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SMITHY RHYMES

AND

STITHY CHIMES;

OR,

"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR,
SPELT BY THE UNLETTERED MUSE,"

OF YOUR HUMBLE BARD,

JOSEPH SENIOR.



SHEFFIELD:

LEADER AND SONS, PRINTERS, BANK STREET.

1882.

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PREFACE

TO

“SMITHY RHYMES AND STITHY CHIMES.”

IT is usual to assign some reason for publishing a book. Various causes induce men to write. Scotland's Bard describes the following motive :—

Some rhyme a ne'bor's name to lash,
Some rhyme (vain thought) for needful cash ;
For me an aim I never fash—
I write for fun.

Another author says :—

Some few in virtue's cause do write,
But these, alas ! get little by it ;
Some write to please—some do't for spite—
But want of *money* makes me write.

No such motives influenced the writing of the pieces contained in this little book. They were simply written to *please myself*. This is a motive which few will blame. No person's reputation has been assailed ; and it is a question whether any person ever passed more than three score years of an active life without making any enemies. My pilgrimage, if not eventful, has been a *striking* one. Many people suppose that the artisans of Sheffield have ever been ready to “ strike,” and that *here*, at any rate, the relations of masters and workmen have been one of chronic antagonism. My own experience disproves this, though essentially a member of a *striking* family—as a reference to our pedigree will show. I cannot trace my ancestry further back than my grandfather. He was a pen and pocket-knife blade forger. His son John was brought up to his own trade. My father, following the example, brought up his own lads to the trade ; and, about sixty years ago, he entered the service of the now justly celebrated firm of Messrs. Joseph Rodgers and Sons.

My brothers (John, Benjamin, Samuel, and myself) as soon as we were able, began to strike with our hammers; and from my father to now there have been four generations of blade-forgers working for old No. 6, Norfolk street, and I do not remember that any of them ever lost a day from a "trade dispute." In addition to the Seniors being forgers, there were (on my mother's side) two generations of Storks forging blades for the same employers.

In the days of my boyhood, there were no school boards and few schools; and it is rather remarkable that the same school-master taught me who had been the teacher of my good old mother.

In his day, and by his labours, he rendered good service to the locality; and, as an old scholar, I revere his memory, and many of the descendants of his old pupils will be interested in the following tribute to his memory. The "Local Register," under the date of January 12th, 1830, says:—"Decease of Mr. John Tomlinson, master of Crookes Endowed School, aged 73. To this school he had been licensed by the Archbishop of York 47 years. He was an upright and conscientious man, highly respected throughout the neighbourhood of Crookes, Hallam, Fulwood, &c., a great part of the inhabitants of which places were educated by him." Let me add to this that he was interred in what was then called Ecclesall Chapel yard, which has now become a fashionable burial-ground. The sacred spot contains no worthier dust than that of my old school-master.

The retrospect of the days of my boyhood is pleasant even now. If not surrounded with affluence, "My Father's Cot" was a home of domestic comfort, and John and Esther Senior were respected by their neighbours and friends, and were considered to be very "farrantly" people; and if their home was a lowly one, it was happy. The maxim of my parents is embodied by the poet in these lines:—

Onward! onward! may we press,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty—
Minds are of celestial birth—
Make we then a heaven on earth.

As already stated, schools were not numerous in Sheffield. The same remark will apply to places of worship, as the "Million Act" had not then been passed. In the whole district there were the chapel of ease (now Ecclesall Church) and the Independent Chapel at Fulwood, likewise a small Wesleyan Chapel, to which my father frequently went, at Ranmoor. The Wesleyans built Ebenezer Chapel, and at that place, notwithstanding the distance, my father and his family occasionally attended. The houses between Spring Hill and Shales Moor were few, and in stormy weather we kept to the highway and past the Infirmary; in fine weather we went across Addy's fields and down Watery lane to the chapel. How, in the days of my boyhood, I stood to admire the rooks building their nests in the trees surrounding Mr. Hoyle's house, in Meadow street! The locality has changed since then; but, as my father would point out, in simple language, that the parent birds would build their nests and tenderly cherish their young broods, and thus fulfil the purposes of their great Creator in a manner which furnished an example to man, who was endowed with nobler faculties. The philosophy of my father was simple and based on observation. He knew that happiness was more equally divided in this world than riches, and he envied not the wealth of others. Crookes and Crookes Moor Side were then in the country—all the inhabitants knew each other—and the names of Wragg, Skelton, Senior, Marshall, and others, are still common in the neighbourhood, and, on the whole, the locality contained an industrious and useful population. At Crookes feast there were pastimes and sports and some dissipation, now less common; "Mischief Night," happening on the eve of our festival, a latitude was allowed which could not be tolerated in these days. It was the desire of both my parents to bring up the family to habits of industry and upright life and morals. I have already mentioned that we went to Ebenezer and Ranmoor Chapels. The old Methodist hymns were sung with a heartiness that charmed me. These I often practised at home on my flute, some of the tunes being special favourites. This probably gave me a taste for rythmical numbers and music. At the Sunday School anniversaries instrumental music oft aided the vocal, and in time I assisted in

this good work. On these occasions our services were given, and great was my reward when I enjoyed the luxury of doing good. I have not, like Goldsmith, "travelled over Europe with my flute;" but it has been a loved companion in my rambles amid the beautiful scenery of our Hallamshire hills and dales. With it I was not solitary, and, with any musical companions, we could forget bad trade and the wants and cares of everyday life. Seated on the rocks above Bell Hagg, breathing the invigorating breezes, listening to the joyous lark

Carolling, like a Persian bard,
Melodious reverence to the fount of day;

or looking across the distant valley, or in the distant sweep of Scholes Coppice and Wentworth, at the time of harvest, I have screwed together my flute, and in the exuberance of my heart have played unconsciously the tune to Watt's words:—

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

After this, in an indescribable calm, memory has called up the sayings of my parents—more especially the experience of the Psalmist in his age, that "he had not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." My trade is favourable to contemplation. Working alone in a little smithy, there is naught to distract the attention; and there is music in the ring of the hammer and anvil readily discerned by a trained ear, and the tune varies with different portions of work. Then, a smith may consider the usefulness of his own handicraft; the sacred page shows the importance of the workers in iron and steel. There was a time "when no smith was found in Israel." And there is the time predicted when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks." These are contemplations of an elevating character. If a man have vocal ability, he may sing "The Village Blacksmith," and draw lessons from his useful life; or, if he is of an antiquarian turn of mind, he may wonder what kind of steel was forged by the "first worker in brass and iron." After cogitating on the subject, he

will, perhaps, with his hammer beat time to the music of Dr. Mackay, to the same theme :—

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The peals of his hammer rung.
 And he lifted high his brawny arm
 On the iron glowing clear,
 And he cried hurrah! for his handiwork
 As he fashioned the sword and spear;
 He cried hurrah! for his handiwork
 As he fashioned the spear and sword;
 Hurrah! for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord.

I have stated already that the pieces were written to please myself. The idea of printing them was not entertained. As they pleased me, they were read to my friends and fellow-workmen; through their importunities some of them, at different times, were printed. The pieces written in the local dialect are in that as it was spoken almost a century ago. The progress of education has caused many words in good repute in my father's day to become obsolete. "The Yule Clog" was dedicated to "T'owd Fooaks at Hooam;" "Hannah Cutler's Admonition to their Jack" was written to describe "Bull Week;" and I cannot now express more clearly why I attempted to write my rhymes than was done in "Owd Shevild Celebrities:"—

From sire to son owd truths to spread,
 Aw've sung this simple strain;
 Should one verse live when I am dead,
 Aw shan't have sung in vain.

If any reader expects to find mine a learned book, replete with classical expressions, he will be disappointed. "Smithy Rhymes and Stithy Chimes" are the results of hours spent before and after work, often interrupted by domestic duties and family cares. Such as they are, they would probably have never been published but for the advice of some of my friends, under the following circumstances:—For some time my health has been failing, and I have felt great concern about my eyesight. Latterly this has been a source of trouble, and has interfered materially with the *quantity* of work I have done; and what pains

me more is, I cannot be confident as to the *quality*. In fact, my eyes have failed so rapidly that my fears are that I shall not be able to work much longer. This calamity has overtaken me while these sheets are being printed. It is under these circumstances that some of my friends advised me to print my labours. This was out of the question, except by subscription. In this a number of my friends have helped me. The list of subscribers has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations; and for the kind manner in which my applications have been received I am very grateful. To the Earl of Wharncliffe, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Mr. C. B. S. Wortley, M.P., J. I. Bingham, Esq., Master Cutler; F. T. Mappin, Esq., M.P., His Worship the Mayor (M. Hunter, Jun., Esq.), and other gentlemen, I am obliged. Amongst the more humble subscribers are those of my own trade and many of my old fellow-workmen, whose kindness I highly appreciate.

It will not be supposed that a poet could live and not *love*. The tender passion just gave my muse its vocal power. The occasion was propitious, and on a fine moonlight night I have told my story with rapturous delight in my first poem in the book. When a man is *touched*, he will sometimes pour out nonsense; and from this I was not exempt. At that time I had not seen a verse written by a fellow poet and musician. I allude to Richard Furness, the author of the "Rag Bag." For the benefit of lovers who wish to describe the charms of the *loved one*, I give the verse from his "Hygeia"—

Her voice was melody itself,
Her steps adorned with grace;
Beauty had modelled well her frame,
And *nature* limned her face.

It has been said that *love* is blind; and if it promotes the happiness of human beings, let us not rudely pull the bandage from her face. It has been already stated that my parents enjoyed the respect of their neighbours; and if these were *poor*, many of them were most worthy. At the sick bed or comforting distress, Alice Platts was a ministering angel, whose worth will be long remembered. Hannah Wilson was another whose good deeds placed her name high amongst the excellent of the earth. Peace

to their ashes. They departed in a ripe old age and left behind them a *good name*, which high authority has said "is better than riches." Crabbe has sung the "Annals of the Poor;" and where they have left us good examples, let us follow them. Although I have not been in a position to give much pecuniary aid to help my fellow man, I have rendered some little services with my flute and my muse on many occasions, however humble they may have been.

I have named several of my most influential subscribers. There are others whom it would be ungrateful to forget. Amongst these is my friend (and late fellow-workman) Mr. John Wilson, to whose help I am indebted, not only for advice freely given, but for a number of additional subscribers. Friends have rendered me considerable service in looking over the proof-sheets and correcting them for the press, to all of whom I tender my warmest thanks.

And now it is nearly time to bring this preface to a conclusion. I hope the book will please those who read it. Few will be offended with what I have written; and I will only add,—Kind readers, sympathising friends, and generous patrons, for your timely aid and support all I have to give in return are *my best thanks* and this little book of miscellaneous jinglings, which I have titled "Smithy Rhymes and Stithy Chimes," which might as well have been called "The Short and Simple Annals of the Poor," spelt by the unletter'd muse of your Smithy Bard,

JOSEPH SENIOR.

Crookes Road, Sheffield, March, 1882.

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SMITHY RHYMES.



No. 1.

BARBARA LEE;
OR, THE OLD MAN'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HAUNTS
OF OTHER DAYS.

In yonder cot beside the Don,
Once dwelt a lassie fair,
Whose heart and mine were nearly one,
In my first ramblings there.

But fate soon rent the sacred knot,
Tho' weeping love stood by ;
She pin'd, and died, and 'twas *my* lot
To breathe a longer sigh.

Tho' vision now thro' sorrow's dew,
Can scarce the spot define,
I feel a longing to re-view
My first love's hallow'd shrine.

So, spite of many a peevish pain,
My fond heart bids me rove
Yon well-known rural haunts again,
And sing my Barbara's love.

My pipe, that's oft in moonlit hours
Communed with Heaven for me,
Has now forgot its witching powers,
And sleeps with Barbara Lee.

I've just come o'er the village green,
Where I met envy's frown
When there I rov'd, with her I lov'd,
To dance the rustics down.

Ah ! that was oft our meeting spot,
And parting spot as well ;
For it was near by Barbara's cot,
The sprucest in the dell.

From thence I paced, with tottering step,
Yon wild rose scented grove ;
Where Barbara Lee first taught to me,
That this rude heart could love.

'Twas many, many years ago,
When hope my soul inspired—
Gave life's red current vigour's glow,
And all my nature fired.

There oft we've danced like nimble fawns,
Our loves and motives one ;
Our ball-room floor yon daisied lawns,
Our toilet glass the Don.

But, ah ! ye happy days and nights,
And your attendant train,
Has worn-out toil no higher rights
Than care, and want, and pain ?

Oft dearly bought with sweat and blood,
 And that celestial prize
 A vigorous health, if this is good,
 My much wronged nature cries,

Lay these old weary bones at rest
 (That creak for want of sap)
 With her I loved the first and best,
 In Mother Nature's lap.

But why should I thus wed despair,
 Since gazing round I see
 The sweetest flow'rs smile sweetest where
 I first met Barbara Lee ?

* * * * *
 When Lady Don laved Wantley's feet,
 And hushed him to repose,
 And amorous zephyrs rush'd to greet
 The blushing woodland rose,

'Tis sung and said, by sages hoar,
 And minstrels, born to charm,
 A Dragon prowled these woods of yore,
 That plundered many a farm ;

When, from yon Hall—then near a moor—
 A stalwart yeoman came
 That slew this tyrant of the poor,
 And won historic fame.

