason mock'd again
 With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain ;
 Her crown disgrac'd by one, who dar'd to own
 He thank'd not France but England for his throne ;
 Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
 Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
 And now return'd beneath her conquerors' shields,
 Unblushing slaves ! to claim her heroes' fields ;
 To tread down every trophy of her fame,
 And curse that glory which to them was shame ! —
 Let these — let all the damning deeds, that then
 Were dar'd through Europe, cry aloud to men,
 With voice like that of erashing ice that rings
 Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings ;
 And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless
 bear
 The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to
 spare

* “ Whilst the Congress was re-constructing Europe — not according to rights, natural affiances, language, habits, or laws ; but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into *souls*, *demi-souls*, and even *fractions*, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes, which could be levied by the acquiring state,” etc. — *Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia*. The words on the protocol are *ames*, *demi-ames*, etc.

The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted.

It could not last — these horrors *could* not last —
France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off — and oh! that then, as now,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matur'd, a cause so proudly bright; —
To palsy patriot arts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name; —
To rush into the lists, mask'd, alone,
And make the stake of *all* the game of *one*!
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of France once more have
blaz'd; —

For every single sword, reluctant rais'd
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgrac'd her shores again.

But fate decreed not so — th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstirr'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring; —
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that
made

His own transgressions whiten in their shade;

Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
 By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more : —
 Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light,
 From steeple on to steeple * wing'd his flight,
 With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
 From which a Royal craven just had flown ;
 And resting there, as in his ærie, furl'd
 Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world !

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
 Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering holiday
 Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
 By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallie earth !
 Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban, —
 "Assassinate, who will — enchain, who can,
 "The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man !"
 "Faithless !" — and this from *you* — from *you*, for-
 sooth,

Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
 Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried ;
 Whose true Swiss zeal had serv'd on every side ;
 Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
 Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
 And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
 Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy !
 Yes — yes — to you alone did it belong
 To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong. —
 The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
 Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state ;

* "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame." — Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba.

But let some upstart dare to soar so high
 In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
 What, though long years of mutual treachery
 Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
 With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;
 Though each by turns was knave and dupe — what
 then?

A Holy League would set all straight again;
 Like JUNO'S virtue, which a dip or two
 In some bless'd fountain made as good as new! *
 Most faithful Russia — faithful to whoe'er
 Could plunder best, and give him amplest share;
 Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends,
 For want of *foes* to rob, made free with *friends*, †
 And, deepening still by amiable gradations,
 When foes were stript of all, then fleec'd relations! ‡
 Most mild and saintly Prussia — steep'd to th' ears
 In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
 And now, with all her harpy wings outspread
 O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
 Pure Austria too — whose hist'ry nought repeats
 But broken leagues and subsidiz'd defeats;
 Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows,
 Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter knows!
 And thou, oh England — who, though once as shy
 As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,

* Singulis annis in quodam Atticæ fonte lota virginitatem recuperâsse fingitur.

† At the Peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory.

‡ The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.

Art now *broke in*, and, thanks to CASTLEREAGH,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits,
Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits;—
Such were the saints, who doom'd NAPOLEON'S
 life,

In virtuous frenzy, to th' assassin's knife.
Disgusting crew! — *who* would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-fac'd tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd them
 most;

From whose affection men should shrink as loath
As from their hate, for they'll be fleec'd by both;
Who, ev'n while plund'ring, forge Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity* to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilishness!

* The usual preamble of these flagitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terrible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

But hold — enough — soon would this swell of rage
 O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page ; —
 So, here I pause — farewell — another day,
 Return we to those Lords of pray'r and prey,
 Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by right divine
 Deserve a lash — oh ! weightier far than mine !



LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON'S * mending
 my stays, —
 Which I *knew* would go smash with me one of these
 days,
 And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to the throttle,
 We lads had begun our dessert with a bottle
 Of neat old Constantia, on *my* leaning back
 Just to order another, by Jove I went crack! —
 Or, as honest TOM said, in his nautical phrase,
 "D—n my eyes, BOB, in *doubling* the *Cape* you've
miss'd stays." †
 So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without
 them,
 They're now at the Schneider's ‡ — and, while he's
 about them,

* An English tailor at Paris.

† A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

‡ The dandy term for a tailor.

Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop.
 Let us see — in my last I was — where did I stop?
 Oh, I know — at the Boulevards, as motley a road as
 Man ever would wish a day's lounging upon;
 With its cafés and gardens, hotels and pagodas,
 Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer in the
 sun:
 With its houses of all architectures you please,
 From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by de-
 grees
 To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
 Where in temples antique you may breakfast or
 dinner it,
 Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret.
 Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bowers,
 Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers,
 Green-grocers, green gardens — one hardly knows
 whether
 'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
 And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
 Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees;
 Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the bar-
 ber's,
 Enjoying their news and *groseille* * in those arbours;

* "Lemonade and *eau-de-groseille* are measured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels jingling with bells to thirsty tradesmen or wearied messengers." — See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, book vi.

As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole
 lineage,
 For aught that *I* care, you may knock them to spi-
 nage ;
 But think, DICK, their Cooks — what a loss to man-
 kind !
 What a void in the world would their art leave be-
 hind !
 Their chronometer spits — their intense salaman-
 ders —
 Their ovens — their pots, that can soften old ganders,
 All vanish'd for ever — their miracles o'er,
 And the *Marmite Perpétuelle** bubbling no more !
 Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies !
 Take whatever ye fancy — take statues, take
 money —
 But leave them, oh leave them, their Perigueux
 pies,
 Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled
 tunny ! †
 Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought
 us,
 Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,

* “ Cette merveilleuse Marmite Perpétuelle, sur le feu depuis près d'un siècle ; qui a donné le jour à plus de 300,000 chapous.” — *Alman. de Gourmands*, Quatrième Année, p. 152.

† Le lion mariné, one of the most favourite and indigestible *hors d'œuvres*. This fish is taken chiefly in the Golfe de Lyon. “ La tête et le dessous du ventre sont les parties les plus recherchées des gourmets.” — *Cours Gastronomique*, p. 252.

Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs? *

You see, DICK, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cat'ra — how generous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day."

Which will take us all night to get through in this
way,)

From the Boulevards we saunter through many a
street,

Crack jokes on the natives — mine, all very neat —
Leave the Signs of the Times to political fops,

And find *twice* as much fun in the Signs of the
Shops; —

Here, a Louis Dix-huit — *there*, a Martinmas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are gone out of
use) —

Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of any: —

St. TONY, who used all temptations to spurn,

Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts in his turn;

While *there* St. VENECIA † sits hemming and frilling
her

Holy *mouchoir* o'er the door of some milliner; —

* The exact number mentioned by M. de la Reynière — "On connoit en France 685 manières différentes d'accommoder les œufs; sans compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour."

† Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handkerchief, is also, under the name of Venisse or Venecia, the tutelary saint of milliners.

Saint AUSTIN's the "outward and visible sign
 "Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of small
 wine;

While St. DENYS hangs out o'er some hatter of *ton*,
 And possessing, good bishop, no head of his own,*
 Takes an int'rest in Daudies, who've got — next to
 none!

Then we stare into shops — read the evening's *af-
 fiches* —

Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should
 wish

Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
 As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, DICK,
 To the *Passage des* — what d'ye call't — *des Pano-
 ramas* †

We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
 Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
 One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.
 We vary, of course — *petits pâtés* do *one* day,
 The *next* we've our lunch with the Gauffrier Hol-
 landais, ‡

That popular artist, who brings out, like SCOTT,
 His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot;

* St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off.
 The *mot* of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—
 "Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n'y a que le premier pas qui
 coute."

† Off the Boulevards Italiens.

‡ In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand,
 so long celebrated for the *moëlleux* of his Gaufres.

Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows, —

Divine *maresquino*, which — Lord, how one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or
 Subscribe a few francs for the price of a *fiacre*,
 And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes,
 Where we find a few twirls in the car of much use
 To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us sinners,
 Who've laps'd into snacks — the perdition of dinners.
 And here, DICK — in answer to one of your queries,
 About which we, Gourmands, have had much
 discussion —

I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and
 Ruggieri's,

And think, for *digestion*,* there's none like the
 Russian;

So equal the motion — so gentle, though fleet —

It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is,

* Doctor Cottrel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them “une médecine aérienne, couleur de rose;” but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own hand-writing, to have studied all these mountains very carefully: —

Memoranda — The Swiss little notice deserves,
 While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
 And (whate'er Doctor Cott'rel may write on the question)
 The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.

I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accenting the second syllable of Ruggieri.

That take whom you please — take old LOUIS DIX-
HUIT,

And stuff him — ay, up to the neck — with stew'd
lampreys,*

So wholesome these Mounts, such a *solvent* I've
found them,

That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them,

The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far away,

And the regicide lampreys † be foiled of their prey!