But no such monster prowld the glen
 When Barbara was my care :
 Stern Wharncliffe vied with Eden, when
 Confiding love was there.

Here first I heard the nightingale—
 Love's oldest sonneteer—
 Pouring his heart-throbs o'er the dale,
 To his rapt listening dear.

But, ah! where's now that prince of song—
 And his sweet Barbara fair?
 In Eden's glade or yew-den's shade—
 Ye wood nymphs, tell me where?

There oft I've heard, in early spring,
 These hills and dales among,
 That egotist, the cuckoo, sing
 His name in nature's song.

But yet methinks the sweetest strain
 That ever trilled the air,
 Arose from yonder village plain
 When Barbara Lee was there.

When, from yon little school-house nigh,
 A train in Truth's employ,
 Of white-robed children rent the skies
 With Pentecostal joy.

* * * * *
 Then, spurred by Love's resistless spell—
 And thirst's impetuous flame—
 I sought, and found, a limpid well,
 And hymn'd the donor's name.

I knelt, and drank Heaven's filtered dew
 From fount with mosses hemmed,
 Mosses of brightest emerald hue,
 With liquid diamonds gemmed.

And when retiring from its brink,
Refreshed with nature's boon,
My soul said, " Oh, that I could drink
And quench my thirst as soon."

And then I paced yond hawthorn glade,
On darker scenes to scan ;
To note the churchyard's sombre shade,
And moralise on man.

How soon his joys are marred with pain !
How soon his hopes are foiled !
How soon youth's daisy-dappled plain
Becomes a weedy wild !

A wild where thistles run to seed,
And with this grizzly clan,
Hemlock, and nettles, of the breed
That sting and poison man.

Then, kneeling on a lowly tomb,
Beneath a drooping tree,
I looked to Heaven, and prayed for room
Beside my Barbara Lee.

For room 'neath Nature's counterpane,
And room in Heaven above ;
Oh ! for a passport to that plain
Of liberty and love.

And, as I rose to quit the spot,
A little flower I found—
A little blue forget-me-not,
Adorning virtue's mound.

And to that little floweret there,
Whose garden was a tomb,
I said, "When I forget my fair
May'st thou forget to bloom."

From thence o'er verdant lawns I strayed
Where 'twas a feast to stray,
Where daisies grouped in myriads made
Another milky way ;

Where children of the peasant type,
Oft culled the wealth of spring,
And, to the skylark's pastoral pipe,
Danced round the fairy ring ;

With diadems of Nature's wealth
Upon their sunny brows,
Smiling with gratitude for health,
And all that Heav'n bestows.

Ah! happy they and happy me,
When such a lot was mine ;
From pain, and care, and sorrow free,
And rich without a coin.

I mounted then yon' rustic stile,
But not with half the grace
As when, to win my Barbara's smile,
I leapt from base to base.

That stile—the poet's country seat—
For me seemed well designed ;
For there, while resting weary feet,
I banqueted in mind.

My muse through fancy's eye beheld
A beckoning Angel there,
Whose love said, Come, come pilgrim home,
This wealth of bliss to share.

But when I broke my reverie's chain,
That beckoning form had fled,
And life was dull, cold prose again,
Where every smile was dead.

Yet still to me that stile is dear,
For sake of love refined,
Who urged me, with her latest tear,
To get my passport signed.

If e'er in this terrestrial scene
I've one pure rapture known,
'Twas when I sat with beauty's queen
On that love-hallowed throne ;

When yonder thorn, with honours spread,
As chaste as nature's law,
Had o'er love's throne and footstool shed
A fleece of fragrant snow ;

And yonder birch, now rent with storms,
Reigned there the woodland queen ;
With ivy bracelets on her arms,
And crowned with silvern sheen ;

When nymph and fay, with mystic arms,
That ne'er with labour tire,
On dangling harebells rang alarms
When glow-worms lit their fire.

* * * *

And then I chid my wayward muse
For such a tedious flight :
Yet on she went, till evening dew
Baptised the infant night.

And ere she laid her lute aside,
"Thou tacit tongue," she said,
"Art thou with langour stupified ;
Or with cold torpor dead ?

"Go bid the echoes grace my lay,
And in some tender part
Re-tell who was in manhood's May,
The empress of my heart."

All this I told that bab'ling train—
Obedient to her will—
Who told each accent o'er again,
To many a listening hill.

And then, at Sol's last lingering peep,
As Giles drove home his team,
And Robin sang the day to sleep,
I thus addressed the stream :—

"Roll on, and sing, pathetic Don,
That plaintive dirge for me,
When I am laid, in cypress shade,
At rest with Barbara Lee."

No. 2

THE SMITHY BARD'S POLITICS.

(Written in 1849.)

Some with hearts, with avarice flinted,
Fain would tax the labourer's fare,
But food should not be taxed or stinted,
Unless it be the idler's share.

The honest worker should be fed,
As well as lordling of the soil;
For none's more worthy of his bread
Than he that wins it by his toil.

Come rich and poor and black and white,
Come, join with me in heart and song,
Let's loving sanction what is right,
And loving try to right the wrong.

When rich and poor amalgamate,
Reform's foundation-stone is laid ;
For this great end, ye wise and great,
Be all your energies displayed.

Then noble minds, not noble blood,
Shall be the true nobility ;
And wealth shall be a servant good,
And not a worshipped deity.

Ye that would reform a nation,
Reform yourselves, and then provide
Means for all men's education,
By this you'll gain a glorious stride.

Warriors, free yourselves from treason,
Get your minds with reason stored ;
For a village won by reason
Is worth an empire won by sword.

No. 3.

WAR AND PEACE:

IN TWO CANTOS.

I.

BARD.

O Truth, immortal as the sky,
Man's ever-best authority ;
I'm kneeling at thy limpid well,
Eager my mental thirst to quell :
Man's realm of late hath been the sport
Of War, and War's ungodly court,
Whose storms, blown hot with demon breath,
Have frighten'd Commerce nigh to death,
And made full many a toiler's home
As cheerless as a catacomb.
O tell me who this bane can be,
Her end, aim, use, and pedigree ;
And who's her counsel—custom strong,
Or all the cabinet of wrong ?
Or is she what those pand'ers style
(Who fritter truth for royal smile)
Stern poetry, in action sung,
By hand and heart as well as tongue ?
Or is she like a thunderstorm—
A blessing in an awful form ?
Or is she what some prelates say,
A heav'n-decreed necessity ?
Or is she like some blood-made kings,
The worst of pestilential things ?
And tell me, goddess of my trust,

If king-made war was ever just ?
 And has the soul that governs war,
 By setting heaven and earth ajar,
 Got power, and dares presume to think ;
 Or does it mope on ruin's brink ?
 Or is thy mid-day lamp her guide—
 Or wrath, with Hell-glare vivifi'd,
Her polar star ?

TRUTH.

True bards to me were ever dear,
 So lend my tongue thy list'ning ear :
 Thy simple trust has found a key,
 My amplest stores are ope and free ;
 There Jove a mental feast has thrown
 For thee, down heaven's true telephone :
So take thy fill.

On fiction's harp I never play ;
 My notes are tuned veracity :
 Pow'rs lent me by the powers above
 To counsel ages as they move :
 To preach God's text with soul elate,
 Love, armed with truth, must conquer hate ;
 And speed the day when it shall sing
 All hail, thou universal King,
Whose will is peace !

War sprang of yore from shades below,
 Ateem with all the brood of woe,
 Impregn'd by Pandem's Monarch fell
 To make this world a model hell.
 Ages too long she's plied her trade,

And dire's the havoc that she's made ;
 The grandest cities ever built
 Her ruthless hand, with rage a tilt,
 Hath battered to a costly scrap,
 Where thousands sleep in Ruin's lap,
 A wilderness, where lizards breed,
 And temple shrines are lost in weed :
 A wilderness, where wolf and bear
 Enjoy more peace than Man could there :
 Yet even this carnivorous race,
 By instinct ruled, not reason's grace,
 Have not done half the horrid crimes
 As war for kings in Christian climes.

Go, man, and weep.

This puke of hell her craft begun
 With one apprentice, Adam's Son ;
 But, ah ! since then, it must be told,
 Her trade hath grown a thousandfold ;
 One murder then bred such dismay
 As shocked and soiled futurity,

And all therein.

But now she's wholesale murderess,
 She reaps more praise, I must confess,
 Than Truth or Love ;

Though myriads wish, with souls humane,
 She'd drilled no child of wrath but Cain,
 To dig for blood.

* * * *

Who wrought the first life-stealing shaft ?
 Let bards conjecture in their craft :

Or if 'twas forged by Vulcan's hand
 Ere Jove's dread thunderbolt was planned ;
 Or if 'twas tempered down in Hell,
 And prov'd and labelled " I excel " :
 But let it rust in black discredit
 For first divorcing flesh from Spirit,
 Without a brief.

But stay, I'm breaking reason's bounds,
 By hatching smiles instead of frowns ;
 Away with every genial hue,
 That I may paint this Monster true,
 Whom my shocked soul longs to see
 Man's Gorgon through eternity—
 Black, gnarl'd, and loathsome, gaunt and sear,
 With face too foul for pity's tear :
 A wild, where all the furies rage
 That curse and blight creation's page ;
 Her mouth a yawning gulf obscene,
 Where 'twixt her fangs wide gaps are seen,
 Whence demon stings hiss livid spite,
 Like Meteors shot from Stygian night ;
 Her nostrils two huge culverts foul,
 Whence spleen like lava torrents roll ;
 Her forehead vast with vengeance bow'd,
 A throe-toss'd midnight thunder cloud,
 With iron-hail and sulphur rife,
 And all the alien foes of life ;
 Her eyes two gleaming craters fell,
 Aboil with all the wrath of hell,
 Which lightnings spue, athirst for gore,
 Whilst thunders from her entrails roar,
 Like peals of doom.

O, for each sense disgusting hue,
 From Austerlitz and Waterloo ;
 Nile, Plevna, Kars, and Shipka Pass,
 (Of murder'd worth a horrid mass) ;
 And all the war denouncing train
 Of Ghosts from millions foully slain,
 In Carthage, Athens, Troÿ, and Gaul,
 And where Trafalgar's waters roll ;
 And Balaclava's rugged wilds,
 Where Ruin grins from toppling piles ;
 And Bannockburn and Flodden field,
 Where nought but death made rancour yield ;
 From these bring all the tints of strife
 That I may picture to the life
 This universal monster fell,
 Who loves, ah ! loves, but strange to tell,
 It is to ope the gates of hell,

And let in Man.

O horrors, cull'd from former wars,
 Help me to make this crone of Mars
 Her very self—no puppet mean,
 But hell's imported monster queen ;
 That all who dare defend the right
 May shout, with Love's emphatic might,
 O hie thee back, thou monster sear,
 To thine own dark Tartarean sphere.
 When there, thou universal pest,
 Lest thou should'st kindlier shades molest,
 On speed's electric pinion's fly
 And hide in dark obscurity :
 And make no more God's garden place
 A sulphur-blighted wilderness,

Nor Eden's groves nor Halcyon glades
Woe's dark trunk lines to Stygian shades.

BARD.

O Truth ! thy picture awes my soul ;
For 'tis a mass of all that's foul :
But tell me, with thy sober lips,
What War by way of beverage sips ;
If ever sober, night or day,
Or sot-like, drunk eternally?

O deign to tell.

TRUTH.

War's drink hath been, six thousand years,
Man's choicest blood and woman's tears ;
Tears hot with grief for valour slain,
Or welt'ring on a gory plain :
Tear's hot with grief for lovelings lost,
Design'd to grace a nobler post,
Than bite in death the blushing earth,
And swell the hills of murdered worth ;
Or lie with brothers churn'd to mud,
O'errun with seas of wasted blood—

Earth's foulest bed ;

Where, perhaps, hard by some loved one dies,
With no kind hand to close his eyes,
Unless some fallen warrior's steed,
Spurr'd on by fright to fury's speed,
Should in its wild divergence there,
With rude but sure extinguisher,
Stamp out the taper's flick'ring ray,
So draw the curtains of his day,

For death's dark night.

BARD.

O Truth, though sick of vivid woe,
 There's one thing more I wish to know ;
 Since War hot blood and tears can gulp,
 From goblets wrought of human pulp,
 A sight that would a heathen 'stound,
 Nay, all the fiends by Stygian bound,
 Pray, what's her life-sustaining food—
 Flesh roast, or boiled, or carrion crude ?

O tell me, Truth.

TRUTH.

Not herds of swine, nor flocks of geese,
 But man, Jehovah's master-piece !
 Her greed would make you reel aghast ;
 I've seen her gorge at one repast
 Ten thousand warlike men, and more,
 Then quaff for wine a sea of gore ;
 And not have quell'd her ravings then,
 But smack'd her lips, and carv'd again ;
 Then gulp'd another gory main,
 Reeking from brothers newly slain,
 Till earth mock'd hell with horrid jar !
 Lo, man, and tremble, that is WAR !

PEACE.

II.

If human souls are worth to-day
 The price paid down on Calvary,
 Let not grim war, man's common foe,

Hurl legions, reckless how they go,
 Or where they stay, in bliss or woe,
 So Monarchs smile.

No, take thy sprig of olive green,
 Thou steward of the Nazarene ;
 The Nazarene who deign'd to give
 His life to death, that Peace should live
 In every realm.

So wave for Him thy hallow'd mace
 O'er thrones of pow'r and thrones of grace,
 For it shall ope the gates on high,
 When loud and long *Te Deums* die
 Like heartless prayers.

And wave it as a nation's friend,
 When kings and queens for guidance bend ;
 And wave it in thy Master's name,
 When hirelings sanction sword and flame,
 And brand the olive-branch with shame,
 For place and power.

And wave it as thy mission's right,
 When kneeling Neros pray for might,
 To crush with War's demoniac ban,
 The vital spark of God from man ;
 (A wicked prayer, however giv'n,
 Which must insult impartial Heav'n).
 Wave, O wave thy sceptre then,
 Despite the rage of fiends or men,
 With Gabriel's might.

And wave it, with a hand divine,
 O'er all the cities of the Rhine ;

And o'er yon neighb'ring Gallic strand,
 Where rankling vengeance waits command ;
 And wave it o'er the Spaniard gay,
 And fan his murky night to day ;
 And wave it with a Luther's might,
 Where night-tinged slaves seek purer light ;
 'Twill help to screen them from the fire,
 That's smould'ring yet with sullen ire
In twilight Spain.

And wave it o'er Britannia's crest,
 The storm-trimm'd glory of the west ;
 And wave it o'er her trusty shield,
 That's been in many a sanguine field ;
 The patriot's cheer and tyrant's dread,
 Where Albion's patriarchs nobly bled,
To make us free.

And wave it in our battling marts,
 Where wealth is wrung from bleeding hearts—
 And bid yon out-lock'd hung'ry band
 Revere the statutes of the land ;
 Although 'tis hard to pine and fret,
 'Mid stores that cost their health and sweat,
In tender years.

And 'tis a darker crime, I own,
 To starve a toiler than a drone :
 Ah! though that drone, poor futile thing,
 May reign, the semblance of a king,
O'er half the world.

And wave it o'er yon Golden Horn,
 Of all its healthful music shorn—
 To blate and spue disgusting strains

But with a Christian's loving sway,
 Suggestive of a calmer day ;
 A day when every realm shall sing,
 We own but one, one glorious King,
The Prince of Peace.

In honour of this glorious Prince,
 Tho' Kings and Czars and Sultans wince,
 His own blest emblem wave on high—
 Ah! sweep yon dusky Eastern sky
For such a morn.

Then wave it with a Stanley's might,
 O'er every Hume and Sturge and Bright,
 And every Peace-defending sage,
 In this and every coming age,
 Until millennium's morning star
 With heav'nly smiles shall vanquish War ;
 And shine a hope-inspiring gem
 In that Love-burnished diadem,
 Which Peace shall wear without a fray,
 Throughout that wish'd futurity,
 When every flag that whips the air
 Shall, for its nation's motto, bear
" Good-will to Man."

No. 4.

DERBYSHIRE.

(SUGGESTED BY A TRIP THERETO.)

County, where countless wonders teem !
 Great Nature's God hath given
 To thee a thousand hills that seem
 To prop the floor of Heaven.

And we a band of fond and fair,
 From many a dingy nook,
 Have come to quaff thy limpid air,
 And read Creation's book.

Ye monster-hills, and monster-dales,
 Ancient, yet ever new,
 The poet and the painter fails
 To give you half your due.

"Ye crags and peaks" that guard the dells,
 With majesty sublime,
 You stand like giant sentinels,
 Unwearied out by time.

Since ye first took your stand upon
 Those plinths by Heav'n assign'd,
 Thousands of years have come and gone,
 And myriads of mankind.

Long ere the poet Job was born,
Or Darwin's chattering sire,
The lamp that lit creation's morn,
Tipt you with heavenly fire.

Ages with you are transient days,
But man! true wisdom cries—
Is like a giddy gnat that plays
Its fluttering part, and dies.

Ye tombs and temples of the past,
Chaotic, yet sublime,
Tho' built of atoms, still how vast
And near to Heaven you climb—

Ye Obelisks of oldest date,
Inlaid with emeralds rare,
Your living hieroglyphics state,
Jehovah placed you there.

Long ere yon city spires were plann'd,
To raise their fingers high,
You were the guide-posts of the land,
That pointed to the sky.

Did I possess more burnished skill,
I'd mirror all your forms ;
Because you've done your Master's will
'Mid thrice ten thousand storms.

By shielding many a tender flower,
And many a homeless child,
You've hymn'd your great Creator's power,
Ye monarchs of the wild.

No. 5.

TO THE CHASE.

TUNE—"To the West."

To the Chase, to the Chase, to the fields let's repair,
 When Hallamshire harriers pursue the fleet hare
 From her couch in the brake over meadows and rills,
 Lone, chaos-like valleys and cloud-turban'd hills.
 Hark away, boys, away—for the chorus runs high,
 That old English chorus, the hounds at full cry,
 That rings in the welkin with soul-thrilling grace,
 To banquet with music the sons of the chase.

CHORUS.

To the Chase, to the Chase, to the fields let's repair,
 Where Hallamshire harriers pursue the fleet hare ;
 For there's health in the sport, and who will may
 embrace,
 So away, boys, away to the musical chase.

To the Chase, to the Chase, for young Phœbus behold !
 Is mantling Aurora with purple and gold ;
 To the chase ! sons of toil, and see nature a-smile,
 And learn—man was not made to be crippled by toil ;
 Take field recreation, if *daunch* in your mood ;
 Such med'cine will give you a zest for your food.
 So let us make nature sole guide of our race,
 And seek rosy health in the field of the chase.

CHORUS.

To the Chase, to the Chase, to the fields let's repair,
 Where Hallamshire harriers pursue the fleet hare ;
 For there's health in the sport, and who will may
 embrace,
 So away, boys, away to the musical chase.

To the Chase, to the Chase, for the echoes declare
 Dame Nature's field veterans are chasing the hare—
 The ruddy-faced Nimrods—the brave of the land,
 The lingering descendants of Waltheoff's band—
 The pupils of Sampson, Frost, Russell, and Shaw,
 Whose names shall through history in hunting songs
 flow,
 While the hound and the horn our escutcheon shall
 grace,
 To tell where Diana long cultured the chase.

CHORUS.

To the Chase, to the Chase, to the fields let's repair,
 Where Hallamshire harriers pursue the fleet hare ;
 For there's health in the sport, and who will may
 embrace,
 So away, boys, away to the musical chase.

No. 6.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

Another week of toil is done,
So gratitude and praise
Atune my long neglected lute
To sing the day of days.

A day by Heaven's high will assign'd,
To give the sons of toil
A taste of those celestial joys
That mock e'en time to soil.

Jehovah gave this legacy
Toil's stunted souls to raise ;
For well He knew what we should need
In these Mammonian days.

I'll leave the city's darksome fields
Of riches bought with tears,
For smiling groves, that seem at morn
The gardens of the spheres.

This sacred boon was His bequest
Whose will knows no control,
Whose hand sustains a thousand worlds,
And guides them as they roll.

So, if I brave with health the night,
 I'll bid my couch farewell,
 And greet with grateful heart the morn,
 And try to spend it well.

I'll take my long neglected pipe
 (The pride of other days),
 And help the lark to pierce the skies
 With mingled prayer and praise.

As God, like Phœbus, breaks his fast,
 With dew-bells from the spray,
 And smiling from His eastern throne,
 Adorns the infant day,

Yon hill whose towering summit seems
 To link with Heaven, I'll scale,
 And quaff in all its purity
 The vital morning gale.

While Phœbus tips with orient gold
 Aurora's purple wing,
 The grandeur of a summer's morn
 I'll woo my muse to sing. -

O'er hill and dale in pensive mood
 From flower to flower I'll plod,
 And read in nature's poesy
 The eloquence of God.

But when the sun ascends 'mid heaven,
 To some lone dell I'll stray,
 And sue for inspiration there,
 Wherewith to fire my lay.

For fain I'd have my verse to live
When I'm in shades obscure,
Fit for immortal ears to drink,
In word, as motive, pure.

There, while my muse is peeping through
The azure gates of Heaven,
I'll hymn my gratitude to God
For one day's rest in seven.

But when the feather'd warblers pipe
(Faultless as nature's laws)
Their voluntary symphonies,
I'll bid my muse to pause.

And though I've not King David's lute,
I'll dance with pious glee,
On carpets wove in nature's loom
By God's own hand for me.

With eager grasp, like some lone child
From city court astray,
I'll cull wild flow'rets as they bloom,
For 'tis angelic play.

I'll cull the sweetest scented rose
That blossoms in the dell,
And feast on fragrance like the bee
That revels in its bell.

Oh! how can man with reason hold
An Atheistic creed—
When God's infinitude adorns
E'en Nature's rankest weed?

Though some may frown and others sneer,
Truth bids my muse to chant,
That all is consecrated ground
That ever grew a plant.

So mantled in elysian shades
My synagogue shall stand,
'Mid flowers, those mirrors that reflect
Their Maker's skilful hand.

Although I love those goodly piles
That martyr's blood hath built,
I feel the nearest God and Heaven
On nature's hassock knelt.

So, tho' I'm called the hermit-saint
By custom's thoughtless train,
Yon azure vault shall be my shrine,
The universe my fane.

No. 7.

MY FATHER'S COT.

Paternal love, inspire my muse
To sing " My Father's Cot,"
With all the hallowed ties and dues
That bind me to the spot.

Ye ivy leaves, that ever play
Sweet rustlings when I come,
Breathe your Æolian minstrelsy,
Whilst I sing, " Home, sweet Home."

For fain I'd lisp in nature's key
The throbbings of my soul,
That truth may live in harmony,
Unmarr'd by vulgar brawl.

That reverend patriarch, my sire,
Pondering the Book of Books,
My mother, knitting by the fire,
With poems in her looks,

Make home a picture that will be,
Through life, on memory's scroll,
Sublime with that sublimity
That preacheth to the soul.

Its throne of love and throne of grace
 Make it a hallowed spot—
 And one that memory loves to trace,
 And call, " My Father's Cot."

Can all this prosy world display
 A place so dear as this ?
 Tell them that boast of homes more gay,
 All splendour is not bliss.

Here, 'mongst the rude, some modest grace
 Has it's appointed spot ;
 But idle pomp has not a place
 Within " My Father's Cot."

I've stood between my door and post,
 And with a poet's zest
 Sang, " Monarchs, of your castles boast,
 But here let labour rest."

Your gilded domes I covet not,
 With all their glittering pride ;
 My palace is my natal cot—
 My throne—its fire-side.

Though some, to gain Columbia's strand,
 Have dared the wildest sea,
 A virtuous home in Shakespere's land
 Be e'er the home for me.

Here let me spend life's transient day,
 Without a wish to roam ;
 A child I sang, a man I pray—
 Till Heaven, be this my home.

No. 8.

A SHORT EPISTLE TO LONG-FACED HYPOCRISY.

That's lame religion, and as false as lame,
Which changes naught in man save dress and name ;
And who knows who it damns or who it saves,
When knaves assume it, and continue knaves—
Knaves that can rob, with conscience reconciled,
The dying widow or the orphan child.
If Christians these, to reconcile the odds,
Call Brahmins angels—Pagans, demi-gods !
So say the world, and though you threat with hell,
'Tis not in man a greater truth to tell ;
Hence hirelings, hence, such from all reason swerve,
And mock the God they fain would seem to serve.

No. 9.

THE WHITTLESMITH'S LAMENTATION.

Be silent, my anvil and hammer,
 Whilst Somnus bequeaths me a boon ;
For you've thump'd my ear-drums with your clamour,
 Till my brain 'gins to waltz to your tune.

A wearier bard never sang you,
 Since Vulcan went 'prentice, I'll wage ;
Ten thousand long days I have rang you,
 And all for untimely old age.

I once thought your music was bracing,
 But now 'tis portentous of gloom—
Slow, limping, and dull, like the pacing
 Of weary bones seeking a tomb.

No. 10.

THE YULE CLOG.

It's Chris'mas e'en, ruff, coud, and drear,
 That yule-clog craaning t' fire,
 Brings ta me mind the Chris'mas cheer
 Ov owden Hallamsher ;

When it wor famed for brackin'-leas,
 Hooles, Bradshers, Storkes, and Steels,
 Stif-brawes, thick wot-cakes, an' cheese,
 Bed-gaans and spinin' wheels.

When *dame an mother*, like a psalm,
 Soothed iv'ry matron's ear ;
 While *madam, mistress*, and *ma'am*,
 Made modest virtue sneer.

When t'bellman, t'pinder, t'smith, and t'wreet,
 Titled their worthy dames—
 Betty, Sally, Grace, and Malley—
 Dear Albion's dearest names.

When Jonny, Tommy, Rafe, an' Ben,
 Mark, Jozzey, Steem, and Siah,
 Wer names az fine az need be g'en
 To t'banker or to t'squire.

When hooamly dames, an' better sooarts,
 Don'd raand their goutless limbs
 Warm lincy-woolcy petticoats,
 Not starvin' *swill-tub* rims.

When Jozzy Braan wore buckled shooin,
 An' Grace a scarlet clooak,
 An' daily dined at twelve at nooin,
 An' still were gentle fooak.

Ere gamblin' (England's monster vice)
 'Baght Puddin'-lane' did stoke,
 Pestin wi' prowlin' drooanes an' lice,
 T' Hartshead an' t' Watson walk.