Such, DICK, are the classical sports that content us,

Till five o' clock brings on that hour so momentous, ‡

* A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.

† They killed Henry I. of England: — “a food (says Hume, gravely,) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution.”

Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always a favourite dish with kings — whether from some congeniality between them and that fish, I know not; but *Dio Cassius* tells us that Pollio fattened his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them. — See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating up his majesty's lamprey, in a note upon *Rabelais*, liv. iii. chap. 2.

‡ Had Mr. Bob's *Dinner* Epistle been inserted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, indeed, for all my “*scientia popinæ*,”¹ I am indebted to a friend in the Dublin University, — whose reading formerly lay in the *magic* line; but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors, “*de re cibariâ*” instead; and has left *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Agrippa* and his little dog *Filiolus*, for *Apicius*, *Nonius*, and that most learned and savoury jesuit, *Bulengerus*.

¹ Seneca.

That epoch — but woa! my lad — here comes the
 Schneider, [wider —
 And, curse him, has made the stays three inches
 Too wide by an inch and a half — what a Guy!
 But, no matter — 't will all be set right by-and-by.
 As we've MASSINOT'S * eloquent *carte* to eat still up,
 An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.
 So — not to lose time, DICK — here goes for the
 task;
Au revoir, my old boy — of the Gods I but ask,
 That my life, like "the Leap of the German," † may
 be,
 "Du lit à la table, d'la table au lit!"



LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ. TO THE LORD VISCOUNT
 CASTLEREAGH.

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day, ^
 "I shall in all my best obey."
 Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!
 And — whatsoe'er some wags may say —
 Oh! not at *all* incomprehensibly.

† A famous Restaurateur — now Dupont.

* An old French saying: — "Faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit."

I feel th' inquiries in your letter

About my health and French most flattering ;
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,

Is, on the whole, but weak and smattering : —
Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare
(A certain Lord we need not name),

Who ev'n in French, would have his trope,
And talk of "*batir un système*

" *Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe !*"

Sweet metaphor ! — and then th' Epistle,
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle, —
That tender letter to " *Mon Prince,*" *

Which show'd alike thy French and sense ; —
Oh no, my Lord — there 's none can do
Or say *un-English* things like you ;
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast,

Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,

What charming Turkish would'st thou speak !
But as for *me*, a Frenchless grub,

At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub

Fall'n Monarchs, out of CHAMBAUD'S grammar—

* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburgh (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favoured of Bonaparte's vassals."

Bless you, you do not, *cannot* know
 How far a little French will go ;
 For all one's stock, one need but draw
 On some half-dozen words like these —
 • *Comme ça — par-là — là-bas — ah ha !*
 They'll take you all through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
 I sent you from my Journal lately,
 (Enveloping a few lac'd caps
 For Lady C.), delight me greatly.
Her flattering speech — “What pretty things
 “One finds in Mr. FUDGE's pages !”
 Is praise which (as some poet sings)
 Would pay one for the toils of ages.

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send
 A few more extracts by a friend ;
 And I should hope they'll be no less
 Approv'd of than my last MS. —
 The former ones, I fear, were creas'd,
 As BIDDY round the caps *would* pin them ;
 But these will come to hand, at least
 Unrumpled, for there's — nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to Lord C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house — saw the man,*

Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
Of Discord here full riot ran,

He, like the rest, was guillotined; —

But that when, under BONEY'S reign,

(A more discreet, though quite as strong one,)

The heads were all restor'd again,

He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.

Accordingly, he still cries out

This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;

And always runs, poor dev'l, about,

Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropt,

And saunter'd home, thought I — ye Gods!

How many heads might thus be swopp'd,

And, after all, not make much odds!

For instance, there's VANSITTART'S head —

(“*Tam carum*” † it may well be said)

If by some curious chance it came

* This extraordinary madman, is, I believe, in the Bicêtre. He imagines, exactly as Mr. Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those who had been guillotined were restored, he by mistake got some other person's instead of his own.

† *Tam cari capitis*. — HORAT.

To settle ON BILL SOAMES'S * shoulders,
 Th' effect would turn out much the same,
 On all respectable cash-holders :
 Except that while, in its *new* socket,
 The head was planning schemes to win
 A *zig-zag* way into one's pocket,
 The hands would plunge *directly* in.

Good Viscount SIDMOUTH, too, instead
 Of his own grave, respected head,
 Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
 Old Lady WILHELMINA FRUMP'S —
 So while the hand sign'd *Circulars*,
 The head might lisp out "What is trumps?" —
 The REGENT'S brains could we transfer
 To some robust man-milliner,
 The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
 Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on ;
 And, *vice versâ*, take the pains
 To give the PRINCE the shopman's brains,
 One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord ;
 And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
 I found myself, before I snor'd,
 Thus chopping, swopping head for head.

* A celebrated pickpocket.

At length I thought, fantastic elf!
 How such a change would suit *myself*.
 'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
 With various pericraniums saddled,
 At last I tried your Lordship's on,
 And then I grew completely addled —
 Forgot all other heads, od rot 'em!
 And slept, and dreamt that I was — BOTTOM.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter BID — was shown
 The House of Commons, and the Throne,
 Whose velvet cushion's just the same *
 NAPOLEON sat on — what a shame!
 Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers,
 When LOUIS seated thus we see,
 That France's "fundamental features"
 Are much the same they us'd to be?
 However, — God preserve the Throne,
 And *cushion* too — and keep them free
 From accidents, which *have* been known
 To happen ev'n to Royalty! †

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium misère apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil: — but may not *new swarms* arise out of the *victims* of Legitimacy yet?

† I am afraid that Mr. Fudge alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor Louis le Désiré, some years since, at one of the Regent's Fêtes. He was sitting next our gracious Queen at the time.

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
 On something at these stalls and shops,
 That does to *quote*, and gives one's Book
 A classical and knowing look. —
 Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
 A course of stalls improves me greatly) —
 'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
 A monarch's *fat*'s a serious matter ;
 And once in every year, at least,
 He's weigh'd — to see if he gets fatter ;*
 Then, if a pound or two he be
 Increas'd, there's quite a jubilee ! †
 Suppose, my Lord — and far from me
 To treat such things with levity —
 But just suppose the REGENT'S weight
 Were made thus an affair of state ;
 And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
 'Stead of a speech, which, all can see, is
 Heavy and dull enough, God knows —
 We were to try how heavy *he* is.

* "The third day of the Feast the King causeth himself to be weighed with great care." — *F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, etc.*

† "I remember," says Bernier, "that all the Omrahs expressed great joy that the King weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding." — Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a *Prince* a joulter head is invaluable." — *Oriental Field Sports.*

Much would it glad all hearts to hear
 That, while the Nation's Revenue
 Loses so many pounds a year,
 The PRINCE, God bless him! *gains* a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
 I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
 But, for the REGENT, my advice is,
 We should throw in much *heavier* things:
 For instance ———'s quarto volumes,
 Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie ST—DD—T's Daily columns,
 "Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
 Letters, that CARTWRIGHT'S * pen indites,
 In which, with logical confusion,
 The *Major* like a *Minor* writes,
 And never comes to a *Conclusion*:—
 Lord SOMERS' pamphlet— or his head—
 (Ah, *that* were worth its weight in lead!)
 Along with which we *in* may whip, sly,
 The Speeches of Sir JOHN COX HIPPISLY;
 That Baronet of many words,
 Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
 To whisper Bishops— and so nigh
 Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
 That you may always know him by
 A patch of powder on his nose!—
 If this wo'n't do, we in must cram
 The "Reasons" of Lord BUCKINGHAM;

* Major Cartwright.

(A Book his Lordship means to write,
 Entitled "Reasons for my Ratting:")
 Or, should these prove too small and light,
 His r——p's a host — we'll bundle *that* in!
 And, *still* should all these masses fail
 To stir the REGENT'S ponderous scale,
 Why then, my Lord, in heaven's name,
 Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
 The whole of R—GL—r's beauteous Dame —
 If *that* wo'n't raise him, devil's in it!

Aug. 31.

Consulted MURPHY'S TACITUS

About those famous spies at Rome,*
 Whom certain Whigs — to make a fuss —
 Describe as much resembling us,†
 Informing gentlemen, at home.
 But, bless the fools, they *can't* be serious,
 To say Lord SIDMOUTH'S like TIBERIUS!
 What! *he*, the Peer, that injures no man,
 Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman! —
 'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
 All sorts of spies — so doth the Peer, too.

* The name of the first worthy who set up the trade of informer at Rome (to whom our Olivers and Castlesses ought to erect a statue) was Romanus Hispo; — "qui formam vitæ iniit, quam postea celebrem miseriæ temporum et audaciæ hominum fecerunt." — TACIT. *Annal.* i. 74.