When noa *book-macker* scribbled near
 Beside Montgomery,
 (The bard who wrote, an' sang, an' fought,
 For God an' liberty.)

When bi t' owd churchyard gates wer seen
 A sturdy pair o' stocks,
 Where many a scapegrace pip'd hiz e'en
 When t' vicar shack'd hiz locks.

When Shevild marchants made ther wills
 'Fore they to Lunnon dared,
 (A four days' trip if 't man wi' t' whip
 Owd Boll and Boxer spared.)

When ballad-mackin' Mather² sat
 Astride hiz homblin mare,
 An' chantin' seld, like bard ov eld,
 Hiz tyrant-killin' ware ;

When 'i ahr taan thear did abide
 Ben Holmes an' silly Luke,
 An callos Jes', o' Grenoside,
 Az strong az t' long-arm'd Duke ;

When Jimmy Betney wi' hiz wand—
 I' spite a nation's jeers—
 Led up that gallant, loyal band,
 T' owd Local Volunteers.

When Tommy Hotbread³ quark'd wi' t' ruck
 "Past ten," owd watchman-like,
 Till 't grinders took him for a Duck
 One neet ta th' neighbrin' dike⁴ ;

While he ball'd aght, "yo' scum o' th' taan,
 An' sodden'd dregs o' th' cup,
 Moi word, if yo don't set me daan,
 Man jack AW'LL TAK' YO' UP."

These quarter-wits, o'er many an age,
 Will garnish song an' jest,
 When many a modern *would-be sage*
 Shall i' oblivion rest.

But let's unstring stern satire's bow,
 An' barb wi' luv his darts ;
 Ta neet pure balsam joy should flow
 I' English hooams an' hearts.

It's Chris'mas e'em ! Let's gild wi' mirth
 The moments az they fly ;
 For soa *they* did at ged uz birth
 A hundred years gone by.

Once more a merry neet we'll spend,
 'T will bring ta mind, good woife,
 The sunny face ov many a friend
 That's warm'd the morn o' loife ;

When these owd English Christian wakes
 Browght dainty bits and sups—
 Mull'd ale, pork pies, and somas cakes,^s
 Owd friends, and wassill cups.

* * * *

But, hark ! Some tinklin' music swells,
 An' dees i' th' grumblin' storm ;
 Beleddy, dame, it's t' owd church bells
 Chantin' their vesper psalm,

Wi' pratlin tongues and blithesome lungs—
 I' spite ov Europe's rage—
 They've hymn'd owd Albion's victories
 O'er many a stormy age ;

An' their ding-dongs, like Dibden's songs,
 Have oft made fond hearts burn ;
 An' many a woife an' mother hope
 A hero's safe return.

* * * *

Like snow thah's made uz t' harston, Lass,
 (Az white, but not az coud,)
 An' t' candlestiks 'at's nobbut brass
 Ta shine az breet az gowd.

For hob-nail'd shoon, clog'd thick wi' snow,
 We'll carpit t' floor wi' sand,
 An lig i' th' porch a wisp o' straw,
 Weel warp'd an' woof'd wi' band.

Some ollen twigs, wi' berries on,
 Aw've brought throo t' ollen lane ;
 Trim t' delf-case weel, an' aw'll put one
 I' ivery winder pane.

To th' bauk we'll hing sum misseltoe,
 That natur's gravest kin
 May romp an' stayle a kiss or two,
 An' not be charg'd wi' sin.

T' potside looks grand, check'd red an' white,
 For sartainlee aw think
 Could ahr Queen see 't, while it's so breet,
 Her royal e'en 'ud blink ;

I' that new Christmas suit it vies
 Wi' some that once were gay,
 For, spite o' caste, when life is past
 Kings aren't the best o' clay.

I' them tin-things me portrait hings,
 'Thaght smile or wrinkle hid ;
 An' 't Queen could see to don hursen
 By t' dullist sausepan lid.

Thus labour wields a magic wand,
 Az wond'rous az divine,
 For 't maks, when mixed wi' cally-sand,
 E'en tin, like silver, shine.

T' owd corner cubbord's face thah must
 Have fettled, Dame, aw ween,
 Wi' labour's breetest dimond dust,
 It shines so dazlin' sheen.

It's wood was p'r'aps an ackron young,
 On some near neighb'r'in tree,
 When t' walls o' th' Manor castle rung
 Wi' wild baronial glee ;

Or praps the bough on which it grew
 Arch'd o'er some forrest glade,
 Where Robin Hood's wild awtlaw crew
 Ther wildest anticks played.

Or praps 'twas up it's parent tree
 Where royal Charles did hide,
 When bloodhounds, slipped bi anarchy,
 Panted for regicide.

But, stop ! I' that deep, boundless sea,
 Where many a jingler thrives,
 (The sea ov ancient history,)
 Me muse but seldom dives.

Soa pr'ythee, Betty, rayke me daan
 Mi silver-girdled horn,
 An' don it wi' the sparklin craan
 Ov king John Barleycorn.

This custom, wi' it's goodly store
 Ov mirth and wassil bowls,
 Is one brougth dahn throo t' days o' yore
 Bi Albion's choicest souls.

Iz t' glainin's thresh'd ? Where have yo t' wheeat ?
 It's crea'd aw see—that's reight ;
 Rayke t' porringers, we'll have a treeat,
 'Foor t' owd case clock strikes eight.

T' owd whittlesmiths wer not so mad
 That sed i' days of owd,
 "Stiff fromaty 'ol fit a lad
 For t' smithy, t' field, or t' fowd."

Booath t' cat and kettle seems ta neet
 Weel in for music set ;
 Tib's base iz firm, Suke's trible sweet—
 Julien's not that duet.

Wisht ! t' cricket's waitin ta begin
 Hiz lay, throo natur's book.
 Begin ! Begin !' aw like thi din,
 Blithe minstrel ov mi nook.

T' owd squab, donn'd up i' th' gingham gaan,
 Seems wi' good nature fat ;
 Some kings 'ud pawn mace, craan, an' throne,
 For quietness an' that.

An' t' delf-case, nah it's trimm'd wi' bays,
 Looks like the craan of Mars ;
 For, lo ! them new-rubb'd jewels blaze
 Like pewter mooins an' stars.

An' t' warmin' pan shines o'er ahr mirth
 Like t' harvest mooin i' t' place ;
 An' tho' aw 'm fond o' modest worth,
 Aw like that brazen face.

But, lo ! a mighty contrast dwells
 'Tween yon fine cot an' ahrs :
Here—hooamlyness true pleasure swells ;
Theear—pride true pleasure mars.

Here (i' this rural village tent)
 Mi glad heart bids me tell,
 Great use an little ornament
 In happy wedlock dwell.

Theear—fashion wed to pride reveals
 Playthings for t' eyes and t' ears;
 Piano-forts for spinnin'-wheels;
 For bakstons—shiffonears.

Thear they've na cake-sprittles⁶ yo mind,
 Nor levvin-kits, nor churns;
 But fain they'd prove their taste refined
 Wi' busts o' Scott an' Burns.

But, stop! let these things tak ther wing,
 For images and pride
 But very scanty trenchers bring
 When hungry bellies chide.

Aw'll tap yon barrel—rayke a can—
 Good hoam-brew'd ale for me;
 Sots sign tee-totle to a man,
 But temperance must be free.

T' owd buttery laffs, wi' plenty smit
 'Throo t' topmist shelf ta t' floor;
 Three big spice loaves i' th' levvin kit,
 A cheese at back o' th' door.

A year-owd pig, kill'd last new mooin,⁷
 Whose plump and sav'ry chine,
 (Wi' holly trim'd,) ta morn at nooin,
 Nonts, nunks, and friends shall dine:

Blithè nuncle Tim, throo t' uvver gate,
 Wi' wholesome wit endow'd ;
 An' nont an' nuncle Micklethwate,
 Throo t' skooil i' th' Nether-fowd.

Wot ailes ahr butt'ry table, lass,
 Aw scarce can see a' ninch—
 Haz it small-pox ; *small*—here's a ass—
 They'r *big* pork-pies an' minch.

Withaght it's i' yon Dame o' mine,
 Noa maantin fault aw ken,
 Shoo works ta hard, a fault divine ;
 God bless t' owd bee ; Amen.

I' Hallamsher, ta find hur like
 Tack t' lantern—sift it all,
 Throo Heely bar ta t' Brigghast dyke,
 Throo thear ta t' Stannige poule.⁸

On t' fire we'll set St. George⁹ ta neet,
 Brim full o' honest ale ;
 For good hooam-brew'd, made hot an' sweet,
 Will sing or tell a tale.

But, hark ! thear's t' singers, oppen t' door,
 It's non so warm i' th' fowd,
 For t' north wind flings o'er t' bilb'ry moor
 King Winter's icy shroud.

Come in, each neighb'rin lad an' lass,
 So bonny, brisk, and cleean ;
 Let's sing, till like a bell o' glass
 T' owd hooamsteid rings ageean ?

'Neath craans o' snow yer faces glow,
 Wi' health an' beauty blent ;
 An throo the winders o' yer e'en
 Peeps the rich Queen—Content.

Yo bring ta mind t' owd village quire,
 (I' music saand divines,)
 That's oft hem'd raand me winkin' fire
 A fender o' lang synes ;

When this now sapless trunk o' mine
 Wer craan'd wi' vigor's bloom ;
 'Foor care had wove a cloud ta line
 Me breast wi' anxious gloom.

Come drink all raand—good hooam-brew'd ale
 Will mack yo sing or chat ;
 If Burns wer wick care's rump he'd kick
 Wi' tooathry stoops¹⁰ o' that.

I, an' yer ancestors ov owd,
 Like yo, a lakin¹¹ gang,
 I' t' porch, i' t' twichell, an' i' t' fowd,
 Like wand'rin' minstrels sang.

That carol—still of carol's king—
 We sang at Chris'mas time,
 Till t'neig'rin echoes larnt ta sing
 “ Christians awake ! ” sublime.

I' t' manor, grange, an' t' parsonage,
 We've sang an' drain'd a cup ;
 Ah ! often ere gay chanticleer
 Had called the milk-maid up.

Nor was the poor man's hooam forgot ;
 For like t' Owd Park ¹² i' Spring,
 We yearly made the straw-thack'd cot
 Wi' hallelujahs ring.

Soa, like yer sires, ye rustics sing ;
 But let yer hearts be given ;
 For songs divine, where hearts combine,
 Are telegraphs ta heaven.

Soa owd an' young, before we part,
 Let's sing wi' hearts intent ;
 An' should a soul-lit tear-drop start
 Let's gi' the crystal vent.

Well dun ! Well dun ! Sich harmony
 Would captivate a king ;
 Ta say yo've ne'er seen Jarmany
 Reight farrently ¹³ yo sing.

Soa, drink, lads, drink ! T' ale's warm an' sweet,
 It ne'er can do yo harm ;
 For aw'll uphowd yo ¹⁴ fooaks, ta neet
 E'en luv needs summat warm.

Need noa invitin', help yersens
 Ta t' ale, spice cake, an' cheese ;
 Rayke to, for aw'll a warn't ¹⁵ yo, friends,
 He's mooar 'at ged uz these.

Wi' fare like this yo'll brunt the gale,
 Az up t'taan-gate ye go,
 An draan'd wi' songs its angry wail,
 An plough a lane i' th' snow.

Good neet ! mi lads an' lasses dear !

Good neet ! God bless yo all !

An' should we live another year

Yo maunt forget ta call.

* * * *

While t' chimbley rooars an' t' yule clog blinks

Draw t' rockin-chair ta t' fire,

An tell me, Betty, wot thah thinks

Abaht ahr village quire ;

Or tell some tale ov bygon days,

When we, twin-luvers, fain

Ta t' statts went, on frolick bent,

A strappin' maid an' swain.

Full fifty year thah'll find haz fled,

If thah'll t' old Bible search,

Sin' we ta Parson Newton sed

" I will," at Bradfield church.

(Newton, the bacchanalian priest,

Whom scandal titled frail,

Becos he quaft, foor church an' aft,

Owd Jerry Morton's ale.)

But, stop ! Let's leave hiz reverence here—

A truce wi' care an' strife ;—

Hiz sun haz set, an' hars dips near

The western hills o' life.

Soa let uz mack the best o' life ;

An' publish as we pass—

Whoe'er swaps health for money wealth

Swaps guinea-gowd for brass.

Theear's none, whate'er their rank or birth,
 Can bring a staater claim
 Ta spend an haar i' harmless mirth
 Then thee an' me, moi Dame.

Theear's scarce a twig abaht ahr nest
 But what these hands, or thine,
 Have toiled ta get bi honest sweat—
 God's only sanction'd coin.

But barkin' Brag iz folly's pup,
 Soa let's drive *him* away ;
 An' sweeten life's stale evenin' cup
 Wi' whooalsum jollity.

For, sat i' me owd arm'd chair, serene,
 Contentment bids me sing :
 I'd not exchange mi throne and queen
 Wi' Europe's praadest king.

Gi'e o'er knittin', doff¹⁶ them glasses ;
 For skooil-made pulpit men
 Bury Christian foak for asses
 That wi' *wark* kill ther sen.

Play, nah an' then, keeps owd age green,
 While nowt but wark 'ud kill
 The strongest nag that crosses th' hagg
 Wi wots ta Fullod mill.

Tho, months o' cakein' days¹⁷ we've seen,
 If thah'll be wisdom's heir,
 An' just unbarnical thi een,
 Ta neet we'll duff "dull care ;"

For he's a bane that's ne'er untain ;¹⁸
 From beauty's cheek he'll snap
 The kissin' lily an' the rose,
 An' carve it like a map.

Time haz nooa idle wings or feet,
 Or he'd fain tarry here,
 While we bid Chris'mas e'em, good neet,
 O'er this owd English cheer,

That seems like sacramental wine
 Ta me whene'er its foam
 Twinkles abaht it's native shrine—
 A quiet English home.

Thah't gettin owder day an' neet,
 An' soa iz thi owd lad ;
 But we've na bairns abaht ahr feet,
 So why should we be sad ?

All t' lads can work—God bless 'em all—
 Steem, Zackry, Mark, an' Ned ;
 An' Dorathy to t' sweetheart, Paul,
 Haz ahr consent ta wed.

Soa let's be merry while we may,
 Enough o' care we'en seen ;
 We'r luvin, tho' we'r owd and gray,
 Mi bonny cottage queen.

GLOSSARY TO "THE YULE CLOG."

- ¹ King-street formerly was called Pudding-lane.
- ² It is said that Mather's song, entitled *Watkinson's Thirteens*, (a scalding satire,) heart-broke the man who first introduced thirteen to the dozen into the cutlery trades of Sheffield.
- ³ A once well-known very little watchman.
- ⁴ Millsands dyke.
- ⁵ A three-cornered spice-cake, which they formerly made to eat on St. Thomas'-day, as they make cross buns now for Good Friday.
- ⁶ A short-handled wooden spade that is used to turn oatcakes over on the bakestone.
- ⁷ Sixty years ago, many people believed if a pig was killed when the moon was on the wane its bacon would not swell in the pot.
- ⁸ The supposed length and breadth of Hallamshire.
- ⁹ The largest saucepan in the house.
- ¹⁰ Two or three quarts.
- ¹¹ Playful.
- ¹² The Old Park Wood, across the Don, from Crookes, was melodious in spring.
- ¹³ Decently.
- ¹⁴ Assure you.
- ¹⁵ Warrant.
- ¹⁶ Take off.
- ¹⁷ St. Thomas'-days.
- ¹⁸ Never satisfied.

No 11.

OWD SHEVVILD AND ITS CELEBRITIES.

Let critics call it if they will,
 Rude trash withaht design—
 Aw'll sing wi' truth, if not wi' skill,
 This native tahn o' mine.

Aw'll sing owd Shevvild az it stood
 E't days o' t'owd quill-pen,
 When George the Third, dispite hiz blood,
 Prov'd kings wer only men.

Aw'll sing it az it stood ov yore,
 Beyon' me mem'ry's pale ;
 Not aht o' Hunter's costly lore,
 But from me gronny's tale.

When t' spinning-wheel wer offer play'd
 Than Broadwood's iron grand,
 An' fromity an' brawiz made
 Ahr sires a healthy band.

When t' flint an' t' steel ' rang aht a peal,
 An sometimes raather long,
 'Foor t' kettle sung, wi' liquid tongue,
 Its cheerful matin song.

When t' Pot-square wer a paradise,
 Where lark an' linnet sang,
 An' o'er a stee by t' laylac tree,
 A gouldin harvest sprang.

When t' Wurfus stood i't' nab'rin croft,
 Not far throo t' spring i't' bawer,
 As fam'd for watter clear an' soft
 Az dew on t' maantin flower.

When t' owd Lord's hahce i' all its pride,
 Near t' Norfolk-row wer seen,
 Like some owd Manor-hall beside
 A rural village green.

When t' Tontine stood a model Inn,
 The North-ov-England's boast,
 For dinners fine, an' sparklin' wine,
 An' Lambert for a host.

When Shevild's owdest hahce o' brick
 Made Pepper Alley gay,
 An' ²Ben Eyre had a waukin stick
 For ivvery hawer i't' day.

When dingy oil-lamps shone at neet,
 Like gloworms in a wood ;
 When we could scarcely pick be t' leet
 The causay from the mud.

When Shevild had its races run
 On t' hill o' Broom so wide,
 When Banb'ry cakes an' Hallam fun
 Wer worth all t' spoort beside.

When t' Beacons on ahr nab'rin hills
 Blaz'd high wi' false alarm,
 An' fife an' drum sed "t' French iz come,
 " Arm ! Cutlin-heroes, arm ! "

' When Shevild's nearest beacon stood
 On yon north-maantin sire,
 'At peeps o'er t' top o' Grenno wood,
 Into a nab'rin shire.

When at the game of knur an' spell
 Brave Bancroft won his fame,
 A fame bi merit, burnished well,
 Ta grace a worthy name.

When Wilkinson, the Magistrate,
 (A man to larning g'en,)
 Wer t' lord o' t' owd Broomhall estate,
 Far ! far ! i' t' country then.

E't' room hard by t'owd dial true,
 He's scowded many a knave,
 An' g'ed ta honest men ther' due,
 An' eulogys'd the brave.

Abaht³ this time the ancients say,
 " A mob i' lawless ire,
 Destroy'd hiz books an' scarr'd hiz rooks,
 An' set his stacks a-fire."

When ⁴Buonaparte's war-carriage stood
 For show i' t' Tontine yard,
 A trophy won an' lost bi blood,
 Then bought bi Dame Tussaud.

When Runken 'ad a bear an' cub,
 .. An' t' Luddites 'ad their clan ;
 An' Attercliff it's stupid club,
 An t' church it's warmin-pan.

When Blacker⁵ reign'd as play-hahce king
 E' more than wordy clack,
 For taber, pipe, an' fiddle-string,
 Did homage ta poor Jack.

When t' Beehive stood i' t' country far,
 'Mang fields an' gardens spruce,
 Far from that brain-bewild'rin' jar,
 'At grinding-wheels produce.

When t' 'prentice lad ate green wot cake,
 To milk an' porridge blue,
 An' if at neet he dar'd ta rake,
 These turn'd a darker hue.

E' t' morn bi t' larun clock struck six,
 If t' Rosco bell 'ad dun,
 E' Lord Mayor shoon an' leather dicks,
 E' t' smithy he wer fun,

A wurkin for hiz daily bread,
 That came at brekfast time,
 Grac'd wi' a fringe, az green i' tinge
 Az t' faanting o' this rhyme.

When t' Church-Mesters paraded tahn,
 Like Sunday morn police,
 Whoaze sacred pauer i' one short hawer
 G'ed tahn it's Sabbath peace.

When Shevild for celebrities
 Stood high i' t' nation's scale,
 Tho' deead an' gone, Chuff Jont wer' one
 An' soa wer' Mally Dale.

When Mistress Slape i' turban-cap
 Kept Bullstake's owdest inn,
 An' wi' her tongue 'ticed owd an' young
 Ta drink her watter'd gin.

When t' Cocktail Lady dealt i' ale
 An' rucks o' things beside,
 Her cap outshone the peacock's tail,
 Gay plumes wi' ribbins vied.

When Pimpy Dewsnip⁶ 'mang hiz tricks
 Hiz brooad-sooard lifted high,
 Struck t' looking'-glass i' cuttin' six,
 Soa made a hoast ta fly.

When South from aht a tavern near
 Up t' owd church steeple sped,
 Ta scarr St. Peter's chanticleer,
 But scarr'd hiz sen i' sted,

(Aw wish he'd tell'd that bird up there
 Ta chide all Peter's kin,
 When they deny ther mester dear,
 A little dross to win.)

When Billy Button, wi' hiz crutch,
 Gull'd many a sire an' dame,
 'Till poor Black Charles, an' t' fishin' touch
 Unmask'd the trickster's game.

For Billy threw his crutch aside,
 An' ran his rod to save,
 'At floated dahn the river wide
 Az if ta test the knave.

When poor John Knott, infirm an' gray,
 An' oft i' tatters dress'd,
 G'ed to the world that naval lay,
 'At pars wi' Dibdin's best.

When Clegg from silver trumpet blew
 That hauf celestial tone,
 When Catalini scarcely knew
 The clarion's from her own.

When iv'ry village far an' near
 'Tween Breetside tahn an' t' Snake,
 Lik'd that owd minstrel, Jimmy Queer,
 At Barm-feeast an' at t' wake.

When t' Brocco yearly held a throng
 From vice an' folly riv'n,
 To waft Montgomery's Whitsun song
 Wi' infant breath ta heav'n.

When Chantry, on a donkey's back
 Wi' milk throo Norton came,
 An' carv'd from thence a glorious track
 Ta eminence an' fame.

When blacksmith Platts^s o' t' Brooad-lane end^s
 Were like a Samson rare,
 For twice at least one Brooad-lane feeast
 He threw owd Runken's bear.

When Runken lodg'd his grizzly foe
 E' Jozzey Walker's shop,
 'At stood near t' plains o' Jericho,
 When daisy's spangled t' crop.

When Spur's⁹ like Rodger's name stood high
 E' t' country and i' t' tahn,
 'Till Spur was spur'd ta try ta fly,
 Then fate soon spur'd him dahn.

When t' cutlers wurk'd on t' Berrin'-graand
 Where ahr fourth church²⁰ iz stood,
 When all wer fields an' gardens raand,
 Save here an' there a wood.

When many a nah-fine well-lit street
 Wer but a country lane,
 Where foaks were seldom aht at neet
 If t' moon wer on the wane.

When t' windmill stood on t' Western Bank
 (The land-mark o' the wild),
 An' by it's side i' rustic pride
 T' owd miller's cottage smiled.

When Pinder built i' one short neet
 T' owd Mushroom Hall so strong,
 That when Aurora came to see't
 Shoo thowt shoo'd laid ta long.

When near ta Brightmore Mitchill's cot
 E' t' willow's shady poort,
 A watch-box stood, a model good
 O' Tommy Hotbread's boat.

When t' street where t' new tahn-hall is pil'd
 Kept it's owd gutteral name,
 For it wer True Looove's Gutter styled,
 'Fore t' gas throo t' Shude-hill came.

When t' Irish cross, az it wer nam'd,
 Near t' end o' t' Bank Street stood,
 Where Kings an' Queens wer' long proclaim'd,
 Befoore they hung Ned Lud.

When t' twichill near t' owd church-yard top
 Wer 'titl'd t' Virgin's walk,
 (A name ta musical ta stop
 E' mute oblivion's poak.)

When ahr gronsire's g'ed Shevild trade
 It's first grand lift ta fame,
 An' t' sougers g'ed ta t' East Parade¹¹
 It's military name.

When many a knave from folly's perch,
 Ta all but mischief dull,
 Did penance i' t' owd Parish Church
 If t' stocks at gates were full.

When t' Lobby stood at Peter's gate,
 Where i' th' days o' yore,
 T' owd nodin' Vicar, magistrate,
 Went in at t' peep-hoil door.¹²

When Wilkinson an' Athorp graced
 T' owd Cutler's hall, the while
 That Mather's song on t' law's black throng
 Brought him ta durance vile.¹³

When Justice wi' her sooard "defence,"
 An' scales o' truth an' grace,
 Praych'd sarmons i' mute eloquence
 E' t' front o' t' market-place.

When Elliott wer' not bronze, but flesh,
 An' kept his mesters' trust,
 Chiding wi' song that ruthless throng
 That tax'd the toiler's crust.

When Jubal Smith, the sick-club Bard—
 When it wer' flat or stale—
 Tell'd t' brewers hah ta blend hog's lard
 Amang cast-metal ale.

When t' workman wi' a paand a week
 Could spoort a Sunday sute,
 An' put away 'gean t' rainy day,
 A friend i' t' stockin' foot.

When t' Jacobins, i' long pig-tails,
 Near Crookes Moor's rudest hill,
 Wi' wooden guns and besom stayles,
 Went through ther secret drill.

Wi' arms like theze at ther command,
 They vow'd wi' patriot pride,
 Ta renovate owd England,
 An' hauf o' t' world beside.

These worthy sires (heaven rest ther souls !)
 Confronted many a storm,
 An' all ta gi' ta yo' an' me
 The blessins ov Reform.

P.S. From sire ta son owd truths ta spread,
 Au've sung this simple strain :
 Should one verse live when I am dead,
 Au shan't hav sung i' vain.

GLOSSARY TO "OWD SHEVVILD CELEBRITIES."

¹ This alludes to the old method of obtaining a light with flint, steel, and tinder-box.

² Poor Ben Eyre was a "half-wit," who had 24 walking-sticks.

³ July 31st, 1791.

⁴ This was in November, 1875.

⁵ Jacky Blacker was called king of the gods in the Theatre, and I believe the tune "Poor Jack" was played by the band, in the onset, as a compliment to this Gallery Jove.

⁶ Dewsnip, in the days of his prosperity, belonged to the Yeomanry, and one day, when he was trying to *cut six* in his own parlour, he smashed the pier-glass.

⁷ The Sunday School children met in the Brocco formerly, for which occasion James Montgomery wrote a hymn.

⁸ The strongest man in Sheffield of that day.

⁹ Spurr, 75 years ago, was the largest spring-knife manufacturer in Sheffield; he was the first to use flyed blades, but the fly soon flew away with his reputation and good trade, as it has with all others who have followed his example.

¹⁰ St. George's.

¹¹ I believe "East Parade" got its name from the soldiers parading at the end by the church gates.