† They certainly possessed the same art of *instigating* their victims, which the Report of the Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's agents: — "*socius* (says Tacitus of one of them) *libidinum et necessitatum, quo pluribus iudiciis inligaret.*"

'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
 And deal in perj'ry — ditto TIB's.
 'Tis true, the Tyrant screen'd and hid
 His rogues from justice * — ditto SID.
 'Tis true, the Peer is grave and glib
 At moral speeches — ditto TIB.†
 'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
 Were in his dotage — ditto SID.

So far, I own, the parallel
 'Twixt TIB and SID goes vastly well;
 But there are points in TIB that strike
 My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him,
 Of th' India Board — that soul of whim!
 Like him, TIBERIUS lov'd his joke,‡
 On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke
 Upon the wheel — a devilish fair one!
 Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
 Are nothing to such wholesale wits;

* "Neque tamen id Sereno noxæ fuit, *quem odium publicum tutiorem faciebat.* Nam ut quis districtior accusator *velut sacrò-sanctus erat.*" — *Annal.* lib. iv. 36. — Or, as it is translated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy: — "This daring accuser had the curses of the people, and the protection of the Emperor. Informers, in proportion as they rose in guilt, became sacred characters."

† Murphy even confers upon one of his speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr. Fudge might have added to his parallel, that Tiberius was a *good private* character: — "*egregium vitâ famâque quoad privatus.*"

‡ "*Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus.*"

But, let the suff'rer gasp for life,
 The joke is then worth any money ;
 And, if he writhe beneath a knife, —
 Oh dear, that's something *quite* too funny.
 In this respect, my Lord, you see
 The Roman wag and ours agree :
 Now as to *your* resemblance — mum —
 This parallel we need not follow ; *
 Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
 Your Lordship beats TIBERIUS hollow ;
 Whips, chains — but these are things too serious
 For me to mention or discuss ;
 Whene'er your Lordship acts TIBERIUS,
 PHIL. FUDGE'S part is *Tacitus!*

Sept. 2.

Was thinking, had Lord SIDMOUTH got
 Any good decent sort of Plot
 Against the winter-time — if not,
 Alas, alas, our ruin's fated ;
 All done up, and *spificated!* —
 Ministers and all their vassals,
 Down from CASTLEREAGH to CASTLES, —
 Unless we can kick up a riot,
 Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!
 What's to be done? — Spa-Fields was clever ;
 But even *that* brought gibes and mockings

* There is one point of resemblance between Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge *might* have mentioned — "*suspensa semper et obscura verba.*"

Upon our heads — so, *mem.* — must never
 Keep ammunition in old stockings ;
 For fear some wag should in his curst head
 Take it to say our force was *worsted*.
Mem. too — when SID an army raises,
 It must not be “incog.” like *Bayes’s* :
 Nor must the General be a hobbling
 Professor of the art of cobbling ;
 Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
 Should say, with Jacobinic grin,
 He felt, from *soleing Wellingtons*,*
 A *Wellington’s* great soul within !
 Nor must an old Apothecary
 Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
 With (what these wags would call, so merry,)
 Physical force and *phial*-ence !
 No — no — our Plot, my Lord, must be
 Next time contriv’d more skilfully.
 John Bull, I grieve to say is growing
 So troublesomely sharp and knowing,
 So wise — in short, so Jacobin —
 ’Tis monstrous hard to *take him in*.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
 In China, and was sorely nettled ;
 But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o’er
 Till all this matter’s fairly settled ;

* Short boots, so called.

And here 's the mode occurs to *me* : —
 As none of our Nobility,
 Though for their *own* most gracious King
 (They would kiss hands, or — any thing),
 Can be persuaded to go through
 This farce-like trick of the *Ko-tou* ;
 And as these Mandarins *wo'n't* bend,

Without some mumming exhibition,
 Suppose, my Lord, you were to send

GRIMALDI to them on a mission :
 As *Legate*, JOE could play his part,
 And if, in diplomatic art,
 The " *volto sciolto* " * 's meritorious,
 Let JOE but grin, he has it, glorious !
 A *title* for him's easily made ;

And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,
 If I remember right, he play'd

Lord MORLEY in some pantomime ; — †
 As Earl of MORLEY then gazette him,
 If *l'other* Earl of MORLEY 'll let him.
 (And why should not the world be blest
 With *two* such stars, for East and West ?)

* The *open countenance*, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.

† Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was *not* Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of " Lord Morley " in the pantomime, — so much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expostulatory letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. H—rr—s, upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

Then, when before the Yellow Screen

He's brought — and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene

Of JOE in the Celestial Presence! —

He thus should say : — “ Duke Ho and Soo,

“ I'll play what tricks you please for you,

“ If you'll, in turn, but do for me

“ A few small tricks you now shall see.

“ If I consult *your* Emperor's liking,

“ At least you'll do the same for *my* King.”

He then should give them nine such grins,

As would astound ev'n Mandarins ;

And throw such somersets before

The picture of King GEORGE (God bless him !)

As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,

Would, by CONFUCIUS, *much* distress him !

I start this merely as a hint,

But think you'll find some wisdom in't ;

And, should you follow up the job,

My son, my Lord (you *know* poor BOB),

Would in the suite be glad to go

And help his Excellency, JOE ; —

At least, like noble AMHERST'S son,

The lad will do to *practise* on.*

* See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

WELL, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature;
 But *don't* you go laugh, now — there's nothing to
 quiz in 't —

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
 He *might* be a King, DOLL, though, hang him, he
 isn't.

At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
 If for no other cause but to vex Miss MALONE, —
 (The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's
 here,

Showing off with *such* airs, and a real Cashmere,*
 While mine's but a paltry, old rabbit-skin, dear!)

But Pa says, on deeply consid'ring the thing,
 "I am just as well pleas'd it should *not* be the King;
 "As I think for my BIDDY, so *gentille* and *jolie*,

"Whose charms may their price in an *honest* way
 fetch,

"That a Brandenburgh" — (what *is* a Brandenburgh,
 DOLLY?) —

"Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
 "If the REGENT indeed —" added he, looking sly —
 (You remember that comical squint of his eye)

* See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a *shawl* "peau de lapin."

But I stopp'd him with "La, Pa, how *can* you say so,
 "When the REGENT loves none but old women,
 you know!"

Which is fact, my dear DOLLY — we, girls of
 eighteen,

And so slim — Lord, he'd think us not fit to be
 seen ;

And would like us much better as old — ay, as old
 As that Countess of DESMOND, of whom I've been
 told

That she liv'd to much more than a hundred and ten,
 And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry-tree then !

What a frisky old girl ! but — to come to my lover,

Who, though not a King, is a *hero* I'll swear, —
 You shall hear all that's happen'd, just briefly run
 over, [the air !

Since that happy night, when we whisk'd through

Let me see — 't was on Saturday — yes, DOLLY,
 yes —

From that evening I date the first dawn of my bliss ;
 When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
 Whose journey, BOB says, is so like Love and Mar-
 riage,

"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,

"And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly !" *

Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through ;
 And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,

* The cars, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.

With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
 I set out with Papa, to see LOUIS DIX-HUIT
 Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
 Who get up a small concert of shrill *Vive le Roi* —
 And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
 Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of hisses!

The gardens seem'd full — so, of course, we walk'd
 o'er 'em,

'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,
 And daphnes, and vases, and many a statue
 There staring, with not ev'n a stitch on them, at
 you!

The ponds, too, we view'd — stood awhile on the
 brink

To contemplate the play of those pretty gold
 fishes —

“*Live bullion*,” says merciless BOB, “which, I think,
 “Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be de-
 licious!” *

* Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cookery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by such men as *Cicero*, *St. Augustine*, and that jovial bishop, *Venantius Fortunatus*. The pun of the great orator upon the “*jus Verrinum*,” which he calls bad *hog-broth*, from a play upon both the words, is well known; and the Saint's puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into salt are equally ingenious: — “*In salem conversa hominibus fidelibus quoddam præstitit condimentum, quo sapiant aliquid, unde illud caveatur exemplum.*” — *De Civitat. Dei*, lib. xvi. cap. 30. — The jokes of the pious favourite of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop *Venantius*, may be found among his poems, in some lines against a cook who had robbed him. The following is similar to *Cicero's* pun: —

But *what*, DOLLY, what, is the gay orange-grove,
 Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love?
 In vain did I wildly explore every chair
 Where a thing *like* a man was — no lover sate there!
 In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast [past,
 At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went
 To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl, —
 A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
 As the lock that, Pa says, * is to Mussulmen giv'n,
 For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heaven!"
 Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
 And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
 Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "well-a-
 day,"—
 Thought of the words of TOM MOORE'S Irish Mel-
 ody,

Plus *juscella* Coci quam mea *jura* valent.