¹² There was a round hole in the old lobby door, which gave rise to the saying, "Tak him to t' hoile."

¹³ Mather wrote a satire on some of these dispensers of justice for which, according to his own words, he was "muzzled for a year."

No. 12.

HANNAH CUTLER'S ADMONITION TO THEIR JACK,

(JUST AS SHOO SPAKE IT HERSEN,)

WHEN HE CAME HOAM LAST CHRIS'MAS EE'M.

Has tha getten t' bull dahn, Jack ?
 Tha 'rt rare an' tired, ah know—
 Thi honest face is tinged wi' black,
 But there's a smile below.

Come, doff the shoon an' don a pair
 O' slippers soft an' warm ;
 An' sit thee dahn i' t' owd arm-chair,
 While t' kettle sings a psalm.

A psalm o' peace shoo sweetly hums ;
 Aw'd rather hear her strain
 Than all the hostile kettle-drums
 On Gaul's blood-deluged plain.*

Ah've frizzled thee a nice lean stake
 On t' gridiron, for thi' tay ;
 Or will tha 'ave some Chris'mas cake—
 Aw've baked a bit to-day.

* Written during the Franco-Prussian War.

Tha's had but little Shambles mait
 For many a day that's flown,
 And t' hours tha's had ta sleep an' ait
 Has been like treasures stown.

Tha 's scarce had time to ait thee bread,
 An' none for har'stone chat ;
 All bed an' shop, all shop an' bed,—
 What serfdom equals that ?

The cutler's cup contains a tide
 O' mingled woe an' strife :
 He haddles oft wi' suicide
 His " wee bit " staff o' life.

This morn as aht o' bed tha crept,
 Afeard o' wak'ning me,
 From t' faantain o' me conscience lept
 A flood o' thowts on thee.

One thowt were like a dragon great—
 It bit an' stung me heart,
 That tha should wurk so soon an' late,
 While knaves can live withaht.

Tha hill'd me up, an' tuck'd me in,
 An' left me snug as owt ;
 An' there aw lay, till t' peep o' day,
 Lapp'd up i' 't sheets, an thowt.

An' then as tha turn'd aht o' door—
 Five long dark hours ta soon—
 A cowl north wind made chimly roar
 Like Neptune's gruff bassoon.

Some lords an' dukes may heroes be,
 When int'rest prompts the strife;
 But rucks o' them 'ud sooner dee
 Than lead a cutler's life.

E' spite o' death, an' what they see
 Below self-murder's bed,
 Ah say agean they'd sooner dee
 Than cuttle for their bread.

Earls, lords, an' dukes ah've seen mesen,
 An' spite ther pompous chat,
 E' nature's scale they're nowt but men,—
 An' whittle-smiths are that!

If tha'll not mix, i' th' tipplers' den,
 Wi' fools, an' knaves, an' cards,
 Tha 'st have some drink ah've brew'd mesen,
 An' lots o' pratty words.

Wi' work let gamblers tax their boanes,
 Like thee, long days an' neets;
 An' not like idle burgl'ing droanes
 Steal t' bee's hard haddled sweets.

Ah hoape tha 'll mix wi' dacent chaps,
 An' shun wi' all tha zest
 All licensed thieves an' handicaps—
 Black Shevvild's blackest pest.

We've got a Chris'mas-box, tha minds,
 (An' one that tha 'll admire,)—
 A sturdy yule-log, sent fro' t'Strines,
 'Twill mak a roozin' fire.

Ruth Twigg, i'th' fowd, an' Nanny West,
 Grace Crookes, an' Matty Wild,
 Sed wassail-drink were allus best
 When o'er a yule-clog boiled.

Ah've good mull'd ale—tha likes a sup
 Ah knows as weel as me ;
 When t' yule-clog burns we'll have a cup
 Ta treeat owd natur' wi'.

Altho' ah fear St. Thomas may
 Have lost his owd cock'd hat,
 I' t' morn we 'll have some frummity—
 Owd Chris'mas moant loise that !

Ah like owd customs, when they're good,
 As weel as onny soul ;
 An' so ah've bowt o' butcher Wood
 A brisket for a rowl.

Ah've got a jar o' pickles stow'd
 On t' buttery table end ;
 Waint they be nice, when t' beef is cowl,
 To set afore a friend ?

Let's ax some friend bent dahn wi' years
 O' unrewarded toils
 Ta come an' share ahr Chris'mas fare,
 An' swap his tears for smiles.

This custom is boath owd an' good :
 Ah've heeard me gronny say,
 They fed the hungry, warm'd the cowl,
 E' Justice Corbert's day.

Let's build these good owd customs up,
 An' pick all t' bad uns dahn,
 An' not let that sly thief—the cup,
 Rob t' trencher ov its craan.

Ah've craan'd all t' pictures, iv'ry one,
 Wi' hollin, box, and yew—
 Ah hav'nt much wi' berries on
 Save what's i' t' kissin' bough.

Ah hoape tha 'll not rake aht at neet,
 An' ah boath hoape an' trust
 'At tha'll keep reeazon aht o' t' weet,
 For dampness mak's it rust.

Owd Chris'mas comes a guest divine,
 But oft, ah lack-a-day,
 He's buffitted at folly's shrine,
 Before he goaes away.

Let 's treat him weel this time—'t wud be
 A sin to use him meean—
 An' p'raps t' owd chap to thee an' me
 May nivver cum agean.

January, 1871.

No. 13.

JOHN AND SALLY WHITTLESMTIH'S TRIP
TO CASTLETON.

Thah't not a drunken tassel, John,
 But steady as a top ;
 So let's trip off ta Castleton
 Wi' t' makers aght o' t' shop.
 Should t' Waterloo be full thah'll see
 'T waint meean a single rush,
 We'll use i' cales each other's knee
 If thah'll forget to blush.
 Aw'm glad ta see thee look so weel ;
 To me, thah t' flaar o' t' flock,
 God bless thee, tho' we're short o' steel,
 We've lots o' luvè i' stock.
 Aw'm glad to see thee look so weel,
 To me, thah t' flaar o' t' flock,
 God bless thee, tho' we're short o' steel,
 We've lots o' luvè i' stock.

Don all thi best, ah ! don 'em all,
 An', John, tho' envy gibs,
 Aw'll don me i' mi weddin'-shawl,
 An' all mi better bibs,
 Aw've worn mi wedding'-ring so breet
 Aw'st need no gem but thee ;
 For dimonds sheen, them twinklin' een,
 Ar' breet enough for me.

John, tak' thi Sunday walking'-stick,
 An seem like other men ;
 An' aw mun say, ah ! lack a day !
 Aw'st soon want one mi sen,
 Aw'st soon want one my sen, John,
 Aw'st soon want one mi sen ;
 An' aw mun say, ah ! lack a day !
 Aw'st soon want one mi' sen.

Aw've wesh'd thi shirt an' black'd thi' shoon,
 An' boil'd some chap an' tongue ;
 If t' drinkin's late we'st want a bait,
 As weel as fooaks 'at's young.
 Thah'll not find chap like salted reek,
 Nor tongue like frizzl'd bear,
 Aw think thah't short o' tongue an' cheek,
 So prythi mend thi share.
 Noa matter, John, where'er we look,
 I' t' church, or cooart, or mart,
 We find a lot o' blindin' smook,
 An' t' smithy's not withaht.
 An' t' smithy's not withaht, John,
 An' t' smithy's not withaht,
 We find a lot o' blindin' smook,
 An' t' smithy's not withaht.

O' Monday, when aw had to bake,
 As aw wer' mixing' t' paste,
 Aw thout aw'd mak' some curran' cake,
 Aw knew thah liked a taste,
 It's spotted just like torto'-shell,
 An' sweet, like thee, an' good.
 There's nowt o' t' soart i' t' shops to sell,

'Tween t' Park an' Bomeferth-wood ;
 Ahr weddin'-cake wornt hauf as prime,
 If fancy's not ta dull,
 Let's think we'n wed a second time,
 An' t' honey-moon's at full.
 An' t' honey-moon's at full, John,
 An' t' honey-moon's at full,
 Let's think we'n wed a second time,
 An' t' honey-moon's at full.

We'st not climb up Mam-Tor to-day, . .
 Nor Pev'rill's castle hill ;
 Ah, well a day, we'st have to stay
 An' do " Mam-Natur's " will ;
 Yet spite these sparks o' smithy-slack,
 An' sparks wi' luv a-leet,
 Where'er we rove ahr deeds shall prove
 Ahr settin'-sun is breet.
 It's six-an'-thirty years sin' thah
 Threw at me Cupid's dart ;
 Aw liked thee then, but luv thee nah,
 If aw can read mi heart ;
 If aw can read mi heart, John,
 If aw can read mi heart,
 Aw liked thee then, but luv thee nah,
 If aw can read mi heart.

No. 14.

THE INVITATION.

(Come let us raise our Ebenezer here.)

Come, let us raise a monument,
 Famed Elliott's worth to spread,
 Who labour'd hard through life to feed
 The poor with "untax'd Bread ;"
 And be it to posterity,
 While it shall grace the earth,
 A censure to the Tyrant,
 A spur to honest worth.

No. 15.

LINES ON EBENEZER ELLIOTT'S MONUMENT.

(On first seeing the Monument erected to the Corn Law Rhymer,
 in the Sheffield Market Place.)

Thou sullen pile of hard won toilers' pence,
 By way of hailing thee I'll vent my soul,
 And tell the list'ning world a tested truth.
 If man on brother man had e'er a claim,
 'Twas he who hurl'd his flaming lute, and smote
 The monstrous bread fiend to eternal doom.
 So thou poor gift to wrong's immortal foe,
 And labour's best and warmest earthly friend,
 Adorn this plinth and northern marble throne,
 Till countless ages yet unborn have scann'd
 His name and form, whose zealous muse assail'd
 With thunderbolts the foes of God and man,
 And who by song more hungry Britons fed
 Than all the lyric sons that ever sang.

No. 16.

AN EPIGRAM WRITTEN FOR MY OLD FRIEND
WATKINSON'S 88TH BIRTHDAY.

Thou remnant—link of Fairfax line,¹—
Spite troubles long and lusty,
Four score and eight long years are thine,
And memory still is trusty.
O while we're met, my senior mate,
Thy natal day to celebrate,
For birthday gift, may heaven's high will
Give thee a joy death cannot kill.

February 1st, 1876.

¹ Mr. Watkinson was a direct descendant of General Fairfax, in Cromwell's time, on the mother's side.

No. 17.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE LATE MR. CHRISTOPHER THOMSON.

One summer's day, upwards of twenty years ago, the writer was rambling near Bell Hagg, not far from that favourite resort of Ebenezer Elliott (and christened by him "Ribbledin,") when he perceived on the knoll of the hill a number of individuals, somewhat similar to himself—on pleasure bent, proceeding up the side of the rock; his astonishment, no less than his pleasure, was enlivened by meeting with an old friend (the late Mr. Christopher Thomson) discoursing to a number of students on "The Cultivation of Taste," seating himself among the group until the orator had concluded his discourse. On returning home, he conceived the following tributary lines, which he enclosed and sent (anonymously), with an ivy leaf, on the following day to Mr. Thomson :—

Poet, pastor, painter, preacher,
 Young mechanics' friend and teacher ;
 Whilst rambling out—as is my wont—
 I heard thy sermon on the mount ;
 And well thou won my admiration
 With thy well-meant and chaste oration !
 So, Rabbi ! take this emerald¹—pray :
 And these few drops of minstrelsy.
 They're all a rustic bard can pay
 For seat-rent in thy synagogue.

¹ The ivy leaf.

No. 18.

DEDICATED TO MADAME ENAULT, THE WONDERFUL DOCTRESS,
 OR, ADVICE GRATIS
 TO MENTAL OR PHYSICAL INVALIDS.

In spite of public Press or rumour,
 If you've got wart, or wen, or tumour;
 Or if you're vex'd with corns or bunions;
 Or breath perfumed like rams or onions;
 Or eyes with ever-darkening scum on;
 Or hand with mutilated thumb on;
 Though you may lodge near Wadsley Common,
 And have but gouty legs to come on,
 Believe in Humbug, and be healed
 By ambling to our Doctor's field.
 A whispering there, but shouting back—
 This Gilead Duck has prov'd a quack,
 And flown away
 O'er many a distant northern hill,
 To gaze around, as wild ducks will,
 With eager eye and open bill,
 For other prey.

No. 19.

GRIMESTHORPE.

The following lines were written on the derivation of the term Grimesthorpe, during the controversy which appeared in "Notes and Queries," published in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

When "Norman Will" laid Hallam low,
 Was yon dark cone a Shaw or Hogh?
 Can lingo-peers decide on't?
 Perchance 'twas then, like Winco's now,
 Both—Wood and Hill—a leafy brow,
 Where Oak and Elm were wont to grow
 (As if they'd fain link heaven in Co.)
 Bathing their sturdy trunks below
 In shades as dark as Pluto's brow,
 Or grimy Grimbo's trident.

And "Shaw," when Chaucer's pen could tick it,
 Meant "Greavelet—little wood or thicket;"
 And well it graced his diction.
 And "Grime," that verb of sombre race,
 On mother tongue still holds its place;
 For was I now to smutch my face,
 Like "Captain Slap," the Bogey base,
 Tho' minus horns and prickly mace,
 They'd call *me* "Grimy;" or His Grace,

Jack Sweelswarf might, in such a case,
 Say, "Smut-by-mess, aw think thah'd lace,
 All t' Hob-gobs, an that short-horned brace,
 Call'd 'Puck' and 'Pan' i' fiction."