See his poems, *Corpus Poetar. Latin.* tom. ii. p. 1732. — Of the same kind was *Montmaur's* joke, when a dish was spilt over him — "summum jus, summa injuria;" and the same celebrated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed before him, said, —

Eligi cui dicas, tu mihi *sola* places.

The reader may likewise see, among a good deal of *kitchen* erudition, the learned *Lipsius's* jokes on cutting up a capon in his *Saturnal. Sermon.* lib. ii. cap. 2.

* For this scrap of knowledge "Pa" was, I suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's Ruins; a book which usually forms part of a Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge must have been well acquainted at the time when he wrote his "Down with Kings," etc. The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by this tuft of hair (on the crown of the head), worn by the majority of Mussulmans, that the Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and carry them to Paradise.

Something about the "green spot of delight" *

(Which, you know, Captain MACINTOSH sung to us one day):

Ah DOLLY, *my* "spot" was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had wither'd by
Sunday!

We din'd at a tavern — La, what do I say?

If BOB was to know! — a *Restaurateur's*, dear;

Where your *properest* ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy out of large tumblers, like
beer.

Fine BOB (for he's really grown *super-fine*)

Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,

And in spite of my grief, love, I own I eat hearty.

Indeed, DOLL, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,

I have always found eating a wond'rous relief;

And BOB, who's in love, said he felt the same,
quite —

"My sighs," said he, "ceas'd with the first glass
I drank you; [light,

"The *lamb* made me tranquil, the *puffs* made me

"And — now that all's o'er — why, I'm — pretty
well, thank you!"

* The young lady, whose memory is not very correct, must allude, I think, to the following lines: —

Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which First Love traced;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!

To *my* great annoyance, we sat rather late;
 For BOBBY and Pa had a furious debate
 About singing and cookery — BOBBY, of course,
 Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;*
 And Pa saying, “God only knows which is worst,
 “The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us
 well over it —
 “What with old LAÏS and VÉRY, I’m curst
 “If *my* head or my stomach will ever recover it!”

’T was dark, when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
 And in vain did I look ’mong the street Macaronis,
 When, sudden it struck me — last hope of my soul —
 That some angel might take the dear man to TOR-
 TONI’S! †

We enter’d — and, scarcely had BOB, with an air,
 For a *grappe à la jardinière* call’d to the waiters,
 When, oh DOLL! I saw him — my hero was there
 (For I knew his white small-clothes and brown
 leather gaiters),

* Cookery has been dignified by the researches of a Bacon; (see his *Natural History, Receipts*, etc.) and takes its station as one of the Fine Arts in the following passage of Mr. *Dugald Stewart*: — “Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be relatively pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that *composite beauty*, which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create.” — *Philosophical Essays*.

† A fashionable *café glacier* on the Italian Boulevards.

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er
him,*

And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh DOLLY, these heroes—what creatures they are;

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter!
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,

As when safe at TORTONI'S, o'er ic'd currant
water!

He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—
Join'd by the man I'd havé broken ten necks to see!

BOB wish'd to treat him with Punch *à la glace*,

But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd)

Were, to *him*, “on de top of all Ponch in de world.”—

How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, DOLL,

to me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;

And happier still, when 't was fix'd, ere we parted,

That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,

We all would set off, in French buggies, together,

To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,

Is so famous for cherries and JEAN JACQUES ROUS-
SEAU.

His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather creas'd—

But 't was CALICOT—something—a Colonel, at
least!

* “You eat your ice at Tortoni's,” says Mr. Scott, “under a Grecian group.”

LETTER XI.

FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ———.

YES, 't was a cause, as noble and as great
 As ever hero died to vindicate —
 A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
 And own no power but of the Nation's choice !
 Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
 Hung trembling on NAPOLEON'S single brow ;
 Such the sublime arbitrament, that pour'd,
 In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
 A hallowing light, which never, since the day
 Of his young victories, had illum'd its way !

Oh 't was not then the time for tame debates,
 Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates ;
 When he, who late had fled your Chieftain's eye,
 As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,*
 Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
 Myriads of swords to bind it fast again —
 Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
 Through your best blood his path of vengeance back ;

* See *Ælian*, lib. v. cap. 29. — who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky cackle from betraying them to the eagles — *διαπετονται σιωπωντες*.

When Europe's Kings, that never yet combin'd
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence,) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty! —
No 'twas not *then* the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might —
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
When your Invader's axe was at the *root*!
No sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate —
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,
NAPOLEON, NERO — ay, no matter whom —
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits —
A Conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

True, he was false — despotic — all you please —
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties —
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of *vulgar* Kings,

But rais'd the hopes of men — as eaglets fly
 With tortoises aloft into the sky —
 To dash them down again more shatteringly!
 All this I own — but still * * *
 * * * * * *



LETTER XII.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY ———.

AT last, DOLLY, — thanks to a potent emetic,
 Which BOBBY and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
 Have swallow'd this morning, to balance the bliss,
 Of an eel *matelote* and a *bisque d'ecrevisses* —
 I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
 To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
 How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
 Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
 If that elegant cornet she met at Lord NEVILLE'S
 Was actually dying with love or — blue devils.
 But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme *I* pursue;
 With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have nothing to
 do —

* Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe,) has said, that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and the same sort of reserve I find to be necessary with respect to Mr. Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of unsafe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.

How cruel — young hearts of such moments to rob!
 He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with BOB;
 And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
 That Papa and his comrade agreed but *so-so*.
 For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of BONEY'S —
 Served *with* him of course — nay, I'm sure they
 were cronies.

So martial his features! dear DOLL, you can trace
 Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
 As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,*
 Which the poor Duc DE BERRI must hate so to pass!
 It appears, too, he made — as most foreigners do —
 About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
 For example — misled by the names, I dare say —
 He confounded JACK CASTLES with Lord CASTLE-
 REAGH;

And — sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on —
 Fancied the *present* Lord CAMDEN the *clever* one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade;
 'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
 And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
 Thro' that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
 And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know
 All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES ROUS-
 SEAU! —

“'Twas there,” said he — not that his *words* I can
 state —

'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate; —

* The column in the Place Vendôme.

“Twas here he receiv’d from the fair D’ÉPINAY
 “ (Who call’d him so sweetly *her Bear*,* every day,)
 “ That dear flannel petticoat, pull’d off to form
 “ A waistcoat, to keep the enthusiast warm!” †

Such, DOLL, were the sweet recollections we ponder’d,

As, full of romance, through that valley we wander’d.
 The flannel (one’s train of ideas, how odd it is!)

Led us to talk about other commodities,

Cambrie, and silk, and — I ne’er shall forget,

For the sun was then hast’ning in pomp to its set,

And full on the Colonel’s dark whiskers shone down,

When he ask’d me, with eagerness, — who made my
 gown? [know,

The question confus’d me — for, DOLL, you must

And I *ought* to have told my best friend long ago,

That, by Pa’s strict command, I no longer employ ‡

That enchanting *couturière*, Madame LE ROI;

But am fore’d now to have VICTORINE, who —
 deuce take her! —

It seems is at present, the King’s mantua-maker —

* “ *Mon ours*, voilà votre asyle — et vous, *mon ours*, ne viendrez vous pas aussi?” — etc. etc.

† “ Un jour, qu’il geloit très fort, en ouvrant un paquet qu’elle m’envoyoit, je trouvai un petit jupon de flanelle d’Angleterre, qu’elle me marquoit avoir porté, et dont elle vouloit que je me fisse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu’amical, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût dépouillée pour me vêtir, que, dans mon émotion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et le jupon.”

‡ Miss Bidley’s notions of French pronunciation may be perceived in the rhymes which she always selects for “ *Le Roi*.”

I mean *of his party* — and, though much the smartest,
LE ROI is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.*

Think, DOLL, how confounded I look'd — so well
knowing`

The Colonel's opinions — my cheeks were quite
glowing ;

I stammer'd out something — nay, even half nam'd
The *legitimate* sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
“Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen

“It was made by that Bourbonite b——h, VICTO-
RINE !”

What a word for a hero ! — but heroes *will* err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things *just* as they
were.

Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not *half* so shocking in French.

But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo
us, —

The *nothings* that then, love, are *every thing* to us —
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what BOB calls the “Twopenny-post of the
Eyes” —

Ah, DOLL ! though I *know* you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractis'd these things to explain.

* LE ROI, who was the *Couturière* of the Empress Maria Louisa, is at present, of course, out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station by the Royalist mantua-maker, VICTORINE.

They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
 By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
 Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!

But here I must finish — for BOB, my dear DOLLY,
 Whom physie, I find, always makes melancholy,
 Is seiz'd with a fancy for church-yard reflections;
 And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
 Is just setting off for Montmartre — “for *there* is,”
 Said he, looking solemn, “the tomb of the VÉRYS! *
 “Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
 “O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
 “And to-day — as my stomach is not in good cue
 “For the *flesh* of the VÉRYS — I'll visit their
bones!”

He insists upon *my* going with him — how teasing!
 This letter, however, dear DOLLY, shall lie
 Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if any thing pleasing
 Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you — good-bye.
 B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd for ever —
 I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY, never!
 To think of the wretch — what a victim was I!
 'Tis too much to endure — I shall die, I shall die —

* It is the *brother* of the present excellent Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the tomb concludes with the following words: — “Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux *arts utiles.*”

My brain's in a fever — my pulses beat quick —
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!

Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel — I scarce can commit it to paper —
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!!
'Tis true as I live — I had coax'd brother BOB so,
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so,)
For some little gift on my birthday — September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember —
That BOB to a shop kindly order'd the coach,

(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would
prove,)

To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my
love —

(The most beautiful things — two Napoleons the
price —

And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But — ye Gods, what a phantom! — I thought I
should drop —

There he stood, my dear DOLLY — no room for a
doubt —

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw
him stand,

With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd
out,

And that horrid yard-measure uprais'd in his
hand!

Oh — Papa, all along, knew the secret, 't is clear —
 'T was *a shopman* he meant by a “Brandenburgh,”
 dear!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
 And, when *that* too delightful illusion was past,
 As a hero had worshipp'd — vile, treacherous thing —
 To turn out but a low linen-drapeer at last!
 My head swam around — the wretch smil'd, I believe,
 But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive —
 I fell 'back on BOB — my whole heart seem'd to
 wither —

And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
 I only remember that BOB, as I caught him,
 With cruel facetiousness said, “Curse the Kiddy!
 “A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,
 “But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, BIDDY!”

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be
 known
 To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss MALONE!
 What a story 't will be at Shandangan for ever!
 What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with
 the men! [never
 It will spread through the country — and never, oh,
 Can BIDDY be seen at Kilrandy again!
 Farewell — I shall do something desp'rate, I fear —
 And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
 One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge.
 To her poor — broken-hearted — young friend,
 BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene — I am sure you will hear, with delight,
That we're going, all three, to see BRUNET to-night.
A laugh will revive me — and kind Mr. COX
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box.



FABLES
FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Eripe. Tu Regibus alas
VIRGIL, *Georg.* lib. iv.
— Clip the wings
Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.
DRYDEN'S *Translation*



DEDICATION.

TO LORD BYRON.

DEAR LORD BYRON,

THOUGH this Volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,

Ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

P R E F A C E.

THOUGH it was the wish of the Members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honour of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the “painful præminence” of being employed to transcribe their lucubrations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, etc. etc. — but, as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the “Transactions of the Poco-curante Society,” I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one

of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either "Nancy Dawson" or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be as well also to state, for the information of those critics, who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words "Non curat Hippoclidides," (meaning, in English, "Hippoclidides does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading *dictum* of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

F A B L E I .

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess —
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess —
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,*
Which shone by moonlight — as the tale is —
Like an Aurora Borealis.

* "It is well known that the Empress Anne built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740, which was fifty-two feet in length, and when illuminated had a surprising effect." — PINKERTON.

In this said Palace, furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Giv'n by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy — and design'd
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison'd there,
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet be-prais'd, to dance upon it.
And all were pleas'd, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination —
Admir'd the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.
Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledg'd her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled

To see that goodly company,
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded —
For, lo ! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping,
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling ;
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
Well us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.

Yet still 't was, *who* could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost. —
And now, to an Italian air,
This precious brace would, hand in hand, go ;
Now — while old Louis, from his chair,
Intreated them his toes to spare —
Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
At which they all set to, like mad !
Never were Kings (though small th' expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.
But, ah, that dance — that Spanish dance —
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,

When, glaring red, as 't were a glance
 Shot from an angry Southern sun,
 A light through all the chambers flam'd,
 Astonishing old Father Frost,
 Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,
 "A thaw, by Jove — we're lost, we're lost!
 "Run, France — a second *Waterloo*
 "Is come to drown you — *sauve qui peut!*"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
 In palaces without foundations? —
 Instantly all was in a flow,
 Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations —
 Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,
 Cut out in the resplendent ice —
 Those Eagles, handsomely provided
 With double heads for double dealings —
 How fast the globes and sceptres glided
 Out of their claws on all the ceilings!
 Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
 Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;
 While — just like France herself, when she
 Proclaims how great her naval skill is —
 Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys
 Imagin'd themselves *water-lilies*.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
 But — still more fatal execution —
 The Great Legitimates themselves
 Seem'd in a state of dissolution.

Th' indignant Czar — when just about
To issue a sublime Ukase,
“Whereas all light must be kept out” —
Dissolv'd to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,
Some word, like “Constitution” — long
Congeal'd in frosty silence there —
Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
While Louis, lapsing by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
And smoking *fondus*, quickly grew,
Himself, into a *fondu* too ; —
Or like that goodly King they make
Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass !

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone —
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchis'd bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way —
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,

Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
 'Twas deck'd with all that kingly pride
 Could bring to light its slavery!

Such is my dream — and, I confess,
 I tremble at its awfulness. .
 That Spanish Dance — that southern beam —
 But I say nothing — there's my dream —
 And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
 May make just what she pleases of it.



FABLE II.

THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

PROEM.

WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections
 Rais'd to the throne, 'tis strange to see
 What different and what odd perfections
 Men have requir'd in Royalty.
 Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
 Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight;—
 Some wish'd them tall, some thought your dumpy,
 Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.*

* The Goths had a law to choose always a short, thick man for their King. — MUNSTER, *Cosmog.* lib. iii. p. 164.

The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
 Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head : *
 Th' Egyptians wer' n't at all partic'lar,
 So that their Kings had *not* red hair —
This fault not ev'n the greatest stickler
 For the blood-royal well could bear.
 A thousand more such illustrations
 Might be adduc'd from various nations.
 But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
 Touching th' acquir'd or natural right
 Which some men have to rule their fellows,
 There's one which I shall here recite : —

FABLE.

There was a land — to *name* the place
 Is neither now my wish nor duty —
 Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
 By right of their superior beauty.

What was the cut legitimate
 Of these great persons' chins and noses,
 By right of which they rul'd the state,
 No history I have seen discloses.

* "In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable."

Oriental Field Sports.

But so it was — a settled case —
 Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
 Had voted *them* a beauteous race,
 And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
 Some change it made in visual organs ;
 Your Peers were decent — Knights, so so —
 But all your *common* people, gorgons !

Of course, if any knave but hinted
 That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
 Or that the Queen (God bless her !) squinted —
 The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,
 The people to their King were duteous,
 And took it, on his Royal word,
 That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,
 Was simply this — these island elves
 Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
 And, therefore, did not *know themselves*.

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
 Might strike them as more full of reason,
 More fresh than those in certain places —
 But, Lord, the very thought was treason !

Besides, how'er we love our neighbour,
 And take his face's part, 'tis known
 We ne'er so much in earnest labour,
 As when the face attack'd's our own.

So, on they went — the crowd believing —
 (As crowds well govern'd always do)
 Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving —
 So old the joke, they thought 't was true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
 Must have an end — and so, one day,
 Upon that coast there was a cargo
 Of looking-glasses cast away.

'T was said, some Radicals, somewhere,
 Had laid their wicked heads together,
 And forc'd that ship to founder there, —
 While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight
 Was landed without fees or duties ;
 And from that hour historians date
 The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,
 And grew so common through the land,
 That scarce a tinker could walk out,
 Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
 And night, their constant occupation —
 By dint of looking-glasses, soon,
 They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors
 In all the old, establish'd mazards,
 Prohibited the use of mirrors,
 And tried to break them at all hazards: —

In vain — their laws might just as well
 Have been waste paper on the shelves;
 That fatal freight had broke the spell;
 People had look'd — and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
 Presum'd upon his ancient face,
 (Some calf-head, ugly from all time,
 They popp'd a mirror to his Grace: —

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
 How little Nature holds it true,
 That what is call'd an ancient line,
 Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phizzes,
 Compar'd them proudly with their own,
 And cried, "How *could* such monstrous quizzes
 "In Beauty's name usurp the throne!" —

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
 Upon Cosmetical Economy,
 Which made the King try various looks,
 But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levell'd,
 And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
 That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
 Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length — but here I drop the veil,
 To spare some loyal folks' sensations ; —
 Besides, what follow'd is the tale
 Of all such late enlightened nations ;

Of all to whom old Time discloses
 A truth they should have sooner known —
 That Kings have neither rights nor noses
 A whit diviner than their own.