Old Wincobank, my summer friend,
 These lines in thy defence I've penn'd,
 I would not have thee levelled ;
 That thy defenders all may know,
 I hank my best known name below,
 Signing for Pegasus and Co.,
 (Toil's grimy Bardlet) Jingling Joe.

No. 20.

A TEAR FOR THE BRAVE.

Weep, Hallamshire weep, till thy Oakbrook shall be
 As wide as yon Firth—where it marries the sea ;
 For, from the trim banks of that stream in the dell,
 A soul has gone home that's served Christendom well.
 So weep, Hallam weep, grateful tears are not foul,
 No, Heaven loves the gleam of those stars of the soul,
 When they light up the shade
 Where God's worthies are laid,
 (The nobles in mind,)
 Who have toil'd without wince,
 Like our own Vulcan Prince,
 To better mankind.

No. 21.

THERE'S SOME ONE TO BLAME:

A DIRGE FOR THE POOR CRIPPLE WHO WAS FOUND STARVED TO DEATH
IN GRENO WOOD, NEAR CHAPELTOWN, OCT. 24, 1880.

A starved to death cripple, with finger bones bare,
Ah! perhaps his last supper was eaten from there;
Oh! my soul, what a shame!

By hunger's tooth gnaw'd to the supper of death,
Where o'er the lean viands this grace froze his breath,
There is some one to blame!

Who gave Hoary Sorrow hard cinders to break?
If earth won't for shattered humanity speak,
Oh ye Heav'ns, weep a flood!

Who spurned him when dying from shelter and bed,
To seek a cold pillow where brambles were spread,
In yon dark northern wood?

Had he been a prince or a lord of the soil,
Instead of a cripple who could not win oil
To keep life's lamp aflame,
The foulness would not have been cleared in a day!
O Britons, awake dozing justice, and say
There is some one to blame!

Hark! hark! that sad groan, as it wings from his tongue
To the disc of God's throne, the angels are stung
And cry "shame, England, shame!"
Ye poor-law dispensers and jurymen too,
Who can't pity cripples, may God pity you,
And that some one to blame.

No. 22.

AN EPITAPH,

A copy of which may be found on a little obelisk monument, erected in Fulwood Churchyard, by subscription, to the memory of FREDERICK DYSON, who lost his life under the following circumstances:—On New Year's Day, 1869, he, with a number of others, was sliding on a pond near Crosspool, when the ice broke and a dear companion sank, and would have been drowned had it not been for this village hero, who ran to his rescue, and in saving the life of his friend lost his own.

Fame, give thy silver trumpet breath,
A Hero to commend ;
Who gave to the icy jaws of death
Himself, to save a Friend.

No. 23.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Ring the bells, old St. Peter !
 Ring them louder, longer, sweeter
 Than when hostile powers are stem'd,
 Or princely brows are diadem'd ;
 Or when victory comes in red,
 Or when royal lovers wed,
 For upland Tom and lowland Sally
 From Whiteley Wood have cross'd the valley,
 To tie for life, with Hymen's twine,
 Love's sacred knot at Fulwood's shrine.

While love enjoys it's feast conjugal,
 Let Sam, the huntsman, with his bugle,
 Climb Honeyoak, yon mountain sire,
 And Pisgah, top of Hallamshire,
 And blow from thence his loudest note
 That e'er the listening landscape smote,
 Till Hallam with her hundred hills,
 Teeming with flowers and dancing rills,
 Shall teem a human flood with faces
 A-light with smiles and rustic graces,
 On village green to dance and sing,
 Till rock and wood and welkin ring.
 For upland Tom and lowland Sally
 From Whiteley Wood have cross'd the valley,
 To tie for life, with Hymen's twine,
 Love's sacred knot at Fulwood's shrine.

Come ! maid and matron, youth and sire,
 To rustic bridal mirth conspire ;
 Come with—laps ? distraught with flowers
 Cull'd from Flora's fragrant bowers ;
 Bring some from Stump'lowe's choicest bed,
 Like virgins white and soldiers red,
 To strew the path (as right they should),
 From Fulwood's shrine to Whiteley Wood.
 Had I a bunch I'd squander mine
 Where Porter winds its serpentine—
 There Flora's choicest hues I'd blend,
 And strew the bridge from end to end,
 And weave a chaplet for the arch,
 To grace true love's triumphant march.
 And then, were I the sweetest singer
 That e'er made man or angel linger,
 I'd tell the echoes of the valley
 That upland Tom and lowland Sally
 Had tied for life, with Hymen's twine,
 Love's sacred knot at Fulwood's shrine.

And then, in this Elysian grove—
 This orchestra ordained to love—
 This shrine that teems with incense pure—
 This temple roof'd with Heaven's floor,
 Inspired by fancy's predilection,
 Bard-like I'd sing this benediction :—
 God bless these lovers fair and fond,
 Just tied in love's connubial bond ;
 Feed them, from thy bounty feed them,
 And safe through life's fierce warfare lead them,
 And when from earth their souls are riv'n,
 With Thy love, love them up to Heav'n !

No. 24.

LEAVING HOME.

Rambling alone one holiday,
Fast by old Norton Lees,
I saw an ivy-mantl'd cot
Enshrin'd 'mid drooping trees.

And pensive, by the wicket-gate,
A comely matron stood,
Who shone, through all her sable weeds,
Lovely in widowhood.

A maid was standing by her side,
Of bright and thoughtful mien ;
Her dress, was triply elegant—
'Twas comely, neat, and clean.

Good health had ting'd her virgin cheeks
With his oft-envied paint ;
The maid was like an angel fair—
The matron like a saint,

Whose soul-lit eyes preach'd to her child
Sermons that ever move,
Radiant with silent eloquence,
Sublime with truth and love.

Eager—as when the heart's athirst—
 The maid (as from a bowl)
 Her mother's benedictions drank,
 Warm from her teeming soul.

Upon each nether eye-brink shone,
 Pure from affection's well,
 Tears bright as Meersbrook's lucid stream—
 The pilgrim of the dell.

Vandyke's and Chantrey's pupils, ye,
 Illustrious and refined !
 O what can paint such pictures, save
 The pencil of the mind ?

“ Be good, my lass,” the mother said,
 “ And then, where'er you wend,
 Your mother's God will be your guide,
 Your Father, and your friend.

Write o'er the altar of your soul,
 A mother's best advice ;
 Write—‘ Virtue brings it's own reward, ’—
 Make it life's morning choice.”

They then shook hands—no formal wag—
 Then sigh came answer'ing sigh ;
 A cadence that is often piped
 When heart bids heart good-bye.

The maid then left her natal cot—
 That hallow'd casket home ;
 Perchance to be a household drudge,
 Where kind words seldom come.

The mother scal'd the garden wall,
 And stood on tip-toe there,
 To see athwart the daisy lea
 Her daughter fond and fair.

The stonecrop blossomed at her feet ;
 She stood—a fount of tears—
 A statue of maternal love—
 A pile of hopes and fears,

Her tear-washed gaze strain'd for her child
 While e're in sight she kept ;
 To each it seemed a funeral, where
 The mourn'd and mourner wept.

No line can plumb a mother's love,
 Nor can man's wisdom sound ;
 My mother ! thine was fathomless—
 Profundity—profound.

This prayer to God the mother pray'd
 (Apt, simple, pure, and mild),
 “ Oh, guard, amid the snares of life,
 A widow's only child.

Lo ! yonder little barklet launch'd—
 A tiny skiff, to be
 At battle with the sharks and shoals
 On life's tempestuous sea.

When winds and waves and thunders roar,
 And lightnings haste to blight ;
 Be Thou her anchor and her helm,
 Pilot and beacon light.

Thou feedst young ravens when they cry,
And lambkins when they call ;
O, deign to succour and to guide
A widow's earthly all."

My conscience would have chid my tongue,
Had it been silent then—
Had it refus'd my soul's response,
Amen ! list Heav'n, amen !

No. 25.

THE IVY COTTAGE ALBUM.

(AS RECITED AT THE IVY COTTAGE, SPRING LANE, SHEFFIELD,
ON MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1866.)

I'll paint for you the Ivy Cot
In all its Christmas prime ;
I'll take my sketch upon the spot,
And paint in carol rhyme.

There's Doctor Johnson here to-night,
'Neath silv'ry honours hail,
Who can from Critchley Prince recite,
And tell a Soldier's tale.

And Junior Sam, of whom you'll say,
When mirth is on the wing,
If ancient Samuel could pray,
The modern one can sing :
Hark ! hark ! he gives "The Pilot's Cheer,"—
Such songs, ye bigots grave,
Banquet the soul and charm the ear,
And braver make the brave.

John Mottram's here, with heart humane,
And fair and lofty brow ;
And if the mind dwells near the brain,
His thoughts are seldom low.

There Johnny Parkin you may scan,
Brimfull of harmless tricks,
A bright, and make-bright Artisan,
A-1 in Number six.¹

¹ Joseph Rodgers and Sons, No. 6, Norfolk street.

He dearly loves athletic play,
 His wife, son, pipe, and gill,
 And that sweetheart that's far away,
 "The Lass of Richmond Hill."
 I've heard him sing he'd "crowns resign"
 To call that girl his own ;
 Crown-bowls of flip, or punch, or wine
 He meant, if truth were known.

There's gentle Wilson, do not ask
 For him a cruel rub,
 For he can cite from Cowper's Task,
 And Clerk your Guinea Club.

Whene'er we want the Cot to ring
 With peals of classic art,
 That Linnet Green is apt to sing
 "The Tempest of the Heart" ;
 So quaint the little Emerald gives
 That soul-bewitching air,
 That oft we think the great Sims Reeves
 Adorns the Windsor Chair.

Hard by this gem sits Parry Jones,
 A man that's getting on,
 By tickling ears with blended tones
 And minding Number One ;

But let him well his plurals watch
 When near yon Kissing Bough,
 For turtle doves come there to snatch
 Sweet fruit from Number Two.

See there a literal paradox,
One Laidlow, standing high,
That's going to sell his lather box,
And put his razor by.

With raven locks and silver tongue,
Behold the Dorset Earl,
Whose smiles say Welcome old and young
To good Will's festival.
He sings a rustic song of note,
About two lovers shy,
A type of ballads sung and wrote
A hundred years gone by.
And should you for its moral pry,
'Tis this, when rightly told,
That those who are in Courtship shy
May be in Wedlock bold.

Just look again, and you will find
Among his friends I trow,
A Baker, but bear in mind
He kneads and cooks the law—
Not Charley cakes and penny loaves,
(Though such he'll ne'er impeach);
No, no, he bakes more costly cakes,
Some six-and-eightpence each;—
At home he keeps a Nightingale,
The Jenny Lind of birds,
And keeps us here, his captives frail,
In fetters of kind words.

Fred Hazlewood belongs the Choir,
And when the nights are drear,

With lusty cob he'll mend the fire
 While Sally drinks her beer ;
 But Sall should drink less beer, she should,
 And buy more coal and coke,
 And not get cobs from Hazlewood
 That should warm other folk.

See there, chain'd round with generous chums,
 (A strong and genial chain,)
 His Reverence hale, whose lineage comes
 Direct from Tubal Cain ;
 You must excuse my wanton muse,
 She loves this tittering game,
 She swears old Tubal was a Smith
 By trade, if not by name ;
 Compare this sire and son, and reap
 Much corn with little chaff—
That's fam'd for knives which makes man weep,
This, saws¹ which makes him laugh ;
 With hearty laugh I'd sooner make
 Old time to dance and leap,
 Than swell with tears my days to years,
 And think him fast asleep.

Behind the screen you all may scan,
 In drab, a sage sedate,
 To him we say, George Fisher-man,
 Friend Spooner, mind your bait,
 Or perhaps that Pink, whose wanton mirth
 Impels the Barley brook,
 May filch a second tanner's worth
 Ere you can take your hook.

¹ Wise sayings.

Where th' sofa ply'd her long long lease,
 Our friend has cast his lot—
 Not cruel war, but gentle Peace,
 From yonder garden cot ;
 He sings, with soul-elated skill,
 How Robin, faint and cold,
 Hopp'd on a poet's window sill,
 And his petition told :—
 But ere his last sad note was given,
 (That sweet pathetic wail,)
 The list'ning Bard, well school'd in Heaven,
 Responded to his tale,
 Whose muse, in sympathising fit,
 A pen pluck'd from her wing,
 And then translated every twit
 For our old friend to sing.

But stop ! Sir Willy Ball is worth
 A Canto in my lay,
 For he recites and sings for mirth,
 And not for fame or pay :
 In music rare he sweetly tells
 How he the other day
 Went down to sea and "gather'd shells,"
 Then threw them all away.
 "I'll break decorum's galling chain,"
 He would exclaim with joy,
 "And think Sir Willy Ball again
 A romping little boy ;
 I'll doff my coat, and think the sea
 Some village pond or lake,
 And every shell made splash to be
 A goose-hatch'd duck or drake."

Wake up my muse, nor doze nor faint,
 I want one likeness more ;
 "The Village Pinder" you must paint
 Behind the pinfold door—
 Fling o'er his brow mirth's wonted smile,
 And bid him sing with tact,
 "King David was King David," while
 We all endorse the fact.

On nights like this e'en Owls and Snipes
 Should their best carols bring,
 And Plumbers tune their leaden pipes,
 And Cropper Pigeons sing.

Now, if you're not outweared with
 My carte-de-visite train,
 Behold the jinglin' Whittlesmith
 Mounts Pegasus again ;
 Like "Johnny Gilpin" trit-a-trot,
 He jogs o'er hill and dale,
 And for a bridle he has got
 Fast hold of Peggy's tail ;
 They've drank their fill at fancy's rill,
 Parnassus now they roam ;
 And now they pass, like fool and ass,
 The Alpine wand'rer's home ;
 They've passed the Mount, yet on they fly,—
 They now begin to loom,
 Their home is just this side the sky
 Upon the Hill o' Broom.

But while my Album leaves I turn,
 Which no one may commend,

Yet where our children perhaps may learn
 Who was their father's friend ;
 In accents clear to fancy's ear,
 Yon lone pipe whispers, What ?
 Can you forget the name I bear ?
 Are absent friends forgot ?
 Is Robinson in memory's core,
 A name extinct? No! no!
 Too well for that he sang of yore
 " The Bay of Biscay, O!"
 Drink to old friends, far, far away,
 In good old barley wine ;
 And sing again the ploughboy's lay,
 Immortal " Auld Lang Syne."

Be this our benediction toast,
 (Soul-felt, if utter'd not,)
 " Long may that hostess, worth a 'host,'
 Begem the Ivy Cot."

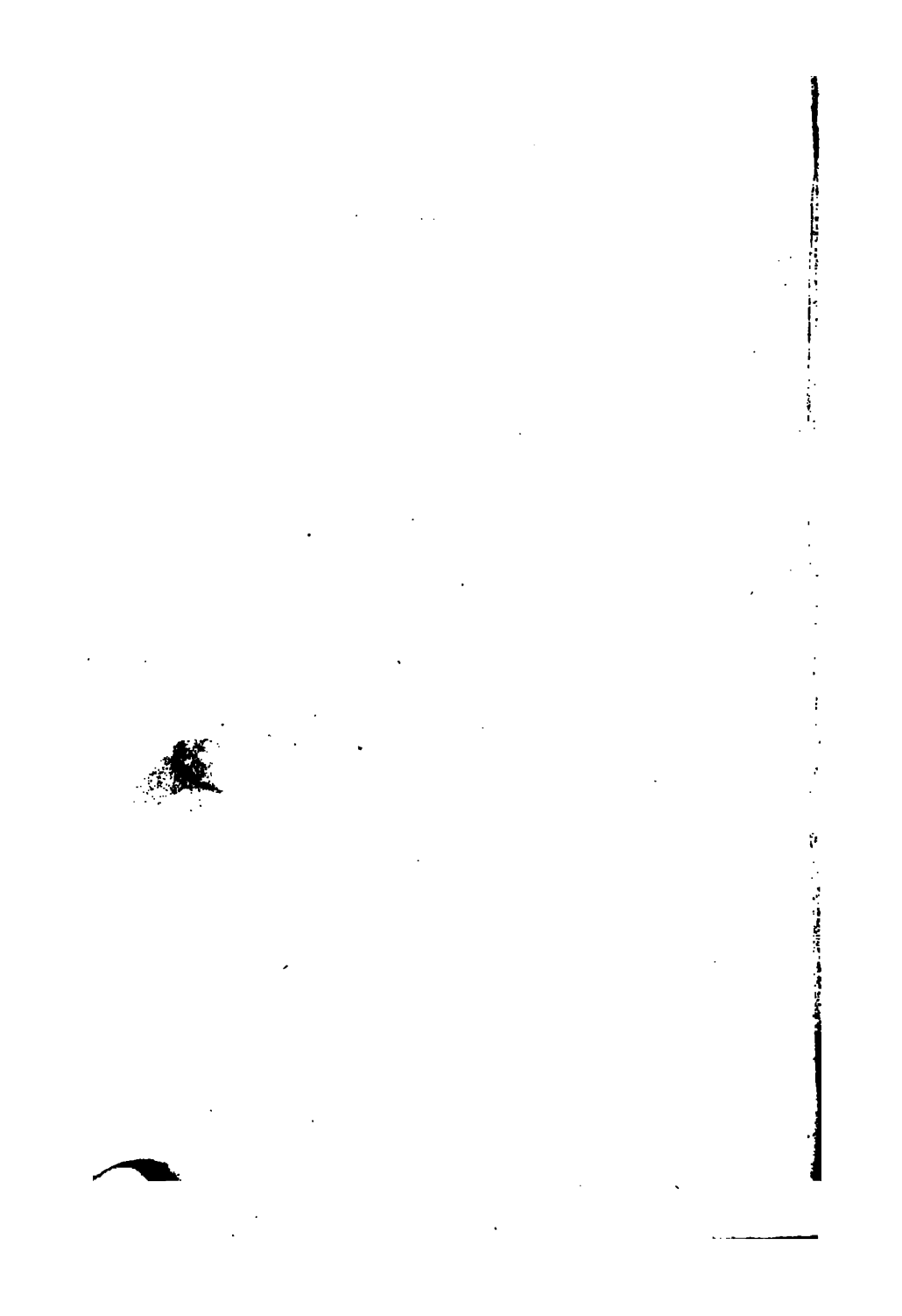
I would erase from friendship's scroll,
 Lest " Auld Lang Syne" should ken
 That niggard's name, whose frozen soul
 Can now refuse Amen.

P.S.—When critics say, " What lack-wit plann'd
 This sketch so void of grace?"
 Say one that had a horny hand
 And oft a grimy face ;
 Or say it was that luckless myth
 Whom fame refused to know,
 That some called Jinglin' Whittlesmith,
 And others SENIOR JOE.

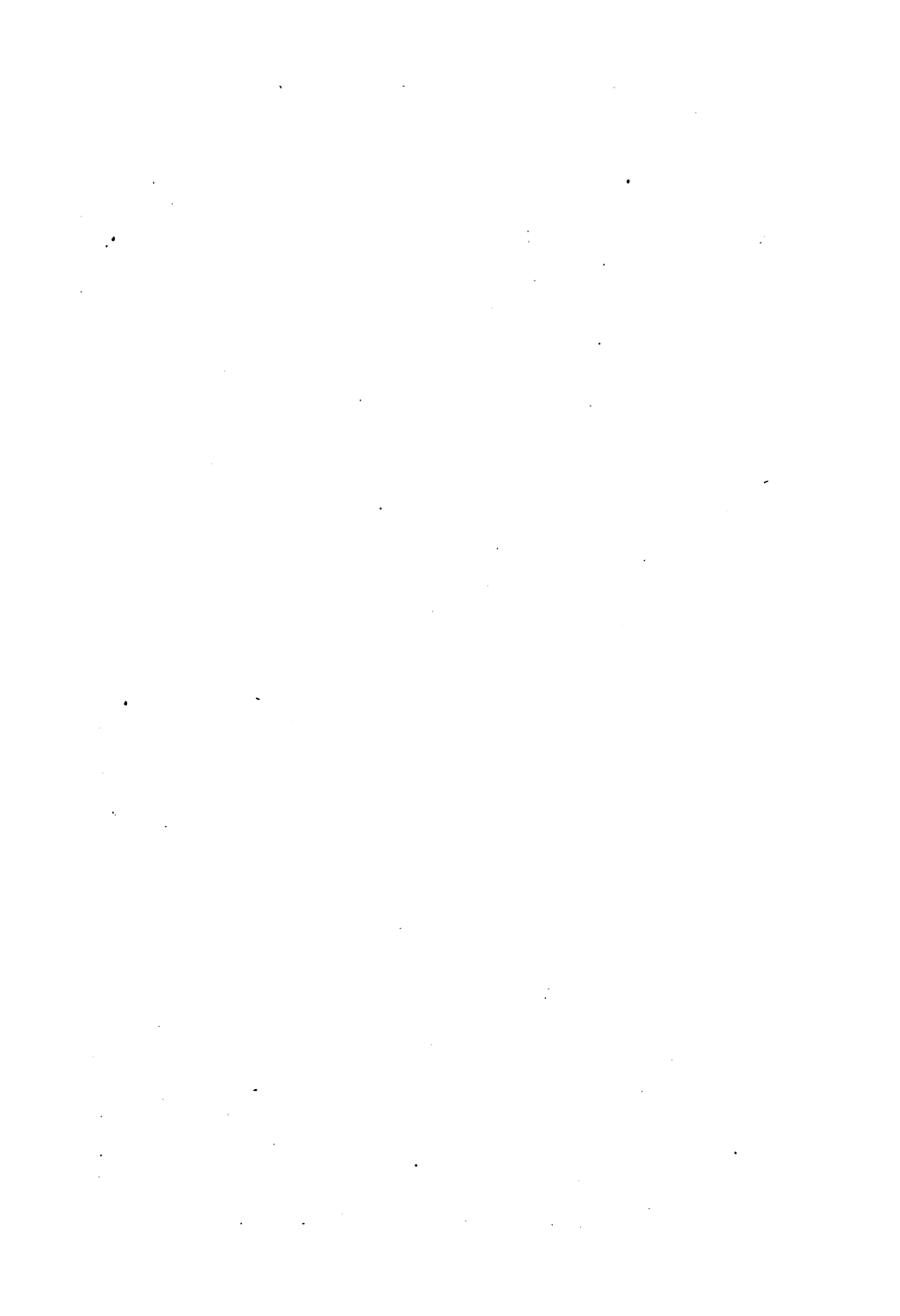


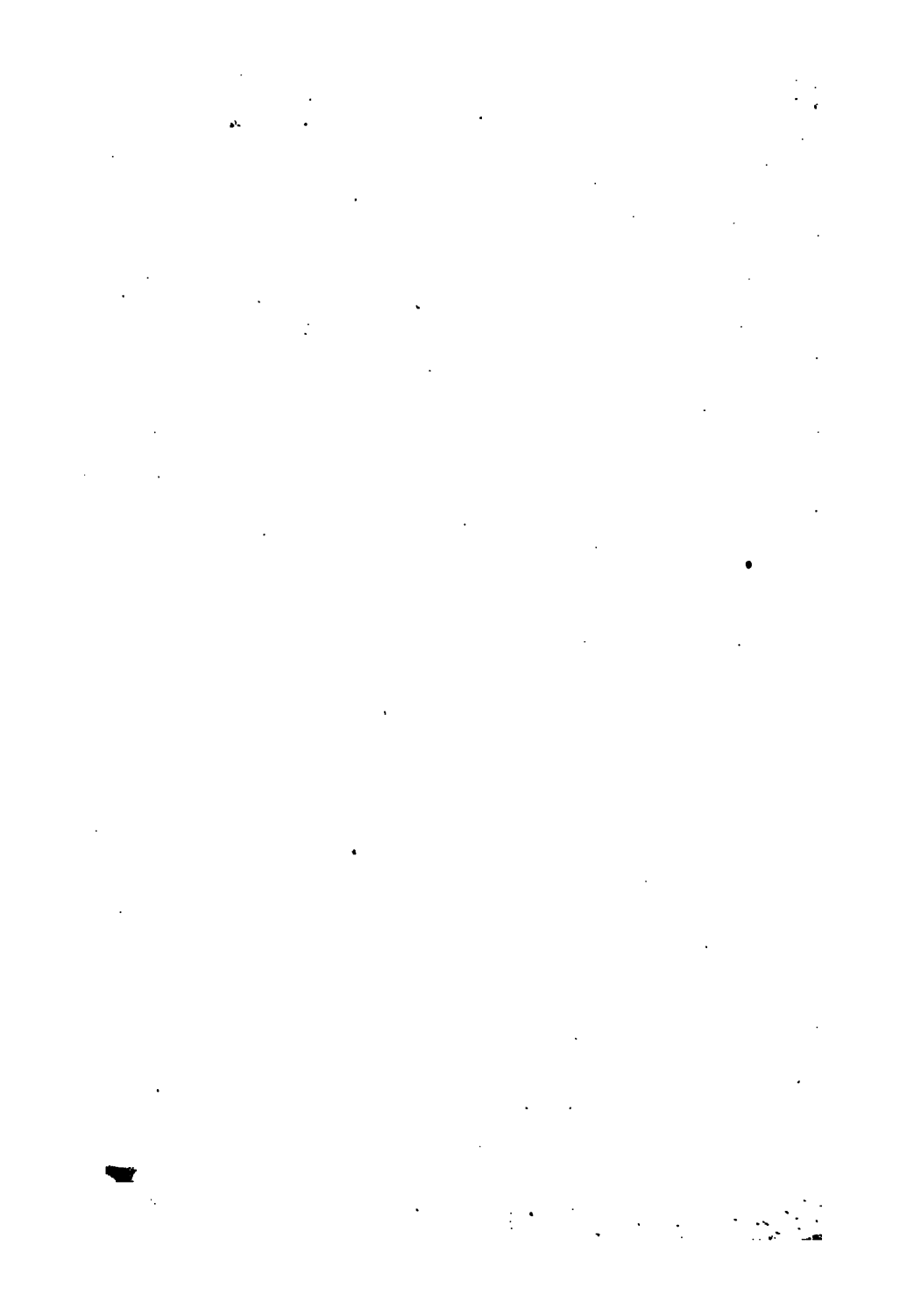
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