FABLE III.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass —
 Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
 Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,
 And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'T was like a torch-race — such as they
 Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
 When the fleet youths, in long array,
 Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
 To catch the coming flame in turn ; —
 I saw, from ready hand to hand,
 The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,
 'T was, in itself, a joy to see ; —
 While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
 “ That torch they pass is Liberty ! ”

And, each, as she receiv'd the flame,
 Lighted her altar with its ray ;
 Then, smiling, to the next who came,
 Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine
 Was furnish'd with the fire already,
 COLUMBIA caught the boon divine,
 And lit a flame, like ALBION'S, steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
 And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
 The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
 As she would set the world a-blazing !

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high
 Her altar blaz'd into the air,
 That ALBION, to that fire too nigh,
 Shrunk back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,
 Leap'd at the torch — but, ere the spark
 That fell upon her shrine could stir,
 'Twas quench'd — and all again was dark.

Yet, no — *not* quench'd — a treasure, worth
 So much to mortals, rarely dies :
 Again her living light look'd forth,
 And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next receiv'd the flame? alas,
 Unworthy NAPLES — shame of shames,
 That ever through such hands should pass
 That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
 When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
 Nor waiting ev'n to feel the scorch,
 She dropp'd it to the earth — and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd ;
 But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
 And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,
 Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
 Who thus in song their voices blended: —

“ Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
 “ Divinest gift of Gods to men!
 “ From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
 “ To GREECE thy ray returns again.

“ Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
 “ When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
 “ Till not a shrine through earth be found,
 “ On which thy glories shall not burn!”



FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

PROEM.

OF all that, to the sage's survey,
 This world presents of topsy-turvy,
 There's nought so much disturbs one's patience,
 As little minds in lofty stations.
 'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
 Which slender columns, labouring under
 Enormous arches, give beholders; —
 Or those poor Caryatides,

Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
 With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
 Small minds are *born* into such places —
 If they are there, by Right Divine,
 Or any such sufficient reason,
 Why — Heav'n forbid we should repine! —
 To wish it otherwise were treason;
 Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,
 Would be what lawyers call *misprision*.

Sir ROBERT FILMER saith — and he,
 Of course, knew all about the matter —
 “Both men and beasts lovè Monarchy;”
 Which proves how rational — the *latter*.
 SIDNEY, we know, or wrong or right,
 Entirely differ'd from the Knight:
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle: —
 But this is treasonous, ill-bred,
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
 In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no — it is n't right-line Kings,
 (Those sovereign lords in leading-strings
 Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defenders,)
 That move my wrath — 't is your pretenders,
 Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
 Who — not, like t' others, bores by birth,

Establish'd *gratiâ Dei* blockheads,
 Born with three kingdoms in their pockets —
 Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
 Push up into the loftiest stations,
 And, though too dull to manage shops,
 Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,
 And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.
 While other senseless things appear
 To know the limits of their sphere —
 While not a cow on earth romances
 So much as to conceit she dances —
 While the most jumping frog we know of,
 Would scarce at Astley's hope to show off —
 Your * * *s, your * * *s dare,
 Untrain'd as are their minds, to set them
 To *any* business, *any* where,
 At *any* time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things —
 My business is, just now, with Kings;
 To whom, and to their right-line glory,
 I dedicate the following story.

FABLE.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies ;
 And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,
 They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their
 mummies,
 In so many wrappers, 't was out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings —
 Fond of craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and
 mystery ;
 But blue-bottle flies were their best belov'd things —
 As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
 To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis,)
 Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
 To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
 Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something
 divine ;
 While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a
 halter,
 Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

* According to Ælian, it was in the island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony — *θνειν βοην ταις μυιας*. — *De Animal.* lib. ii. cap. 8.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher —

“If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why

“Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,

“Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?”

“No wonder” — said t'other — “you stare at the sight,

“But *we* as a Symbol of monarchy view it —

“That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,

And that Bullock, the People, that's sacrific'd to it.”



FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

PROEM.

“The moment any religion becomes national, or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them.” — SOAME JENYNS.

THUS did SOAME JENYNS — though a Tory,
 A Lord of Trade and the Plantations;
 Feel how Religion's simple glory
 Is stain'd by State associations.

When CATHERINE, ere she crush'd the Poles,
 Appeal'd to the benign Divinity;
 Then cut them up in protocols,
 Made fractions of their very souls * —
 All in the name of the bless'd Trinity;

* *Ames, demi-amcs, etc.*

Or when her grandson, ALEXANDER,
 That mighty Northern salamander,*
 Whose icy touch, felt all about,
 Puts every fire of Freedom out —
 When he, too, winds up his Ukases
 With God and the Panagia's praises —
 When he, of royal Saints the type,
 In holy water dips the sponge,
 With which, at one imperial wipe,
 He would all human rights expunge;
 When LOUIS (whom as King, and eater,
 Some name *Dix-huit*, and some *Des-huitres*),
 Calls down "St. Louis' God" to witness
 The right, humanity, and fitness
 Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
 Sages, with muskets and lac'd coats,
 To cram instruction, nolens volens,
 Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats —
 I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
 I must, of course, like other men, bow,)
 That when a Christian monarch brings
 Religion's name to gloss these things —
 Such blasphemy out-Benbows Benbow! †

Or — not so far for facts to roam,
 Having a few much nearer home —
 When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,

* The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural coldness and moisture.

† A well-known publisher of irreligious books.

“Must Ireland’s slaves be tith’d, and task’d,
 “And driv’n, like Negroes or Croäts,
 “That *you* may roll in wealth and bliss?”

Look from beneath their shovel hats

With all due pomp, and answer “Yes!”
 But then, if question’d, “Shall the brand
 “Intolerance flings throughout that land,—
 “Shall the fierree strife now taught to grow
 “Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
 “Be ever quench’d?”—from the same shovels
 Look grandly forth, and answer “No.”

Alas, alas! have *these* a claim

To merciful Religion’s name?

If more you seek, go see a bevy

Of bowing parsons at a levee —

(Choosing your time, when straw’s before
 Some apoplectic bishop’s door,)

Then, if thou canst, with life, escape

That rush of lawn, that press of crape,

Just watch their rev’rences and graces,

As on each smirking suitor frisks,

And say, if those round shining faces

To heav’n or earth most turn their disks?

This, this it is — Religion, made,

’Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade —

This most ill-match’d, unholy *Co.*,

From whence the ills we witness flow;

The war of many creeds with one —

Th’ extremes of *too* much faith, and none —

Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
 'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy — the two
 Rank ills with which this age is curst —
 We can no more tell *which* is worst,
 Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
 In various plagues, determine which
 She thought most pestilent and vile,
 Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
 Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
 Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
 Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
 At once benighting and devouring! —

This — this it is — and here I pray
 Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
 Who make us poor, dull authors say,
 Not what we mean, but what they choose;
 Who to our most abundant shares
 Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
 And are to poets just such evils
 As caterpillars find those flies,*
 Which, not content to sting like devils,
 Lay eggs upon their backs likewise —
 To guard against such foul deposits
 Of other's meaning in my rhymes,
 (A thing more needful here, because it's
 A subject, ticklish in these times) —

* "The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals their stings into its body—at every dart they depose an egg."— GOLDSMITH.

I, here, to all such wits make known,
 Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,
 'Tis *this* Religion — this alone —
 I aim at in the following story:—

F A B L E .

When Royalty was young and bold,
 Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become —
 If 'tisn't civil to say *old*,
 At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme* ;

One evening, on some wild pursuit,
 Driving along, he chanc'd to see
 Religion, passing by on foot,
 And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
 The humblest and the best of men,
 Who ne'er had notion or desire
 Of riding in a coach till then.

“I say” — quoth Royalty, who rather
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke —
 “I say, suppose, my good old father,
 “You lend me, for a while, your cloak.”

The Friar consented — little knew
 What tricks the youth had in his head ;

Besides, was rather tempted too
By a lac'd coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scampering like mad about the town ;
Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While nought could they, whose heads were broke,
Learn of the " why " or the " wherefore,"
Except that 't was Religion's cloak
The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd
By the lac'd coat, grew frisky too ;
Look'd big — his former habits spurn'd —
And storm'd about as great men do :

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses —
Said " d—mn you " often, or as bad —
Laid claim to other people's purses —
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
(As Courts must wrangle to decide well),

Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso — should they be
Restor'd, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences —

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to ;
And Royalty to crack his joke, —
But *not* to crack poor people's heads too.



FABLE VI.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

PROEM.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,
The daughter of a learn'd Law Doctor,*
Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,

* Andreas.

She had a curtain drawn before her,
 Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
 Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
 And quite forget their jurisprudence.*
 Just so it is with Truth, when *seen*,
 Too dazzling far, —'t is from behind
 A light, thin allegoric screen,
 She thus can safest teach mankind.

FABLE.

In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,
 A little Lama, one year old —
 Rais'd to the throne, that realm to bless,
 Just when his little Holiness
 Had cut — as near as can be reckon'd —
 Some say his *first* tooth, some his *second*.
 Chronologers and Nurses vary,
 Which proves historians should be wary.
 We only know th' important truth,
 His Majesty *had* cut a tooth.†
 And much his subjects were enchanted, —
 As well all Lamas' subjects *may* be,

* Quand il étoit occupé d'aucune essoine, il envoyoit Nouvelle, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux escholes en charge, et, afin que la biaüité d'elle n'empêchât la pensée des oyants, elle avoit une petite courtine devant elle. — *Christ. de Pisè, Cité des Dames*, p. 11. cap. 36.

† See Turner's Embassy to Thibet for an account of his inter-

And would have giv'n their heads, if wanted,
 To make tee-totums for the baby.
 Thron'd as he was by Right Divine —
 (What Lawyers call *Jure Divino*,
 Meaning a right to yours, and mine,
 And every body's goods and rhino,)
 Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
 Were ready with their aids and succours;
 Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses,
 And the land groan'd with bibs and tuckers.

Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,
 Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
 Ye Gods, what room for long debates
 Upon the Nursery Estimates!
 What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
 And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!
 What calls for papers to expose
 The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!
 But no — if Thibet *had* M. P.'s,
 They were far better bred than these;
 Nor gave the slightest opposition,
 During the Monarch's whole dentition.

But short this calm; — for, just when he
 Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,

view with the Lama. — “Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time eighteen months old. Though he was unable to speak a word, he made the most expressive signs, and conducted himself with astonishing *dignity* and decorum.”

When Royal natures, and, no doubt,
Those of *all* noble beasts break out —
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot ;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whosoe'er came nigh ;
 Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the nose,
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry,
 And trod on the old Generals' toes ;
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
 Rode cock-horse on the City maces,
And shot from little devilish guns,
 Hard peas into his subjects' faces.
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
 And grew so mischievous, God bless him !
That his Chief Nurse — with ev'n the aid
Of an Archbishop — was afraid,
 When in these moods, to comb or dress him.
Nay, ev'n the persons most inclin'd
 Through thick and thin, for Kings to stickle,
Thought him (if they 'd but speak their mind,
 Which they did *not*) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords — a breed
 Of animals they've got in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
 For folks like Pidecock, to exhibit —
Some patriot lords, who saw the length
To which things went, combin'd their strength,

And penn'd a manly, plain and free
 Remonstrance to the Nursery;
 Protesting warmly that they yielded
 To none, that ever went before 'em,
 In loyalty to him who wielded
 Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em;
 That, as for treason, 't was a thing
 That made them almost sick to think of—
 That they and theirs stood by the King,
 Throughout his measles and his chin-cough,
 When others, thinking him consumptive,
 Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive!—
 But, still—though much admiring Kings
 (And chiefly those in leading-strings),
 They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
 There was no longer now the wise
 And constitutional control
 Of *birch* before their ruler's eyes;
 But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
 And freaks occur'd the whole day long,
 As all, but men with bishopricks,
 Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.
 Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
 That Honourable Nursery,
 That such reforms be henceforth made,
 As all good men desir'd to see;—
 In other words (lest they might seem
 Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme
 For putting all such pranks to rest,
 And in its bud the mischief nipping—

They ventur'd humbly to suggest
His Majesty should have a whipping!

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,
Discharg'd into the Gallic trenches,
E'er equall'd the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the Nursery benches.

The Bishops, who of course had votes,
By right of age and petticoats,
Were first and foremost in the fuss —

“What, whip a Lama! suffer birch
“To touch his sacred ——— infamous!

“Deistical! — assailing thus

“The fundamentals of the Church! —

“No — no — such patriot plans as these,

“ (So help them Heaven — and their Sees!)

“They held to be rank blasphemies.”

Th' alarm thus given, by these and other

Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
Spread through the land, till, such a pothor,
Such party squabbles, far and wide,

Never in history's page had been

Recorded, as were then between

The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.

Till, things arriving at a state,

Which gave some fears of revolution,

The patriot lords' advice, though late,

Was put at last in execution.

The Parliament of Thibet met —
 The little Lama, call'd before it,
 Did, then and there, his whipping get,
 And (as the Nursery Gazette
 Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
 Lament that Royal Martyrdom
 (Please to observe, the letter D
 In this last word's pronounc'd like B),
 Yet to th' example of that Prince
 So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
 That her long line of Lamas, since,
 Have all behav'd themselves *much* better.



FABLE VII.

THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
 The natural allies of Courts,
 Woe to the Monarch, who depends
 Too *much* on his red-coated friends;
 For even soldiers sometimes *think* —
 Nay, Colonels have been known to *reason*, —
 And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
 Or red, or blue, are on the brink
 (Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
 As fond of liberty as Mina ;
 Else — woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever
 Once turns into a *Scarletina!*
 For 'then — but hold — 'tis best to veil
 My meaning in the following tale :—

F A B L E .

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,
 Just come into a large estate,
 Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,
 Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
 Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
 In heretic combustion rose.
 But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,
 Do what they will — so, one fine morning,
 He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
 First giving a few kicks for warning.
 Then, thanking heaven most piously,
 He knock'd their Temple to the ground,
 Blessing himself for joy to see
 Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.
 But much it vex'd my Lord to find,
 That, while all else obey'd his will,
 The fire these Ghebers left behind,
 Do what he would, kept burning still.
 Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
 Could scare the bright insurgent down ;

But, no — such fires are headstrong things,
 And care not much for Lords or Kings.
 Scarce could his Lordship well contrive
 The flashes in *one* place to smother,
 Before — hey presto! — all alive,
 They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and damns,
 'T was found the sturdy flame defied him,
 His stewards came, with low *salams*,
 Offering, by *contract*, to provide him
 Some large Extinguishers, (a plan,
 Much us'd, they said, at Ispahan,
 Vienna, Petersburgh — in short,
 Wherever Light's forbid at court,
 Machines no Lord should be without,
 Which would, at once, put promptly out
 All kinds of fires, — from staring, stark
 Volcanos to the tiniest spark;
 Till all things slept as dull and dark,
 As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,
 'T was right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
 Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
 (All of the true Imperial size),
 And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,
 Ready where'er a gleam but shone
 Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
 In trusting to extinguishers !
 One day, when he had left all sure,
 (At least, so thought he) dark, secure —
 The flame, at all its exits, entries,
 Obstructed to his heart's content,
 And black extinguishers, like sentries,
 Plac'd over every dangerous vent —
 Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,
 His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,
 He found not only the old blaze,
 Brisk as before, crackling and burning, —
 Not only new, young conflagrations,
 Popping up round in various stations —
 But still more awful, strange, and dire,
 Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire !!*
 They, they — those trusty, blind machines
 His Lordship had so long been praising,
 As, under Providence, the means
 Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
 Were now, themselves — alas, too true
 The shameful fact — turn'd blazers too,
 And, by a change as odd as cruel,
 Instead of dampers, served for fuel !

* The idea of this Fable was caught from one of those brilliant *mots*, which abound in the conversation of my friend, the author of the "Letters to Julia,"—a production which contains some of the happiest specimens of playful poetry that have appeared in this or any age.

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
 "What," said the great man, "must be
 done?" —

All that, in scrapes like this, is left
 To great men is — to cut and run.
 So run he did; while to their grounds,
 The banish'd Ghebers blest return'd;
 And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,
 And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
 Yet well could they, who lov'd the flame,
 Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim;
 And soon another, fairer Dome
 Arose to be its sacred home,
 Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,
 The living glory dwelt inslirin'd,
 And, shedding lustre strong, but even,
 Though born of earth, grew worthy heav'n

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
 Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
 In trusting to Extinguishers,
 That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VIII.

LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.

THE money rais'd — the army ready —
 Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
 Valiantly braying in the van,
 To the old tune "*Eh, eh, Sire Ane!*" — *
 Nought wanting, but some *coup* dramatic,
 To make French *sentiment* explode,
 Bring in, at once, the *goût* fanatic,
 And make the war "*la dernière mode*" —
 Instantly, at the *Pavillon Marsan*,
 Is held an Ultra consultation —
 What's to be done, to help the farce on?
 What stage-effect, what decoration,
 To make this beautiful France forget,
 In one, grand, glorious *pirouette*,
 All she had sworn to but last week,
 And, with a cry of "*Magnifique!*"
 Rush forth to this, or *any* war,
 Without inquiring once — "What for?"

After some plans proposed by each,
 Lord Chateaubriand made a speech,

* They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely drest, was brought before the altar, and they sung before him this elegant anthem, "*Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane, eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane.*" — WARTON'S *Essay on Pope*.

(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
 Or rather what men's rights *should be*,
 From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,
 And other friends to Liberty,
 Wherein he — having first protested
 'Gainst humouring the mob — suggested
 (As the most high-bred plan he saw
 For giving the new War *éclat*)
 A grand, Baptismal Melo-Drame,
 To be got up at Nôtre Dame,
 In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!
 Had by his *hilt* acquir'd such fame,
 'Twas hop'd that he as little shyness
 Would show, when to *the point* he came,)
 Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
 Be christen'd *Hero*, ere he started;
 With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
 To bear that name — at least in France.
 Himself — the Viscount Chateaubriand —
 (To help th' affair with more *esprit* on)
 Offering, for this baptismal rite,
 Some of his own fam'd Jordan water — *
 (Marie Louise not having quite
 Used all that, for young Nap, he brought her,)
 The baptism, in *this* case, to be
 Applied to that extremity,

* Brought from the river Jordan by M. Chateaubriand, and presented to the French Empress for the christening of young Napoleon.

Which Bourbon heroes most expose ;
 And which (as well all Europe knows)
 Happens to be, in this Defender
 Of the true Faith, extremely tender.*

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme
 Too rash and premature should seem —
 If thus discounting heroes, *on tick* —

 This glory, by anticipation,
 Was too much in the *genre romantique*

 For such a highly classic nation,
 He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians
 A practice had in their dominions,
 Which, if at Paris got up well,
 In full *costume*, was sure to tell.

At all great epochs, good or ill,
 They have, says BRUCE (and BRUCE ne'er
 budes

From the strict truth), a Grand Quadrille

 In public danc'd by the Twelve Judges — †
 And, he assures us, the grimaces,
 The *entre-chats*, the airs and graces
 Of dancers, so profound and stately,
 Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

* See the Duke's celebrated letter to madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, "J'ai le posterieur légèrement endommagé."

† "On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure-dance," etc. — Book v.

“ Now (said the Viscount), there’s but few
 “ Great Empires, where this plan would do :
 “ For instance, England ; — let them take
 “ What pains they would — ’t were vain to
 strive —
 “ The twelve stiff Judges there would make
 “ The worst Quadrille-set now alive.
 “ One must have seen them, ere one could
 “ Imagine properly JUDGE WOOD,
 “ Performing, in his wig, so gaily,
 “ A *queue-de-chat* with JUSTICE BAILEY !
 “ *French* Judges, though, are, by no means,
 “ This sort of stiff, be-wigg’d machines ;
 “ And we, who’ve seen them at *Saumur*,
 “ And *Poitiers* lately, may be sure
 “ They’d dance quadrilles, or any thing,
 “ That would be pleasing to the King —
 “ Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do,
 “ To please the little Duke de Bordeaux ! ”

After these several schemes there came
 Some others — needless now to name,
 Since that, which Monsieur plann’d, himself,
 Soon doom’d all others to the shelf,
 And was receiv’d *par acclamation*,
 As truly worthy the *Grande Nation*.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)
 That LOUIS the Fourteenth, — that glory,

That *Coryphée* of all crown'd pates, —
 That pink of the Legitimates —
 Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he
 Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary
 His marriage deeds, and *cordon bleu*,*
 Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too —
 (An offering which, at Court, 't is thought,
 The Virgin values as she ought) —
 That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,
 The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,
 To watch and tend whose curls ador'd,
 Re-build its towering roof, when flat,
 And round its rumpled base, a Board
 Of sixty Barbers daily sat, † .
 With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,
 Well pension'd from the Civil List: —
 That wondrous Wig, array'd in which,
 And form'd alike to awe or witch,

* "Louis XIV. fit présent à la Vierge de son cordon bleu, que l'on conserve soigneusement, et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage et le *Traité des Pyrenées*, magnifiquement relié." — *Mémoires, Anecdotes pour servir*, etc.

† The learned author of *Recherches Historiques sur les Perruques*, says that the Board consisted but of Forty — the same number as the Academy. "Le plus beau tems des perruques fut celui où Louis XIV. commença à porter, lui-même, perruque; On ignore l'époque où se fit cette révolution; mais on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1656, quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la cour; et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris." — P. 111.

He beat all other heirs of crowns,
 In taking mistresses and towns,
 Requiring but a shot at *one*,
 A smile at *t'other*, and 't was done! —

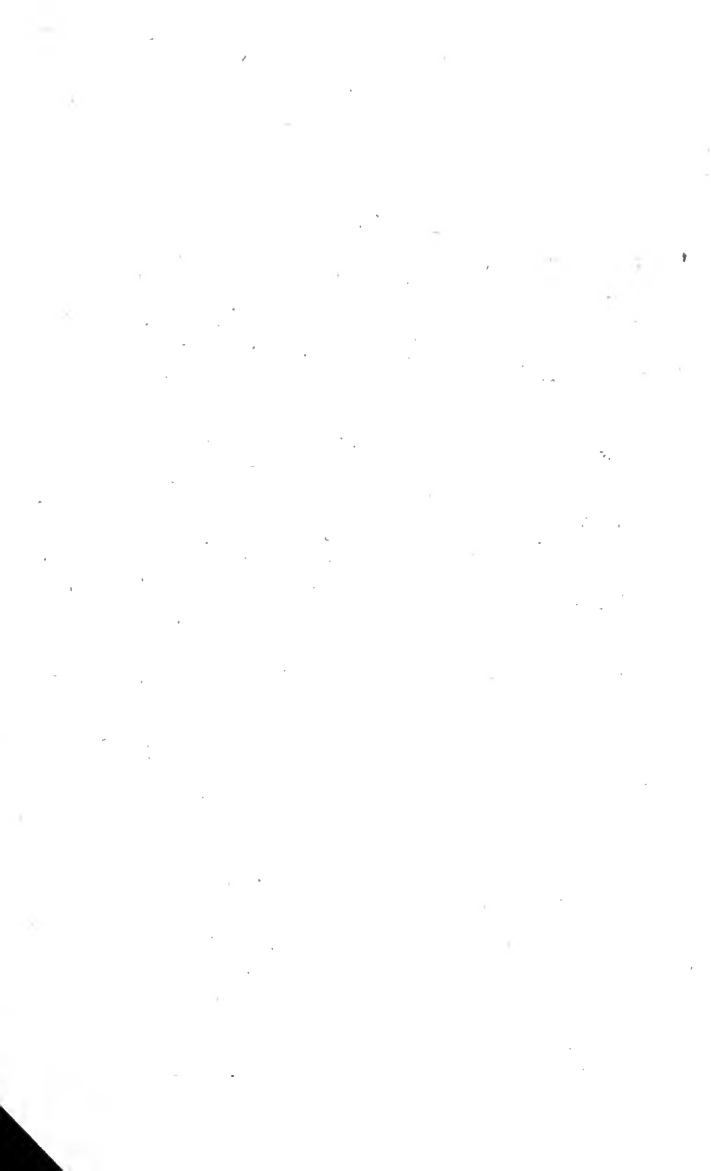
“ That Wig (said Monsieur, while his brow
 Rose proudly,) “ is existing now ; —
 “ That Grand Perruque, amid the fall
 “ Of every other Royal glory,
 “ With curls erect survives them all,
 “ And tells in every hair their story.
 “ Think, think, how welcome at this time
 “ A relic, so belov'd, sublime !
 “ What worthier standard of the Cause
 “ Of Kingly Right can France demand?
 “ Or who among our ranks can pause
 “ To guard it, while a curl shall stand?
 “ Behold, my friends — (while thus he cried,
 A curtain, which conceal'd this pride
 Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)
 “ Behold that grand Perruque — how big
 “ With recollections for the world —
 “ For France — for us — Great LOUIS' Wig
 “ By HIPPOLYTE * new frizz'd and curl'd —
 “ *New frizz'd!* alas, 'tis but too true,
 “ Well may you start at that word *new* —
 “ But such the sacrifice, my friends,
 “ Th' Imperial Cossack recommends ;

* A celebrated *Coiffeur* of the present day.

“ Thinking such small concessions sage,
 “ To meet the spirit of the age,
 “ And do what best that spirit flatters,
 “ In Wigs — if not in weightier matters.
 “ Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show
 “ That *we* too, much-wrong’d Bourbons, know
 “ What liberalism in Monarchs is,
 “ We have conceded the New Friz !
 “ Thus arm’d, ye gallant Ultras, say,
 “ Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray ?
 “ With this proud relic in our van,
 “ And D’ANGOULÊME our worthy leader,
 “ Let rebel Spain do all she can,
 “ Let recreant England arm and feed her, —
 “ Urg’d by that pupil of HUNT’s school,
 “ That radical, Lord LIVERPOOL —
 “ France can have nought to fear — far from it —
 “ When once astounded Europe sees
 “ The Wig of LOUIS, like a Comet,
 “ Streaming above the Pyrenées,
 “ All’s o’er with Spain — then on, my sons,
 “ On, my incomparable Duke,
 “ And, shouting for the Holy Ones,
 “ Cry *Vive la Guerre — et la Perruque !*”







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